A Massachusetts man looks at Cambridge with a preference because it was the chief nursery...
Up early to take an early train home. Mr and Mrs Sturgis urge me to stay but many reason

Fine, clear day. Busy in writing answer to letters and notes of all kinds. Not many persons to

The weather continues cloudy and mild. Soon after breakfast I went with my son Henry to the

We were up rather earlier than usual in order to take the train at a few minutes after nine

A very fine day. We improved it by making a visit to see Windsor. We took the train at the
Wells is a Cathedral town of great antiquity. It is a little puzzling to conjecture what gave it...
The news from America is not encouraging. Much more blood has been shed, but without...
19 August 1863
Monday 17th
Glen Quoich
Variable and sultry. Mr Peabody gave me some American papers to read. Then a visit from Mr...

10 August 1863
Friday 7th
Edinburgh
In the course of the night the temperature had suddenly changed with the wind, so that the...

30 July 1863
Sunday 26th
London
Friday 24th
London
Wednesday 22d
London
Monday 20th
London

29 June 1863
A mild day. As my son Brooks was at home, we made one of our customary visits to the city to...

17 June 1863
A rainy day. I had a succession of visitors this morning. Mr Walker to talk over the matter of...

16 June 1863
Variable. I went with my son Brooks, who had come in from school for the day, to the City to...

15 July 1863
attended a mee...
13 July 1863
12 July 1863

10 July 1863
3 June 1863
A very fine day. The children went off to Ascot to join the party of Mr and Mrs Bentsen. I had...

31 May 1863
Saturday 30th
London
Despatche...

25 May 1863
Thursday 21st
London
A very rainy uncomfortable dark day for the Derby. I had no disposition to go even had the...

18 May 1863
This day was altogether broken up by attendance at a Drawing room. As it was the first...

12 May 1863
Monday 11th
London
Kew...
Thursday 7th
London
The beauty of the weather and the period of the season have prompted me to propose to the...

6 June 1863
A very fine day. The children went off to Ascot to join the party of Mr and Mrs Bentsen. I had...

5 June 1863

3 June 1863

31 May 1863

25 May 1863

18 May 1863

12 May 1863

10 July 1863

6 June 1863

5 June 1863

3 June 1863

29 June 1863

17 June 1863

16 June 1863

15 July 1863

13 July 1863

12 July 1863

10 July 1863

31 May 1863

25 May 1863

18 May 1863

12 May 1863

22 April 1863

19 April 1863

18 April 1863

17 April 1863

16 April 1863

15 April 1863

14 April 1863

13 April 1863

12 April 1863

11 April 1863

10 April 1863

9 April 1863

8 April 1863

7 April 1863

6 April 1863

5 April 1863

4 April 1863

3 April 1863

2 April 1863

1 April 1863

28 March 1863

27 March 1863

26 March 1863

25 March 1863

24 March 1863

23 March 1863

22 March 1863

21 March 1863

20 March 1863

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18 March 1863

17 March 1863

16 March 1863

15 March 1863

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13 March 1863

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11 March 1863

10 March 1863

9 March 1863

8 March 1863

7 March 1863

6 March 1863

5 March 1863

4 March 1863

3 March 1863

2 March 1863

1 March 1863

27 February 1863

26 February 1863

25 February 1863

24 February 1863

23 February 1863

22 February 1863

21 February 1863

20 February 1863

19 February 1863

18 February 1863

17 February 1863

16 February 1863

15 February 1863

14 February 1863

13 February 1863

12 February 1863

11 February 1863

10 February 1863

9 February 1863

8 February 1863

7 February 1863

6 February 1863

5 February 1863

4 February 1863

3 February 1863

2 February 1863

1 February 1863

31 January 1863

30 January 1863
Tuesday December 1st

1 December 1863

The air was quite cool this morning, yet I perceived no frost. With Mrs Adams I attended Divine Service at the church of St James this morning. The church was crowded, and the singing strained and overstrained. My thoughts turned strongly upon the present crisis, and the difficulty of my task. My conscience is still the same—clear and free. I do not fear to work for the right. The prospect of the next year is full of peril as well as of promise; but I am resolved to do all in my power to promote the great cause to which I have consecrated my life. I hope that I may live to see the day when the great Scheme of Human Liberty is established, and when the nation which I now serve shall be free and happy. I am resolved to be a faithful servant of my country, and to do all in my power to promote her welfare and prosperity.

Thursday 2d.

2 December 1863

The gentleman who was to have been the man to head the course of events, is in low spirits, and has little confidence in the success of the present scheme. The work of preparation is not so much as I expected. Nevertheless I am determined to press on with it, and to do all in my power to promote the success of the present scheme. I am resolved to be a faithful servant of my country, and to do all in my power to promote her welfare and prosperity.
The day broke with heavy rain, so that the prospect indicated detention in these rather

As all the members of the family, including the two invalids, proposed this year to start at

Busy as possible in disposing of all the work of the week, in advance including the usual letters

Warm day

thankful to t...

uncomfortable all day...

A recurrence of a sharp attack of rheumatism like that in January made me very

The preparation of my Despatches was not a work of much labour this week. Indeed at

There is an interval of quiet just now which leaves some time on my hands in the early part of

5 July 1864

c...

accompanied m...

28 June 1864

Mary, Alde...

Went with Brooks who is at home this Sunday to the city to church. It was this time to St

Finished up my private letters rather sooner than common. I have now received from Captain

24 June 1864

come of it. A...

Although...

After making up the arrears of the week I fixed upon this leisure day to execute a duty

so far as...

15 June 1864

14 June 1864

Cloudy until cleared by a very heavy thunder shower. I had a succession of visits, mostly from

'...

s. Aldersgate. This

perhaps too ...

After making up the arrears of the week I fixed upon this leisure day to execute a duty

so far as ...

15 June 1864
25 November 1864

This morning we bid goodbye to Hanger Hill. Our stay there has been one of pleasure and pain to both of us. Mary seemed to me better, though the inflammation had spread a little lower down in the back of her face. I went to the hospital to inquire about her, but there seemed to be no change in her condition. However, I think the doctors are doing all they can for her.

Today was a cold day, with light snow falling until noon. Attended service at Treyford. The same person who attended to us last time was there again. The service was very long, and it was hard for me to stay awake. After the service, we walked towards the town to find refreshment, but it seemed as if there was nothing to eat. Finally, we found a small shop where we could get a little something to eat.

On getting to the house in London by the usual train I heard the intelligence received by the Despatches for the day. It was a very sad news, but I felt that I could do nothing to help. Thei...
30 April 1865
This day was passed in a different but not less exciting way than yesterday. Soon after
...
39 Tuesday 1st Washington CFA AM
A fine clear and rather cool day. As it is a holiday I spent the evening in writing answers to letters, many of which I am now receiving in various tones of remonstrance. The alarmed condition of the country is now taking a very different channel from that of concession, and my constituents are many of them alarmed at what they deem a sacrifice to the slave interest, on my part. I have written briefly to several of them merely to explain my grounds, but it is probable that I shall be compelled to make a speech on the subject presently. All the movements of a public man are critical in times of excitement, and if he means to impress himself strongly on events he must run great hazards. Feeling very confident of my grounds, and believing the policy to be wise at this moment I shall not trouble myself with a vindication just yet. The house was open for the reception of visitors and I went out myself to pay my respects to the speaker, and to General Scott, who was unwell and did not receive me. Also to Mr Seward, Mrs Eliot, General Cass and Judge Douglas. At the latter place I had some conversation with him about the present state of affairs. He talked very openly—said that a conspiracy had been entered into at Baltimore in June last to set up Mr Breckinridge as the candidate of the slaveholding states, with the hope of carrying them all in his favor. This was to be made a basis of a conspiracy to seize the government at the time of the Inauguration, and with the possessions of all the Departments to declare Mr Breckinridge actual President, and to claim the recognition of foreign powers as the de facto government. The failure to get the requisite votes, which had been caused by his going into the slave states and drawing off votes enough to turn the scale, had only changed the form of the plan. Another person had been set up and there was yet a conspiracy to seize this capital on the fourth of March, Here we were interrupted, and I took my leave. But the statement in connection with the late events developed in the Cabinet of far to give plausibility to the idea. We are certainly trading on embers. I thought Mr Seward was graver than usual today, and he talked much of the obligation of the people of this city to make preparation for defence. On the whole, I suspect there is something in it. The news today was that General Scott was not Secretary of War, but that Mr Holt had been made so ad interim it being understood that the policy of the government was to be changed. This was the only encouraging thing of the day. A story that Mr Thompson had resigned proved false. We dined quietly at home, and in the evening Captain Bridge came in for a short time.
40 Wednesday 2d. Washington CFA AM
rainy and disagreeable. Busy writing until the time to go to the Committee. The House met but did little or nothing. We went on in the old way discussing the proposal of Mr Millson with its ruinous riders. At last, after amending it so as to draw its teeth we rejected it. Then, we came upon some propositions to pledge ourselves about slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr Carwin seemed over anxious to bring us to a vote until I broke out and declared myself in favor of abolishing it, and only retained from action by the conviction that it was unnecessary—since slavery was waning out without the need of it. I then warned gentlemen of the change that was taking place in the opinion of our region from the action of Major Anderson and from the rumor that was going abroad of a conspiracy to seize the capitol by force. This change rendered it impracticable for us to do any thing more in the way of concession on such small matters even. I therefore trusted they would not be further pressed. This destroyed them in fact. We did not get through the question further before adjournment. Since the last secession the committee has become quite thin, and can scarcely retain a quorum. And indeed it has pretty nearly done its office. I said I would vote straight through against any and every amendment to the constitution that might be hereafter offered. I also intimated very broadly that if the gentlemen continued to oppose what we had done we might as well give up all further progress. In point of fact we have got them in a corner, and we can do pretty much as we like. Home to dinner. We had invited Mr Chandler of Boston and a young Mr Porter, but they declined.

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
40 Thursday 3d Washington CFA AM

Foggy and damp weather, very promotive of cold, and sore throats. I went to the Capitol early to attend a preliminary of the republican section of the Committee. He went into the question of our policy, and agreed that it would not do to leave it in the present shape. The other side must either determine to adopt our ultimatum, or if they do not, we must say at once that we will vote down everything, we have done and report to the House at we cannot agree. It was also agreed to ascertain th feeling our own friends, and if we were likely to find an essential division among them, to consider whether under those circumstances it would not be more injurious to risk that there it would do good by persevering. We then joined the General Committee. The first business was the disposition to be made of the Crittenden resolutions. They were actually voted down in course, but as it was thought inexpedient by many to have it go out on the record we agreed to a vote to put it genteelly out of the way without a flat negative. We then came upon some good natured resolutions of Mr Bristow of Kentucky, which were unanimously passed without debate. This brought us to Mr Winter Davis's fugitive slave bill. Mr Millson however interposed with another proposition to recommend the repeal of the personal Liberty laws where they shew only a hostile intent to the execution of that law. But we adjourned till Saturday to think of it. I then returned home. Governor Seward dined with us. But before dinner he came in and asked me to copy and sign a draught of a letter to J A Andrew our Governor, notifying him of the existence of a conspiracy here and in Maryland to seize the Capitol, and of the necessity of raising a provisional force to be ready to be called in on one moment's warning. A separate paper requested him to direct the firing of salutes on the 8th of January, in honor of General Jackson, of the Union, and of the defence of Major Anderson. I did so, and mailed the letter afterwards myself. After dinner he recurred to the old matter of the Cabinet, and said that the nomination of Mr Cameroon had been received so unfavorably that he had made one sure effort to correct it. A Mr Senet of Illinois had been with him and had seen the importance of the change so strongly as to sit down and write a long letter to Mr Lincoln pretty forcibly embodying his own sentiments. So Mr Cameron himself had talked with him, had proposed no risk for the Treasury, and addressed a letter to Mr Lincoln recommending him, and offering to take the War Department in lieu of the Treasury. Thus the matter stood, not yet settled. In the running Mr Alley had spoken to me on the subject, had alluded to the instructions that had come from the state central committee, and to a desire of the delegation that some attempt should be made to secure a cabinet officer for Massachusetts. He said that the delegation would urge me, I replied that I thought it too late, that I had really no desire for the post, and that I should be satisfied with Mr Chase or Mr Seward in the Cabinet as representative man enough to reconcile me to all his other selections. He said there was to be a meeting of the delegation at their house to consult about it in the evening, and he hoped I would come. I said I would, and accordingly when Mr Seward left I went. Messs Train, Eliot, Gooch and Dawes, and afterwards General Wilson with Mr Mitchell were present. They talked it ovr and announced that the delegation was unanimous in my favor, and Mr Alley was authorised to go in person to Springfield to make the necessary representation. I reiterated my opinion that it was all too late. Mr Lincoln had made his New England selection and I was satisfied with the Cabinet. All this revive my anxieties which had been heretofore laid. I still believe I shall be sand this danger. What Mr Cameron's motive for acting is for acting as he has done, I am at a loss to say, but of his sincerity I am not prepared to give any guaranty. I will not lift a finger in the business. I am satisfied with my place. I did desire that, though even then I would do nothing to obtain it. But I do not desire this one. Governor Seward tonight seemed more anxious than at any time. he told me that the struggle in Mr Buchanan's cabinet had ben and was yet fearful. But that Mess Hobb, Black and Stanton had got a partial control and were doing in conjunction with himself every thing to screw up the President to energy. Thus far they had not got to the point of sending supplies or aid to Major Anderson. And there was no knowing but at any moment he would fall back into the gnash of the other set of men. Was there any thing more deplorable?43
43 Friday 4th Washington CFA AM
This day had been set apart by the President as a day of National fast and prayer for pardon for the sins of the people. I remained at home very busy writing answers to many letters of remonstrance against my action in Committee, and others asking for information. All this had been brought about mainly by an erroneous statement given by telegraph to the New York Times by a younger brother of Mr Panghm who has borne me a grudge ever since the printing business. And he got his information from Mr Kellry, who had hoped to become a great pacificater through his project, and had been disappointed by the Committee’s selection of me, as the channel of presentation. At noon I went to the Capitol to attend a general meeting of the republican members. On the way I overtook Mr Alley, who told me that he doubted much the propriety of his absenting himself from duty for so many days, and wanted me to give him my opinion just as if I was not in question. I told him that I agreed with him the more that I had no idea it would be of any use. Mr Lincoln must by this time have made all his engagement, and it was not to imagined that he could be released from them. He said he had reason to believe the contrary. But he concluded by saying that he had telegraphed to Mr Lincoln this morning to await a letter which would be addressed to him by mail from the delegation, unanimous for me. I expressed my thanks for their good will, but my indifference about the post. The meeting was quite a large one. Mr Howard was put into the chair. Mr Sherman opened the subject which was to consider the question whether we were to enter into general debate. Several gentlemen had expressed a wish for it and he therefore without expressing any opinion of his own submitted the decision to the meeting. Much was said about the force bill introduced by Mr Brigham, and about various matters that seemed to reach us first. At last I grew a little impatient and ventured to remark the first duty incumbent upon us was to secure the appropriation bills. That factions opposition to them, was threatened and there were rumors of violence to be attempted which ought not to be disregarded. We had but sixty days left, and of these some of the later ones might be disturbed. Hence it seemed to me all important that no debate should be entered into long as any of these bills remained undisposed of in the House. The speech was so generally approved of that it was immediately agreed by a unanimous vote o go into the general debate. Mr Sherman then brought before us the proceedings of the meeting of members from te border states. This is a voluntary organization outside of the regular ones, obviously created for the purpose of carrying what might fail in the special Committee. The measures suggested were similar to theirs, with the exception of the New Mexico project, instead of which came a new vision of the Crittenden compromise line, simply prohibiting Congress and the territorial legislatures from adverse action against slavery. Of course this is protection south of the line, and it makes a law which will apply wherever territory may be annexed. Mr State of Pennsylvania was the author of this amendment. He proceeded to explain it, but the members became very impatient and called for an adjournment until tomorrow. I dined without company, for a wonder. In the evening, we had visits from Mr Eliot and his daughter and Mr Sedgwick.
44 Saturday 5th Washington CFA AM
Mild and cloudy. I continued my labor at letter writing today. But the number I receive is so great that I cannot pretend to keep up. At noon I went to the capitol to attend the Committee. Not a quorum present. Yet we went on and discussed Mr Millson’s proposition. I succeeded in riddling it, as Mr Nelson immediately moved to strike out all the part I objected to, which left the thing without point. It was then passed. We next went to Mr Davis’s report on the Fugitive slave law. I moved an amendment to erase it application to a territory. Negatived. Mr Washburn then moved to alter it so as to give a jury trial in the place where the alleged slave was seised, lost by nine to seven. This was so close that it was obvious the accession of enough votes to make a quorum might change the result. Hence it was not safe to proceed, so an adjournment was moved and carried. From here I stepped into the caucus which was near its end. Mr Howard was speaking evidently upon the puzzling problem of the territorial question, and in defence of the Committee’s action. The meeting then adjurned without a vote. I afterwards learned that there had been a good deal of feeling manifested against both propositions, and that the pressing of either would have a certain effect to divide us. The excitement in the country immediately reacts on the members here, and from a state of apathy and panic in the beginning of the session, they are now rushing to the opposite extreme of vehemence and rigidity. They are equally unworthy of the dignity of the occasion. Let me endeavor so far as I may to keep between them so as to be conciliatory even though firm. Returned home. My daughter Louisa and Mr Kuhn arrived here from Philadelphia this evening. She is to remain with us, for a month. Mr Preston King called in the evening to see me and to talk about my action in Committee on the hill to admit New Mexico. He seemed to be afraid that I was going to be tenacious, according to my character. But I told him that I was relieved this only as a question of policy, and hence if our friends divided on it to any extent, I should regard it as impolite to press it. The whole matter was yet under control, and we will to consult upon our course after information, and if that was decisive we should probably overturn all we had done, and report a want of agreement. He seemed much relieved and went off, agreeing to drive with us Sunday week.

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45 Sunday 6th Washington CFA AM
Fine, mild day. Attended Divine service, and heard Mr Haley preach a sermon upon the scripture text, study to be quiet. He made some allusions to present events evidently with more feeling than he has commonly indulged. This may be attributed to the fact that he has resigned his post. Home where I labored with assiduity in answering letters. I do not know but that the best thing I could do would be not to answer them at present. For the current is now running so fiercely for war and coercion as to render the labor of less value than it would be at any other time. Presently the ebb will come, and something of the kind may be listened to. Sumner dined with us and talked gloomy as he always does. He may be right, but I am a little inclined to think that his old vindictiveness peeps not from the midst of it. The severe experience he has had here has tinged his whole character. And he looks forward to the violence and slaughter of civil war, with the consequences of insurrection in the South abuest with a grim satisfaction. Such is not my character.46
I was asked to attend a preliminary meeting of our friends in the Committee at ten o’clock. I got there after calling to see Mrs John Adams about her case a letter of Mr Dana in the subject. As usual few assembled until eleven, and then there were not many. Of course we could settle nothing. We argued only in declining to act without the concurrence of our friends as well as those of the other side. It was quite late before the general committee got in motion. The remaining subject was the modification of the Fugitive slave law. We resumed the voting of Saturday. My motion to strike out the word territory was lost only by two votes 11 to 9. Mr Washburne’s motion to change the place of the Jury trial was lost by one vote. Mr Ferry then offered some amendments which were carried. In the midst of all this we were constantly summoned to go down to vote upon resolutions offered in the House. The excitement there was very great, caused by the offer of a resolution of compliment to Major Anderson. The rage of some of those on the other side was intense, but the vote combined all the free states with great unanimity, The interruptions were such as to confuse us in our votes in committee so far as to be unable to determine the final shape of the bill. We therefore agreed to let it be printed and lie over for final action until tomorrow. Things appearing now near their end I rose and remarked that I had a brief resolution I wished to submit before the close of our labors, upon which I desired to take the sense of the Committee, I read it and suffered it to lie over, after which we adjourned. In the House, after a little more sparring we voted to adjourn over to Wednesday, on account of the battle of New Orleans. At home, Governor Seward dined with us. He was dull and obstructed. He is about to speak and is evidently much hardened by it. He told us two things that were cheering. one was that a reinforcement for Major Anderson was on its way was would arrive at Fort Sumpter tomorrow morning. The other was that Mr Thompson was about to resign, thus clearing out another trailer.

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46 Tuesday 8th Washington CFA AM
A fine day. The party feeling of the time had made it a holiday for all but the members of the Committee. We assembled and proceeded to talk over all that was left to be disposed of. The fugitive slave law in its amended form was agreed to. And a discussion was raised upon some propositions of Mr Dunn which were finally amended, and referred to subcommittee to put in proper form for adoption. I said last of all that I should not call up my resolution, nor should I be ready to vote for the report in any form unless the delegates from the slave states should be present to signify their assent to it, or at any rate to express their opinion until such time as the Chairman should think fit to call us together. We have now reached the critical moment, and my action must be decided. Either these men must come into my propositions or I must refuse to adopt them. And at all events I must try them on my preliminary resolution. Mr Morrill and Hull Adams dined with us. My letters and the newspapers from home shew a continued stream of indignation against me for what I have done, in regard to the New Mexican proposition. Such are the hazards of politics, in critical times. A man must take his political life in his hand in this species of conflicts just as desperately as in the more common struggles of physical force. I am doing what I firmly believe is for the best interest of all parts of the country. If my propositions fail of support, the rejection of them will only shew the more clearly the arrogant and desperate spirit of the agitators. And this may be useful in the end.
I was engaged in writing letters, and in finishing a draught of what was to be said on the New Mexican proposition in the report, which Mr Corwin requested me to furnish. I called upon him on my way to the Capitol, but found that he had removed his lodgings from Willard’s Hotel, so that I could not find him. At the Capitol it seemed rather strange to be coming back to my seat in the House to mix with the ordinary business. The expected message of the President came in. It by no means answered to the calculations, but still it was sufficiently explicit as to his immediate position. How long he will remain in it admits of serious doubt. The House then went into the consideration of the Appropriation bill and spent a great while in discussing two or three pages, so that we could not be said to have made much progress. This was a little flash of excitement only once during the day, caused by Mr Howard, who moved his resolutions of enquiry upon the commitment of the President’s message. At first it looked as if they would dispute it, but the measure was too well taken and the numbers to sustain it too clear to admit of a struggle. We adjourned and I returned home. A visit from Mr Ruggles of New York, who talked more like a man of sense than I ever knew to do before.
48 Thursday 10th Washington CFA AM
The usual industry in the morning. Attended at the capitol. The business confined to District matters, and very dull. Nothing done, mainly an account of the incompetency of the Chairman of the committee, who really seems quite unable to manage matters. The only real aid which saved him one measure came from Mr Burnett of Kentucky. Adjourned at four o’clock. Had company to dinner, consisting of Mr Pennington, his wife and two daughters, General Scott and his aid Colonel Keyes, Mr and Mrs Dixon, Mr and Mrs Foster, Judge McLean, Mr and Mrs Winter Davis, Mr and Mrs Chandler, and Mr Dixon’s daughter. It was very lively and pleasant, and they staid until after ten. General Scott assured us that the measures taken to secure the peace of this city are quite effective, yet the rumors of attacks from abroad continue.
48 Friday 11th Washington CFA AM
I was asked to go early to the Capitol to meet the Republican members of the Committee, and to determine upon the course that was to be taken. I deprecated division and earnestly called upon those present to agree. Not half of our number had come and of these very few of the extremes, so that my appeal fell dead. Mr Corwin came in and read to us his draught of a report upon which we made some comments. It became clear to me that we must go in, about to differ, and to take our chance of dividing. Soon after this we went into the general Committee room where we found nearly all the members assembled. I then called up my resolution respecting the election. Having declined to take out the word paramount, Mr Millson proposed to amend it by inserting the words “a high and imperative” in its place. In other words he was for pulling out my sharpest tooth. We discussed this verbal question for some time, in the course of which Mr Kellogg with his customary obtuseness put in an objection. The consequence was that I lost it by one vote, and that might have been supplied by Mr Morse, but for his running into the other room to avoid voting. Then a discussion followed upon the amended resolution, which soon disclosed the embarrassment into which the extreme men were thrown. They reasured against it but without force, and Mr Millson completely turned their flank by declaring why he should support it. Left thus without support in the face of the inexorable record, after some consultation in the other room they came forward with a written paper which they desired to be placed on the record, assigning as reasons for declining to vote at all that they did not consider the matter as properly before the Committee, and that in their opinion action on it would do more harm than good. The question was then taken and the resolution adopted. I then proposed a resolution breaking up the Committee on the ground that the refusal to vote for the other one indicated a deeper disease than could be reached by Congress. This again seemed to disturb the members so much that they began to complain of unfairness. I was aware that in the discussion I had become somewhat warmed, and in the hast of writing I might not have weighed my language sufficiently, so I replied by saying that I should like time to consider these objections, professed no disposition to do anything unfair, and proposed an adjournment over until Monday. This was carried. Our friends then agreed to have a meeting in the morning, and there is a general call of the party for the evening, so that my move still puts it in the power of our friends to determine if they please to destroy the committee. Home a little late. Fatigued in the evening, but I worked until late at night.
49 Saturday 12th Washington CFA AM

There was another call for preliminary meeting of an our friends. I think Mr Cowrin’s report was read this morning instead of yesterday. It is moderate and reasonable but wants faith and philosophy. The members were just as variant as ever. Soon after twelve I went into the House and at one crossed over to the Senate to hear Mr Seward who was speaking. A more densely packed assemblage in the galleries and all outlying rooms and lobbies never was in the Senate I was so50 situated as not to hear him well, and it was not a great while before the calls became so urgent from the House which was suffering for the want of a quorum that I returned and was detained so as to lose the rest of the speech. The mischievous men on the other side were trying to delay the passage of the naval bill by division to shew the absence of a quorum, so we had to remain steady and carry it through. It was late when the House adjourned. I went home to dine, and at seven returned to the Capitol to the caucus of members of the republican party of the House. The room was full, and as I entered Mr Etheridge of Tennessee was holding forth urgently pressing us to suffer him to introduce his batch of Crittenden resolutions next Monday. His amiable, kindly way had more effect than the menacing style, and at the end a good man were disposed to humor him. Then followed a pointless discussion upon some resolutions prepared by Mr Sherman, in which much folly was exhibited. At last I slipped in a word relating to the Committee of thirty three, and invited the expression of opinion whether it was advisable to report or otherwise. This elicited a diversity of sentiment so that nothing came of the motion. It is clear then that our friends will divide, and we must let matters take their course. Home at two.

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Friday 12th
12 January 1861

50 Sunday 13th Washington CFA AM
Cold morning. Attended Divine service. Mr Haley commenced the service, but at the time for the sermon begged off on the ground of illness, so we came home early. On my way I called to see Mrs Frye, and Mrs John Adams but could not find the latter. I was engaged answering letters all day, and writing out my minority report of one. I have concluded to withdraw my resolution and to take my position in this other form. Messrs Summer and King dined with us, and after dinner we had rather an animated discussion of Mr Seward’s speech and the policy of conciliation. The more I see of Sumner’s political course, the more I become convinced of his inability to act a real part on this great stage of human affairs. As a speaker, producing effects upon the public mind he will always wield great influence, but as shaping a policy he has neither tact nor flexibility. He has really very little power in the Senate. Mr H B Lee called after which Mrs Adams and I went to Mr Seward’s to see Mr and Mrs Blatchford.51
51 Monday 14th Washington CFA AM

We had been invited by Mr Corwin to meet in Committee at ten o’clock. I attended with some punctuality, but as usual it was nearly twelve o’clock before a quorum was collected. Mr Corwin had forgotten his own hour. The first thing was the proposal of a modification of the practice of reclaiming fugitives from justice. This was a new bill transferring the power of return from the Governors of States to the District and circuit Judges. It struck me as open to much dangerous abuse, but we had little time to examine it and it was finally adopted a rather close vote. I was very too busy making a new draught of a report explaining my own course, to pay much attention to the reading of Mr Corwin’s report, which was the less necessary that I had heard it already. After a few verbal corrections, the final question then came up, on the adoption of the various measures as a whole. And here followed one of the most curious scenes that ever occurred in the annals of legislation. Twenty nine members were present, being all excepting Mr Houston of Alabama, whose state has voted for secession, on Friday, the very day when he was declining to vote on my resolution. It soon became clear that there was no majority to be depended upon to adopt the measures—and equally clear that there was none ready to vote to break up without any report at all. The question was how to steer between these extremes. Mr Rust of Arkansas seemed to be bent upon destruction, and yet his measures strangely failed of their object. Others seemed equally anxious to sustain the report, and yet every plan to extricate it was found to command no majority. A game of tactics went on until at last it became clear that nothing could be recommended, and that nothing would be rejected. Still the papers were left on the table of the Committee undisposed of. Mr Corwin declared that he should introduce them on his own responsibility, if not other plan would avail. At last after many failures, Mr Millson who seemed deeply anxious for a decision drew up a form of resolution which directed the Chairman to discuss the business of the Committee to report the measures adopted with his news of them. Thus no one was committed and yet the object was gained. It was carried by sixteen to thirteen. I refused to vote until I saw how the majority of the slaveholders voted, and then I gave a negative. It was then agreed that any person disposed to make a report for himself should have liberty to put it in.52 Thus closed this queer struggle. It seemed to me that every man of the twenty nine, however much opposed he seemed to this end of it, was uncommonly resigned to his fate. There may be a great deal of hostility to the Union among the people. There was none whatever in this Committee. We then went into the House. Although it was late Mr Corwin’s rising seemed to be hailed with the greatest satisfaction from the opposite side. The rules were suspended by acclamation, and the report was accepted and ordered to be printed. Thus commenced the second act of the drama. The subject was specially assigned for Monday next. Now I fear I must make a speech, at some stage or other of the debate. Home to dinner. Mr Sedgewick was with us. In the evening, not being satisfied with my report as I had drawn it, I worked hard to put it into a new shape.
52 Tuesday 15th Washington CFA AM
Morning spent in finishing the new draught of my report, which satisfied me much better than either of its predecessors, and I took it with me to the House. It appeared a little strange to me to be back in my seat, free from any more of the toil of the Committee room. And were it not for the critical state of the country, and the pressure of my new duty of a speech, I should feel very easy. But things are beginning to look better. The tide of treason looks as if it has reached its height, and in Maryland it was slowly receding. The speeches were now in the full face in the House. Mr Reagan made a violent, illtempered attack and was promptly and handsomely answered by Mr Stanton. The latter is an excellent offhand debater, but he wants method and breadth in his philosophy. More speakers followed who were not listened to. This process is to go on for several days, on the army bill, being the last of the regular appropriation bills. Adjourned at half past four. At dinner, Governor Seward was with us. He seemed in my high spirits. He expressed himself very much amused at the various opinion expressed of his speech. At first the extreme right of the party manifested the greatest disappointment and subdued indignation, but now they were coming to him to say that he did not seem to promise much after all. Yet the fact really is that he does promise something if the other side will ask for it in good faith, but not without. We afterwards went to the President’s reception. It was not very large, but attended by an unusual number of republicans. By degrees Mr Buchanan has expurgated his cabinet until now he has none of the secession school left. And his policy has so far changed as to welcome the free sentiment of the country once more to the Presidential mansion. In fact Mr Seward is even now the guiding hand at the helm. I saw not many acquaintances and was glad to come away at ten.
53 Wednesday 16th Washington CFA AM
I now resume my usual habits of attendance on the House. Prior to the hour I am engaged in writing or receiving person who come to see me on business. I find I have much more to do this season than the last. To day the general debate in committee of the whole was conducted upon the appropriation bill. Mr Garnett of Virginia made a speech which had no effect in the House, but which was given in better taste and better temper than has been customary. The departure of so many of the more violent members has had the effect of toning down the House to such a degree as to make it a much more respectable and dignified body than it was last year. Mr Sickles also made a speech, a portion of which was tolerably sound. We sat until about four when I returned home before the Committee rose. Mr Webster of Philadelphia whom I saw last year when I delivered my address there, and Mr Sumner dined with me. The latter as usual was full of big stories of conspiracies and troubles in Maryland and elsewhere. Either he is very fearful of else he wants to have disturbance and bloodshed. Mr Harvey asked me yesterday for the minority report. I gave it to him, and he returned it today, having made a copy to send to the New York newspapers. Evening at home.

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I am trying to prepare the materials for a speech at the proper time, but it is very difficult to get any leisure for it. Though the skeleton of it is in mind I do not yet succeed in committing it to paper. At the House the same debate, but a little more dull. Mr Gurley, General Ashley, Mr Anderson of Missouri and others made hour speeches. The indifference of the great majority shows clearly enough that speaking is not the panacea for the present discontents. I had Mr Lars Anderson of Cincinnati to dine with me. He is the brother of Major Anderson and has just been on a visit to him. He describes the state of things at Charleston as quite revolutionary.

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54 Friday 18th Washington CFA AM
I received this morning a vote from my friend Dr Palfrey announcing his arrival here last night. I had also a visit from Mr W Lee about he case of Whittemore, the young Officer who has been wronged in his promotion, and one from a Mr Lott who wishes some action initiated to increase the pay of an invalid pensioner. These things carried me out earlier than common, so that I reached the Capitol before the time of meeting. Here I found Mr Palfrey. Also several members who appeared highly gratified with the perusal of my report which is printed in most of the New York newspapers. Among these persons, no one more so that Mr Preston King. Our debate was pretty lively. Mr Pendleton made a poor, partisan, democratic speech against coercion, Mr Sherman closed the debate with a speech full of five passages which carried the House with him. On the whole the most effective speech of the session. The debate then closed, and the bill was read, taken out of the committee and the previous question applied, after which we adjourned. Home, where Mr Palfrey dined with us, and I worked lamely on my speech, afterwards.
Saturday 19th Washington CFA AM

A lovely day. I wrote a little and more to my satisfaction. At the House, which did not sit long. The Committee were called for reports on private bills, which was of no use whatever. So at a quarter before three we adjourned. A lawyer called me out to consult with me about the claim of Mr Fredericks of Quincy on the Treasury. He begged me to go to see the secretary of the Treasury of the President, and try to stop the fraud which was in progress. I agreed to go, and accordingly on my way home, stopped and found the President on the front steps to the Mansion. I obtained a conference and stated the case from the paper given to me. The President listened, promised to make an enquiry, but doubted whether a remedy was within the power of the government. He talked incidentally of the frauds that escaped all suspension both in the Departments and in Congress. And once he made an allusion to the conduct of Mr Floyd, as if the subject was painful, and he immediately turned the subject. Home—Mr Palfrey dined with us agreeably to a standing invitation. Evening engaged on my labor without much satisfaction.

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I called for Dr Palfrey at his old lodgings and accompanied him to the Unitarian Church, where Mr Haley preached. After service I called in company with him upon Mr Schleiden, Mr Bailey & Mr Seaton, finding only the first at home. Then I stopped in at his lodgings and had a conversation of about an hour with him on the general state of affairs here. Then home where I worked on my speech, which does not yet turn out to my satisfaction. Mr Sumner dined with us as usual, and in the evening I continued working.
55 Monday 21st Washington CFA AM
I am getting a little uneasy under the responsibility of my speech. I see the difficulties attending my position, but am not frightened by them. The question is only in my mind how I can most effectually combine the preservation of our principles with a policy sufficiently conciliatory to bridge over the chasm of a rebellion. Called upon Dr Palfrey and walked with him to see General Scott. He was not at home. Thence to the House. Mr Corwin opened the debate upon the Committee’s report. His speech was listened to with profound attention. It was like all his late efforts a sort of mixed warp of silver and brass wire. Mr Millson followed him with a very able speech of his peculiar kind, which seemed to carry much force with it among his side of the House. We then adjourned. Dr Palfrey dined with us, and afterwards I made a little progress.
55 Tuesday 22d. Washington CFA AM
A pleasant day. At the House we had some interesting debate. Mr Clemens of Virginia made a bold and vigorous speech which created a great sensation in the House. It is the first indication of positive resistance to the spread of this pestilence that can be called decision Mr Bingham of Ohio also made a speech on the extreme ground, refusing all conciliation. His legal position were not of much force, but he is eloquent and vigorous. There is a good deal of a certain sort of talent in the House, it is acute and ready but not sustained by any broad or comprehension in force. This speaking now goes on as a regularity, and there are a large and increasing number of applicants for the floor. I am not getting ready very fast. Dr Palfrey dined with us and Mr Rice came up from the House. We had a very lively meal, and after they left I worked a little while.56

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56 Wednesday 23rd. Washington CFA AM
At the House. The debate was continued. Mr Etheridge made a speech which seemed to make a great impression upon the House, and drew down three or four rounds of applause from the galleries. In the midst of it Mr Cassius M Clay sent for me and at once went into a long and earnest exhortation to the adoption of measures originally offered by me in the Committee. He said that he regarded the safety of Kentucky as depending upon it, which would otherwise be swept off into the vortex with the other states. He said that he had seen Governor Magoffin and of the legislature of Kentucky, and that they would almost unanimously support these propositions. He begged me therefore to take an active part in their support. I told him what my desires had been and how they had been foiled. That there had been no hearty disposition to accept them manifested, and that in consequence I had no disposition to stand in the light of a rejected suitor. But at the same time, if he (Mr C) could get any general expression of sentiment from the Governor and the Legislatures of Kentucky, like that indicated by him, I should not hesitate to guarantee to him the necessary majority here to carry the measure. He said he wanted to see other members, and asked me to name such as were disinclined which I did. By this news I lost most of Mr Etheridge’s speech. At home we had company to dine. Mr and Mrs Foote, and Genl and Mr Wilson of the Senate, Messrs Kenyon and Beale, and their wives, Messrs Eliot and Verree of the House and Mr Windom, and Dr Palfrey. Judge Kellogg of Illinois and Mr Longnecker of Pennsylvania did not come. The dinner was lively and pleasant. And the parties did not leave until quite late.
Wednesday 23d.
23 January 1861

A hard rain with slippery streets so that I took the omnibus to the Capitol. Met with Mr Stephen H Phillips our late attorney general there who has come on about a case in the Supreme Court. The debate went on today. Mr Rust made a speech in which he took occasion to allude to what I said in the Committee about a resolution drawn by me some years ago on the annexation of Texas, and to represent it in a way to force me to notice it. This was the first time I have been called on in this manner, and my antagonist was by no means of my choosing. He is arrogant, domineering and unscrupulous, thought not illnatured. Very fortunately I had hunted up the resolution in the files of the House some days since, so that I was enabled to find it before his speech was over. This enabled me to read it with some effect, and to demolish the edifice he was building. His colleague, Hindman, and Mr Cox of Ohio then tried to come in to his rescue and build up and explanation for him, but the passage was stopped by Mr Ferry of Connecticut, who was on the floor for a speech. Another and a rougher passage took place between Mr Rust and Mr Dunn, which ended in a misunderstanding. After Mr Ferry concluded, Mr Nelson got the floor and we adjourned. Mr Phillips and Dr Palfrey dined with me. I worked until late an night.

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57 Friday 25th Washington CFA AM
For the first time for a long while I had a little headache which lasted all day. I am troubled with this much less frequently here than at home, but now and then, especially if I vary my usual life by dinners I suffer. At the House. Mr Nelson made a strong and earnest speech in very good temper, and quite conciliatory. On the whole this series of speeches has been quite encouraging, and rather tempts me now to enter into the debate. Other speeches followed until quite late, so that I did not reach home until half past five. Dined at Mr Schleiden’s in company with Mr Palfrey, Messrs Seward and Sumner, and Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister The entertainment was quite exquisite, as were the wines, but I was scarcely in a condition to enjoy them. We had some conversation about the present state of things. Mr Schleiden is a close observer and he has good means of information. His view is very discouraging. On the other hand Mr Seward is light and hopeful. He still believes in a peaceful issue to the difficulty, and a restoration of the Union. I am inclined to hope that we may yet bridge over the chasm until the fourth of March, which is the dangerous period. Baron Gerolt is a light and intelligent gentleman who has been here a long while, and observes also. We strolled along home at about ten—and I tried to do some work, but not with much profit as my fatigue was considerable.58
58 Saturday 26th Washington CFA AM
Snow of three or four inches. I called to see Mr Everett at the house of his daughter Mrs Wise. He has come with
four others at the bearer of a petition from the city of Boston. in favor of some arrangement. The peculiarity of it is
that it comes from every other source than the dominant party. Of course its authority here is correspondingly
weakened from that cause. From thence I went to the House. The debate went on as usual. Mr Gilmer of North
Carolina made a warm and earnest speech favorable to settlement of some kind. His manner is rough, but there is
strength and heartiness and some pathos in his style. He evidently affected our side of the House. Mr Alley
followed. He made a very sound, sensible speech not very direct to the question in hand. This brought the
adjournment late so that I did not get home to dinner until nearly six. Governor Seward and Dr Palfrey dined with
me. After their departure, I worked until late at night on my speech. It wears me a good deal.

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A beautiful sky, with unpleasant walking from the melting snow. I attended Divine service and heard Mr Hally preach. I then called with Mr Palfrey on Mr Schleiden and afterwards went with him to his room. He has told me all his wishes and his feelings. The party struggles twelve years ago have closed all his subsequent life to far that his home is painful to him. He would be glad to get any appointment that would place him out of reach. I promised to watch for something that might turn up, and to act with Sumner and the rest of the delegation in his behalf. I left him about to depart to Baltimore this evening. On reaching home I found Mr Winthrop and Mr Everett paying a visit at my house. I had a little conversation with the former about our present condition. These gentlemen have been busily at work here instigating public opinion and they are evidently for a good deal more concession than I can submit to. We had Sumner to dine, who was very full of further investigations which he had made, and which disclosed the continued prosecution of the conspiracy against us in the capital. After he went Mr Richard Cults came and spent some time. I finished my speech a little after midnight. God be praised.
59 Monday 28th Washington CFA AM
I have received from Mr Charles Hale, an application for a copy of my speech in advance, so that he may print it at the same time with the delivery. My son has therefore agreed to make a copy, and I looked it over and put into shape for him. At the House Mr Pryor made a speech in his vein, but in a much more subdued manner than he used during the last winter. His declamation about the wrongs and outrages of the Free States was rather felicitous in language than vigorous in reasoning or powerful in thought. Soon after Mr Hale of New Hampshire came to my desk and suggested the propriety of writing to the Governor of Massachusetts, to ask him to send some delegates to this place to meet those coming from Virginia and other states to arrange propositions of compromise on the slave question. I thought it well enough to shew interest in order to master the nature of the scheme, so I wrote the heading of a letter, and went round and got the delegation to sign it which they did, so far as I could find them. Mr Thayer was the only person in the Hall. Thence I went to the Senate and found Wilson who signed it, but when I came to Sumner I found he not only had declined but had written to the Governor strongly dissuading any meeting with a treacherous and violent assemblage, which in his opinion was to be the nucleus of the assault upon the city. This did not seem to me to be very reasonable for if this assemblage was to be treasonable, it was so much the more proper for delegates to be present who might expose its nature and character to the country. So I sent the letter soon afterwards, I got back to my seat and was writing a private letter explaining this matter to Governor Andrew, when Sumner came over to Mr Alley’s seat and began remonstrating with him about signing the letter. The latter who sits next to me asked me if the letter was gone. I said Yes, and soon joined in the conversation. It grew rather warm between us as I intimated that his policy was insulating Massachusetts, and I could not consent to lend myself to it. We talked until after the adjournment, and the sweepers drove us from the Hall. I then walked home. Happily we dined alone, and I spent the evening quietly reusing and correcting my speech. 60
60 Tuesday 29th Washington CFA AM
A fine day. Being now ready, my uneasiness to get clear of the responsibility begins. At the House, where I notified the speaker, Mr Pennington that I was ready to speak either on Wednesday or Thursday, as might suit him to assign me the floor. He preferred to have it on Thursday, and so it was arranged. There were speeches today, from Mr Stevens which was only half accomplished, from Mr Harris of Maryland and from Mr Winslow of North Carolina. The latter was rather ugly in spirit, though subdued in tone. Just then Mr Sumner came into the House and resumed the conversation of yesterday. He expressed himself much pained at what I had said. His motives were perfectly pure and he did not know how he had exposed himself to any such strictures as had been made on his action. He then told me of his conversation with Mr Stanton, the Attorney General, who had expressed to him the confident belief that the capitol and departments would be in the possession of the secession party in ten days. I told him that in that case there would probably be little occasion for us to trouble ourselves materially. Things would take a new turn, I expressed my great regret that I had said or done anything in any way offensive to him, and my earnest desire to make all suitable apology. We then talked a little further and separated. I returned home. We had Miss Pennington to dinner, and Messrs Bache and Henry and the speaker in the evening.

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Wednesday 30th Washington CFA AM
Weather fair. Henry dispatched the copy of my speech which he has made for the Advertiser last evening. Attended at the House, where there was much preliminary discussion of various kinds upon the Post Office and other bills. We then went upon the topic of the Committee’s report. Mr Stevenson of Kentucky made a party speech, and was followed by Mr Howard of Ohio with another. Both of them seemed disposed to take Massachusetts to task instead of the traitors in South Carolina. The time wore on until half past four when it was arranged that I should take the floor, as Mr Howard closed. It was given to me, but as Mr Morris of Pennsylvania desired to speak, I yielded to him with the understanding that I should have the floor in the morning. There was some question raised by Mr Logan of Illinois, which was afterwards withdrawn, and so I went home, to dress for dinner. Mrs Adams and I had been invited to Mr S F Vinton’s, formerly a member of Congress from Ohio, but now living in this city with his daughter. The company consisted of General Scott and Colonel Keyes, Mr and Mrs Hodge, Mr Hulsemaaw, Mr Schleiden, M and Madame Vaugrignense, Mr Mueley, Mr Osten Hacken and perhaps one or two more. A very handsome dinner, but tediously long. We did not get away until half past nine, when we passed to the house of Mr Pennington. A considerable number of Republicans and their wives, and rather a pleasant evening. The speaker told me that in my absence Mr Farnsworth had claimed the right to the floor, and to avoid a collision with him he advised me to let him speak first. On this point I have no great choice. Home at eleven
61 Thursday January 31st Washington CFA AM

I slept badly as I have done for several nights. I had a cold and was feverish, and the anxiety and excitement attending the effort I was to make this day made me nervous and uncomfortable. At the House, where Mr Farnsworth came to me and said that he had no desire to stand in my way at all, but he wished by withdrawing to place the Speaker under the necessity of recognizing him afterwards. I told him that I was much obliged to him for his courtesy, but that I must refer him to the Speaker to determine the question, and was ready to abide by any arrangement he should make. We then took up the deficiency bill and began a discussion upon that, in such a manner that I was inclined to doubt whether I should get in at all. That I did get the floor was due to the assiduity of my friend Buffington, who persuaded Mr Corwin to move that the Committee rise on the deficiency bill and for the purpose of giving the floor to me. Mr Sherman concurred in it on the condition that it was be only for me. And thus it was arranged. The House then gather round me, and I addressed them for an hour and twenty minutes, in silence so that you could have heard a pin drop. There was applause in the galleries several times and at the close such a rush of congratulation as completely overwhelmed me. No similar triumph as been witnessed here for a long time. Many pronounced the speech to be the finest delivered this session, and others declared that I had equalled the best of my race. So that if I was not so old, perhaps my head might62 be turned by it. I only feel grateful that I have been enabled to meet the occasion suitably. I may thus be so situated as to mark the close of one era of American history, through which our name has been associated with its glory from beginning to end. We are about to enter upon the second, which may mark our degeneracy. I have no further desire for public life. My ambition which never was great has reached its culmination. I could hardly have dared to hope that I should have been so successful. At home there will be undoubtedly much discontent stirred up I suppose by the dissatisfaction of my friend Sumner, who did not shew himself in the House to hear me. But for that I care little. I believe the cause I take to be the right one both of the present and for the future, and resting upon that I seek little either the approbation or the censure of the world. The House seemed in little mood to do business afterwards, and they voted a recess until seven o’ clock. At dinner, we had Mr Everett and Mrs Wise, Mr and Mrs Eames, Mr Winthrop and Mr Clifford. It was lively enough, though my cold made feel very uncomfortably. Mr Kuhn arrived from Philadelphia whilst we were at dinner. The gentlemen were all very complimentary to me. I forgot to say in its place Mr Hayes, the reporter, applied for my speech to send it by telegraph to the newspapers at New York.

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Thursday January 31st
31 January 1861

62 Friday February 1st Washington CFA AM
I was hoarse and uncomfortable from my cold, but still easier in my mind from getting disheartened of the loud upon it. At the House as usual. Mr Hamilton and Mr Stokes made good and earnest speeches which were well relieved by the House. As to the galleries, applause there has become so habitual that he speaker merely raps with his hammer as if were a pure casual piece of disorder. I was much complimented about my speech by several person, and the publishers of the newspaper called the republican begged of me the right to print it. I consented to this, and at night they sent me the slips to correct Dined with Governor Seward. Nobody there but his son, and a Miss Martin whom I recollect to have seen some time last winter. The dinner was not quite so lively as usual and after a game of whist, Mrs Adams down to Mrs Randy Johnson’s reception, and I came home.

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63 Saturday 2d. Washington CFA AM
The newspapers have got it that there has been a difference between Mr Sumner and myself in regard to the measures to be urged upon the House. This is not quite true. Our difficulty has been already stated in this Diary. It grew out of the application to the Legislature to seen commissioners to the meeting to be held here next Monday. Mr Train came and spoke to me about it this morning, and said that Mr Sumner was much excited and in answer to a telegraph of inquiry as to his opinion had replied stimulating opposition to it. Mr Alley on the other hand had sent word in reply to Mr Claflin’s question whether the delegation remained of the same mind, that it did. So that this conflict is transferred to mind of Massachusetts, where it does not amount to much. I trust that in this way it will evaporate. We discussed today a bill for raising a new loan of twenty five millions of dollars and also the Chiriqui grant in the deficiency bill. I felt languid and indifferent. Adjourned at four o’ clock. My cold still troubles me. A quiet dinner for once and busy evening despatching speeches.
Saturday 2d.
2 February 1861

Mild and damp. Attended Divine service, and heard a gentleman by the name of Livermore preach. Mr Haley participated in the exercises and made a species of address or valedictory or announcing that the pulpit was to supplied by his colaborer, which had no particular grace or pathos. On my way home I called to see Mrs John Adams. Found her at dinner and spent an hour with her, talking over her various causes of uneasiness. Then home. Franked speeches of various kinds until dinner. Mr Sumner did not come, the first time since we have been here. It strikes me a little singular. His self-love appears to have been wounded, and this is always his weak point. I am sorry for this, and shall endeavor to repair it. In the even Mrs Adams and I went by invitation to see Mr and Mrs Eames. Quite a company. Mr Guthrie of Kentucky, General Cushing, Mr Everett, Mr Rockwell, and many other persons. Much compliment to me about my speech. Some conversation with Mr Guthrie about the present state of things. He is reasonable. General Cushing is fierce and denunciatory.

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64 Monday 4th Washington CFA AM
Damp, foggy, uncomfortable weather. Morning was spent in answering letters or franking speeches. At the House.
Mr Henry Lee Sr, aid de camp to Governor Andrew has written me a letter asking me to inform him what amount of
troops would be needed for the emergency pointed out by the notice sent from here last week by Messrs Clifford
and Phillips. There has been of late a revival of the alarm and General Scott himself has believed in the occasion
for it. I wrote to Mr Seward a note of enquiry, which he answered by begging delay of a day or two to determine. So
I telegraphed to that effect. Many applications for speeches from various quarters. One from Mr Kennedy of the
Census Office, which incidentally mentions the receipt of many letters from Virginia of a discouraging character as
to the election of delegates to the convention of secession that takes place today. If that turns badly I think we shall
need troops to protect us here. Adjourned at 4, and I stopped at the office of the Globe, to correct the proof of my
speech, Thence to dine with Mr and Mrs Foster at Willard’s Hotel, in the great ordinary. Mr Sanford, Govr Anthony
and another Rhode Island gentleman made up the party. It was tolerably pleasant, and we sat some time
afterwards conversing in their room. Then home.
5 February 1861

64 Tuesday 5th Washington CFA AM

Wet and damp. Morning spent in franking—At the Capitol. Governor Seward sent in for me to go to the Senate and I went. He told me that he regarded the new from Virginia of the complete defeat of the secession party as decisive of the question of our safety here, I might telegraph that no troops would be wanted, which I did soon afterwards. He also said that a movement had been started last night to break ground in opposition to our policy which might lead to a division of the party. This ought to be avoided, and to that end he begged me to try to persuade Mr Corwin to put off a decision as long as he could. He whispered something more but so imperfectly that I could not quite catch the sense. The substance seemed to be that he had heard from Mr Lincoln, who approved his course, but was badgered at Springfield that he felt65 compelled to keep uncommitted on it at present. I then walked up to Sumner and talked a few minutes with him and Wilson about the Virginia news, after which I returned to the House. The main topic was the new bill to discontinue the postal service in the rebelling States. Mr Sickles made rather a significant speech in which he described the decline in the sympathy of the democrats of the Free States as the rebellion had proceeded. In the first month, it had been defence—In the second it had sunk to apology. In the third—it was disapprobation. He is a man of some ability, and is trying hard to brush off the old stain. At four I returned home to dress, and go to Mr Douglas’s to dinner. A large company, consisting of General Scott, Judge Mc Lean, Mr Foot of Vermont, Mr Crittenden of Kentucky, Mr Vinton, Colonel Keyes, Mr Blendel, Mr Osten Sacken, and Mr R Cults, besides the family and Mr Everett. The inner was very handsome, and as usual long. I had a little conversation with Judge Douglas on the Virginia result, as also on the struggle in Tennessee which is now at its height. He is still doubtful of the result. The only present gain guiding. From here I went to the speaker’s where was quite an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen.—After supper returned home quite tired with this dissipated life. A large package of nearly fifty letters was waiting for one, mainly drawn out by my speech, which is making a great fortune.
6 February 1861

My life is now one continued maze. My letters were beyond all bounds, so that I must despair of replying to them, whilst my franking absorbs all my leisure. At the Capitol as usual while we had a superior speech from Mr. Humphrey. I was called to confer with Mr. Harrison Ritchie, who has been sent from Boston by the Governor to learn what amount of force may be needed here from Massachusetts. He had already been to see General Scott and Mr. Sumner, the former of whom had told him that none would be necessary. He wished now to learn something of the probable legislation of the House on the organization of volunteer corps of militia. We sent for Mr. Stanton, Mr. Train and Mr. Burlingame, and talked the whole matter over without arriving at any definite result. Afterwards, he dined with me in company with Governor Seward and his son. The Governor was very pleasant, but not so lively as he sometimes is. Afterwards, we played a game of whist when he was interrupted and sent for to go home. The assembly of commissioners from the states is exciting some attention here. Massachusetts has selected seven commissioners, all very good men. The fact has had some influence here. And thus far my judgment has been decidedly confirmed.
At the Capitol betimes. The galleries sound decided indications that something was expected. On my way down I ought to mention that I called at his desire to see Mr Dix, the Secretary of the Treasury. I found him anxious about the loan, and desirous to issue his proposals by Monday. He regretted that any difficulty had prevented Massachusetts from acting, and hoped that some action might be had upon it in season. I replied that I would write at once and endeavour to quicken the movement. As I went down I met Mr Ritchie to whom I spoke about it, and he said that he had already written about it Governor Seward’s suggestion. The speech of the day was Winter Davis’s—In its commencement very effective, but not sufficiently condensed to bring him within the hour, and therefore badly truncated at the close. Mr Davis is the most effective debater in the House, but his mind yet wants breadth and comprehensiveness, and he is too much in antagonisms to rise above the partisan. He fastened the House completely. Mr Sedgwick followed him in a speech of extreme sentiment. Parts of it were strong and effective, whilst other parts fell into the mere lawyer’s tone. He declared his willingness for the separation. We then had a recess. The coming meetings for mere speaking I never attend. Evening at home.
Friday 8th Washington CFA AM

Very cold. A tremendous gale of wind brought a cold temperature indicated by my glass at 8° of Fahrenheit. Whilst at work on my documents I had a visit from Governor Chase and Mr Montgomery Blair. The former evidently came to sound me about my disposition towards the measures of the House. He advocated delay until after the new government should come into power, when without the fear of menace it could act magnanimously. I replied that nothing would be better than delay. If it could be effected, very surely I should do nothing to disturb it. He said he hoped the Connection would consent to see it in that light. Mr Chase is either blind or weak. If he supposes his opponents to be so easy as not to press the republicans to terms in the very moment of their utmost weakness, he is not likely to get very far to a solution of the troubles. They detained me so long that I was half an hour late at the Capitol. The usual course of business until we resumed the discussion of the report of the Committee of thirty three. Mr Kellogg of Illinois made a new exhibition of himself by declaring his readiness to adopt the principle of excluding liberty from the territory south of the compromise line. This man is the harlequin of our present drama. Puffed with importance he came into the Committee with a plan of settlement which vanished on the second day under the influence of an accidental letter from Mr Lincoln. He was then among the straitest sect in opposing all our joint propositions which the committee adopted, and was almost of leaving the committee on account of my laxity. He stimulated all the telegraphic reports that went out against me during the sessions of the Committee. Then he flew to Springfield to see which way the wind set there, and came back after my speech, full charged with a plan that surrendered all the principle we contended for. And this announced in the most turgid style of burlesque oratory. He ended with loud congratulations from the democrats of the north west, and as loud jeers from his colleagues on our side of the House. Such is the comic side of this fearful crisis. At home Mr W P Phillips dined with me. I had seen him at Church on Sunday but not since. Afterwards I went down by invitation to Mr Montgomery Blair’s, to meet the Commissioners from Massachusetts. Messr Goodrich, Crowninshield, Waters, Chandler and Boutwell and Forbes were here with Messr Sumner and Wilson of the Senate, and Messr Train, Gooch, Burlingame of our delegation, Preston King and one or two others. I had little conversation with the delegates, and that upon indifferent matters. If they desire to talk with me, they must invite discussion. I had a little conversation with Sumner, who was friendly, but avoided all but a single allusion to the commission.

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9 February 1861

68 Saturday 9th Washington CFA AM

I had this morning a formal visit from the delegates of Massachusetts. They spent fifteen or twenty minutes in conversation upon general matters, and then departed. They are all good, practical men, and although on the rigid side of our politics are not blinded by passion, or prejudice. Their arrival takes off from us all the pressure of the struggle. Their visit made me late at the capitol, where there was a continuation of the debate, in which Mr Hutchins of Ohio entangled the delegation in a debate on local politics, which Mr Cox his colleague enjoyed if nobody else did. Dined with Mr Sanford and a small party consisting of Messr Mercier, the French Minister, Mr Schleiden, Mr Clay, Mr Hunter of the state Departments, Messr Corwin, Burlingame, Aspinwall, Astor and myself. Conversation not material.69

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68 Sunday 10th Washington CFA AM
A fine day. Attended Divine service at the Unitarian church. Mr Livermore preached a much longer and more elaborate sermon than any of his predecessor's, but I know not that it had any more effect upon my mind. My day at home was almost entirely absorbed by my labor in franking speeches, and my letters are innumerable applying for it from all quarters. Mr Sumner did not come again today. I must infer that he retain offence I regret this circumstance, though it on the whole scarcely surprises me. His character has materially changed since the same attack on his physical system, made upon him by Brooks. It has made him bitter and vindictive to all who do not agree with him, and more greedy of applause and of admiration from there who do. Last winter and this have developed the seeds of a different policy in public affairs. I had no sympathy with the tone or the temper of his speech of the last session, though I did what I could to apologize for it. The character of his predictions has led me to apprehend that this year he desires a disruption of the Union, and a slave insurrection as the solution of the slave question. In this policy I can have no sympathy. Neither do I deem it necessary to reach a good result by such unfortunate means. Evening, Mrs Adams went to Mrs Eames's, with Miss Tammy and my son Henry. I staid at home and worked.
69 Monday 11th Washington CFA AM
My letters from home and elsewhere continue in the highest degree complimentary. I answer them as well as I can, but my power falls short. In the meantime I despatch copies of the speeches far and wide. At the House rather late. As I passed Govr Seward’s, he was just getting into a carriage and asked me to get in and join him, which I did. He seemed delighted with the news from Tennessee which rejects secession. But he said the agony and panic here continued in all its fieriness. The end would probably be a recommendation of a National Convention, which would relieve us all. He asked me what was the character of the Massachusetts delegates and I described it. He then descanted upon the cause of Mr Lincoln, alluded again to the letter he had received from him and yet dropped an intimation of uncertainty of purpose, which I fear is too well founded. In the mean time all his followers here are hanging in an agony of uncertainty as to what shall be their cue. Some resolutions were offered in haste which troubled us on account of the ambiguous way they were created drawn. And then came a discussion of the deficiency bill. But nothing of interest. We adjourned at four. Mr Charles Hale dined with us. I had been invited by Mr Baker, the Senator from California to visit him at his room, but felt too much fatigued to go out again.

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69 Tuesday 12th Washington CFA AM
Whilst in the midst of work I had a visit from a Mr Hadfield of Buffalo, who came to read me a long letter about the relations between this country and Canada. I heard a part and postponed the remainder until evening, when he came and read the rest. The subject is very interesting and I invited further communications from him, after his return home. He is English born, but has lived here some years, and is familiar with the trade and the feelings of the Order. At the House, where we were engaged in a multiplicity of labors. The Committees on the fraud of the Secretary of War made a long and dull report which might have been much better done. But style is not the forte of members of Congress. At home Mr W P Phillips dined with us. The ladies went to the Presidents reception, and from there to Mr Douglas’s ball. I staid at home writing.70
70 Wednesday 13th Washington CFA AM

Fine day. Mr Forbes came to me yesterday to know whether I thought there was any danger in the process of counting the votes, which was to take place today. He said there had been fear of an attempt to seize them on the way from the Senate to the House, whilst Mr Breckenridge the bearer would be subjected to a not unwelcome violence. I told him that I anticipated no difficulty; that whatever might have been the state of things some weeks ago, the result of the Virginia election held so far changed them as to render a scheme of the kind utterly useless. Hence I had great reliance upon General Scott and his precautionary measures, which would dissipate all further hazard. My calculations all proved correct today. I went up to the Capitol in good reason to hear a fervent prayer from Mr Stockton. The galleries were crowded with spectators, and even the floor of the House was full with members of the convention. The Vice President and Senate came in and took their places. The Votes were handed in order to the letters, who lurked at the official certificate read the substance and named the number of the votes, The Secretary of the Senate returned them in a table, and at the end the teller reported the result of the count to the Vice president who in his turn declared Abraham Lincoln of Illinois and Hannibal Hamlin elected to the two Chief Offices for four years to come. The proceeding occupied two hours, but it was conducted in profound tranquility, which relieved us all of a great weight. At any rate the probability of personal danger will not be superinduced upon all the responsibilities of the administration. For the rest, we must now patiently await the progress of events. The Senate then retired, and after a brief attempt to resume business we adjourned. I had never seen the ceremony before. It is an imposing one, and yet it is the weak part of the constitution. In a case of untested election, when votes would be disputed that might turn the scale from one party to another, I see no power in the congregated body to determine any rule of decision upon the merits. Even the rules of discussion are not defined. The presence of two district bodies would of course occasion divisions, as to the mode of exercising their powers which could scarcely end otherwise than in confusion. In truth the Constitution is in many parts a very weak instrument, and it owes its success more to the absence of trials than to its innate vigour. Returned home to dinner. In the evening I attended a meeting of the delegation at Mr Eliot's house. Nine of the House attended. The discussion was had upon the mode and distribution of patronage. It was carried on for two hours and ended in a species of agreement to consider the joint delegation as competent to assume the decision of cases which the individual member desired to describe upon them. This business of patronage is the poorest and most unprofitable labor that I knew. Home soon after ten.
Thursday 14th Washington CFA AM

Mild and pleasant. A little rain at night. I am still engaged in despatching speeches for which the demand continues almost undiminished. Just as I was starting for the capitol a gentlemen called to see me, Mr Hight, and on learning that I was on my way he invited me to ride in his carriage with him, which I did. He talked much a visit to Mr Sumner and a conversation of an hour and a half, which had convinced him of his impracticable nature. Sumner is thoroughly honest, but he is not fitted for human life which never shows perfect results from human action. At the House we had rather warmed work than customary. First of all was a passage between Mr Stanton and his colleague Mr Cox, who had interpolated into his report of his speech yesterday in a Globe a gross attack upon Mr Giddings which Mr Stanton seemed to sanction by silence in his reply. This Mr Cox is not without a certain share of acuteness, but he has not a manly or generous sentiment in his composition. Mr Stanton is very effective as a debater in such cases. The other case was one of equal meanness, but of a different kind. Mr Howard made a report from his committee of Investigation, on the subject of plans to seize the Capitol by force. The substance was to declare that none such now existed. This was unanimous, and yet Mr Branch of North Carolina immediately offered a paper purporting to be a report of a minority and ending with a resolution implying a censure of General Scott for bringing troops here, and directing them to be removed. This resolution he pressed for immediate action by the force of the previous question. This attempt to take advantage of a reasonable admission that no plan now existed, to prove that no good reason for believing that it had ever existed had been found, was well exposed by Mr Dawes and the resolution was laid on the table at last by a great majority. I had supposed Mr Branch to be a gentleman, but this actions might prove that it is idle to expect such a thing from that quarter. The disorder was at time greater than at any time this session In the evening we had a party given to the commissioners from Massachusetts. It was composed almost entirely of republicans. Perhaps a hundred person. Mr Sumner came and the Massachusetts delegation generally.
72 Friday 15th Washington CFA AM

A cloudy, showery day. I went to the Capitol. The main business was the passage of the Post Office Appropriation bill. After which the special order was called for and speeches were made by Mr Vandever and Mr De Jarnette. I was much fatigued and paid little attention. There was a proposition for a caucus at night, but I have been so much dissatisfied with the profitless discussion of former meetings that I determined not to go. All my space time is absorbed in answering letters which pour in upon me. Mr Burlingame came today to urge no action upon the report of the committee of thirty three. He was very friendly and eulogistic. After many years of distance and neglect He now returns to his ancient professions. I am a little afraid he thinks of my possible influence with Governor Seward in the matter of the Sardinian mission. Evening at home writing. Quite tired out, so that I did not go to the caucus.
Thursday 16th Washington CFA AM

I am getting into a bad habit of working so long at home as not to leave me time enough to get to the House in time for the opening. Thus far it has not been material, but as we approach the end we may be caught. It was private bill day—and a considerable number were passed through with little prospect of going through the Senate. I read the speech of Mr Hunter on the Tariff which gave me much material for reflection. At four o’clock, a motion was carried for a recess until seven, when members might speak, and no business should be done. In the evening Mr and Mrs Eames came with Mr Guthrie, who proved quite somnolent. Much talk about the speeches of Mr Lincoln on his way here which are rapidly reducing the estimate put upon him. I am much afraid that in this lottery we may have drawn a blank.73
Saturday 16th
16 February 1861

Variable day. Attended Divine service and heard a man apparently a German preach a Sermon, which I could not follow. My own mind has become so much absorbed in the questions of immediate moment, that the instant I become quiet and in repose, I am apt to fall asleep. At home I was busy in franking documents, and writing letters. Mr Crowninshield and Mr Sumner dined with me, and we had a pleasant conversation. The latter was obviously under restraint, which rendered him on the whole a little more agreeable. But through it all I think I see our intimacy is at an end. He never was tolerant of differences of sentiment. It constitutes the great defect of his character as a public man. Afterwards, a gentleman by the name of Marié came to see the ladies, which prevent our going to Mr Eames’s as invited. My daughter Louisa was quite sick with a cold and confined to her bed.
73 Monday 18th Washington CFA AM
I am working through the labor of despatching my speeches, and those which have accumulated around me. A letter or tow, with an occasional visit from a constituent or a stranger fill up my leisure. At the House I write a letter or two, and am interrupted more or less by calls from persons who come to sound me for place. I had Mr Burlingame around me again today talking much in his usual way. How very sudden this intimacy! We had a little active warfare in the House today, first on a loan bill offered by Mr Sherman, and next on a bill to organize the Pike’s Peak country into a territory called Colorado. Both measures were carried over all opposition. In the latter is a provision which seems to me very illjudged. A strip of land is taken from New Mexico which bring the line of boundary on the thirty-seventh parallel and transfers about three thousand people to the new territory. The effect is in a degree to confirm the pestiferous notion of a compromise line on a parallel of latitude, instead of breaking it up as I hoped to do by admitting New Mexico with an irregular boundary, and further to take out the most vigorous portion of the American population which might be expected to reform the slaveholding features of the Territory already so artificially engrafted. But there are the incidents of legislation, which seldom attains complete results. I dined again today at Mr Sanford’s in company with Messrs Burlingame and Colfax of the House, Lt Governor Raymond and Mr James Wadsworth. Two more of his guests failed him. We seat talking in the parlor after dinner until half after eleven. Mr Raymond is Editor of the New York Times, and he sees the policy of the country in the same light as I do. But I regret to find the tendency is running the other way. Our people misled by the givings out of the New York Tribune and of Mr Lincoln are growing more and more distracted in sentiment, and less likely to strike out any consistent policy. Mr Wadsworth thinks the peace convention will end in a nearly equal division. In the mean while the Virginia convention is growing more and more impatient, and inclined to violent counsels. No country was ever so blasted by feeble partisanship and miserable jealousies.

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74 Tuesday 19th Washington CFA AM
Morning as usual. I have now succeeded in getting off the great mass of my documents. And I think after this I shall enjoy a greater share of leisure. At the house we had a pretty animated debate on the Navy bill, in which there is a provision for the building of some new steamers The gentlemen on the other side are eager to construe every measure to strengthen the defences of the country as designed to coerce as they call it. And this idea of coercion overhanging all their operations is designed to turn the scale in the doubtful states. I am pretty tired of this sort of sophistry, but yet it is wise to be patient. We succeeded in getting the Navy bill through and then I went home.
Governor Seward and his son dined with us. I though he seemed to be more discouraged than I had yet seen him. The Peace Convention would agree upon nothing. And even the proposition of a Convention constitutionally assembled was now looked upon without favor in Virginia. Hence the danger of secession seemed to be imminent. He said that he had sent a person to Richmond to communicate with certain members of the Legislature and to ascertain what the precise state of things was. He should know in a couple of days. My wonder is that he keeps up his spirits as he does. He went away rather early, and without his game of whist, on account of a caucus at his house of republican senators. Mr and Mrs Sedgwick took tea here. After which we went into a small party at our neighbor’s, Mr Ten Eyck’s.75
75 Wednesday 20th Washington CFA AM
I was a little out of order this morning, and suffered from a light dull headache all day. Walked to the Capitol. Quite a debate on the naval bill, Mr Garnett of Virginia indulging in an ill tempered harangue against coercion. In it he recapitulated all the illtempered comments possible upon Mr Lincoln’s actions in his round about tour towards the capital. Nothing has so much depressed my spirits as the account of these. They betray a person unconscious of his own position as well as of the nature of the contest around him. Good natured, kindly honest, but frivolous and uncertain. We had to stay to get the question on the Navy bill until after five. At home we waited for dinner until after six, expecting Charles and Mr Dexter, who finally arrived. I have now all my children assembled again under one roof. In the evening we had visits from Mr Robinson and Mr Ely, Mr and Mrs Delano, and Major Rogers and Mr Nichols of Boston.

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75 Thursday 21st Washington CFA AM
Visits from Messrs Hildreth and Churchill, who kept me in conversation until quite late so that I had to ride to the Capitol. In the Boston Transcript I find a carefully prepared leader urging me for a place in the Cabinet, at the head of the Treasury. Where this originates I cannot imagine—but I find myself named here from time to time, so that it is not laid asleep. This is purely annoying. Mr Lincoln’s indecision is the cause. If he had only adhered to the first plan, all his friends here would by this time have settled down in acquiescence. And in my mind he will finally be obliged to come back to it. I confess I am gloomy about him. His beginning is inauspicious. It indicates the absence of the heroic qualities which he most needs. A doubt is generally entertained as to the nature of the policy he will pursue. If coercive, it is obvious Mr Seward cannot go with him, and we may have war in thirty days. I doubt whether he will take that course, but he may attempt a middle one which will be worse than either. Vacillation now is fatal. At the House there was a resumption of the discussion on the bill of Mr Stanton, and Mr Bocock finished his speech, on the whole the best I have heard from him. Mr Howard of Michigan then made a brief but pointed reply, and the bill subsided, to give place to a measure to pay the debt occasioned by the Indian War in Oregon and Washington. Much fraud and wickedness must be presumed in all the relations of the White man with the Indian, but yet it scarcely be denied that to the settler in the wilderness the Indian is seldom a trustworthy neighbor. A sharp discussion arose which was terminated by the adoption of the measure in an amended form. Adjourned until Saturday. Mrs Adams and I with John and Miss Crowninshield dined with Lord Lyons and a large company composed of Miss Lane, Messr Toucey and King of the Cabinet, Mrs Toucey, Mr and Mrs Crittenden, Messr King and Wadsworth of the peace commissioners, Mr and Mrs Streckl and Miss Robbins, a Mr Corlin, Mr Seaton, Mr Duncan and a flock of attachés. After dinner Mr Crittenden talked with me about his measures; professed his willingness to accept those of the committee, even though it should be making a Free State of New Mexico, but there were those with whom he was accustomed to act who controlled him. That is precisely what I supposed. I intimiated to him my view of the mischief attending the course. The dinner was shorter than usual and we got home early.

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76 Friday 22d Washington CFA AM
A holiday celebrated with more ardor on account of the present condition of things. I was at home writing a great number of letters, which kept me all the morning. The streets were filled with militia company moving to and fro between Georgetown and the President’s, and the few companies of regulars were also out. I took a solitary walk in the least frequented parts of Georgetown, and there in the quiet presence of natured tired to forget the turmoil of public affairs. The remainder of this session of Congress will be nothing but noise and confusion. How foreign to my habits and tastes! I count the days to the end. In the evening we had several visitors. Mr W Brigham and his son, and Messr Scranton and Spaulding of the House. They mentioned an attack made upon Mr Van Wyck last night on the north side of the Capitol squire, in which he narrowly escaped with his life. He made last year a violent speech which it is not impossible that some of the ruffian abounding in this neighbourhood may remember. At all events, it is a warning that slavery in its desperation is ready to seek any mode to arrange its downfall. Time is hinging round its own fate.77
77 Saturday 23d Washington CFA AM
Mild and cloudy terminating in heavy showers of rain. I walked up to the House but got there soon after they had begun taking the Yeas and Nays upon the Oregon War debt. Not being particularly anxious to record my name in favor of it I did not regret my tardiness. We then went upon the Tariff bill of last winter which has been returned from the Senate with a great variety of modifications. Much resistance was made to it, not without reason, for we had not any bill printed by which we could comprehend the alterations. At last it was agreed to meet at ten on Monday, and consider it until one o’clock in committee. We then took up the Indian appropriation and discussed it until fire when we adjourned, and I came down in the Omnibus in the rain. I was suffering from a headache until quite late in the evening. The news today was that Mr Lincoln reached here this morning at six o’clock, and was met at the Station by Mr Seward and Mr Washburn, who took him to Willard’s Hotel. As this was a surprise, it created some speculation. The rumor was that it was designed to thwart projects of a mischievous kind at Baltimore, to waylay or assassinate him. In the evening I went down to see Mr F. P Blair who was staying at his son’s this evening. Some talk on the present condition of things. Mr Blair incidentally said that he had strongly recommended me for Secretary of State, when he hoped Mr Seward would go to England, and finding that Mr Seward was selected for the former, he had since urged my being sent abroad. I replied that I was much obliged to him, but that I was well content with my present situation, and sought no other. The truth is that this noise has been revived again, and Messr Alley and Buffinton told me they were going up once more to make a personal representation to the President elect on the subject. I said there were welcome to go, but that I had no personal wish for their success.
Clear and blustering. A wind that sweeps over this city with might power. Attended Divine service at the Unitarian Church and heard Mr Ritter the same gentleman who preached last Sunday. He gave us a pretty good sermon, but my mind has at present lost its faculty of attention. After service I walked to Willard’s Hotel, and paid a visit to the Commissioners from Massachusetts. At first only Mr Crowninshield was in and Governor Cleveland of Connecticut was reasoning with him in favor of the last proposition that had been made, which really does reduce the point of difference materially. Yet it contains the fatal implication respecting the disposition of all territory south of a compromise line. Soon afterwards the other gentlemen came in. Mr Cleveland made little impression upon them, and I joined with them. But after he was gone I in my turn enlarged on the duty of establishing a positive system of action to offset the effect of their devices. They seemed to listen with incredulity, though many of them expressed themselves content with my proposals. After some delay, I asked Mr Goodrich to introduce me to Mr Lincoln. In the anti room I found Mr Sumner sitting on a similar errand. We had to wait a good while for some gentlemen to come out. They proved to be Messr Wade and Corwin. At last we were presented. Mr Lincoln is a tall, illformed man, with little grace of manner or polish of appearance, but with a plain, goodnatured, frank expression which rather attracts one to him. Our conversation was principally on his journey, and he told us the cause of it. It seems that whilst he was in Philadelphia, a Chicago detective who had been sent down some time ago to watch movements at Baltimore warned him of the existence of a conspiracy there to waylay and assassinate him whilst passing through by the railroad from Harrisburg. He urged him to go through direct on Thursday night. He preferred however to go to Harrisburg and spent Thursday to Friday there. Here Mr Frederick Seward found him and related the same information as coming to Washington from a separate channel. Thus urged and seeing no invitation from the citizens of Baltimore, he decided to start in an extra train and going back to Philadelphia to reach here yesterday morning. Of the existence of a club and of its machinations, there could be no doubt. Yet he added that if he had been made aware of the presence of a Committee from Baltimore when he left Harrisburgh, he would still have gone with them. That such schemes are still in agitation no one can doubt. At home. In evening a brief visit to Mrs Ten Eyck and her sister.
79 Monday 25th Washington CFA AM

As the adjournment was until ten this morning, I was off early after breakfast in order to get to the Capitol in season. The order of the day was the Tariff bill with the amendment of the Senate over one hundred and fifty in number. The factions temper of the other side made it a tedious business, so that with the number of times the yeas and nays were called it was six o’clock before adjourned. The disposition was not to hazard the measure by a difference between the House, so that all the amendments were agreed to excepting the most important one, that laying the duty on tea and coffee, in which one of the curious indications of timidity took place which sometimes discredit our legislation. The measure was necessary, for revenue and was carefully guarded as a security for debt, as well as limited in time. Yet because the men on the other side voted against it, and it seemed to be lost, there was a rush at the end to change votes to overwhelm it. Mr Hildreth happened to have called me out to talk about places so that I lost my vote in my turn, but I asked leave purposely to vote for it. Mr Winter Davis had asked me to dine with him, and though it was half an hour after time I went and found a small company composed of Judge Davis of Illinois, Mr Ullman of New York, Mr Leman and another gentleman, who made a part of the President’s friends on his unit. Nothing of material interest in the conversation. On my return I found Mrs Adams’s room full of company of different sorts, most of whom seemed to have been drawn by the general rumor that I had been made a member of the Cabinet. They seemed quite disappointed when they found there was nothing in it. This business is no on the eve of settlement. And I shall be glad to come to an end of it. I do not like the feeling of having it hand over me. Once disposed of, my arrangements can be made without further anxiety.

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79 Tuesday 26th Washington CFA AM
The House having fixed eleven o'clock as the hour of meeting I had not long to attend to my affairs at home. The day at the House was altogether the most disturbed and excited one we have had. First, we had up Mr Stanton's bill to authorize volunteers, on which we had several speeches of rather a vehement kind. Some of the gentlemen came over from the South American side to urge a postponement of the bill and finally Mr Corwin made a motion and it was carried. I could not vote for it, because I thought it was leaving the government here altogether unprotected from violence, in case Virginia and Maryland should persevere in the policy of secession. We then came upon the report of the Committee of thirty three. And immediately a very vehement contest became visible. Motions to postpone so as to defeat all action followed each other in quick succession. Monday, Saturday and tomorrow each in turn was voted upon and defeated. Then came political strategy. Dilatory motions and ill tempered, fiery remarks from our side of the House which showed a combination to defeat and destroy all conciliatory action. This was stiffly resisted by the majority but it consumed time, and patience. The madness of such men as Messr Hickman and Ashley and Washburn seemed most extraordinary. Sharp antagonism in a popular body like this seems to produce the most extraordinary effects on the reasoning powers. It raises the most minute trifle to the size of the largest object. We wasted several hours in this way and ended off at last just where we should have begun. So that tomorrow the voting is to commence. I go home after about eight hours of session hungry and fatigued.

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80 Wednesday 27th Washington CFA AM
Mr H O Hildreth who is here on a visit came to breakfast and to talk with me for an hour about the applications for Office in my District, and incidentally of the possibility of getting something for himself. He is an honest and worthy man and I should be glad to serve him. I then went to eh capitol to attend a meeting of the Joint Library Committee. All the members present but Mr Bayard. Only formalities of ordinary business attended to Then to the House, where no further opposition was made to taking the questions in the order in which they stood on the Journal. First, Mr Burch’s proposition for a Convention which was voted down. Next came Mr Kellogg’s resolution which came pinched between two propositions desired by opposite classes of members, and last and next Mr Crittenden’s proposal, reject by a party vote. Then sprang up the amendment to the Constitution and here again a great deal of excitement, became visible. I ought to say that the resolutions which preceded them were adopted by a large vote. It was surprising to see the passion manifested by Messr Ashley, Bingham, Hickman and Washburn especially. The first question was upon substituting Mr Seward proposition for mine, which was carried by 120 to 60. Then upon the amended from, which was lost by 120 to 71, wanting a change of eight. Mr Kilgore of Indiana then moved to reconsider, and adjourn. On the adjournment the Yeas and nays were taken, and they were carried by a union of all the men on the other side. So that the matter is left in suspense. on the whole I can scarcely imagine a more remarkable exhibition of folly than this entire action exhibited. A united vote would have carried with it the proof of a conciliatory spirit, whilst it expressed no more than has been expressly declared by resolution this session more than once. On the other hand a negative vote carried on with so much vehemence and passion leaves an implication at least of a desire to keep open a chance of direct interference at some favorable moment hereafter. The result of my reflection is that in spite of the reaction apparent through all the border states, those states will ultimately range themselves with the remainder. And the issues will be separation and perhaps war. Of the effect of all this who will undertake to judge? Evening at home. Several person paying visits.
I went up to the Capitol this morning in good time as I supposed that the question would be early taken on reconsideration of the vote of yesterday. And so it was. Very soon after the reading of the Journal, the special order was called for, and Mr Kilgore advocated his motion of reconsideration. Mr Stanton of Ohio then made one of his short and very effective speeches which was received with great favor by the other side. He followed it by moving the previous question which created a not unreasonable rage in the minority. But there was no resource and the vote followed. It was pursued with great interest on both sides. And when the announcement came that it was carried by a vote of 133 to 65 it was received by the most disorderly applause both on the floor and in the galleries. It is difficult to understand why it should have been so violently disputed by our friends. The explanation is to be found rather in the personal conflicts for superiority between rival interests outside of the House than any internal discord. Mr Chase is pushed by the outside New York people as a counterpoise to Mr Seward who is advocated by the ruling power there. And the hopes and fears of many balance between them. This over, the House seemed to incline to rest from the excitement, and Mr Sherman moved to lay aside the order and take up the Appropriation bills. We continued discussing amendment until after five o’clock, when an adjournment was carried. I hastened home to dress for dinner and then went back to the National Hotel. Mr Spaulding had invited me and with all my effort I was half an hour late, and the company were already seated at the table. It consisted of the President elect and the Vice President, General Scott, Messr Seward and King, Messr Pennington, Sherman, and myself, Messr Chase Crittenden, Caleb B Smith, Judge Bates, Winter Davis, Thurlow Weed and I know not how many more. It was quite formal and a little dull. All the candidates talked of for the Cabinet seemed to have been gathered together. I sat next to Mr Pennington, who amused me with his sharp and shrewd whispers tracking the appearance of the men. I have had no occasion this year to find fault with him as I did last season. He has dropped all reference whatsoever to my family and treat me as I had not any claims beyond my own. Just as we were breaking up I shook hands with Governor Seward and asked him whether thing were right at head quarters. He answered immediately No, they were not wrong, but scarcely quite right. Mr Crittenden then came up and engaged me in conversation about the New Mexico proposition, which he said he could not support as it would be only introducing a Free State. He preferred that the matter should be put off to which I told him that our friends would make no object. Just then Mr Seward came back and hurried me off to be introduced to Judge Davis, the same gentleman in company with whom I dined on Monday. “Here, said he, is the only man who has comprehended the83 policy for the present emergency.” His purpose seemed to be to get the gentlemen invited to my house this evening, which was immediately done. With Mr Lincoln himself, although I sat next but once to him I only passed a formal salutation. The time had arrived for me to get home where Mrs Adams was about to receive her friends, in return for the many civilities shown to us during these two seasons by the citizens. It was quite a brilliant party, including most of the Corps Diplomatique. Mr and Mrs Lincoln had been invited, but they did not come and sent no apology. They are obviously new in the conventionalisms of refined society. I was glad when it was over, and I went to bed about two o’clock. The most burdensome tax upon me in my present position is the social tax. It is wholly contrary to my taste. I have cheerfully endured it for two seasons on account of the peculiar condition of my political friends who have needed some support of this kind; but from this time they are in the ascendant, and the official organization will sustain them without any volunteers assistance.
Very warm and a high wind blowing he dust about in great quantities. At the Capitol early enough. But it my seat I am now called out once in about fifteen minutes by persons who are desirous of my interest for one thing and another. This a very serious interruption and annoyance, when the yeas and nays are called so often. After some preliminary business we resumed the voting on the report of the Committee of thirty three. The enabling act of New Mexico was met by an indirect vote to lay on the table, which prevailed by a large majority including a majority of the slaveholding members. This is answer sufficient to the pretence that this is any thing like a concession. Next came the amended fugitive slave law which passed by about ten votes. I could not make up my mind to record myself as for it, though very certainly I could not vote against it. On the last measure I went against it with a large majority. So that on the whole the record is pretty satisfactory. An attempt was renewed to call up the volunteer bill but it failed. We then took a recess of two hours for dinner, and I returned to an evening session from seven until half past ten. Here an effort was made to admit the resolutions of the peace Convention which seem to have met with the approbation of nobody. On the suspension of the rules I voted in the affirmative deeming it not consistent to object to the introduction of a peace proposition coming from a convention so respectable in its character. But a large number of my friends including nearly all of my delegation would not even give this civility. Such is the effect of party spirit. I certainly should have been obliged to record myself as against them on their merits, but I thought they deserved at least that tribute at my hands. After acting on some other business, we adjourned. I was obliged to walk home a third time as the Omnibuses were crowded, so I got back late, and very tired.
84 Saturday 2d. Washington CFA AM
The last legislative day of this portentous session. Looking back upon it, the idea is that of escape from impending dangers by the providence of God. I sat in my desk as well as I could considering the demands upon my time by strangers, and examined calmly the boisterous scene around me. The differences between the bodies about the appropriation bills were gradually reconciled. Mr Bingham tried to get up his force bill, but he could not suspend the rules. As the role was commencing Mr Millson came over from the other side and tried to persuade me not to vote for it, on the ground of its unfavorable effect upon the feeling of the border states. I replied that however well disposed to peace with the slave states I felt bound at the same time to maintain the authority of the government; and I voted accordingly. These gentlemen press their reasoning a little beyond the line of legitimate argument. They could destroy government in the very act of defending it. We continued in session until half past six o'clock, when the last appropriation bill was settled up, and for the first time for many a congress a night session was unnecessary. We adjourned to meet at ten o'clock on Monday. I then went home.
Almost a week of unexampled warm weather. Attended Divine service, and heard a good discourse from Mr Cutler upon the nature of the times. Some reflections upon the inaction of the political men. This was probably drawn out by the effort made yesterday in the Senate to defeat our proposition of amendment on a technical rule. This was done by Mr Sumner. Then home where I continued to work steadily franking documents and writing letters. In the evening we had several persons in. The family is so large as to make the Drawing room look like a reception day. The Senate was sitting this evening and crowds went up to hear Mr Crittenden make a farewell speech.
85 Monday 4th Washington CFA AM
At last the long expected day dawned upon us. It was mild and clear—not so warm as it had been but comfortable. At nine o’clock I started for the capitol, so that I got to the House in time for the opening. Not much done. Every body packing up the things left in the desks and sending them home. A few attempts to pass private bills which came to nothing. Presently the noise was hushed and the speaker made his closing address. It was hearty but not happy. He declared himself in favor of the report of the Committee of thirty three and of compromise with the seceding states. The members listened but there was little feeling. Exactly at noon, he declared the House dissolved. We then rushed in without order or ceremony to the Senate, where the new Vice president, Mr Hamlin, was already in the chair. On the one side was the Senate and the House, on the other, the corps Diplomatique in full dress. Presently, the Justices of the Supreme Court came in, and after some delay, the President out going, and the incoming completed the spectacle. It was rather interesting to witness here pretty much all of the official talent of the country assembled within these walls. Mr Buchanan looked old and worn out, whilst Mr Lincoln looked awkward and out of place. Shortly, a new procession was formed, and we all transferred ourselves to the Eastern portico where seats had been set and a small platform for the ceremony. An immense multitude stood in front, covering the whole area as far as the trees on the north. By a singular anomaly of western manners Colonel Baker of California announced the President to them as if about to86 make a speech from the stump. Mr Lincoln then rose and proceeded to read his address in a clear, distinct voice which was heard by every body. The substance of it was an argument to prove that he intended no war, but that his duty was by his oath to see the laws were faithfully executed, rather feebly he recommended a Convention and disapproved all Amendment to the Constitution excepting that which passed Congress. In truth the Senate by an extra effort stimulated as was whispered by a hint from him had passed the amendment by just the requisite proportion of votes. The close was hearty and said with feeling. It was well received by the dense mass, who proceeded forthwith to disperse. This is the first inauguration I think, that I ever saw. It is grand in its simplicity. As a whole the composition was well timed, and raised my opinion of the man. It was fortunate in pleasing both wings of the party, and bringing all to stand upon a common ground. Of all people I had the greatest occasion to be gratified, as the amendment which was the main point in the policy which goes by my name has thus been fully justified in the face of the country by the head of the nation as well as of the republican party. This estopps all party denunciation of me, and places those who voted on the other side, in defense of their own. This goes by my name has thus been fully justified in the face of the country by the head of the nation as well as of this organization of a Cabinet, I yet feel that the crisis of the slave question is especially doubt the consistency of this organization of a Cabinet, I yet feel that the crisis of the slave question is
Tuesday 5th Washington CFA AM
I waked with a sense of fatigue, which kept me at home most of the day. My labor as to being in bring up the arrears of my correspondence. And I had it interrupted more or less by visits from person in quest of Office. The Cabinet Officers were appointed and confirmed today. Messr Seward and Chase, Cameron and Wells, Blair, Smith and Bates as heretofore arranged. A motley mixture, containing one statesmen, one politician, two jobber, one intriguer, and two respectable old gentlemen. I ought to thank my overruling good fortune that I have not been mixed in this crowd. What Mr Seward will do, without a single real friend to support him, and without sympathy in the head I am puzzled to foresee. In the evening we went by invitation to Mrs Palmer’s to a small party, consisting of Mr and Mrs Foster, Lord Lyons, Baron Osten Sacken and our own family. It was tolerably pleasant we came home early.
88 Wednesday 6th Washington CFA AM
Blustering and cold with clouds of dust making all outdoor movement very uncomfortable. I walked nevertheless nearly to the capitol to pay some accounts and in general to prepare for departure. Mr Charles Hale called to ask me to accompany him to the Secretary of State’s which I agreed to do tomorrow. The customary number of visitors soliciting support for office. The scramble for office is pitiful. I was engaged today in preparing and forwarding to the respective Departments my petitions for changes in my District In the evening we had Mrs John Adams, Mrs Wise, with Elizabeth Adams; and Mr and Mrs Cutts came in and spent an hour. My son John and Miss Crowninshield went off home with her Brother today. She has not enjoyed herself here in this bustle and noise.

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According to arrangement Mr Hale called for me in a carriage and drove to the State Department where we found Governor Seward as comfortably installed as if he had always been there, and besieged by visitors. After a little delay, we were admitted and I put forward the object of the application, which was to obtain from the Department for Mr Hale, the authority to print the laws in his newspaper. Mr Seward ordered it done at once. I then consulted him about the best means of obtaining appointment for Messrs Dana and Palfrey. He asked me to write him a letter as to the first, and promised to bear in mind the last. We then took our leave, he asking me to come and see him in the evening. Thence I went down into the city, and coming home I called to see Mr Sumner about the matter of Dana. I found him discussing the topic with Mr George S Hale who is anxious to get the place of District Attorney. We both agreed and thus made the poor man feel very badly. Yet the puzzle remains how to secure Dana’s nomination. On my return home, finding a necessity for transmitting some papers to the President, I took the opportunity to urge the appointment at once. Most of my leisure was taken up in listening to person applying for Office and despatching the papers to the respective departments. This a poor and mean business for which I have no fitness. Mr Kuhn and my daughter left us today for Philadelphia. Thus our circle is rapidly diminishing, previous to our own departure which will probably happen next week. In the evening, we had a visit from Mr and Mrs Cushing.
89 Friday 8th Washington CFA AM

My employment of time now varies little from day to day. My visiters throng here and I am sometimes much tried in my patience by their urgency. The most impetuous was Mr Couiny who is earnestly anxious for his own appointment and is angry with the delegation for their delay of action. He intimated that it would cost me the mission to England, which might have been had for Mr Sumner or myself if there had been a power here strong enough to demand it. I told him that so far as I was concerned I had no action to take for myself—that I would cheerfully do all in my power to promote Mr Sumner, but I was much checked here by the unavoidable inference that I was making a vacancy in the hope of getting myself into the Senate. He offered to do any thing in my behalf, but I declined. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams and Miss Elizabeth to the first evening reception at the President’s. We found a crowd blocking the doorway, and with great difficulty made our way in the vast current that set from that point all the way through the hall to the sitting room and there through that to the oval room where the President received. The ladies did not dare to venture into that stream which kept flowing in an undiminished current for two hours. I should think five or six thousand people must have been here, almost all of them well dressed and well behaved. At last we made a push, and after following the President through all the suits including the East room, we found him sitting on a sofa in the place from which we had started, and made our bow. He did not seem to recollect me until I named Miss Adams, when he rose and shook my hand then fell back again. He seemed entirely worn out. To my eye the expression of his countenance was formal and embarrassed. A still more marked case happened as Mrs Adams came forward, and Mr Nicolai, the Secretary seemed to be urging him to do something in a whisper, which was immediately followed by his disappearance from the room. Were Mr Lincoln a gentleman, this would have been intentional insult. As he has no training, I construe it simply an ignorance of social courtesy. Mrs Lincoln conducted herself very well and received us civilly but formally. But neither of them is at home in this sphere of civilization. We returned home safely soon afterward.
90 Saturday 9th Washington CFA AM

Heavy rain in the morning, a thing by no means unwelcome in these streets where the dust is intolerable. My visitors were however not relaxed much. I continued my work of forwarding claims and petitions. In the evening I went to see Mrs John Adams. There were all of our family present, and we were lively and pleasant.
Sunday 10th Washington CFA AM
Fine day. Attended Divine service. Mr Cutler preached, but my attention was not improved. Called on my way home to take leave of Mrs Smith. She was full of the gossip of the town about Mr and Mrs Lincoln, who are doing multitudes of strange things, in the midst of a population little disposed to favor. Mr Sumner came in to dine with us. He gives curious accounts of the errors on a large scale. The difficulty with Mr Lincoln is that he has no conception of the situation. And having no system in his composition he has undertaken to manage the whole thing as if he knew all about it. The first evidence of this is to be found in his direct interference in the removal of Clerks in the Department. The second is his nomination of persons suggested by domestic influence. In the evening we had visits from Governor Seward, and his son and daughter, and from Mr Eliot. Also a Captain Henry who came to express his good will to me on account of my course. He is a descendant of Patrick Henry and belongs to Virginia though he resides here. Governor Seward asked a private conversation in which he communicated to me the leading events in his relations with the President. He explained his own views of the policy to be adopted in foreign affairs, and the utter absence of any acquaintance with the subject in the chief. And as to men he was more blind and unsettled than as to measures. The nominations of Mr Judd and a german named Kreishman for his secretary, to Berlin were made without consultation, merely in fulfilment of a promise to give the former a Cabinet appointment, from which he had been compelled to give way. As to the mission to England Mr Seward had pointed out the necessity now existing to give it a high character and had named me as a fitting person. But he delicately gave me to understand that it was received with no favor. On the other hand Mr Schurz had pressed the President so hard to go to Sardinia that he had been obliged freely to state the objections to his nomination, and greatly to his surprise early the next morning, Mr Schurz called upon him, and soon let him know that he had been made the master of his most confidential communications. This had compelled him to a frank and decided conversation with Mr Schurz, which ended in his consent to withdraw himself. And the President declared himself greatly relieved at this interference of his secretary. It is plain from the exposure that he has nothing of purpose or system in his head, and that he is open to all sorts of influences except elevated ideas of his duty. Melancholy as this disclosure is, I confess it is not altogether unexpected. Ever since his first speech on his way here I have had a profound misgiving as to the truth. All that is now left to us is to trust in the power which his leading cabinet officers may gradually acquire over his mind. He is ignorant, and must have help. And the sense of the necessity may ultimately drive him into subserving to wiser counsels. How truly did I feel last Autumn the importance of the selection of Mr Seward. It is our only security now. With regard to myself and to Massachusetts against which he seems to be prejudiced, I am not particularly concerned. I told Mr Seward that I had never desired to go into the Cabinet, and now congratulated myself on the escape. That as to the mission, I would serve in it if it were considered by the Government that my agency was important. Otherwise I was well satisfied to occupy my present position, which was imposing enough to satisfy all my desires. This is strictly true. A close examination of my own heart shows a desire to have these places offered to me, and great doubt whether there is in the country a more eligible place for usefulness than my own. As to the Cabinet posts I am already clear in my mind that I have been fortunate, in keeping clear of them. And certainly a place abroad in the present distracted condition of the country cannot be greatly to be rejoiced in. The Governor then returned to the Drawing room, and soon afterwards all took leave. I ought to remark that the Governor was very cordial, and urged me to write to him whenever I had any thing to say during the Summer. Mrs Adams asked him to dine on Tuesday and he agreed to come.
92 Monday 11th Washington CFA AM
A cool, clear, fine day. Having got pretty nearly through my labors I devoted a part of my morning to house hunting. My son Henry and I went to examine five houses in succession. Three of them pleased me much, provided I make up my mind to continue the plan of entertaining, which I have commenced. I had several persons calling upon me93
The Talk of the day was about the action of the government in regard to the reinforcement of Fort Sumter. It is said that Anderson has notified the commander that in a fortnight he will be at the end of his provisions. He must be relieved or recalled. To relieve him would require a greater force than could be had under present laws, and could put at risk a civil war. To recall him would be humiliating. It was rumored that the Administration has determined on the latter a cabinet meeting today, but it was not so. Yet it is clear that this result is inevitable, and the country will be horrified at the shock. In the evening I went out and called at Mrs Stockton’s and Mrs Dixon’s. They all talk of going to England, which I parry with indifference excepting so far as it carries good will to myself, which I gratefully acknowledge. My speech has evidently made a me a great favorite here, if not at home. Yet I give nothing but good words.

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93 Tuesday 12th Washington CFA AM
This day was mainly spent in packing up the rest of our things, in attending to various gentlemen very anxious to
serve their country in any capacity, and in visits to more house. Of these I only saw one—that belonging to Mr
Everett. It disappointed me greatly. I tried to look at another, but failed to get the key. I called up Mr Goodrich who
has succeeded in being made collector, and gave him two or three petitions for place which included all remaining
undisposed of in my hands. Then home. Mr Seward came and dined, but he had not much that was new. He said
that the violent remonstrances from the north and east against the abandonment of Fort Sumter, had alarmed the
President and delayed a decision. But circumstances must force it; and the only difference in the delay would be to
destroy the effect it might otherwise produce as a voluntary act. So it would be with the nomination of Mr Crittenden.
The opposition would destroy its gracefulness. Each act was however equally inevitable. He also said that Mr
Chase had concurred with him in urging my nomination, but that Mr Dayton stood in the way, and the result was
doubtful. I have no doubt myself. The cause of the President towards Massachusetts, and myself as her
representation has not been equivocal. Of the reasons for it I am not altogether sure. They may spring from
private intrigue, but in my belief they more probably come from that jealousy of Mr Seward's influence that seems to
pervade the narrow mind of the chief. In the cause of my past life I have learned to believe that providence disposes
of these things much better than we can. The Governor seemed delighted to get upstairs to a quiet game of whist.
But we soon had company. Mr and Mrs Campbell, Mr W B Lee, and E C Adams and her brother. So he went away,
to resume in the morning the worry of office sharks, and of a dull and inappreciative head.

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94 Wednesday 13th Philadelphia CFA AM  
A delightfully soft, spring morning. At two o’clock I had a visit from Mr George B Holmes, who is anxious to be made Surveyor General of New Mexico and who came to supplicate me to go with him and see the President about it. I objected that my time was drawing to a close, and I should scarcely be able to write in the antichamber my turn for admission. He pressed it so hard however that I concluded to go. He had a carriage at the door which took us directly. But it turned out as I expected. There was a large collection of persons, senators, members, delegations &c all scattered about without order or regulation. Formerly, when I have been here, the system of introduction allowed each person to see his way, but now it was symbolical of the absence of all method that prevails within. To remain was idle, so I excused myself from Mr Holmes and New Mexico, and walked home, calling on my way to see Mrs Frye, and Mrs John and Elizabeth Adams. The first could not see me. I found that Mr Gorch had called on me in my absence. He came again to urge me to stay. He said that the Senators had prevailed on him to stay, on the ground that the absence of the delegation was sacrificing the rights of the State. He had seen three heads of department, Messr Seward, Chase and Blair, and they had all said that the presence was such as to render it doubtful whether all the nominations would not be precipitated t once into the hands of those who were the most pressing.95 I said in reply that I could have remained yesterday, but now with all my family on my hands, every thing packed, and the house given up, I could not retreat. I added moreover that the newspapers had announced me as one of the prominent candidates for the English mission. If I were to stay for the purpose indicated it could not fail to become an apparent attempt to force that result. I could lend myself to no such spectacle. But that I believe that this difficult would not last many days. It would be decided against us, and then if my presence were wanted to work out other result, I would stand read to return at a moment’s warning. He seemed to see the force of this and assented to it, but he asked me if I would take the responsibility of advising him to send by telegraph to call back to the other members. I replied affirmatively. He had letter reduce to writing so far as he could remember it the substance and the words of the heads of department, and upon those rely for a justification. I could sustain my share of the responsibility. He then left, and we soon afterwards took our departure. Our trip to Philadelphia was without incident, and at the Continental Hotel we met Mr Kuhn and my daughter, and had a comfortable supper.

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95 Tuesday 14th New York CFA AM
During the night a change in the atmosphere took place, and we had snow. We left Philadelphia having in company Mr and Mrs Kuhn, and having lost my son Charles and Mr Dexter who continued last night to New York. We reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel at about four o’clock, and found the missing numbers of the party still there. There was a fall of snow which made the walking very uncomfortable. After dinner the party separated in various directions. Brooks asked me to go with him to the Theatre and I consented. We dropped in to the first we met in Broadway, which was called the Winter garden. They were playing the Lady of Lyons to about a hundred and fifty people. A Miss Coombes, a diletante, was playing the part of Pauline. A Mr Wallach played the Madam’s son. It was tolerably done. A rather silly afterpiece followed.96
Tuesday 14th

14 March 1861

Cloudy and cheerless. After breakfast I went out with Mrs Adams to look at carriages at Brewster's. At a quarter past twelve we all started in the shore line for Boston. We found snow until after we passed New Haven, then for fifty miles along the sound we had none, and then we took a violent storm which kept up until we reached Boston at eleven o'clock at night. We found our people at home and prepared to receive us. I returned thanks to the Divine Being that we arrive all back safe and sound, having gone through this ominous session with so little of the danger that was apprehended at the outset, and with so much of good fortune at least in that portion of the action that fell to my lot. I trust that this interval may be passed in quiet and seclusion from the cares that will probably come again at the next Session.

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96 Saturday 16th Boston CFA AM
A heavier snow than I have seen this winter. I was not dressed when the first man appeared to get my support for
an office, and from that time a continuous string poured in until one o’clock, when I refused to admit any more in
order to give me time to go down into town and attend to some business. The afternoon was passed in writing
letters sending off the petitions—so that I had not a moment to attend to my private affairs. It is clear that I have
gained nothing by my removal in regard to leisure.
96 Sunday 17th Boston CFA AM

Clear. Attended Divine service at Chauncy place where Mr Ellis preached as usual. The congregation grows larger but in other respects everything looks just as usual. Nothing strikes me so much on returning from a winter of so much agitation and anxiety as the contrast of repose and fixedness visible here. I took a walk but the melting snow made it uncomfortable. In the afternoon I went again and heard a discourse from a Mr Silsbre, I believe, upon eternal punishment. I afterwards read a sermon of Dr Channing’s delivered at Baltimore, which is the best embodiment of Unitarian doctrine that I knew of. After dinner we had visits from Mr Josiah Quincy Jr, Dr Bigelow, Dr Frothingham and Mr George S Hale.

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97 Monday 18th Washington CFA AM
Thermometer at 6.° that is, two degrees below any point reached at Washington, during the Winter. My morning was completely taken up with the visits of persons coming with every variety of reason why they wish to be provided for by Government. It is a little tedious to listen to all this, but I suppose it is the fate of place. I feel consoled with the reflection that I am not in a Department. At one o’clock I stopped the series and went down into the City to my son’s office, and to attend to some business matters. Mr Dana came in and dined with me, and we had a good deal of conversation on public affairs. In the evening I went with Henry and Mary to the opera to hear a new piece of Verdi’s called Un ballo in Maschera. I did not relish it much. Perhaps the fault was in me. The prima donna, Madam Colson had a bad cold which affected her naturally thin voice. Bergnoli had not the kind of airs most favorable to his voice, and the others were mediocre. Home in snow.

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97 Tuesday 19th Boston CFA AM

Snow. The winter seems to be just setting in. On opening the morning’s newspaper before breakfast I found a telegraphic despatch announcing that I had yesterday been nominated to the Senate by the President as Minister to Great Britain. After the conversation last held with Mr Seward I had made up my mind that this result was not very likely. It has been in fact effected by the sacrifice of Colonel Tremont whom Mr Lincoln had intended to send to France, and by the transfer of Mr Dayton to his place. It rather indicates the growth of Mr Seward’s influence, which is a favorable sign. I know not exactly whether I ought to feel elated or depressed by this distinction. In one sense it flatters my pride that I make the third in lineal descent in my family, on whom that honor has been conferred by his country, an unprecedented case in American annals. On the other hand it imposes new and untried duties, and responsibilities of a grave character at this crisis which I may fail to meet. My own inclinations would have been rather to continue in service in my present position, which by the retirement of other prominent men from the House leaves me in possession of a wide field of usefulness. It has always seen my doctrine that he place where a man of real power could most effectively wield it for the benefit of the nation, is in the popular and not in the aristocratic branch of the Legislature. Here my father has most memorably developed his great abilities. Here both Mr Clay and Mr Webster had laid the foundation of their political fortunes. Here it was that I had had the boldness to conceive of a cancer which under providence might have stood on the record by the side of any of them. The last two years were but the instruments for resting a superstructure for the future. I had succeeded so far beyond my utmost expectation—and little new was left to be done but a discreet use of my advantages. All these my visions now vanish into thin air. And I go into comparative retirement on the other side of the water, with no object excepting to sustain, so far as I can, the honor of the country in the midst of its mortifying embarrassments. There is on the whole less of apparent hazard in this, and also the compensation of a prospect of earlier retirement from the public service, so that I must content myself with submission to a higher law than my own will. Wherever I may be, one thing is certain, that no solicitation of mine has ever been the means of placing me there, and that no aspiration tends to any end which does not embrace the good of the whole country. Turning from this to merely domestic questions, this event involves great changes in our household which I dare scarcely look in the face. An abandonment of all my pursuits at home, of my literary labors, and perhaps of my duty to my father’s memory. I turn my eyes away from these prospects of green fields and shady pastures, and strive to remember that I owe a duty to my own age and country too. My time until one o’clock was again absorbed by an incessant stream of applicants for place. I then went down to my son’s office where I met with more. Almost every man I meet seems to regard himself as particularly called to serve his country for a consideration. Mr Butler came in and dined with us. He talked wildly and extravagantly about the sentiment entertained of my cause and of my speech. He has always been a very enthusiastic friend, and so far as I know a very disinterested one. I tried gently to damp his ardor for some public demonstration in my favor in this city. Some hints of the kind have been dropped from various quarters, but I have uniformly deprecated every attempt to draw me from retirement. After dinner I was busy in drawing up papers for the different Departments. In the evening we had visitors Mr Horace Gray and several others visitors in the evening who staid late. Mr J C Parker among the number.
99 Wednesday 20th Boston CFA AM
There was no great variety in the entertainment this morning. I received numbers of applications, and many person who come to reinforce them. They are mainly my constituents who all join in expressing regret at the prospect of my leaving them. The indications of kindness and good will to me from all quarters in the newspapers upon the occasion of this nomination are so new as to astonish me. Mr Dana came to tea and sat with me until ten. Judge Hoar and Mr John Gardner came in also. As Mr Josiah Quincy Jr had invited me to meet the Wednesday evening club at his house I went there for an hour. The gentlemen all greeted me warmly, even to a Professor Peirce of Cambridge, whose politics have been bitter enough hertofore.Whilst I was sitting with Dana, there came a telegram to me from Charles Sumner announcing the confirmation of my nomination by the Senate. This is the only authority I have yet received for the truth of the newspaper report. I now await the official notification prior to determining what to do.
Another stormy day with a very high wind and heavy snow. My stream of visits abated only a little, until one o'clock, when I shut my door, and put the remainder over until next day. The newspapers give us intelligence of the nominations at Washington which are on the whole very creditable to the new administration of their policy. I am not quite so sure. The appearances are of doubt and indecision. Mr Palfrey dined with me and I talked with him about his affairs. I explained our action at Washington and the good will manifested to him there. He seemed somewhat moved, and yet it was plain to me that his suspicion had become so much a part of his nature as to make him yield with difficulty to any general idea. In the midst of our conversation I was called to see Mr Edward L Peirce who came to tell me he was going to Washington. He did not disclose his object. He had already written to me one or two letters awkwardly apologizing for his conduct in the winter, and he clearly shared the effect of it, in this meeting. On my part I met him with quiet courtesy, at the same time not unwilling to throw in just that shade which makes a line of separation from familiarity. In truth I have no ill will to this young man. But his conduct indicates an absence of heart or a flexibility of political morals which puts an end to further confidence. That he should differ with me on such a point as that of last winter is natural and justifiable. But that when professing to be my friend he should draw from me a private and confidential explanation, and then rush into a public attack on it in the newspapers, which he scandalously circulated whenever he thought it could hurt me is not exactly to be reconciled to my notions of good faith. Now he finds he has made a mistake and that I am at once and suddenly placed above his reach to benefit or harm me, he apologizes by saying he never doubted my motives. Hune tu, Romane, caveto. He will have no more letters from me. At home quiet in the evening. The storm raged furiously.
Thursday 21st
21 March 1861

A heavy snow blocking up all the great avenues of travel so that I had a comparatively quiet day. This was a great advantage to me as I was enabled to apply myself at once to my accounts and to bring them up to the present moment. This process is one of the troublesome incidents of congressional life. What is to become of my affairs in a longer absence is one of the mysteries I dare not attempt to consider. In the mean time I see that the government has given me a Secretary of legation without the courtesy of a question. I do not on the whole regret it, as it saves me the necessity of determining two questions that might have embarrassed me. Thus far I have received no communication of any sort from the administration. And I wait for one before deciding upon my course. Perhaps the storm has impeded the progress of the mails. I this evening cleared away all my papers and petitions, so that tomorrow I can begin afresh.
101 Saturday 23d Boston CFA AM
Milder—I had my customary attendance of applicants for office, but I perceived a difference in this, that they did not bring in so many petitions. The effect was very materially to reduce the amount of my subsequent work. I was by this means enabled to despatch all this sort of business with the Departments by night time. I expected to receive some intelligence from Washington but was again disappointed. I think I must start for that place on Monday at farthest. The crowd of things to be done before I can leave is appalling. And the transfer feels like pulling up an oak by the roots.
Sunday 24th Boston CFA AM

Mild so that the streets are by no means comfortable for pedestrians. The children resumed their reading of the Scriptures with me this morning, a practice which like almost every other one of domestic life has been broken in upon by transfer to Washington. Attended Divine service and heard Mr Briggs preach two good, sensible sermons from which I ought to have gathered far more than I did. I afterwards read a sermon of Dr Channing originally preached a Dudleyan Lecture upon revealed religion. On the whole I find his Unitarianism to be that with which I most assimilate. The remainder of my day was devoted to writing letters. In the evening I had a visit from Mr Horace Gray with whom I had a conversation on public affairs. He explained to me much of the action in Massachusetts during the winter.
Monday 25th Boston CFA AM

The usual array of applicants which I cut off at eleven o’clock in order to go to Quincy, for letters. I found none that I wanted, but went up to the Old mansion to give directions to my man Philip. The snow was wet and made uncomfortable walking.102 I locked up some papers and then returned by the next train to the city. Occupied in despatching my post office nominations which are troublesome, and take up my time. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams to a very small party at Mrs Josiah Quincy’s, principally musical. Three young ladies gave us specimens of their skill. And each was very good. Miss Mary Quincy, Miss War and a Miss Greenough. The latter is quite remarkable, and bids fair to become with European culture very distinguished. She sings with ease, truth and “abandon,” and her voice though powerful is soft. I was very universally complimented for my speech especially by Professor Agassiz in a feeling manner. And the congratulation in respect to my appointment was general. On the whole it is well for me that I go out of the country at present. For it would be utterly impossible to keep on this pinnacle, and mix longer with the difficulties of our domestic embarrassment Absence will soften and ultimately obliterate these dangerous impressions.

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102 Tuesday 26th New York at sea CFA AM

Soft, pleasant day. The customary assemblage in threes and fours began, until I received from Quincy through Mr Cargdon my letters at that Post Office. Among them was one short note from the Secretary of State requesting me to proceed to Washington at once for consultation with him. I immediately put a stop to all further visits, and addressed myself to the task of making up the papers accumulated upon my table. This absorbed my whole attention until dinner time. My trunk was nearly ready so that at half past four o’clock I went off to the Depot of the Boston and Providence railway company where I took the train at five for New York. We reached Stenington at about nine o’clock and embarked in the Steamer Plymouth Rock. Here I met the polite old steward who reminded me of the time I last left the vessel stranded on the shore of Long Island I forget how many years ago. He said he supposed that incident had deterred me from taking the same route ever since, which is by no means the fact. In summer the Fall river route is the most convenient, and in the winter with a family, I prefer the day line by land. I had a comfortable State Room and went regularly to bed.103
103 Wednesday 27th Washington CFA AM
We reached New York without incident a few minutes too late for the first train to Philadelphia, so that I had time to go up to Delmencio's and get a good breakfast. On my return to the Jersey Ferry Station a heavy warm rain began which continued until three or four o'clock at Philadelphia, with thunder and lightning. The trip over was easy and without incident. I arrived at the Continental Hotel at half past one. After dinner I called to see my daughter Louisa, who is here staying at the house of her father in law deceased. I conversed with her an hour or two on the change contemplated in our situation and invited her husband and herself to join us in the autumn which she seemed much inclined to accept. I then left her and returned to the Hotel to await the hour for the night train to Baltimore. It had become clear moonlight when we left at eleven, and went on without incident
Upon came in. He shook hands with me and said something complimentary. I briefly thanked him for the honor conferred.

Go to the President's to acknowledge my appointment which I did. We found ourselves in the Cabinet with only Mr. Seward. The assurance of Mr. Seward that he was unobjectionable, which he gave me, was the key to the Cabinet without unity, and without confidence in the head or in each other. I must say that I can now foresee the President by way of compensation flung him the place of Secretary of legation of which the man was innocent of all. The Cabinet to go back to Mr. Wilson which seemed to me a little lame. Failing to carry his nomination for the post Office at Chicago, the President declined, on the ground of the superior claim of my sister in law. In truth life in the midst of the swarm of greed cormorants for place who frequent all the avenues of this Hotel is depressing to the last degree. In the evening I had my old residence. Mr. Markoe's, for the purpose of giving orders for the removal of all my remaining effects to Massachusetts.

The house I did not succeed in finding any one to receive me, but I left a message. Mr. Markoe has been removed from his place in the State Department by Mr. Seward. I also called to see Mrs. John Adams and Miss Elizabeth who is still abiding with her. They were glad to see me, and the former invited me to stay with them, which I gladly accepted from tomorrow morning. Mr. Seward had asked the same thing, but I declined, on the ground of the superior claim of my sister in law. In truth life in the midst of the swarm of greed cormorants for place who frequent all the avenues of this Hotel is depressing to the last degree. In the evening I called to see Mr. Sumner who was dining out, but he came in soon and we had much conversation on the present state of affairs. He gave me the history of some of the nominations, and of the effect produced upon the foreign ministers by them. Indeed Mr. Seward in the morning had chuckled a little upon the effects produced upon the President by his action in the case of Mr. Burlingame, in rousing the opposition of M. Hulseman, who had written here a thundering missive to prepare him a chilly reception, at Vienna. This and another little incident connected with Mr. Chase convinced me of his sense of his own position, and inspire great doubt whether he will remain in the cabinet three months. Mr. Sumner then began to talk with me about his situation in connection with the place of the Postmaster of Boston. The two candidates Messrs. Phelps and Pangborn had both hesitated with the voluminous petitions and myriads of recommendations. He had named Dr. Palfrey, but an objection had been raised in the law requiring residence which for a time had stopped him. He turned to the Statute which did not make it a qualification for appointment, but simply demanded it of the incumbent. Dr. P had signed his willingness to remove; so that objection vanished. He then recited his doubts about Pangborn's honesty, which my experience of him converts with me into something more positive, and his scruples as to the title of Mr. 106 Phelps to any such confidence. He had agreed to meet Mr. Blair this evening and talk it over, and if there were no other obstacles his inclination to Dr. Palfrey would prevail. I did my best strongly to reinforce every one of these ideas, which I think perfectly sound, and then left. Soon after getting to my room at Willard's a visit was announced from Mr. Phelps. He evidently came to find out which way the land lay. I did not commit to Mr. Sumner, though I made no secret of my own desire and of what I hoped from him. He seemed to understand the result, and ended by expressing dissatisfaction with the delay of the decision as likely to preclude him from getting any thing else. Here is his stature visible.

I felt such a sickening at the heart on passing the various landmarks, and such a sense of relief at the idea that I was not to come again? My career here has not been successful. My position has been uniformly kind and friendly. And yet the irrepressible sense of moral desolation here extinguishes all the promptings of the highest ambition. After dressing myself and breakfasting at Willard's Hotel I went over directly to Governor Seward's, and was luck enough to find him alone. He stopped me to breakfast, and had some talk about matters here. Not very encouraging I thought he spoke of the President kindly and as coming gradually right, whilst he exposed to me without comment or censure a picture of his own situation and what he had to endure which I could feel without further interrogation. No system, no relative ideas, no conception of his situation—much absorption in the details of office dispensation, but little application to great ideas. The Cabinet without unity, and without confidence in the head or in each other. I must say that I can now foresee the constitution as likely to preclude him from getting any thing else. Here is his stature visible.

To Mr. Arnold, the member from the Chicago District of Illinois there. He was evidently grieving at the President's taking out of his hands the choice of the Postmaster of Chicago, and appointing a person he did not like. Soon the President came in. He shook hands with me and said something complimentary. I briefly thanked him for the honor conferred upon him, and expressed the hope not to discredit his selection. For the matter of that, said he, I must frankly admit I had no great claim on you. For the selection was mainly Governor Seward's. I replied, admitting my consciousness of the fact, but that without his assent, the act could not have been done. The President then turned the conversation quickly to his main idea and announced his decision in the Chicago case. He was about to go on to talk with Governor Seward on other topics without minding me, when the latter gave me a hint, and I respectfully took my leave. Such was his fashion of receiving and dismissing the incumbent of one of the two highest posts in the foreign service of the country! I left the presence cheerfully enough, and congratulated myself that the task of being his council had not been laid upon me. From here I went to the State Department and under the permission of the Secretary began to read the correspondence of my predecessor Mr. Dallas. This kept me three or four hours, and then I went up to 105 my old residence. Mr. Markoe's, for the purpose of giving orders for the removal of all my remaining effects to Massachusetts. At the house I did not succeed in finding any one to receive me, but I left a message. Mr. Markoe has been removed from his place in the State Department by Mr. Seward. I also called to see Mrs. John Adams and Miss Elizabeth who is still abiding with her. They were glad to see me, and the former invited me to stay with them, which I gladly accepted from tomorrow morning. Mr. Seward had asked the same thing, but I declined, on the ground of the superior claim of my sister in law. In truth life in the midst of the swarm of greed cormorants for place who frequent all the avenues of this Hotel is depressing to the last degree. In the evening I called to see Mr. Sumner who was dining out, but he came in soon and we had much conversation on the present state of affairs. He gave me the history of some of the nominations, and of the effect produced upon the foreign ministers by them. Indeed Mr. Seward in the morning had chuckled a little upon the effects produced upon the President by his action in the case of Mr. Burlingame, in rousing the opposition of M. Hulseman, who had written here a thundering missive to prepare him a chilly reception, at Vienna. This and another little incident connected with Mr. Chase convinced me of his sense of his own position, and inspire great doubt whether he will remain in the cabinet three months. Mr. Sumner then began to talk with me about his situation in connection with the place of the postmaster of Boston. The two candidates Messrs. Phelps and Pangborn had both hesitated with the voluminous petitions and myriads of recommendations. He had named Dr. Palfrey, but an objection had been raised in the law requiring residence which for a time had stopped him. He turned to the Statute which did not make it a qualification for appointment, but simply demanded it of the incumbent. Dr. P had signed his willingness to remove; so that objection vanished. He then recited his doubts about Pangborn's honesty, which my experience of him converts with me into something more positive, and his scruples as to the title of Mr. 106 Phelps to any such confidence. He had agreed to meet Mr. Blair this evening and talk it over, and if there were no other obstacles his inclination to Dr. Palfrey would prevail. I did my best strongly to reinforce every one of these ideas, which I think perfectly sound, and then left. Soon after getting to my room at Willard's a visit was announced from Mr. Phelps. He evidently came to find out which way the land lay. I did not commit to Mr. Sumner, though I made no secret of my own desire and of what I hoped from him. He seemed to understand the result, and ended by expressing dissatisfaction with the delay of the decision as likely to preclude him from getting any thing else. Here is his stature visible.
A fine day. After breakfast I ordered my things sent to No 326 N. Street and then went to the State Department to renew my reading. I finished today the rest of Mr Dallas's letters, and those of the secretary of state. Nothing can be more dull than the former, excepting one letter describing his embarrassment when Lord Brugham in public last year had called his attention to the fact of the presence of a negro, as a member of a scientific world's convention held in London. This is one of many cases likely to happen in Europe, where slavery in America finds its friends and supporters liable to humiliation before civilization. But if Mr Dallas is awkward and ill at ease, the Secretary on his part is impudent and surly. The slaveowner's brand is plainly on his brow, and the consequence is imprecations on all those who refuse to submit to the same degradation. It was a relief from this style to fall back upon the letters of Governor Marry, when Secretary, which do him much credit. having accomplished all my objects I called on the Secretary to ask if he had ny thing more to say to me. He read to me a paper on our relations with Peru which he was drawing up for the President. It is singular as the case involves the very question touching parts of a country in a state of insurrection as related to the action of friendly foreign nations, which is now opened by the position of our seceded states. It seems107 that the late administration was disposed to push the question to the point of war on account of the capture of vessels which had undertaken to trade with a revolted section. The Governor quietly retreats from this, and quotes the authority of the French government which declined to claim indemnity in a similar instance. This is useful in the present emergency. I also had the opportunity to read the instructions given to Mr Lanford which referred to the same subject. Indeed this is the only topic of interest now with foreign countries. He finished by asking me to dine with him tomorrow at 7 o'clock. Thence I went to my new quarters where I was relieved from the crowd and had no interruptions. In the evening I called again to see Mr Sumner, who full of the Palfrey matter. After a long conference with Mr Blair, he had persuaded him to carry his written nomination directly to the President, who had confirmed it; so the thing was done. I am glad of it, for, in these days integrity is not always to be presumed in public office. So far as I know it, I have been instrumental in advancing no man who is not clear in this regard. I think this independent action is very honorable to Mr Sumner also. He doubtless weakens his partisan interest, but it will be more than made up by the applause of the valuable classes of the Community. Returning home I found Mr Campbell there. I asked him about his correspondence with the British Commissioner in regard to the island for San Juan. He promised to send me his letter book tomorrow.
The spring is advancing rapidly, but the winds are shockingly uncomfortable. I went to the Capitol to see about my documents at the folding room, and directed the number to be forwarded. Thence to the greenhouse but the superintendent was absent. After executing two or three more little commissions I returned home, and applied myself to the study of Mr Campbell’s correspondence. At half past six I called to see Mrs Smith, who still continues in her old quarters. She had no news, for a wonder. Thence to Governor Seward’s to dinner. I had supposed it without form, and was in morning dress. Great was my surprise to find company. Baron Gerolt, Mr Schleiden and Mr Hunter of the State Department. The conversation was carried on so that it was after eleven o’clock when he rose from the table. I took my leave of the Secretary who said he should see me at church tomorrow. He intimated that he might send for me again, which I most respectfully demurred to.
108 Sunday 31st New York[?] CFA AM
Easter Sunday. Attended Church at St John’s with the family. It was very full, and the altar was adorned with white flowers. Dr Pyne was assisted by another gentleman who preached a sermon more with sound than substance. The service was long, so that I had time only to step in and see Mr Sumner a moment prior to dinner. I wished him to try and push forward Mr Dana’s appointment, but he relucted as he had already strained his influence. He told me that General Wilson entertained a project of putting Mr Train into the Attorneyship, in order to make a path for the introduction of Governor Boutwell into the House. The basis of this is a complaint that the county of Middlesex has had too much and Boston too little of the Offices. To cure which Mr Train being from Middlesex is to supersede Mr Dana from the same place. After dinner I took my leave of Mrs Frye whom I doubt if I shall see again, and then of the ladies who have done every thing to make me at home, and started for the Depot of the road to Baltimore. My visit has changed my feelings much. The impression which I have received is that the course of the President is drifting the country into war, by its want of decision. Every where at this place is disengagement, not loud in words but in hopelessness of a favorable issue. For my part I see nothing but incompetency in the head. The man is not equal to the hour. I therefore retain no regret at the necessity which removes me from my place in the House. I foresee the prospect of a convulsion which may or may not lead to a reconstruction unfavorable to liberty. My presence will do no good. Whilst it would only end in deep mortification to attempt to sustain an Administration and a party which have no principle of cohesion. However unpleasant it may then be to represent a divided energy at least the position carries no fatal consequences to the people from a mistaken policy. What Mr Seward will do, I know not. His present design is not to desert the ship, and that is right. But if the man at the helm be bound hand and foot why should he further cumber the deck? Better for all hands that he be thrown overboard. I see no escape from a reconstruction of the cabinet. The original blunder is there, unless indeed we trace it higher to the selection at Chicago. The cars were quite full of person leaving the city after the adjournment of the Senate. Among others several Senators, most of whom predict a conflict in a few days. No incident of material importance on the road through Baltimore and Philadelphia.
109 Monday April 1st Boston CFA AM
At four o’clock in the morning I reached the fifth Avenue Hotel and went to bed where I slept until half past eight. A rapid visit to Wall Street to make some enquiries of a business nature absorbed the interval before the hour for starting on the shore line, for Boston. My trip reminded me much of that which I took only sixteen day ago. It was nearly as cold and cloudy—and nearly at the same place, Stonington we took a snow storm which grew more and more violent as we approached Boston. I got home to my own house much earlier, and found the family expecting me, by reason of a telegraphic dispatch in the newspapers announcing my departure from Washington.

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109 Tuesday 2d. Boston CFA AM
A heavy snow storm all day, so that I did not think it worth my while to stir out of the house. This gave me an opportunity to labor with little interruption upon my accounts and letters. A few persons in pursuit of office came from the immediate vicinity, the rest were shut out. I hardly knew where to begin in the process of arrangements, preparatory to my departure. And I have a sense that something may yet happen at Washington which will defeat all these plans.

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109 Wednesday 3d. Boston CFA AM
This day had been fixed upon by Mr Alley and Mr Rice for the adjourned meeting of the Massachusetts delegation, so I started before ten o’clock and walked to the house of the latter in Union Square. We assembled quite promptly, and only Mr Sumner of the Senate, and Messr Delano and Bailey of the House were absent. Mr Burlingame attended in the place of Mr Appleton. We spent the whole day in consultations, and discussions. The bestowal of the post office on Mr Palfrey had very touched Mr Rice whose engagements to friends in that sharply contested district were probably extensive, and who had been thus deprived of the only patronage in it. He was therefore extremely anxious to be considered in the disposal of the other places in the city. The delegation seemed well disposed, but it was not so easy to regulate the selection of the men. I called little about most of them, but my mind was fixed on Dana as District Attorney. The voluminous petitions fortifying the claims of several prominent candidates melted like wax before the warmer arguments of geographical necessity. So Messr Weston and Otis disappeared before the warmer arguments of geographical necessity. So Messr Weston and Otis disappeared before Dr Phelps, the disappointed candidate for Postmaster in this District. Messr C B Hale and Comyns equally yield to Mr Ezra Lincoln, as assistant Treasurer. But the real struggle was upon the Navy agent. Mr Rice wanted it for a friend of his, Mr Thompson, whilst Mr Gooch had already secured votes enough to command the recommendation for Mr Norton. Mr Train carried the place of Marshal for his friend Keyes, and not without effort I overcame the quiet resistance to Mr Dana as District Attorney. With the exception of a minor place or two, this covered every thing. But it took until nine o’clock at night to complete it, and then Mr Rice was not comforted. He however succeeded in defeating Mr Comyns, which was a compensation. On the whole, the results arranged pretty creditably. I walked home, rejoicing to be rid of this unpleasant duty.

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Thursday 4th. Boston CFA AM

The day set apart for Fast. On my going out I was struck with the difference of the spectacle on the common from any thing I recollect to have seen in former years. Usually the grass has been showing signs of verdure, and the people have appeared actively engaged in games of ball. Perhaps the prettiest sight to my eye of the whole year. Now it was one sheet of snow marked by the existence of no being except the few who were crossing in the narrow footpaths beat down by a roller. I left my house a little before church time in order to pay a visit to Mr William Appleton, who had written me a very kind note requesting me to call and see him prior to his proposed visit to South Carolina. I found him sitting in his front parlor looking rather like a shadow than a man. He said he was going South by the advice of his Physicians, who though his lungs a little touched, and that every exposure to the air here aggravated the evil. He had been in this condition ever since his return from Washington in the winter. He said he should see some of the seceding leaders in Carolina and endeavor to persuade them of the folly of their tariff policy, as well as of the propriety in any event of keeping the duties uniform every where. I nodded assent, not being desirous of going into that question. He expressed great doubt of his ability to go to Washington next winter, in which I mentally concurred. He looks to me as if he would not reach that time on this earth. I took leave of him kindly, and then walked down to Church. But finding Chauncey place shut up, I turned down to go into Dr Robbin’s, but inadvertently went into the next door where I was ushered into the Chapel occupied by Dr Huntington, in his new capacity of an Episcopalian clergyman. He simply read the common prayers and a couple of hymns. No discourse. I then went home. Found R H Dana Jr there and had an hour’s conversation on political matters Dr Frothingham then came in, and after he left Dr Palfrey came to dine with us. He was on his way to Washington. I suggested some points about the organization of his Office, growing out of the experience of yesterday. He promised to think of them. He went off to the railway at five. Evening at home. I had a visit from old President Quincy to see Mrs Adams, and his son Josiah, today. He walked over which was quiet a feat in his ninetieth year.

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111 Friday 5th Boston CFA AM

Fine day. The snow melting fast. After receiving a few calls I rushed out to extricate myself and to business in State Street. My first object was to go and engage rooms in the Steam Niagara, which sails from this port the first of May. I had been anticipated in regard to the best, but seemed tolerable accommodations for the family. From thence I went to the Custom House to see Mr Goodrich, the Collector. I had only a very brief conference with him, gave him my list of names and the order of preference and recommended the appointment of Mr Pratt of Weymouth, as the Inspector for my three terms. This disposes of all my patronage, which is little less than vanity and vexation of spirit. I am glad it is over. My morning was consumed in this way. In the evening we had visits from Mr F. Parkman, Mr G T Davis and Mr S. G. Ward.
I had a stream of visitors continuously until one when I stopped it as usual. This beings to vex me as the prospect of doing any thing for them declines. It seems as if I ought to being to run the use of my own time. Many come that I must disappoint at once, and not one in fifty that I can gratify. At last I walked down in town. There is good deal of panic about the news from Washington which looks warlike. I confess that I think a collision somewhat more probable, than I did. Yet on the whole the appearance of energy at head quarters has rather a good than a bad effect. On my return home I received a visit from Mr Butler and Mr Charles Hale who presented to me an invitation to a public dinner signed by a hundred and seventy five person comprising many of the leading men of all the political divisions now prevailing. I expressed my thanks for this honor and my desire to examine it more at large in order the better to prepare a reply. Of course, I must decline it. Yet the mode of doing so and avoiding offence. In the afternoon I went with my son Charles to Mr Black's to be taken in a photograph for what they call a carte de visite. The man took six impressions, not one of them much to my liking. My friends having found out my fame are desirous of copies, so I have them done. Quiet evening at home, steadily at work.
Sunday 7th Boston CFA AM
Fine day. Attended Divine service all day. Mr Ellis preached, and officiated in the communion service. His congregation is now quite large, which he owes to his unwavering fidelity much more than to the character of the discourses. I cannot fix my attention to them at all. I read today a review of certain publications lately issued by several Divines of oxford which have created a good deal of sensation on account of their lax theology. Apparently the vibration of the pendulum from Puseyism. I worked upon my letters and brought up my arrears.

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The snow has disappeared so generally that after a brief time deverted to visiters on the usual errand, I went out, first, to secure my rooms for the steamer which I finally succeeded in doing, and secondly to get to Quincy, where I had much business to transact. The old place begins to look a little better, and it gave me a pang to leave it perhaps forever. I am comforted in the reflection that my son John is about to go into it. Returned at half past one. Afternoon spent in adding gas fixtures for Quincy. Evening at home.
113 Tuesday 9th Boston CFA AM
Fine day though with a cool east wind. My customary entertainment in the morning of a variety of applications for interest to get office. Now that selection is actually going on the tussle becomes more earnest, and many faces are elongating in view of probable disappointment. Mr. Palfrey came in to dinner, just returned from Washington in very good spirits. It is a great pleasure to me to find him at last receiving some reward for his long and sharp trials. In the evening I went with my son Brooks to the Harvard Athenæum to witness the performance of Macbeth. Miss Cushman took the part of Lady Macbeth, and performed it with very considerable power. I saw her in the same part many years ago, to Macready’s Macbeth. But she has greatly improved since. Her gesticulation is a little in excess, and she relies too much on mere accessories, but on the whole I do not ever recollect seeing the part so well rendered. Mr. Davenport as Macbeth was barely respectable. The other cast poor. An afterpiece called Kill or live followed which was poor enough.

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1113 Wednesday 10th Boston CFA AM
I had assigned this day for the attendance of sundry person from Milford on their post Office business, but they did not come. I had instead only a few stragglers so that I really had a better working day than ever before, and brought up some arrears that had been troubling my accounts. The external news a little alarming as there seems to be imminent probability of an engagement at Charleston. The country looks on with patience and even perhaps indifference. We dined quietly, without Mrs Adams who had gone to Quincy to prepare the house for my son's occupation as he is about to married. In the evening I went to the Harvard Athenæum with my daughter Mary, to see miss Cushman in the play of Guy Mannering. The piece has no sort of merit but it gives Miss Cushman a field for melodramatic acting of which she takes the full advantage. Indeed she makes the whole interest, which is perhaps the best of her genius. A silly afterpiece called Wanted, a thousand Milliners closed the evening.
11 April 1861

I have now received my commission and instructions, so that I may be said to have vacated my post as a member before I have formally resigned it. My morning was broken by the necessity of meeting Mr S Phillips at my son's office at eleven o'clock. His object was to interrogate me respecting my action upon his case when I was in the Bank of Mutual Redemption. He brought a suit against the Bank for injury done to his character, which he was finally induced to discontinue. I did not know but he was now coming to fish up admissions from me which he might use in a similar way. My effort had been to save him from injury whilst I was doing my duty by the Bank. That I did succeed was proved by the fact that though he lost the place of cashier, he soon afterwards gained a place as President of a Bank. I declined to give him any information on the ground that confidential discussions of that sort should never be disclosed. I had several persons to see me about places, but the pressure is visibly diminishing. The war now continues to agitate the public. Mr Dana dined with me. Some conversation on public matters. He does not yet receive definite information about his commission. There appears to be a little struggle yet at Washington, among those who are disappointed. In the evening I had a visit from Mr Hopkins of Northampton. We had a long and confidential conversation about the events of last winter and the action of individuals. He is a man of ability, injured only by his own failings.
115 Friday 12th Boston CFA AM

A mild spring morning. I went to Quincy by the early train for the purpose of transacting business at the Bank and giving some directions at the farm. Repairs are making at the house so as to put it in readiness for my son who goes there just at the ordinary period of our own removal. I cannot visit my library without some qualms, for it is endeared to me by its associations of nearly half a century. And brilliant as has been my brief career in public life I feel as if it at the end of my present mission I should relish nothing so much as retirement for whatever was left of my days, and the preparation of my father’s papers for publication. The first sentiment of antipathy with which I think of any scene connected with my political action, illustrated must strongly upon the occasion of my last visit to Washington, is too unequivocal to leave a doubt in my mind on that point. Returned to the city at eleven o’clock, and spent the remainder of the day in despatching letters and answers. I sent a reply to the invitation to dinner, declining the civility and endeavouring to give a useful turn to the event. The news from the South continues exciting. A collision in my mind seems inevitable. The feeling in the Free States is rising to the point of a quarrel.
13 April 1861

115 Saturday 13th Boston CFA AM
The news of today is that firing has been continued at Charleston for twenty four hours and that the end has been the capitulation of Fort Sumpter. This in the face of formidable demonstrations for relief made by the Government at the eleventh hour. A perfect verification of Governor Seward’s prediction that the President instead of withdrawing Major Anderson at once, and appearing thereby to act magnanimously, would hesitate and delay and thus end by doing the thing from necessity. My morning was again absorbed by person coming for place or from disappointment at not getting it. The most amusing instance of it was a formidable appearance of several gentlemen from Braintree with Mr. S. D. Heyden, who read me a short speech requesting me to revise my selection of a person in the Custom House from that town, and give all a chance to begin again. I replied very briefly by intimating that my action had been predicated upon information satisfactory to me, that the selection had been made and the nominee had received notice. Hence to unsettle the thing now would be cruel to him, and would lead only to new disappointments from the same number of men. Others came in on similar errand. I escaped at one o’clock, and called upon the Governor at the State House. He was not alone, so that I had no opportunity to talk with him in private. My desire was to consult him about the suitable moment to send in him resignation of my present place. I suppose it is in fact vacated now, but there are many reasons why I should finish up if possible the nominations to the post offices so as to clear the way for the subsequent election. Afternoon and evening pretty busy. Chief Justice Bigelow called and we had a political conversation on the condition of things which we both lament. Miss E. C. Adams was here in the evening, and I delivered to her her papers.
116 Sunday 14th Boston CFA AM
Spring like day. The verdure is just beginning to show itself, It is not so fresh as it was at Washington a week before we left on the 13th of last month. Indeed the grass at that place never dies out through the winter as ours does. Its relative decline is more in the summer, when the sun burns it up. I attended Divine service. Mr Ellis preached in the morning, with an incidental reference to the death of Mr Buckingham, who has outlived his generation and enjoyed a species of regard which is the consequence of the decline of the passions that stimulate enmity in active life. As a writer in a newspaper no man was more bitter in his day. He pursued my father for twenty years with a malignity exceeding even that of the rest of his kind. But after a time he took a fit of repentance and made advances of a peculiar character which were so unassumingly met as to elicit a promise, which was faithfully kept, never to excite another unkind word of him. Thus it happened that he went about making peace with his objects of dislike, and for eight to ten years he has been in profound retirement, so that he is now buried with roses. In the afternoon Mr Bartol preached one of his musical, imaginative discourses which I listen to with pleasure and do not remember. In the interval between the service I walked to Charleston with my son Brooks, to pay a visit ot his old muse, Rebecca Blanchard who is living quite comfortably, having left us in November last went we went to Washington. She is infirm but looks in better health than when she was with us. I can never forget her fidelity to two of my children in their critical hours of illness, She may not survive until my return, but she has in any event a sufficiency to keep her comfortable so far as the outer world is concerned during the rest of her life. I read today a sermon of H W Becker printed in the Independent. It was delivered at Easter and is upon the subject of a future life. It is suggestive as his productions always are. visits in the evening from Dr Hall of Providence and old Mr James Savage.
117 Monday 15th Boston CFA AM

The details of the capitulation at Fort Sumpter were in the newspapers today, and also a proclamation of President Lincoln summoning Congress to meet on the fourth of July and calling seventy-five thousand men of the militia. His language seems to imply a design to retake the forts and to wage a continuous war with the rebels in their own territory. At the same time the alarm has been renewed in regard to the safety of the city of Washington, and it is proposed to summon a large portion of this force to protect it. The effect of these proceedings on the border states may be to precipitate them into the South, or to frighten them out of it. We can scarcely say which, at this moment. In the mean time the feeling is running high all over the Free States, and the men will be had. My fear now is that the breach is complete. Perhaps this is not in the end to be regretted so much, as the Slave States always have been troublesome and dictatorial partners. But I had always hoped that slavery might be driven back to the cotton region, and there left to work out its mission. We must now rely upon a consolidated action among ourselves. The peaceful solution of the problem has failed. Mr. Lincoln has plunged us into a war. I doubt everything that I see about him, as nothing seems to proceed from a real conviction of a systematic plan adequate to the emergency. On the whole I feel so little confidence that it is fortunate thing that I vacate the position were confidence would be most needed. My morning was taken up by visits of persons seeking a final recommendation to the Collector for Offices they will never get. My patience has held out until now, when it is beginning to ooze out my finger’s ends. I was very busy in making up accounts of my truest affairs, more fully than before. My work is on the whole pretty well forward. I went again to Mr. Black, and he took several impressions additional to those he had the other day. But he will find it difficult to excel that which I this day place in the leaves of this book. In the evening Miss Baxter was here.

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16 April 1861

A very heavy rain with a northeast wind. I was at work all the morning and had no interruption. In a brief visit to State Street I found the excitement running very high as the different militia companies came in from the country to be sent forward to Washington. The Governor calls out the remoter bodies, deeming it wisest to keep the city companies to guard the harbor and the city. In spite of the rain the people crowded the streets to cheer the troops. All party distinction seems to have been dispensed with, and the old factions join more vehemently in support of the government even than the republicans. I am now putting the last hand to much of my labour. My cabinet gives me the most trouble. But I have fairly commenced on that today. As I look on all these quiet and elegant pursuits I am tempted to lament the moral necessity that made me a public man. I can only now be thankful that so many years of happiness were granted me, without the regret that I should have had if I had ever shirked public responsibility. The future is dark and very doubtful for all of us of the present generation. But now we have paramount duties that must be fulfilled. This moral revolution must be safely guided if possible, and free Institutions preserved in our region at lest. The excitement has at least dissipated the Office seekers. A quiet evening. Only one brief visit from Dr Bigelow.

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17 April 1861

118 Wednesday 17th Boston CFA AM

Clouds in the morning, which cleared away fine. At noon I went to Quincy. The first thing I met was Messr Franklin Curtis and Henry Walker going out to raise more recruits for the Quincy company which came in light yesterday, and of which the officers begged to be excused. I went to the mansion and busied myself there until the time for the return. When I got back to the Station I found it full of people standing around sixteen young recruits who were on their way to join the regiment that is ordered to Washington this afternoon. The excitement seemed great and I confess it moved me deeply. It is now more than half a century since arms have been more than toy in our streets. And this is a civil war becoming more and more embittered as it proceeds. It is evident that the Free States are at last vehemently stirred by the affair at Charleston, and on all sides this call of the President for men is responded to with enthusiasm. But my spirits fall under this trial. I see as yet only the dark part of it. At all events there is a present compensation in the unanimity which is manifested among us. If we can maintain that we are safe. For even if the dissolution should take place, we should then be free from this burdensome connection and able to establish ourselves on a firm basis of free Institutions. In the mean while we know not what a day may bring forth. There were rumors that the Charleston troops were on the march to Washington, which was simply absurd. In the evening there was a story that the Virginia Convention had at last seceded, which is more credible, and which will complete the embroglio. If such be the fact a dissolution of the Union is inevitable. And the sooner measures are taken by Congress to call a convention, the less of loss of lives and money in strife will ensue. I was quite at leisure at home, my principal work being the putting away of my Cabinet. In the evening I went over to Dr Bigelow’s to meet the Wednesday night club. Much political conversation. But every body is now agreed here. Two regiments went off in the midst of general enthusiasm.

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119 Thursday 18th Boston CFA AM
The new excitement has had one effect at least. It has relaxed the zeal of the men who came in quest of recommendations to office. I now have my time much more at my own disposal, and I am bringing matters to a close. I heard today that my things were on their way from Washington. The public news was alternately encouraging and depressing. In the morning it was to the effect that the Convention had refused to secede in Virginia.120 In the afternoon it was that Virginia had voted to go out, that the people had seized upon the Armory at Harper’s ferry, and the navy Yard at Norfolk containing several vessels of War, and that there would be resistance at Baltimore to the passage of the forces. All this gave me extreme uneasiness I confess, for it presents the prospect of a trap very much of a kind we thought of last winter, at our seat of government. We the children of third and fourth generations are doomed to pay the penalties of the compromises made by the first. Another regiment went off today amidst the cheers of the multitude. The war excitement is running very high. I am in great fear that both of my sons may be called upon to go, as they are attached to one of the city battalions. Thus far it has been thought prudent to keep them for a coast guard. But there is no knowing where the passions once roused will carry men. On the whole I felt very uncomfortable tonight. But for this peculiarity of the seat of government there would be little difficulty. We must have it somewhere else. That is certain.
19 April 1861

120 Friday 19th Boston CFA AM

The newspapers this morning did not confirm either of the rumors of yesterday excepting the last, and that came in good earnest. The substance of it was that the first of the Massachusetts regiments in attempting to cross from one depot station to the other in Baltimore had met with obstructions. The rails had been taken up, and they were assaulted with stones to such a degree that they had fired and there had been a loss of life on both sides. Baltimore mobs have had a proverbial reputation for more than half a century. The despatches averred that the regiment had succeeded in getting through, but up to a late hour last night there was reason to infer that a hundred or more had been cut off from the rest and left to the tender mercies of the savages, in the Depot for Washington. I confess I could not get over this for some time after I went to bed. Massachusetts has as usual shown her energies advantageously, and on her as usual falls the weight of the struggle. That a corps so imperfectly disciplined should have borne so hard a trial without breaking all to pieces is on the whole a consolation. We are also to remember that this is an anniversary, and that eighty six years ago a similar struggle took place. This is but carrying out the principles the struggle for which began then. My day was much the same as usual Mr Palfrey dined with us, and in the evening we had Miss Lucy, Dr Frothingham Mr Ellis and Mr Quincy. Of course nothing is talked of but these events and the war excitement runs higher than ever. Yet the question will recur, if the ingress through Maryland to the Capitol be cut of what is to become of the Officers of the Government. A more cunningly devised rat trap cannot be imagined. More troops sent off today.

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Fine day. I had several straggling visits of persons about the Offices, but on the whole the war excitement has pretty well checked further zeal. The news today is that Baltimore has been closed to the troops, and that the bridges and the telegraph between Baltimore and the Susquehanna had been destroyed. This puts an end to land progress to Washington, and renders immediate relief by water an absolute necessity. There are now eight or ten thousand men on the road, anxiously seeking the way. None has occurred to me so practicable as that by the way of Annapolis, which is shorter and less liable to interruption than that by the Potomac. There is a branch of the railroad to Washington, and even if that be taken up or the bridges be destroyed, they can march the distance in force without serious fatigue. I confess my uneasiness until the troops reach Washington and establish their communications. After that I do not see any cause for further apprehension at present. Though the situation is decidedly critical. It seems that the Harper's ferry armory is burned by the regular commanding officer in the view of a force that came to seize it, and he retreated with his small company to Carlisle in Pennsylvania. This is better than suffering the arms to fall into their hands. I tried a long walk out of the way of the crowded and excited streets full of flags and all the indications of perturbed times. The truth is that we are in the crisis now. A collision of force seems unavoidable. The only question is how long it will last, and with what consequences. If one of these be really the destruction of slave property then will the cost of the struggle however great be paid for. My only doubt is upon that point. The struggle has not yet reached that degree of intensity. After dinner I was engaged in packing up my coins, which process is pretty nearly completed.
A fine day. Attended Divine service as usual, and heard Mr Ellis in the morning and Mr Waterston in the afternoon. Both the discourses were on the topic uppermost in the minds of all the people, the impending war. The difference in treatment was however quite marked. Whilst the first of two was mild and discriminating, indicating no more earnest feeling than he permitted himself to express, the second obviously outran his sentiment with his language. Probably every one of the clergy in this city touched on the subject, and the general tone was warlike. Yet here is civil war, the last and worst form which this inflection can take. The news was less stimulating simply because the avenues of intelligence are all cut off with Washington. The only intelligence altogether credible was that one of the Massachusetts regiments, that containing the Quincy company had reached Fortress Monroe. There were other rumors that another Massachusetts regiment and the famous seventh New York regiment had landed at Annapolis and th former had got to Washington. There was no evidence to sustain this. On the whole however the tendency of the accounts was rather to quiet uneasiness. Yet the excitement was visible in the crowd at the Music Hall to hear Mr Wendell Phillips, and at the Merchant’s Exchange to consult on the expediency of raising a new regiment of Volunteers. I try to keep myself as calm as possible, and to reflect upon the chances of a better state of things to grow out of this tribulation. In the evening we had visits from Mr J. Bassett, Mr Dexter and Miss Fanny Crowninshield.

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123 Monday 22d Boston CFA AM

Light rain and then cleared away. Occupied today in finishing the draught of my little valedictory, to my people in the third Congressional District and in bringing up my accounts. But I find it difficult to set my mind to any thing steadily. The excitements attending the expectation of intelligence respecting the movements around the seat of government is sufficient even when there are nothing but rumours to make ordinary occupations laborious. To day there was very little authentic news, mainly owing to the cutting off of the communication. Very few office seekers and now letters. The city is alive with labor to assist the expediting of soldiers. I called at Mr Ward’s touching my arrangement to transmit funds to the Messr Baring for my use in London, and settled the matter. The only question left is about the final instructions, and this now makes me anxious. Mr Frank Brooks was here to tea and in the evening I had a visit from Mr F. B Crowinshield who wanted me to give a letter to Mr Dallas, as he is going out to purchase arms for the State. It is now becoming plain that to call our seventy five thousand men is of no great service if the government cannot be reasonably sure to provide arms for their use. And they want the very best. I wrote a general letter of introduction and sent it to him.
Tuesday 23d. Boston CFA AM

A spring day. I went to Quincy and to the old Mansion which I now found quite neat and calm, and attractive. Nature in her calm mood contrasts strikingly enough with the fury of the political storm, though after all nature in her turn sometimes shows herself savage enough. I am busy in completing all my minute matters of business, and trying to think of every little thing I could, that might need my attention. Had I not been born exactly where I was, my own sympathies would have carried me into the quiet and elegant seclusion of literary and rural life. And now where I witness it, as I do today how turbulent and cheerless does my own prospect look! Home to dinner. No authentic news, but various rumors, the most painful of which is the destruction of the Norfolk Navy Yard and of most of the vessels there by the government in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. All this indicates great want of forethought, to say the least. And the arrangements around the Capital, especially in regard to Baltimore and the establishment of communications with the Free States do not look quite so energetic as they might be.

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124 Wednesday 24th Boston CFA AM

My office seeking visits are mainly of those who are disappointed at the distribution of the places. And indeed some of them have just cause to complain of me, for on Mr Goodrich’s promise I led them to suppose they would be provided for, and now they fall back upon me. My nerves begin to give way under this annoyance and the anxieties of the time. Today my sons received notice that their battalion was to be sent to the forts in the harbor. This deranges their business relations and with it the trust that I am to put in them during my absence. In the mean while the news respecting the occupation of Washington continues uncertain, and the resources to supply the troops are still more so. Great anxiety is felt about the communications which are not yet established on a suitable basis. This evening a couple of the back Mails from Washington arrived by my instructions do not yet appear. My time spent in very much the usual manner. Mr Kuhn and Louisa dined and spent the evening. Mr Dexter was here. I went by invitation to meet the Wednesday evening club at Coll Aspinwall's. Spent an hour in conversation and at supper, and then at home.

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25 April 1861

124 Thursday 25th Boston CFA AM
Mrs Adams’s birth day. Fifty three. It was a pleasant spring-like morning, but I felt more nervous and uncomfortable than any day. The applicants for place among me more than at any preceding time though the aggregate has diminished. I was especially troubled by a pertinacious man from Blackstone today who has a favorite whom he desires to force down the majority of the people against their will. These local disputations on small offices present a disagreeable view of our politics. I have discharged myself of all further responsibility, and today dismissed this gentleman rather summarily. Mr Wood came and gave me a narrative of his escape from Washington and adventures through Baltimore Strange the vicissitudes of human affairs, when from a condition of profound peace and security, a people are plunged at once into disquietude and danger. The news was not entirely satisfactory today. There is still delay in transporting the troops from Annapolis to Washington, and the newspaper bulldogs are beginning to bark about it. In the mean while the most extravagant sensation stories of great forces about to go against Washington are indulged in. It is now difficult to say which party is most frightened at the idea of attack. The government at Washington, or that at Montgomery. My day was passed much like its predecessors. I tried to make a balance in my accounts today, but did not succeed in bringing them out today. Mr and Mrs Kuhn were here to dine and in the evening. Charles went down to his duty at the fort. Mr Ward called for a moment, and Mr Horace Gray called for a little while in the day. Mr Butler was here also.

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26 April 1861

125 Friday 26th Boston CFA AM

Very pleasant. I went to Quincy in the morning train and made my final disposition of things there. It looked charming and raised the usual feeling of envy of a wholly retired life. My father always said of me in youth, that I should be a hermit. On my return to the city I laboured on my accounts but they would not come out quite clear. On the whole a pretty quiet day, though my nerves were not quite composed. I went and made a formal call on Mr Sumner. He was not at home, and I left my card. I have heard of his coming to the city a couple of days ago, and yet he shows no sign of coming here. My conclusion is that he his alienated—and strange to say, I feel little regret at it. For latterly he is so much a tête montée, and pushes his egotism and self esteem so glaringly forward as materially to qualify the pleasure his egotism and self esteem so glaringly forward as materially to qualify the pleasure to be derived from this truth and his sincerity of purpose. Dr Palfrey dined with us. He has been quite unwell and is even now not recovered. The news was rather better today. the way to Washington is open, and the troops are on their way without molestation. And the Transcript announces that my instructions have arrived at New York. So that this point is settled.126
126 Saturday 27th Boston CFA AM
Chilly easterly wind. My despatches arrived, and as well as I could consistently with many interruptions I read my instructions. They relate exclusively to the existing difficulty with the seceding states, and treat it in the masterly manner which characterizes the Secretary’s papers. At noon I walked down into State Street and paid for my passage in the Niagara, after which I walked over to East Boston by the ferry, and examined the accommodations in that Steamer. She looks like a good vessel, though by no means a new one. Then home. Found that in my absence Mr Sumner had called and seen Mrs Adams, and a warm conversation had ensued which convinces me of inutility of sustaining any further intimacy with him. His brain seems to be in so excited a condition as to render the discussion of all political questions painful. I think therefore it will be most prudent for me who am likewise excitable on provocation to avoid all risk of collision with him. Strangely enough this decision rather brings me a sense of relief which surprises me. For if I were to experience any trouble of the same kind with Dr Palfrey or Mr Dana, I know it would depress me. In truth Sumner has ceased to be an agreeable companion. Mrs Adams & I were invited to dine with her brother Chardon, quietly with only Dr Frothingham. After which I went down to meet the club at Parker’s on Saturday, to which I had been very earnestly invited by Mr Norton, Mr Forbes and latterly by Professor Agassiz. It was so late that half had gone, but I gained my end in acknowledging the civility that had been so freely tendered to me. Home easily. The news today quite encouraged the community. The passage to Washington seems free, and that city is relieved both as to men and supplies.

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Sunday 28th Boston CFA AM

East wind, clouds and rain. Attended Divine service, and heard Mr Newell of Cambridge preach. The subject must as on Sunday last, excepting that his view was an intermediate one, between the two. Everybody preaches on the war. Everybody speaks for war. Everybody put out the American flag as the signal for war. Even the boys and girls wear ribbons and rosettes made of the three colors seen in the flag. Such is the universality of the sentiment that one is led to marvel at the existence of a party organization of any kind. The practical question will soon come up whether the government is equal to the effective guidance of this element to useful purposes. If not, the effect may be worse than if had never been raised. At home I read a sermon of Dr Channing upon Unitarianism. I think he makes it more attractive than anybody else. The prevailing objection in its coldness does not appear either in his feeling or his manner. I have always liked it for its independence of thought and its toleration of spirit. But it is rational to the last degree. Mr and Mrs Kuhn dined here, and in the evening, we had visits from Dr Bigelow, Mr James Lawrence and Mr Edward Frothingham.
127 Monday 29th Boston CFA AM
A pleasant day. I began to make the final arrangements in packing and then went down into the city to complete my business transactions. Several persons called on me for last favors to help them to office, but the end of this process it too near for me not to despatch these rapidly. I wandered about to find some office in which to execute a cordial to my Will, and finally succeeded in doing so at Mr Sewall’s Office. John and Charles dined with us, and whilst we were at dinner Colonel Ritchie, one of the Governor’s aids called and presented a letter from the Governor requesting me to fix an hour to receive him tomorrow. I assigned ten o’clock. After dinner all of us drove out to Mrs Crowninshield’s at Longwood. Here were assembled about sixty or seventy persons, relatives of her’s or of her late husband’s, of my Wife’s or of my connections. At six o’clock precisely the revd Dr Lothrop performed the ceremony of marriage between my son John Quincy and Miss Fanny Crowninshield. The times are not auspicious for similar undertakings, but amidst all this gloom I pray for this young couple all the happiness which this life can give. It is now thirty one years and more since I embarked on the same voyage at a much earlier age. And now little is left to me but properly to prepare for another and more enduring existence.128 After the ceremony was over there was a handsome collation and before eight o’clock we were ready to return to the city— The young people drove directly over to the old mansion in Quincy which in our absence abroad they are about to occupy. After my return, I had a visit from Dr and Mrs Howe. Mrs Adams had retired.

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128 Tuesday 30th Boston CFA AM
A soft, springlike day. Soon after ten o'clock Governor Andrew was announced but instead of coming as I supposed with only his immediate Aids and Secretary, there filed in all the heads of bureaus of the Commonwealth. The whole of Council, the Secretary and Treasurer, the Adjutant and Quarter Master General, the Superintendent of the Agricultural Board and some others. The Governor rose and made me an address, alluding to the peculiar position which I occupied, to the departure of John Adams eighty four years ago, to the responsibility of my present mission, and closing with the expression of the entire confidence of the State in whose name he spoke as well as his own in my capacity and fidelity in the performance of my duty. For such a speech I was entirely unprepared and yet I saw that a reply was demanded. I therefore the employed the few minutes that I stood listening as well as I could to concoct an answer. I expressed my thanks for this most distinguished honor, my regard for him as the head of the Commonwealth not less than as a man, alluded to the painful circumstance in which I should leave the country, but took consolation from the fact that as my father and grandfather had both of them left in moments of the greatest national distress, so I might like them return to the hour of restoration of its prosperity. I then referred to the fact that the present emergency at least sent me ways with one circumstance of which I might be proud. Whoever else might have failed, I had seen Massachusetts under the guidance of the present Chief Magistrate and his coadjutors in the government display a degree of judgment and energy in meeting the crisis which had never been exceeded even in the trying days of the revolution. There had been no degeneracy shown in any of her population either in offering men or money to maintain the cause of law and liberty in America. Wherever I might myself be thrown I should remember this with pride and cite it with satisfaction. Now it became me to bid him and all the other gentlemen who accompanied him an affectionate farewell. He then took his leave and they retired with him. This is an honor, I think, never before paid to any foreign minister in America. I am at a loss to know to what I owe it, unless it be the open and general character of the man and perhaps to the desire to befriend me as against the underhand illtempered detraction of the ultra men of the Pierce stamp sustained by the peculiarly insidious jealousy of Mr Sumner. I am led to suspect this last is an element in it rather from some incidental remarks to Mrs Adams by Messrs Lee and Ritchie, two of his aids, than by any thing coming from the Governor himself. At all events to me the compliment was purely voluntary. I had never expected or declared any such thing. The rest of my day was passed in despatching the first collection of luggage to the Steamer, in paying various accounts and in cutting off the various threads that tie a man to an old home. Towards evening I went out and paid two visits to Old men who I may never see again. Mr Quincy who had himself called in the morning whilst I was out to shake hands with me once more, and Mr James H Foster, who reminded me that his was the house I first stopped at with my father, on his return to Boston forty four years ago next August, and expressed his gratification at the idea that it was now to be the last I should visit before my departure. In the evening we had visits from Mr and Mrs J Quincy Jr, Dr Frothingham and his daughter Ellen, Mr F E Parker, Mr Horace Gray and Mr Arthur Dexter. The kindness and good will manifested to me not by them only but by every body that I meet in the Streets are really extraordinary. What have I done to merit it? Nothing, I fear, but a disposition to do what I believe to be my duty much too fully appreciated will account for it. These persons left so late that it was considerably after midnight when I had finished work so as to go to bed.

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The morning opened fine and mild. We were very busy making our final dispositions of things, packing trunks, paying bills, and all the apparatus incident to a departure for some length of time. Friend still came dropping in but I refused to see any excepting Mr Dana who sat with me until the carriages came for our departure. He said there were rumors about everywhere of a difference between Mr Sumner and myself, and he wished to know if there was any course for it. I told him exactly how it stood—that there had been no quarrel, but I had reason to suppose there was an alienation mainly on his part, though I could not deny on my own that his late behavior and especially his very extraordinary display of his foibles had gone far to reconcile me to it. The most marked indication of the causes at the bottom of this grew out of his utter silence and separation from me about my departure. This can be construed only as mortifications at his not having had the mission. Hence the deep bitterness of his invective against Mr Seward for having been the cause of my appointment. If such be the construction to be placed in vanity upon his action, then is he not the man I took him for. At a quarter past eleven, we arrived in carriages at the wharf in East Boston at which the steamer Niagara lay decked out in colors to receive us. Here we found members of warm friends ready to meet us. P C Brooks, Mr Palfrey, Mr Peter Butler, Mr Goodrich, Dr Phelps, Mr Tuck, Mr Rice, Mr James Lawrence, and of my Quincy friends, Mr Johnson, Mr Cargdon, Mr Marsh and Mr Souther. Hull and Elizabeth C Adams were there too, with both of my sons, and Mr and Mrs Kuhn. All this was purely voluntary, and it moved me much, for my shortcomings are too great towards my friends to merit such returns. At half past twelve the Steamer started from her moorings, amidst the firing of cannon. As we passed the State Ship for the discipline of boys, the yards were manned, and at for Independence we had a salute of thirteen guns, and both there and at Fort Warren the battalions were drawn up on the parapet and saluted us with cheers. So that my departure from my native land carries with it all the consolation which an honest man may desire. Parting from these external objects of interest we now began to look at our companions for the voyage. The only acquaintance was Mr Cassius M Clay who is going out with his Mrs and five children, his nephew and his private Secretary to take his part at St Petersburg. The water was smooth. Mrs Adams went downstairs pretty soon, but the rest of us remained some time on the upper deck, and after dinner which we took rather sparingly, we soon retired. This was rather precipitated by the increasing motion of the vessel.
2 May 1861

131 Thursday 2d Boston—at sea CFA AM
My night was restless and cold, and toward morning I was very seasick. The wind was sharp from the northward, and we had a few flakes of snow falling all day. I did not rise until nearly noon, when the motion had somewhat diminished but it was rather uncomfortable all day. There was no sea however, as the wind came from the land. Captain Moody is a civil and very gentlemanly commander, and our accommodations are as good as the steamer yields. How different from the way in which my father started nearly forty-four years ago on his return from the same mission. What a leap have all the arts of civilized travelling taken in the interval. I find here citizens of various nations. English, French, Spanish, Germans and Americans, many of whom speak of crossing and recrossing every year much as if this trip of three thousand miles was a mere ferry. It took us sixty days to get over from London. The Persia came out from Liverpool the other day in eight and a half. We made very good progress, and as we neared the Nova Scotia coast the motion became so easy as to cease to affect us.

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131 Friday 3d At sea CFA AM
This morning at half past two o'clock we arrived at Halifax, where we stopped about an hour and a half. I arose and dressed in season to see the town in the distance as we were leaving it. Twenty years ago and more I came here with my father and paid for my nominally well trip in the Acadia by one of the most painful days of sickness at that place which I ever experienced. This time my stomach was recovering its tone instead of losing it. The thermometer stood at 21° and a little fine snow was flying in the air, but I seldom remember feeling a keener relish for a light and simple breakfast. The wind was north, very cold and quite fresh, but being directly behind us, I found it did not affect me at all, Mrs Adams had been very sick in the night, so much so that I called the Dr attached to the ship, who gave her a draught that quieted her. Most of the other passengers were sick in the night, and my five ladies came to table. It was very cold all day, but the vessel with the aid of all her sails including standing sails made great progress. This north wind has banished all fog, the great annoyance to navigators at Halifax at this season. I read today a couple of chapters of Macaulay’s posthumous volume of his History, and on the whole made out to be a better seaman than I anticipated. My fellow passengers do not seem to interest me much. I retire early—
132 Saturday 4th At sea CFA AM
A fine day. The wind drawing aft and the sea smooth so that in all felt quite comfortable. Little of incident however on board. I completed the volume of Macaulay which is fragmentary in the last chapter, intended to have been complete with the death of William. Like all other Whig historians he paints this monarch as a hero, and even goes farther than most of them in softening the hard lines of his domestic character. I was sorry to finish the book, for with many marked defects as a historical write, he has superior excellencies, which place him in the first rank as an English classic. Our company on board is growing more sociable, so that in the evening, the young people sat late on deck singing glees, and catches, thus much relieving the monotony. We made very good progress.
Sunday 5th At sea CFA AM

The wind came to the south east during the night, in such a manner as to make the ship roll a good deal, and the passengers very uncomfortable. I was not an exception, though not positively disabled. Attended services in the Cabin, when the surgeon of the ship read the Episcopal Church service, in presence of the seamen who came in nicely dressed and very well behaved. Not more than a dozen passengers attended, the ladies being all shut up. I tried to read a little of Lord Carlisle’s book about the East, but with little effect. We made good progress, but towards night as we approached the Grand Bank, a thick fog set in and cold.
133 Monday 6th At sea CFA AM
The wind blew a smart gale from the south east, which raised a rough sea and we rolled about at great rate all day. Atmosphere thick with fog and rain. Almost all the passengers laid up. I ate nothing, and kept in the air as well as I could until about six o'clock, when I retreated but not to my berth. I slept on the sofa as well as I could in my clothes.

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Tuesday 7th At sea CFA AM

In the course of the night the wind shifted to the westward and the sky cleared. The effect was to relieve us materially, though the sea was yet pretty rough. My stomach was so much upset that I remained quiet and lived on a biscuit. In such circumstances action is utterly out of the question. Life is mere vacancy. We were crossing the Bank most of the day, which is always hazardous in thick weather from the risk of collision with fishing boats and other vessels. We passed only two or three of these fishermen in our whole track. It is a little early to see them, besides which the Captain has been so apprehension of ice that he has gone south of Newfoundland a couple of hundred miles, which brings us on the edge of the Bank.
133 Wednesday 8th At sea CFA AM
We made rapid progress yesterday, but the fine weather of today brought a change of wind to the eastward, and deprived us of farther benefit of our sails. Still the sea was down, and we were comfortable again, so far as comfort is possible to people like myself who never get entirely used to the motion. I keep quiet and in the open air as much as possible. Mrs Adams suffers very much indeed. I read some of Lord Carlisle’s book, which does not as yet rise much above the level of the mob who write with ease.134
134 Thursday 9th At sea CFA AM
The sea was so calm that I really had a good quiet night’s rest and felt able to enjoy the beautify day. It has grown warmer too so that we do need so many coats. Mrs Adams was poorly, but I think better. Indeed all the passengers seemed to warm out into life. We have them of many nations, but none of any very decided attraction. I finished Lord Carlisle’s book, which has but a single passage about amiable, ordinary commonplace. I also accomplished a great feat in discovering and correcting the errors in my trial balance attempted before I embarked. So that I being afresh with a clear reckoning upon my new theatre of action. This was a great relief, as I feared I should not do it during the passage, when only I should have the leisure from other calls. In the evening, the singers tried again with less success.
10 May 1861

134 Friday 10th At sea CFA AM

Clear with the wind still at the eastward and a little pitching motion just sufficient to make me uncomfortable. I had also a little headach which did not leave me until it was night. I find that so long as I remain in the open air I do well enough, though my face becomes scorched more and more daily. But sitting in the salon or below makes me at once very qualmish. Under these circumstances occupation is impossible. Mrs Adams suffer continually. I find we have another diplomat on board, Mr Haldeman who goes to Stockhom. Mr Coleman a London gentleman is very civil. There is a considerable party of Mexicans too, who seem to be very quiet, wellmannered people. Also Mr Tenning and his wife. The former an Officer of the British Commissariat returning from Bermuda, very much of an animal man. On the whole the company though very civil to me is not interesting. We made about two hundred and fifty miles a day, and are now over the ninth day and three quarters of the voyage.
134 Saturday 11th At sea CFA AM
The wind holds pertinaciously ahead so as to check our speed a little, but here we find the superior efficacy of steam, which average so much forward progress, no matter how the wind may blow. We are now more than two hundred miles from the coast of Iceland, and I encourage Mrs Adams to hold out, though she feel so much depressed under constant recurrence of sickness as to make the trip a labour. I weather however is all we could desire. The young people amuse themselves on deck until ten o’clock at night in trying to dance to the music of a very poor fife and worse fiddle. We saw a few vessels passing in the distance. But on the whole the monotony is much greater in this expeditious way of travelling than it was by the lagging process of a sailing ship forty four years ago. The Captain, who is an excellent Officer as well as an attentive gentleman to the wants of his passengers, tells me we shall see the land by five o’clock in the morning.
135 Sunday 12th At sea—Liverpool. CFA AM

The Captain did see land at half past three, but I did not get up on deck until after six when we were close in upon the South coast of Ireland not far from Bounty bay. The day was very fine, and the swell of yesterday had disappeared. So we went on watching the variations of the variations of the scenery with a confident hope that we were to have no more uneasiness at the stomach. The country looks rocky and barren with here and there a patch cultivated where any sail can be gathered together. Not a tree or a bush to be seen. Here and there a square stone tower stands in solitude on some high point. The appearance is much like that at Nahant and Cohassett. As we went along eastward the arable land increased, but there was little of attraction until we reached Queenstown where a tender came off to take the mail bags for the south of England. The Steamer Persia was lying in the harbour, waiting for the mail prior to starting west. I sent by her a letter to my son John mentioning our progress. The whole of today was very pleasant. We reached the Irish channel and passed the Tuskar light soon after sundown, and rejoiced in the idea that another night only was left us in the Steamer.
Beautiful morning. Up early and on deck where I found we had passed the Sherries and Holyhead, and were opposite the bold coast of Wales. The line of its mountains was dimly defined against the sky at first, but later we saw the top of Snowdon and the whole ridge covered with snow. Not long afterwards, Liverpool the terminus of our voyage came in sight. The passengers met and passed a vote of thanks to the Captain and the Officers, and directed me with Mr Clay to present it in writing, which we did. Indeed the Captain has been unwearied in his civility to all of us, and especially to my own family. At eleven the steamer was nearly at the dock, when a tender came off for the mails. It brought a messenger from the Vice Consul to me, with an invitation to stop at Liverpool, and a notice that the American Chamber of Commerce desired to write upon me to present an address. Of course I had no choice but to go to the Adelphi where rooms had been engaged for me, there to wait for the train to London at forty minutes after three. At this place I received visits from the Vice Consul, Mr Wilding, from the agent of Messrs Baring, brothers and Co, and from the Mayor of the city—All offering every facility in their power. At two o’clock, a deputation of nine or ten gentleman from the American character came in and read to me an address, to which I made a suitable reply. They listened with great interest to my words and seemed much gratified by the tone. A little conversation with one or two who lingered after the past, and with Mr W H. Channing who came separately gave me some clue to the feeling now prevalent in the commercial parts. It cannot be doubted that a considerable number of persons in this city sympathize with the secession party sufficiently to wish that the Slave States might peacefully be permitted to separate and form a distinct and independent government. The bond of alliance is the cotton plant, in which producer and consumer feel equally interested. A wish was expressed that I should remain over tonight in this city in order to permit me a further opportunity to counteract this mischievous tendency. But from the symptoms I saw here, the propriety of going to London forthwith, seemed unquestionable. So after a hasty luncheon we proceeded to the Station of the London and North Western railway and booked ourselves directly for London. Our trip was without incident, but we all admired the beautiful verdure, and the fine cultivation visible on all sides of us. Great Britain must be admitted to be parcelled out into lots, which show that no resource will be lost against the increase of population. Yet after all from the nature of things the fact that no waste lands remain is a sad exhorter to the domestic economy of the nation. We reached the great city at about nine o’clock. Mr Henry J Parker, Mr Wilson and Mr Moran of the Legation were at the station to meet us, and Mr Dallas’s carriage was waiting to take us to the Hotel in Regent Street where rooms had been secured for us by Messrs Baring, Brothers & Co, as they could not execute my older at Thomas’s Hotel. Mr Bates of that from called in for a moment to express his satisfaction in seeing me, and his uneasiness respecting the proceedings of the government, here, so far as they could be gathered from the time of the Ministers in the late debates in Parliament. I confess that the speech of Lord John Russell has executed in me no small surprise. But I was too tried for much speculation of this sort, and soon afterward retired to bed.
14 May 1861

In consequence of our fatigue we were not up very early to breakfast. Mr Dallas called with his son before our meal, to say that knowing of my probable arrival he had conferred with Lord John Russell, who had in a private note to him agreed upon Thursday as the day for my Audience of the Queen, and had fixed this day at eleven for a private conference at his own house with us. To that end he had come to ask my company to wait upon the minister at once. Having accomplished breakfast I set off with him. But on enquiry at the door, we were informed that Lord John had left the city early in the morning for Woburn, the seat of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, who was very ill. Thus we were disappointed and we drove from thence to the legation at Mr Dallas’s, residence in Portland place, where I examined the books and papers and conferred with Mr Dallas on several matters of form. It is clear to my mind that I cannot agree to take his house, and therefore I am driven to look for one elsewhere. At this season which commonly sends up the price of all lodgings very high I am hardly likely to find much that is eligible. From thence I returned to my lodgings where I had visits from sundry person. The most interesting man was Mr W. E Forster, the member of the House of Commons, who came to talk with me concerning the course of our government, and the mode of meeting the motion made by Mr Gregory, the member from Galway in Ireland, touching an early recognition of the Confederate States. He deeply regretted the language used in debate by Lord John Russell138 but he expressed his firm belief that he did not express the Sentiments of the first Minister, Lord Palmerston, or of a Majority of the Cabinet. He wished me very much to see Lord John, in order to impress him somewhat with the right notions concerning the temper of the American people. He feared that a proclamation was about to be issued which, by directly acknowledging to the Slave States as a party establishing its right by force if necessary would tend to complicate affairs very considerably. I expressed the hope that the paper referred to would not be so immediately issued as to debar me an interim, before it would be actually launched into the world. At any rate I trusted that the language might be carefully revised. He said that he should endeavor to impress this upon such of the friends of the Ministry as he might meet. In the mean time he was about to prepare to meet the question as about to be presented by Mr Gregor of Galway in the House of Commons on Thursday. To that end he would like to have me come to see him at breakfast on Thursday morning. I accepted the invitation. I had many other visits from people of all sorts and letters and applications enough to confuse my faculties. Every thing is going on at the same time in our parlor, which stimulates my desire to secure a house as soon as I may.

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Tuesday 14th
14 May 1861

138 Wednesday 15th London CFA AM
Feeling anxious lest the retirement of Lord John Russell might derange the rather informal arrangement proposed by him to Mr Dallas, I directed Mr Moran to send in the customary form my request for an audience of presentation. This brought me two replies, one from Lord John, and the other from the under Secretary Mr Hammond, confirming the appointment of Thursday at 3 o’clock for my presentation, and the latter notifying me that Lord Palmerston would act in the place of Lord John Russell. So that this matter is disposed of. I had visits from Colonel Fremont, Mr F. B. Crowninshield, and many other persons, some on business, others, of form. At noon I went out to execute some purchases, and incidentally to see a house in Cavendish Square that is to let. I examined it with some care. It is handsome down below, but he upstairs accommodation is poor and dirty. The situation likewise is represented to be remote from the fashionable circles. So I must look a little farther. The question of today is what am I to do about dress at Court. Mr Dallas has followed the example of Mr Buchanan, who obeyed the directions of Mr Mary when he issued the famous circular about the simplicity of dress. In other words he has appeared the only man of the entire corps Diplomatique in a plain black suit. Mr Dallas confessed to me that this gave him a painful degree of prominence from the contrast it presented. Yet he had worn it steadily from deference to the example of his predecessor as well as taste. On the other hand Mr Moran, the under Secretary, though not apparently found of much display, very seriously complains of the difficulties in which the legation is involved by reason of the adherence to a fancy that conflict with the prejudices of all those who attend the Court. It so happens that the ordinary black dress adopted is exactly that used by all the servants who officiate as butlers in great houses. The effect of this association among so formal a people is obvious. After reflecting upon this, and upon the peculiarity of my situation here in this time of difficulty at home I made up my mind that it is no time for indulging oddities of any kind. If gold lace and silk stockings recommend my country through me to the people who have any influence, more than a black coat and pantaloons I am for the former. For the rest, nothing can be much more unpalatable to me than to be so bedizened and masqueraded. I also know how the act will be represented at home, as the cropping out of any aristocratic tendencies. Personally the thing does me no good. On the other hand it amy give me more footing for the aid of my country here where aid is needed, so that all other considerations amount to nothing. In the evening who should come in from Paris but Edward Brooks to spend a day or two in company with my wife. We were delighted to see him, and only regretted he could not get into this house. It will cheer Mrs Adams to have the opportunity to talk over all matters with her brother. In the evening we had visits from secretaries Messr Wilson and Moran. The former is yet raw and inexperienced. But the latter is of great use to me. Indeed I know not how I should get on without him.140

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140 Thursday 16th London CFA AM
The weather is quite clear and fine, though the East wind reminds me strongly of the same thing on our side of the water. I was up early and took a carriage to drive over to Mr Forster’s in Guilford Street, Russell Square. I met here at breakfast Mr Cassius M Clay and Mr Motley, and Messr Baines, Baxter and (another gentleman whose name I did not catch) Mr Monckton Milnes, all three, members of Parliament. Mrs Forster, a bright looking woman presided very easily, and we had a good deal of conversation respecting America, and the present state of the struggle. I found them all very tolerably informed, and strongly inclined to the antislavery side. Mr Forster told me that in consequence of Lord John Russell’s temporary retirement on account of the death of the Duke of Bedford, Mr Gregory would postpone his motion. He also privately communicated the result of an answer made by one of the Ministry to an enquiry of his touching the intent of the proclamation. The purport of it was that that measure was designed as a warning to the people that any participation in the struggle must be carried on at their own peril. We parted at eleven and I found my way in a vehicle called a Hanson to Mr Dallas’s house. He there assigned formally to me all the papers and the propriety of the Legation, so that this day I assume my post as Minister of the United States. The house is vacated by Mr Dallas tomorrow so that some other provision must be made for the archives until I have a chance to get a house. This must now be promptly attended to. I went back to my lodgings, first examining with some attention the interior of a house in Grosvenor Square. I had some learning to this because it is in the same Square in which grandfather lived whilst he was acting in the same capacity. The house is sufficiently comfortable and convenient, though in some respects deficient. Should the terms be satisfactory I think I may decide upon it. The agent is to let me know tonight. From thence to my lodgings where I dressed and prepared myself for my presentation. The novelty of the situation, and the extraordinary state attached to the person of a sovereign are circumstances which give more or less anxiety to the calmest actor in these scenes. I suppose after all that if a man retains his selfrespect and customary manners he does all that is necessary. I reasoned myself into serenity when Mr Dallas called at half past ten to take me to141 Buckingham Palace. He arrived in five minutes, so that we had twenty five minutes to wait before the hour fixed for the audience. The interval was passed in examining the picture in the great salon, of which there are several of great excellence. Presently Sir Edward Cust, the Master of ceremonies made his appearance with General Bentrick and Lord Harris in waiting. Then came the persian ambassador who was also to have his audience of leave, and lastly Lord Palmerston. In a few minutes after three, the Persian who had a suite of six persons with him was presented to take his leave. Then came the turn of Mr Dallas, and lastly mine. In a room of middling dimensions I was ushered into the presence of the Queen who stood a little in front of a window opposite to the door at which I came in. Lord Palmerston presented me and I then bound and made my presentation of credential expressing at the same time in few words the desire of my government to continue our amicable relations and the great opinion my people had not less of her personal than of her political character. She seemed pleased and addressed me the usual question of form whether I had been in the country before to which I answered in the affirmative when very young. And then she bowed and I made the best of my way out of the room. Thus terminated this ceremony, which in such a form as this has not much of stiffness and is rapidly accomplished. Victoria is by means handsome or imposing, and yet the impression made upon me by her manner was favourable as sufficiently dignified and yet gracious. We then left the palace and Mr Dallas set me down at my lodgings where I bed him Goodbye. He leaves tomorrow morning, and from this time I take the burden on my shoulders. I was quietly at home the remainder of the day. Edward Brooks came in and spent a good deal of the time with us. He is lively and pleasant, and contributes must to relieve for the moment the sense of strangeness in this place.
141 Friday 17th London CFA AM
Chilly but clear. I was busy last night and this morning in writing my despatch No 1. giving an account of my action thus far. I sent it to the legation to be copied, but before it could be completed I received from Washington, despatches No 3 and 4, the last of which expressed not a little indignation at the behavior of the ministry here and directed me at once to demand an explanation. This made it necessary for me to go at once to the Legation and modify in some degree the despatch already written, and to prepare and send off a note to Lord John Russell to request an early interview. This was accordingly done. Afterwards I went out with my son Henry and made the usual formal calls on the Ministry and the corps Diplomatique. Mrs Adams also took a share of the toil in a separate carriage. In this way the whole afternoon was accomplished, and I did not quite complete my object. Edward brooks dined here with us and spent the evening pleasantly. He took leave of us tonight as he returns to Paris in the morning. We shall miss his cheerful society.
Not a great while after breakfast I received from Lord John Russell a note in reply to mine of yesterday proposing that if I would take the trouble to go to Pembroke Lodge at Richmond where he is for the time retired, he would see me on Monday at twelve or one o’clock, or if I preferred it, he would receive me there today at one. It was pretty late, but I decided at once for the earlier date, ordered a carriage, and travelled the nine miles and odd in such speed that I reached his Lordship’s door only a minute or two after the appointed time. The drive was a pleasant one though the air was cold. I was ushered in, and very shortly the minister made his appearance. He is a man of about sixty five or seventy, of about the same size as myself, with a face marked by care and thought rather than any strong expression. His eye is I think blue and cold. He received me kindly and I gave him the letter which Mr Everett had sent to me, after which we proceeded without further ceremony to business. Our conversation lasted more than an hour. I do not report it here for the reason that I shall be compelled to do so more fully in a despatch. My conclusion from it is that the permanency of my stay is by no means certain. For though I avoided the awkwardness of a categorical requisition, it was only to transfer the explanation to the other side of the water. Should the government take offence, my recall will follow in about three weeks. And I must admit that if I were compelled to judge of the character of the reply from that which was made to me, I should conclude that my stay is to be short. Yet it is so obviously against the interest of the government of the United States to make a breach with Great Britain that I scarcely can suppose it will so determine without the greatest provocation. At two o’clock the conversation began to flag, and notice came that luncheon was ready. His Lordship then rose and on my proposing to go, invited me in to the Drawing room where Lady Russell and the children, a young lady and two boys were assembled, and then asked me to join them and lunch. Of course I accepted, and we spent half an hour in miscellaneous conversation. Lady Russell is a good deal younger, and is I believe a second Wife. After this when I was going his Lordship invited me to walk out and view the prospect from several prominent points. It is a lovely rural scene, such as this country alone furnishes. The verdure and the general regions in purely picturesque nature. After signifying my thanks I got into the carriage and drove back to the city. But Mrs Adams was anxious to finish off the remainder of the visits of form to the ministers and the corps Diplomatique, so I accompanied her, and we were engaged in this work until dinner time. Hence it was natural that I was pretty fatigued in the evening, and quite unable to undertake the task of writing a despatch.
A mild and pleasant day. I reflected upon attendance on Divine service without being able to decide where I should go. To go to the Episcopal Church involves the idea of selection of some particular place, about which I am entirely uninformed, and gives rise to speculations about the American Minister which have no basis. I know of no worship of the dissenting kind which would harmonize with my ideas any better, so that I prefer to put off deciding this point. I was moreover very anxious to commit to paper at as early a date as possible my impressions of the important conversation of yesterday. This labor took a considerable part of the morning. At half past two, Sir Henry Holland came by appointment for me to go with him to see the Zoological gardens in the regent’s park. The collection of animals and birds is very large and curious. It is said to be one of the best now in the world. More care is taken to study the nature and habits of the reception creatures and to accommodate them. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the Giraffes, the Hippopotamus and the lions and tigers were all in good condition and therefore more worth seeing than those we have at home in traveling menageries. Sir Henry was manifestly cramped for time so that we saw not a quarter of what was interesting. But that is not very material as on week days the gardens are open to the public on payment of a small fee. We returned in time for a walk in St James’s park and through the green park until dinner time. When I speak of we I mean my son Brooks. In the evening I continued the draught of my despatch. A curious visit from Mr Hutchinson, a neighbor in the House.
144 Monday 20th London CFA AM
It took me until noon to complete my paper, and I then took it to the Office which has been removed into Duke Street to have the copy properly made out in season for the Wednesday mail. Then back to go out with Mrs Adams and finish off all the visits that remain unpaid. I also went in to see one or two houses, and found one of them which might perhaps be made to do. The prices are enormous too. Indeed what strikes me as most remarkable in London is the enormous scale of expenditure in the wealthy classes. We drove through the park just at the time of display and the number and show of the equipages indicate the taste and the habits of the higher classes. Whilst I cannot say that I admire the elegance or the grace of their carriages, it is impossible not to feel the existence of extraordinary and positive wealth, which banishes all that may be defective. On recollection I found that in my despatch I had omitted one portion of my conversation, so that I went to the Office, notified Mr Morton of the deficiency, and in the evening, wrote more than a page of additional matter which I sent over. In the evening, we paid a visit to Mr Lyman and his daughter.
144 Tuesday 21st London CFA AM

I went to the legation and compared the copy of my despatch with the draught, made the necessary corrections and directed it to be sent by tomorrow’s steamer. Then I accompanied Mrs Adams to several shops to select to purchase wedding presents for my son’s wife. I also went with her to look at the House in Grafton Street as well as another in St. Antony’s place. The latter is attractive from its overlooking Hyde park. But the other is the only case that seems practicable. My anxiety on this becomes greater from the great difficulty I experience in conducting matters within my present accommodations. Mrs Adams and I with my son Henry dined today by invitation with Mr and Mrs Bates. No other company. The entertainment very exquisite. The house spacious and furnished in the highest style. Mr Bates and his wife are Americans originally from Weymouth in Massachusetts, with naturally simple tastes who have been elevated by their connection with the banking house of the Barings to great wealth, and by the relatives established at Court of their daughter, to social importance. They therefore support an establishment far beyond their own requirements or desires. They are both advanced in life and have little more to expect from it. They have been very kind to us, and have been of some service in the information they can supply. We returned home by eleven.
My life is becoming somewhat regular, so far as it is possible to make it such in a hotel. I am called upon by a great variety of people on a multiplicity of errands. Some like Colonel Fremont desire to know what aid can be given towards the transmission of munitions of war to America, some are on visits of civility, some soliciting work. I then go to the legation. On my way there today I called on Mr Lake, the house agent, and made an offer for the house in Grafton Street of seven hundred guineas. I was led to a good deal exercise, but strange to say, it fatigues me without giving me any tone. At the legation persons were perpetually coming in to get passports, and when I am there they stop to consume my time. We dined by invitation at the house of Miss Coutts today. A very large company, and not one of whom I have ever seen before. Among them I afterwards found out were Lord Elgin, his Wife and daughter, Admiral Cochran, Lord and Lady Macclesfield and many more. I was made the principal guest, and sat between Miss Coutts and another lady whose name I could not catch. The only sprightly person whom I met was Lady Falmouth. The house is very handsome, and all the entertainment quite splendid. Miss Coutts has some right to credit for her great wealth does not seem to have turned her head. She is conscientious and charitable. Home at 11.
The weather seemed to threaten but no rain came of it. I had the customary application as to make it difficult to appropriate time to my own affairs. In this way my Diary falls behind-hand in spite of my every exertion. I went out with Mrs Adams to return many visits and to make some purchases. We visited a large collection of old China of Seres and Dresden and Berlin ware, for the purpose of purchasing something for the young couple at Quincy. It is singular how the great wealth of this country is rapidly attracting to it all of the works of art and elegance to be found on the Continent. In this repository is to be found whatever can be obtained at the sales in every great place in Europe, to be resold here at great advance— And what is true of China is equally true of sculpture and pictures, of tapestry and lace, and all sorts of luxuries. I also went to look at houses, but with less and less prospect of fixing upon any thing. In the evening Mrs Adams and I went by invitation to the house of Miss Coutts again to hear portions of Hamlet read by a german of the name of Fechter who is now performing to great acceptance at the Theatre. There might have been three or four hundred people seated in her large room, but few of whom I know, and the few were only some of those I met yesterday. I afterwards learned that the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London with other dignitaries were present, but there was little chance afforded of making acquaintance. Mr Fechter on the whole read pretty well, though obliged to struggle with his accent, and with a rather declamatory tone very common among continental readers. With these exceptions he read impressively and naturally—

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24 May 1861

146 Friday 24th London CFA AM
I know not what the cause may be but I do not find myself so well here as I am at home. Exercise unnerves me quite. This was quite a warm day. I went to the Legation as soon as I could finish my weekly dispatch, and today is not long. I was interrupted by a visit from Mr Sanford from Paris, who appears to have come over to discover what I was doing about the negotiation touching neutral rights. I told him how it stood, and what I had done. He expressed much anxiety lest the terms prospect by Mr Seward should have been communicated here, for in his belief the renunciation of privateering would be received with very great dissatisfaction in the United States. I did not assent to this view, but at the same time explained the course things had taken with Lord John Russell so that I had been relieved from any present part in the matte, and even from disclosing anything at all. Mr Sanford thinks this government playing false, and that I shall not probably stay here a great while. Mr Bates seems to incline to the same opinion. And the impression is growing so much in my own mind that I begin to hesitate about making any contracts on time. I wrote a letter to my son Charles, from whom I have heard nothing. This is the Queen’s birth day. She is forty two years old. There was little notice of it on account of the mourning. She herself has gone to Osborn in the Isle of Wright, and it is said that the effect of her sadness is to make the present season a very dull one. In the evening I went alone to a small party at Countess Bemstorff’s, the Prussian Minister’s Wife. Not more than twenty or thirty persons, of whom I made the acquaintance only of the Earl of Derby, of Baron Brunnow, the Russia ambassador, and of the Duke of Manchester. At any rate, this is breaking the ice. The last name person suddenly as we were leaving asked me to dine with him tomorrow at eight, which I accepted.

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The weather continues clear and fine. But I am languid and uncomfortable. My morning slipped away insensibly. Visits as usual. One from Mr W H. Charming who came to say that he leaves for America on Saturday next. Great number of American are returning. The news from there is however rather encouraging. The energy of the government in preparation is continued, but no clue is yet furnished of the plan of operations. The people too are keeping up their activity and zeal. The city of Baltimore appears to be tamed down so that the communications with the free states are completely reestablished. This a most important point. I walked with my son Henry to look at houses in what is called Belgravia, but found none to suit. I then drove in the carriage with Mrs Adams to return several visits, which consumed the day. Dined with the Duke of Manchester according to invitation— A small and social company of whom I remember only Lord and Lay Tankerville, and Lord Huntington. Two more ladies and three gentlemen I did not catch when presented. The dinner was quite pleasant and free from form.

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Cloudy but mild. Not being disposed to remain entirely at home, I sallied forth with my son Brooks to find some place to go to church. I was curious to witness the service at Westminster Abbey, so we turned our step in that direction. Being somewhat after eleven, I found access only by the way of the poet's corner, and even here every seat was filled. The service was read in audible manner, the voice of the reader clearly sounding even through the lofty arches of nave and transept, but the chanting of the choir seemed to me rather mechanical and ineffective—The attendance seems to be made up of the middle and poorer classes who go in and occupy the seats free. I could see but a small part of the crowd. The sermon was appropriate to Trinity Sunday, being from the text “What think ye of Christ?” It recapitulated the well known positions of the Church with no novelty or variety of illustration. I believe it is a maxim of this as of the Roman Catholic sect to venture no where out of the beaten path. I could not help contrasting with this the discussion of the same text by Dr Channing. After the service we lingered round the monuments int eh corner until routed by the Beadle. I must visit them more at my leisure, on some week day. We took a walk from here along the strand through Fleet Street and around St Paul's, the most crowded thoroughfare of the city. Much of it looked more naturally to me than I expected. Living in the neighborhood of the strand for the short time my father was in the capital, my impressions connected themselves with the only line of egress we had to other parts of the city. Of this portion in which I now am I only remember the House Guards in St James's park and a part of Hyde park. I was at home the rest of day, and very quiet. Mrs Motley came in to see Mrs Adams. She speaks in harsh language of the style of conversation in American affairs in fashionable circles. The truth is that the native British arrogance will bust out at times, no matter what restraints are put upon it. The division of the United States in a peaceful manner is now the leading idea. Any continuance of the struggle is likely to produce effects upon the industry of the manufacturing districts of the most unpleasant character. On the whole, this is the quietest and pleasantest day I have passed in London.
Pleasant day. Walked to the legation after twelve. I limit my reception of business visits between 10 and 12 o'clock. Then home and with Mrs Adams to the National Gallery to see the collection of old pictures there. I spent three hours very profitably in taking a general survey of the entire gallery. The present result is only that there are some very good pictures, and some very poor ones, whilst between these there a large number that escape a cursory observation. I promise myself a return more than once to study the better class, and to improve my knowledge of the subject. After dinner I went to the House of Commons to listen to a debate on the budget. My secretaries both accompanied me. The hall contrasts singularly with that of the House at Washington. It is much more plain and so small in size as not to accommodate the members when the attendance is very full. They sat tonight packed in the seats as people do in a popular meeting, though not by any means all were there. It is lighted from the top as with us, and has even more of a boxlike appearance than ours. The style is very much more simple and grave. No gilding, or ornamentation, excepting carving in wood. When we first entered a member from Ireland was speaking in committee of the whole upon the remission of the duty on paper which is the test question of the Chancellor's budget. It was dull and not more than forty or fifty member were in their places. Only two or three of the Ministry on the Treasury benches. Several persons followed, none of them among the leaders, but as a division was expected individual began to drop in and take their seats until the House became full. It was soon apparent that the opposition was in great force and spirits. This became unequivocal when Sir John Ramsden, and Sir Robert Peel on the government side came out in effective and decided attacks upon the Chancellor's measure. The order is good, but the expression of approval in the use of the word Hear, often becomes boisterous, and is always noisy. It was plain to me that from the feeling on the respective sides a division would leave the ministry in the minority. The opposition seemed more eager than its leaders. For Mr D'Israeli gave in with great appearance of courtesy to the motion from the Treasury side that the Committee rise, whilst Lord Palmerston claimed the delay until Thursday without disguising much the motion that prompted it. I did not get home until after midnight.
28 May 1861

150 Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
Cloudy and chilly east wind. I think morning agreed to take a house No 17 St George’s place, Hyde park corner, by the week for a month certain, and perhaps longer. It is very small, but it may do to get out of a hotel, until I can look round and obtain a permanent place, provided always that my stay becomes decided. Of this I hope to know more clearly on the receipt of an answer to my last despatch, which must come in a couple of weeks. In the mean we must put up with inconveniences. I am under a general impression that things are mending here gradually but slowly, although I scarcely know how any change of ministry might modify the prospect. I went to the Legation, and had some visits at home, after which I paid some with Mrs Adams. They are all formal. Dined by invitation with Lord Wensleydale who had an assemblage of his profession. Lord Cransworth, formerly the Lord Chancellor, Dr Lushington, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, Sir Edward Williams, and several others whose names I lost, as well as a Mr Howard, a member of Parliament. The dinner was easy and pleasant, although there was little of general conversation. After dinner Lady Wensleydale received us, and several ladies and gentlemen dropped in, so that I did not get away until nearly midnight.
150 Wednesday 29th London CFA AM
The is the day of the Derby at Epsom. Parliament adjourns to let the members go and Lord Palmerston denominates it the British Isthmian Games. I am no racer no enthused about horses, so that I could not screw up my courage to see the sight. But I was amused to observe the stream of vehicles passing through this thoroughfare of Regent Street for two hours. Mr Bates who came in, remarked that exactly like this would be the appearance of the road for the entire distance of fourteen miles. Mr Motley came in to see me, and to talk of public affairs. He has seen and conversed with Lord John Russell, and he is convinced the Ministry are all well disposed. He goes to America on Saturday, and he expects to be able to give such information as may be useful. I gave him my views of the state of things here very frankly. We then went together to call on Lord Lyndhurst. The old gentleman received me very cordially. He sits in a long easy chair, confined with gout, but with a table before him, on which he has objects to attract his attention and exercise his mind. He talked much of our difficulties, and of the action taken by this government, showing the retention of great activity of mind. He and Mr Quincy were born at about the same time, and suckled by the same nurse, in Boston. He became a refugee, and though the son of an american painter, he rose to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England and of a peer of the realm. Mr Quincy, though not quite so successful in reaching high place has yet gone through a term of public service in various honorably posts in America with equal distinction. Each is in his ninetieth year. And with the present favorable means of comparing the two, I should say that they had won almost equally well. Of the two, Lord Lyndhurst is perhaps a little the most vigorous. Whilst we were there, two remarkable man came in. One, Sir William Armstrong the minister of the celebrated rifled cannon, which is making a revolution in the art of gunnery. For although there be some question of its success in practice, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the result to be attained is certain. He brought in for Lord Lyndhurst to see, a pattern of new fuse for a shell, designed to remedy the difficulties new apt to occur of not firing at all, or of firing amiss, to o soon or two late to reach the object. He explained its operation to us by the aid of sections which he brought with him. The other was Lord Bungham. He came in and we were all presented. He mumbled something about a letter which I brought from Mr Everett and then sat down to talk of things in general. He said he had known my father whom he thought he had met as the minister about twelve years since. I said it was forty four or five years. His Lordship has no personal beauty, and his language is yet tinctured with a strong Scottish twang. But he is nevertheless the most remarkable man in England at this day. He is now eighty three years old, and the impression now is that his energies are failing. We took leave, and I afterward parted with Mr Motley in the street, and went to the new house to meet Mrs Adams there. Though small, I think it will be comfortable after we get established. The only difficulty is that in a short time we must move again. I then drove with Mrs Adams, and returned some visits of form after which I labored in bringing up the arrears of my Diary, which before I went to be I made out to accomplish.152
152 Thursday 30th London CFA AM
My day was spent in the ordinary routine of visitation excepting that in the afternoon I undertook to find my own way from Portland place to Guilford Street, Russell Square to return a visit too long neglected to Mr Forster. To my surprise I succeeded with very little diversion from my path although I turned several corners, and by no means followed the path of the carriage which took me to breakfast I met Mr Forster just issuing from her own door, who regretted her husband’s absence. I then walked back to Regent Street without difficulty. This was more easy, we with the general sense of direction, it is only necessary to strike one of the two thoroughfares, Oxford Street or the Strand to know your way at once. I was very sorry not to see Mr Forster, though I might have supposed if he was really punctual in attendance on the house of Commons that he would be gone. This is so little the custom however, that i did not pay much attention to the hour. After dinner Henry and I walked to the Parliament House to attend the adjurned debate of Monday. We met with Messr Wilson and Moran who had with them Messr Fogg and Harvey, two of the new diplomats on their way to their destination. The galleries were so much filled that it was with difficulty I could get my son in, and the two strangers. The benches were thin when we got there, and I noticed a marked degree of languor in the opposition different from what it was on Monday. The speaking was at first much the same, but the animation increased when Mr Colden rose. His speech was plain, strong and effective. It was replied to by Mr Thomas Baring neatly but not forcibly—and then Mr Gladstone followed in general close. The great object of the whole assault of the government at this time had been to break him down. Each speaker of the opposition had short his dart at him, so that his reply was looked for with no little interest. I think it could scarcely be disputed that he fully sustained himself. He shewed readiness, sarcasm and logic, pressing hard upon each of his opponents in turn. Mr Gladstone has not much of the higher class of oratorical talent, He despises imagination, His style is plain, direct and printed, but it is strictly material and for the occasion. There is no philosophy, little generalization. It was clear to me when Lord Palmerston closed, what the issue would be. A division followed which I di not care to await. We got home at about one o’clock.153
Friday 31st London CFA AM

An opening the newspaper this morning I found that in a very full house the ministry had triumphed by a majesty of fifteen votes. This renders their continuance for another year likely. It appears that I did not arrive in time to hear Lord John Russell reprove Sir John Ramsden for his malignant exultation at the difficulties in America. But Mr Gladstone commented sharply upon him for the same offence, which I did hear. All which is a little significant. I think the Ministry has rather changed is tone, but I fear the evil done cannot be very easily repaired. My morning was devoted to the completion of the customary weekly despatch. I must take a little more time for these, hereafter. My present accommodations are not such as to favor me in this regard. I was obliged to shut myself until noon in order to get ready to take my draught to the legation be copied, and then I had to stay at home at four when Mr Moran brought the copy to be collated, signed and sent. I likewise yesterday and today made up a letter my son John, to go by the same steamer. Thus I was kept at home today more than usual. Went to dine, by invitation, with Mr Munckton Milnes. The company all gentleman. Baron Brunnow, and two other diplomatic characters, Messr Bright, Colden and Walpole, members of the House of Commons, Sir Somebody Seymour a retired British diplomat, Mr Murkay Morris, the manager of the London Times, and Mr Parkes, Dr Palfrey’s friend, were all I gathered. There is a great difficulty in catching and retaining the names, not to speak of the faces of the person so hastily presented. I ought not however to forget Professor Senior. The conversation was not general. I sat between Baron Brunnow and Mr Walpole, whom I took to be in the government, but I lost his name. He was a pleasant and an intelligent man. The entertainment was very handsome. I exchanged only a few words with Mr Bright and Mr Colden. My chances of conversation were cut of by the call of Mrs Adams to go to Land Stanhope’s for the evening. Here were two rooms filled with persons who at first sight all looked strangers. But gradually I picked up acquaintances and they enlarged the circle, so that I got on quite comfortably. Lord and Lady Wensleydale on the whole served me best. Many literary men here, Thackeray, Grote, Milenan, Reed &c154

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This day we packed and bid goodbye to Mr Mannigy’s hotel. Whilst I rather prefer the English habit of small houses and separate lodgings for families, I must say that the accessories are in all respects quite inferior to what we find in our best hotels in America. And the prices are disproportionately high. My charge here has been nearly two hundred and fifty dollars a week. We did not get away until after twelve, and we found he house to which we went in the greatest confusion. The legation was moving likewise so that the trouble was complicated. Of course, we could only in part get ourselves to rights. Mrs Adams and I went to dine with Lord Palmerston, the premier. Twenty at table. Lord and Lady Stanhope, Monckton Milnes, Lord and Lady Bury, Lord Stansky of Alderley, his Wife and daughter, the rest I did not make out to know. I took Lady Palmerston into dinner. No conversation. After dinner Lord Palmerston spoke to me quite moderately of the course taken by Mr Seward. He intimated that his ways of doing things towards Lord Lyons had been ungracious and unpleasant. He said that as it respected the acts of blockade and all that might follow, he of course did not complain, but he thought the manner need not be unpleasant. He instanced one or two cases as mentioned by Lord Lyons which had annoyed him a good deal. I said in reply that I wondered at this, for what I believed Mr Seward was not disposed to be offensive, and his temper was mild and conciliatory. But possibly this might spring from what he imagined to be the wish of others. I construe it actually as some of his awkward brusquerie which he means to be playful, but which Lyons does not understand or appreciate. I must write to him about this. Home by eleven.
This morning I walked with my son Brooks to attend religious services at St Paul’s. The crowd was such as to make it difficult to get a place to witness the whole scene which was not in the body of the church, but in one of the extremes. A sermon was preached by a person I did not know on the value of the institution of the Sabbath, very much on the pattern of that Sunday at Westminster. On our way home we wandered off into the bye streets, which gave me opportunities to see the Old Baily, and Newgate, and Furnival’s Inn, and Gray’s Inn, and the gardens, all of which have been made historical on both sides of the Atlantic. These things are curious, but there is little beyond the association to make them attractive. Age and coal smoke make the exterior of every thing repulsive. The enormous wealth of the city is the only thing that counteracts its obvious tendency to deteriorate in appearance. At home I was rather deranged by the confusion, but laboured to set matters into some order. This house will barely do for us. We went out to dine, by invitation from Mr and Mrs Sturgis. It had been agreed beforehand not to have a set company, but to go with Henry and Mary, and Miss Lyman ad Miss Motely all outside of Mr and Mrs Sturgis, and his son and his Wife. He is a pleasant, good natured man but little altered from the youth at Cambridge, forty years ago. He is a partner in the house of Barrings, and entertains Americans. He lives very expensively both in town and country, which probably absorbs all of his income, and leaves his children to learn habits of luxury and then to meet the struggle with adversity.
Sunday 2d.
2 June 1861

We are beginning to settle down. The day was cloudy and cold, so that at last I was drawn back to the resumption of those parts of my winter dress which I had left off. I spent some time at the Office, but I find the inconvenience of not having a separate room. All the visitors naturally desire to see me. I accomplished not much beyond my work on the Diary. Went in the carriage with Mrs Adams, paying visits. Stopped to see Sir Harry Verney who had called with a letter from Mr Marsh to me. He presented me to his Wife whom I discovered to be a sister of Miss Florence Nightingale. He is a member of Parliament. I walked home across the park. It is a pleasure to be close upon this lively and pleasant and verdant scene. We dined at home and in the evening went to the Opera. Lady Denison had been civil enough to send us tickets in her box, where we met Mr and Mrs Gladstone and their daughter, and professor Senior and his daughter. The Barber of Seville with Mazio, Renani and Tagliapio. Very good.
156 Tuesday 4th London CFA AM
A quiet day at home. I was engaged in writing up the Diary which has a tendency to get into arrears. I also wrote some answers to letters and received visits. The most difficult and troublesome of my undertaking I have attempted is that of assisting Colonel Fremont to obtain arms and ammunition to carry with him to America. He has no means of raising money and desires me to help him with credit. To this end he brought a letter from Mr Dayton which urged me to do something. This something Colonel Fremont is attempting to stretch up to two hundred thousand dollars. And an enquiry I find that he has been making contracts in Paris without going near Mr Dayton or warning him of the extent to which he is removing, even though he know that I had made Mr Dayton’s cooperation in the engagement a condition precedent to all movement. He came to me today with his bills, and I frankly told him that I should be obliged to send a letter to Mr Dayton first, and await his assent to the signature of the bills. I took a long walk and spent the evening in peace. Read the first half of an Essay on the religious remnant of the world by a churchman, one of several which have stirred up the Episcopal church in this island greatly.
Cloudy and threatening rain. Yet Msrs Adams and I had fixed upon this morning to go to Twickenham, so that we decided to persevere. Our carriage broke down on the way to the Station, but we mounted what they call a fly and succeeded in reaching the South Western terminus in season. Our object was to visit a school kept by a Mr Scalé, which has been recommended to us for Brooks. The distance is about twelve miles through the same country I crossed to reach Richmond the other day. Having arrived at the Station we took a carriage and drove to the place, a rather pretty building in the middle of cultivated grounds. We found Mr and Mrs Scalé apparently zealous and laborious in the task of keeping fifty or sixty boys in good order. They have been so strongly recommended to me that I made up my mind to try the experiment with Brooks. It is plain that city life separated from associates of his own age would be injurious. He needs methodical instruction and steady discipline. And as to care and comforts when I look back upon what I experienced at Dr Nicholas’s in Ealing, this looks like perfect luxury. Brooks seemed to be well pleased with his visit, and so we agreed to send him on Monday next. We returned to London by two o’clock, stopping on our way home to call on the speaker and his Wife. We were admitted as she was at home. She showed us through the suite of rooms provided for him whilst in Office. They are in harmony with the building, stately rather than magnificent. We dined by invitation with the Duke of Newcastle, the Minister at the head of the Colonial Office. A small company, of whom I only discovered the Earl of Clarendon, his Wife and two daughters, the Earl of St German’s, and Lord and Lady Bingham. I think the Duke had two or three sons at table. We had quite a pleasant little set at the head of the table, of which Lord Clarendon was far the most lively. After dinner he talked with me in the most friendly manner of matters in America. He expressed surprise that we could have doubted the disposition of this country. I gave him the reason which he answered very much in the way Lord John Russell dined. In truth I think the disposition has improved of late, and if we can establish our power it will not waver again. The declaration of the government shutting up the ports to prizes closes one of the worst gaps made by the proclamation. We got home about eleven o’clock.
157 Thursday 6th London CFA AM
The morning was passed mainly in preparing a private despatch to Mr Seward, and a public one. In order to
accomplish this I am obliged to retire into the Dining room, as my part of the front room is too much open to the
visits of people at the legation. I have communicated to the Secretary Lord Palmerston’s opinions, in order to
correct if possible a little of his brusquerie. I afterwards went out with Mrs Adams. The weather is cold and
cheerless as possible, and I suffered in the open carriage. On my return I found Mr Theodore Dehon just arrived,
and full of talk which made me suspect his mind a little disordered. He has been over-158tasked in his business
relations for some time, and I strongly suspect that he has now come abroad under advice, to relieve him. He
discussed political affairs in a tantalizing fashion, having seen all the leading men at Washington and talked with
them, but he could give no connected report of their views. We dined at home, and in the evening went to a ball at
the Marquis Camden’s. Quite a crowd of the nobility, but not a soul that I have ever met with. No effort is made here
to extend acquaintance. So far as I can see a person might go into society ten years and at the end of it know no
more people than at the beginning. In all other respects but this coldness the manners seem exactly like those of
our society at home. And even in the execution, we in the Eastern States are complained of just the same by the
more free and easy people West and South. It is always irksome to me who have the same cold manners to attempt
to make acquaintances, so that I hardly know how I shall get on. We left shortly after twelve.

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This being despatch day I was much engaged in finishing up several letters to be sent before night. I have written three to Mr. Seward, and one to my son Charles. Colonel Fremont and Mr. Billings called today, and I arranged with them the amount of the liability to be incurred. Mr. Billings took the notes which I have got from Mr. Dayton, signed, and agreed to place them before Messr. Peabody and Co. I am not a little uneasy touching the transaction. I went out with Mrs. Adams for an hour. This day was fixed for the debate in Parliament on the recognition of the Confederate States, but his sense of the Commons was so decided against the agitation that Mr. Gregory was compelled to consent to indefinite postponement. So that for the present these people are shut out, and our relations are to that extent reestablished. Dined by invitation today with Lord and Lady Macclesfield. She is the daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, whose fortune is now said to be the largest in England. I knew very few of the guests. The Bishop of London and his Wife I had seen at Miss Cutts's reading. I talked with the Marquis himself, who is evidently quite an ordinary man. He asked me about New York, and its position on the Potomac. Lady Macclesfield told me that she had six sisters, five of them married, and some were probably at the table. I am at a loss to know the cause of their civility to us, as he is not of the government party, though his Wife's family are. Her brother Grosvenor has just carried the Flintshire election for that side. From here we went to Count d'Apponyiv's, the Austrian Ambassador's. A ball to the Duchess of Cambridge, who is an ugly, fat woman with a profusion of diamonds. Indeed the display of jewels on these occasions gives one some little notion of the extent of the wealth of this people. I made no great progress in acquaintance. It is uphill work.
Friday 7th
7 June 1861

This whole week has been chilly, cloudy and uncomfortable, giving no idea of spring or cheerfulness in any sense. A Captain of a merchant vessel called to ask me to interfere for him as his ship had been seized under a prosecution ordered by the government here for his malpractice in regard to certain colored seamen New Orleans. His statement was so imperfect that I could not help suspecting him. So far as I could gather, he had shipped some blacks at Cardiff in Wales in his ship which was bound for Fernando po on the coast of Africa. He discharged his load of coals and then sailed for New Orleans in ballast, touching at St Thomas's on the way. Here his crew were confined as usual in garb, and here he discharged them. His shipping articles were so drawn that it was possible for him to do so. But the practical effect was to put them into slavery, unless redeemed by some other persons. And who knows but he might have been paid for playing this trick. I found him so dull in answering my questions that I determined to see the Consul, Mr Morse, before deciding what to do. Accordingly I walked down to his Office in Grace Church Street and talked with him about it. He promised to cross-examine the Captain further and to write at my request to the Consul at Bristol to get information. We dined today by invitation, with Lord and Lady Spencer. A small company of young people for the most part. He was in America three or four years ago as Lord Althorp, and dined with me. She is very handsome, as are likewise her sisters. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was there whom I remember in Washington as Mr Stratford Canning. Lord and Lady Stanhope, and Lady Ailesbury were all I discovered. The entertainment and all the appointments exceed any I have yet seen. And the house itself is more elegant in its old interior. After dinner several ladies came in to the salon, which really produced a more brilliant and thoroughly aristocratic effect than I have witnessed before. For to tell the truth thus far my impressions at least of the female department have not been favorable either to their taste or style. I felt quite unwell, and therefore left a little sooner than I otherwise should. At first I thought of giving up Lady Palmerston’s levee. But after a little repose at home, I decided to try it for a short time. There was a great crowd there, and I made one or two more acquaintances. Home after twelve.
Sunday, 8th

8 June 1861

Cloudy with rain. I sallied out to find a church to attend. But not having any definite idea of direction I walked along the road to Brompton and thence across to the park without finding a single church. I then crossed back to get over the Green park which made us too late for service. My stay in this house is so uncertain that I cannot fix upon any place in the neighborhood to attend steadily for fear that I may by my removal make it inconvenient, and I do not like to be at the mercy of people for a seat. The rain kept me at home afterwards until six when I took a short walk with the children. Mr and Mrs Sturgis paid us a visit. In the evening we were entirely alone. The sense of rest from the bustle of the week was very refreshing. It was moreover quite necessary to me, as I felt unwell all day.
Sunday, 8th
8 June 1861

Chilly and showers, clearing away towards night. We received despatches and letters this morning from the United States which kept us quite absorbed during the morning. The general effect of them was to depress my spirit, as neither the public nor the private intelligence is very favorable. The government seems almost ready to declare war with all the powers of Europe, and almost instructs me to withdraw from communication with the ministers here, in a certain contingency. At the same time my son Charles warns me of the reduction of my income in the face of the decline of business in Boston. If a conflict with a handful of slaveholding states is to bring us to this, what are we to do when we throw the glove down to all Europe? I scarcely know how to understand Mr Seward. He rest of the government may be demented for all I know, but he surely is calm and wise. My duty here is so far as I can do it honestly, to prevent the mutual invitation from coming to a downright quarrel. It seems to me like throwing the game into the hands of the enemy. The only compensation for this bad news, is the fact that the advance into Virginia is sustained. A brilliant stroke here might end the trouble, and bring on a pacification. Our boy Brooks went today to his school Thus I hope I may make up to him for the unavoidable injury he has received to his instruction during my public life. He may get a methodical education which will enable him to complete it on his return to the United States, at Cambridge. Afterwards I took a long walk, and went and looked at a house in Mansfield Street which is offered to me. The situation is not so favorable, but the accommodations are spacious and good, and the terms are favorable. We dined and spent the evening quietly at home. I felt better for the respite from the dining experience.

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11 June 1861

The weather is improving, which is a blessing in this house, the back of which is not calculated for cheerfulness. My time was spent in the usual routine of the Office, and afterwards I took a walk, to execute one or two commissions for Mrs Adams. On my return I rambled about in the alley, and byways of the city until I got into the quarter of the Seven Dials, and St Giles's, which presents a remarkable contrast to the fashionable portion in which I have thus far been. Few vehicles, poor shops, dirty children paying about the lanes and alleys, and here and there ragged men and women, but extreme quiet withal, and nothing indicating crime or vice. The case would probably be changed at a different time of day. The extremes of society are here in tolerable close proximity. I got home in time to dress and go with Mrs Adams, by invitation to Sir Henry Holland's to dinner. A small company consisting of the Marquis of Lansdown, Lord Elgin, Lord and Lady Hatherton, and some ladies I did not know. Lady Holland is the daughter of Sidney Smith and her biography of her father has made her much known in America. After dinner, there was quite a company among which the most famous was Dr Whewell, the master of Trinity in Cambridge.

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162 Wednesday 12th London CFA AM
A fine and warm day— I spent my morning is writing to my son John in advance of the mail day. But prior to this, and immediately after breakfast, I walked to the house of Lord John Russell to have an interview with him as I had desired and he had fixed for ten o’clock. I was ushered into his room full of papers and business, and he came in immediately. But before proceeding to business Lady Russell came in to say that she hoped Mrs Adams would come out on Saturday to Richmond in a morning gown and without ceremony, and so much before dinner that she might have a chance to gout and see the park. Her manner is so simple and unaffected that it was quite engaging. My conversation with him was of about three quarters of an hour’s length and covered most of the points at issue between the countries. I tried to act up to my instructions at the same time that I softened as well as I could the sharp edges. The present difficulty as in the friction that is going on both here and at Washington. I think it may be checked if no more impulse be given, but there is the trouble. I asked the meaning of the despatch of troops to Canada and his Lordship admitted that they were precautionary, and in consequence of the mission of Mr Ashmun and of a threat made by Governor Seward to Lord Lyons of the seizure of a British vessel on Lake Ontario. Another case of Seward’s horseplay. For I said in reply that I thought it was a strange expedient, if in earnest to give warning of his intervention in season to frustrate it. Now this transmission of troops will be construed as war in America. And then the rebound will come here again. On the whole my place is more difficult than I expected. But I will not permit a quarrel here if I can help it. A dinner today at Mr Milner Gibson’s. Of the company were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Palmerston, Mr Mrs and Miss Gladstone, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr and Mrs Sheridan. There was a Russian Secretary too I believe. I had a good deal of conversation with Mr Gladstone who sat next to me, which is the first sensible talk I have met with in all my dinners, or evening since I have been here. He gave me some insight into the life of a Minister here, and the draught upon the powers of a public man. After dinner I talked with the Duke of Argyll a little on American affairs. He is quite friendly. We left quite late.163

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163 Thursday 13th London CFA AM

The summer seems to be approaching. Soon after breakfast Mrs Adams and I went in the carriage to St Paul's Church, to witness the assembly of the charity children in the various schools of the city and the neighborhood. The Bishop of London had been kind enough to send us tickets which gave us eligible places. Under the circle made by the huge dome of the church were ranged on seats gradually rising more than half the height of the arches on two sides, the girls dressed in white and the boys in dark clothes. Much care being taken so as to dispose of them as to contrast the coloring the most effectively. The number must have exceeded five thousand. The more which was kept open the whole length was densely packed with human beings, so that the whole effect was striking and grand. The customary service of the Episcopal church was performed with the responses chanted and occasionally a chorus in which all the children joined. The harmonies were on the whole quite remarkably preserved. A sermon was preached by Lord Auckland, the Bishop of Bath and Wells on preaching the gospel to children, which was of the usual mediocrity. And the ceremonies closed some time before two o'clock. I could not help reflecting upon the probabilities of the future of this mass of youthful life I saw before me. All brought up by charity to be thrown on the crowded world in due course without any guidance beyond that they are now receiving in this wholesale form. It might not be forgotten that this community responds very liberally to all the claims of this kind that are made upon it, charity and kindness are felt to be duties by the Aristocracy as well as the rich middle classes. But after all the best that these young people can hope to arrive at in England is perhaps domestic service, and hard labour, whilst the worst is only to be learned in the history of the region of th Seven Dials, the work houses and the prisons. Here is the painful idea of a city of three millions of people. We were at home the rest of the day. For though we had received three invitation to dinner for this day, the Duke of Argyll's, which had been the earliest and accepted, was put off until Monday, he having received a direction to dine with the Queen, which supersedes every thing. I was not sorry to enjoy the respite. In the evening Mr Sanford came in, and Mrs Crowninshield and her daughter were here. The power is as usual poaching a little on my manner. He removed the topic of privateering and I frankly declared my approval of its abolition, which made him monosyllabic.164
164 Friday 14th London CFA AM

Quite warm. This is my busy day. Yesterday I succeeded in making up two despatches to the State Department, but today I wrote to my son Charles, to Mr Everett and to Mr Dana. Besides which I have visits from several persons. Mr Dormer of Dorchester was the most interesting to me. Two others, Dr Mullikin and Dr Barton had letters to me. Mr Sanford also came in. So that the time passed pretty rapidly. I was moreover suffering from a headache which did not leave me until five o’clock. I have not felt entirely myself since my voyage. Took a walk and viewed another house, which will not do. Dined by invitation with Mrs Mansfield. She is a daughter of General Sam Smith of Baltimore whom I well remember when in Congress, but what brought her here I cannot learn. Of the company were Mrs Motley, Lady William Russell, Mr Conyngham, a member of Parliament and also Mr Cory and their wives. That was all I could learn. A couple of sons and the Wife of one of them. After dinner, we went for half an hour to Count Flahaut’s reception. Quite a crowd, and we were fortunate enough to find and make several acquaintances. The ice crust of London society is particularly thick, and my doubt is whether it will ever compensate for the labour of breaking it. I suppose it is part of my duty, so that I shall persevere. Home at a little after twelve.
164 Saturday 15th London CFA AM
Another Summer’s day. Our cheerfulness is reviving under sunlight. My morning was absorbed by visits and writing letters. The duty of a minister here is not trifling. He has many small things to attend to in the way of applications by letter and still more them in person. He has formal and other communications with the foreign office, and the same with the Department at home. He has newspapers to read to keep au courant, and information to hunt up on questions that arise. I had a visit today from Mr Gerard Ralston who is the representation here of the State of Liberia. He said he was bout to attend a meeting at the house of Lord Brougham of the opponents of the Slave Trade. They were very desirous of getting the United States to consent to the mutual right of search. And he wanted to know whether I could give any assurance on that subject. I replied in the negative. I could express my conviction that after the removal of the present difficulties, the government would co-operate in real and downright earnest in all efforts165 to suppress the Slave trade. This would be a revolution of some value. But I had no means of knowing to what extent they might consider the right of search as involving collateral questions which would interpose practical obstacles to the concession. I trusted that New York would no longer be a centre for the despatch of slaves, or the government agents be corruptible so far as to connive at it. He asked whether he could be authorised to say so. I said, Yes, provided I was not committed to the adoption of any specific measures. He asked whether I would receive a deputation on the subject, to which I replied, very certainly. I likewise had a visit from Mr W E Forster, who come to make some enquiries about the state of feeling in America. I told him it was pretty bad, but I hoped that the worst had been heard from. The only thing now to distrust it was the sending out of these troops, of the effort of which I was apprehensive. He endeavored to defend the measure, but it was by attributing to our government a desire to pick a quarrel with this country in the hopes of effecting my means of it a reunion. I replied that such a measure would seem to be likely rather to set up the confederates and complete the disruption. If it continued on any large scale, it would take the strength out of any aggressive movement that might be made, and would bring the majority to terms at once. Mr Forster expressed some apprehension lest this might lead a reconciliation made at the sacrifice of the whole antislavery principle. I said I thought such an apprehension not illfounded, as there was no denying the pressure on the commercial and industrious classes of the north, which would lead them to snap greedily at terms of reconciliation. On the whole we might conclude that a few weeks would bring round new date for judgment. He asked me whether I had any question in Parliament to propose that might client an answer from the Minister. I said I though of none at present; that my disposition was friendly, and that he might depend upon all honest efforts to prevent a breach. He said he had no doubt of it, and he would do all in his power for the same end.

Mrs Adams and I drove to Richmond park to dine socially with Lord and Lady John Russell. The country looked much more beautifully than it did when I went on my former166 around nearly a month ago. The men were actively engaged in mowing, and the air was sweet with hay. We found Lady Russell with tea set out on the green, and ready afterwards to walk out and show the same views which I saw before. The air was now softer and the birds were more vocal as it drew towards evening. Our company consisted of the Lord Chancellor and Mr Milner Gibson, Lord and Lady Hatherton, Mr Grosvenor and another young member of Parliament, Mr Greville, and a daughter and a son of the family. It was very social and pleasant, and we remained so late that it was a quarter past twelve before we got home.

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166 Sunday 16th London CFA AM

Mr Ralston had invited us to go to the Temple Church today, so Mrs Adams and I drove down at eleven o’clock to the city. From a plain unpretending arch in Fleet Street we were ushered into an ancient Gothic interior, ornamented in a quaint and curious fashion. This is the Church of the benchers of the Inner and Middle Temple, situated in the midst of their grounds and halls. The place was filled with people through admission can be had only by favor. The service was conducted mostly by the singers, and a sermon of the usual kind was preached by a person whose name I did not know. On the whole the ceremonies were solemn and impressive. And there was an interest in witnessing this continuation of worship for so long a period of time in a spot which with the progress of time has changed its exterior aspect every where else. Temple Bar was once the gate of the city. After the service we examined the buildings and the grounds with adjoin the river, and which appear nicely kept. Brooks came home from his school to spend Sunday, and I walked in Kensington Park with him and Mary. Towards evening I received my despatches and one or two letters. The former are rather more amiable in tone, so that the lease seems to be a little extended. A letter from Dana strong and sensible. One from Charles in the whole more encouraging. The public news still indecisive. We were all much absorbed in the newspapers which are tantalizing enough. I read a little of Mr Revoland William’s Essay which is certainly quite free for an Episcopalian. His Bishop has persecuted him for it.167

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167 Monday 17th London CFA AM
A fine day— I devoted much of my morning to finishing the arrears of such letters as have been upon my table for days past. I had a number of visits of civility. Almost all the Americans ask to see me, and I receive them briefly. I went out with Mrs Adams in the carriage and we paid visits. Saw Lord Lyndhurst, who was suffering under an attack of gout. He was however quite bright and seemed much stirred by his letters from America remonstrating against the course of Great Britain. The strong concurrence of the sentiment there has its effect here. We went to look at the house in Mansfield Street. It is spacious and very convenient on the two lower floors, but the upper portion show rather hard wear. Yet I think it is the cheapest house I have thus far seen. We dined today with the Duchess of Argyll at Argyll Lodge. Only Mr Charles Howard, the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs and Miss Motley and a Hungarian Turk whose name I could not catch. It was informal and pleasant. The Duke and Duchess have the simplest and most engaging manners of any of the nobility I have yet seen. We returned at eleven.

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The season is now summerlike and charming. My morning devoted to visits of strangers. The only ones of interest were from Sir John Harding and Mrs Blunt. The former is Queen’s Advocate, and though profession to be a conservative declares himself a great friend to us. We talked much of the proclamation and of Lord John’s speech and I tried to explain to him the nature of my objection, which is much misunderstood here. He defended it by the usual argument. I read to him parts of Dana’s letter which seem to me to give a clear view of the objection. He seemed to see the force of it, and to concede that perhaps their action was too early. He assured me however as they all do that the public sympathy is with us. He then talked of the convention at Paris and of the objections made by Mr Mary to t he first article, which had prevented an agreement; and blamed the Ministry here for declining to close with his proposition. He thought it would have been a great thing for Great Britain to secure the assent of all commercial nations to that policy. This rather gives strength to Mr Sanford’s idea, which I regard as short sighted.

The other visitor was a Mrs Ellen Key Blunt who came in company with a Miss Cunningham, an elderly English woman, for the purpose of asking that she might be presented to the Queen at the Drawing room tomorrow. It seems that she applied to Mr Dallas some time ago, and he sent in her name, but it having been announced that she was a professional reader in public, Sir Edward Cust replied that her admission was impossible. Some time ago she had got to Mr Clay to write me a letter in a rather impervious tone about it, and she now seemed disposed to carry it by storm. I said that as Mrs Adams was about herself to be presented on this occasion, I though it was quite enough to undertake, without attempting to present any one else. She seemed very much disposed to argue the case, but I put a stop to it by saying that under no circumstances would Mrs Adams present any body tomorrow. Next week there would be another Drawing room, and if she was disposed to make her application then I should be ready to give it full consideration. She rose angrily and said it was no matter, the Bishop of London’s wife would present her: to which I expressed no opposition. And the ladies retired. I doubt not that I shall much of this in America. There is no greater difficulty in a minister’s way than the difference between the social equality recognized at home and the inequality established here. Luckily for me I care very little for the popular favor at home. I have had distinction enough, so that the image of the Presidency does not dazzle my fancy as id did that of my predecessors. I shall try to do what I think my duty, and remain content with the reward the consciousness of that may give me. I took a walk with my daughter Mary and then Mrs Adams and I went to dine by invitation at Lady Loudesborough’s. This was a great puzzle to me, as I had no thread of social affinity any more than I had with the Duke of Manchester. I found a very young company, and a young Lord lately come into his inheritance as the host. But his stepmother did the honors. She committed a blunder in ettiquette in going down with the Marquis of Conyngham instead of me which gave them far more annoyance than it did me. I say very quietly between two young men who were very civil. The house is princely, but the entertainment much the most meagre I have seen. After dinner, the Marquis was very profuse in his apology for taking my place, which I received in very good part. He told me that this was very much of a family party for two young ladies, one the sister of Lord Lendesboro the other his own daughter, who were cousins and who were soon to be married to two of the young men present. He was himself the elder brother of the late Lord, who had been dead little more than a year. The Dowager was a second Wife, and she had a brood of children besides. He was not aware of my position when he offered his arm to the lady. The only real man present was Sir Roderick Murchison, who came and talked to me pleasantly. But the young Lord seemed so concerned at the blunder, and he expressed so much desire to show his gratitude for the civilities shown him when in America, that he quite won my heart. We returned home at eleven.
A lowering day but it cleared. We were all much occupied in the preparation of the necessary paraphernalia to appear at the Queen’s Drawing room. The uniform was at last donned, and made me feel pretty much as a man does who is about to rush upon the stage as Sir Peter Teazle or Count Almaviva. Mrs Adams had pretty much the same labor in assuming the sable weeds presented to the ladies or the court by her Majesty. At half past one o’clock we proceeded in carriages—towit, Mrs Adams and myself in the first, Mr Wilson and Mr Moran in the second, and my son Henry in a third. We reach St James’s palace in season, and were ushered into the antroom where we found a great crowd of person in waiting. I was presented to several of the Ministry and of the Corps Diplomatique previously to the opening of the throne room. We then proceeded one by one in the order of precedence established by the rules, and made our bows to the Queen, whilst I presented Mr Wilson and my son. She did not look so well as she when I saw her before. She has nothing imposing about her, and she suffers by contrast with her husband, and the rest of the cortége which surround her. The process is brief and perfectly simple, so that there is much less of embarrassment than I expected. After we had passed through, it remained for us only to wait and see170 the process more deliberately. With the exception of Official characters almost the whole of the line consisted of women, of the different grade of nobility. Many of them were brides or persons married since the last Drawing room, others young girls just coming out into the world. These were dressed in white, constituting the only exception to the general mourning. As each of the person entered the door of the throne room her train was dropped and she swept along the circle formed by two rows of officers of the household until she came to the Queen before whom she made a profound courtesy, if young kissing her hand, and then curtseyed along the row of the Royal family until she departed down the other part of the circle. Her train was lifted for her and again placed on her arm when she sallied out of the other door. And this is all of the much courted honor. The dresses were all as handsome as money could make them, but the darkness of mourning took off all the brilliancy, ordinarily coming from colors and jewels. Here is the substance of monarchy. The throne supported by an Aristocracy imposing from its wealth, and by its association with the established ideas of the people. The main argument to recommend it is the stability which fixed notions give to a social organization. Law of some kind, commanding enough to secure unhesitating obedience. Thus far Great Britain has presented the most favorable illustration of this rule in a practical form. But it has not been without severe trials in the past, and the indications are not altogether decided as it regards the future. After the last lady had been presented, the Queen and her suite retired, and te Diplomatic corps were released. We went home and we were so fatigued as not to be of much use the rest of the day—We had declined several invitations to dinner and in the evening. But one of them I felt bound to accept. Lord Ashburton as the President of the Geographical Society had sent me two invitations. That for the 15th of May was so immediately after my landing that I overlooked the day altogether. So I made it a point to go tonight. The assemblage was slow in getting together. It consisted in a great part of men of the scientific class, and the spacious rooms were filled with microscopes and other instruments illustrating natural appearances. A very fine collection of pictures amused me until I got sleepy and drew home.171

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Diary of Charles Francis Adams, 1861

Thursday 20th London CFA AM
I conscientiously follow this kind of life in the hope that it may be of some use to me in my public service, but it is difficult to imagine how I gasp for the end of the season to restore to me some little portion of quiet. This morning I employed myself in writing and in receiving visits until half past one when I was invited to go with Mrs Adams to take luncheon with the Speaker of the House of Commons. We started in the midst of a shower of rain heavier than any I have yet seen in England, with some thunder, after which it cleared with a hot sun. Mr Denison and Lady Charlotte received us very cordially and we took a quasi luncheon, which is in fact his dinner, in their company with the single addition of Mr May, the historian of the Long Parliament, who is also one of the Officers of the House— After an hour spent in this way, the speaker took us into the House and through the library and the halls of this very splendid edifice. We then went home. We dined by invitation with Mr and Mrs Washington Jackson, of whom I know nothing, except that they are originally from Philadelphia, and that they have been living for many years in London. Apparently they are wealth, for the entertainment was among the handsomest I have seen, though there was not the apparatus of silver common in the noblemen’s houses. Of the company I knew as little as usual. On my night was a very old and talkative Dowager Lady Talbot, whist Sir William and Lady Clay and Sir Emerson Tennent were all I caught the names of. I twas however the most lively dinner I have attended. We got home rather late.

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At intervals snatched through the day yesterday I succeeded in preparing a portion of my usual despatch, but I filled up all my morning in writing private letters to go by the same mail. I send one to Mr Seward warning him of the influence which Mr Sumner’s private letters are likely to have here, and of the use he makes of Lord Lyons. I think one of the most serious causes of difference now grows out the distrust of Mr Seward, which has been inspired by some one here. After I had closed up, I went out and returned visits for a couple of hours. We dined at the house of Mr and Mrs Senior. Mr Reed, a Polish Count Tamorski, a brother of Mr Senior were all I could identify. How slowly acquaintance goes on, when you talk with people every day and on the next you cannot tell who they are. There was quite good singing afterwards. Lord and Lady Hatherton were there too. On our way, we stopped a half hour at the reception of Countess Flahaut.

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172 Saturday 22d. London CFA AM
I was much troubled with applications for presentation to the Drawing room. This is the most annoying of a
Minister’s duties. For here is the precise point at which the social system of Europe and America most conflict. I find
on recurrence to the records that Mr Dallas had already applied in behalf of certain persons, and he had received a
favorable answer, so that for this occasion at least there will be little difficulty. I wrote letters most of the morning.
The accounts from America came in today, but they only indicate an approaching storm. I think a few more days will
bring it on. The irritation against Great Britain increases every moment, and I know not precisely the way to
counteract it, so long as their own maladroit ways contribute additional fuel to the flame. In the afternoon Brooks
came home from his school, and took a long walk with me during which I purchased sunday things for him. He
seems to be tolerably content, and disposed to advance in his instruction. We went out by invitation to dinner at Mr
J S Morgan’s, the partner of the house of Mr George Peabody. We met the first American company since we have
been here, intermixed with a few English people. The entertainment very sumptuous. I put in a programme of the
musical entertainment which followed, a large addition having been made to the company, and most of them
americans either resident or transient. The singers were six swiss women, all unmarried but one, and she the best
voice of the company. There was more harmony and spirit than softness of organ in the performance. we got away
too late to go to Lady Derby’s.

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I got so much interested in reading the newspapers received from home that I missed the time for my expedition in quest of a church, which after all is an unsatisfactory proceeding. The anxiety for detains in regard to the events passing in America outstrips the material furnished, and leads to great waste of time in the search. I had a visit from Mr. Morgan in company with a member of Parliament, Mr. Moffat. The announced the sudden death of the Lord Chancellor Campbell in the course of the night. He had entertained a party to dinner and had left the parlor at one o’clock apparently well. He was made Lord Chancellor two years since at eight years of age so that he cannot be said to have been cut off in his prime. He had invited us to dine with him on Saturday next. Sir Henry Holland came in and also Sidney Brooks, the latter to announce the final sinking of poor Mr. Dehon. So I was right in my conjecture on the occasion of his visit on the 6th. His physical system broke down directly, and he is now moribund. He has been a faithful man in his line of duties, and dies prematurely from too sedulous a devotion to his business. I took a walk in the afternoon with Mary and Brooks to the Regent’s park, which on the whole I prefer to either of the others. The day was fine. The clouds of well-dressed people made the scene lively, and a band of music discoursing excerpts from Italian operas seemed to attract many auditors. Think of this on a Sunday in New England. Yet I saw no drinking booths or intoxication. Indeed, I may say that I have witnessed very little of this in the streets since I have been in London. I see much more in Boston—yet the great numbers of sherry gin shops at all prominent corners betray the tendencies unmistakably. We dined at home quietly and spent the evening. I finished Sir William’s production in the Essay and Review. It has ability and learning. Also, I began the next one on Miracles.
Fine day. Morning wasted in interruptions of all kinds. In the midst of a heavy shower of rain we went by invitation to the Speaker’s to see the opening of the day’s session of the House of Commons. We found him ready in his Wig and gown, and soon afterwards he marched from the library through the hall to the House preceded by the mace, and followed by a single bearer of his train. In these modern days and to us republicans the thing looks barely comical. We then witnessed the opening of the proceedings. The formal business is despatched very silently in about fifteen minutes. Bills are not even ready by their titles as with us, but are merely announced as read. As Mrs Adams came only to see this, and she had visits to pay we then left, and I took something of a walk on leaving the carriage. Brooks went back to school this morning. He is thirteen years old today, and one of the objects of my stroll was to find some little remembrance for him. He is a good boy as ever was, with a very fine disposition, but remarkable mental peculiarities. In the evening Mrs Adams and I went to another reception at the Countess de Flahaut’s. It was very full, and we had to wait so long to get the carriage, that we were compelled to give up going to Mr Gladstone’s.

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174 Tuesday 25th London CFA AM

Cloudy with light rain. I begin early this work to write my letter home as the later days bid fair to be interrupted. My interruptions from visits are likewise serious deductions to be foreseen. The applications at the Office for passports alone average about five a day besides all the transient and idle who came to get information. In the afternoon we went by invitation to a concert given by Miss Coutts, at which the Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter were to be. We were ushered into the same salon in which we witnessed Mr Fechter’s performance, excepting that the seats were reversed. We were ranged by degrees, but it was four o’clock before the Duchess arrived. I found not more than three or four acquaintances. The social system of the English is quite peculiar. Miss Coutts labours in entertaining, because she thinks it her bounden duty to spend her great income suitably, but her want of proclivity that way is manifest enough. Her guests are never at their ease. The music was very good. A selection of airs from different Operas, by six singers including Allvi, who looks as well as she did when in America, and Reconi, Madam Peneo, Graziani, and two or three more. I was glad to get away from the formal constraint, and go home and dine.

In the evening Mrs Adams, who excused herself from the concert, went with me to a reception at the Duke of Somerset’s at the Admiralty—and from there to the Marquis of Westminster’s, which we reached a little late. The house of the latter is well worth seeing. It is the finest I have yet found. He has a gallery of fine pictures, which we were promised the sight of in the day time. We did not get home until after one o’clock.

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174 Wednesday 26th London CFA AM

For a wonder we had not a single engagement for the day. The respects is certainly agreeable to me who have
been able properly to appreciate the advantages of this formal kind of society. I seized the opportunity to drive a
long way off to return two visits from person who brought letters to me from America. One of them, Dr Grosvenor, is
an intelligent man who has been travelling some time. I found him with his Wife and children, and spent half an hour
with them discussing american complications. The other person Dr Ardrmunux all the way down in the city I did not
find at home. The expedition consumed so much of the morning, that in point of fact it cost me the day. A good
deal of time has been consumed this week in arranging the presentations at the Drawing room tomorrow. In point of
regularity Mr Dallas had anticipated my power of nomination, as already he had filled the usual list for a drawing
room in March which had not taken place on account of the death of the Duchess of Kent. The ladies in question
claimed the nomination, and I thought it good. But there was much negotiation about the form of presentation which
was at last amicably arranged. Mr Motley and her daughter preferring the Diplomatic circle although required to
appear there in mourning, whilst the other two ladies, Mrs Cropsey the wife of the artist, and Mrs Shaffner the wife
of a Kentucky man who appears to live here preferred brilliant dresses and the general circle. At five o’clock this day
my friend Mrs Blunt sent in a letter dated the 24th, requesting to be presented, and reminding me of my offer on her
former visit. I replied by pointing out the date of her note, which if it had then been sent in would have received
consideration. But at this late date the list was closed under the court rule. So this important affair is disposed of for
one year at least. Messr Wilson and Moran, my secretaries dined with us by invitation today and spent the evening.

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A fine day. I was busy in the morning preparing my despatch for tomorrow. But I was early called off to the laborious preparation for the Drawing room. At the proper hour we all went, and the same ceremony was enacted, which I witnessed last week. The only difference was that the dresses in the general circle were all freed from the restriction as to mourning, the consequence of which was a great variety of rich colours. Mr Moran said it was observed that the Queen received me very graciously. I was not conscious of it. I presented Mrs Cropsey. The number in attendance was quite small comparatively so that we got away in half the time. The Queen has not yet recovered entirely from the shock of her mother’s death. Many appeared that she may develope at just this time of life some of the seeds of her grandfather’s malady. She has been rigid in her demands for deeper and larger mourning that has been customary, and she has manifested displeasure when her household have varied from it. These Drawing rooms have been submitted to as an unpleasant necessity, and she is to leave London as soon as is practicable next week. This will substantially break up the season. We returned home, calling on the way to see Mr and Mrs Bates. Here I found Mrs Hodgkinson, whom I knew so many years ago as Ann Hinchley. She seemed glad to recognize the acquaintance, though I should hardly have identified this as the pretty girl who used to come and see the Welshes, when I lived with them in 1818, a boy at the Latin school in Boston. Having got rid of the harness I enjoyed a quiet dinner at home. In the evening we went for a short time to a great ball at Devonshire House. The house is very showy, and the crowd was prodigious. I find a few acquaintances, especially in the Corps Diplomatique. The contrast between the interior and the exterior of houses in London is striking. I have passed by this edifice in Piccadilly many times, and always with an impression that it was some public warehouse or barrack or other. Yet on stepping within the court, a palace opens to the view. The master seems old and ill suited to the duty of a host. I find very few of the nobility who received with dignity and grace.
176 Friday 28th London CFA AM
Morning very busy in writing letters for the Mail. I finished one to Mr Dana, and one to my son John. Yesterday Lord John Russell at the Drawing room asked me to call and she see him today at a quarter before twelve. I had myself written him requesting an interview, which he had not heard of. So I want to his house. My object was two fold. First, to express the thanks of the government for the mode of my reception and conference. Secondly, to disavow the authority of some reports of my despatches which are found in the American newspaper. He seemed disposed to receive both in good part, and we went on in a general way conversing upon the different questions at issue quite sociably. It now seems to me as if we were going upon smooth water again. But Congress meets soon and nobody can tell what complications their rashness may plunge us into. I was there only three quarters of an hour, and then returned to make up a report of the conversation with which to close my despatch. In the evening we were once more dressed up in our finery and went to Buckingham Palace to attend a musical concert. The Hall contained about six hundred person. The Queen did not attend, but went instead to spend the night at Richmond. Prince Albert, the prince and princess Royal of Prussia, the princess Alice and her brother, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the princess Mary represented the succession. All the music was religious. Some it was very good but it was felt to be heavy. The absence of the Queen shadowed every thing. In the interval in the programme the corps Diplomatique followed the Court into the supper room. Here Mrs Adams and I were presented to the Princess of Prussia, the eldest daughter of the Queen. She talked the usual formula of such persons. Prince Albert also came and spoke to me in what is called a gracious manner. I felt awkward in my harness which is stiff and uncomfortable. The concert was finished at a little after midnight, but the delay of carriages was such we did not get home until half past one. Very cheerfully did I lay down the masquerade habit, I hope for some time.

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We were invited this morning to breakfast. Mr Munckton Milnes had Mr and Mrs Grote, his sister Lady Galway, Lord Elgin, Mr Du chaillu, Mrs and Miss Motley, Mr Baxter and one or two other members of Parliament, and a young Mr Gaskill— There were others whom I did not catch. The company rather crowded the table, but it was the pleasantest and least formal mean we have had. It lasted until noon. Thence home. But at five we started again to an afternoon party at Fulham, the seat of the Bishop of London. It is about three miles fro my house, and yet may be said to be in London. The day was cloudy and chilly so that it was not quite so pleasant as it might have been under a sunny sky. The seat is very old, though the buildings are comparatively modern. The lawn was charmingly attractive. I know but few of the company. We returned to dinner, and remained at home in the evening.
178 Sunday 30th London CFA AM
Thick, smoky morning. I went out in quest of a church, and finally, after failing in an attempt to get into one, by reason of the crowd, succeeded in another which proved to be a Scots church of the simplest form. The worshippers were not numerous and all of the shopkeeping class were evidently scotch. The style of the preacher was plain, but it was earnest and taking. It addressed itself directly to the hearers and certainly fixed their attention. I take more pleasure in listening to such a man, than in all of the paraphernalia of the English church. I went on my return home to return a visit to Mr Moffat, and this led me a long rumble into narrow streets which showed me new varieties of London life. Afterwards I took a walk with my daughter Mary, and in the evening, read more of the Essay and reviews.
178 Monday, July 1st

London CFA AM

My morning was spent in my own accounts, and in preparing my regular report for the quarter to the government. I had some visitors two who consumed a little time. At four Mrs Adams and I went with Henry and Mary to Grosvenor House, where we were admitted by a card sent to us, a sight of this gallery of pictures of the Marquis of Westminster. We had seen them cursorily and imperfectly the other evening so as to get not real idea of them. The gave me the first real idea I ever had of the power of the old artists. Some portraits of Rembrandt, a couple of Salvator, a couple of Hobbema, several Claudes, one or two of Rubens, and many more than I cannot recall fascinated my attention. Indeed I may say that there is an unusually small gathering of bad pictures. The house is filled besides with a great many articles of curiosity and value. The Marquis is reported to be the richest nobleman in Great Britain. His income is guessed at (for nobody knows) at a thousand pounds a day. But he has nowhere so rich a treasure as is found in the picture gallery which comes to him as an inheritance from his father, like the rest of his wealth. He does not look to me remarkable in any sense. We spent a couple hours there and came away reluctantly. Evening spent in quiet at home.

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My morning much taken up with accounts. But at last I made a desperate effort to break away in order to get a sight of the pictures in the gallery of the exhibition of modern artists. I spent about three hours during which time I had opportunity to glance over the whole. A certain class of merit is obvious enough. But is of a rather mechanical sort. The thought is a little monotonous and commonplace. A great effort to paint pretty faces both of men and women in rather pretty coloured dresses, doing a variety of common acts on a very ground is the most marked characteristic. At the same there are fine exceptions. There is a striking piece by Amstel of a couple of negro slaves attacked by hounds, the defect of which is that neither the man nor the woman looks sufficiently impressed by the sense of personal danger. I returned home, in season to accompany Mrs Adams to a reception at Lady Llanover’s. I did not find a soul that I knew. This is one of the peculiarities of London society that you may stand anywhere in this way, and nobody will ever think of addressing you. Luckily you can get away after showing yourself. I walked from here to Thomas’s Hotel to see Sidney Brooks and his Wife and spend an hour with them. Then home to dine by invitation with Colonel Wilson Patten. I et here Lord and Lady Stanhope, a Lord Churston and his Wife, Count Zamoyski but not the same I saw at Mr Senior’s, and some others whom I did not ascertain. I sat between my host’s daughters who told me that their father had represented Lancashire for nearly thirty years together. He seems to be a sensible, practical man. The dinner was much after the customary pattern and we got at about eleven o’clock.


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179 Wednesday 3d. London CFA AM
I had a visit from Sidney Broooks who wanted to talk politics. But it is a process that requires some caution, as he has been heretofore among the most misled into slaveholding proclivities. I also had a confidential conversation with a Mr John Norris who came to tell me of a certain Dr Holland, an agent here of the southern insurgents, and of certain disclosures of plans and connections made by him. It would appear that the government were on the scent and stopped him, but he had managed to elude discovery with the aid of a woman who concealed his papers in her bosom. He also disclosed his affiliations in New York, which matter I shall communicate to the Secretary of State. This man boasts of sending forward guns through Texas, and of the perfect acquaintance of Jefferson Davis and his clan with all that is done at Washington through the traitors left there, all of which must be taken with grains of allowance. It is not easy at once to purify a building which has been occupied and defiled for thirty and forty years. I suppose that there are still number of disaffected in the government offices. I was busy on my accounts which I put at last into pretty good order, although I foresee the difficulty in keeping them which will spring from the different forms of currency. I took a long walk with my daughter Mary in Kensington gardens. Dined by invitation with the count and Countess de Flahaut, the Minister of France at this court. He has long been married to an English lady or rather a Scotch one, and may be considered as almost domesticated here. He does not live at the Legation, which is here at Albert Gate, where the receptions have taken place, but at his Wife’s residence in Piccadilly were we went to dine. The company consisted of Lord Granville, Lady William Russell, Baron Bentinck, Countess Platen, Sir Charles and Lady Wood, Mr and Mrs Marjoribanks, Mr Arthur Russell and perhaps others. A very handsome entertainment. I was not particularly well placed, but fared very well. Home at eleven.
A cloudy anniversary in more senses than one. On Tuesday I received an invitation to attend a breakfast arranged by several American in this city as a celebration, but I had some time since accepted an invitation to go to Harrow, and therefore I sent an excuse. I was not sorry for it as I have profound distrust of the judgment of the floating American population in Europe. Many of them are mere adventurers, who always push themselves into the greatest prominence, to the exclusion of more worthy but more modest citizens. I went to Harrow in the cars from the North Western Railway Station, walking from the place of arrival about two miles to the site of the school on the hill. At the door of the head master’s house I met the archbishop of York who greatly aided me in getting to my place in the hall. There was little method or order in the crowd jostling to get in, and when that is the case my chance is not great. In the centre of an ancient and narrow hall was a table around which were placed a row of about a dozen seats reserved for the invited guests. Here I found Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Lord Wensleydale whom I knew, and others whom I did not know. Directly in front of this table was a small circle of young men, and a small platform between, on which they were to recite the parts assigned them. Upon the table were the books and medals to be assigned to the respective youths as prizes. The exercises were generally good without being remarkably well delivered. Some of the prize essays were printed in a volume which was distributed, as only passages were read or delivered memoriter. One or two of them are very creditable. The most distinguished is Mr Ridley who took six prizes, a great cause of honest pride in Lord and Lady Wensleydale, the grandparents. At the close there was delay and confusion in the midst of which we were jostled into a straggling procession in the rain, and made our way to a place where the corner stone of a new library was to be laid by Lord Palmerston. In America we manage all the detail much better. Head master Butler presented a silver trowel to his Lordship, and he then made a speech after his fashion. The manner and matter would scarcely have passed muster with us; but it was immensely cheered. We were then ushered into the new chapel which is neat and pretty gothic. From thence the company went to lunch at Mr Butler’s, but the delay had been such I was obliged to leave in order to reach the return train. I walked down and got back to my house at half past five—I had a quiet evening—And thus passed the day.
181 Friday 5th London CFA AM
This being my despatch day I was engaged pretty industriously during the morning. But I had less material than at any time since I came here. We have subsided into calm, and I receive the most earnest assurances that all the people are friendly to the government at home. I believe the people who make them are sincere, but I am not so blind as to be unable to see that John Bull is disposed to his customary self-sufficiency and "morgue", the very first moment that he thinks he can indulge it at the expense of his neighbours. At four I want in the carriage to see Mr Du chaillu's stuffed specimen of his gorilla, that he shot. There were many persons present. The beast is certainly a formidable one, but I see not much of the talked of similarity to the human race. He is but a strong monkey. I called to see Mr Hergkinson and his Wife, and spent182 half an hour in conversation with them, after which I called to see Sidney Brooks and his Wife, who return to France tomorrow morning. Mrs Adams and I dined with Sir Thomas and Lady Cochrane. Another wholly new company consisting for the most part of Scotch peers. The most interesting of them was Lord Clyde, the hero of India, whom I had not met with before. Lord Belham and his Wife, Lord and Lady Camperdown, Lord Cranston, Lord Randolph, Lady Camerys and some others I did not know. Again a wholly new and strange company. Even of the corps Diplomatique there were three of whom I had seen nothing. M d'Azeglio the Sardinian addressed me, for a wonder, without an introduction. We left here to passed few moments at Mr Gladstone's reception. Quite a large company, among which I found some acquaintance, and made some. Home at midnight. I saw the comet clearly.
Cloudy and threatening with heavy rain at night. My morning was passed in a good measure in reading the volume of Diary which Mr Senior has been so polite as to send me. It is purely a record of conversations held with leading men in France, at he various visits he made to their Estates in the country, last Sumner. As a transcript of the feelings prevailing in a certain class it is valuable, but that class consists mainly of the malcontents, enemies of the reigning Emperor. I think I understand a little more of the actual state of Europe, but that is not very encouraging. Some comments of M Guiot upon the policy of Great Britain, and the direction of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, struck me as singularly felicitous. Mr Senior himself passes them without a word of remark. I walked with my daughter Mary and son Brooks who came in from school to spend the Sunday, in Kensington Gardens. Mrs Adams and I dined with Mr and Mrs Milnes Gaskell. Another wholly new company of whom I knew only Lord Glenelg who was presented to me. Our host is a member of Parliament and his Wife has been much acquainted with Mr Everett, to which I own some of their civility, I suppose. The carriage came so late that we could not go to Lady Derby's, which I much regretted.
A showery day. I found a church today being that called St Martin’s in the fields. It is an edifice in the style of a century and a half ago, quite imposing, and much more to my taste as a place of worship than the dingy Gothic. The attendance was large as it has been in every one of the established churches I have seen. The sermon was on charity, being apropos to aid to be given to the Lock Hospital, and was much like all the others I have heard. I am much led to notice the apparent sincerity and earnestness of the devotion in the other parts of the service, which seems to constitute the worship of this denomination. The discourse always like superfluity. After chem I took a walk with my son Brooks as far as London Bridge, which we crossed in order to look at the scene of a great fire on the Surrey side, which is said to be the most serious since the great fire of London. The space devastated is estimated at three acres, but I could not judge of it, as the front on the river is narrow, and we were shut out on the street side, where it only reached a single building, by the authorities. The engines were still busying playing upon it thought it week or ten days since. The cause of this is that prodigious quantities of tallow were stored in the warehouses, which has melted and run into the cellars where it continues to burn. The fire is also memorable for the loss of the head of the fire department who was crushed by the sudden fall of a wall. London Bridge on a Sunday gives some notion of the population of a great city. We came up in a little ferry Steamer which plies from the bridge all the way to Lambeth, but we stopped at Westminster and walked home. The view on the rive is not attractive. Indeed I know not in this city any idea except solidity, which impresses itself favourably from the sight of any part of it. The coal smoke destroys all the really fine buildings. Of these I saw but three on the river, St Paul’s, Somerset House, and the Parliament houses. We were caught in one or two showers. Quiet evening at home.
The season of gaiety is drawing to a close, and I confess I am glad of it. A sense of duty has led me thus far to accept cheerfully all the disagreeables of society. It is putting a great deal of constraint upon my own nature which is reserved, and little calculated to push forward with any advances. Hence the prospect of being released from the labor be it only for a time is a relief. This day was passed very quietly. I wrote a letter to my Dr Palfrey, which has been delayed too long. I likewise finished the Manuscript volume of Mr Senior, which has been interesting throughout. I shall solicit for more. In the evening I went down to a reception in the evening at the Exhibition of old pictures at the British Institution. This is open every day to all comers who buy tickets, but at night it is accessible only by cards of invitation issued by one of the Trustees. Lord Stanhope had sent me one admitting me on one of the four last Monday evenings, so I selected this night. On the card it was stated that evening dress was expected. I found the rooms full of ladies and gentlemen, none of whom I knew excepting Mr and Mrs Russell Sturgis. The collection is a very interesting one, on account of the number of portraits by Van Dyke, and the assemblage of works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, contributed for the occasion by the different owners. There are many other good pictures, but these are the best. I had barely time to go over the whole cursorily before the close of the reception. I promise myself another view before long.

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Variable weather. I was somewhat taken up by visits. People come here daily from the United States, and wish to see me during the best part of my day. This array with all power to keep up with my duties. I must prepare my letters home early in the week or I find myself so pressed by despatches in the latter part as to be driven to omit them. Today I went out with Mrs Adams to pay some visits, and getting out a Manrigy’s Hotel in Regent Street I walked up through Regent and Oxford Streets to find Cork Street and the Burlington Hotel. I succeeded after some wandering in reaching it and visiting Mr B F Crowninshield and his daughter who are stopping there. He seems to be in better spirits than before he left here. He says the accounts about business are better. On the other hand I do not construe my despatches so favorably. The secretary grows more and more indignant with the proceedings of the two powers. And not altogether without cause. I shall have as much as I can do to keep things smooth here. We dined today by invitation with Lord and Lady Lyndhurst. Very much of a Tory company. Lord Malmsbury, Mr d’Israel and his Wife, Lord Elgin and Mr Walpole, the same gentleman I met at Mr Munckton Milnes’s but is not in the government as I had supposed. He has been a member, but when the other side was in. Lord Stanley and Miss Lyndhurst made up the company. Lord Ellenborough accepted but failed to come. The dinner was small but lively. The tone was however unmistakeably conservative or tory. Lord Elgin was the exception. They are more bitter than I supposed. The old Lord was sarcastic about the grant to Lord Bruegham of the remission of his title over to his second brother, and the payment of the cost of his patent by government. Some bits also at Mr Edward Ellice who has had a road made through his extensive estate in Scotland at the public cost. They said he always disapproved of the measures of the ministry and as certainly voted for them. Lord Malmsbury rather pleased me. He may be the Foreign Secretary again before long. We left here and stopped a few minutes at Mrs Darby Griffith’s. A small house very crowded. There were singers, but we left after one song.

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A rather quiet morning. I had visits from two Americans Mr John S Dwight and Mr George Bemis who talked much of our affairs. They have been in Europe some time. The latter spent the winter in Rome and in Paris and gave a good account of the state of feeling during the period as alternating according to the accounts from home. I went out with Mary who has caught a very bad cold which makes me anxious about her. She suffers a little from her solitude which is almost as complete as if she were in the wilds of America. This being the day fixed to celebrate the birthday of the Queen, I must in full dress to dine by invitation with Lord John Russell, at the Official residence in Downing Street. The company consisted of the Diplomatic corps, and a few additional gentlemen. I sat between Mr Bills and General Duprey, the Minster from Hayti, He is a colored man, but so slightly as not to be noticeable. Quite intelligent. As his government has never been recognized by us I treat him only as an acquaintance, but I endeavored to be civil to him. I asked him how the Dominican matter stood now. He said that Hayti could make no effective resistance to Spain, and as the manifest tendency of things was to draw the United States closer to France, Great Britain, very naturally reluncted at any act which might tend to alienate Spain from herself. I intimated that we had entered a protest, which apparently he did not know. He asked me if he could get a copy. I said I was not at liberty to give him one. The dinner was formal and dull. Two sentiments were drunk standing, “Her Majesty,” proposed by Count de Flahaut, and “the friends and allies of her Majesty,” proposed by John Russell. After dinner I renewed my acquaintance with Mr Addington, who was at Washington a great many years ago when my father was Secretary of State. As I returned home I saw several houses illuminated in honor of the Queen, the most brilliant of which was Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington.
11 July 1861

186 Thursday 11th London CFA AM
I was busy much of the morning in writing my dispatch for the week. It has been made longer than usual by the necessity of enlarging upon the case of two vessels which have come here from New Orleans under papers issued by the insurgents, the owner of which now wishes to cover them with the Authority of the United States, so as to send them a northern port. Something of this kind is occurring about every day, I also made up my mind to send a formal letter to Lord John Russell proposing a negotiation on the subject, which renders it impossible to trust the thing longer to conversation. The whole conduct of the Administration here is inexplicable to me. I do not suspect them of absolute doubledealing, but their practice works pretty much to the same effect. I took another walk with Mary. In the evening, by invitation I went with my family and Mrs Motley’s to witness the performance of Christy’s Minstrels. They had been anxious to show some respect to the flag and to its representation here, and had therefore asked me to fix a night to visit their place. A box had been prepared with flags of the United States, bouquets were placed in it with the flowers arranged in colors to represented the stripes and stars and the bills were varigated after the same fashion. The house was full, and they sang with great spirit. The compliment was very pretty and we expressed our acknowledgments.187

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12 July 1861  

Very uncertain, showery weather. At night it rained quite hard. I continued my labours in writing letters home. One to my son John, one to Mr Everett and one to Mr Silliman who has sent me hundreds of copies of a republication of Mr Webster’s speech to correct the notions here. The attempt is idle. An Englishman never wants to consider the interests of any country excepting as they are incidental to those of his own. I had a visit from Sir W Gore Ouseley whom I remember in America as attached to Sir Charles Vaughn’s legation. He married Miss Van Ness and therefore knows something of the country. But he admitted today the profound ignorance of most of his countrymen. I took something of a walk looking at the shops. They fail in taste in every thing, here, but it is impossible not to notice the great wealth which is crowded into every corner. We dined today with Lord and Lady Wensleydale. A small but choice company. Mr Palmer, the new Solicitor general, Mr Edward Ellice, Mr and Mrs Rèen, Mr and Mrs Law, the bishop of London and his Wife, and two or three more. After dinner, there was company as usual. I like this society very well. It is easier and more pleasant. We left at half past eleven.
Another showery day. I had intended to devote the morning to the gallery of the South Kensington Museum. But first I had an engagement with my children to talk French with their teacher Madame Verdure, in order to get back my facility which I have entirely lost. Then came one or two calls at the legation, so that I was detained until a note from Lord John Russell arrived requesting a conference at three, and that finished the project. I made my first visit to the office in Downing Street. There was a conflict of recollection against to our former conference which surprised me. His Lordship actually wrote Lord Lyons that I had suggested the transfer of the negotiation about the Declaration of Paris to Washington. On the contrary I was the first to mention the subject and to place the choice of negotiation upon him, and he then suggested that he had placed it in the hands of Lord Lyons. Be that as it may, as I had now renewed the proposal in writing and as he had accepted it, I prefaced by showing him the power to negotiate and then the copy of a project which is nothing more nor less than the Declaration of Paris. At this he professed great surprise. He said that he had never understood the government to be willing to accept the first article before. I replied the government desired the extension of it which had been first proposed by Mr Marcy, but that understanding it not to be acceded to they would adopt it as it stands. His Lordship admitted that such was the fact. He would take the present proposal with him and submit to the cabinet. The singular divirgency of recollection as to facts teaches me the necessity of acting on paper. That I cannot be mistaken in my view of the original conversation must be obvious from it's very nature. The conference was not upon that subject, but on a very different one. Lord John was not likely to introduce it because he had already sent instructions to Lord Lyons to discuss it at Washington. On the other hand, it was my duty to introduce it, under special instructions from Washington. The proposition therefore to leave it to be discussed there if coming from me would have been directly against my orders, whilst it naturally came from him, and in that way was properly acquiesced in by me. The fact that I did introduce it at the close of our discussion, and the precise mode in which I did os, being rather tentative, and suggesting another conference for that object are as clearly and strongly within my recollection as the fact that I went to Richmond on the 18th of May. Yet his Lordship has turned it all round and made me the proposer of the reference. This indicates either gross inattention or a little double dealing. In either case, it must hereafter be equally guarded against. After some desultory conversation, the whole time being only twenty five minutes, I left him with the understanding that he would let me know when he should be ready to proceed. I then returned home, and afterwards took a walk. Mr F B Crowninshield and his daughter dined with us, after which we went for a few minutes to Lady Palmerston's reception.
Sunday 14th
London CFA AM

I went out once more on a voyage of discovery, and after a long walk settled into the church of St Mary le Strand. Here is assembled evidently a very small congregation, so there were not more than fifty pews. In the centre were free seats for the poor and for children. The people looked like substantial persons of the middle class. The clergyman read the service, and the charity school children sang the responses. The sermon was upon charity. Giving better than receiving. 20 Acts 35. Crisp, short sentences of common place. The architecture of the interior is simple and cheerful. I like everything for Christian services better than the Gothic. There was a collection for the charity schools. Afterwards I rambled away until I found myself as far north as Euston Square, so that I did not reach home for an hour and a half. I worked hard to make up the arrears of my Diary. Visits from Mr and Mrs Sturgis and afterwards from Mr Bates. All very kind and gracious.
### 15 July 1861

189 Monday 15th London CFA AM

I think this was the finest day I have yet seen. The air was clear and soft after a fresh morning shower. I was busy at home until noon when I sallied out in desperation to the South Kensington museum to see the collection of modern British painters. It is so large as to make it difficult even to glance through them. Here is the series of Hogarth’s pictures of Marriage a la Mode. Also Copley’s picture of the death of Chatham. Also several of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Milson and of Gainsborough. But it seems to me that Constable has seized more of the character of English landscape than any other artist. Landseer is skilful in animals. Leslie in English life— There are a great many pictures of Turner which seem to furnish an example of the progress of extravagance. He played with colour until he conceived his incenses when he was in his last stage to depend upon prodigality of White, and gaudy and flaming reds. Some of Turner’s pictures in his second stage are very good. Those in the first are copied from Claude. It has been the fashion to exalt Turner of late years far beyond his deserts. On the whole the collection is valuable and suggestive. Three hours fatigued me and I went home to find my weekly despatches had arrived, and letters from my sons which absorbed me completely. The news is favorable so far as it goes. I think present difficulties with Great Britain are smoothed. I dined today with Mr Edward Ellice and a small company. Mr Greville, Count Flahaut, Mr d’Azeglio, the Marquis of Landsdowne, Mr Waddington, Mr Panizzi, the head of the British Museum, and M Merimée. Lord Lyndhurst was to have been there but could not come. Some tack about the Ministry. Lord Herbert is failing in health and must soon resign. Lord John Russell is announced as about to go up to the House of Lords. It is 190 by no means clear who the successors are to be, and yet the necessity of getting strength in the House of commons grows more palpable daily. The decline of influence is visible in the fact that the ministers are left in a minority three times in four. Yet it is equally clear that the conservatives are in no condition to take Office. The truth is that the reform of the rotten borough system has changed the nature of government, by introducing an independent, popular element which neither of the old aristocratic combinations can command. We shall see more of this as time goes on. Mr Ellice is one of the managing members of the old Whig connection, who has grown rather tired of politics and yet knows not how t live out of the beaten track. From here, Mrs Adams called and took me tot he Marquis of Landsdowne’s where there was a concert. Quite crowded. Some good singing from Mario and Madam Grisi, but we left before it was over.

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15 July 1861

Showery day. The decline of the season is now visible in the cortège in Rotten row, and the evening drive in the Park. Our engagements likewise are almost at an end. This was a perfectly private day. I wrote a long letter to my son Charles, and paid a visit to Mr. Charles Lyman who is still detained by his condition from returning home. I greatly doubt whether he ever gets there. His appearance during the two months since I arrived indicates steady decline. I then took a walk. The evening passed at home.
190 Wednesday 17th London CFA AM
A fine day, but little interrupted. Very busy in writing up all the arrears of my Diary, and in examining a question of the law of nations, which is likely to be agitated between the two countries. I then took a long walk to return some visits paid to me. The distances are so great as to make this duty very laborious. I walked home through Oxford Street and the park to Kensington and then across to this side. In the evening, a visit from Mr Pike, sent as a minister to the Hague, but who seems to regard his mission as a privilege to amuse himself. I must acknowledge that this experience rather convinces me of the expediency of abolishing several of these missions. Mr Sanford lives in Paris, though sent to Belgium, Mr Burlingame has been nearly three months to Paris, though sent to Chine, and here is Mr Pike who has been to the Hague, and now come over to divert himself here. Singular notions of duty.
191 Saturday 18th London CFA AM
Cloudy and variable. Morning employed in preparing despatches as usual this day. I find the business increasing rather than diminishing. After luncheon I went with my daughter, Mary, to see the gallery of ancient masters again. This time I pretty much fixed my relative ideas. A portrait by Rembrandt impressed itself much more strongly than before. Then the Van Dykes and Rubens’s portrait of his Wife. Next a landscape by Hobbema, and Reynolds’s picture of the infant Duchess of Gloucester. A single Claude completes the list. There are many other good ones but I want more time to study them. We dined by invitation at Mr Reeve’s. Rather a select company, Mr Van de Weyer and his daughter, Lord Kingsdown, Mr Ryan, Madame de Buri, Mr Seuier and his daughter, Mr Chevalier and M Hervé de Kergolay. One person, Lord Moncrieff missed. This is very much more of an attractive circle, which seems to me as empty as it is everywhere else in the world. We returned home at eleven, thus closing what I suppose is the last dinner of the season.
191 Friday 19th London CFA AM

Cloudy and dark with rain at night. A very busy day, in drawing up despatches, and writing letters. A visit from Mr Pike and Mr Wright, former minister to Berlin. The former talked with me respecting the first point of the Declaration of Paris in 1856. He seems much averse to it. he says that he wrote to Mr Fessenden about it, and that he had written back that he was opposed to it and he though it would scarcely pass the Senate. I told him that any such position on the part of the Senate would be much to be regretted, as I should regard it a retrograde movement in the policy of the country. Mr Marcy had taken the first step backward, and Mr Buchanan had followed with the second. On the other hand the policy had been originated by Dr Franklin, and more than thirty years ago my father had inspired new vigor into it. The duty of the new Administration was to change all this. At any rate I had no alternative. Mr Sanford had made himself very busy in opposing the instructions of the Department, and I supposed that he had induced Mr Dayton to vary its terms. I could not go so far. Circumstances of a purely accidental nature had prevented me from making the proposal at first. These had now been removed and I had executed my orders. I thought them served in principle, and that the 192 party coming in on the basis of liberal ideas would commit itself very badly, if it should turn its back on them. Mr Pike is one of the progeny of the New York Tribune, and has doubtless imbibed the views of that school against Mr Seward. Mr Wright is a democrat, who goes home to reestablish himself on the pure Union issue. He has all the Western characteristics. We dined quietly at home, but went out at ten o’clock to a Concert at Lord Ashburton’s. It was much too full for the size of the concert room. Some of the singing was good, especially the cavatina from the Elisir d’Amore and the pastorale by Mario. But we were obliged to take leave in order to go down and shew ourselves at a grand ball at Baron Brunnow’s. It was very showery but we left at midnight, and thus ended the last week of gaiety.
192 Saturday 20th Brighton CFA AM

The course taken by Lord John Russell in refusing to negotiation excepting in concurrence with a simultaneous proceeding at Paris has had the effect of throwing all the responsibility upon Mr Dayton. I am therefore quite at leisure for a day or two, so I decided to go with my Wife on an excursion to Brighton to meet her brother Edward who is there with his Wife. We left at noon, talking Mary with us, and arrived at a little before three at the Bedford House which faces the parade. The face of the country is green enough, but there was more of waste land than I expected, and the crops looked as if the soil was thin. Our friends received us cordially and me the more that I was not expected. Edward took a walk with Mary and myself to see the town which is a curious agglomeration of houses ranged in very streets and without any method. The best row faces the sea, along with a street and a walk has been constructed. In the days of George the 4th and William it was the resort of the fashion which in this country always follows the sovereign. But now the strange freak of architectural eccentricity called the Pavilion which was built for George has been deserted by Victoria, and the place suffers, as well as the edifice. We went to look at it, and wondered at the taste of the monarch who could put himself into such a box much more than at her who deserted it. Yet there is a season from the 1st of September to Christmas, when some of the crows who leave London console themselves with a clean breeze from salt water. I confess that gave me a good deal of pleasure to see a town that was not black with soot, and inhale an atmosphere with no perceptible smell of coal smoke. We made one party at dinner and spent the evening in conversation upon politics. Edward Brooks is both earnest and true, and many of impressions are very just. His views of English politics are in the main correct; but they are not particularly favorable.

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Saturday 20th
20 July 1861

Morning rain with a warm southerly mist from the water, but it cleared at night. I sallied out in quest of a Church. The first to which I directed was closed. The next was so full I could not get in, and in the third which they called St Paul’s I barely succeeded in getting a seat. This peculiarity of churches thronged is not then confined to London. The sermon was on the Text, Mt he that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall get into Heaven. Though not extraordinary in ability, it was prepared in a much more catholic and generous spirits than usual in my experience. The worshippers seemed to be from the middle classes, earnest and devout, I think it was not so when I was a boy. On my return I found Messr Wilson and Moran were paying us a visit. They also have come down here to pass Sunday. After they left, w all took an open carriage and drove out about six miles to a place called the Dyke. It is a ridge of high land encircling about a long level of live and rich country. The view is said to be over forty miles in extent. Here we heard the sky lark singing their beautiful carol to the heavens. The not greatly resembles that of our Bob’o Lincoln except that it was more varied and extended. The wind blew quite fresh and the air was so chilly we were glad to return. Edward and I with Mary got out and walked the last two miles— The scene on the parade was rather lively and pleasant, crowds of loungers, in and out of vehicles. Quiet evening in conversation.
194 Monday 22d London CFA AM
I left Mrs Adams and Mary to stay at Brighton or to go on with the Brookses as they might agree until the latter part of the week, and returned to London in the quick train which got me home before twelve o’clock. I had a leisure day. I went out and returned several visits to the batch of travelling diplomats, and at home read more of the Lord Stanhope’s Life of Pitt. On the whole, the most of a day of repose I have enjoyed since I have been in London. My son Henry and I the only residents. I now being to long for my settled dwelling. I called on Mr Smith, the house broker to know when I was to have it. He promises it one week from this day.
194 Tuesday 23d London CFA AM
Variable with sunshine and rain. The morning was given up to the reception and perusal of the American mails. I received letters from my sons, cheering so far as they go. But the general impression obtained from the terrible struggle going on is in the highest degree painful. Whilst I have a good deal of confidence in the discretion and judgment of the people I cannot disguise from myself the character of some of the movement and its tendencies. At three I went out in the carriage, and paid visits to Mr Randolph Clay, to Msr Sanford, and to General Webb. More diplomats settling the affairs of the country here. In the evening I received a letter from Mr Dayton, announcing his arrival here and his desire to see me tomorrow morning. I assigned ten o'clock. In the evening, I went with my son Henry to a ball at the Countess of Harrington. rather thin, and a great disproportion of young ladies. The season is evidently over. I knew scarcely any body and came home soon.
194 Wednesday 24th London CFA AM

Cloudy with showers. Mr Dayton came to see me at the time appointed, and we had a frank conversatino and interchange of opinion respecting the question of the Paris Declaration. We compared our respective instructions and the action taken upon them. He confessed a reluctance to the measure, and he saw less and less need of it since the action of the different Powers excluding the privateers. He at least desired the interpretation of Mr Marcy’s amendment. Neither did the French Minister’s answer preclude all hope of obtaining 195 it. It merely declined to act until the other powers could be consulted. I told him what I had done, under the repeated injunctions I had received, and with the information give me by Lord John Russell that the Marcy proposition was not admissible. He admitted that I had no alternative; but as to himself he should desire position evidence of such action of the British government to base any action of his upon. In view of my experience of his Lordship, I admitted the justice of the condition. He said he would write me an answer to my letter as soon as he got back, which he thought would be tomorrow. I drove out with Henry in the carriage to Twickenham, it being the close of Brooks’s term of school at Mr Scalé’s. A pretty ride through the day was not very cheering. There were no exercises. About a dozen of the parents of the boys with some children of both sexes came on the same errand that I did. We were ushered into a room where much the arrangement was made that I saw at Harrow. There was a table covered with books, the prizes to be distributed for various kinds of proficiency. The parents were seated in the row fronting the table, and the boys filled the back benches. As Mr Scalé announced each prize, the recipient came forward to received it. Brooks got a prize for history which I should have thought to be the favor of the teacher, if he had not been in competition with one of the best proficients of his age in the school, who took prizes in several other branches. Mr Scalé spoke very well of Brooks in many respects, but commented on his backwardness against which I had nothing to say. Brooks is very intelligent, but his faculty of application has never been well developed. I hope that this systematic teaching may correct the difficulty. At half past four, we returned with Brooks and his things for the vacation. The rest of the day and evening spent quietly at home.

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195 Thursday 25th London CFA AM
It rains every day more or less. I began upon despatches which kept me busy all day. Mr Dayton came in and brought a letter which he had written here. He consents to go on with the negotiation at Paris, provided I can give him satisfactory evidence of the refusal of the British government to adopt the amendment. I agreed to draw up a letter to Lord John Russell which should recapitulate our conversation in such a manner as to commit the Government of Lord John Russell does not contradict it. Mr Dayton and I then had a free conversation on other matters between us. Col Fremont’s application for arms—the course of Messrs Clay and Burlingame, &c &c. In the midst of it Mr and W E Forster came in, and asked me whether there was any thing in Parliament that he could do to aid us. I said I thought not. I now saw no difficulty between the two countries, excepting such as might grow out of the blockade. It was easy to pick a quarrel there if there was any disposition so to do. And I was afraid there was some tendency on both sides. I commented on the temper of the newspapers here, as well as those at home. He apologized as well as he could. But there is no disguising the earnestness of the feeling in favor of a division of the Union. Mr Forster invited me to see him in Yorkshire if I came in that direction, this autumn. He is the best friend I have met with, I might say the only real one. I had time only for a short walk towards evening.

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Having got my despatches done, the next thing is to complete my private letters. I wrote to my son John, at length, and to other persons briefly. Mrs Adams and Mary got home today at three, having enjoyed themselves much in the thin trip through Southampton, Portsmouth, Chichester, Winchester and Salisbury. They have also lured Edward Brooks and his Wife down to London with them. In the evening I went to Thomas’s Hotel to see them, and remained until near eleven.

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A heavy thunder shower. The drops looked like American rain. I left the office early for the purpose of making another visit to the South Kensington Museum. I did this for the reason that my proposed change to Mansfield Street next week will remove me from that point so much as to affect my opportunities of reaching it. I spent several hours in examining the collections of art which are extensive and curious. The antiquities in wood carving, and in iron, the collections of pottery, and glass, the curiosities in ivory and the forms of embroidery were all interesting. The great difficulty is in the multiplicity of the specimens which confuse the attention and fatigue the mind. When I got home near three o'clock I found that I had been wanted by Mr Forster, who was made anxious by the news of a projected measure of shutting up the ports of the Southern States, and a Cabinet council on the subject. He wanted assurances from me that I could not give him. So perhaps it is as well that I did not see him. Mr Sanford dropped in and questioned one about the negotiation on the privateer question. I parried it as well as I could until the introduction of another visitor cut the matter short. This visitor was named Alison. He had asked an interview of me, and I had granted it supposing him to be the historian Sir Archibald Alison. His signature singularly favored the delusion. It turned out to be Mr Alexander Alison with projects for settling the difficulties in America. He is a mild enthusiast with schemes for changing the condition of nations in an hour. Without a particle of knowledge of the United States, he gravely proposes to reform American Institutions by establishing a national church, by inaugurating a Monarch, and by obliterating the State distinctions. And on such topics he draws Mr Cassius M Clay into public discussion, and invites me to be the organ of communication with the President of the United States. I could not help cross-questioning him in such a manner as to show him his own ignorance of the nature of the task he was undertaking. I fancy he will not trouble me again. The people of the United States may undergo many transformations in course of time, but the very latest of them will be such a process of centralization as this. In the evening I went up and spent an hour with Edward Brooks and his Wife. On my return home I found the bag by the Steamer Persia just arrived, and was immediately absorbed in the contents.
197 Sunday 28th. London CFA AM

The news from home was not bad, yet it made me restless all night. Thus it is on each arrival of letters my spirits invariably sink. My instincts rather than reasoning tell me that the country is on the verge of ruin. Yet the accounts rather favor a prompt termination of the war. Western Virginia seems to be cleared of rebellion, a large force dissipated and the cords are tightening around Richmond, which is now the seat of the rebellion. If that place can be conquered and the border states thus preserved perhaps the country may swing back again. If on the other hand there should be reverses, then must follow the only solution of the problems I can see, and that is emancipation. The mind can scarcely open to the conception of the results that may follow. Yet on the whole, that is the only safe basis for the States of the North. I hope it will come. I attended with my son Brooks at a small chapel built at the expense of Miss Coutts, a little below the Victoria railway station. The service was more simply conducted than in the larger Churches, but the sermon was very much of the usual kind. The congregation was fair but not full. From thence I went round to call upon Mr Billings in regard to an order for more arms which I have received from the Department at Washington. I urged him to go to Paris and confer with Mr Dayton and the contractors in that city. He consented to go tomorrow night, and I wrote to Mr Dayton to that effect. Went to walk in Kensington gardens with my Wife and daughter, and there met Mr Morse the consul with whom I had much conversation on the subject of these purchases of arms. Evening, Mrs and Miss Motley paid us a visit. Some talk about the shocking death of Professor Longfellow’s Wife. This is the second case in Boston society of death of women by burning their dresses, within a short time. Some safeguard should be devised against this danger.
A very fine day, one of the few which we have experienced here. I was very much engaged with letters and visits. The business of this legation is about equally divided between them. The latter are in a great measure paid by Americans going through to the Continent. And they came in the greatest number on this day of the week. Among them today was Mr Angel who has been recalled from Stockholm to give place to Mr Haldeman. And Mr Billings who was here about the arms. He seemed a little reluctant to go to Paris, but finally yielded on my earnest representation of the importance of saving something on the contract with Mr Ladé. Colonel Fremont intimated to me that this man was really acting for certain official personages in the French government who had the privilege of parting with an old pattern of the Minié Rifle, as the government had adopted a new one. Mr Billings is the only man here possessed of Colonel Fremont's contacts, and he has already succeeded in obtaining from Ladé more favorable offers. I therefore deem it important that Mr Dayton should have the benefit of his assistance. I went out with Mrs Adams to look at the house in Mansfield Street to which we are about to move, and to make the necessary disposition of the rooms. On a re-examination I am quite well satisfied with the change. And through the upper rooms do not quite correspond with the lower, I think we shall be more comfortable. Quiet evening.
Tuesday 30th London CFA AM

We made a commencement of moving today, but owing to delays at the new house we succeeded only in transferring a part of the property of the legation. I twas enough however to derange us at home. I did little in consequence, excepting to take a long walk with Brooks down to the city to the counting house of Messrs Barrings to make inquiry about the state of my account. I found the remittance had been made, but without notice. On our way I was led to notice the excitement of an election in the place of Lord John Russell who has been called to the House of Lords. An effort had been made on the part of the Tories for the Lord Mayor, whilst the Ministerialists brought forwards Mr Wood. Neither of these a man of any eminence, nor can it be said that any peculiar question was involved in the struggle. Yet in the initial state of the ministry, a defeat here would have been my damaging to them. Hence the agitation and the bustle. Posters every where; on the doors of the voting places, at the quarters of the candidates, on the hired carriages to bring up voters, and on rows of walking advertisers. returns every hour of the state of the poll; pretty even at first, but changing more and more as the day advanced until there was no more doubt of Mr Wood’s election. So Lord Palmerston may go on more easy, and the Lord Mayor having vacated one seat has not succeeded in gaining another. We came home, after stopping at the Tower five minutes too late to get in, by Steamer from London bridge to Westminster, and thence headed to the house. Quiet evening.

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A fine day. We were of course out of order, as we were in the very agony of removal. I was engaged packing up my papers and my clothes for the forth time in three months— At noon my son Brooks walked with me to the new residence in Mansfield Street, where we found things in some confusion. The delay has been such in the removal of Mr Fitzgerald that this complicates our affair somewhat. But in spite of difficulties I managed to settle down a little in my Library which really seemed to be a suitable resting place. My spirits were a good deal better at once. We spent some time in examining the numerous pictures which are here collected and in ascertaining the portraits. I hope this will be a source of pleasure to me. Quiet evening visit to E. Brooks’.
Wednesday 31st
31 July 1861

With the aid of my new room which is free from the interruptions of the legation I did more real work today than any day that I have been in London. I brought up my private accounts, and prepared all my letters on both public and private affairs for the mail bag tomorrow. I had no small quantity as Lord John Russell had written me an answer to my enquiry which it was necessary to send forward with remarks, both to the Department and to Mr Dayton. Having completed my business I walked with Brooks into the Regent’s park and visited the Zoological gardens, which furnish a constant source of amusement. The day was warm and it was quite amusing to see the rhinoceros and the hippotami gambol in the water. generally all the animals seemed to fell the effect of heat, whilst to me it was just a pleasant day. In the evening I walked over to see Edward and Mrs Brooks.

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200 Friday 2d London CFA AM
Warm but showery. My works was so well advanced that I had not so much pressure today, and all my papers for
the mail were completed by two o’clock. I then went out in the carriage to pay a visit to Mr Forster and Mr Bright.
The first was not a home, and the second had removed from his lodgings, so that I failed of seeing both. I then
drove down to Westminster Abbey there to meet Mrs Adams and the Brookses for the purpose of seeing the edifice.
Services were going on, and Mrs Brooks being afraid of the rain decided to go home. We remained through the
service, and after it was over we went through all the chapels and cloister, and viewed all the monuments. The force
of all this gothic architecture is to be found in the associations connected with it. The idea will present itself of the
many generations who have successively lived and acted within these walls. Here was the Roman Catholic priest in
all his glory. Here was the shrine of Edward the Confessor. Here reposed Edward the first and Henry the seventh.
Then came the reformation and the consequent change of the ritual. The struggles which ended only in the
expulsion of the Stuarts. The leading men of nearly a thousand years have come and gone through this edifice.
Many of them are buried under it. All this give dignity to the long aisles and vaulted arches which does not belong
innately to them. The very same thing in America would be only a cumbrous pile of stone and mortar. The collection
of tombs did not impress me favorable for the vain distinctions of worldly rank were too strongly perceptible. Many
who had the most elaborate and expensive monuments of brass and marble were not among the class who have
left any other memories behind them. Whilst the distinction was by no means proportionate even in those who are
remembered. The devices also are for the most part meaningless or presumptuous. They generally attempt things
to which marble is not equal. The inscriptions are diffuse and pompous. Not more than three or four have any
beauty. The Roman simplicity is much more taking. The decay of the stone of the building itself is perhaps as
interesting as any single thing. We returned home before six and after dinner Mrs Adams and I drove to Thomas’s
Hotel to sit with the Brookses. Mrs Brooks looks very feeble. Mrs Selden was there again. Home before eleven.202
3 August 1861

202 Saturday 3d London CFA AM

Mrs Adams has persuaded me to take a lesson twice a week in French conversation, with my children, and Madame Verdure their teacher. I do it but as yet find no benefit from it. My day was on the whole quite unprofitably spent. I took a long walk as far as St Paul’s, and according to my want rambled into sundry out of the way streets, looking in at the shop windows. What surprises me is the great wealth of the place. For even in the less frequented and retired places I often came across much that is rare and valuable amidst heaps of antiquated and curious relics. I made some purchases and then came home. Evening, I walked to Thomas, and spent an hour with the Brookses.
202 Sunday 4th London CFA AM

A fine day. I found my way in company with my son Brooks to a small Unitarian church in Little Portland Street at which Mr Martineau commonly officiates, but he has left town, and somebody else occupied his place. The edifice is small, and the attendance was thin. The service resembles more that at King’s Chapel than any in the denomination else where. It is the Episcopal Prayer Book with eliminations of doctrine about the Trinity. I took a walk afterwards around the north western parts of the town back by the Regent’s park. At luncheon I found two Misses Gelston from New York just out from America with letters from Mrs Eames. After they were gone I sat down to read at my leisure when Mr Morgan was announced. He brought a telegram from the Canada at Queenstown, Giving an account of a disastrous defeat at Bull run in Virginia. It seems that after several hours of spirited fighting a reinforcement came to the rebels which turned the tide, and created a panic and regular rout from the field. Everything was left behind, guns, ammunition, provisions &c, and no stop was made until the crowd reach Alexandria and Washington. Thus a change is made in all our expectations, and the war from this time assumes a new character. My own emotion is not to be described. Fortunately Mr Morgan had a couple of telegrams down to the 26th 203 which though meagre relieved our anxiety for the safety of Washington itself. It does not seem that there was any pursuit beyond Fairfax Court House So that humiliating as is the defeat, it is not as bad as it might have been had the enemy been in a situation to improve it. My poor country is destined to tear itself up for some time longer, but the issue grows more perceptible as we advance. There can be no hope of future peace so long as slavery remains in any part of North America. It must come to that in the end. In the evening I walked over to Thomas’s Hotel to see the Brookses. Mr Bemis was there. They had not heard the bad news, though it was issued in a second edition of a morning’s newspaper.

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203 Monday 5th London CFA AM
The effect of ill news now is always to wake me a couple of hours earlier than usual with a dull sense of something unpleasant impending. After breakfast the bag of Despatches arrived and we had letters and papers. They modify a little the very worst parts of the accounts of yesterday, but leave them bad enough at that. Mr Everett and Charles both mention a report that the advance was made against the judgement of General Scott, by a direct order of the President in deference to the opinion of the country. I am afraid that this is weak point of Mr Lincoln. It has already plunged us twice before into difficulties, and it bids fair to ruin us in the end. This folly has cost us much already and will cost us more. Scott’s campaign is ruined, and the business of reconstruction is difficult. And the President will be persuaded to defeat any new one just as he has done the old. The prospect is not brilliant. We had fixed on this day to go out and see the Chrystal palace at Sydenham, and I was not sorry to get something to divert my thoughts. Our party consisted of Mr and Mrs Brooks, and our family with the exception of Henry. We got to the palace before noon, and staid there until half past five. Altogether too short a period to master the great variety of things worth seeing. What attracted me the most was the plan of the Pompeian Villa which for the first time gave me a clear notion of the interior of a Roman dwelling of the better class. I was likewise pleased with the copy of the court of the Alhambra, in the Moresque style. Then the Greek sculptures, and last of all the peculiar and strange ornamentation of the middle ages. All the best specimens in the various forms have been carefully copied and set up here. The accessories are also very well prepared and in good taste, with as small an admixture of trash as could reasonably be expected. The day was quite warm and summerlike, and we were quite fatigued at the end of our rambles in this enormous place. The train brought us back and the carriage landed us at our door a little before seven. In the evening we had a visit from Mrs Emmons and her son, who have come from America to make a little tour. I was glad to retire to bed.
204 Tuesday 6th London CFA AM
The London newspapers mostly betray a secret satisfaction with the humiliation we have met with. And the correspondent of the Times delights in uncovering our nakedness. I fear that we deserve it all. Yet out of it may grow some benefits. We are capable of much, and adversity may develop our good qualities. I was busy in writing a despatch to Washington based upon a conversation I had with Mr Macfarland about the supply of Enfield rifles made here during the coming winter. Afterward I went out and paid visits to one or two persons. I again failed in finding Mr Bright. I also executed some commissions. We had at dinner today Miss Florence Lyman and Miss Mary Motley. Mrs Motley and her two other daughters came in for the evening, as did likewise Edward Brooks.

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204 Wednesday 7th London CFA AM
My spirits do not quite recover the shock of Sunday. I find myself anxious and tremulous. I was busy writing letters and receiving visits most of the morning. I received a dispatch from Mr Dayton in regard to his negotiations for arms which made it necessary for me at once to see Mr Morse, the Consul, and to confer with him. So I walked all the way down to the city and reached his Office just in season to catch him. We consulted as to the means of raising the funds for the payment of Mr Dayton's purchase, and he finally agreed to call tomorrow on the Bankers and make inquiries. He promised to call in the evening and talk further with me. I then walked home. Mrs Emmons and her two children dined with us. Mr Morse came in the evening, and we examined Mr Dayton's contract and discussed the proprieties of the process of borrowing the money. Finally we settled upon our course of the morning, and then joined the ladies upstairs. Edward Brooks was there also. They all left before eleven o'clock.
Wednesday 7th

7 August 1861

This morning is commonly devoted to letters and dispatches in season for the bag which goes tomorrow. As there has been a cessation of topic of late between the two governments I had not so much as usual to write about. My communicates to the Department were for the first time copied and signed before the close of business this evening. I also wrote to both of my sons—after which I called on invitation to see Mr Kuntze, an artist who has modelled a full sized figure of America. It is much better than the attempts commonly are, but it is after all not more than a mild, delicate woman. From thence I went to see Mr Charles Lyman, who looks much better than when I last saw him. He talks now of returning home by the Steamer of the 24th. I do not yet feel recovered from the shock of Sunday. I grow more and more uneasy about the retention of Washington. It becomes tolerable plain that is the blunder of the President in again varying from the policy of General Scott. I am afraid it is irremediable. The division of the country is now certain. The question only remains to decide whether slavery shall be abolished in Maryland, Virginia and Missouri while there is time. On the whole it is perhaps as well to await with patience the developement of the next few weeks, and prepare for any mortification that may awaits us. We had dinner today Mr and Mrs J Hammond and Mr J S. Barstow, and Miss Lyman came in the evening.206

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206 Friday 9th London CFA AM

In consequence of my yesterday’s activity I had much less labor than usual to make up the post this day. It was a little fortunate as a note from Mr Morse prompted the propriety of going into the city to see Messrs Barring & Co about the matter of the loan to pay for the arms. My son Henry and I walked all the way down and back, a distance, I should think of nearly six miles. I found Mr Bates disposed to be very accommodating, so that it was finally arranged that Mr Dayton should draw on me at short sight as the contract was performed, and I would accept for account of the United States payable by the house, and by them charged in account with the government. This relieved my mind greatly, as I should in this way be quite cleared of all responsibility in auditing the accounts. On our way home we stopped at a chop-house in the city and took a luncheon of a mutton chop and ale. This is London all over. We then wandered along through some of the curious, quaint by streets which make this the most extraordinary capital of the world. It was four o’clock when I got home, and then I finished an answer to Mr Dayton, which was copied and dispatched. This cleared the way for our contemplated departure tomorrow. Quiet evening at home.
206 Saturday 10th London—Cambridge CFA AM

A fine, warm day. Having completed all our arrangements, the whole family took our leave of London for a little excursion into the interior. We drove for ever to the easterly side of the city to the railway terminus of the Easter Counties road. Our trip was to Cambridge through Waltham, Bishop Stratford, Shelford &c, pretty country but not in any way remarkable. We reached Cambridge at two, and I walked about a mile and a quarter to the Bull Inn, a comfortable looking old English Hotel. Not to lose a moment some of us sallied forth to visit the Colleges. We went at once to see the famous chapel of King’s College, of which we only had time for the outside. Thence to Trinity to get a view of the Library, the Hall and the chapel. The interior is remarkable for the delicate wood carving of Gibbons, the marble bust of Rankiliae, and Thorvaldsens Statue of Lord Byron. The edifice itself is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and if in itself good is certainly not in harmony with the style around it. The idols of this seat of learning are Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. Dr Isaac Barrow, Dr Bentley and Sir Edward Coke are the secondary planets. Milton planted a tree in one of the gardens, and Lord Byron pequanted rather profited by the place. The State is a striking one. It came to the college because the Dean of Westminster would not consent to let it go where it had been destined, into the Abbey. It is far better where it is. In the Library are many curiosities among which are the original draughts of Milton’s W poems in a very clear handwriting, and the old League and Covenant. The books generally look old and the collection is scarcely large. In the chapel we saw the statue of Sir Isaac Newton by Roubiliac. It is excellent. In the Senate House, there is another of William Pitt which is also good. The grounds around these building are kept with great beauty which adds materially to the effect. Certainly the air of repose and contemplative meditation which obtains here must be favorable to study. After dinner we drove around the town, visited a very old round Templar church and various other public buildings, returning at last to our lodgings pretty well tired out. We had been greatly favored by the weather which was warm and fine.
A very warm day, but bright and genial. I was out early. We visited King's chapel too late to get within the choir, during the service, so we sat outside, taking but little part in it as a religious exercise, but examining carefully the architectural beauties of the structure. I am not an enthusiast about the Gothic, most of the charm of which I believe to consist in the associations it furnishes with past great ideas. It is the emanation of religious fanaticism working out the notion of the personal presence of the Deity in the house made for him with hands. Who can honestly ascribe a single feeling of true piety to such a brute as Henry the 8th, and yet Henry the 8th is the sovereign whose initials and whose arm everywhere remind you that the edifice was his work. A poor origin for the English Reformation. Such churches are well adapted to produce the scenic effects of public worship, but they do not stretch up to the magnificent idea of God who takes no note of the pride of his creatures any more than he measures the insignificance of their labors. The architect of creation lives in space. There is the arena for the thought that approximates to honor of him. The rest is man's feeble vanity. After service and during the rest of the day I visited a considerable number of sixteen colleges which make up the University. Though all more or less ancient I noticed there was no dilapidation. And indeed I perceive this peculiarity wherever I go. I see no signs of poverty in the buildings. The streets are neat and clean, and the dwellings are well taken care of, as well as the grounds. Nothing can be prettier than the grounds along the little stream which gives its name to the place. It is vacation now, so that we see few students or fellows. I rambled about so much as to be well tired out before night. The heat was considerable too, for England.
208 Monday 12th Ely, Peterborough CFA AM

A Massachusetts man looks at Cambridge with a preference because it was the chief nursery of her original puritan preachers. And ever since it has been the type rather of liberal ideas, as contrasted with Oxford, the mother of churchmen. I was therefore up early to visit such of the other Colleges as I might before the time for departure. One of these was St Peter's, the oldest of all. Within the second Quadrangle I followed an open passage which led into a field through which was a walk shaded by old trees, and on either side a flock of deer were grazing. At the end of the walk was an iron gate which opened on a choice pasture of flowers and shrubbery laid out and kept with exquisite taste. This is literary luxury of which we in America have little notion. Even Harvard College has nothing to boast of beyond a few fine elms and a little grass kept middling well. The day was quite warm. After breakfast we took our leave of Cambridge, the visit to which has been very pleasant, and entered the cars to go to Ely a small place at which there is a cathedral worth seeing. The country grows flat and monotonous. Formerly it was marshy and wet. But capital and enterprise have drained it so that we saw, the fruits in the crops of grain which the people were busily harvesting. At Ely we stopped only until the departure of the next train. This gave us the time necessary to see the church, which is a fine building of its kind, apparently constructed at different times, and with several forms of architecture. I am not learned in the history of the styles neither is it necessary to know much. The effects of the Gothic are all to be traced to a few causes. High arches extending long distances, great windows filled with stained glass, and quaint ornamentation to conceal the baldness of bare stone. In aid of these comes up the idea of antiquity and the solemnity of religious worship. What causes the most surprise is the cost of erecting such buildings among such small communities. I should think this one might hold all the people in the town. Having seen the whole and taken a little refreshment at a quiet country inn, we went on next to Peterborough. My daughter Mary has been quite poorly ever since we started, and today I began to feel uneasy about her, but she began it mend from the moment we left Ely. At Peterborough we drove at once to see the church. I liked it better than Ely, though in most respects all these edifices are alike. The fashion now is to restore them all as much as possible. The damage done by the Puritan Iconoclasts can scarcely be made good, but every thing else is carefully replaced. After this examination we went to the Great Northern Hotel and found very good accommodations for the night. A little walk around the town completed the view of the place. It is quiet, old fashioned and very neat. Nowhere do I see any signs of decay and dilapidation in the towns. The people may be very poor for what I know, but the streets and the houses are neat, clean, and well preserved.
209 Tuesday 13th Boston, Lincoln CFA AM

After breakfast I got my letters from America which as usual depressed my spirits. I felt relieved by the news that no advance had been made by the victorious troops, but on the other hand the private accounts from home were discouraging. I never could have believed that such a war could have had so great an effect upon property. The public despatches were reported by Mr Moran not to contain much. We left Peterborough at ten, and went on to Boston. Of course the association with the name was interesting, though the place itself is every way far inferior to its American namesake. It’s only ornament is the Church of St Botolph’s, of which the Reverend John Cotton was the Vicar prior to his removal to our shores. It was for his sake the name of Boston was assumed. But I greatly doubt whether there was much general emigration from here. The edifice is spacious for a parish church. It is simple in construction and plain in finish, yet the effect is good. The incumbent Mr Blenkin came in and was very courteous in his attentions. This is superinduced by the fact that one of the chapels was repaired by the money subscribed by a few of us some years ago in Boston. The tower is very high, and looms up far over the surrounding flat country. Having a little time to wait for the next train to Lincoln we took a walk to see the town. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants who seem to live on a small trade with Norway and Sweden. The houses are neat and the streets are clean, but the place has no natural beauty whatever. The streets were enlivened by the presence of a considerable party of young women on a trip from Nottingham. We staid until six o’clock when we started for Lincoln. The country flat and monotonous enough, being what has long been known as the fens of Lincolnshire. They are now drained and cultivated; and they yield good crops> Lincoln itself stands on a high hill. We got there at dark, and had no leisure for inspection
210 Wednesday 14th Lincoln, Derby CFA AM
A cooler day with clouds. After breakfast we all went to view the Cathedral, considered among the finest in England. Situated on the top of rather a steep hill, its aspect is uncommonly imposing. The ruins of the castle and of the long walls which surround it bring up vividly to the mind the pictures of the civil wars and of feudal dominion and ecclesiastical supremacy. The edifice is large, and connects itself with chapels which are all curious. There is a Chapter House here too supported all round by flying buttresses that is worth seeing. In the midst of the court there has been found by excavating a few feet the remains of a Roman mosaic pavement which is fast losing all its consistency under exposure to frost, a curious fact not easily reconciled to any theory of ancient durability. I am not well versed in the Gothic, and therefore cannot distinguish easily the various styles of which it is composed, but the effects produced are all the same. I mounted the steeple as far as the great bell, Tem o’ Lincoln, which it takes fourteen men to move from its position. The view is very extensive but not diversified. It is clear that this fortified hill was the place of refuge for all the defenceless people in the lowlands. It is now a prosperous manufacturing place. Having completed our examination and taken a meal we started off again on the railway to Nottingham and thence to Derby, where we stopped for the night. This place has not attractions, being almost entirely given to manufacturing. I walked from the station to the Hotel, where my astonishment was great to meet with my messenger Charles Light with a packet from my secretary Mr Moran. The substance of it was that a steamer was about starting from Hartlepool, laded with arms and military stores for the use of the insurgents, of which I ought to make a representation to the government. On reflection, I concluded it would be wiser for me to lose no time in getting back—So I agreed to start at the same time with Light in the mail train at half past twelve.

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211 Thursday 15th London CFA AM
I found myself alone in my compartment, and slept pretty well for a large part of the way. I reached London at a little after six, and got home in time to bathe and dress comfortably for breakfast. There is a quiet and a method in my present establishment soothing to my mind in the midst of the anxieties which surround me from the outside. Immediately I set about addressing a letter to Lord Russell on the subject of the vessel which is to be fitted out. I almost made draughts of the usual weekly Despatches to the Government, and of letters to the several consuls who have been industrious in gaining for me my information. I had likewise visits from Mr 212 Horace B. Sargent who is on his way home from Switzerland, where he has left Wife and children. He talks of giving into the army. I thought him sick and out of spirits. Whilst he was here Sir Gore Ouseley came in, and had some conversation on our affairs. He does not think Lord Palmerston can be moved from his place so long as he inclines to keep it. I dined alone, and being somewhat fatigued went to bed early
212 Friday 16th London CFA AM
I had a visit this morning from Mr George L Schuyler of New York, who has been sent out by the government to complete the purchase of arms for the United States. I am much rejoiced at this as it takes off of my shoulders the whole of the responsibility which had fallen upon them. I therefore endured the carriage and drove down to Messrs Barrings to let Mr Bates know of the change. I believe he was as much pleased as I. In the gigantic undertaking of this war I foresee that one of its accompaniments is to be a fall in the country’s credit. I therefore am not zealous to accelerate this catastrophe. Mr Schuyler dined with me, and gave me much information of the condition of affairs at Washington. He draws comfort from the improvement of affairs consequent upon the lesson of adversity at Bull run. My views are not so sanguine. The difficulty is in the President who is not equal to the gravity of his position. This painful idea has never left me since the day I heard of his first speech on leaving Springfield for the seat of government. If we escape this danger, it will be the providence of God and through some other agency. After Mr Schuyler left. I spent some time, making up the arrears of my Diary, occasioned by my absence.
Every call of business having apparently been disposed of, I was now prepared to join my family again, and expected letters from them to know where they were, but they did not come. So I started at about twelve, on the chance of finding them still at Matlock Bath. My trip was without incident and I arrived a little after four o’clock at Matlock Bath. A gentleman and lady were in the carriage with me, but we had no conversation. I reached Walker’s Hotel, and my party soon came in from an excursion to Chatsworth, to see the Duke of Devonshire’s place. The country around here reminds me more of New England than anything I have before seen. The fields are divided by stone walls, and the surface is broken by ravines which carry through the streams in a very picturesque manner. This has been quite a popular water place in former days, but it seems to be losing ground. The separation of the mode of living makes a very different state of things from that existing with us. The streets seemed to be full, as we walked this evening, but the main of persons form the lower classes come up for a day’s holiday. I saw but few of the more wealthy or more noble people anywhere. In the greater part of the shops were specimens of the mineral spar of the region made up in a variety of forms, of which we purchased a few for preservation and as memorials.
213 Sunday 18th London CFA AM
My birth day. I am fifty four years old. My career in life is drawing on to its close and I know not that I ought to regret it. The darkness that draws over my country sheds its influence on my mind. I have no ambition to figure in civil brawls, or to triumph in the midst of social misfortunes. The country has at last come upon the rock which the father left barely protruding from the surface of the water, but which has since risen up into a mountain. The struggle against it may be successful, but I fear it will cost us dear. I must make my mind to share in the misfortune, as I have done so largely heretofore in the prosperity. The question is more interesting to my children than to myself. Perhaps it may be of service to them, in opening a field of activity which could have been closed in times of prosperity. Let me pray that the trial may refine and purify us all. In the morning I walked with Edward Brooks and my younger son to attend public worship at a little Chapel at Crawford, built by Mr Arkwright214 a son of the famous cotton spinner who laid in this vicinity, and whose great fortune is now dispensed by his descendants in the third generation. It is a very neat church, at which he attended, as well as many of the people in the neighborhood connected with his factories. The services were earnestly participated in, and the sermon was much in the customary vein. We walked back to the Hotel, after which I mounted with my son Brooks to the two heights between which the Derwent flows. The country is bold and picturesque, and the presence of the rocky cliffs and stone walls in conjunction with bright verdure and foliage recalled to me the most favorable appearance of New England scenery. The exercise in mounting and descending was somewhat fatiguing. I received a letter from Mr Wilson transmitting a copy of a note from Mr Dayton which gave me ample food for meditation. I wrote a note in reply, but I felt as if I ought not to be here. The duties of this mission are constant.
214 Monday 19th Warwick CFA AM
We left Matlock Bath quiet early. Under other circumstances I think I should enjoy its profound repose and its picturesque vicinity. The hotel tu is of a more domestic English character than we have seen. But as it is I was glad to get away that I might be more within reach of London. Our train took us to Rugby, and thence another carried us to Warwick, the scenery around which is the great object to be seen. It is in the complete preservation, which is seldom the case with the old edifices of the middle ages. This was mainly due to the fact that Lord Brook was on the parliament side, at the period when most of the owners of such strongholds were sacrificing them in the defence of Charles the first. The site directly on the arm is very striking. all warlike appearances are gone, and now it is merely a private residence beautifully fitted up, in the midst of pretty grounds. The rooms are filled with very fine pictures and curious and valuable antiquities, acquired mainly by215 the father of the present Earl of Warwick, who somewhat impaired the estate by his outlays. The effect on a stranger is certainly imposing. Some very fine the portraits by Van Dyke and Holbein, as well as pictures by Rubens and Titian and Rembrandt and even one by Raphael, though not of his best. In a greenhouse built for the purpose is the famous Warwick Vase dug up at Hadrian’s Villa near Tivoli. On the whole I have seen nothing of the kind so complete in itself as this is. The town itself tu is really ancient, having many of the old style made with frames of oak wood, filled in with brick, and lattice windows. But here as every where, even the oldest buildings are in very good repair. There is no appearance of dilapidation. I received a letter from Mr Moran inclosing a copy of a letter from Lord Russell betraying another turn of the wheel of my singular negotiation. This will render a thorough exposition of the whole indispensable. I shall not however return as the matter will keep at least until the close of the week. We are well lodged at the Warwick arms, though the house is old.

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215 Tuesday 20th Warwick—Cambridge CFA AM
We have occasional showers, which do not however impede our expeditions, or detract from the fine weather. This morning we started in a couple of carriages to visit Kenilworth Castle, about six or seven miles off. Before doing so however we stopped at the Church of St Mary’s. The interior is good, but the object of interest is the Beauchamp chapel, the most complete of its kind that I have seen; for the monuments are all well preserved. That of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the founder, is complete, with his effigy in brass reposing on it. There is also a monument to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose ancient residence we were on the way to see. All the religious edifices that we have seen are in process of thorough restoration, showing that the spirit is general. We drove on through a pretty, picturesque road, passed Guy’s Cliff, a dwelling seen from the street through a long avenue of old trees, and reached in the midst of a shower the ruins of Kenilworth. It took me some time to comprehend the structure, so as to be able216 in imagination it as it once was. I could then conceive of its extent and its ability to receive Elisabeth and her retinue. Centuries have rolled away, and nothing remains but stone heaps upon which ivy has clustered with stems as big as my body. The water which once carved its sides has been drawn off, and the wide court yard which gave it ornament is no longer preserved. The entrance turns have been closed and turned into a dwelling. Yet over the whole hovers that indefinable charm of historic antiquity which throws romance into the commonest memorials of the past. Sir Walter Scott has contributed much to the popular admiration of this spot, as we could easily judge from the numbers we found visiting it, just like ourselves. We drove back through Leamington, a nice looking town which is suffering this year like other watering places, and reached our lodgings in time for luncheon. After which my portion of the party drove to the station and took a train to Stratford on Avon—about eight or ten miles. This is the birthplace of Shakespear, and it even now lives much upon his reputation. An omnibus carried us up to the Church where he is buried. It is a pretty, modest interior, having no great to boast of beyond the ashes of the great poet. The monument is unworthy of him. The church yard borders the side of the water. A large217 proportion of these are from America. I am inclined to the opinion that there is more hearty admiration of English Writers there than in the mother country. on our return to the Station we found ourselves with an hour to spare before the arrival of the next train returning, so we strolled along a little country road to view the neighborhood. The sky had become unusually clear for this climate, so that the slanting rays of the sun threw out the most vividly the beautiful verdure of the rural scene, and in the distance were sheep and cattle grazing in one field, whilst in the next the men were busily engaged gathering on wagons the abundant wheat harvest. I can imagine no more perfect rural landscape, and then my thoughts recurred to the state of my own country which has so long enjoyed just such blessings, and which is now in danger of forfeiting them because it has sinned in the refusal to acknowledge the right of men to the proceeds of their own labour. We at least got back to our lodgings to have a late meal, and not a little fatigued— but I felt that I had enjoyed this day more than any since I have been on this side of the water.

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217 Wednesday 21st Oxford CFA AM

We took our leave this morning of the pleasant neighborhood of Warwick, in the midst of the popular excitement attending to the expectation of the Queen’s passage through the place on the railway on her way to Ireland. Our trip was quiet and we reached Oxford by two o’clock. The place has not the same attractiveness that Cambridge has, though it is larger and indicates greater wealth. Having no time to lose, we at once set about visiting the Colleges.

The first was Magdalen, about which there is much of architectural as well as historical interest. The court of the Quadrangle in which the preacher had a stone pulpit in the wall to discourse from occasionally, and that of the next, adorned with allegorical figures carved in stone, and the most quaint conceits along the cornice bring one back to ancient times, when life was more a thing of faith and less of hard reality. The Chapel has some fine glass ancient and modern, and a good picture of Christ bearing the cross, the authorship of which is not quite settled. The grounds are spacious, and in them a walk is shown as that which Addison used to pace when he lived here.

From this college we walked through a very fine avenue of ancient elms to Christ Church, the most munificently founded of all the score of corporations here, dating its origin with Cardinal Wolsey, a man of great ideas. The hall here has an interesting serious of portraits of distinguished persons connected with the College, which we could only examine very superficially. Two or three other as hasty visits passed left us so fatigued as to carry us home after a brief ride around the town, to show us the great extent of the public buildings and their variety. In fact this place to be really seen would require a couple of weeks. But I am so uneasy at my absence from my duties, that I cannot spare more than one other day. Indeed the anxiety which pervades my mind in regard to public affairs impairs all my relish of this kind of amusement.
218 Thursday 22d. London CFA AM
My first business was to try at the post office for letters, but I got nothing but a short note. Our American mail has gone off to Matlock Bath, from which I wrote to day to get it back. I had to walk a mile to the Telegraph too, to give notice of our intention to return, this evening. We had designed to go out and see Blenheim today, but we were told that the family had returned, and during their residence, the place is not open to view. So we devoted the day to seeing other objects of interest. Those which pleased me the most were the Bodleian Library, and the collection of original drawings of Raphael and Michael Angelo, as well as pictures, at the Museum. I could cheerfully have spent several days in studying these embryos of lofty ideas. The new edifice devoted to practical science is instructive, though rather exceptional as looking to the present and the future in the midst of the idols of the past. Our strength as well as our leisure having been expended, we took a meal at the Angle, which is the name of our ancient and not very cleanly inn, we took the train to London, and all arrived safely to a late dinner at home in Mansfield Street.

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219 Friday 23d. London CFA AM
I confess I felt glad to get home. The town is now deserted by the fashion which only renders the quiet of my life more agreeable. Immediately after breakfast I sat down to my desk, and scarcely left it until six o’clock. I drew despatches to the Department at Washington, but what was far more difficult, I prepared a letter to Lord Russell which assumes the responsibility of declining to proceed in executing the agreement made on the basis of the Declaration of Paris, because of his proposal to attach an outside constructing disavowing all application to the insurgents of the doctrine of no privateering, on the specious pretext of neutrality. It is difficult to suppress indignation at the miserable shuffling practised throughout this negotiation. I can with difficulty believe that it proceeds from Lord Russell himself. There are reasons for imagining it may come from other influences in the cabinet. I have made up my mind gravely to record all the steps of the negotiation in this paper, and to assign my reasons for refusing to recognize any outside construction of it whatever, unless expressly instructed so to do by my government. This proceeding is not without its advantages, as it throws the failure upon Great Britain at the same time that it postpones the agitation of a disputed question among ourselves. If there should be difficulties with Great Britain perhaps it would be as well to preserve the right of privateering as a protection until she becomes more reasonable. In my opinion she has thrown away an advantage worth saving. It took me all day to finish this paper. The bag was finally sent off, but there was no time to make a fair copy to send to Lord Russell today. In the evening I walked to Maurigy’s and spent an hour with Edward Brooks and his Wife.

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Saturday 24th London CFA AM

A cloudy morning, but it cleared afterwards quite fine. I had a visit from Mr Schuyler who gave me an account of his proceedings. Yesterday Mr Morse called twice to see me respecting the contracts for English guns which were said to be going into the hands of the confederates. He seemed to want me to guarantee Mr McFarland’s agreements. I declined doing any thing about it on the ground that Mr Schuyler was now charged with the responsibility. Today Mr Schuyler expressed to me his doubts whether Mr McFarland’s interest was not affecting his judgment. The English people were pushing the matter to secure a high contract. This made me more and more glad that I was released from meddling with it. I wrote today to Mr Dayton covering a copy of my letter to Lord Russell for his information. And both original and copy were sent to their respective destinations. I took a walk and made one or two visits. Mr Schuyler dined with us and remained until late in the evening.
220 Sunday 25th London CFA AM

A gentleman by the name of Wilt has been civil enough to write me to attend service at the Queen’s Chapel in the Savoy, which is rather a curious building, so I went. It is a small structure, not holding more than forty or fifty pews. The room is a plain rectangle with a gallery at the end. The service was all chanted excepting the prayers. The sermon upon love to one’s neighbor, much as usual. There are two or three quite old monuments, which like all the rest of the interior have been carefully restored. This Chapel is all that remains of the Savoy palace, and belongs annual rent from the whole estate, but more than half is swallowed up from the charges of officers who do little or nothing. Mrs Adams and I drove home, leaving Mr Brooks to go with the son of Dr Wilt. In the afternoon I took quite a walk through the Regent’s park. The crowd amused me— Many stopping to listen to the music of a band playing the gayest of tunes, whilst withing hearing I encountered not less than three persons preaching to greater or less assemblages of men. The day was really very fine. In the evening I went to Edward Brooks’s.

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220 Monday 26th London CFA AM
We had this morning the despatches from America which usually absorb a good deal of time. There is intelligence of a disaster in Missouri and the loss of one of our best officers which affected my spirits more or less. But on the other hand the government letters as well as my private ones are more cheerful. I was engaged making up the arrears of my Diary which has got behind during my journey. Had a visit from Mr Burlingame who is now making arrangements to go to China. He explained his precise situation, and the long delay owing to the absence of instructions. He is content with his own destination, and professes to applaud the selection of Mr Motley in his place. So everybody is pleased. He afterwards, dined with me in company with my Secretary, Mr Moran. We had quite a lively dinner. Mr Burlingame diverted me with his accounts of the Officiousness of our friend Sanford, and the trouble it has given to Mr Dayton.
221 Tuesday 27th London CFA AM  
The weather is absolutely perfect. Warm without being oppressive and clear. My morning spent in writing, after which I went out in the carriage on some commissions. After which I took a long stroll threading my way through various parts of the town which furnish me infinite curious and amusement. Mrs Adams and Edward Brooks took me to the studio of an artist, Mr Kellogg, who showed me a couple of his pictures, one of which he claims to be an original of Raphael and the other to be by Leinardo da Vinci. I am not well qualified to judge the question of genuineness, but I can see the force of good painting. The Raphael does give me an idea of the master. It is a duplicate of the belle Jardiniere of the Louvre in Paris. Mr Kellogg claims it as the original, and not without some show of reason. I spent a long time in looking at it as well as the other a less attractive subject, Herodias and the head of John the Baptist. We were here nearly two hours. In the evening my daughter Mary persuaded her Uncle Edwards and myself to go with her to Madame Tussand’s collection of wax words. The figures are remarkably well done in many cases. In others they are a little tawdry and in bad taste. There is a room of claptrap having representations of all noted criminals. An hour was enough, after which we set down Mr Brooks and then came home.222

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222 Wednesday 28th London CFA AM

Another fine day. I began writing my letters for the despatch on Friday. Visits from several persons who consume the public time. Mr Bates called upon me to ask about the nature of the drafts authorized to be drawn by Mr Schuyler. The Government has again changed its policy and adopts what seems to me a very losing plan. Perhaps their necessities control their judgment. I afterwards went out and called on Mr Washburne, after which I went round through the Green park and Hyde park which look shabby and lovely. In the evening I walked down and paid a visit to Edward Brooks, and his Wife. The latter is suffering from a severe cold.
222 Thursday 29th London CFA AM

This week has been the perfection of weather. I worked hard all the morning in writing letters which was the more necessary from the omission to write last week. A minister's duties are by no means trifling in this mission, and yet I have fewer subjects of difference to manage than common between the countries. It was five o'clock before I was done. I had less than an hour for exercise. Mr Washburne dined with me. Like all his brothers, he is very stiff in his antislavery politics. But he confirms my impression of the President's incompetency. Mrs Carden de Sandrands and her daughter, lately from America spent an hour or two in the evening. They were driven from Virginia on account of this war.

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222 Friday 30th London CFA AM

By taking the work in season I succeeded in accomplishing all my papers for the mail by three o'clock today, so that it seems to me like a holiday afterwards. In other respects we were perfectly quiet. I think I should begin to enjoy my life quite tolerably were it not for the constant uneasiness connected with affairs at home. The stream of disturbing news has set in so steadily for weeks that I look with anxiety at the arrival of every paper. Our ability to meet this crisis I do not question half so much as our competency. I took a walk, and went in and chaffered with a coin dealer in Piccadilly. Evening, a visit Mr and Mrs Brooks.

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Warm and clear. My morning passed a little desultorily as sometimes happens after the labor of the preceding days. I however disposed of several smaller applications which are perpetually coming to me on every sort of subject. The war in America has opened all the mouths of projectors and inventors, of traders and speculators, of adventurers and speculators, and it is my business to put a stopper on them. At five Mrs Adams and I with the two younger children drove down to the Waterloo Station there to meet and to accompany Mr Sturgis to his place at Walton whether he had invited us. It is in Surrey, about seventeen miles from town, on the river Thames, just above Hampton Court. We stopped at the Station where his carriages were in waiting to take us about a mile to his house. Here we were pleasantly welcomed by Mrs Sturgis. There was no other guest there but a Colonel Hawley. We took a cup of tea on the lawn which is very pretty and after watching the children a little while playing a game they call croquet, we went in to a luxurious dinner. After this was over we went into the billiard room and played a game of pool. I have not touched a cue before I think for five and thirty years. I never had much skill. This over, we were ushered to our rooms and retired.
223 Sunday. September 1st Warwick CFA AM

Mr Sturgis when at Cambridge college was well known to me through my brother John whose classmate he was. At that time he was a hearty, popular amiable youth, and he has retained the character ever since. His fortunes have been varied. He has been married three times, has lived many years in China, and more in London, and has enjoyed opportunities of accumulating fortunes which he has no disposition to improve. Of late years he has belonged to the great banking house of the Barings, but instead of following the example of his partners, he prefers to expend all he earns as he goes along. This place is a princely mansion, and it requires enormous resources to keep it up. We arose quiet late, and after a stroll around the place were called in to family prayers, at which nine female and three male servants attended, besides all the family except Mrs Sturgis. After breakfast I attended in company with Mr Sturgis, the boys and girls in the house, at the services in the church, an old and rough edifice suitable to a rural town. The house was quite full, and the forms were observed as devoutly as I have always seen them. The sermon was as indifferent as usual. After luncheon, Mr Sturgis drove us in a vehicle drawn by four white horses over to the palace of Hampton Court which we stopped an hour or more to examine. I remember something of visit here when a boy a great while ago. But I do not recollect then seeing all the state rooms, or the numerous pictures which would take much time to examine. We could do more than to glance over them. The seven carterns of Raphael are quiet as good now in the engravings, the colour having much yielded to time. We then drove a little way into Bushy park and got home at about seven o’clock. Soon afterward we had dinner as sumptuous as yesterday’s, and after a brief evening, retired at half past ten o’clock.
It was arranged between Mrs Adams and Mrs Sturgis to leave the two children for a few days in company with hers, whilst we ourselves returned to London. Beautiful as the place is, and hospitable as our hosts were I was glad to leave it. It seemed to me as if the prosperity looked hollow, and every good hearted friend had in store for him much more of trial than he either foresees or deserves. I hope my feelings were not prophetic. But he is carrying too many sails across the fickle winded ocean of life. We were driven to the station at Weybridge, and from thence returned safely to London. I drove first to the bankers to get some money, and hearing there that Edward Brooks was going off to Paris we stopped at Maurigy’s to see them. He had gone up to my house, so we sat and talked with his wife awaiting his return. In a short time he came, but with such an account of my being needed at home that we bid them a hasty adieu, and hurried to the house. Here I found the contents of the despatch bag awaiting me, and visitors besides. Mr Motley who has arrived in the Steamer and a captain Schulte who has come a special messenger of the Department to me. After getting rid of them I set to work to read my letters. They were of more interest than usual. It seems that the government has intercepted a Mr Mure, professing to be charged with despatches from the British consul at Charleston to the government here but really the bearer of communications to the southern emissaries here, which have fallen into our hands. It is made pretty clear that both the British and French consuls are in league with the rebels, so that the difficult duty devolves on me to explain the reasons for the seizure of the British dispatches fortunately intact in a bag by themselves, as well as to restore it, and then to demand a censure and the removal of the consul. All this demanded the immediate preparation of notes which occupied me the rest of the day. Mr Motley dined with us, and gave us the latest intelligence from home. It appears that there has been another alarm for the safety of Washington, which he thinks is needless. On the whole he is more encouraging than my private letters which are a little dull. He is obviously much elated with his appointment. I am glad he has got it.
225 Tuesday 3.d London CFA AM
My morning was continuously busy in preparing the papers proper to be sent to Lord Russell. They were all completed on fair copies of three o’clock and Mr Moran took and delivered them with the famous bag to Mr Leyard, the under secretary of State in the absence of the Secretary himself. It seems to me that all these things are tending to some grave result before long. It can hardly be imagined that both the French and British consuls can have initiated a process of negotiation on such a question as the Declaration of Paris without more or less of connivance on the part of the respective governments. Now that the removal of the British is demanded we shall see what the answer will be. I afterwards took a long walk, and when passing the shop of a gold refiner in Wardour Street I saw in his Window, an aureus of the Emperor Claudius which I rescued from the melting pot. I was a little troubled with head ache all day, quite an unusual thing with me. Quiet evening. The house is quite lonely without the children. I read a good deal of Lord Stanhope’s Life of Pitt. This is the anniversary of my Wedding day. Thirty two years have gone by, the best of my life. I have cause for gratitude that so many blessings have been showered upon me. If the prospect be now a little dark for my country, let me hope and pray that the lesson of humiliation may inure to our good.

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226 Wednesday 4th London CFA AM
My labors seem to increase rather than diminish. I wrote other letters to consuls, and began the series of letters home. I wrote to Mr. Everett and to my son John. After luncheon, went out with my Wife and returned a visit of Sir Gore Ouseley’s. We then took a drive round Victoria Park— lately laid out for the benefit of the east side of the town. It is the prettiest of them all—and the ride opened up to me a wholly new region of this immense place, which lies far out of the ken of persons of fashion who live West. What a mass of human beings accumulated and accumulating. Nearly two thousand children are born every week, and fifteen hundred persons die. How far can this be carried without breaking down by some catastrophe. That is the question. Our evening was quiet.
226 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
The weather seems at last to give indications of a change. During the whole month of August it certainly has been as pleasant as need be. They say that such a dry time is almost unexampled. But though it dries up the vegetation, there is compensation in the health and brightness of the atmosphere. I began upon the work of the regular despatches for the week, and soon found that it developed itself as I went on. I now write pretty steadily more than five hours at a stretch each day.227 Captain Schulte was here from Paris, and reports Mr Dayton anxious about the state of affairs there, and desirous to have him return to America as soon as next Tuesday. I offered him every facility in my power, though I do not think the British government will give me an answer in season to send by him. I took a walk today completely round the regent's park. In the evening I furnished the second Volume of Lord Stanhope's Life of William Pitt. The difficulties of that day in England were enough to frighten the stoutest heart. It is just as well for us who are now suffering to refresh our minds with these recollections, so that we may bear up the better against disaster. Lord Stanhope does nothing to heighten the narrative. On the whole he tells the story naturally, but without vigour or comprehensiveness of view. I likewise read tonight an article in the Quarterly review upon Russia.

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227 Friday 6th London CFA AM
Cloudy and heavy showers, clearing toward night. An arrangement has been made to send the bag to Queenstown instead of Liverpool, which will give us a day later. Nevertheless I had work enough to employ me pretty sedulously until two o’clock. I then proposed to my son Brooks who returned this morning with Mary from Walton to go down and visit the India Museum which is open to visitors. We walked down in a pretty heavy shower of rain. The collection is in various departments and is worth seeing. The natural products, vegetable, mineral, the animals, birds, insects and fishes, the arts and customs, the idols, furniture, clothing, arms, luxuries, manufactures are all illustrated in such a way as to give quite an accurate idea of the resources of this distant part of the globe. These things have all been just so for an infinite number of years. The difference is that the improvement does not keep pace with the more enterprising European. At home I found some newspapers from America which for the first time gave me a little encouragement. And yet I scarcely could see why unless it was that it was not bad. Evening at home. read part of the preface of Genl Fry’s War of the Peninsula.228
Cooler day. The season is changing. I was busy all the morning visiting. We got all the despatches ready but one, which was put off until Tuesday to see if an answer will come from Lord Russell. Every thing is new tending to some decision, and the course of the government becomes more and more dubious. This has been by far the most laborious week that I have had since I have been here. We had news again from America, but nothing cheering. I took a long walk with my son Brooks, embracing the length of Regent Street, Piccadilly one side of Hyde Park to the marble arch and Oxford Street. Quiet evening.
Sunday 8th London CFA AM
Hazy and cloudy until night when there were heavy showers. Attended Divine service with my family at St George’s Chapel in George Street, a place frequented by fashionable people, where most of the weddings of that kind are celebrated. Mr Bates had been kind enough to offer his pew. The service was much as usual, the clergyman making a rather more direct and practical discourse than I have heard. Some significant allusions to the vices of the aristocracy, or rather some of them seemed strange in such a place. Mrs Adams took me a drive after luncheon to Hampstead and Highgate hill which again opened a new view of the size of this metropolis. We passed near the scene of a terrible railway accident that happened on Monday last on the North Western railway. Thousands of people were collected there, looking at it. This is the second frightful disaster of the kind that has happened within ten days. On a review of all the events I have observed since my stay in England, I come to the conclusion that many of the pretences made about the greater recklessness of life in America are preposterous. There is as much crime, as much vice and as much indifference to life in London as there is in New York—and the country districts are no better than those of the northern states at least. The country about Hampstead is very pretty, and the view of the town of London in a clear day must be very extensive. It was too hazy today to see it. Evening, the mail arrived from America.229
Monday 9th London CFA AM

A very fine day. We improved it by making a visit to see Windsor. We took the train at the Waterloo Station at a quarter after nine before ten, and found ourselves at the Station at Windsor at half past eleven. Here we were met by a person who had been apprized by Mr Wilson of our coming, and he escorted us to the castle. We went through the show rooms which are handsome but not very striking. Some fine portraits by Van Dyke, and some good landscapes by Zuccarelli. Some gobelins in fine order and very beautiful. The ceilings painted by Vernio tolerably. No sculpture. Some very fine wood carving by Grinling Gibbons. Thence to the gardens, the kitchen and the terrace from which is an extensive prospect of a rather flat country, diversified by rich cultivation and studded with habitations. Then to see the plate room, which holds a great mass of gold plate, some of it very beautiful, and all massy and imposing. Thence to the News to see the houses and equipments. We then went to the White Street Inn and took luncheon. At half past two we started for a drive, first along the road lined with trees said to extend three miles in a line from the castle as far as the equestrian statue of George the 3d, which is very good. Then to the royal Lodge and to Virginia Water, a sheet made artificially at the will of George the 4th, at an enormous expense. It is certainly pretty. We then drove round through the grounds at Frogmore back to the Station and returned to London by half past seven. Rather a fatiguing day, but we were much favored by the weather, and enjoyed our excursion to witness this fine historical point of attraction. The Queen still adheres to Windsor as a residence for four months in the year. London is the point which she affects the least. After dinner we had a quiet evening.

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Cooler temperature. The Autumn is making itself sensibly felt. I was much employed by visits. A gentleman by the name of Lucas, the Editor of a paper called the Star who came to enquire about the truth of a statement made in the New York Tribune that I had written home to the government my conviction that the Government here would soon recognize the Confederate States. I authorized him to contradict it, and at the same time explained to him some of the points in this controversy which altho he should be very glad at all times to gain information from me. At the same time I took occasion to ask of him the reasons for the opinion expressed in the spectator and in the Star that the government here was about to recognize the confederates. He said that there had only an inference drawn from a sounding article in the observer. There can be no doubt that their impression generally prevails. Of course my position became an extremely critical one. At the same time he said that no such measure could be passed in the cabinet without hazarding a disruption of the Ministry. If that be so I am doubtful whether there is any ground for the notion. Mr John Bigelow came in afterwards and spent half an hour. He is just from America, and on his way to Paris where he is made consul. I then sat down and wrote a series of answers to letters, which took me until four, after which I accomplished a long walk. Mr and Mrs Bigelow dined with us and spent the evening. On the whole I know not when I have felt more in doubt than today. There has been no answer yet to my note a week ago. The prevailing powers and the tone of all the leading newspapers seem to point in a direction which will put an end to my stay here at once. And the consequences I dare not foresee. So far as I am concerned, I am indifferent. I should be relieved to go into private life again.
11 September 1861

230 Wednesday 11th London CFA AM
My day passed somewhat indolently. I wrote a number of letters to different people and took a pretty long walk with my two children Mary and Brooks. In the evening a visit from Mr Morse, in response to a letter which I sent to him about some information received of the fitting out of another steamer by the Confederates. He thinks he is on the track of one or two fitting out at Greenock. There can be no doubt that there is a good deal of activity among these people now, and that they have a considerable amount of funds at their command. It is one of the provoking incidents of this contest to find Great Britain giving them so much aid and comfort. But such has even been their wrongheadedness in all their contests with us. No answer yet to my note.
231 Thursday 12th London CFA AM  

Fine towards evening. Wrote letters all the morning. One to my son Charles. I had a visit too from Mr Andre’s Oseguera, Mexican Secretary of Legation to Paris. He brought me a letter from Mr Dayton. He said that he was sent by the Mexican Minister to confer with me on the subject of their affairs and to know whether I was in any way disposed to act upon this court. I said that however disposed I might be, I was not clothed with any power. Not a word had been said to me in my instructions on the subject. He then went into a full exposition of his case. He remarked upon the action of France and England in withdrawing from diplomatic relations with Mexico on a mere question of money. It was a mere pretext to cover the real purpose, which was intervention. He had the best reasons for believing that Napoleon was seriously meditating a plan for setting up a government there, and that both Great Britain and Spain were to be parties to it. The last was to furnish a land force, and the other two, the marine power with which to control the coast and to maintain possession. What the governing power was to be was not clear. It was the interest of Napoleon to conciliate the other powers in nominating some ruler not disagreeable to them. It might be one of the Orleans family whom it would be convenient to him to remove as far as possible from the theatre of Europe. But however the details might be, the fact was certain that intervention was the policy. The bearing of this on the present condition of the United States must be plain to me. The presence of a fleet to occupy the coast of Mexico, and the possession of the ports all the way to Matamoras would cover all the necessary facilities to evade the blockade of the Southern States and prepare the way for ultimate intervention there too. Mr O had reason to believe that Napoleon who had at one time learned to the northern side of the struggle, was since the battle of Bull run surging in the other direction. His passion for regulating the affairs of external nations carried him to form plans of interference every where. A regard for its own safety would prompt the United States to take measures to resist such an idea. There was now no difference on opposition of interests between them and Mexico. Both were pledged to the maintenance of republican principles, and both were opposed to the policy of the slaveholding interest. The United States in taking a lead in remonstrance would have the sympathy of all the countries of the Western continent, whilst it could scarcely fail to have an effect in Europe and especially in England. He hoped therefore that the government would receive from me such representations of what he had said as to induce it to act before it was too late. I briefly answered that I thanked him for his visit, hoped that he would communicate with me whenever he had anything to say, and promised to transmit a report of his remarks to the government in America. Amidst some things that are extravagant, there is much good sense in what he said. The cooperation of Spain, France and England to set up a prince from abroad in such a country as Mexico seems scarcely possible. The very suggestion of such a scheme ought however to be distinctly scented in every part of America. No such idea could have arisen at any other moment than this of our weakness. But it will not always be so, I trust. I went to walk again. Mrs Adams took my son Brooks back to school at Twickenham again today. I trust he may now begin to show progress in regular studies. His mind develops now in irregular ways, which will profit him little unless he learns discipline.

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232 Friday 13th London CFA AM
Every morning the sun rises brilliantly, but in a couple of hours the sky becomes overcast, and it rains more or less, after which it clears and is bright at night. This I understand to be the regular course of things at this time of year. I went on in my work and completed a Despatch to the government containing the substance of the conversation of yesterday. Other letters kept me until four when I walked out with Mrs Adams to accomplish some commissions. The rain soon drove her home, but I continued my walk until dinner time. There is now a chill in the temperature which reminds one of the approach of winter, another hint of which is given in the rapid shortening of the days. In the evening I amuse myself upstairs reading General Fry’s History of the Pennisular war. A large part of this is introductory.
This morning was devoted to the completion of all the customary matter in season for the Despatch bag. This includes the signatures of all the fair copies, and the sealing. Every thing was accomplished by three o’clock. The family had all been invited to pass the Sunday with Mr and Mrs Bates at East Shene. So at a little after five o’clock Mrs Adams, my daughter, my son Henry and I started in the carriage. The drive was not so pleasant as it would have been but for two or three light showers, not enough to wet us, but calculated to make us uncomfortable in an open vehicle. There was an uncommonly brilliant rainbow, showing all the colours distinctly, and a second one also remarkably well defined, and then it cleared, a little cold. When we reached the door, Mr Bates came out and welcomed us very kindly, announcing eagerly the news of the Steamer of a success to our cause. At last we have had an expedition which has not failed. General Butler with Commodore Stringham and the expedition from Fortress Monroe have seized Hatteras Inlet, and taken the two fortifications, with seven hundred men, twenty five cannon, arms and every thing. This though not in itself decisive comes most opportunely to correct the impressions lately made in Europe by our succession of troubles. It is a blow at the enemy in a quarter which exposes their weakness and materially changes the character of the war. We found Sir William Gore Ouseley and his Wife who had been invited to meet us, and Mr Thomson Hawkey, a neighbor and a banker came in to dine. It was pleasant and tolerably lively, and we returned before midnight.
234 Sunday 15th London CFA AM
Our host, Joshua Bates, is a shrewd, self-made American, who has raised himself by his own judgment to one of
the first positions in the world of commerce. He is one of the leading members of the banking house of the Barrings,
with an enormous private fortune, has married his daughter to a shrewd member of the diplomatic corps, who has
gained a great deal of influence with the Queen, so that serially there is not much left for our plain American to
desire in the midst of this haughty aristocracy. Such are the freaks of fortune. It rests with the grandson of a
Weymouth boy to become if he knows how to conduct himself the founder of a peerage. He has a pretty though not
a very large place here built by another American adventurer who came from our town of Braintree Henry Hope,
and made a fortune much in the same way, and he has filled it with books and judiciously selected works of art. He
lives luxuriously and yet within compass. The contrast between him and his partner Russell Sturgis is striking
enough. The latter was never made to be a banker. After breakfast, Mr Bates, Sir W. and Lady Ouseley and I went
to Church as the Village church. Attendance very full, and service very much as usual. The preacher said he had
been long in the East Indies and then drew a contract between the effect of the gospel in regulating the morals of
Christian nations, and that of the oriental system of idolatry. But it was poor and meagre. We then walked round Mr
Bates's place, in the course of which he showed clearly enough his sense of its value to be strictly commercial, and
that he is only waiting for a price to sell it. And indeed I scarcely know why he should keep it. For he has built for his
daughter a new house in the Fuest near Windsor. Mr Bates drove with me all over Richmond park which is close by.
It set in to shower a little so that we lost the view. On our way home we stopped to pay a visit to Mr and Mrs Harkey
who live close by. He was not at home but we saw his Wife, who was an American woman. She seemed lively and
intelligent but far from pretty. The dinner as sumptuous as usual.235

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235 Monday 16th London CFA AM
As our hosts seemed to desire the stay of some of our party for another day, Mrs Adams and Henry concluded to remain with the Ouseleys, whilst my daughter Mary accompanied me in the carriage to town. She was coming in to meet a young friend about to pay her a visit. For me I must candidly confess that no other person’s house has so much attraction to me as my own. I have got to a time of life when the attractions of society which were never great have changed into burdens, and the attempt to be agreeable is oppressive. Not that I entertain any other feelings than those of good will to all the world. I have none of the cynic in my disposition. My own wish is merely to be silent when I have nothing to say, and not to be compelled to make conversation on topics which do not interest me. On my return I found myself in the midst of despatches and letters, which occupied me some time, and newspapers which consumed more. The accounts are all much better, and I allowed my spirits to get into rather better condition about the future—And yet not without distrust. For after all the news is only enough to neutralize what has gone before, and leaves us with hope not unmixed with fear. I took a walk—and after dinner was engaged in bringing up the arrears of my Diary.

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Chilly. Morning much taken up with persons visiting me. Mr Blake from Boston came in, complaining of the prevailing tone in England. Then Mr Wainwright, and after him Mr Lucas and Mr S Hammond. By this time I was bound to go down in the carriage which was to go to the railway station after Mrs Adams, to be set down at the counting house of the Barrings in Bishopgate Street. Mr Moran went with me and we transacted our business, after which we stopped at Mr Morse’s, the consul’s in order that I should take before him the oath of allegiance to the government, which has been sent out by the Government. This accomplished, I walked home in the straggling wandering way which I adopt for the sake of learning the ways of London. The magnitude of the place, the strange irregularity of the streets and alleys the variety and the luxury of the shops, all give me a steady source of amusement and interest. I was nearly three hours getting home. When I reached there I found the rest of the family returned. Quiet evening.
236 Wednesday 18th London CFA AM
Chilly within doors. The time for fires is approaching. My morning was very largely taken up by visits. Mr Motley sat with me for some time. He has been paying some visits to ministers, and he comes back impressed with a belief that they are not disposed to make a difficulty. He thinks Lord Russell is rather anxious in respect to the affair of Mr Brunch, and the policy which the United States may adopt. I am not without anxiety myself, and I conversed freely with Motley in regard to the principles which had governed my action here. For although very much alive to the unfriendly and jealous feeling that prevails, I do not deem it advisable to take notice of it more than I can help, for the sake of the effects this might have in encouraging assistance at home. He agreed in this view, but seemed disposed to put more faith in the good will of the leading men than I do. After they were gone, I went out with Mrs Adams and after paying a visit left the carriage and made one of my long rambles through the streets. Mr H Teche Parker and his Wife dined with us, and spent the evening.
The morning was foggy, but the day proved fine. I devoted my time to the regular work of preparing my despatches. They were not difficult nor on such serious questions as heretofore. But the manual labor of my correspondence is not trifling. I wrote today another short French letter which occupied twice the time of an English one. At four o’clock, Mrs Adams went with me to the warehouse of Messrs Offord & Co to look for a carriage, a problem which has been puzzling me for a good while. We examined several and I agreed to go with my coachman to preview them tomorrow. We afterwards took a drive around the Regent’s park and I took a long walk still later. My spirits seem to flag a little under the presence of our home affairs. In the evening we were quietly at home.
Thursday 19th
19 September 1861

20 September 1861

237 Friday 20th London CFA AM

Slight drizzle followed by a fine day. I finished up my private letter writing for the mail bag in very good season, so that I was clear of work by three o’clock. I had visits also from Mr Sanford and Mr Motley, both of whom came to dine with me. The former seemed very anxious to explain the both of us his agency in the invitation extended to Garibaldi to go to America. This matter has given occasion to a good deal of unpleasant remark in Europe, as indicating that we did not feel competent to manage our business, with our own Offices. I had been consulted about it by Mr Lucas, who wished authenticity to contradict it, which I could not give him excepting insofar as the story affirmed that the supreme command had been offered to him. I gave him on Tuesday my version of the matter, which was this. That probably some irresponsible individual had first sounded him as to his disposition to go. Then that the government on receiving information of this had authorised an offer of admitted. That Garibaldi had demanded a general power, which could not be admitted. That Garibaldi had demanded a general power, which could not be admitted, and the negotiation had gone off on this issue. My conjecture proved in the main correct, though there were material additions in the narrative of Mr Sanford. It seems that one James W Quiggle, officiating as consul at Antwerp, some time since whilst travelling in Italy made acquaintance enough with Garibaldi to induce him to volunteer a letter of enquiry as to his feeling on the American question. The reply was of such a kind as to induce Mr Quiggle to send a copy to the Department of State. This had brought a letter of instructions to Mr Sanford to go and make Garibaldi an offer for a position of Major General, being the highest army rank in the gift of the President. At the same time it eulogised Mr Quiggle and directed Mr Sanford to offer him any place under the General that he might prefer. Sanford professing to be well aware of the responsibility resting on him, and desirous of keeping the control of the matter in his hands, yet puts off first of all to Mr Quiggle and reads him the instruction as well as the compliment to himself. Quiggle insists upon seeing and reading it is concerning enough to take a copy, and then on the strength of it anticipates poor Sanford by238 writing at once to Garibaldi to apprize him that the government had forwarded him a formal invitation to take the supreme command in America, of which he would receive due notice presently. Finding this misconception fastened on the mind of Garibaldi by this folly of his own, his next task was to remedy the evil in the best way he could. Accordingly he goes to Turin where he finds a friend of Garibaldi who has come from him to notify the king of Sardinia that he is ready to go America if his services are not wanted in Italy. In other words he threatens to withdraw this aid of his popularity to the King if he refuses to advance forthwith upon Rome. The King is too wary to be drawn into the trap, so with great professions of good will reluctantly grants his consent to the chief’s departure. It follows that Garibaldi mortified at the failure of his scheme has no resource but to execute his threat. But here again Mr Sanford is compelled to intervene to protect the American Government from the effects of Garibaldi’s misconception. To that end he pays him a visit and discloses to him the fact that he can have a command, but not the supreme control. This of course changes his views again. He cannot think of going to America without having the power of a Dictator and the contingent right to proclaim emancipation to the slaves. On this point the negotiation went off. A strange medley of blunders. Garibaldi however felt so awkwardly placed by his failure to carry the king off his feet, that he still clung to the idea of paying a visit to America as a private citizen. Mr Sanford offered him every facility to go out as a guest, but he declined it all, and finished by saying that if he decided to go it should be in his own way. This seems to me a luck escape. For our Officers have too much sense of honor not to feel that the introduction of a foreigner to do their work is a lasting discredit to themselves. At best it is little more than a clap-trap. Mr Seward is unquestionably a statesman of large and comprehensive views, but in his management of his Office he betrays two defects. One a want of systematic and dignified operation in the opinion of the world—the other, an admixture239 of that earthly taint which comes from early training in the school of New York State politics. The first shows itself in a somewhat brusque and ungracious manner towards the representatives of foreign nations—The second, in a rather indiscriminate appliance of means to ends. Mr Sanford evidently felt that he had not gained much in this melee, but I made no remark beyond expressing a fear of the effect upon Generals Scott and McLellan. Soon after this exposition Mr Motley left us to go to the Theatre, and Mr Sanford bid us Goodbye to return in the morning.

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Clear morning but it settled into heavy rain. I had not much to do excepting to study the law a little about ship’s registers. Very often I receive letters from Consuls asking me questions which require a good deal of attention. Indeed the position of a Minister at this Court is far more important and responsible than I had supposed. I had considered all questions of past difference settled or removed, and that my labour to keep terms of good will in the present conflict at home would be so much seconded as to render it light. Instead of this I have had to contend with a steady current of resistance, rather growing than diminishing in force with the progress of time. I received today a note from Lord Russell in reply to mine of Tuesday, confessing his inability to meet me at the Foreign Office and inviting me to go all the way to Scotland to see him. This is awkward, expensive and tiresome, but I must do it. A few hours of conference may be productive of useful results and tend to soften the invitation which is so steadily on the increase. I took a long walk in the rain to return a visit from the Swedish Chargé d’affaires, Baron Beck-Freis. I had many visits myself. Commodore Stribling and Commander Bradford on their way home, relieved from command in the China seas on suspicion of their fidelity. They took pains to assure me of the contrary. The Earl of Donoughmore came to enquire the address of Sidney Brooks. A certain missionary Mr Schwartz to get aid in raising relief for the Wesleyan Methodist mission in Germany, and Mr Tenileton, a friendly visit and to talk genuine English sympathy.

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240 Sunday 22d London CFA AM
Fog and rain. Attended Divine service at St George’s Chapel. The sermon from the text “I thirst,” but in no other way remarkable. I called with my son upon Lord Lyndhurst who has come to town quite ill. Met there Mr Charles Greville, and we had some American talk. His Lordship is lively, and keeps note of every thing. He said Mr Motley had come back more excited than ever, and seemed to wonder at it. I told him that I saw no cause of surprise. At which both of them seemed to be shocked. The truth is that the English are not conscious of their national defects. And it is of little use to try to point them out. I simply referred to the general tone of the newspapers and the casual speeches of members of parliament as well as other parties, and there left the subject. His Lordship looks badly, but he says he is better, and he is going out of town again next week. My son and I then walked around the Regent’s park. Day otherwise quiet.
23 September 1861

240 Monday 23d. Aberdeen CFA AM

A morning of interruptions. I went out to make my final agreement about a carriage which has been exercising me ever since my arrival. I entered on the purchase of one with every prospect of having to carry it home with me in consequence of some change of my relations at this court. Mr Motley came in and talked with me a little about the state of our relations here. I told him of my proposed departure this evening for Scotland and enquired the best road which he told me. I then went out with Mrs Adams in the carriage and returned the visits of Commodore Stribling and Commander Rudford. After dinner the carriage took me with my Servant Light to the railway station at Easton Square, where we took places in what is called the limited mail for Aberdeen in Scotland. I had one of the carriages to myself, and travelled through the night.

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240 Tuesday 24th Abergeldie Castle CFA AM
At one time I waked to see great furnaces glowing all around me out of the midst of the darkness, the evidence of the great manufacturing turns which enrich without beautifying the country. Soon after day break I found myself at Carlisle on the boundary of Scotland, thence through Carstairs and Perth and Dunheld to Aberdeen which we reached at a little before one o’clock in the day. With the exception of Perthshire all the aspect of Scotland is hard and forbidding, and reminds me much of New England. The stone walls with the bleak hills seem nevertheless to have in both cases the same results of creating an industrious and hardy population. As there was a break in the railway connection at Aberdeen I went to the Hotel, and dressed myself and breakfasted. Having an hour to spare I took a look round the town, which Contains about seventy thousand inhabitants. It rained so hard that I could not see so much of it as I might but what I did traverse gave me the idea of a very substantial, comfortable place. At half past four I recurred my travels by what is called the Deeside railway. This runs along the bank of a pretty little mountain stream, with more than its usual quantity of water in consequence of late heavy rains. The wheat crop is not yet gathered and much of it already cut is soaking in water. The sky cleared with a brilliant sunset, and a cod air. that again reminds me of New England. At about forty miles we came to Aboyne where the railway stops. We then mounted a stage and down ten miles further to Ballater. The small ins on the way seemed full of people carousing when I took to be belonging to the Queen’s household. At Ballater I was obliged to take a port chaise and drive seven miles farther to Abergeldie Castle, the residence of Earl Russell. I found him and his Wife expecting me which excused my coming in at so late an hour as ten o’clock. They had some supper after which we soon retired, putting off the object of my visit until morning.
I was placed in a large square chamber in what is called the tower of the castle, with narrow windows and very thick walls. On three sides it opens to pretty but not extensive views. The little Dee flows directly under one, whilst before the others is the range of the heather topped mountains, in the distance, and a quaint flower garden close to. I was up early to attend prayers, where just the same retinue servants male and female came in that I counted at Mr Sturgis’s—in all ten. The breakfast came immediately afterwards, at a quarter past eight. Nobody here but the family, consisting242 of Lord and Lady Russell, his daughter, their son Lord Amberley, a young man just going to Cambridge, several small children with their teacher, Mr Wagner, and a young man by the name of Villers Lister, a visitor or perhaps his Lordship’s private Secretary. It was cloudy and rained more or less all the morning. My conference with his Lordship was long and uninterrupted. I presented to him the topic of interest, which was the rumored intervention of Spain, France and Great Britain in the affairs of Mexico. I mentioned the uneasiness which it had created in American, and the desire felt by government to do something to avoid any such resort. To that end I had been instructed to request at least delay sufficient to enable it to make some arrangement with Mexico that might be satisfactory. His Lordship showed that he had been made aware of the nature of the project, and be objected to it as not covering the extent of the complaint. Yet I found that through he contemplated measures of redress, he was equally careful to disavow intervention. And he gave me further to understand that he had persuaded France off from it, and had intimated the inexpediency of such a policy to Spain. I expressed my satisfaction with this news. I knew that the United States would interpose no objection to any ordinary measure of redress for wrongs done by the faction that had prevailed in Mexico. But the establishment of a government by force abroad was inaugurating a new policy which could not fail to involve momentous changes in the political relations of all the powers of the world. The truth seems to be that Spain which is now once more strong enough to begin to aspire to be a power in the world, has fixed its attention upon the means of recovering some of its ancient possessions in America. The difficulties in the United States supervene just in season to remove a check upon its operations, and the effect has been first, to seize upon Dominica, and secondly, to prepare a force against Mexico, with which to renovate the old faction that has always been working in sympathy with it. France is not unwilling to stand ready to avail itself of every opportunity for gaining something, though disposed to keep terms, with243 England, whilst the latter country is quietly working to neutralize all the operations disadvantageous to itself. On the whole the result of the conference was rather quieting to me, from the display of an unwillingness to more without our cooperation. We had some desultory talk of a friendly character on other matters, all of which confirmed my belief that the disposition of his Lordship had become more demonstrative than heretofore and the policy of the Cabinet more conciliatory. How long this may last it is difficult to predict in the face of the ever recurring topics of invitation. I never feel sure that each recurring week’s despatches may not bring a torpedo to scatter to the winds all my feeble labors. After luncheon Lady Russell invited me to take a drive around Balmoral, the Queen’s seat. The day cleared a little sharp, like New England air. But the trip was pleasant. The little river winds about gracefully, and the valley contrasts prettily with the heights around it. I found her Ladyship a quiet, sensible, educated lady with little or none of the salient and repulsive characteristics of the English aristocracy. Indeed the peculiarity fall the family seems to be a love of domestic simplicity. Soon after our return home we dined, and had a short evening, as Lady Russell soon retired from fatigue and I to write out a report of the morning's conversation. Her Ladyship in the morning had sent her little daughter to ask me if I was going to stay over tomorrow, as she desire to invite from...
243 Thursday 26th Edinburgh CFA AM
Shortly after breakfast I took my leave of the friendly family, and as the tower clock struck ten, the carriage rolled from the porch before the door. Lord Amberley predicted cold and rain and every discomfort during the long drive, but such proved not to be the case. The clouds parted, and the sun shone as I went along the stages, one of the eleven miles, the second of fifteen and the third of twenty, to Blair Gowrie, a station of a side railroad which runs into the main track between Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Of those stages the second was far the most interesting, as it embraced the pass over the highlands. The road lady along the bank of a small stream that forms the Dee narrowing into a brook as we went and at last coming to the head, where are no habitations, and with the exceptions of a few sheep not a sign of life. It was plain that there had been dwellings in earlier days, but nothing was left of them but a few stones of the foundations. The land was rocky and barren, but picturesque from the diversity of valley and mountain. It reminded me a little of my lovely trip to the Dixville notch, which is far more striking, on a vastly worse road. Having at last reached the highest level we stopped at a neat and comfortable looking inn to change horses, and I obtained a species of refreshment peculiar to the country, which Lady Russell charged me not to forget to ask for. It is called Athelbrose, and consists of a mixture of Milk, honey and whiskey rather cloying than agreeable. We bowled along downwards the rest of our way at a very rapid rate, through a fine farming region, the best in Scotland, Perthshire, and reached our terminus twenty minutes before the time for starting of the train. This is a far pleasanter way of travelling than by rail, but it is not a little expensive. I have gained a view of Scotland by means of it which no ordinary way of moving could have supplied. From this point we were carried to conpar angus where we reached the main trunk going to Perth and Edinburgh. It was ten o’clock before we got to the latter point. I took lodgings at Rampling’s Hotel, where I found very excellent accomodations. And after a good meal I spent a couple of hours in completing the draught of a despatch left unfinished last night.
27 September 1861

244 Friday 27th Edinburgh. London CFA AM

Up early this morning, in order to gain an hour before my departure to take a look at this noted city. The first point of interest was the Calton hill, which gives a view of the whole town. It is a striking site, and in a clear atmosphere, if there ever is one would furnish a fine picture. But although the sun was shining, a heavy cloud of coal smoke hung like a pall over most of the city. A doric portico without any building, and a couple of monuments, with two other edifices constitute all the objects of interest on the summit. But off in the distance is Arthur’s seat and the bold crag which breaks the ordinary uniformity of city buildings. Directly below the elevation are buildings all of stone, ample and of good taste in architecture. Farther than this I could not see before it became necessary for me to depart. At ten I bid good bye to Edinburgh and we travelled all day, the greater part over the same road traversed the other evening. I saw Carlisle, and Preston and Ungow and Stafford, then to Rugby and so on to London, reaching home at about half past ten, very glad to have gotten through my journey, and not anxious soon to repeat it.

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245 Saturday 28th London CFA AM

On my return I found more than the usual quantity of arrears to bring up, and my first duty was to finish up my Despatches for the Steamer of this week. As I had already prepared the principal one, that was immediately given out to be copied, whilst I drew up the other and shorter ones. I had several interruptions, and among others a visit from Mr Motley who came to gather the substance of my conference. He goes off on Tuesday, not without regret. The diplomatic representatives of the United States all seem to linger around this as the great theatre of operations, each anxious to lend a lifting hand to my relief. I talked to Mr Motley quite freely, and much more so than I have done to most of the others. We finished our labours by four o’clock, after which I went out in the rain to take a little walk. Brooks came in from Twickenham to spend Sunday. I think he is improving in his learning and grows more manly.
245 Sunday 29th London CFA AM
A fine day. I attended Divine Service at St George’s Chapel, Bloomsbury. Quite full. The sermon much as usual, though I believe the preacher has some reputation. At home I had a series of visits, which I felt rather tiresome as I was suffering more and more from a head ache. Sir William and Lady Ouseley, the two Misses Gelston, Mr H. T. Parker and Mr Mackintosh before dinner. Then I went out with Mrs Adams to call on a Mr and Mrs Bartlett who had brought a letter Mr Eliot of New Bedford. We did not succeed in finding them, from a mistake in the address. After my return I took a walk with my two younger children, in the Regent’s park which under the influence of the late rains has completely recovered in verdure. A young gentleman by the name of Richardson, a friend of my son Henry, dined with us, and Mr Morse, the consul came in with his daughter, and spent the evening. Mr Morse has not been successful in discovering the whereabouts of the vessel supposed to be loading for the insurgents. I have little doubt that there is one, but they are so desperate that they make more and more efforts to conceal their movements. The struggle in America in is approaching another of its critical moments. It is quite evident that the insurgents are beginning to feel the pressure of the cord that is tightening around them. It will be our fault if we let them escape again as they did before. But in war there is no knowing what may happen next. I must admit that I feel extreme anxiety as the hour approaches.

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On coming down to breakfast this morning, we found the letters from America, which usually give enough to absorb attention for several hours. I was however very much interrupted by visits from chance persons, and by the necessity of attending to letters. Indeed I think the pressure seems to inclose upon me rather than to diminish. It has been greatly aggravated by the notice current in the papers that I have authority to engage offices for the American science. The rush for adventure and pay is great in all the countries of Europe. I see something of it from almost every nation. I drove out with Mrs Adams, to make a call on Mr Oseguera, the Mexican secretary. He was not at home. I left a card requesting him to call and see me tomorrow. From thence we made another attempt, this time successful to see Mr and Mrs Bartlett. There I left the carriage and walked home. The day was clear and summerlike; to the feeling one of the most agreeable since I have been here. We dined quietly, Miss Mackintosh being a guest of my daughter Mary’s.
247 Tuesday 1st London CFA AM

Cloudy and warm. I had many visits. One from a gentleman who did not give his name but who sent in the card of a Mr Crane who was here yesterday to speak of him as a person who could give valuable information respecting the Confederate movement here. It was soon clear that he was ready to drive a bargain for his testimony. I referred him to Mr Morse as more competent to negotiate. M Oseguera was here and I told him what I was willing to do. I would sound the government here to know whether it would have any informal communication with any Mexican agent, as from what Lord Russell had said to me I informed a favorable disposition in his part. He accepted my offer very gratefully Mr Hunter was here to beg for money, I was unwise enough to let him have some. I was much engaged making up the accounts of the quarter. Short walk towards evening. Mr and Mrs Bartlett and Mr George B Sohier dined here. Mr Morse came in to see me, and to say that he had conferred with the man I sent to him, and he believed him to possess valuable information. The only question was as to its value. He held out for a high price. I told him that he had better give it, if the information was such as he described or any thing like it. The truth is that of late they have been too cunning for us. This man intimated that the managers knew themselves to be watched.

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200 Wednesday 2d. London CFA AM

Fine day. A visit from Mr Alfred Brett, who came to talk about a steamer to be sold, which might be of use to the government. His position gives him means of information as to the movements of these vessels here which is valuable. I told him that I had no authority, but that I would put him in communication with Mr Wainwright who had some views on the subject. I drove down to the Foreign office, and saw Mr Hammond. I spoke to him of the desire of the Mexican Secretary, M. Oseguera, to know if Lord Russell would consent to see any informal agent of the Juarez Government, and explained my agency in it simply as one of a friendly character to both parties. Mr Hammond said he would mention the matter to His Lordship who would probably be down soon, though not permanently until the middle of the month. From thence I took a walk to the city with the intent248 to get a draft cashed which I had received from the benefit of a young man in the army, but I was too late. My walk was a very pleasant one however. I got home before six o’clock when we dined, Mrs Crowninshield and her daughter Cara dined with us. After which I went with the two girls and Henry to the Haymarket to see Mr Booth play in the Merchant of Venice. It was a pretty fair performance, at times quite good. But I recollected Mr Rean’s too well not to see how different the conception of the part was. Mrs Young played Portia very well. It was not overdone. The rest of the characters were not above fair. Two after pieces followed. Box and Cox, which is amusing, though very thin in the conception. And Turning the tables, which I saw much better done in Boston. The comic talent was not so good as I expected. Home before midnight.

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The weather is again very fine. I was hard at work again today in writing letters and receiving persons on all sorts of enquiries. The applications have very much increased of late, and the number of answers given in proportion. Mr Wainwright came in today, and I spoke to him of Mr Brett’s proposal. Towards evening I went out and took a walk to try and find out some new tradespeople who will furnish good work. The prices of all sorts of things are high in London, so that the cost of living must be great. I wonder how so many persons sustain themselves, creditably. Nobody dined here but Miss Cara Crowninshield. I wrote a letter to my son Charles. Mrs Crowninshield here in the evening. Mr Morse came in and called me down to give me the papers containing a claim for the surrender of a man who has committed a murder in an American ship off the coast. I must attend to it tomorrow. He also mentioned the case of the informant and gave me some of the papers which he showed. The extent of the supplies that are ordered and paid for is very great. He asked me if I could provide a share of the means with which to compensate him. I engaged to obtain the sub he wanted tomorrow. On the whole an anxious day.
249 Friday 4th London CFA AM

Every morning I find letters which add to the labours of the day. I was quite occupied in preparing for my weekly dispatches until a quarter past two o’clock when I drove into the city to cash a draft on Messrs Hayward Kincaid and Co, and thence to Messrs Baring, Brothers & Co to negotiate for a draft on the government. I found Mr Sturgis very ready to make an arrangement to accommodate me, so I took the amount of money demanded and carried it to Mr Morse in whose hands I delivered it. I then returned home and sat down immediately to draw up a report of this transaction to be sent tomorrow. Mr Sohier dined here and was quite lively. He goes to Paris tomorrow. Mrs Adams went with the two Misses Gelston to see Madame Tussaud’s wax works.
249 Saturday 5th London CFA AM
Cloudy, with rain towards night. I continued my labour in finishing up the draughts of my dispatches and letters for the Steamer. Some persons came to see me, a Mr Steinmetz who wished to go to the wars; a Mr Comer who desired to know if I could help him to stop a Captain with a vessel belonging to persons in Baltimore, which in the free license of times he has carried off. I remained pretty steadily writing until nearly five o’clock when every thing was done. I afterwards took a walk with my daughter Mary——and in the evening continued General Fry’s narrative of the peninsular war. Henry went out to spend the Sunday with Mr Sturgis at Walton.
249 Sunday 6th London CFA AM
Cloudy and dull. I went to Church at the Unitarian chapel in Little Portland Street. About forty person in attendance. The same gentleman officiated, whom I saw when I was there before. He reads the service and the sermon well. It was announced that Mr Martineau could resume his duties next Sunday. For a man with his ability it must be discouraging to be under such a weight of avetinualities as seems to press upon all classes alike in this country. How is it that the reformation ever made headway, or the revolution of 1688? The remainder of the day spent at home in writing and reading. A long walk with my daughter Mary, around the regent's park. In the evening I was much interested in General Fry's account of the disaster at Baylen.250
250 Monday 7th London CFA AM
Very sultry with a heavy fog for much of the day. The mail bag did not come, but so many newspapers came outside of it from America as to use up a large portion of the time. The accounts as a whole were not very favorable. The great and constant anxiety in my mind turns upon the character of the President which has not gained a particle in my estimation since the first shock I experienced in February last. He is not equal to the emergency. To be sure, few men could be found who are. Be that as it may the sense of the absence of such a one gives a feeling of floating uncertainty about the future which makes the torment of this struggle. O! had the chief a voice to go forth and give heart to the struggle as founded on great ideas, the establishment or confirmation of which were necessary to the advancement of civilization, would not be have included a moral power which would have made half the battle. As it is we go on floundering to the same results, scarcely seeing the way out. I wrote several letters to consuls as usual, and towards evening walked around the regent's park. In the evening I finished General Fry's interesting fragment on the peninsular war.

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250 Tuesday 8th London CFA AM
Fine, clear day. The mail bag came this morning, but it brought no despatches of interest, and but a single letter from my son Charles. His account of my private affairs is rather discouraging, and yet in some particulars it relieves me from anxieties. I do not think the public news very cheering. The country still wants the consciousness of a purpose It is however rather cheering to find that California manifests no disposition to favor the insurrection. Secession has found its limits. With discreet direction the present difficulties would tend to a great extension of a population of the pacific coast. There the slave question is not a drawback, and the slaveholding policy will cease to infuse its position into the body politic. The great problem however reamins unsolved on the banks of the Potomack. We must hear from there sooner or later. My labors of letter writing continue and even go on increasing. I wrote today to Mr Schurz at Madrid, who is anxious about intervention. Quiet day. Walk at dark— Evening, the Misses Gelston were here.251

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251 Wednesday 9th London CFA AM
Fog, but it cleared by noon, which seems to be common here. My routine much as usual. Several persons to see me, principally to get passports one way or the other, but some to get money or aid. The multiplicity of forms in which this is sought is among the curious details of this mission. I wrote some replies to letters which come in at the rate of eight or ten per day. Went with Mrs Adams and Mary to take a drive which was quite pleasant. The foliage is falling, but under the late rains the verdure has recovered all its brightness. It looks as well as it did in June. This is the difference in climate with New England. The frosts now begin to bite our grass. Quiet dinner. Evening I continued Whitelock’s account of his Embassy to Sweden, in Cromwell’s day. It is curious and instructive. Without being a man of really exalted character, he yet possessed many honorable and effective qualities. Cromwell was obliged to use him even though afraid of his scruples and his want of flexibility. Whitelock on the other hand was stiff enough to make himself obnoxious, but not independent enough to secure the highest respect.
251 Thursday 10th London CFA AM
Wet in the day but it did not rain. As the proposed arrangement for sending the despatches through Queenstown seems to have failed from the incapacity or the disinclination of the Consuls to direct it I directed a return to the old arrangement by the way of Liverpool. This of course makes preparation necessary one day earlier in the week, so I was busy all this day in preparing the draught of my Despatches. I had only three, and they were not very long, so I finished and Mr Moran copied them today. I had visits from several person. Mr R W Mason was the principal one, who is on his way with his Wife to the continent in search of health. This week we have not seen many American. I wrote some other letters, especially one to Mr R C Winthrop. Walk with my daughter Mary. In the evening, I continued the Diary of Whitelock. His account of Christina is rather favorable, and the sketch of Chancellor Oxensteine very interesting.

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251 Friday 11th London CFA AM
rainy morning with thunder and lightening, but it cleared fine at night. I was busy writing my private letters to my sons today, as well as the usual answers to miscellaneous applications made here. Visits also of persons with letters. One from a Mr Watson from Northampton, who has brought all his children out here for education. One from Mr Hoffman of New York with a letter from my son Charles. We got the bag finished in good season, and I went out and took a long walk. Evening, I continued Whitelock’s book which is full of interest.
Saturday 12th London CFA AM

For a wonder this was quite a day of vacation to me, and I scarcely know whether I improved as I should. In the morning I went out and executed some commissions which have been waiting my leisure, and I wrote some straggling notes. I had a visit likewise from a Mr. Dodge who came to enquire whether I could give him any information about the qualifications for entry into the army. He is trying to fit himself out here by taking lessons for the cavalry. I told him that I knew nothing of the matter, but that I did not doubt he would find room. I walked round the Regent’s park. The day was very fine. Mr. Hoffman dined with us. He is the son of Judge Hoffman of the Convention for the building of a monument at Philadelphia, and is intelligent and polite. He stayed until eleven.

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Continued Whitelocke's Embassy. Quiet dinner of four. My son Henry dining out, and his place supplied by Brooks, who came in to spend Sunday. Trying to buy some government ships here and had been refused. I told him he might contradict it in all its parts. Home. Mr. Henry T. Parker came in and paid me a visit. He asked me touching the truth of a story that I had been submission no longer tolerable. This crowded auditory is the standing protest of the city of London against the moral revolution whenever the corruption of the privileged classes shall have reached a point that renders Here lie but partially awakened the elements of shell of conventional formalities in the days of the reformation— Here is visible the kernel that cracked the hard outer view of English Society that had here been opened to me. Here is visible the kernel that cracked the hard outer

multitude finally poured itself in a quiet, orderly channel out of the edifice I could not but speculate upon the new

considerable. How singular is the sway of the human voice when guided by a master of its tones! As the great

sympathy with the current of human feeling in all ages on the solemn topic of moral responsibility to a higher power

few simple ideas. For there was no very characteristic thought nor moral reasoning. His power consisted in

all narrowness of sectarian bigotry, and compared the effect of the distinctions between them to that produced by

And although professing himself a Baptist and a Calvinist he disavowed

reward for its faithful devotion to its chief

—

even in crossing the narrow river that separates this and the other world. The family continued one, going on to its

beforehand a Wesleyan hymn developing the idea of the solemn march of254 the host never breaking its ranks

denomination. There was breadth and grandeur in his images, not a little heightened by the mode of singing

and father, of the members living and dead, recognized by the name of Christ, no matter what the superadded

comprised all its members. Every thing else however was grasped around the single centre of the family. The head

from the antecedent in the verse before; then the key-word, which was the family and lastly the password which

were drawn from the three significant words of his text. The link word as he called it which was Christ as referred to

He discussed upon this with great fluency, moving from time to time to one or the other side. His topics

"Of when the whole family in heaven and earth is named." He discussed upon this with great fluency, moving from time to time to one or the other side. His topics

accompaniment. Then the sermon from the text 3 Ephesians XIV

The family continued one, going on to its

or passage ways. It is estimated that the house can hold seven thousand people at the lowest. The spectacle was

admit of several rows of seats behind, and between flights of steps on each side which led down to the body a table

at one side and a chair. This was the appearance. The service was in the usual simple form of the dissenting

churches. A rather short prayer. The hymns read aloud, and sung by the whole congregation without

frame after youth. Here was no pulpit. He stood on a raised platform under the first gallery, projecting sufficiently to

man thoroughly English in matter and manner yet without physical coarseness, so common an attendant of the

Established church, and grasps at something more vigorous and earnest than forms. Mr. Spurgen is a short thick set

strength of the nation, and yet which in religion relents at the inanimate vacuity of the ministrations in the

struck, for the people were evidently almost all of the pure middle class of England which constitutes the real

It is estimated that the house can hold seven thousand people at the lowest. The spectacle was

12 October 1861

Tuesday 13th

London CFA AM

A clear, fine day throughout, a thing quite rare at this season. Mrs. Adams and I took the opportunity to execute a plan we have entertained for some time back, which was to go across the river to attend Divine service at the great tabernacle at which the most popular preacher in London officiates. We were obliged to go an hour in advance of the service in order to get a chance of seats. As it was crowds were waiting at the doors. A hint had been given to me by the Misses Gelston that by special application at the side door, the police officer might admit us. There is a magic power in liveried servants in similar cases here, and we found ourselves immediately in an immense hall, surrounded with two deep tiers of gallery. The seats however though empty at the moment all belonged to individuals by ticket just as rigidly as if it was a theatre. And I was beginning to despair when a civil plain looking man met us and offered two seats in the front gallery, vacant by reason of 253 the nonattendance of two of his daughters this morning, which I accepted with pleasure. This position gave me the opportunity to see the entire audience after it was assembled, and the slow but steady process of accumulation until from top to bottom, including the very highest point under the roof not an empty place was to be found, not excepting any of the aisles or passage ways. It is estimated that the house can hold seven thousand people at the lowest. The spectacle was striking, for the people were evidently almost all of the pure middle class of England which constitutes the real strength of the nation, and yet which in religion relents at the inanimate vacuity of the ministrations in the

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254 Monday 14th London CFA AM
A summer’s day. Brooks returned to Twickenham. The bag from America came in this morning and absorbed my attention as it always does. I cannot say that it gave me any more agreeable sensations than usual. Either affairs there have been very badly conducted or else we have had an uncommon share of ill fortune. My official despatches were very brief and I had but a single private letter. Strange to say I had little or nothing to do. Visits from Mr Eddy of Boston, Mr Vivaldi, the Consul at Brazil, and Mr Watson. The latter relucing to take the oath of allegiance could not get his passport. He came in to explain the reason. It was not want of fidelity, but it was the fact that his estate in Alabama, and he might lose it by taking the oath. It was no part of my duty to shew him that he equally lost all right of protection for himself and his property by renouncing the government of the United States. I merely expressed a polite regret that I could give him no passport. He took leave of me rather puzzled what to do. I called on Mr George Baty Blake in return to his visit of a week or two since, and then went according to appointment to sit to an artist, Mr Küntse, who has asked to take a medallion of my head. I was there an hour very drowsy. After that, a walk with Mary to look after a piano forte for her, and a quiet evening at home. Continued Whitelock.
Another day of summer temperature. I found myself with little to do again. This bids fair to last the present week. I went out after settling the house accounts for the week, and writing a brief note or two, and executed various commissions in town. For some reason or other I felt more light hearted than for a long time back. And yet barring the removal of pressure from business I am not conscious of a single reason for the alteration. Things as yet look by no means more decidedly bright at home, though in some important financial respects they are much mended. I returned Mr Eddy’s visit, and found him much troubled by a fresh illness of his Wife, whom I found in the room apparently very unwell. From thence I went over to give a second sitting to Mr Küntse, in Newman Street. The atmosphere and the profound quiet of his studio made me drowsy again. Having given one hour to this, I took a walk with my daughter Mary. Evening alone Continued Whitelock’s book.
256 Wednesday 16th London CFA AM

Quite a change of weather. Cloudy with a raw north east wind, I was again a good deal at leisure all the morning. One or two visits. One from Mr Bleake and one from Mr Bates after I went out. I took a drive of an hours Mrs Adams and then paid a third visit to the artist Mr Kuntse. He is tolerable successful in making a profile likeness, but I always wonder at the courage which makes a man think himself a good sculptor. I never yet had any confidence in my ability to tell a good statue from a bad one, at least within certain limits. This artist seems to be a modest, unassuming young man. I postponed further sitting until next week. Took a long walk. Evening quiet. continued Whitelock.

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Cooler but still clear. This once more becomes my morning for the preparation of despatches, so that I was busy in the work. There was however much less of Office work to perform than usual, and the despatches I received in the early part of the work were of a kind that needed no reply. I finished with three of very moderate size. Had a visit from Sir Henry Holland, who has returned from his visits to the East, but he had no news. I took a very long walk, and with a good deal of rapidity. I think my physical energy has improved since I have been in England, though I find my eyesight materially affected. In the evening I had a visit from Mr Morse, who came to talk about sundry matters of importance. Another claim of extradition, and the further preparations of the confederate emissaries here. Also the question of funds.
256 Friday 18th London CFA AM

I had expected that this would be quite an easy day, but matters accumulated upon me so fast that I did not succeed in getting through with them. I wrote several private letters for the Steamer. The Secretary of the Mexican Minister at Paris, M La Fuente called to see me to announce the arrival of his principal, and his earnest wish to see me at any hour I would name. I expressed my satisfaction on his arrival, and named ten o’clock at which time they both came. In the mean while I had sent Mr Wilson to the foreign Office to make sure of the audience from Lord Russell at a quarter of five which had been offered, but which I could not accept by reason of my worst of intelligence from Paris. M la Fuente is a small, middle aged, dark complexioned man with rather a thoughtful countenance. He speaks only Spanish, and hence the necessity of the young man as an interpreter. He began by asking me questions in relation to my intentions to Lord Russell, the proposal of the United States, and its reception. I gave him a brief narrative, and defined the point to which I had brought it, the disavowal of all purpose of domestic intervention. I then asked him some questions in regard to France, and the disposition of the Spanish party in Mexico to which he gave me brief answers. He closed by asking my good will, and I offered any services in my power. They then took leave. This matter is yet by no means settled. It is one of the worst consequences of our division at home. Spain is creeping out of her shell again, and striving to weave once more her web over her ancient professions in America. The wickedness of this rebellion is daily appearing in stranger light to the world. I barely go through by dark. I then took a walk with my daughter Mary. Quiet evening, reading Whitelock.
I had three letters of enquiry to answer today, two of which required a careful examination of the laws and of the Treaty stipulations with Great Britain. They consumed much of my morning. At about four I went out with Mrs Adams in the carriage, and we paid a visit to Mr and Mrs Twisleton. He is one of the most reasonable and pleasant men I have met in England. From thence we drove round to see the building in process of erection for the great Exhibition of next year. It is scarcely yet erected even in the outline, but the extent of it is prodigious. The expenditure is doubtless paid for by the increased facilities it is the means of procuring for trade and manufactures. Yet the magnitude of these undertakings is among the peculiar characteristics of modern times. I read today an article in the Edinburgh Review upon the American question. Pretty much on a par with every thing else written here excepting that the tone is more candid. Why is that the philosophy of government is so imperfectly studied here? I do not know of a single profound writer on it. Evening spent quietly at home. Continued Whitelock.
20 October 1861

258 Sunday 20th London CFA AM
A very foggy, dark day. I attended Divine service with my daughter Mary at St George's Church. It was so obscure that the preacher found difficulty in reading his sermon. Day spent quietly at home reading the last number of the Edinburgh Review. Sunday is now unpleasantly associated by me with the reception of news from America. This day it was so meagre that it produced no effect at all. Took a long walk before dinner and in the evening, finished Whitelock. It is a curious book in many ways—as a picture of the manners of the time—as connected with the policy of Cromwell, and as illustrative of the man himself.

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Monday 21st London CFA AM

I had a restless, uncomfortable night, the consequence of a disordered stomach which made me dull and uneasy all day. The mail bag also arrived from the United States and brought with it even more than the customary disappointment. Neither my private letters nor the public newspapers brought any details but such as were unsatisfactory. The success of the Bermuda in running the blockade, the apparent inefficiency of the naval force, the obvious incompetency of the head of the government, the greatness of preparation contrasted with the little performance, the unwieldy nature of the material heaped up in the war, all together give me a gloomy foreboding of the waste of human power in this foolish undertaking. Perhaps it is as well however that there should be no great genius in this war. On the other hand the currency is taking a favorable turn. The great demand for breadstuffs is maintaining the resources of the people and furnishing means for the government much more fully than it knows how to husband. I sometimes wish that I could not receive the newspapers, for the day they come is always wasted in reading what never compensated for the labour. I received but a single despatch fromm Washington and that needs no reply—so that my work is again light. I gave Mr Kuntse another sitting. He says only one more will be needed. And I walked around the Regent’s park in spite of the fog and drizzle. Evening, reading Mr Pennant’s Journey to London, one of Mr Fitzgerald’s work. I ought to observe that Mr la Fuente, the Minister of Mexico259 paid me a visit without his interpreter, and we agreed that we would try to talk in French. He remarked that Lord Russell had given him pretty much the same information that I had done as to the fate of my proposal on behalf of the United States and that he had mentioned his counterposition. But he had not stated the substance of it. This led to a question whether I could give him any idea of it. To this I replied that Lord Russell had announced to me his intention to send it directly to Washington through Lord Lyons, so that I knew nothing of it. He then asked if the story in the newspapers was true that the United States had expressed its approbation of the policy of the three persons. I at once scouted the idea. Nothing could have been heard from there since the receipt of my instructions. Lord Russell’s plan had barely reached there even now. He asked me whether I knew that that plan had been laid before France and Spain. I expressed my understanding of Lord Russell’s language to be to that effect, and I described the nature of its reception in each case. Spain could not wait longer than the end of the month. that is, it could not delay action for the answer. My conviction was that Spain at least meditated setting up a government in Mexico. M la Fuente agreed in thinking it probable. But he was of opinion that any attempt to do so by force would fail from the utter aversion to it of the whole population. We then parted with many expressions of mutual good will. On the whole this was a day of as much depression of spirits as I have felt since I have been in England.
259 Tuesday 22d. London CFA AM

The most painful private intelligence we have from America relates to Mrs Frothingham my Wife’s sister. Although she has rallied a good deal in the course of the hot months, the course of the illness does not appear to have been recovered, and her physicians now decide that she must spend the winter at Madeira. To that end she is expected to arrive here next week and I am to engage a passage for her from here to Lisbon. I very much fear that her case is desperate, and yet I dislike greatly that kind of despair so long as there is any right to hope. Another incident of a far different character is the reception under my full260 Official address of two copies of his speech from my old friend Sumner. It seems that he tried to carry the republican convention off their feet by one of his strong declamations, and failed. And now he sends me a copy. I read it without the smallest remnant of sympathy. The disclosure of his behavior to me made by Mr Seward has opened up such a view of human weakness, that it awakens my pity rather than any other emotion. His orations now sound to me hollow, and impractical, stimulated by a vindictive temper rather than a comprehensive philanthropy. If therefore he regards this step as an overture I shall let it let it pass without notice. Indifference is the most unerring symptom of the natural decease of a friendship. If I had any anger or passion about it any enmity or aversion there would be a prospect of a reaction. I am so far removed that there is no friction. So let us be at peace and forget the past. It was a dark and rainy day. I wrote one note to the foreign office, about the case of John W Moody. It rained so hard I did not go to Mr Kuntse, for the final sitting, but I took my usual walk around the regent’s park. Evening at home, reading Pennant’s Tour. rather dull.

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A fine day and quite clear for this climate. I was much interrupted with visits Mr Putnam the consul at Havre came and talked of the troubles at home, pushing his speculations of future changes far beyond any point I care to reach. Mr Goddard is the Consul to Constantinople and is on his way. He is much astonished at the drift of popular opinion here, and also in Canada from which country he embarked. He gave an amusing account of his conversation with Dean Trench who evidently is as little master of our affairs as most people in this country. Sir Henry Holland came in and talked a little. I asked him as to the prospect of a change of ministry. He expressed his utter disbelief in any change so long as Lord Palmerston should survive. I know not how far he is a judge. I went out earlier than usual, to return the visit of Mr Moreira who lives close by. I sounded him about the Spanish attempt on Mexico. He was incredulous of any thing beyond the ordinary mode of securing indemnity and satisfaction. He even doubted whether the project of intervention was really entertained in Spain. He believed them to be egged on by France and most of all by this country. He characterized the policy of Great Britain as tricky and selfish. They were burning with jealousy of the United States, and that was at the bottom of all their action towards them. He thought the tories bad enough, but they were more straightforward than the Whigs who were mean and timid and false. The earnestness of his manner showed that he felt what he said. It is one of the peculiarities of the English always to make foreign ministers dislike them. But I do not quite subscribe to M Moreira’s wholesale condemnation of them. Selfish they are and stiff in their notions, but they are not dishonest. Very unpleasant to deal with but generally faithful to their engagements. From hence I went to Mr Kuntse and gave him a fifth sitting. He waist to see the family and hear their comments, before making the last effort. A walk around Regent’s park. In the evening I began to read the Diaries of Lord Malmesbury.
261 Thursday 24th London CFA AM

A pleasant day and very mild. I walk out after sunset without an overcoat and feel warm, a thing not often possible at the same period of autumn at home. I was quite busy at home drawing the weekly despatches. They were much shorter than usual, as in fact there was but one to answer this week. I made out three however which occupied much of my day. A visit from a Mr Perry of Boston, who gave me some account of one or two fellow passengers of his over the water, and especially a Georgian who professes his devotion to the Union. ra ra airs in these lands. The news from home chequered as usual. Always some betrayal of feebleness and incompetency. There was a rumor of disaster below New Orleans which leaves us all restless until the next arrival, On the whole the situation here is growing worse rather than better. I accepted today an invitation to the Lord Mayor’s dinner at which I suppose I must make a speech. This is quite a trial to me in more respects than one. I have an aversion to the thing at all times, but especially just now. Long walk in the street all the way to Temple Bar and back. Evening at home. Read Malmesbury.

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262 Friday 25th London CFA AM

Mild and cloudy. I wrote letters very industriously for the steamer of tomorrow and did not get through until quite late. Some time spent in reading a quantity of American Newspapers which did not give me much more satisfaction than usual. There is such a constant effort to make a sensation that shall sell off the paper, one is constantly dissatisfied on ascertaining the broad difference between promise and performance. Several persons to visit me but I declined almost everybody on the score of preoccupation. Called at Mr Kuntse's to give him his final sitting, but it had become so dark that he proposed to put it off until ten o'clock tomorrow. I then took a long walk to Bayswater. In the evening I read a late Diary which Mr Senior left with me. He had returned to London quite sick, and with most of his visits unaccomplished. This Diary is only about a visit to Tocqueville, where M and Mrs de Beaumont and M Ampère were assembled. The burden of the song was Napoleon, and his desperate policy. France is certainly in a very odd state. All the higher class detest and fear him. They look forward to the restoration of the Orleans family whilst the popular voice is clearly for the ruler. In the mean while, he is wielding a colossal military organization for purposes only known to himself. The conjecture is that it is to fall upon Great Britain. Yet how does Great Britain prepare for it? By a course of conciliation to other powers? not a whit. Let her policy to the United States stand as an example.

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More chilly. I fulfilled my appointment with Mr Kuntse, and he finished his work in about half an hour. I then looked at it fully for the first time. He does not seem to me to have succeeded. The expression is not mine, if I am competent to give an opinion in the case. The remainder of my day was wasted in the unaccountable manner which sometimes happens with me. I completed the reading of Mr Senior’s Diary. He introduces Miss Curtis of Boston twice, each time speaking in derogation of Americans and American affairs. Miss Curtis is a fine woman, but I fancy she will scarcely relish this shape of immortality. Brooks came back from school sick. Henry and Mary went to Mr Sturgis’s to pass Sunday. We dinner, Mr and Mrs Wainwright263 of New York, and my two Secretaries. The former are about returning home. In the course of the conversation a remark was made by Mr Wilson which went far to explain the cause of his appointment, and of Mr Seward’s action. According to him Governor Pennington was pressing Mr Lincoln very hard for the place for his son. And Lincoln was weak enough to promise it. Mr Seward learning this sent for Wilson who had been pressing with some urgency for another Office which he could not get, and urged him to put in for this, whilst he turned Penington over to the post in France. So I had a lucky escape. For Mr Wilson, though not a finished diplomat is thus far unexceptionable in all his conduct. A thing, which I fear, is not to be said of Penington. But then what are we to think of the President, as the head of a great nation?
263 Sunday 27th London CFA AM

A cool but fine day. Attended Divine service with Mrs Adams. Mr Martineau officiated and the attendance was quite full, for the first time in my experience. He read the service well, and his sermon was more thoughtful than I have met with heretofore, but it wanted feeling, the peculiar deficiency of the rational Christians. At home we were freed for once from the anxieties of the American news, which did not come. Called at Thomas’s Hotel to see Sidney Brooks and his Wife who have arrived in anticipation of Mrs Frothingham’s coming, and also on Lord and Lady Hatherton who happened to be here passing through. Towards evening I called to see Mr Senior and to return to him his latest Journals. He was alone at first, and we talked of American Affairs, until Baron Marchetti came in, when it turned to the people Mr S met in Switzerland. He offered me any number of his Diaries, and I finally consented to take some volumes of conversations with Tocqueville. I then walked with Brooks across from Prince’s Gate to the Kensington garden gate on the Bayswater side, and then through several squares into the Marylebone Road and thence home. Our dinner was small by reason of the absence of two of our children. In the evening we had a visit from Sidney Brooks and his Wife. The former seems much better than heretofore, and more unreserved than I ever knew him.264

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264 Monday 28th London CFA AM

Clear and chilly. I am all the time engaged in writing answers to the enquiries of the Consuls. This morning I slipped out for the sake of consulting Mr Erickson a surgeon about my son Brooks. More than three months ago a cricket ball struck him in the head, and from that time there has been a small swelling under the hair which remains without much change. I have watched it but have not perceived any growth or decline. On the whole I determined not to let it go longer without at least taking advice. Mr Erickson thought the injury not likely to be material. And if it proved likely to be inconvenient, it could be removed, at any time. In other respects Brooks is not quite well, so I have concluded to detain him from school. He walked with me round the Regent’s park. I had visits. One from Mr Joseph Parkes Dr Palfrey’s friend and a very worthy man to whom I brought a letter which he never noticed. He spent some time with me talking of our affairs, and of the two Sumners Charles and George, both of whom he seems to understand well. He told me that the latter was the correspondent of the Post, which I have occasionally suspected. There have been several references to me that indicated an acquaintance with my past life not likely to belong to a correspondent of a London newspapers, as they generally run. I am sorry to learn that he is the writer, for the fact lowers my opinion of his patriotism and his principles. Mr Forster also called to see me and I had a long talk with him about our present relations. He seemed anxious to learn how things stood with the ministry, and I told him confidentially the main incidents. I said that I saw no present cause for difficulty. Yet it might happen for all that. He spoke of an article about espionage as likely to do injury. I disavowed all participation in it. This is Mr Sanford’s making. We had Sidney Books and his Wife to dinner and in the evening. Before they left, the Despatches arrived by the Steamer Niagara, and it was quite late before I got through the reading of the papers and the intelligence. A sad mixture as usual.265

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265 Tuesday 29th London CFA AM
Clear, fine day. I have been anxious today about getting off a youth by the name of Clarke who came from America and enlisted here in the army as a musician. His adopted father in Iowa has been very anxious to get him back and has procured instructions for me to act, which I have followed. He also put him under my care to send him home. I have clothed him and furnished all the facilities for his return by the Steamer that sails tomorrow, out of funds remitted for the purpose. I walked all the way down to the city to pay a visit to the Messrs Barings and to enquire about the fate of a draught sent to Washington more than five weeks ago. Its arrival had been heard from and that was all. I returned home and found Mr John S Dwight who came to take leave. I had a short time only to read one of Mr Senior’s Volumes. In the evening, having failed to see Mr Morse at his Office, I called at his house to speak with him about Mr Sanford’s matter. He disapproves the practice greatly, and I authorized him to write and advise Mr Sanford to discontinue it. The course of the government in the employment of its agents is very annoying.
Wednesday 30th London CFA AM

Fine. This was one of those days of incessant hustle and interruption which happens from time to time, and which when it does come puts an end to all prospect of regular occupation. First of all was Mr Forster who came again to sound me with respect to the state of things between the governments, evidently with reference to the expediency of getting up some public demonstrations to counteract the obvious tendency of opinion in sympathy with the cotton and commerce of the slaveholding states. We talked over the whole case, on both sides, he taking the English and I the American view of our own politics. He suggested some things of which I shall endeavor to make use, and I think I gave him some views of our politics that were new to him. He concluded on the whole that it would be better to remain still, at least for the present. After he went, Mr Hadfield came in just arrived from America. He had much to say respecting the relations between Canada and our northern boundaries under the reciprocity treaty. There is a difficulty in that quarter which seems to be superadded on all the rest. Mr Hadfield is rather diffuse both in conversation and in writing, but he is honest and really industrious in a good work. He left with me a long draught of a report to read. After he went a conference was requested by Mr la Fuente again. He had nothing new to say however and appeared only to wish to know if I had heard from Mr Corwin, or from the government about Mexico. I read to him a portion of the last despatch from Mr Seward and from the instructions to Mr Schurz at Madrid. He had nothing to propose. He said that he had not received his despatches which had probably gone to Paris. He alluded to a report that the priest party had organized a force with Spanish Officers and was in arms in the Sierra under the flag of Spain. I happened to have received a newspaper last night, which had been sent to me from Mexico, and which contained this story. He took leave, promising to see me again. Just before dinner, Mrs Frothingham arrived with her two daughters, and her son Edward. She went up at once to her room, but her children reported that she had borne the journey voyage remarkably well. They purpose going on to Madeira as soon as they can. The evening was of course taken up with them until I went over to Thomas’s Hotel, to talk over the arrival with Sidney Brooks and his Wife.

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266 Thursday 31st London CFA AM
Fine day. The usual occupation of this day is the preparation of despatches for the post-bag tomorrow. I wrote three which occupied me pretty much all day. The only interruption was a visit from a gentleman by the name of Lore from Philadelphia, who brought me a letter from the War Department recommending him on account of an intervention to protect ships with iron, the great military device of the age. I saw Mrs Frothingham today. She looked better than I expected, and yet the traces of decline are visibly written on her face and in her motions. She seems to have borne her voyage, so that I think there is still some ground for hope that her winter’s experiment will bring her back. I hope and yet I fear. I took a short walk with my son Brooks. In the evening Sidney Brooks and Wife were here, and we made quite a large family circle.267
Friday, 1st. London CFA AM

Cool and clear. This day was spent in writing my private letters home and some public ones. It kept me pretty steadily at my desk from ten until half past four o’clock, I then took a short walk with Brooks who is getting better. After dinner, I went with him to the St James’s Theatre, a small place scarcely with room enough to hold a thousand people. Only five or six performers in three pieces. They were good artists however. The first was a serious drama in four Acts called the isle of Sr Tropez. The plot is simple, and yet not without art in producing effects. A woman in love with a young man, yet marries from a sense of obligation the benefactor of her father and herself. The husband discovers the truth and becomes alienated. His friends jealous of the Wife endeavours to undermine her character in his esteem. The husband proposes to start in search of the youth, and in the mean time leaves a will in the hands of his friend which cuts off his wife and leaves all his property to him. The friend thinks he may as well inherit at once, so he cunningly infuses poison into the draught, which the Wife prepares. Of course the suspicion is fixed upon her. Thus the matter is left at the end of the third act. Then comes the denouement which detects the rogue and villain but too late to save the husband. The interest was well sustained throughout. Two comic pieces called the Bengal Tiger and Dane on both sides were performed better than they deserve to be. Home before midnight.

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On rising this morning, the first thing I saw out of the window were very large flakes of snow which had been falling long enough to coat the roofs, and which continued dropping until about nine o’clock. All traces of it disappeared immediately, and the day was clear and cool. I devoted my morning to reading a paper I have received from my son Charles upon the leading characteristics of my father’s life. It is very well done. He has studied the subject a good deal since I talked with him last, and he seizes the main ideas very well, but he needs to make his view broader and deeper. He has the capacity. I then took up Mr Hadfield’s interminable notes about the relations with Canada. There is nonetheless a great deal of value in his speculations. This is one of the questions that will rise in importance just in proportion as the southern problem becomes settled. Hardly had I completed it before he came in person, and he talked a good while. Then Mr Sanford came, called here by the result of my conference with Mr Morse. But he went off soon, promising to come back in the evening. I then went out to walk and on my way called to return the visit of M la Fuente at Morley’s Hotel. He had nothing new. But he said his despatches from home were all encouraging in their tenor. The constitutionalists were establishing their authority, and the rising of Marquez would fall to nothing. As to the movements on this side he knew no more than before. In the evening Mr Sanford came, and we talked very freely about his system of espionage. I explained the position in which it was placing me and apprised him of my having written to the Department to get rid of it. I said that whilst he was quietly sitting on the other side of the channel without any responsibility for the acts of the worthless people whom he was employing, the odium of their dirty conduct was inevitably fastened upon me. If I disavowed any participation in it, I should run a risk of indirectly censuring those who had, including of course the government itself. If I did not, that I was assuming conduct of which I was ashamed. Mr Sanford seemed a little startled by my earnestness, and finally came to the conclusion that the coarser part of the system must cease. I urged him to stop the whole of it, as coasting much more than it was worth. In truth the results thus far arrived at have been nothing on one side of the Atlantic and discredit on the other. One of Mr Seward’s errors since he has been in the government has been the extent to which he has placed confidence in this shallow and imprudent man. Mr Sanford bore my remonstrance with a good deal of equanimity, and left apparently very cordial. But I imagine he will never forgive me.
Sunday 3d. London CFA AM

A cloudless, cool day much resembling one of our New England days with the wind at the northwest. I went with my niece Ellen Frothingham to the Chapel in Little Portland place to hear Mr Martineau. The attendance though not so full as last Sunday was yet quite considerable. The sermon was rather more interesting. It considered the value of tradition as a support of religious faith discriminating justly between a proper estimate and that sweeping assumption of the older churches which denied the office of reason altogether. The communion was administered afterwards, presumably by the Minister, which is uncommon. With us the Deacons intervene. Many persons visiting at the house afterwards. Sir Charles Lyell and his Wife, Mr Peabody and some others. I went out and took a walk with my daughter Mary. In the evening Mr Morse was here and talked over the action of Mr Sanford, and the preparations now making in London by the confederate agents to despatch another Steamer next week. They are exceedingly active. I know not how much good our ability on this side may do, but as yet it must be admitted we have not saved our expenses. I have received notice that a government steamer touched at Falmouth yesterday, but her object is not mentioned.
269 Monday 4th London CFA AM
We got news from America this morning of a rather better tenor. Without being decisive the military intelligence is better. There is also a correspondence between Mr Seward and Lord Lyons which certainly places the latter in the wrong, and the country decidedly responds to the Secretary’s appeal. But I think the effect is to widen more and more the breach that is making between the two countries. In feeling there is now decided hostility in the popular sentiment. How long will the leading men continue to control it. That is the question I again begin to doubt about my permanency here. I had visits all the morning from different persons. Mr G F Train full of the discovery of the Steamer, and of a plan to catch her. I discouraged it as calmly as I could, and intimated that I knew more about it than he did. Mr Sanford came in afterwards and came to a fair and reasonable settlement of our disputed matter. He withdraws all the spies, and confines himself to observation of shipping movements. I assented to this and recommended the further step of getting rid of unworthy agents. I went out and returned the visit of Mr Parkes, but did not find him at home. Evening, Mr Morse came in and gave me more information. The desire to capture this Steamer is growing quite serious.
Diary of Charles Francis Adams, 1861

5 November 1861

270 Tuesday 5th London CFA AM
I think the pressure of visits and of letters increases daily. I had Mr Hadfield again who came to tell me of his Sunday’s visit to Mr Colden, and of the conversation he had with him upon his favorite measure. Then came Mr Marshall, the new consul at Leeds, whom I am sorry to see succeeding Mr Dary. I tried to write an answer or two to letters but accomplished the work only after interruptions. The despatch bag failed to come today too, in consequence of a blunder made at Queenstown. The consul at that place is good for nothing. I began to fear that it might have been stolen. The day was rather wet but I took a walk with my daughter Mary. Mrs Frothingham did not appear quite so well today. The atmosphere is not propitious. All the family were assembled in the evening, being probably the last occasion. At least I fear so. I was called down to see a Captain Eastman, who came to ask me to give him a line to the commander of the James Adger. A telegraph had been received by the emissaries, from Queenstown, warning them that that steamer was off Queenstown. Eastman proposed to go down there tonight to urge Captain Marchand to arrange a plan at once to take the Gladiator, which is now about ready to start. And he wanted some sort of recommendation from me. I stated to him the delicacy of my position, and the danger of committing an error in such an enterprise. Yet I felt unwilling to give up so good an opportunity to be useful. I therefore consented to write a very cautious line to the Captain, and directed Eastman to get from Mr Morse the evidence necessary to substantiate the fact of American ownership of the Gladiator. If upon that evidence the Captain should think fit to capture the vessel outside of the marine jurisdiction of England and France I should be glad to see it. He took my note to go and see Mr Morse. He has all the bearing of a thorough New England seaman of the higher class, and if any practicable plan is entrusted to him, I doubt not that he would go near to make it succeed. After he left I went up and completed the evening with my friends. Brooks returned to school today.

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271 Wednesday 6th London CFA AM
A mild, showery day. The morning was completely broken up with visits and with the departure of our friends for Southampton. Mrs Adams went with the party to see them embark tomorrow, after which she returns with Mr and Mrs Sidney Brooks. I was constantly interrupted with company. Mr Corwin came to talk about purchases of cloth and blankets for the government, the same sort of errand with which Mr George B Smith was charged the other day. I answered professing my entire ignorance of all such things as contracts, and my aversion to any connection with questions of pubic money. In the afternoon Mr la Fuente came, and after starting conversation he very calmly proceeded to smoke a cigar. He had nothing new excepting the notice published in the papers that the agreement to intervene in Mexican affairs had been signed on Thursday, in London, by the representatives of the three powers. He asked if I had seen Lord Russell to ask for a copy. I said no. I had thoughts of requesting an interview on other matters, and introducing the subject incidentally. He hoped I would; but I imagine there will be no necessity, as the project will doubtless be made public, very soon. The truth is that Mexico is powerless in the hands of the sovereigns, and he has nothing to do but to submit. In the evening I and the two children went to the Princess Theatre to see Othello performed by Mr Fletcher, the same gentleman who read Hamlet at Miss Coutts's in May last. The entire piece was gotten up far better than I ever saw it before. The scenery was beautiful and the minor part all well sustained. Mr Fechter seems to me much as he did when he read, strong in a few scenes, but weak in others. He intones his lines very much as he might those of Racine, and his foreign account gives an addition to the defect. The finest scene was that between Othello and Iago, in which the first start is given to the former's jealousy. Iago was deliberate and calm but a little wooden. Desdemona was very tolerable. Cassio performed by Mr Jordan, an old acquaintance in America. Roderigo a small part, but very well conceived by Mr Shore. I was much interested in the drama, thought it is never an agreeable thing to me to see.
272 Thursday 7th London CFA AM
A fine day. The American newspapers came with the details of the reverse at Harrison’s island near Washington. As a considerable body of Massachusetts troops were engaged I felt a deep interest in it. They were sadly cut up, but I paid only a few names which I know, Colonel Baker, the senator from Oregon who commanded the detachment seems to have been the cause of the trouble by disobeying orders and getting himself caught with a large force of the enemy. When will our people learn the art of fighting? Colonel Baker paid the forfeit with his life, but that is no compensation for the loss of hundreds more. I had visits this morning from Paymaster Greenway and Captain Marchand of the Ship James Adger, which has come over here to catch the Nashville. I urged the latter to turn his attention to the Gladiator, which is just going out, but he seemed to me to be wanting in enterprise. He made so many excuses that I felt little confidence in his energy. I fear the Navy is made up of such men, and hence the small results we bring about. I sent him to Mr Morse to get information, and perhaps a little incitement to exertion. The rest of my morning was passed in writing my despatches for the week. They were not very long. I then went out and paid visits in the carriage. First to the Marquis d’Azeglio, the Italian Minister. We talked about the Lord Mayor’s Show on Saturday. He did not go because he had so great an aversion to making any speech. I said I had the same aversion, but I felt myself obliged to this time as it was my first invitation. He said that the Lord Mayor had expressed some disappointment to Lord Russell on a former occasion, at the absence of the Corps Diplomatique, but be made. Unfortunately there were two or three of the number who liked to make them. He then asked me about America and I reciprocated by asking about Italy. He seemed rather gloomy as to the present but hopeful of the result at last. I thought I could express the same sentiment. I then took my leave. I called on Mr Thackeray, Mr Love and Mr Peabody, but found neither of them at home. On my return I went 273 out and walked around the Regent’s Park. I find I do it in just one hour. Mrs Adams got back just before dinner from Southampton, after seeing her sister sail at one o’clock. In the evening I walked to Thomas’s and sat an hour with Sidney Brooks and his Wife who also returned at the time my Wife did.
273 Friday 8th London CFA AM
I was busily employed all my morning in writing letters to my two sons at home. So many thoughts occur to me whenever I sit down to address them that when I intend only a note I find that invariably I overrun the limits of my paper. And my whole time slips away in pursuing this object. The days are likewise growing so short as to materially curtail the hours allotted to ordinary business. My son Henry left us on a short excursion to Manchester, which he proposes to visit for objects of his own. I spent two hours in the open air, part of the time walking with my daughter Mary around the Regent’s park. In the evening Mrs Emmons and her son were here, on their return to the united States. Mr Morse came in for a short time, to talk of matters connected with the Gladiator. He says that another ship is fitting out to carry cargo which was left, from the Steamer. He augurs the same results from Captain Marchand’s sluggishness that I do. The navy has got to slough away the old generation of commanders before it will redeem its reputation. He succeeded however in getting the Captain off, and in giving him all the information necessary to pursue his object.

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273 Saturday 9th London CFA AM

This is the day of the Lord Mayor of London. He enters on his annual term of Office with much of the ceremonial handed down from the middle ages. Among other incidents is the public dinner at Guildhall, to which it is the custom to invite the princes of the royal family, the ministers of State, the Judiciary, the foreign ministers, and all the city authorities with a great multitude of strangers. It is usual to announce toasts and responses are expected from some of the respective bodies. For this reason the Diplomats commonly show the occasion. I accepted the invitation because it seemed to me prudent just at this moment of doubt in the feelings of England that America should not appear to decline civility. And yet I feared that the habitual secession of my seniors in the corps might leave to me the task of making the speech. In order that I might not be taken by surprise I spent much of the morning in meditating what I could say. As to writing I found this impossible. At noon I had a visit from Sir Henry Holland who assured me that Count Flahaut was to be present and hence that I might be easy on that score. So that I ceased to worry about it. But yet the possibility that I might fall into it by accident seemed to prevent me from being able to do any thing else. I had a visit from Mr Gutierrez, the minister from Honduras, quite a sensible man, who came to make some enquiry about this matter. He is been to Rome to get an interdict taken off from his country, in which he says he has succeeded. He thinks the papal power yet too strong for the policy of Napoleon. Italy must go on as she can without a capital, and with an intriguing Hierarchy in her bosom to undo all she may strive to accomplish. The popular feeling is impatient and may precipitate a war with Austria that will involve all Europe. I do not say that I wish it, for that would be too selfish and cruel, but I do hope that it may keep so close on the verge of it as to draw away the attention of great powers from our side of the Atlantic. At half past five I put on my gawgs and drove down to Guild hall. The rooms were already full and I marched through a narrow lane between people crowded together, until I was presented to the Lord Mayor, an old and rather vulgar looking man dressed up in red cloth and gold lace with plenty of gold chain hanging around his neck. His daughter received us Lady Mayness, a rather pretty, modest girl. For about an hour people continued to come in, the reception of each of whom was hailed by the spectators with more or less applause according to their rank and popularity. The Judges came in with their grotesque wigs and flaming red robes. The military and naval Officers in their uniforms. The ministers in court dress and the city authorities in quaint and antiquated garb. Last of all came the Duke of Cambridge, who was received with applause, and Lord and Lady Palmerston who had most of all. Then came the movement to the dinner table which was adroitly done. The body of the guests quietly and gradually drew off to take the seats assigned them at the respective tables as marked on their cards. The Dignitaries were left, who marched in procession around the hall and took seats last at the head table. Mine fell next to Sir George Gray to whom I had been presented last Season. I do not descant on the dinner. It was lavish in abundance and good in quality. But there were nearly twelve hundred guests! It turned out just as I had anticipated. Count Flahaut had declined to come, and my only senior present Mr Billé of Denmark begged of me to make the speech. Though not fully prepared I determined to risk the plunge. I though by possibility a word from me to the people of England would do my country good. So much effort is studiously made to prejudice the popular mind that possibly the manifestations of kindness might help to counteract it. The Mayor’s introduction was in an excellent spirit though he alluded to our difficulties in a rather embarrassing way if he expected me to reply to him. I preferred to avoid it. So I spoke fifteen minutes and was heard very imperfectly.

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276 Sunday 10th London CFA AM
I resumed my work on the report of my speech immediately after breakfast, and tried to finish it by eleven o'clock, the hour I had promised to have it ready for the reporter. But it was not complete until a quarter of an hour later, so that I missed attendance on Divine service. There was a heavy thunder shower just at that time, but it cleared by night. Mr Neilson, the reporter did not however call until about two. I was occupied bringing up my Diary afterwards, and then took a walk with my daughter. After dinner we had Mrs Emmons and her son, and Sidney Brooks and his Wife. But my despatches arrived and the news absorbed my whole attention. In the first place came the painful details of the action at Edwards’s ferry, which distressed me the more that one of the best portions of our Massachusetts force was completely cut up in it. This grief is aggravated by the consciousness that it was like almost all the other instances, the consequence of the most fatal carelessness in the direction. To send a force across a river with most imperfect communication in its rear in case of meeting with superior numbers is the very height of folly. Yet such is the plain truth. The question who did this is not so clear. The details of this slaughter were so harrowing that I was kept awake thinking of them. But there was other intelligence that made me not a little anxious. Mr Seward writes that the French Minister has intimated that some provision must soon by made for a supply of cotton, which will if persevered in as a demand once more change the face of the question—and my son Charles writes me that John is very anxious to take a place in the War, instead of following up his settled avocations. On the whole I have never yet had so gloomy accounts. God only knows what may further in reserve.277

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277 Monday 11th London CFA AM
A very clear, fine day. I had a poor night but the sunlight made me feel a little better. My first amusement was to read the newspaper criticism of my speech. The Times is manifestly a little disconcerted by it, and it scarcely knows how to strike it without betraying too strongly its malignity. The News treats it generously. The other papers vary in tone according to their disposition. On the whole the stroke appears to have been good. My day was a good deal absorbed in reading the American newspapers. The details of the disaster are trying enough, but from other matters I gather a little encouragement. My great anxiety is now however about the expedition which has just started for the South. The chances of such are always very unfavorable. Should the same illfortune attend us here, or the same misconduct, then will our case be pretty desperate. The reading of the American papers followed so as to waste my day pretty completely. I took a walk with Mary down to Oxford Street; thence to the Marble Arch, then along the Edgware road to Earl Street, thence to Marylebone road and Harley Street home. It took about an hour and a half. After dinner I called for Sidney Brooks, and we went to Burlington House to attend the first meeting of the Geographical Society for the season. I had received a card of invitation for them all. The room was quite full, so that we barely succeeded in getting seats. In the absence of Lord Ashburton, Sir Roderick Marchison took the chair. A great many elections of members were announced and then two papers were read. One upon the exploration of an interior promise of China. Another upon the region of the Caucasus. Bother furnished information but in so bald a manner that they met with rather an ungracious reception. There is far less of courtesy in this country than with us. A man may try the patience of his audience a great while longer without their wincing. Always excepting the deference paid to rank which gilds a large number of bald places. After the second gentleman had been driven to surrender, the President, who treated him rather summarily as exceeding his promise in discussing ethnography rather than geography, he called upon Sir Henry Rawlinson and Mr Danby Seymour to say something on the same subject. Each of them did little more than to repeat and confirm the words of the condemned lecturer.278
278 Tuesday 12th London CFA AM

A thick fog and rain so that we breakfasted by lamplight, and did not extinguish it until near noon. I received a familiar note from Lord Palmerston asking me to call at his house and see him between one and two o’clock. This took me by surprise, and I speculated on the cause for some time without any satisfaction. At one o’clock I drove to Cambridge House, where Lord Palmerston received me at the door. He was quite delicate in frame and using glasses. He said he had been made anxious by a notice that a United States armed vessel had lately put in to Southampton to get coal and supplies. It had been intimated to him that the object was to intercept the two men, Messrs Slidell and Mason, who were understood to be aboard the British West India Steamer expected to arrive tomorrow or next day. He had been informed that the Captain, having got gloriously drunk on brandy on Sunday, had dropped down to the mouth of the river yesterday as if on the watch. He did not pretend to judge absolutely of the question whether we had a right to stop a foreign vessel for such a purpose as was indicated. Even admitting that we might claim it, it was yet very doubtful whether the exercise of it in this way could lead to any good. The effect of it here would be unfavorable, as it would seem as if the vessel had come in here to be filled with coal and supplies, and the Captain had enjoyed the hospitality of the country in filling his stomach with brandy, only to rush out of the harbor and commit violence upon their flag. Neither did the object to be gained seem commensurate with the risk. For it was surely of no consequence whether one or two more men were added to the two or three who had been added by the Confederate States. The question was one of a difference in the action of a government acting in concert too? His Lordship said that he James Adger had been sent in this direction, but found no news of the Nashville and learning that the vessel was proceeding with these men on a voyage to Europe, to despatch vessels seeks connections with the action of her own government in this matter of interference. I replied that I so understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To this I replied that I understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To this I replied that I understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To this I replied that I understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To this I replied that I understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To this I replied that I understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To this I replied that I understood it, but that I could not but regret such steps as they formed the only foundation upon which the insurged rested their hopes of success, Mr Yancey in his speech at fishmongers dinners had sufficiently expressed it, but in point of fact I had reason to know that he and his associates had been indefatigable in their efforts to excite the whole of the interference. To
281 Wednesday 13th London CFA AM
A day of heavy rain I was at home all the morning making up the Diary of yesterday and despatching several notes. I also read some of Mr Senior’s Volumes which are all highly interesting to me. At a quarter of three in the midst of a drenching storm I found myself by appointment at Lord Russell’s Office at Whitehall. Met in the anteroom M Musurnes the Turkish Minister with whom I made acquaintance, and we talked a little while. He said he had been here eleven years, and was now wishing to return home. He is a handsome man with a sallow complexion and mild address. I soon went up to Lord Russell to whom I communicated the object of my visit. It was to read to him the despatch from Mr Seward which I received this week on the case of Mr Bunch, and the Mail bag. The tone of it is so very conciliatory that I preferred to take this course in order to do away so far as I could the very strong prejudice imbited here against him as anti anglican. I though his Lordship was somewhat mollified. I offered to put it in the shape of a note, which he once accepted. I then went on to speak of the rumor mentioned by Lord Palmerston yesterday of Mr 282 Mr Bunch’s exequatur having been revoked, and asked if had such news. He said that the news came from Lord Lyons by a telegram of the latest date. In his despatch of the 26th. Lord Lyons had mentioned that Mr Seward had read to him a letter that was to be sent to me, but I as I had received no such letter he presumed the thing had been suspended. On returning home I found that there was a gap in the correspondence from the Department, No 109 not having come. I then went on to ask of his Lordship about the step taken by Mr Mercier at Washington, and whether it was known to the government here. He said yes. Lord Carley had sent them word of it. I asked whether this was a concerted monument. He said Lord Carley had been asked whether Lord Lyons would follow suit and the answer had been in the negative. But in truth that the French proceeding had not been any thing more than a suggestion, and pointed to no measures. I replied that it had been enough to alarm Mr Seward exceedingly, and I expected a special messenger from him on the subject by the most Steamer. I spoke then of the invitation and annoyance produced by the steady departure of steamers from here with contraband of war, and all sorts of supplies for the rebels. His Lordship hinted that I might get my remedy by applying to the courts of law. And he instanced some former cases in which the application had been made effectual. I laid up the advice for reflection. I then asked him some questions about the joint agreement as to Mexico, and asked for a copy if he was at liberty to send one. He said the papers were not yet exchanged, but he could send a copy so soon as they should be. I then left him. But it is plain to me that I am making my way into the confidence of the ministry by simple, strait forward dealing. The course of my predecessors for some time back has tended rather to raise prejudices against the country which it is not easy to remove. Time and patience, if I am permitted to use them long enough, will doubtless do it. But in the mean time difficulties may occur at every step. From this place I drove to Morley’s Hotel to see M la Fuente. I told him the substance of my conference about the Mexican affair. He goes back to Paris tomorrow, evidently much disheartened. From here283 I walked home in spite of the rain. Spent the rest of the evening quietly reading Mr Senior’s Diary. Heavy came back tonight from Manchester. The Storm was very high all night. The wind roared for the first time that I recollect since I have been here.
283 Thursday 14.th London CFA AM

Cloudy with light rain towards night. My time almost all of it devoted to the preparations of despatches. As these involved a report of the conversation of the two preceding days they were longer and more elaborate than usual. Yet I accomplished them in season to be able to go out with Mrs Adams and pay some visits. At M de Bille’s, Baron Brunnows and M de Flahaults we left cards. We saw Lord and Lady Lyndhurst. The former looks a great deal better than when I last saw him. As much interested as ever in American affairs. Whilst we were there Lord Chelsea came in with the news of the declaration by Napoleon of his surrender of the power of supplementary credits as a condition of the acceptance by M Achille Fould of the direction of his finances. This letter beings by announcing a deficit of two hundred millions of dollars in the last ten years. So that the condition of France is scarcely promising. Lord Chelsea, who is a tory, seemed to be sanguine of a change in consequence here. He thought there would be a deficit here too, and the struggle that would ensue might unhorse Lord Palmerston. Lord Lyndhurst was complimentary to my speech. We afterwards went to see Sir Henry and Lady Holland. Found only the former at home. He alluded to Lord Palmerston and to the effect of my conversation with him on Tuesday. I asked him no questions how he got his information. Mrs Adams and I went out to dinner, by invitation from Sir John and Lady Hardyng. A small company of rather interesting men. Mr Roundel Palmer, the Solicitor General and Mr Palmer, Dr and Mrs Phillimore, Mr and Mrs Hammond, of the Foreign office, and Mr Arthur Stelps Clerk to the privy council and a lady whose name I did not catch. The conversation was better than usual, as they were all educated, and active men, Dr Phillimore is much reputed as a canon and civil lawyer. Mrs Phillimore, who sat next to me told me that she was a sister of the speaker, Mr Denison, whom we go to visit on Saturday.284
284 Friday 15th London CFA AM
The whole of this morning was taken up in writing to my sons John and Charles. Such has been my anxiety occasioned by the intelligence communicated during the last week that I wrote to them both with unusual earnestness. The former is going through the forming process of the year after marriage, which is made more critical than usual by the unsettled state of the country. Both of them felt and still feel the general impulse to engage in this war. My own earnest wish, though not expressed to them is that they should keep out of it. No man who dips his hand in this blood will remember it with satisfaction. And I confess my aversion to see any of my blood either a victor or a victim in this fratricidal strife. The example of J A. Washington is quite enough for me. Thus far no honor has been acquired anywhere. I fear me that the issue will not belie the beginning. It was quite late when I got through—And then I took a walk to refresh my mind which always needs it after these two days of exertion. Mr Charles Hale dined with us. He has been travelling to divert his mind which has been somewhat depressed by disappointments. He seemed however in tolerably good spirits this evening, and staid until quite late. Mr Morse came in and talked with me somewhat. He mentioned two or three more vessels as about being equipped for the confederates. I then communicated to him the hint that had been given to me by Lord Russell, and suggested the expediency of consulting some distinguished jurist as to the possibility of bring the law to bear in these cases. At the same time I asked him to think of our position, as more or less engaged in similar undertakings. He promised that he would attend to it.

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284 Saturday 16th Ossington CFA AM
A clear, sunny morning with a bright hoar frost spangling all the ground and the tops of houses. I had a brief morning at home prior to setting out in company with Mrs Adams and two servants on a visit to Mr Denison, the speaker of the House of Commons, at his place of Ossington in Nottinghamshire. Our way was by the Northern railway from King’s cross Station through Hitchin and Huntingdon and Peterborough to a place called Tuxford where we found the speaker’s carriage waiting, which drove us about seven miles to his house. The only incident was the necessity of getting out of one train of carriages and walking across a broken bridge of another which kept us waiting for it in the cold for half an hour. The place was quite exposed, so that we were all much chilled by the sharp wind. In these matters they are certainly less prompt here than at home. As the carriages are not warmed, the resource is to slip tin cases of hot water under the feet which answers the purpose of keeping up the circulation. When we reached Grantham the snow began to fall, and the drive from Tuxford to Ossington was very like one in December in New England. We were kindly received by Lady Charlotte Denison and soon after Mr Denison came in with the Bishop of Oxford. Our party at dinner consisted in addition to the parties named, of Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, his wife and two daughters, of Lady Louisa Percy and of Mr Charles Howard. The conversation was lively and spirited, mainly carried on by the Bishop who is genial and amusing. After dinner we sat down to whist. The Bishop, the Lord, the Speaker and myself. We played short whist, and the Bishop proposed to reduce the stakes to sixpence a point. I won a shilling, the first time I ever played for money in my life! I could not but be amused at the idea of being so late in my career drawn in to gamble on the suggestion of a Bishop of the Established church.

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285 Sunday 17th Ossington CFA AM

Ossington seems to be a landed Estate of about twenty two hundred acres. The house is in the centre of an extensive park through which runs a small stream, probably a tributary of the Trent. The surface this morning was covered with snow, with a clear, cold sky reminding me in a degree of New England. We all attended Divine service in a little chapel close by the house, both morning and afternoon. The usual service excepting that on the second occasion the Bishop preached. His sermon was simple, impression, earnest without being in any way remarkable. The effect of it was much increased by a good voice with sympathetic tones. Every body seemed highly gratified. It is plain that the Bishop is regarded as the most eloquent of the faithful. He is certainly before any body else whom I have heard. Mr Denison took us a walk of about a mile to see a new church which he has built at his own expense as a substitute for an old one which was in decay. It is a small, neat structure of stone with barely ornament enough to save baldness, and a little belltower to relieve its angles. Inside the fitting was plain and neat though rather bare. My ideas of Christian worship run so much counter all the medieval fancier that I cannot relish these very bare and strong walls, any more than the dark and luxurious cavern of St George’s. But I said what I could to my host how has laid out a thousand pounds and more for a very worthy purpose. We then went on to see some forms of cottage houses which he has built for his various form people. They are neat and very small, built of stone in the plainest manner. He says they cost him three hundred pounds for two together, which is cheaper than we build of wood, of similar compass. The walk which made nearly four miles in all was fatiguing on account of the softness of the snow. In the evening we were all assembled after dinner in the pleasant and spacious library, and the first amusement proposed was the describing of some English word of the same sound but used in various senses, in three different forms so as to learn it to be discovered by the heavier. The Bishop and Lord Stratford each tried his hand, Lady Denison and Mr Howard were pretty quick at divining, but I only made out one. Lord Stratford then diverged to the not uncommon practice in country houses of tales of wonder. Here the Bishop was in his element. Very evidently of a nervous and excitable temperament he soon disclosed the fact that he was to some extent a believe in the stories he told. He also composed some degree of faith in mesmerism and the phenomena of spiritualism. His last and his best effort however was not tinged with the supernatural, and was perhaps for that reason more effective. The company retired about midnight, the ladies declaring themselves frightened.

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The cold has been quite sharp for two days, the thermometer falling to eighteen degrees, which is as low as he have it in America around Boston in this month. But the sky was clear and the air bracing. Soon after breakfast Mr Denison asked me into his private room where we entered into conversation upon the present state of our affairs. He expressed great satisfaction with my speech and said that he had heard the same from others. The impression had become general here that the Americans were unreasonable in their anger with the government for the course they had taken in issuing the proclamation of neutrality, and it had led to a corresponding degree of indifference towards them. He had received a letter from Mr Everett which had so much embarrassed him that he had not yet answered it, though some time had elapsed since. Then he read it to me. The substance of it was the old complaint of precipitation in measures here before my arrival, and a corresponding opinion of the exaggerated tone of some of Mr Seward’s despatches. I then explained to him the true causes for Mr Everett’s ground of complaint, and also disavowed all belief in any intent on the part of Mr Seward to be hostile beyond the point to which it was his duty to object. I did not think there was any ill will on his part to this government. He had been the real author of my own appointment, and all my impressions were known to be favorable to the preservation of friendly relations. That there was in his papers an unconciliatory tone at times I did not deny. I could account for it only by the excessive amount of care and anxiety to which he had been subjected. I knew him well enough to say it was not his natural disposition. Mr D said that he had not been aware of the facts I had stated, and he thought at all events they furnished some colour for the position we had taken. At the same time he believed the ministry well disposed and that if mistakes had been made they were not intentional. I agreed with him in that opinion. The result had been unfortunately, for irritations had increased on both sides, until I could scarcely predict the issue. I then asked him as to the prospect of the ministry standing here. He said that it really rested in Parliament upon the sufferance of the opposition. He did not doubt that if all of them should write they could bring on the necessity of a change.288 On the other hand it was well known that a considerable class were very averse to the idea of disturbing Lord Palmerston. He was old and popular and enjoyed the confidence of the higher classes. An attempt to dislodge him might be accompanied with a dissolution of Parliament, a new election, and perhaps a distracted administration. Their policy was rather to wait their time. Lord Palmerston was now seventy seven years old, and though to all appearance he was old and popular and enjoyed the confidence of the higher classes. An attempt to dislodge him might be accompanied with a dissolution of Parliament, a new election, and perhaps a distracted administration. Their policy was rather to wait their time. Lord Palmerston was now seventy seven years old, and though to all appearance sound, was subject to the change more or less speedy that attends such a time of life. His removal would open the way without a contest. Hence it was that the wise and the more prudent counselled patience. On the other side however, the young and ambitious and hungry were for precipitating matters, and perhaps an occasion might occur when the temptation to seize the prize would be too great for resistance. This seems to me a tolerable clear view of the case. I then left him. After luncheon, all the guests excepting Lady Percy and Miss Canning went over in a roomy carriage ten miles to Kelham, where Mr Mauners Sutton is erecting a very showy house in the place of an old Mansion lately burned. Mr Denison desired us to see it as a specimen of Mr Scott’s taste, an architect whose revival of the mediæval style has made some noise of late in this country. It is a huge pile, containing a very large number of rooms, and not a singly really effective one, at least to my taste. No suites, angles every where, columns to break spaces, and arches to darken windows. Outside one or two of the points of view gave pleasant effects. I cannot admire this style. The cost was estimated at first to be sixteen thousand pounds, but the opinion of the gentleman was that it could not be completed for less than eighty. Mr Sutton is not understood to be rich enough to live at the rate which such a structure will demand. Architects are such dangerous animals that next to gaming, I hold them financially in the greatest horror. We returned home to dinner several of the gentlemen getting out of the carriage to walk the last mile and a half. In the evening we were all assembled again. And the Speaker made up a Whist table for Lord Stratford and the Bishop against Mr Howard and myself. We played until midnight, and the Bishop even then showed signs of an inclination to go on. My loss this night was sixpence.289

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Tuesday 19th Ossington CFA AM

Our pleasant party broke up this morning. The Bishop was off early with our host to take part in the ceremony of opening a new Church at Nottingham. With him goes the life of the company. With abilities much about the average the associates many companionable qualities and a frankness of expression which renders him at once the object of great admiration by some, and of jealousy and aversion among others. Much as I was pleased with his society I cannot disavow a sentiment of distrust in his moral constitution, for which I can give no particular reason. At noon Lord Stratford left with his party on their way back to London. There is not much interest in them. He himself is a veteran of the diplomatic life, who has nothing left to do, and is therefore somewhat ennuyé. His fortune I imagine is not large enough to constitute him a landed proprietor, and without land a peer has no great chance of social position. I remember him as a sort of beau idéal of a foreign minister at Washington nearly forty years ago. He must now be at least seventy, and, like almost all Englishmen, suffers with the gout. He now likes to speculate on public affairs, but in a rather prosy way. Mr Howard left an hour later. He is a brother of the Earl of Carlisle, apparently very like him as an amiable without being a very strong man. This leaves nobody here but Lady Percy and ourselves. I had intended going too, but my Wife seemed to enjoy the trip, and as the steamer was behind one day, I concluded to remain over until tomorrow. The weather was moderating but blustering. I amused myself in the library for the morning and after luncheon I took a walk to the Station at Carlton, two miles and a half and back. The country is flat and uninteresting, and this road was quite lonely. I scarce recollect a house from Mr Denison’s farm houses to a short distance this side of the rail. It is all under cultivation. They are ploughing and sowing now. I took a turn around the village beyond to see a pretty new church just erected, which must I think have made six miles. I enjoyed the walk through the surface was wet from the melting snow. Mr Denison got back just we reached the door. He was quite frank and amusing in his account of his day. In the evening I played casino, to make up a party with the ladies. My first attempt so far as I can recollect.290

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290 Wednesday 20th Ossington CFA AM

After the boisterous night, the sight of the sun and the green grass again was cheering. Mr Denison like a sensible man has contented himself with enlarging and improving the house he inherited, so that it is comfortable and convenient without the unpleasant effect of loading down his property. We left the pair very favorably impressed. He is a favorable specimen of the English country gentleman of the present day. Liberal, intelligent, many and courteous. His Wife is the daughter of the last Duke of Portland, and is also a favorable specimen of the female nobility of the kingdom. Her manners are natural and pleasing, she has good taste and some cultivation. There is nothing of the pretension, or what the French would call “morgue” which is sometimes visible among them. We left them with a very pleasant recollection of our visit. He accompanied us in the carriage to Newark, where he had business, and we got back safely to London by a little after four o’clock. Here I found my Despatches and the newspapers, all of which kept me absorbed as usual the rest of the evening. The tone of the instructions is sufficiently aggression to render my duty a highly responsible one. Much as I regret the mistakes that have been committed by the government here, so long as I consider them only suck, I shall endeavour to keep the peace with them. Any other policy seems to me to be fatal.

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Thursday 21st London CFA AM

Mild and fine. My day was spent in preparing the draught of a note to Lord Russell. The instruction I received was the one which he mentioned as having been read by Mr Seward to Lord Lyons, who of course retained a recollection of it. The common course would have been for me to copy it and send it to the Foreign Office. I have preferred to remould the substance, and to modify the argument, so that whilst losing none of its force, it might be stripped of some of its acrid character. If these difficulties end in a breach it is of the utmost importance that the record be clear. In the midst of my labours, I received from the consul at Southampton a telegram announcing that the rebel steamer Nashville was just arrived there after having taken and burnt the merchant ship Harry Birch, whilst on its way from Havre to New York. Here is a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, but to what consequences to lead is impossible to divine. The excitement in America, when the news gets out will be prodigious, especially among the merchants, and if the government here should persevere in its course of indifference, the demand for my recall will be universal. So I may as well be making preparations for that contingency. My reflections were all so much disturbed that I could do little more than prepare draft of the mere mechanical despatches. Before dinner Mr Morse came in, and then Captain Nelson, the master of the Henry Birch, whom the Consul had sent up to tell his story. As he went on with the detail of the capture, and the conduct of the master of the steamer my hope of extrication from this difficulty removed. I directed Captain Nelson to appear before Mr Morse tomorrow evening and make oath to the statement given this evening and to send it up at as early an hour as possible tomorrow that I might adopt it as the basis of a representative to Lord Russell. All this will require calmness and energy. Am I equal to it? For myself I feel no fears. I must save my country from getting embroiled here if I can; but the task is difficult. In the evening Mrs Adams and I went by invitation to Lady Palmerston’s. A few persons only, after one of her dinners. We had been invited to dine ourselves last Saturday, and are again invited next Saturday Evening. This civility is so significant that it must by no means be declined. I knew very few persons. Only the Marquis d’Azeglio, Sir Roderick Murchison, and perhaps one or two more. But strange as it may be, four or five persons entered into conversation with me without any presentation. Such a thing has not been known to me in England. I touched Lord Palmerston a little on the event of the day, and reminded him of the connection which the Nashville had with our former conversation. He seemed good natured and rather decisive to get information as to grounds on which to act. I told him that I should probably send in a note tomorrow.

Home by midnight.

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Heavy rain all day so that I did not stir out of the house. Busy writing numerous despatches of a secondary character but the principal one I could not get ready as the deposition was delayed until two o’clock and after it came, needed to be sent back to supply the most material statements, so that it was not possible to get the papers up for the bag. I wrote a short note to my son Charles, which was all I could do. After the deposition came in its proper shape I began upon my note to Lord Russell, and got most of it done, ready to be copied in the morning. In the afternoon Captain Nelson came again to say that according to my admire he had applied to some distinguished lawyers for advice how to proceed in a private suit against the Captain, and he had brought one with him, a Mr Peachey to speak about it, I said that I could only rely upon the opinion of counsel as to whether an action could be made so far to lie as to throw the question of the vessel’s character into the courts. Mr Peachey said he thought it could. Sir Hugh Cairns had admired it, and he only came to know whether such action would interfere with mine in relation to the government. I said, on the contrary I though it might simplify it. He said in that case he should send a search warrant from the Mayor tomorrow, to attach the goods taken from the captain. Soon afterwards there came a file of American newspapers which absorbed my attention the rest of the evening, with the exception of a game of whist with the family to relax my overstrained energies.

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292 Saturday 23d London CFA AM

The day was mild and clear. I was busy in completing the draught of my note to Lord Russell which was copied, together with the deposition, and sent by three o’clock. In the evening I received a hasty note in answer, acknowledging the receipt of it, and intimating that the outfit of the Steamer would be stopped under the enlistment act. This gave me some little relief, first by its promptness, and secondly by its manifestation of willingness to do something. Upon this much of his preservation of good feeling in America must depend. Mr Bates called in to see me, and asked some questions upon the present state of affairs. He said he should recommend our people to forego long voyages, for a time. The operation of this act of the Nashville may be of two kinds. It may stimulate the commercial people to a more furious prosecution of the war, or it may turn them to a negotiation for peace. In either event the effect will be to shorten hostilities. As to the pride or honor engaged I do not count much upon that as an element in trade. The news from America does not yet leave the safety of the expedition by sea yet quite certain, though a comparison of probabilities would seem to favor it. I drove to the city to Messrs Barings which consumed two hours. A supplementary despatch to Mr Seward with copies of the papers was prepared, and Mr Goodrich having come in from Belgium on his way to the United States, he was entrusted with it to go to Queenstown tonight in season for the Steamer which leaves Liverpool today. Thus comes a respite from toil and anxiety until the next thing turns up. My son Henry went out to pass Sunday with Mr Bates. In the evening Mrs Adams and I went again to Lady Palmerston’s. A larger assemblage than before and stiffer. The corps Diplomatique generally there. Lord Palmerston spoke of the news of the expedition, and I told him precisely how it came. The issue of it will have a very material bearing on our relations here, and everywhere. Nobody addressed me without introduction tonight. Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, his wife and eldest daughter were there too. And I noticed a shade more of formality in them than when at Ossington. This is directly confirmatory of the impressions I have already received of English habits. Home at twelve.

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Saturday 23d
23 November 1861

A clear sharp day. The observer this morning had a telegram purporting to give the news that the expedition was completely dispersed. This was however inserted with such a reservation that I doubted not it was dictated by some conspirator. I noticed that the usual telegram two days later from Halifax was not inserted. The mystery was explained when I received from Mr Reuter, the telegraph agent a communication of a very opposite character. This announced the loading of the troops at Port Royal after capturing the forts, cannon, ammunition and stores—altogether the most brilliant thing yet done. Our exultation was great but yet not as that of person unused to revises. I can only rejoice with trembling in this tremendous trial of our Institutions. Busy in the morning making up the arrears of my Diary. At three I went with Mrs Adams and Mary294 to attend the evening service at Westminster Hall. It was much more impressive than that which I attended in the day-time, partly perhaps owing to the effect of the partial lighting on the dimly seen vaulted arches, and partly to the more elaborate music and chanting. The only drawback was in the chill which was very considerable. In order to get rid of it Mary and I took a quick walk coming homeward. For the first time the ground was hard frozen under our feet. The evening passed very quietly.
294 Monday 25th Fryston Hall CFA AM
For the first time since I have been in England the Depatch bag brought both public and private accounts which contained only agreeable news. We had time only to glance over it very hastily, and to make a proper disposition of the business before Mrs Adams and I were called to start on our second excursion into the country. We left the station at King's cross, the same we left last week, and travelled without incident our the same road beyond our former stopping place to Knottingly in Yorkshire. Here we found Mr Milnes's carriage awaiting us, which drove us in the dark to his seat of Fryston Hall. He received us very kindly, and presently other guests came in. Mr and Mrs Fronde, the historian of Henry the eighth, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Mrs Gaskill the authoress, and her daughter, Mr Forster, the member of Parliament, and a Mr Venables, a writer for the Saturday Review. There were in the family, Mr and Mrs Nickeles, and two aunts of his, making fourteen at table, at dinner. It was much after the common style, a dress entertainment, after which we had a short evening.

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294 Tuesday 26th Fryston Hall CFA AM
This house is much like Mr Denison's, large and somewhat ancient, but no effort has been made to modernize it. On the right of the hall in the library, which is also used as a breakfast room, on the left a spacious Drawing room, whilst the Dining room which is likewise large is reached through a narrow passage to the rear. It seems to accommodate all the guests with ease. The bedrooms have a dressing room attached in which every provision is made for a gentleman's comfort. This I have met with uniformly. At breakfast the company as broken up at two tables, which did away with much of the formality. Lord and Lady Wensleydale are great favorites of mine. They are a curious but very worthy pair. He is an excellent lawyer, though now far advanced in life, and retired from the bench. Mr Froude is a pleasant though slightly artificial person. Mr Venables is very intelligent and well informed but crusty in the bad style of his country. Mr Forster is no courtier, but an honest and independent man. My morning was passed in writing letters, and in reading. After luncheon we were invited by Mr Milnes to drive over and see Sir John Ramsden's place, Byrane Hall. He was out, but his mother received us very courteously. Another spacious country house architecturally poor, but made comfortable and elegant by wealth. We walked around his place. It is a dead flat without any beauty, but he is laying it out and introducing water in such a manner that he may with time and much outlay raise it into grace and dignity. Having made the tour we took our leave and returned home. This is the same Sir John Ramsden whom I heard in the House of Commons exult in the bursting of the republican bubble. Well he might, for has not he sixty or seventy thousand pounds per annum? The rain had been so heavy in the night that we found the river up much of the country, and covering the road in places. There was another guest tonight, a Mr Ledyard. The usual array at dinner. Afterwards, cards.

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295 Wednesday 27th Fryston Hall CFA AM

Variable weather with showers, but clearing at night. We have not been lucky in the matter of outdoor exercise in our country visits. A very pleasant breakfast in which our host showed his sprightly conversation. Anecdotes of Lord and Lady Holland, and of Lord Campbell’s Lives of the Chancellor’s, very well told. Mr Venables contributed to it, but not genially. Soon afterwards Lord and Lady Wensleydale left us, much to my regret. I was busy writing to Mr Everett, and I read a little book of Diary of Mrs St George, published by her son Dean Trench, which contains an amusing account of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton at Dresden. One reference is made to my father when at Berlin. Many of the persons and some of the incidents are familiar to me from his Diary too. As it seemed to clear after luncheon, we made up a party to visit the ruin of Pontefract castle which is only two or three miles distant, There were about seven of us in carriage and two walked. Just as we got to the gate it began to drizzle so as materially to impair the comfort of our visit. As I was entering, a telegraphic despatch was put into my hands from Mr Moran, announcing the startling news that Messrs Slidell and Mason had been taken by force out of a British Steamer in the West Indies by one of our steamfrigates. The consequences necessarily rose up very vividly at once in my mind, and prevented me from thinking much of the historical associations connected with this ruin. Little of the castle remains except the round towers and a remnant of the room where Richard the second is said to have been killed. Many of the nobleman engaged in the wards of the roses perished here, and in the later civil convulsion this castle was besieged two years by Cromwell and the Puritans before it surrendered. As it was we paced over the relics in which is now planted an orchard, and where uncommonly luxuriant root is grown. There is still left in the circular tower a stair leading down to a small space supposed to have been used as a dungeon. If so, mercy could scarcely have been one of the virtues of that day. It was growing dark and rainy so we hurried away. And as the carriages when covered could only accommodate the ladies conveniently, the gentleman walked back. This gave me much opportunity to talk over with Mr Forster all parts of the record of the last six months, how I had seen this breach slowly but certainly widening from the first moment when Lord Russell made his wrong departure, without the power to check it more than for a moment. As to this last step, it might probably be justified on the doctrines of Great Britain, but in my opinion, that would scarcely make up for the loss of the popular sympathy in England which follows feeling rather than reason. On the one side would come an excitement in regard to the burning of the Harry Birch, on the other, this unfortunate affair. Between the two the voice of argument would be utterly lost. Mr Forster seemed most anxious in regard to the rights of the case, a matter to which I attach importance only as a historical question, whilst the immediate result weights paramount in my mind. We had a very dark and muddy walk home. The company consisted at dinner, of Mrs Ramsden and Sir John, of a Mr Lashington, a new comer, and of Messrs Hague and Wood from the neighborhood. Mr Hague after dinner get talking about our tariff. He is a manufacturer at Haddersfield who has lost a good deal in the present troubles, and feels disposed to consider this the great cause of grievance, in America. I tried to explain the facts as I think them. But men dislike to be convinced when it conflicts with their interests. This is the first time I have discussed any questions of the kind in a mixed company, and I regretted that afterwards. The evening passed off pleasantly. Mr Milnes sang a droll song, and there was a game of whist, Mrs Adams playing in my place.
297 Thursday 28th London CFA AM
A very fine day. I was up early to see Mr Forster off. He and Mr Ledyard left soon after nine o’clock. The newspapers brought the intelligence of the great event. The Manchester Examiner is reasonable and fair. But at Liverpool the excitement stimulated by sympathizers with the confederates broke out in a public meeting of a violent character. This is a symptom. At noon we took leave of our host and his Wife, who have been all that could be asked in kindness and good will. Indeed from the first Mr Milner on whom I had not claim has from the first been the most civil and obliging and courteous of all the people I have met here. We travelled down without incident and got safely home at about six. I found that much excitement had prevailed among the american all day. A note was on my table from Lord Russell asking to see me at a quarter to three. Mr Moran had called at the Office at the time named, and mentioned my absence and return. I this evening got another note appointing the hour of a quarter before two tomorrow. Nothing else of any importance.298
298 Friday 29th London CFA AM
Wed, foggy day. Very much occupied in preparing despatches. I had several to write on different subjects, as well as an answer to prepare to a note of Lord Russell to me, a copy of which I desired to send home. This strained me to the utmost. At the specified time I went to see Lord Russell at the Foreign office. In the antichamber I met Baron Brunnow who expressed his great concern at the difficulties that had occurred, and offered his services and those of his government, if they could in any way avail to remove them. I thanked him and said some words complimentary to the general friendliness of Russia toward us. Lord Russell received me civilly. There was a shade more of gravity visible in his manner but no ill will. I apologized for my absence yesterday and stated the reason, but he said it was not material, as the cabinet meeting only took place today at two. Of course he had not intended to discuss the subject in question at this time. What he wished to know was whether I was possessed of any information or could give authority to any statement respecting the matter. I replied that the whole affair was new to me. I was not prepared to discuss it in any way. I know nothing of the facts from any authorized source. Neither did I know the views held by my government, nor yet whether the officer had acted by authority. Not a word had been whispered to me about such a project. His Lordship then alluded to my conversation with Lord Palmerston, and asked whether the latter had understood me right in saying that the instruction in the case of the James Adger was not to touch British vessels. I said, No, and recapitulated what I did say. Lord Russell then remarked that my explanation was exactly what he recollected me to have said to him. We then took leave very civilly. The conference lasted perhaps ten minutes. I returned immediately and worked on to the last moment previous to the making up the bag.299 On the whole I scarcely remember a day of greater strain in my life. The news papers today are rather moderate under the fear that the law may be against them, but the temper underneath is violent enough. The law officers of the crown are to give another opinion this day, which looks as if the government wanted to have a different one. Mr John Bright the member of Parliament dined with today, to talk of these matters. He is very friendly to America, and desires to control this movement so far as he can. But I urged him not to impair his influence by trying to do too much. He said he had destroyed himself for two years by his opposition to the Russian war. We talked over the whole matter and I gave him such information as might be useful to him in a speech which he proposes to make in a few days. Mr Bright is a thorough republican in sentiment and possessed of much ability as a popular speaker. The aristocracy hold him in aversion because he holds them in contempt. He remained with us until near eleven o'clock.

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299 Saturday, 30th. London CFA AM
The law Offices of the crown have modified their opinion as I supposed, and now the dogs are all let loose in the newspapers. The position of Great Britain now is that the offence requires apology and restitution of the men because the commander of the San Jacinto did not do enough. If he had seized the despatches and captured the vessel, had taken her into New York and condemned her as prize with a million of specie on board, then the question would have been perfectly clear. There would be no outrage and the United States might have enjoyed her capture in peace. But as the case now stands, the insult is intolerable. The delicacy of the Captain not to push his advantage to a legal termination renders the whole act unjustifiable. Like the frail sister, whose indignation at the attempt on her honor was tremendous the moment she discovered that her pursuer was frightened off the chase. If he had been more daring there would have been no artery. Yet on such a miserable issue is the peace of fifty millions of people to be staked! The tone now taken is of such a kind that I must make up my mind to vacate this post some time in January. I care little for this, but the position of my own country300 awakens my most profound anxiety. I can hardly conceive the madness which can have prompted the Administration for so paltry a prize as these two men to hazard a difficulty with any foreign nation whatever. I was busy writing, and reading the history of the United States during the time that Great Britain revelled in the delight of taking myriads of men out of our vessels. When she has quarreled with us she has always brought on a war by her own arrogance. She has no right to make an argument on this question. But on the other had we who resisted them ought not to copy her example now. Each party seems disposed in its precipitation to falsify its past pledges. And for us what a time to select to do it. I cannot bear to think of it. We expected further news by the Persia tonight but it did not come. I took a long walk in the evening, and afterwards continued Mr Senior’s collection of the letters of Tocqueville. My son Brooks came to stay over Sunday.
300 Sunday Decr 1.st London CFA AM
Clear and blustering. I attended Divine service with the two children at St George’s church. Afterwards there was a stream of visitors. Mr Joseph Parkes came in to talk about the difficulty, which he esteems very serious. The popular feeling runs strong. The Government here has sent out a messenger to Lord Lyons directing him to demand reparation and a return of the men. The alternative is war. I fear it is inevitable, and I must being to think of what I am to do in such a contingency. Mr Parkes offered me every facility in his own library, for books on the law of nations. Sir W. Gore Ouseley followed him, talking on every subject but the prominent one. Mr Bates came in too. He said he had stopped credits as the risk seemed to be considerable. Mr Thompson Hawkly paid me a visit. He has been a good deal in the society of the confederates, so I was rather cautious in talking to him. I then took a quick walk around the regent’s park, which contributed to change the course of my ideas. We received a telegram from the Persia giving several days later news. It would appear that the act of Captain Wilkes was not done by the authority of the government. An opening is yet left to escape from it. Mr General Ralston paid us a visit in the evening.301
Sunday Decr 1.st
1 December 1861

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Tuesday 3d
3 December 1861

301 Monday 2d. London CFA AM

There was again a failure in the arrival of the despatch bag, so that I remained in ignorance of the contents. In the meantime the news by the Persia became spread and brought me a succession of visitors. Mr Junius Morgan to sound me about the prospect, Mr Ten Broeck who deals in American racehorses on the same errand. I could give them little light or encouragement. Mr Daniel Morgan to make enquiries on behalf of some person of quite a leading character among the volunteers who wants a command in America. He would not give his name, neither did I care to ask it, as I gave my general answer to the many applications of the kind which I have. Captain Nelson came to know if I wished him to stay any longer. I referred him to Mr Morse and to the lawyers, to ascertain whether there was any prospect of doing something effective, to bring the question of the Nashville’s character before the courts. Thus far it has smacked a little of the circumbution Office. Mr George B Smith to talk of his contracts for blankets of the French government. From this he diverged to complain of Mr Sanford and his extravagance in Europe. He also intimated that Mr Dayton had made some mistakes at Paris, which I ventured to doubt, of Sanford I can readily imagine that he has discredited the diplomatic character most seriously. He spoke of the multiplicity of agents for the government. The Queen’s proclamation had most effectually sealed it up here, and what was he to do. I advised him to keep it in second hands and to sell it as fast he could without breaking down the market. There persons absorbed pretty much all of my day. Took a long walk with Mary in the course of which we got quite lost. I scarcely know how I made my mistake, but when by enquiry I got again upon the right track ti was so late that I had to take a cab to get home to dinner. In the evening I read Tocqueville’s letters. The papers were so violent today, I would not read them.

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301 Tuesday 3d London CFA AM
The bag arrived this morning, and contained not a line from the Department on the subject that most agitates us here. Judging from the newspapers much less importance is attached to the question than it deserves. I thought I would write another despatch to give a suggestion of a proper escape from the difficulty. I fear however that it may come too late to do any good. I had the usual string of visits. Some to find out my views of the prospect, some to tell me how high public opinion was running on the subject. The applications for employment begin to decline, but the letters from far and near to find out what to do accumulate. This condition of things is beginning to be very unpleasant—and I fear we will be more and more so the rest of the time I state. To look further than a month for the end is disheartening. I trust I may be properly supported in the impending trial. Evening a walk with Mary not so long as yesterday. In the evening finished Tocqueville’s letters, to Mr. Senior. I noted one very remarkable allusion to a dissolution of the Union, as a most solemn event in the history of the world.
302 Wednesday 4th London CFA AM
I am much engaged now in writing letters in answer to anxious enquiries from far and near. The visits are likewise numerous. Two gentlemen from Manchester called to ask my opinion about the probability of their being able to fulfil orders for goods from the United States. I gave the all the light I had, which is nil. Mr Forster was here for some time and agreed to return to dinner. Mr Leslie, the late Chief Clerk to the Secretary of war who has just come in the Persia gave me his impressions of the opinion at Washington upon this unfortunate difficulty. He believes there will be no serious difficulty in making a settlement, and is clear that he act was not authorized. He told me of the new proclamation forbidding the export of arms. Mr Schuyler then came in, and announced his return to the United States on Saturday. He has accomplished his purchases on the continent and transmitted all with the exception of a quantity at Birmingham which will probably be stopped by this last proclamation. Thus it is that these English measures always come down upon us, whilst the rebels are lightly dealt with. Is this collusion or is it accident? Mr Forster at dinner talked without much courage. He finds the feeling here very high and scarcely knows how to combat it. The thing hangs so on a hair that no man can be sure of not shaking it down.303 after he left Mr Morse came in. He told me of the activity of the rebels, of the refitting of the Nashville, and of the position of the law question. None of these things very encouraging. He also spoke of the current of popular opinion and of the position in which he found himself placed. He is more exposed to such breezes than I am. But to all of us any thing would be more pleasant than a long suspense terminating in the same way.
303 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
The days are now growing very short. The sun rises after eight o’clock and sets before four, so that the sunlight when we have it remains but a few hours. I began on my despatches, but did not make so much headway as usual on account of interruptions. The heat and violent language keep up although General Scott’s letter written from Paris has done something to soften it. In the mean while stocks are falling rapidly, and the premiums of insurance especially on long voyages are rising. There is almost a panic in all the markets of England, and yet the newspapers pretend that a war would soon be ended. Mr Forster dropped in a for a few minutes. He said he was on the whole encouraged, but it did not seem to me that there was much to support his words. Mr Schuyler to bid me Goodbye. I went out with Mrs Adams to return some visits. Called on Mr Senior to bring back a parcel of his Diaries which he was so polite as to lend me. Also on Mr Bentsen to whom Dr Howe gave a letter of introduction. Also on Sir Gore Ouseley and his Wife whom we found at home and on Mr and Mrs Hawkey. After this I took a walk. My spirits on the whole very bad. The chances now seem prodigiously against us. And I am reflecting what it will be best to do, whether to go home or to pass the remainder of the winter on the continent and return in the spring. The latter would doubtless be the best but for the uncertainty of being able to get home at all then. In the evening I read Lord Malmesbury’s Diaries. He is a dull writer, but his accounts of his missions are of interest rather from his position than from any thing intrinsic. received a despatch from Lord Russell on the case of Mr Bunch and a curious not warning me that spies are employed to watch all my moments.304
304 Friday 6th London CFA AM

Rain and fog. My time absorbed in preparing despatches, especially a rejoinder to the last note of Lord Russell about Mr Bunch. He has again done in this case what he attempted on the other side of the water with Lord Lyons, entered into discussion with us about our Constitution and laws of which he knows nothing. I doubt whether he gets much by his motion. These papers and a letter to my son Charles occupied me until quite six o’clock in the evening. I had a visit from Mr Thurlow Weed and talked with him confidentially about the effort made to destroy Mr Seward’s public and private character. He said he had been perfectly aware of it, and had taken great pains to trace them to their sources. No responsible person could be found. Mr Seward’s friends had warned him of their existence, and had cleared up the truth as it respected himself. He intimated rather than affirmed that they had fixed the calumny upon Charles Sumner. Judging from his talk when I left America, this does not surprise me. Alas that I should have been so deceived in the disinterested of a man. Mr Dupont came in to take leave, as he returns to America tomorrow. His saltpetre is rising on his hands, and as he cannot expect it I advised him to sell. He said he has sold some at a profit, but he held the rest for a rise. I told him that I hoped he would not subject the mass to seizure as government property in case of the breaking out of war. He said that the had held it personally, and had pledged it to parties here so as to cover it. I am afraid he is too sanguine, but as I had advised the purchase, so now I released myself from the consequences by advising the sale. I took a walk in the evening, in spite of the wet. News came from America, encouraging so far as this that the government down to the 27th had not assumed Captain Wilkes’s act, and that the uneasiness respecting the position of England was universal, This gave me a shadow of hope. Evening read Lord Malmesbury’s Diaries.
304 Saturday. 7th London CFA AM
Clear and mild. My morning engaged by enquiries addressed to me from consuls. The new men who came in are many of them entirely unacquainted with their duties and consequently they lean on me. I am therefore called upon to give them the law which has not until of late been withing my circle of studies. I had visits from Mr Bentsen and Mr Weed. The aspect of things reamins much the same as usual. No light of any clear nature from home. The newspapers rather mislead than otherwise, but the general impression they make upon me is rather unfavorable. After luncheon I went out with Mrs Adams in the carriage to return visits to Dean Milman and Mrs Milman, to Lord Stratford de Radcliffe whom I found on his sofa with gout, to a Mr Steele who brought me a letter who came to offer me the sympathy of his nation, some days ago. On my return I took a walk around the outer line of the Regents park, beyond the canal. Evening I read more of Lord Malmesbury.

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Sunday 8th London CFA AM

A clear, fine mild day. By arrangement with Mr Ralston we went to the City and attended Divine service at a little chapel of the Baptists where a preacher officiated by the name of John Howard Hinton. It was a contracted place, finished without a particle of ornament, and with narrow and upright pews not by any means entirely filled. The attendance consisted of people of the lower class somewhat of the character of those I saw at Mr Spurgeon’s. The service was simple and effective. The sermon was improvised and colloquial. The topic not new. The well worn one of faith and works. But it was well illustrated and pointedly applied. The language simply but not inelegant. On the whole far superior to any thing I have heard in England but Spurgeon’s, and better reasoned than his. The dissenters are certainly more intellectual than the established clergy. In his prayer he made a feeling allusion to the difficulties between the two countries, and prayed that war might be averted. After the service Mr Ralston presented me to the preacher and I expressed my thanks to him for his prayer and my assurance that it could meet with an echo from large numbers of people on the other side of the Atlantic. As an issued from this place our attention was drawn to an iron railing running along one side of the court, on the other side of which all the way down a long lane was congregated a crowd of wretched looking men and women who seemed to be carrying on some species of trade. This is what is known as Rag Fair. Here it is said assemble eight or ten thousand people every Sunday, about all of them Jews, to buy and sell old clothes, the lowest strata of society. The countenances as a general thing were far from attractive, but they looked in tolerable condition. I should not care to pass through such a mass alone with any valuables about me. There were police officers here and there who kept good order. I saw no emotion of any kind. No merriment, or noise excepting the buzz of many voices, which could be heard even in the church during the service. Having seen enough of this, Mr Ralston next carried us to the Greek Church, a small building in a warm street. Here we were ushered into a small interior very handsomely fitted up, in which perhaps sixty men and as many women were worshipping. All were standing. The service was in Greek, and consisted in alternately reading and chanting. The papa occasionally issuing from the sanctuary and elevating the cross and the host. The congregation was evidently Greek and of the wealthy the life of this immense metropolis, and in marked contrast with the other. Here was the descendant of the ancient Jew and of the Gentile, each of which marks its distant age in the movement of the globe, and between the two is the Saxon whose day is not yet gone by. The first of the three the most degraded when it might have been the most exalted. All of them assembled in a little island which has no attraction for any human being but in the game it offers of worldly accumulations. In this race all three men about equally well. We returned home, and after luncheon I called on Mr Thurlow Weed. Met Mr Peabody sitting with him. We talked about the prospects and about the state of the public mind. Afterwards we had visiters at home. Mr and Mrs Synge, Sir Henry Holland, and Sir Gore Ouseley. In the evening Mr and Mrs Parkes. I scarcely know the source of his information, but he very distinctly intimated to me that there would be no war. But there would be a suspension of diplomatic relations for a period more or less long. I might spend the interval on the continent.
307 Monday 9th London CFA AM
The anxiety about the war increases, stocks fall and a general restlessness shows the sense of future complications and possible dangers all over Europe as occupying the public mind. I have reflected upon the observations of Mr Parkes, and have come to the conclusion that the policy of Lord Palmerston is to terrify America into such terms as he will dictate, which he means to be consistent with the preservation of peace. He may be successful, but his navigation is perilous. I had several consul’s letters to answer and other business to dispose of. Also some visits to make. One to Sir Emerson Tennant, and one to Mr Weed. I had a visit from Mr McIlvaine, the Bishop of Ohio. He is here on a general errand among churches. He told me of several which he had attended in all but one of which, more or less of favorable reference was made to the present difficulty. The despatches came, bringing one many private letters, but not an allusion to the case of the Trent. Mr Seward’s ways are not those of diplomacy. Here have I been nearly three weeks without positively knowing whether the act of the Officer was directed by the government or not. My private letters made me anxious too. My son Charles after long doubt and hesitation has at last accepted a commission as an officer in the cavalry regiment now forming in Massachusetts. I have feared this, because of all my sons he is the one I lean upon the most, and his removal to a new scene of action for which he is less suited than for literature, and business will be a great loss both to myself and to the country. Yet as he has decided upon high grounds of duty I am content to abide by it. God bless and protect him in the midst of the agony of this wretched civil strife. And superadded to that is this unfortunate quarrel with Great Britain, which will perhaps lead us into an unfathomable abyss. Strange to relate the uniform tone of my private letters is to sustain the action of Captain Wilkes. And the various forms of public reception given to him only tend to embarrass the action of the government. Thus far it must be said for the latter that it has not committed itself to any course on the subject.
10 December 1861

The letters and visits and interruptions are so numerous now as to fatigue my attention and wear my nerves. And this state of suspense is to continue for three weeks at least. My conclusion is that I shall have to break up here at any rate. For that I am making all suitable preparation. Mrs Adams now inclines to return directly, and perhaps it may be my imperative duty. But as well on public as on my private account I feel an aversion to the idea. The government is in a perilous condition with a chief so little fitted to direct it. If I could be sure of retiring into private life without responsibility I should be well satisfied. Time and circumstance might bring round an occasion in which I could be of service again. But at present I could only involve myself in calamity and disaster and perhaps disgrace, by associating myself with such unfortunate counsels. My own judgment would be to await the developments of the Spring, and then return, if there was no farther use for me in Europe. I paid one or two visits, returning Lord Hatherton's card and one of Mr Thomas Barnig. Mr Weed and Colonel Thomas dined with me, in company with Mr Parkes, Mr Lucas and Sir Henry Holland. They staid until nearly midnight.
308 Wednesday 11th London CFA AM
The weather continues very mild and springlike. I was engaged as usual until near two o'clock when Henry accompanied me to the show of fat cattle at Baker Street. There were oxen and sheep and hogs, all so fat they could hardly stand. The North Devons were the best, though in my belief this business is much overdone. The sheep pleased me the best of all. A great crowd present, but very orderly. After my return home I again went out to call on Mr Weed, and to accompany him to see Lord Lyndhurst. He was quite alive to the American question, though professing to be convinced that we are wrong. He asked us many questions, and seemed to be better informed of the movements her than I am. I see no escape from the alternative of the surrender of the men but a collision, and yet I do not see the way to that surrender. Evening quiet at home. I continued the Diary of Lord Malmesbury, which gives a pretty picture of the interior of the Russian court in 1776.309
309 Tuesday 12th London CFA AM
My despatches are declining in volume as the crisis approaches. I had only two short ones for this day. But I had other letters and some visits which consumed the day. Bishop McIlvaine and his two daughters called to see Mrs Adams. He is laboring valuably and effectively in his vocation, whilst Mr Weed is doing something with the press. Mr Watkins an American called to know if it was advisable for him to be naturalised here. I told him it was a question to be settled only by the person himself. He said he had a very good business and a large capital invested which he did not like to hazard. I replied that if he had made up his mind to live here, he might as well have the benefit of protection of the government. Walk with Mary after dark, and evening we played Whist. No change of any consequence in the public news today.

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309 Friday 13th London CFA AM
Warm with drizzle and rain. My day much consumed in writing to my children and other friends in America. I feel as if I ought to prepare them for the probable result in my withdrawal. Mr Weed called on me to show a letter he had prepared for the Times tomorrow. It is a little too smooth and deprecating, but I told him it would conciliate no favor from that quarter. He said he was about to go to Pembroke Lodge to see Lord Russell, at the earnest request of several gentlemen. He seemed slightly uncertain how I should view it. I simply expressed satisfaction at his going, and gave him some hints as to the mode of dealing with his Lordship. After the letters were over I went to call on Bishop McIlvaine and then a walk with Mary. Evening, Mr and Mrs Weed dined with us. He gave me a general idea of the conversation, from which I gathered that the demand would be absolute, but that in his Lordship’s opinion war would not follow the refusal. This last however was rather an implication than a direct statement. Of course the alternative is a cessation of diplomacy. This is the interval only. The rumors today are that the Queen has manifested a great aversion to the course taken by the ministers. It is also stated that the Prince Consort, Albert is very ill. In the mean while great anxiety is felt to receive the President’s Message, as an index of the policy likely to be adopted.310
310 Sunday 14th London CFA AM
rather a clear fine day, though they are now so short as to make no very great difference in the smoke of London. I went out with Mrs Adams in the morning to shop for Christmas. Then home where I a little wasted my time. Some persons called to see me. Towards evening we started to go out and spend Sunday with Mr and Mrs Bates at East Sheen. On the way I called to return Mr Sargent’s visit at Edwards’s Hotel, adn that of the new Swedish minister. We had a quiet drive, and not unpleasant, getting out there at about six o’clock. At dinner we had besides Mr and Mrs Bates and Miss Weston, Sir John and Lady Dundas and Mr Thomas Baring. The accounts of the Prince were more favorable in the morning, but we found them here much less so, and coming directly from Windsor. Mr Baring remained over as we did.
On coming down to breakfast the newspaper disclosed to us the fact that the Prince died last night at about eleven o'clock. This is a more important event than it would at first appear to be. Politically the Prince is made a cipher, but in point of fact he was the most trusted adviser of the Queen. Filling a situation of great difficulty he has acquitted himself so admirably as in great measure to disarm the jealousy and distrust of the English nobility. Perhaps there has never been a period of twenty years in English history, when the Court movement have been better regulated and so free from intrigues of all kinds. Much of this is due to him. The English will value him better now that he is gone. We stayed at home all day. Mr Senior called in and stopped to dinner. Mr Bates and I took a stroll in Richmond Park, where I observed the setting of the sun at fifteen minutes to four o'clock. The weather continues very open and the grass is fresh and green. Professor Owen, his Wife and son dined with us also. He is one of the superintendents of the British Museum, and I agreed to go to see it on Tuesday. Messrs Calvert and Stuart Wortley came in to make a call on the Batese’s. Little talked of but the painful event. I had some conversation with Mr Senior about American politics.
We were up rather earlier than usual in order to take the train at a few minutes after nine o’clock, for London. Mr Bates and Mr Baring went in at the same time. The newspapers contain the abstract of the President’s message which is silent on the subject of the Trent. This would be quite cheering, if it were not accompanied with an indiscreet motion in the House by any old friend Lovejoy, and by a notice of Captain Wilkes in the Navy report which commends his action so far as it went. We reached home at ten, but I did not get the despatches until dark. They are not discouraging, for they shew the government prepared to listen to reason, but I fancy they are not disposed to obey dragooning. Much of my time was spent reading the American newspapers. Walk in the same course I took the other night with Mary when I lost my way. But I came out exactly as I meant to this time. Evening, Whist with the family.
The weather continues cloudy and mild. Soon after breakfast I went with my son Henry to the British Museum. We asked for Professor Owen who came forward and showed us through the rooms of natural history, especially the remarkable collection of fossils, thence into the reading room and library, and thence into the department of ancient art. Of course the examination could only be of the most cursory kind. And the numismatics which I most desired to see I did not even think to ask for, on account of the length of time they would require. The collection is enormous, and it grows at a rate to make it difficult to keep up with it in space. Indeed it threatens to be too large for utility. It is now proposed to separate the natural science, and devote to that five acres at Kensington, whilst literature and the arts should remain in Bloomsbury. I am glad to have seen only the little that could be examined today. After luncheon which was late I went out with Mrs Adams, and we paid a formal visit at Buckingham palace, and I left my name at the Duke of Cambridge’s. In the evening Mrs Adams and I with Henry went by invitation to dine with Mr and Mrs Bentsen, person recommended by Dr Howe. We found there only Mr and Mrs Lehman relations. The house is elegantly fitted up, and the entertainment was sumptuous. His Library is very handsome. They are cultivated people. Home a little after ten.
Wednesday 17th
17 December 1861

On reflection I determined to ask a conference of Lord Russell in order to sound him on the prospect, and to determine satisfy my own mind, if possible, as to the ulterior designs of the government. Towards night I received an answer fixing tomorrow at three o'clock. I had a visit from Mr Weed who in the course of conversation told me that he had heard from a person claiming to have seen it, that among the last acts of Prince Albert was an interlineation of the despatch sent to America softening its tone. He had also heard of an intention on the breaking out of hostilities to seize at once upon the harbor of Portland and the Grand Turk Railroad. He suggested my sending this news to America by a special messenger. I said that I must know the source of the news first. Mr Lucas came in also, and I had a good deal of conversation with him, explaining my ideas of the influences driving us into a war. I though I could now affirm that if it took place, the fault would not lie with us. I went with Mrs Adams and paid visits to Bishop McIlvaine and his daughters, and to young Mr Seward and his sister, who are bound to China. A short walk with Mary, and Whist in the evening.

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19 December 1861

312 Thursday 19th London CFA AM

I began my usual line of despatches, but they are becoming more and more brief. The newspapers are more and more ferocious, so that I can hardly see what escape is left to us. What use then in farther writing. At three I called to see Lord Russell. I gave him the substance of my despatch from Mr Seward, and then read it aloud as an evidence of the disposition of the government. We talked it all over, and came to the conclusion that there was no serious course of difficulty there. I then sounded him as to the case of the Trent. He explained very frankly the action of the government, the instructions to Lord Lyons how to proceed, and in case he got no satisfaction at the end of a week he was to return. The demands made were the surrender of the new and an apology. There were two despatches, one to warn of the existence of the other. I asked if Lord Lyons should come home, was it to be immediate war. He intimated not. Much would depend on the nature of the answer from the United States. And time would be taken for examination. On the whole I inferred that his Lordship did not desire war, but that he was likely to be pushed over the precipice by his desire to walk too close to the edge. We talked of the merits of the questions very calmly. Finally I took my leave; at the door, he said that if all matters were left between us he had no doubt we should soon agree, to which I expressed my assent and returned home. In the evening a visit to Mr and Mrs Parkes. We had been invited to dine there but had declined, having then expected to visit Lord Hatherton. Mr and Miss Weed, Mr and Mrs Knox, Mr Lucas and another gentleman were there.

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313 Friday 20th London CFA AM
I found myself after all under a necessity of preparing a great many more papers than I expected, and the despatch containing a report of the conference was long. So that I labored pretty steadily at my desk from ten o'clock until nearly five. After this I went out and paid a visit, and took a walk around Regent's park. I felt much more quiet in my spirits after the conversation of yesterday, and yet I feel no confidence in the favorable issue of this entanglement. The tone of Lord Palmerston's papers is so bad as to make me lean to the belief that he is laboring for war all the time that Lord Russell is talking peace. We must now await with patience the development. If Mr Seward is awkward enough to give the pretext, the result will be likely to follow. Evening, Whist with the family.

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313 Saturday 21st London CFA AM
This day of the week is to me much like the holiday of boyhood. I do nothing. Some visits—Mr Weed came to tell me of the rise in the Stocks, which Mr Bates had also mentioned, and sounded me as to the cause of it. I simply mentioned my conversation with Lord Russell and the fact that the government was uncommitted. Sir Henry Holland came in to speak of the Queen’s condition and his admiration of Prince Albert. Soon afterwards I went out on some commissions for the approaching Christmas. In the course of my walk I stepped in Quaritch’s book shop and purchase one or two works in numismatics, being the only time since I have been here that I have indulged myself. Evening, Whist with the family.314
314 Sunday 22d. London CFA AM
Chilly with clouds. I attended with Mrs Adams and Mary at St George’s Church, Harrow Square. The usual services, together with a sermon appropriate to the occasion of the death of Prince Consort. The preacher was more animat than usual but not a whit less common place. He spoke more of the loss as affecting the Queen than of the character of the man himself. He gave no characteristic sketch, nothing which would not equally have applied to hundreds of respectable people. Albert was more than that. He had mind far above the level of princes. There is a prevailing sense of this in England which makes the mourning more real than it has been any time since the death of the princess Charlotte. On coming home we found the news from America, but it brought nothing worthy of remark. Next Sunday we shall know more. Mr Weed dined with me and Mr Parkes came in the evening. Mr Lawson, Mr Senior, Sir John Hardynge and Sir Gore Ouseley called in the afternoon. The tone now is rather that there will be no war. This great excitement has been gotten up in order to lift the Ministry out of a ditch. Lord Palmerston will thus tide over the next session. Very dangerous meddling with edge tools. The people here are now all lashed up into hostility, so that if we get over this, it will only be to fall into the next trap. I know not whether to wish for a settlement or not.

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314 Monday 23d London CFA AM
Cloudy. The American mail arrived this morning, and kept us all occupied. I had no Despatches of interest. And the news is not important. Even the military intelligence is insignificant. The city was quiet as this was the day for the funeral of the Prince Consort. As it was comparatively private, the Corps Diplomatique was not called upon to attend. Mr Weed called to see me. He talked farther of his breakfast with Mr Ellice and the prevailing tone here. HE then turned to Washington affairs of which he gave a sorry picture. I wrote several letters and dispatched ordinary business—Mrs Adams went to Twickenham to bring back Brooks for his vacation. Henry and Mary went to Mr Sturgis’s to pass Christmas. Quiet evening. I played a game of chess with Brooks.
315 Tuesday 24th Walton CFA AM
Fine, clear day. Busy in writing answer to letters and notes of all kinds. Not many persons to see me for a wonder. Mr Parkes came to offer to show the ladies some private galleries of pictures, but they are leaving town for a week or more. Shortly after three I accompanied Mrs Adams to pay the last formal visit of enquiry at Buckingham palace, and from thence we went to the Waterloo station to start at half past four for Mr Sturgis’s at Walton. Our trip was without incident, and Mr Sturgis’s carriage was in waiting to bring us to his house. Here we found Mrs Sturgis and the children; Colonel Hawley, Mr and Mrs Blackwood of Edinburgh and Major Blackwood constituting the guests. The dinner followed as sumptuous as ever, after which we had cards. Mr Sturgis and Colonel Hawley against Mr Blackwood and myself, at whist. Afterwards in the billiard room until midnight.

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A most beautiful day. The ground covered with white frost in the morning, but the atmosphere as clear all day as it is in America. At a quarter before ten we were downstairs at the family prayers, a practice very general in country houses. Half an hour later we had breakfast, and then some of us attended the service in church. It was the same as usual, with the exception of the reading of the Althanasian creed. I believe the English church in America had dropped that astonishing memorial. In England it remains because it is there. The attendance very general. The air was so fine I took a long walk, first with Mrs Adams along the bank of the Thames, and afterwards alone by the Outlands park road. It is pretty English village scenery, attractive rather from the verdure and neat cultivation than from natural advantages or architectural taste. I enjoyed it much as a relief from cares and an exhilarating draught from peaceful nature. We dined early in order to give time for a gathering of children of the neighbors who danced and received Christmas boxes from a lottery. There was an elaborate supper afterwards. The expenditure of this establishment must be enormous. I drew Mr Blackwood into a little political conversation. But he is rather the channel for than the author of party opinion. To bed at midnight.

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Up early to take an early train home. Mr and Mrs Sturgis urge me to stay but many reason impel me to go. I am not easy either in pleasure here or in my absence from London. Luxurious as is the establishment and hospitable the owners, there are things about it that make me sad rather than cheerful. I therefore consent to go home alone, as my family can all enjoy it. The ground looked as it covered with snow rather than hoarfrost, and the ride to London was cold. I got home by eleven and spend the day in preparing despatches and letters. A short visit from Mr Parkes and one from Mr Lucas. A little news from America tracing the course of the Europa only to Cape Race by the 13th. This will probably put off the reception of the decision some days more. I calculate to the 8th or 10th: Henry came from Walton to dinner. In the evening Mr Morse came in and passed a couple of hours.
316 Friday 27th London CFA AM
Cold day. I found enough to do in my correspondence which grows more and more voluminous. I kept hard at work until the bag was closing at half past five o’clock. There were some visitors whom I could see only for a moment. Sir Henry Holland was one, but he had little to say. A Mr Thomson, an agent of Messrs Spofford and Tileston came with a lawyer to consult with me about an effort to claim the Nashville for the New York owners. I said this idea had been present to me from the first, and I was very glad to see an effort making in that direction. I hoped it might be persevered in, but since the result of our former proceeding I had lost my faith. He said he should try it. The intelligence from America is not considered pacific. I took my usual walk, and in the evening Henry and I spent the time in the Library, where I read Malmesbury’s Diary, until very late.
Saturday 28th London CFA AM

Commonly this is my day of vacation, but for some reason or other I found my business hours all absorbed in writing. Mr Weed made a short visit simply to say that Mr J O Sargent had a letter from his brother Eppes to the effect that the sentiment was strong against giving up the men. He also had learned that preparations were already making to break ground in Parliament. Mr Thomson came again to say that they were about to apply for an injunction on the Nashville, before the Vice Chancellor today. They wished to know if I thought the owners should go on. I said, Yes very certainly. The trial was worth making. I had also a visit from M Uigazy a Hungarian refugee, now driven out of Texas who has been made consul at Aucenar Henry left me to return to Walton, where I advised Mrs Adams to stay over. SO that at dinner and in the evening I was entirely alone. I read Malmesbury’s letters to the end of his stay in Russia. A difficult position during the war in which he seems to have succeeded only in one thing, and that is keeping Mr Dana from being recognised as the American Minister.

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317 Sunday 29th London CFA AM

Quite a sharp day. I was alone the greater part of it. Walked into the city to Church, and dropped into St Andrew's, Holborn, a large interior in the old middle style which I like much best. The service as usual with better than average singing. The sermon so badly delivered that I could hear little, and that gave me little sense of loss of the rest. I then walked home by a new route which opened parts of London I had not seen before. This might happen to me every day in the year. Mr Moran came in for the Steamer's news which I finally received. There has been rather a singular transposition in the arrival of the Vessels on the other side—but the general tendency seems favorable. I dined alone. Read a little Christmas story of Dickens, "Tom Tiddler's ground" which seemed flat in comparison with his earlier ones—and a little of Malmesbury afterwards. It seems we are not to have the Africa, the regular Steamer until the middle of the week.
317 Monday 30th London CFA AM
I was awake early in the night from some unknown cause which left me rather fatigued all day. The delayed return of the Africa caused this day to be comparatively quiet. I had visits from Mr Weed with Mr McCulloch, and had a fine conversation respecting the condition of parties here. He generally agreed with me in my view, but intimated that there were influences at work around the Queen which might control the policy of the Lord Palmerston. I pointed out to him certain lines of action to be followed by our friends which might be of service in the coming session of Parliament. Mr Lucas came in afterwards and I talked the matter over with him. I have not much confidence in getting along pacifically here, considering all the elements of discontent that abound. I wrote some letters, and in the evening read a little of Lord Malmesbury. Mrs Adams returned from Walton which brok the spell of my solitude a little.
318 Tuesday 31st London CFA AM
Rather a quiet day. I busied myself bringing up my accounts to the close of the year. Mrs Adams called me into the dining room to look at some Cashmere shawls brought from India, which a merchant collected from the plunder of the troops during the sepoy war. As they seemed very reasonable I purchased some. I took my walk for a wonder in the day-time, in order to find a watchmaker's shop in the strand. From thence I went to Farringdon which brought me back to Holborn and Oxford Street. We had Mr and Miss Weed to dinner and for the evening. He has been growing more hopeful of a pacific result. We shall now be receiving some clue to guide us through the mystery. Being somewhat fatigued I retired before the close of the year.
A memorable year indeed in the history of the world! The terrible explosion of the sad moral volcano of American slavery! Of my humble share in this scene I have made a simple record in this, the only of any value, of the long Diary of my life. For my humble self and mind I have to return thanks to the Divine being for extending his protection over us far beyond our deserts—and to pray that he may continue to deal with me not according to my offences, or my deserts, but in mercy ever abounding. We are even now in the midst of the vale of tears, walking uncertainly and in fear. May He show us the path which will lead to the salvation of his people!
The year opened with auspicious intelligence. May it prove the precursor of better things than have happened in the last which has just closed! The telegrams at and after breakfast gave us hope that the difficulty with this country would be avoided. Though not decisive, the indications are peaceful. The day passed much more quietly than it commonly does in Washington. In visiting as there, no presents as in Boston. Some letters to write and papers to read and quarterly account to make up for the government. I drove with Mrs Adams to return the visit of Mr and Mrs Lanson in Chesham place, from which I walked home. Dined by invitation with Mr and Mrs Thomson Hawkey, in Portland place. A small company Mr and Mrs Rich, Mrs Bawkes, Lord Clarence Paget, Mr Thomas Baring, a gentleman and his Wife whose names I did not catch and ourselves. It was rather lively and pleasant. This is a mark of civility to us just in this moment, much more than if it had been shown just on my arrival. We got home at about eleven, and found the despatches.
1 Thursday 2.d London CFA AM
The time much absorbed in reading letters and newspapers from America. The tone is good. But Charles having received his promotion to a Lieutenantcy is ordered off with his regiment to Annapolis. I much fear he has thrown himself away. With abilities and character much above the average he lacks continuity of purpose, which is shown in his beginning on an object vigorously and becoming discouraged if not soon successful. He has now taken to an occupation for which he has little fitness, simply from his family pride. But none of his predecessors have been soldiers, Why should he? Mr Dana has written me a long on the law of prize, imagining that the negotiation will be transferred to this place. Mr Seward has not yet signified to me even the policy of the government. His despatches do not date beyond the arrival of the Europa. I drew to the replies for the week, which are quite brief, as the pending business has been all disposed of. Henry came down from Walton this evening. I read a little of Lord Malmesbury.2
2 Friday 3d. London CFA AM

There was one day’s later news from America which renders the prospect a little more favorable, but not certain. It would seem that Lord Lyons had held his informal conference with Mr Seward on the 20th, and that the Cabinet were consulting upon it. My letter by the City of Washington Steamer, and the despatch of the French government would probably get there on the 21st. In the mean while the tone of the New York Times foreshadows a settlement. I was busy most of the day writing private letters. Visits from Mr Weed, to introduce a Mr Arthur, the writer of a vigorous American article in the London Quarterly Review, and Mr Lucas. The latter gentleman very anxious to persuade to a withdrawal of the blockade. This is a fancy of Mr Cobden. In other words our only real effective measure is to be given up because the Manchester spinners are making things uncomfortable here. Sir Henry Holland made a short visit in which abbreviated my usual walk. Continued Lord Malmesbury’s Dutch career.
2 Saturday 4th London CFA AM
A remarkably clear, fine day. Very rare in London winter. My time not very profitably spent—at least I can give no account of it, though I seemed busy all my morning. received a short, oracular private note from Mr Seward, which left me none the wiser. It is dated the 20th after the conference. The newspapers representing Lord Palmerston are trying to keep opinion back, but stocks will rise in spite of it. I went in the carriage with Mrs Adams to pay visits. One to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, but they were not at home. Then a long walk, and a quiet evening. Mr Parkes came in late to ask me to breakfast tomorrow. He is not very hopeful, and rather predicts bad effects from the meeting of Parliament. If we get over this trouble, war will be put off perhaps two months. May be so, but we shall have a better cause of quarrel. This one is not tenable.

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2 Sunday 5th London CFA AM
Mild and damp. At ten o’clock I went to breakfast with Mr Parkes. Mr Weed and Mr Clarke connected with the News, were there. Mr Ayrton, a member of Parliament representing the Tower Hamlets was expected, but did not come. Much conversation on American affairs. An endeavor as far as possible to explain portions of our system which English people in general are slow to understand. Mr Clark is intelligent and reasonable. Mr Parkes tells me the newspaper must go down. It is undermined by the penny press. I am sorry for it, as it is on the whole a valuable ally. The Star is however a more vigorous and effective press. We sat until too late for Service in the morning. I attended however at three o’clock a church in Great Portland Street called St Paul’s chapel. I found the worshippers quite as few as they are at afternoon service at home. The prayers were very well read, and the Sermon which was on the New Year as a measure of our days was a fair average. Henry went to Walton again, so that Mrs Adams and I are alone at home. We had a visit in the evening from Mr Lawson. No news from America.

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3 Monday 6th London CFA AM
The Post announced this morning that the Steamer had arrived from America without despatches or information. It looked official and turned out wholly false. These are incident to troubled times. Mr Parkes and Mr Evans both came in. The former to tell me that he had information which led him to conclude that the ministers considered the difficulty as settled. The latter wished to get from me a letter upon the tenth article of Jay’s Treaty. I promised I would write after seeing his inquiry. He did not press it. Both are very fearful of the meeting of Parliament, and showed me letters from Mr Cobden urging the rescinding of the blockade. I replied that we might as well be asked to give up our struggle altogether. The consequence of such a policy in England would be war, and the desolation of the cotton country. They seemed to agree to this. So if we get rid of this affair, we have a worse left on our hands. Mr Weed came in afterwards, and we talked it over. My day was rather quiet. Mr Reuter came to beg, if I should have a private telegraph from the American government that I would give him such part of it as might be communicated. He said that he had from all quarters of Europe anxious solicitation for it. He little imagines how entirely my government keeps me without information. Nothing of the Steamer. I followed up Lord Malmesbury to the time of his success at the Hague.

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I was roused in the night by a telegram announcing the arrival of the Europa but without bringing any decisive intelligence. The newspapers were on the breakfast table, but they were quite ambiguous. So that on the whole I regarded the prospect as less clear today than at the last news. Mr Hale had made a violent war speech, of which I think little, but the reply of Mr Sumner as reported, seemed to me feeble and hesitating. I had several persons to see me. Mr Parkes for news which I could not give him. Mr Weed for letters which he did not find. My Dispatches gave me no light and my private letters only indicated astonishment and indignation. So that the suspense is to continue perhaps a week longer. It cannot be more, as it appears that Lord Lyons had presented his demands on the 22d so that the period would end on the 29th. Mr Dicey called about Mr Story’s papers, and I suggested to him the expediency of some alterations, which he said he would make. Mr Dicey said he was going to the United States as an agent for McMillan’s Magazine which desired a friendly correspondent. Went with Mrs Adams to pay some visits, after which I walked round three sides of Hyde Park. Strained my eyes in the evening, reading the newspapers.
4 Wednesday 8th London CFA AM

My morning slipped off unaccountable in the midst of letters and accounts and visits. Mr Montague Leverson, a gentleman friendly to the United States came in by appointment to talk with me about the state of the press, and the importance of charging its character. I told him that I could not do little this way, but that Mr Weed was here who had great knowledge and experience, and that I would if he pleased, put him into communication with him. As he assented, I asked him to come at breakfast on Friday, when I could get Mr Weed also. The truth is that the press is in process of transition from the old to the new. It has been cheapened, and thus competition has come in to such a degree that even the absolute power of the Times over public opinion is declining. A misjudgment of public opinion in any moment of crisis would be very likely to overset it. In the mean time the inferior sheets are open to all sorts of mercenary and personal influence. The confederate emissaries who are just up to such a level have labored assiduously and not without effect in this path. Mr Weed however is already organizing a system of counteraction which begins to tell on the opposite side. Towards evening I received a telegram from Mr Reuter, bringing the news two days later from New York to the effect that Messr Mason and Slidell and suite had been surrendered. Soon after Mr Weed came in from the city with confirmatory intelligence, and a later telegram put it beyond doubt. So that the danger of war is for the present removed. I am to remain in this purgatory a while longer. The little that I may do to help my country in its hour of trouble will be an inducement to reconcile me to the delay, and I confess I do not like the idea of returning in the midst of the confusion of such an organization as that at Washington. These considerations must avail to make me bear with patience the load that is set upon me. In the evening we had Mr Weed, and Mr Mrs and Miss Parkes all in high glee at the news.

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The temperature is very sultry with great dampness. The morning papers give the news, but another telegram brings an account by the Jura of the substance of the correspondence that preceded the result. In Mr Seward’s letter I find the traces of my Despatch of the 3d of December. Looking back upon this critical business I cannot help feeling a wonder as well as of thankfulness, for our escape from the great variety of risks with which we were surrounded. I take comfort and am encouraged for the future. A little vigour and the smiles of providence on our arms may yet rescue us from impending dangers, as they have from this one that is past. I was engaged in preparing dispatches for the week. Another cheering piece of news yesterday was the arrival of a vessel of war, the Tuscarora at Southampton, just as the Nashville was ready to go out. I took a walk and paid a visit to Colonel Thomas who is ill at Edwards’s Hotel. In the evening I finished the interesting notes of Lord Malmesbury respecting the final disruption of the Whigs during the French revolution. Henry returned from Walton this evening.

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6 Friday 10th London CFA AM
The reaction consequent on the reception of the news is very considerable. Stocks rose three per cent, and every but the confederates and the war party seemed to be relieved. Mr Leverson and Mr Weed breakfasted with me, but they talked little on the subject for which they met. The former obviously is earnest but has not much force. The gentleman made another appointment and adjourned at eleven. I was not sorry as it is my most busy day. A Mr Smith called on me to recommend a Hungarian General for command of our arm. I pleaded want of authority to meddle with such questions. The rest of the day passed in writing private letters home. At half past five I went by the invitation of Rear Admiral Manners to a dinner with the Royal Astronomical Society Club. at the Freemason’s Tavern in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. I found about thirty five or forty person assembled, some of them of the most scientific in the kingdom, Professor Airy, Astronomer Royal at Greenwich is the President. They dine together once a month, and then go to a meeting of the Society for the transaction of business at Somerset House. I found among the company, Mr Adams, the astronomer who discovered the planet Neptune at about eh same time as Leverrier in France. Mr De la Rue, Sir George Sartorius, Mr Vignoles and many others whose names I did not retain. I was the guest on the right of the Chair and was treated with the utmost deference and attention. Towards the end of the dinner, the President gave three sentiments in succession. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the President of the United States. To the latter I responded in a few words of thanks and gave as a reply the astronomical societies of both country, may the only contest between them be as to which shall discover the most stars. It was well received and we then adjourned to Somerset Houses. Here I was introduced into rather a small room containing perhaps sixty or seventy persons. The usual forms of organization. The President an old gentleman by the name of Lee who welcomed me very warmly. Two or three papers read; mostly from the Astronomer Royal. One giving the result of a great series of observations to measure the diameter of the sun’s disk vertically and horizontally. The result was a difference only of a quarter of a second. Mr 7 De la Rue, the Secretary who is a maker of writing paper by trade, is yet much devoted to astronomy and is carrying on a series of experiments in photography applied to measure the sun, which occasioned Professor Airy’s paper. He showed some plates taken in Spain at the time of the total eclipse, which are curious. On the whole I was entertained and instructed. And certainly if this be an instance, I cannot infer the existence of much enmity to America in the scientific class of Englishmen. Home by ten o’clock. Mr Parkes came in and talked some time about a letter of my son Henry written to America printed there and came to back to be criticized by the London Times, this morning, somewhat after its customary manner. It was not prudent, but Mr Parkes made too much of it.
7 Saturday 11th London CFA AM

Commonly this is my holiday, but it was not one today. The letters pour upon me more and more. The excitement of the times has given my situation so much of prominence that I am a sort of mark for all classes to shoot at. The newspapers this morning are rather lively. The Times has a violent attack upon Messr Mason and Slidell, in order to discourage any preparation for a public reception, whilst the Post insinuates that I suppressed Mr Seward’s Despatch relating to the Trent case in order to go into the market under cover of Mr Peabody and speculate in the funds. The News has a very sharp leader putting the Post in a very awkward position for denying as if Officially that the Despatch had ever been communicated. It is a singular proceeding, and makes me doubt whether the papers is so much of an organ of Lord Palmerston, after all. Surely he could have no interest in keeping up a delusion which can be so easily and so soon dispelled. I had a visit from four of the younger officers of the Tuscarora with a note from the Captain apprising me of this arrival, and of his inability to come in person on account of his position in the face of the Nashville. In the mean time I have received a reminder from the Foreign Officer of the risk of collision in a neutral harbour, and of the rule of international law permitting one of the belligerents to leave the port twenty four hours in advance of the other. So I sat down at once and wrote a reply to Captain Craven enjoining upon him great prudence in his movements. These naval officers are bad when too sluggish like Marchand, and worse when too active like Wilkes. I am in great fear of some mishap, as Craven is high spirited and determined. I am also very unwilling to damp his ardour to take this pirate. At three o’clock I went by request of Lord Russell to the Foreign Office. After waiting some time for Count d’Apponyi to get through with his conference, I saw his Lordship. His object was to read to me a Despatch he was about to send to Lord Lyons in reply to Mr Seward. The purport of it was to accept the terms given in full satisfaction of all demands, making some demur to a few of the points of doctrine on neutral law the discussion of which is reserved for another paper. I remarked that I was very glad this was so well settled. He replied in the same vein, and hoped that nothing was left in the way of continued peace. After some little miscellaneous talk about the coming of the Tuscarora, in the course of which I explained the reason she was here, which was to protect American ships threatened by several of these corsairs, he seemed to be satisfied. I then asked him if he had no farther communication to make, and on his saying No, I took my leave. Evening quiet. I read Lord Malmesbury. Henry went back to Walton, where the children remain a few days more.
8 Sunday 12th London CFA AM
Mrs Adams and I attended Divine service at the Unitarian chapel, where I have taken a pew. Mr Martineau officiated. There was a new service book which I did not like so well as the old one. His sermon was upon the old topic of the disconnection of morals with religion, against which he argued in his somewhat abstract manner. In all other respects an unusually quiet Sunday. I took a walk with Mrs Adams in the Regent’s park, and still later a long one, calling on my way upon Sir Gore Ouseley and Mr Bates, neither of whom I found at home. After dinner I went over to see Mr Parkes, by invitation, as Mr and Miss Weed had dined there. Mr Parkes had also an elder brother there. He is a very amusing old gentleman who talks all the time, and never listens to any replies. We had no sign of any arrival from America.
9 Monday 13th London CFA AM
The Papers this morning contain the letter of Mr Seward in answer to Lord Russell. It is a very able paper and exhausts the question. Yet the snarling curs of the war party are eager as ever to bark at it. The Post retreats from its position of last week as to the suppression of the Despatch of the 30th of November, and now maintains that it was not of the smallest consequence. If so, why the earnestness in suppressing it? Why the positive denial in the first place that the paper contained any reference whatever to the Trent, and then the charge that I had suppressed the matter for my own purposes? The truth doubtless is that Lord Palmerston was afraid of the extent of the reaction it might produce, and thus disarm him in his policy of the browbeating America, should she not readily give in. He therefore did not scruple to stimulate an irresponsible agent even to the persistence of a falsehood after it must be exposed to the world as such. Such is his calibre of Statesmanship! I had several persons to see me. Mr Lucas, Mr Weed, Mr Ropes, and a Mr D B Martin who has come with a commission from the Government to buy plates of iron with which the protest ships intended for the attack of fortifications. I took a quite a long walk and in the evening read Lord Malmesbury. Henry came back from Walton today.
9 Tuesday 14th London CFA AM
A cloudy, drizzly, rainy day. My letters abound, and I am almost in despair about answering them. I devolved several upon my son. The newspapers are very fierce today upon Lord Palmerston for the suppression of all notice of the Dispatch. The circumstance is adroitly seized by the opposition who threaten to make an attack upon him in parliament. Nothing is to be gained by it to them, for they are sure enough to come in, much more strongly by waiting. I walked in the midst of the mud to the house of Messr Baring, brothers & Co, and returned, which always taken a large part of the morning. We had news of the arrival of the America, but id di not bring Messr Mason and Slidell. A suspension of specie payments has taken place, which was not unexpected. Another step in the war. This Sinbad of an Army is throttling his bearer. Read a little of Malmesbury’s despatches about the Prussian army in 1795—almost as perplexing. Mr Weed here about Mr Peabody.
10 Wednesday 15th London CFA AM

The effect of the removal of the case of the Trent on my mind is not a little singular. It leaves me with an impression of nothing to do. The Mail came from the United States this morning bringing many despatches but they all seemed utterly without interest. I had few private letters. One from my son John is full of bitterness to this country. Doubtless she deserves it for the intense selfishness of her policy. Lord Palmerston is the type of that Anglicism of the last age which has made the country the odium of the world. Yet there is a leaven of better feeling in the great body of the nation which ought to be taken into account by an American before the makes up his mind to condemn the whole. My object must be to cherish that as a preservative of peach through our state of convulsion. The day was rather absorbed by the American newspapers which are on the whole moderate. NO great activity apparent in the war. On returning from my usual walk I found a note from Mr Weed begging me to call immediately at his lodgings to see Mr Peabody, who desired to consul me. I went accordingly. Soon afterwards Mr Peabody came. He told me that he contemplated making a donation to the city of London, as the foundation of an Institution of charity for the poor. To that end he had drawn up a letter to the Mayor which he desired to read to me. I assented, and he read it. Mr Weed had himself given another draught which did not appear to have suited him—and he was evidently desirous of getting Mr P to put into my hands to frame. But I saw his fondness for his own offspring, bad expressed my satisfaction with it. The only defect in it, the disclosure of a little too much selflove is exactly that which he would least cheerfully see erased. And yet it is the part which a friend should most certainly leave out. I contented myself however with an assent to his proposal to put it in the hands of a committee of his friends of whom I was to be one, and in case of their approval I was to send it with a letter of my own to the Lord Mayor. It was agreed that the gentleman should come to my house tomorrow at eleven. Mr Parkes was here in the evening.11

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11 Thursday 16th London CFA AM

Engaged in preparing my despatches for the mail tomorrow. At eleven I had a visit from Sir Emerson Tennent and Mr Lawson, being the two friends of Mr Peabody, how were to consult with me. The former expressed his opinion adversely to any movement at all just at present. Parliament was soon to meet, and the relations between the two countries were still so uncertain as to render it very problematical what the issue was to be. If Mr Peabody were now to come forward, and a war should ensue, the effect of his act would not be favourable either here or in America. As there was no occasion for haste, it seemed more prudent to put off action at least until the prospect should clear. He said they had come from Mr Peabody to know whether I concurred in these views. To this I replied by saying that action or inaction in such circumstances must in a degree depend upon the character of the man in question. If confident in the excellence of his purpose and regardless of mere opinion of friend or foe, he could do nothing better than to proceed fearlessly. If on the other hand, there was sensitiveness and timidity sufficient to make him positively unhappy under sarcasms or reproaches, it would not be wise to advise him to affront them. Considering Mr Peabody as an amiable but shrinking person I should lean o the second course, and recommend delay. It was then agreed by us all to advise him accordingly. The sum he proposes to give is one hundred thousand guineas. Mr Weed tells me that he has already given as much to the Institution founded at Baltimore, and that he has eight hundred thousand pounds remaining. All this acquired within thirty years. I had visits likewise from Sir George Sartorius and Sir Gore Ouseley. Dined by invitation with Mr Milman, the canon of St Paul’s. Company consisted of Sir Roderick Muchison, Sir Henry Holland, Mr Luvre, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, Sir Roundell and Lady Palmer and Mr and Mrs Romilly, a very interesting company— Much of the conversation intelligent and instructive. We left at ten o’clock, in order to drive over four miles to Mr Senior’s, where there was a children’s party. Here I met for the first time Mr Austin Layard, and had some talk with him.

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12 Friday 17th London CFA AM
I made out three despatches for this Steamer. One relates to Lord Russell’s report of my conversation on the 19th ulto. which he has printed. Of course it puts an end to all subterfuge or denial, in regard to the knowledge by government of Mr Seward’s despatch of the 30th of November. But it does not clear up the cause of the gross equivocation and falsehood in their operation. This may or not come from the high sources. If it does, the inference most natural to be drawn is that they mean mischief. I wrote also to my son John, but to nobody else. Short walk, it being a raw day, and I having to do go the Duke of Argyll’s to dine. The party consisted of Mr Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Sir George Lewis of the Minsters. Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, and two or three other persons whose names I did not catch. I take to this family of the Argylls very much. He is a little vain, but honest and sound principled. His Wife is a charming woman. Mr Gladstone sat next to me and we had much conversation about the customs of the two countries in the legislative bodies and in popular elections. We are generally much the most orderly in both. Another gentleman whom I did not know talked much of the story set afloat by the Duke of Newcastle respecting Mr Seward. Now that it has got so noised abroad, they being to be ashamed of reporting conversation. They say that it should never have been printed. I remarked that the printing was far better than permitting such a story to circulate in private so as to make a preparation for a rupture between the people of two great nations. This gentleman was very complimentary to me afterwards for my conduct during the difficulties in which I had been placed. All this is very well, but I am not the less sensible to the feeling entertained towards my country. The children all got back from Walton tonight, so that we are again one family.

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A sort of day of vacation, in which whilst appearing to do something I scarcely recollect that I brought any useful act to pass. Some time was devoted to my accounts, and some to despatching small notes which still crowd upon me. Despatches from Cadiz and Gibraltar, announcing that the Sumter had sailed again. We want more vessels out here. The navy is slow everywhere. Walk with my son Brooks. Evening at home continued Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs. Curious account of the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, afterwards the Wife of George the fourth.
13 Sunday 19th London CFA AM
Quite a cold day, freezing all the time. Attended Divine service at the Unitarian church, and heard Mr Martineau. He is a very good writer, and at eloquent, but a little too abstracted in his speculation to keep attention fixed. After service I called with Mrs Adams upon Mr and Mrs Hankey, and Sir Charles and Lady Lyell. The latter only at home. Sir Charles thinks the secret of the illwill to us here is to be traced to the terror of democratic movement entertained by the aristocracy. They feel it hanging over their heads, and think they may evade it by appealing to the example of our failure. They may do so, but it will not be by war with us. That will only accelerate their destiny. Sir Charles is one of the most liberal men in Europe. I took a long walk with Brooks. Quiet evening at home. Malmesbury, and George fourth; marriage.

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13 Monday 20th London CFA AM

The Despatches came at breakfast time and the greater part of the morning was consumed in reading the American newspapers. The intelligence is favorable so far as it goes. The most remarkable indications come from the southern press. The reliance now is upon aid from here. And in proportion to the urgency of the call now grows the pressure to grant it. The newspaper yesterday did not hesitate to declare that another Navarino was now necessary to establish peace between the combatants. And the Observer has had the reputation of speaking more or less by authority. Mr Seward’s dispatch to me shows his consciousness of this pressure, and advises consultation between Mr Dayton and myself to meet it. The meeting of Parliament will bring things to a head. I had a visit from Mr Walker to ask about the harbour of Charleston. This is the next pretext for interference. Sir Henry Holland likewise came in. And a Mr Goodridge from New York. I went out with Mrs Adams and left my name at Buckingham Palace for the King of the 14 Belgians, who has been here on a visit to the Queen. Then a walk. It was not so cold. Evening, a little of Malmesbury—and Whist with the family.
A light coating of snow, which relieved the air from chill, and disappeared before night. I still feel the reaction from the tension of the past month, like a sense of having nothing more to do. I now devote myself to answering the numerous letters which are sent to me from various quarters. I wrote one today to Mr Story at Rome about his pamphlet. I fear it comes a day after the fair. I went out in the carriage with Mrs Adams and left cares on Rear Admiral Manners and Sir Charles Trevelyan. A short walk with my son Brooks, who afterwards went with the other two children to the Theatre. I read more of Malmesbury.
Mild and clear. The political sky begins to look thick again. The efforts of our opponents are unremitting to discredit us, and they make more or less of an impression. I doubt whether the peace will stand long, unless indeed things take a decided turn at home. My spirits sink a little at the idea of what I am destined to go through here whilst the prospect is scarcely more cheering at Washington. My son Charles writes that he is going to Port Royal. I much fear I shall never see him again. Walk with Mary. We had some company to dine to meet Bishop McIlvaine and his daughters. The Dean of St Paul’s and Mrs Milman, Mr and Mrs Reeve, Mr and Mrs Lawson, Mr and Miss Senior, Mr Ellice, Mr McCulloch adn my two Secretaries. Afterwards I had some talk with Mr Mc Culloch.
14 Thursday 23d. London CFA AM
Mrs Adams and Henry went by invitation to breakfast with Mr Senior. I declined because it takes so much of my time on this day when I draw the forms of my Despatches. I had but three and those not very long. I felt slightly unwell from some imprudence at dinner yesterday. My digestion though greatly improved upon its condition in America, is not yet quite proof against trifling indiscretion in diet. Of wine I take less and less as I grow older. My spirits rather depressed. Sir Henry Holland came in, and I talked to him rather openly about the state of opinion here. He did not deny it was growing worse. Evening, Lord Malmesbury’s troubles in Paris.15
Variable weather. Very busy writing my private letters to America which absorbed all my time until five o’clock. The accounts were rather better today from France Mr Weed writes with more confidence, but I entertain none in Napoleon. The tendencies look better here likewise. The army will have time to determine the question. I had one or two visits, from Sir Henry Holland to bring in a letter to Mr Everett for the mail bag, and from the Duke of Argyll in response to my despatch to him. He asked about Mr Sumner’s speech and I gave him a copy of it. It is a strong effort, and made almost entirely out of the substance of my Dispatch of the 3d of December which he must have seen. But it will cost him all of his popularity in England. Walk with bothy my younger children. Mr W S. Everett dined with us and spent the evening. We had a little Whist.

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15 Saturday 25th London CFA AM

I thought I should accomplish a great deal on this day of leisure, but on experiment it turned out that I barely finished a couple of letters. Two or three visits and the newspapers consumed the time. Likewise I went out in the carriage with Mrs Adams, first to the country house of Messrs Baring to get some money, and then on several commissions in the city. Returned visits likewise; one to Mr A Haward, the gentleman whose name I did not know at the dinner of the Duke of Argyll on Friday of last week, and one to General Portlock. On our return we found Bishop McIlvaine with whom we had a pleasant conversation for an hour. Mr Parkes dined here but Colonel and Mrs Thomas who had been asked, could not come. Mr Morse and Mr Ralston called in the evening. The letter to enquire whether I would see the Secretary of the antislavery society and when. I assigned Monday at any time between ten and four o’clock. Mr Parkes was talkative as usual, but he had no news.
15 Sunday 26th London CFA AM

A fine day. At Mr Ralston’s invitation the children went with him to the Temple church. Mrs Adams and I went to the Unitarian chapel and heard Mr Martineau. The place is small, but the attendance is good. The denomination is numerous in England and quite respectable, though not of the highest classes. The preacher does not attract me more the more I hear him. After service I accompanied Mrs Adams on a visit to Colonel16 and Mrs Thomas, to enquire after his health. We found only the lady at home. I despatched several letters, and took a long walk with the children. Mr Lawson came in the evening. A man of strong sense, though little cultivated. After left left I received a telegram by the Asia. The material part of the news is the transfer of Mr Cameron to a foreign mission, and the appointment of Mr Stanton to his place. This may lead to material consequences.

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16 Monday 27th London CFA AM
The American news is always exciting, and yet it indicates not much in the military sense. I spent the morning in writing notes and letters. A short visit from Bishop McIlvaine. We had an early dinner, in order to go afterwards to the London Institution in Finsbury circus, to hear a lecture on Japan from Dr McGowan, cards having been sent to us by him. It was a popular address touching very superficially but pleasantly upon the peculiarities of that part of the world. There were perhaps a couple of hundred person to hear him. After the lecture Mr Smith, a gentleman connected with the Institution insisted upon showing us the Library which is good and pretty extensive. The Librarian showed us some bibliographical rarities, such as the Edition of Shakespeare of 1623, and the first edition of the Paradise lost. Likewise the books of the early English Printers, Caxton and Wynkyn de Word. A missal and some other things. Then home. Mr Weed came in from Paris. The Emperor of France made his speech today and left the United States alone. This a point gained. It now remains to know the tone of the Queen, after which our army must do the rest. Mr Weed gave me much information in regard to the movements at Paris, which go to show that Mr Dayton’s want of familiarity with the language and the Court has rather stood in our way. I got my Despatches and letters this evening, and sat late reading them.

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16 Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
The weather has again become damp and warm. My morning absorbed a good deal in American newspapers. The causes of the transfer of Mr Cameron are not yet quite clear to me. But I see traces of differences between the President and the Senate which give me some uneasiness. The most favorable account in a military view comes from Kentucky, where Humphrey Marshall’s force has been dispersed. The expeditions have now gone out, and the issue will be known in a few weeks. I had visits from several persons generally Americans going one way or the other. Also a beggar or two, of whom the name is Legirn. A walk with my children, not very pleasant as the streets are muddy. Whilst at dinner I had a visit from a midshipman sent by Commander Craven from the Tuscarora, with a letter announcing that the government Officer there had ordered him to leave the harbour, and throwing the responsibility of his course upon me. The young man said I was to have time to prepare a reply, as he should not return until tomorrow. I reflected upon it without much satisfactory result. And for the same of a little relaxation consoled myself with reading the account of Lord Malmesbury’s troubles at Lisle.
17 Wednesday 29th London CFA AM
Mild with rain. I was busy writing a letter to my son John. but was so much interrupted that I could not finish it. First came the Midshipman for the answer given to Captain Craven. I then sent a letter to Lord Russell on the subject. Then came Mr Weed with whom I had some conference. Mr J C Bancroft Davis just from America called. He has been the American correspondent of the Times, and has discontinued because of his Americanism. He predicted certain results of military movements in the United States which I should in view of our past experience scarcely venture to make. Mr McCulloch also came in and talked of the approaching session of Parliament and the necessity of preparing for it. We went over the topics and the men. He seems to be very thoroughly conversant with all the channels of influence, a way in which I cannot follow him. I must devolve the labour upon Mr Weed. Out with Mrs Adams in the carriage looking out for some sort of present which we did not find, and after this a walk, with my boy Brooks. His vacation expires today, but he does not go until Monday. In the evening I read a little of Lord Malmesbury, and continued my letter to John.
18 Thursday 30th London CFA AM
I finished my long letter to my son, and wrote the usual draughts for the Despatches of the week. I likewise had visits from Mr Weed and Bishop McIlvaine. The latter comes to get information, which he uses among his friends. It rained hard so that I did not go out until late. I then called on Lord Lyndhurst, but he was still ill, and on Mr and Mrs Bancroft Davis. Met Mr Weed again. Both he and the Bishop spoke of a remark of Mr Eustis, who has just come over with Mr Slidell, to the effect that we might seize and occupy Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans and desolate the coast, but the people would never go back to the Union. This indicates distress and nothing more. The difficulty only lies in the inertia of our Officers. I dined with Mrs Adams by invitation at Sir J Roundell Palmer’s in Portland place. The company consisted of Sir George and Lady Grey, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, Mr and Mrs Walpole, the Bishop of London and Mrs Tait, Sir James and Lady Colville and Mr Helps. Quite pleasant. The manners thaw out gradually as one becomes better known. But what thick ice it is! Home at eleven.
Thursday 30th
30 January 1862

The temperature is almost sultry, and the dampness corresponds. I went on with my customary labour preparing letters for the mail this evening. I wrote a private letter to Mr Seward in answer to a portion of a note to Mr Weed which had been shown to me. It is plain that the difficulties of his position wear upon him. My wonder is that he has stood under them at all. In all my experience of public abuse and private slander of a Statesman I have never known a parallel instance. Mr Weed went with Mrs Adams to pay a visit to the Duchess of Argyll. After the day’s work was over I took a walk with the younger children round the Regent’s park. After dinner I thought I would go to the British Institution, from the Secretary of which I had received an invitation to attend the Friday evening course of Lectures. The subject for this evening was the glacial theory which was explained by Professor Hopkins. The room was filled, though the course is confined to members and visitors. The lecturer reviewed the three theories of the motion of glaciers the sliding, the viscous and the regelating— He rejected the first two and aderated the last.19 He attempted some experiments with ice which rather hung fine. I thought the argument feeble. The facts known are the motion and the more rapid advance of the surface than the bottom. To affirm that this last phenomenon is owing to the rapid crushing of the ice and instantaneous freezing of the fragments, a process which has never yet been witnessed by an observer in any spot but in a scientific laboratory when a small piece of ice was carried through the treatment, is to say the least of it a premature generalization. The movements in nature are seldom so regular as they are in a lecture room, and it is difficult to believe that a constant source of pulverization and regelation of a great body of solid water is going on before men’s eyes and no one has ever had the least suspicion of it. The audience was half of it composed of ladies, and the attention was great.

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Diary of Charles Francis Adams, 1862

Previous document in volume
Friday 31st
31 January 1862

Next document in volume
Sunday 2d
2 February 1862

19 Saturday February 1st London CFA AM
Saturday used to be my holiday, but now it has got to be merely a period in which to bring up
the arrears of my general correspondence. I devoted some of this day to my private accounts.
Thus far I find that I have exceeded my salary about a quarter part. This would be immaterial
but for the great decline of my income at home, and the increase of the charges there. I know
not how it will be if the war goes on. This makes me more careful of the scale I live on here. Mr
Weed and Mr Davis came in, the latter to show me a note he had received from Lord Russell
requesting an interview. He seemed puzzled to know the object. I told him that I presumed it
was to get information. His Lordship was on the whole well disposed but not always fully
informed. Bishop McIlvaine called to give me some account of the assemblage last evening at
M'r Kinnaird’s. He described it as mixed in its temper and rather disposed to interrogation. If I
may judge by his own account, he must have had a good deal the best of it. At a later time I
had leisure to read a little of one of Mr Senior’s Diaries about Ireland. More interesting to me
than I expected. The children all dined out, so that I dined tete à tete with Madame. Evening,
Malmesbury at Lille.20

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20 Sunday 2d London CFA AM
Mild and pleasant day. I went with my son Brooks to the Church of St Sepulchre for morning service. The interior struck me as more imposing than usual, though there are marked defects in the architecture. The service much as usual, the sermon no better. I wanted to see the monument to Captain John Smith, the hero of early Virginia colonization, but I could not as the communion service continued. read the remainder of one volume of Mr Seniors Irish Diary. Much of it is curious as showing the conditions of that island after the failure of the potato crop, and the astonishing exodus of that people to the United States in the subsequent years. Probably no similar national movement was ever made, and it continues even now, when the population has been reduced nearly half. The present year has checked it, but perhaps only to divert it to Canada or elsewhere. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs Davis, Mr Weed and Mr Parkes. Tolerably pleasant. Mr Weed showed me a letter from Mr Moffat, saying that the American issue would not be pressed in Parliament for ten days at least. The delay may be of service. No doubt I am to be condemned to a trial of my temper in the premises.

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Sunday 2d
2 February 1862

The American newspapers brought us this morning favorable accounts from Kentucky. This comes very well just at the present moment, when the Parliamentary schemes are in agitation. But we shall be in constant suspense now for weeks during the development of the campaign. The Steamer Canada is yet due. I finished up my arrears of correspondence and really felt myself at leisure. Mr Weed and Mr Davis came in, the latter to give me an abstract of his conversation with Lord Russell and with Mr Milner Gibson. The object of both seemed to be to make enquiries as to the internal condition of the country. I went out with Mrs Adams to return some visits, after she had taken Brooks to the station on the way to his school at Twickenham, at the close of his vacation. He has applied himself to reading Latin a little, but the obstacles in his want of attention are yet very great. At thirteen he is not where I was at eleven. In the evening I went to the London Institution to hear Dr McGowan’s second Lecture on Japan.21
For the first time I know not how long I found myself with little or nothing to do. Even the Tuscarora ceases to be an object of anxiety as she has at last suffered the Nashville to escape. She must now follow or at any rate go elsewhere. Of course my hours of relief will be few, so I must make the most of them. I walked to the Messrs Barings in order to get some money, and according to custom wandered about in lanes and by ways to such an extent that it was more than three hours before my trip terminated. I think it must have been near eight miles. Evening, ready Lord Malmesbury’s account of Pitts extraordinary proceeding in setting up the Addington Ministry, to make the Treaty of Amiens. The secret history is all laid open here, and it is strange enough. At a late hour, the telegraph brought the news by the Canada, which was not material.
21 Wednesday 5th London CFA AM
The despatches did not come today so that I had another interval of leisure. I improved it by finishing Mr Senior's Diary about Ireland, and writing two answers to Consuls who plague me by their inexperience as much as usual. I went out with Mrs Adams to pay visits. One to Mr Munchton Milnes and one to the speaker whom we found at home with Lady Charlotte Denison, and as pleasant as ever. I had a few words only with the Speaker about the present state of things. I intimated the probability of a division preceded by a violent debate on American affairs. But he thought not. The tendency of late was to avoid it. I think he is mistaken. There are symptoms of a lull in the storm just now, consequent upon the general drift of the news for some time past, but the first reverse will quicken and refresh it. The present campaign will be determined, and that rapidly. Walk, and quiet evening. Continue the curious record of Lord Malmesbury.

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Wednesday 6th

London CFA AM

The air is much improved and I profit by it. The mail bag arrived this morning with the usual consequence of absorption in the newspapers. I had a single despatch of no moment, and a telegram of Mr Seward full of promises of what is about to be done. The panlo post future tense will not go down here, and he ought to know it. There was little intelligence beyond the confirmatory details of the action in Kentucky. I wrote one draught of a despatch, and the larger part of a letter to R H. Dana Junr in answer to a very sensible one received from him. He has been to the seat of government, and he sees the same thing I chilled at about a year ago, the vision of a chief not equal to his position. This consciousness has haunted me ever since. It is this that reconciled me to my exile, and made me rejoice that I escaped a cabinet post. A long walk and a quiet evening. Parliament assembled this day. The Queen's speech is cautious but satisfactory, in regard to the United States. Continued Malmesbury.
Cold and dry. Much interested in the debate in both houses on the address. The testimonials to the Prince were eloquent and discriminating. On America the declarations made by the leaders of both sides in both Houses seem to indicate fair weather. I think that the proper action on our side is all that is wanted to settle it. Lord Russell and Mr D'Israeli acquitted themselves very honorable towards us. The latter surprised me most. A visit from Captain Britton who came to speak of the conduct of Captain Craven of the Tuscarora, which he could not comprehend. His last movements especially at Portland and at Cours by which he got himself fastened, so that the Nashville could start ahead of her, and gain the twenty four hours. I said what surprised me most was his letter to me from Portland on the 2d abandoning the chase before it was beginning. This only adds one more to the list of navy blunders during this war. Mr Forster came in too and we talked of the state of things. He was anxious for materials to use in case of need. I could give him but little. He said Mr Gregory disarmed the idea of any proposal for emancipation from the rebels. The rest of my day writing letters and dispatches. Walk. In the evening I went to Sir Henry Holland's by invitation to take coffee after which he took me with him to the Lecture of the royal Institution. I went into the Library and there me with Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Faraday, Munchton Milnes, Mr Delarne and others whom I knew. The Lecture room was very full. Sir Henry took the chair, and put Cardinal Wiseman on his right and myself on his left. The lecture was by Professor J H Huxley, on the fossil remains of man. His manner simple, unaffected and clear. He began by a general exposition of the varieties of the crania of men, illustrated by the length and the breadth of specimens before him. From this he passed to the antiquity of the race, which he maintained to be greater than heretofore supposed. His deduction was drawn in a curious way from the remains of early instruments, made of copper, of iron and of stone. In one part of Norway I think a place had been found where the depositories upon a bed of peat showed the succession of forests in decay one over the other, of pine, of oak and of beech. In each case the relics proved the size and age of the trees to have been great. The length of time necessary for the development of such processes could only be inferred. But the most remarkable part of this phenomenon remained to be told. In each layer of this series was found a different set of tools—one of iron one of copper and the lowest of all of stone. This was then the oldest form of mechanical instrument known. But there were no bones. In order to find these, he turned to some new discoveries on the continent which had produced two fossil skulls of man, casts of which he exhibited. One showed the lowest stage of intelligence, nearest approaching the ape, whilst the other would pass a tolerable average of the present day. On a comparison of these with each other he at first inferred a difference of genus, but on examining some skulls of Australians of the present age, perhaps the least mixed race now known on earth he discovered quiet as great a diversity among them. The inference left to be drawn was rather in favor of the unity of the race. But at
the same time the lecturer decidedly affirmed the coexistence of man with that of the great primal and now extinct animals which have heretofore been supposed to precede him. The lecture was interesting and in parts very new to me. But I am not quite prepared to jump into this new belief on the sole evidence of two ancient skulls. This company is perhaps the most intellectual and scientific in this kingdom. Walked home.24
Cold and quite clear for this meridian. I expected to improve my time a good deal today, but for some reason or other I barely made out to finish a letter addressed to a consul. The composition is by no means the retarding portion of this work. It requires a constant examination of the laws and the customs which consumes much time. I was also much interested in reading portions of the diplomatic correspondence of last year published by the government. They enlighten me in many particulars in which I was much puzzled. I do not think the British positions improved by the exposition, though it may be that the errors come from a prompting on the other side of the channel. I went with Mrs Adams and my son Henry to the private show of the pictures of English artists at the British Institution I received the same impression that I recorded on my visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy last summer. Much mechanical skill but a similarity and common place conception, with no marked rendering. The best specimens so far as I can judge were those of a jury, of a spanish interior, and of a “a quiet dell.” The rooms were full and it was cold, so we hurried home. Left cards at Lord Stanley’s, of Alderley, and went in to see M Van de Wryer. We talked only in general of the tone of the speeches in Parliament, of the Queen’s condition &c. He says there will be no court for a year, which is not unwelcome. For by that time my position I trust will be definitively settled. Evening, Lord Malmesbury, and the days of the Addington Ministry. The secret history is interesting.
Monday 10th
10 February 1862

9 February 1862

24 Sunday 9th London CFA AM
Clear. Attended Divine service with Mrs Adams at the Chapel in Little Portland Street. Mr Martineau officiated. His sermon on the vexed question in Scripture To him that hath shall be given &c. He went very deep to trace the influence which under this doctrine had brought about the advance of the condition of man. After church I walked with Mrs Adams to the zoological gardens to look at the Baernda which has just laid more than a hundred eggs, and is hatching them out. We saw but25 little as the cold weather rendered a blanket cover necessary. We saw many of the other beasts, and then returned home. I scarcely can account for the rest of the day, and yet I was not idle. Evening, read Malmesbury who is very interesting.

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The American newspapers as usual when they come consumed large portions of my time. I had also several letters to consuls to write; and several visiters to see. Mr Weed and Bishop McIlvaine. The latter to get information about the difficulties in our finances. I explained as much as I could. Received by telegraph later intelligence from America. The general tendency of it favorable, though nothing more decisive. The effect to confirm me in the notion that the force of the rebellion is spent. One or two decided successes could now go far to break it down. The last one though quite partial has had a great effect both here and at home. I went out with Mrs Adams to return a visit of Mr and Mrs Martineau. There a walk. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs and Miss Morse, Colonel and Mrs Thomas and Mr Tucker, who remained until about eleven.
25 Tuesday 11th London CFA AM
We received the letters and newspapers at breakfast, and a good deal of time was passed in reading them. I had a long visit from Mr Bright who talked much of the events that have taken place in the interval since he was here. He had become so much disgusted as almost to incline to throw up public life. We agreed that things had turned out beyond our expectation, and that perhaps we were better for the breaking of the storm in this way, and with this result. He asked many questions with the view of informing himself I gave him all the explanations in my power. Mr McCulloch came in also. He spoke of the debate of last evening on the blockade, of the probable movements in Parliament, of the indifference of the minister about any issue, as they were prepared for a dissolution, and of the inexpediency of decided action in parliament to commit person on the eve of an election. He evidently remembers the last instance when he among other lost his seat. He spoke of the Mexican business as one that annoyed the Ministry much and might lead to an issue in Parliament. The truth is that England26 has ben led a dance on this subject the end of which is not yet. The project of inviting Maximilian of Austria to be King seems to have originated in a desire of France to effect by it a cession of Venetia for the fuller establishment of the kingdom of Italy. But the Mexicans seem indisposed to bite at the bait any more than Austria. In the mean while Great Britain is holding the door. All these things are going on whilst we stand handcuffed. The situation is as mortifying to us as it is to England. I expressed indifference about the dissolution of Parliament as it would at all events make a delay in the course of which we should be gaining more and more data with which to determine the issue of the struggle. Every day it did seem to me that I perceived our friends to be gaining strength and confidence whilst the rebels were losing it. Victory was within our grasp, if we had the generals to seize it. And in the event of defeat the same result of a cessation of the war on its present scale must ensue. After he left my day was pretty much gone. I took a walk and in the evening, read Lord Malmesbury, Death of Pitt and Fox.

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26 Wednesday 12th London CFA AM
I had a visit from Mr C W Field who has come from the United States for the purpose of setting once more on foot the project of the ocean telegraph. I have instructions from the Department to give my aid in forwarding this projectent, so I offered at once to put him in communication with Lord Russell. He said that he should like first to confer with the person interested here after which he would let me know. My time was consumed in writing letters of the usual character to consuls. Mr Speaker Dennison also came in. He spoke of the meeting of Parliament and reminded me of what he said of the nature of the debate. I asked him if this calm was likely to last. He though it was. The Queen’s speech gave no topics, and he doubted whether members would be likely to supply them. He invited me to go with him to visit the rooms of the Agricultural Society, and I went. We found the Secretary at the place in Hanover Square, and he invited me to attend the Lecture whenever I pleased, and the weekly consul meetings. Mr Dennison has been more really friendly to me than any person in England. In the evening we were quiet. I finished Lord Malmesbury’s Diary—a very good study for a man in diplomatic life. The letter to a young man about embracing it is full of practical wisdom, the result of long experience. The notes of his grandson now in high esteem here betray a good deal of feebleness.

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27 Thursday 13th London CFA AM
I had a visit from Mr Field and Mr Lawson for the purpose of talking over the telegraph matter. I had given the former a copy of the Despatch relating to him. The object of the gentlemen seemed to be to know how far I considered myself authorized to go under that power. I replied that I was prepared to offer to put Mr Field in communication with Lord Russell, and to engage the disposition of the government to cooperate in any reasonable arrangement which might be initiated on this side. I did not concern myself authorized to initiate one myself, or to agree to any thing which had not the approbation of the ministry here. The gentleman seemed to assent to that view. They said that consultation would be necessary prior to conferring with the government, so that Mr Field would put off his request to me to make application to Lord Russell. I agreed to wait until I was notified. Wrote my draughts of two Despatches. Went not with Mrs Adams, and left cards at the various houses of the ministry, according to custom. Called in to see Mr Weed who is just in from Brighton. He read me a letter from Mr Seward which lets in a flood of light on his position. Surely, never was there a more difficult and delicate one. I congratulate my good fortune in having escaped that trial. It is bad enough here in some respects, but this is paradise to that position. I forgot to say that Sir Samuel Cunard called to correct a statement in my first published Despatch saying that an agent had offered any number of the steamers of that company to the United States. He knew no man of the name of Arrowsmith, and never gave any such authority. I offered to correct the impression if he desired it, but he said it was not material. I had been imposed upon. That was all. Evening quiet at home.
28 Friday 14th London CFA AM
The morning was industriously passed in finishing up my letters, especially a long one to my son John. I am haunted by an indefinite apprehension that he is charged with too great a responsibility in money matters, by the departure of Charles, whose judgment on such subjects is better and energy greater. I must trust in Divine providence in the midst of these dangers that surround us on all sides, for there is no help in man. At half past three I waited on Lord Russell, by appointment. My object was to mention to him some matters on which I had directions from Mr Seward. One respecting the Slave trade in Cuba, suggesting the expediency of watching the coast of that island. His Lordship suggested the difficulties growing out of the question of the right of search. The agreement between Mr Seward and Lord Lyons had not been considered security at the Admiralty to justify a variance from former instructions. I replied that the very same reluctance at this crisis to hazard new complications had been assigned by Mr Seward for doing little ourselves, if circumstances otherwise should permit. His Lordship hoped we might ultimately agree to the qualified visitation. I said it was possible, but that in the present sensitive condition of public opinion it would not be advisable to open it. I went on to the next topic, the authority to pay money for the detention of the Perthshire. His Lordship said Mr Hammond, the Under Secretary would arrange that. I closed by asking him about the list of vessels running the blockade mentioned by him as having been given by Mr Mason. Was it to be included in the papers about to be published for the use of Parliament. He answered that the list was one furnished by Mr Yanley. It would appear, but without the names of the vessels, which might subject them if found anywhere to condemnation in a prize court. I said that in that shape it would be of little use to me, for my object was to analyze the character of the representation. He then asked me about the farther alleged filling of Charleston harbor. He expected to be asked about it in the House of Lords this day. I expressed doubts whether any obstacle could be other than temporary. The flaw of two views together with the action of the tides on the shift sands of that coast would inevitably force a passage for itself. But if it should not the difficulty could be remedied after the trouble were ended. His Lordship said it might be so, though one of their most capable engineers thought not. The conference then ended. I made the rest of my Official calls, after which I took a walk. Evening at home. Reading the Biographie d’une contemporaire. A very curious piece of French revolutionary story.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
29 Saturday 15th London CFA AM
I had a short visit from Bishop McIlvaine this morning, as usual for the purpose of getting such explanations as I could give him. One in regard to the slave trade on which I told him the substance of my conversation yesterday with Lord Russell on that subject. Part of it, indeed, I find in the newspaper as repeated in his speech in the House of Lords. The other question was about our finances. I explained what I knew, which is not quite up to what I could wish. I confess this view of the matter is a little dark. At two I drove down to Messrs Barings to see about raising the money to pay the demand of the Perthshire. There is a difficulty as the agreement is to pay in dollars, and the sum is specified by act of Congress. They gave me a memorandum of the cost in Spanish dollars and in gold, neither of which exactly squared with my authority to draw the sum in gold bill on the United States. I decided to write at once to the Government here offering to pay, and leaving the choice to them. Home directly to go out with Mrs Adams paying more visits. In the evening I went over to see Mr Parkes who has been ill at home for a week. He said he was better, but I thought him a little dull, or rather languid. He had nothing new.
29 Sunday 16th London CFA AM

A chilly east wind. My daughter Mary attended with me at the Chapel and heard Mr Martineau preach his second discourse on the subject To him that hath shall be given &c, but it was so abstruse in its speculation that I soon lost the thread, and could not catch up with it again. This is the difficulty with him as a preacher and as a writer. I recollect thinking so when I read some of his sermons long ago in America. On my return I read part of the published diplomatic correspondence of the British Government, I took a walk and on my way called to see Sir John Harding, but did not find him at home. We dined early in order to attend Divine Service at St Paul's where Bishop McIlvaine was about to preach. The Dean had sent us tickets, to avoid the crowd, and they proved to admit us to the very best seats. It is a fine site in this magnificent interior to see four of five thousand people all pining in worship of the Almighty, and to hear the voices joining in harmony so loud that the arches seem to multiply the sound as it were among responding myriads in the air. The Bishop preached a sermon upon the faith that maketh not ashamed, or as in the version of the prayer book, that maketh not disappointed. This faith he went on to show could be found only in the person of Jesus Christ. The division was fivefold but simple, all going to the conclusion that every resource but this would end in failure. The attention was great, and the discourse though not particularly original or strong, sounded vastly in advance of any thing I have been accustomed to hear in this country in the established church. There was quiet an attendance of Bishops and prelendaries, and the spectacle was highly interesting. I understand that the evening service is always crowded as tonight. We got home soon after nine. I ought to mention that I was placed in the seat of the Lord Mayer, he not being present. My son Henry's birth day. 24.
A visit from Bishop McIlvaine, who came to tell me the result of a conversation he had held at breakfast with Sir Culling Eardley this morning, that gentlemen had apprised him of the existence of rumors that Mr Mason had brought with him authority to make large offers towards emancipation if Great Britain would come to the aid of the confederates. He even specified their nature, as for example, the establishment of the marriage relation, the restoration of the right of manumission, and the emancipation of all born after a certain time to be designated. He had further intimated that these views were received favorably here and were the topic of discussion between the religious classes here and on the continent. I remarked upon the impudent character of this fraud, but yet that it needed to be energetically treated both here and at home. On this side it should be viewed by us with favour as making a basis for a possible pacification, whilst on the other the fact of such an intrigue should be made known far and wide among the deluded population who consider themselves as the champions of the highest type of civilization. I was even willing to go so far as to throw out the probability of a consent to their recognition provided that the emancipation should be made forthwith. The Bishop said that just such has been his sentiment. I added that I should write the information home even though not in any authentic form, and in the mean time should be glad of any thing that could fix the propositions upon Mr Mason or any of his crew, most completely. Quiet enough for most of the day. Long ramble before dinner in a drizzly rain. Evening, a little of the Contemporaine, who is inferior to what I supposed. Mr Weed came in. I had been that Mr Seward had ordered him to London, and sounding me to see what I thought of it. I replied to him kindly and gently. But my patience is gradually oozing out of me at this extraordinary practice of running me down with my own colleagues. This makes the forth full minister who has ranged over this manor just as if he was and I was not responsible for any mistake he might make. Mr Seward was not brought up in the school of refined delicacy of feeling or he would not have continued these inflections from the day of my secretary's appointment down to this. I had thoughts of writing him a letter on the subject. But knowing how much he was already harassed by greater cares, I decided not to annoy him, but rather to speak confidentially to Mr Weed. So I did, but I found that I had touched the wrong chord, for he confessed he had urged Mr Motley's coming. But on talking with me, he appeared to see the awkwardness of my position and to regret it.
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32 Tuesday 18th London CFA AM

The newspapers gave us the last intelligence from America, but the mail bag did not reach me until dinner time. I sat down in advance and prepared a despatch which I had not the materials to complete last week. I walked down to Fenton’s to see if I could find Mr Ludlam, but he had gone. Went by invitation to dinner with the Belgian minister, Mr and Mrs Van de Weyer. She is the daughter of our friends the Bates’s, and Mrs Adams brought a letter from Mr Everett to her, which is now acknowledged by this dinner. M Van de Weyer rose from small things in Belgium, through a display of quickness and intelligence, which found a good field for exercise at this point, where it is important for King Leopold to have a good channel of influence upon the Court. His marriage with the Bates’s daughter seemed him the necessary wealth. And the family relation of Leopold with the deceased prime consort established his position—So that for twenty five year Mr Van de Weyer has been laying a deep foundation for the permanent establishment of a family here, if it should so happen that Leopold or his little kingdom should disappear from sight. The effect of this rise is quiet apparent in him, and it glares forth in her. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Lyveden, Sir Edward and Lady Kerrison, Count Stalitsky, Mr Salermoff, I think, and Mr Bates. After dinner I had some conversation with Lord Lyveden and the Count on the state of things here. Both agreed that the death of Prince Albert and the Trent affair had settled matters in Parliament for the present year. The opposition was moreover pretty badly disjointed by reason of the paucity of abilities and the jealousy of the heavy aristocracy of their leader D'Israeli. The pride is mortified at the superiority of the plebeian and the Jew. Lord Derby aspires to be the premiership, but fears to grasp at it. He prefers to wait at sixty three for Lord Palmerston to live out what may be left of his usefulness after seventy eight. Hence the expectation that this is to be a year of truce. Of course it follows that America will be left alone, which we most devoutly desire. Lord Lyveden is a very gentlemanly and intelligent man. Home at eleven.33
33 Wednesday 19th London CFA AM
As usual the Despatches and the newspapers absorbed a large part of the day. The intelligence was not very decisive, but it was not discouraging. I run over the printed columns to pick out details with a constant sense of disappointment that they are not so complete as I desire. Yet the general effect is to confirm in me the impression for some time back increasing, that the force of the rebellion is declining, and that some decided success on our part would break it. This impression has gained so much ground here as for the time to have caused a revulsion in our favour. We are in a condition of calm such as I have not experienced since my arrival. This is highly propitious, as we shall thus be enabled to carry on our experiment free from all the embarrassment of external intervention. We dined today with Lord Russell. The company consisted of Baron Bertinck, the Dutch and M de Bille the Danish Minister, Mr and Mrs Elliot, Lady Russell’s brother, a lady whose name I did not learn, Mr Tricampi and Lord Frederick Cavendish. It was an easy, pleasant entertainment, but no conversation of any interest. M Bille talked in his usual friendly way, though he admitted that in his particular circle of friends he met with no favourable response. He though the feeling in the lower classes was friendly. I am inclined to think this the just view. The question is of aristocracy and democracy. The former interest wishes us to fail because our success may ultimately be its ruin. It is proper to add however that there are many honorable exceptions to this rule. Home before eleven. Mary 17, this day.
A lovely spring day. I drew two or three of the Despatches which kept me very busy until it was
time to go with Mrs Adams to take luncheon by invitation with the Speaker and Lady Charlotte
Denision, at his house in Westminster. This is really all the dinner that he gets, and any where
else it would be regarded as a sumptuous repast. The only persons to me were Lord and
Lady Stanhope, and the Bishop of Oxford and his son. I had a little more conversation with the
Speaker on the state of opinion in Parliament which he again maintained was disposed to be
quiescent in regard to America. He is calm and impartial, so that his opinion is worth
something. Sir Hamilton came in before we left, and I fell into conversation with him about the
Queen. It appears that she retains her energies, but with these she develops the same
characteristics which appeared last summer. The consequence will be an almost total
obliteration of gayety this season. For it is understood that the giving of any festive
entertainment of a general character will excite in her great displeasure. Sir Hamilton says
that in all his long experience he never knew a season so gloomy. Lord Clarendon, one of
three persons whom Her Majesty is willing to see has had a long conversation with her from
which he draws encouragement as to the calmness of her judgment, but it can scarcely admit
of a doubt that the state of her mind yet keeps alive much uneasiness. This fact has much to
do with the strange calm that has come over all the leaders in Parliament. From the speaker’s I
went by appointment to the Foreign Office to see Lord Russell. Met in the antechamber Court
Flahault, the French minister, who talked much of America, venturing to express doubt of a
result depending on the military occupation of so immense a territory. This is not an
unreasonable view for a European, and it must be correct if we prove mistaken as to the
developement of a reaction in the population. I spoke to Lord Russell of the complaint made by
the authorities at Washington of the treatment of the Flambrow at Nassau in refusing the colas
actually belonging to the United States. He asked me to make a note of it. I then showed him
the cover a letter received by me from the Consul at Gibraltar about the Sumter which had
come with the notice from the post Office here that it was open, the consular seal broken, and
a separate office seal put on at another part of the envelope, attesting the fact. His Lordship
said that he would cause enquiry to be made. The other matter related to the payment of the
sum awarded to the owners of the Perthshire, all which was promptly arranged, and I took my
leave. I had spoken to him about Mr Field and the Telegraph, but he continued to parry the
proposed interview by begging first to have some proposition in writing. So I took Fenton’s
Hotel on my way home, in order to ask Mr Field to prepare a paper, which he agreed to do. Mr
H J Parker overtook me and gave me the news of the capture of the command of one of the
main trunks of railroad communication, between their military positions. In the evening all the
family went to the Haymarket concert room to hear the performance of Mr C. Matthews at
home. The life of such a man has little to merit a public exhibition of it, and the wonder is the had the conceit to imagine it could be popular. His father who had more comic talent exhausted the view. I got very tired of it before it was over.

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Friday 21st London CFA AM

The news from America is now become so interesting that it absorbs a great deal of time. I was pinched by it and by visits so much that I did not finish all the letters by the mail that I desired. I was also somewhat annoyed by the necessity of preparing some remarks for an assemblage proposed to be held tomorrow to celebrate the anniversary of General Washington’s Birthday. Of all things in the world this kind of fancy speaking, if I may so say, is the most painful, at least to me. And here it is more difficult than at home from the presence of carping critics who would like nothing better than to find fault with me. I cannot trust myself to the moment as I do at home. I must write out all that I say, and then try to fix at least the chain of thought in my mind. To commit I long since learned, is dangerous. My experience at Dorchester years ago satisfies me on that point. My evening was devoted to this business.
35 Saturday 22d London CFA AM
The weather is springlike. Scarcely could it be called a winter, though the drawback in the almost constant cloudiness is very serious. My morning passed very fast. Mr Field came to me to read his proposed memorial to Lord Russell. I suggested some alterations, and especially the making of the United States the leading figure and Great Britain merely cooperating. I told him this would defeat his object here forthwith. I further objected to his quoting Mr Seward’s instructions to me in the draught of a speech he read to me, which he proposed to make today. I gave him a copy of the paper because he was so much mentioned in it, and I though it might aid his objects, but I begin to doubt the correctness of the step. It is remarkable how few people possess that nice tact which distinguishes the exact thing to do on any given occasion from what is irrelevant or unsuitable. At one o’clock I drove in the carriage to the city, to see Messrs Baring about the raising of money for the payment on behalf of the government to Lord Russell. It was agreed that I should draw upon them one thousand dollars, and they would charge it to the government. From here I went to the Freemason’s Tavern where the Americans in London were to assemble for the proposed celebration, at two o’clock. It was called a breakfast, but it is more properly an ornamented luncheon. The number was much larger than I expected filling three long tables and one at the head, running across. I think near three hundred, men and women, one third of them perhaps English. Bishop McIlvaine presided, and I sat on his right. The hall is quite a handsome one, and easy to speak in. After a prayer, and the collation, an ode was read— Then the first sentiment to the memory of Washington, to which I was summoned to respond. What I said was well received. I was followed by others who spoke longer. But the most significant and taking speech was made by Mr George Thompson, the same person who was associated with the famous antislavery mob where Mr Garrison came so near to being a martyr. There were no distinguished persons present but the company was very respectable, and the thing in all respects creditable. I left at half past five, walked until seven. Quiet evening at Mr Bates’s. My son Henry took his departure, to spend a few days at Paris. received a telegram from America giving us an account of further successes—General Burnside appears to have overcome the obstacles, and to set about his work in earnest. The campaign is now assuming its true proportions and we may soon form some judgment of its results.
In making up the arrears of two or three days I find I have made an error in the assignment to last evening of the American news, which really did not come until this evening. I attended in company with my daughter Mary the service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau gave a sermon on the transfiguration. It was as usual very abstracted, but I observed that he did not rely upon the account as absolutely real, though he did not deny it to be so. At home, we had visits from Mr Senior and Mr Hayward, from Mr Sturgis, and Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley. I also went out and called on Mr Weed and Mr Munchton Milnes. Evening, read a little of the strange book I have got hold of, the Memoirs d’une Contemporaine. (Here should come in the entry of yesterday, from the words “My son &c”)

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For a wonder my American mail arrived before breakfast. That meal was however delayed an hour by the fact of my expecting company. Messrs Cobden and Forster came to meet Messrs Weed and Field. I had also invited Messrs Bright and Munchton Milnes but they had left town. The conversation turned upon the prospects of the telegraph and upon the blockade. On the last topic Mr Cobden enlarged much as usual. Much of what he said is wise and practical, but he is yet far in advance of the sentiment of this country. I think his is the most comprehensive mind now in England on all the secondary class of questions which touch the material interests of the world. But he makes little account of human passion or of sentiment which controls the movement of life much more frequently than interest. After they left me I was busy reading the newspapers from America, which are full of interesting details. The war is obviously changing its character, under the sterner dictation of the new Secretary. And I feel my hopes of a termination of it rising. Went out with Mrs Adams to pay visits. One to Mr Arthur Kinnaird and one to Mr J. L Graham Jr besides cards at Lady Palmerston’s and Lady Kerrison’s. I took a walk afterwards in the chilly easterly air. In the evening at home very quietly reading the Memoirs d’une Contemporaine. That a woman should ever consent to make the public cognizant of such a record of herself.
Chilly, cloudy day. I was beset with Consular troubles again, and had to spend half my morning in examining a case which only betrayed the incapacity of one of the many men whom the government has sent out in this capacity. This is much the most annoying portion of my duties. After luncheon I went out for the purpose of looking up houses. An intimation given to Mr Moran by my landlord leads me to suspect he meditates giving me notice to go in May. It is fitting then that I should at least be examining what I can get. I examined one today in Portman Square which promised well in the two lower stories, but degenerated rapidly as I ascended, a remark which applies to most of the London houses that are offered to be let. I think I will look a little farther. He went by invitation to dine with Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan. She is a sister of the late Lord Macaulay. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Robert Cecil, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, Mr and Miss Senior, Sir William Page Wood, the Vice Chancellor and Lady Wood, Mr Holland, son of Sir Henry, and his Wife, the daughter of the house, Sir James and Lady Colville and one or two others. It was a pleasant and sociable dinner. Of all the persons I meet Mr Cardwell is the most easy and agreeable. Lord Cecil is a conservative, and wrote the article on America in the Quarterly Review. The family is an interesting and cultivated one. We staid until eleven.
38 Wednesday 26th London CFA AM
Cold easterly wind and somewhat high. Four letters today and all from consuls in Ireland who know nothing of their duties. As a compensation I believe I had not a single visitor. As a consequence of their duties. As a compensation I believe I had not a single visitor. As a consequence I was enabled to draw a Dispatch, and to write eight or ten short answers to notes and letters that have accumulated. I then went out to look at another house No 2 Great Cumberland Street, which might do on a pinch, but the pinch must a bad one. A walk with my daughter, after which with Mrs Adams to dinner at the Bishop of London’s. A large company of whom I discovered only the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Exeter, Mr Merivale. The Chancellor was talkative and interesting, but otherwise the dinner was formal. Home early.
Cold easterly wind. I prepared several additional drafts of Despatches, and one or two letters. Mr Field called to see me, and brought the amended form of his letter Lord Russell. It was an improvement without being what it should be. His industry and perseverance are entitled on applause, so that I am willing to advance his objects even if not presented in the best manner. I agreed to send his memorial forthwith which I did. After luncheon I went out to look at a house in Cavendish Square which has been to let ever since I got here. It did not suit me at all. So I am afloat. Mr Fitzgerald, my landlord called on me, and rather gave me to understand that his Wife desired to resume the occupation of the house in May. A walk with my daughter, rather chilly and uncomfortable. Mrs Adams and I went by invitation to dine with Mr Thomas Baring, the head of the famous house which has now for so many years been noted all over the world. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Lyveden, Sir Edmund Head, Sir David Dundas, Sir William Alexander, Sir Francis Baring, Sir James Colville, and one other gentleman whose name I did not gather, though he reminded me that he had been named to me at Mr Bates’s at Sheeve in December last. I was much interested in Sir David Dundas and Sir Edmund Head, educated and lively conversation. The first of the two had more of animation than is commonly found among Englishmen. He is of the Scotch family of Lord Melville, Pitt’s intimate associate. His views of his country prior to 1780 are not more flattering than Macaulay’s. They demolish all Walter Scotts airbuilt castles about the highlanders. The dinner was the more recherché and the most lively that I have been present at. After we rose and returned to the Drawing room where we found Mr Baring’s gallery of pictures open. It is difficult to judge of it in a few moments, but I saw at once many that were well worth of study and admiration. We took leave, in order to go to Sir Henry Holland’s where there was quite a gathering, and some music. Home by midnight.
40 Friday 28th London CFA AM
Chilly weather continues. I went by invitation to breakfast with Mr Munchton Milnes at ten o'clock. A small company consisting of Mr Senior, Sir James Colville. Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Stanley, an Italian gentleman whose name I did not catch and myself. The room was very cold, but in all other respects the entertainment was the most instructive and profitable I have met with here. Conversation literary and legal. The Italian exceedingly well informed. The mixture was curious but harmonized well. Latterly the subject of America was started on which I assumed as much of indifference as possible. Mr Senior seemed inquisitive about the condition of the Southern States, and wondered why their friends here did not furnish information. I remarked that their strength here lay in the suppression of all details about them. The picture would not bear examination. I had myself tried to obtain all particulars that I hope to get published, and the effect had been to open the eyes of many. Lord Stanley though that the feeling here was more friendly than it had been since the spring and I inclined to believe it. Good news of the war is all that is needed to help us into high esteem even among the most malignant of the aristocracy. I left a twelve o'clock in order to go home and finish up my letters for the evening's mails. A walk with my daughter Mary. And for once a quiet evening at home. Read more of the extraordinary history of a contemporaine. What a record!
40 Saturday March 1st London CFA AM
Clear with a chilly easterly wind reminding me of ours at home. I had little of my customary holiday, for the Irish consuls keep me fully employed. I wrote several letters. Looked at the house next door to the one I am in, which I can have if I want it. It is in much better condition, though without all the objects of art which make this so attractive. Then out with Mrs Adams at Mr Cardwell’s. A small company consisting of Lord and Lady Robert Cecil, Dr Lushington and a lady whom I took to be a daughter, Sir John Shaw and his Wife, Sir Roundell Palmer and his Wife, Sir James Ferguson and another gentleman whose name I did not get. It was tolerably pleasant, but here was not much interesting conversation. After we left the table Dr Lushington talked a good deal of his reminiscences extending as far back as the time of Burke. He has gone through a long and honorable career, and now at the age of eight is at the head of the admiralty and ecclesiastical Court, deciding upon the creed and the heresy in the late difference in the church caused by the Oxford Essays and Reviews. Home by eleven. This has been on the whole quite a dissipated week, and I am not sorry it is at an end.

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41 Sunday 2d. London CFA AM

Quite chilly. Attended Divine service at the Portland Street Chapel, with Mary and Brooks who is at home for the day. Mr Martineau gave us the third sermon of the series, on the text, “To him that hath shall be given &c” but it was so refining that it entirely eluded my attention like its predecessors. The communication was afterwards administered. Mr Martineau is certainly a man of ability, but he has not that faculty which makes a man hold his hearers as if they were tied in leash. In the afternoon I went out and called on Lord Lyndhurst. He was still too unwell to be visible. I saw Lady Lyndhurst and her daughter. They did not appear to be uneasy about him. From thence to see Mr Peabody who has had a severe fit of the gout. I find this man with millions in his pocket settled in a poor looking room au troisième, looking over a parcel of old papers. He talked ot me of his plan, said it was now about to be made public, and consulted me about the expediency of making Lord Stanley one of the Trustees, which I entirely approved. He had been a little disturbed by Mr Weed’s premature disclosure in America, but the restoration of the relations between the countries seemed such as to remove further objective. The poor old gentleman has a praiseworthy ambition. I left him to take a walk down through St James’s and Hyde Park home. The children had Mr Sturgis’s boys to dinner.

Evening quiet at home.42
Sunday 2d. 
2 March 1862

My morning passed most unaccountably, giving me an idea that I was very busy, and yet bring nothing to pass. Visits from Mr Field who brought with him a Mr Coates, a Scotch manufacturer of thread very friendly to the United States. He left only for somebody else to come in so that the time came for me to go out with Mrs Adams before I had an idea of it. Our object was to go and look at houses as Mr my Landlord has given me a final notice to quite by the first of May. We examined several but tall open to objections. It is as difficult to find houses as it was last year. Quiet evening at home. Read the contemporaine

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42 Tuesday 4th London CFA AM

Fine clear day, and bracing easterly air. I do not dislike this weather though I find it as much inveighed against here as it is at home. I had a visit from Mr Field whom I had notified of Lord Russell’s consent to hold a conference with at half past three today, I excused myself from going with him, and he did not seem much discomposed. The American newspapers came today and most deeply interested me. The narrative they contained of the capture of Roanoke Island and the destruction of the confederate vessels stirred me much, and made me feel that the navy was once more coming up to the standards which it established in former struggles.

The stroke must be most depressing to the rebels. There was a story put in circulation today that farther intelligence has been received of a repulse of our troops at Fort Donnelson, but it was evidently manufactured. Mr Forster called to get further information respecting the blockade. Sir Emerson Tennent and Mr Lampson to talk of Mr Peabody’s gift and to arrange a meeting of the persons comprising the trust. for Saturday next at my house. Mr Gerard Ralston came to speak of the anxiety of Liberia which he represents to obtain a recognition from the United States, and of his desire that I should recommend it to the government. I said that I though well of it and would mention it. Mr Ralston also mentioned the story about Fort Donnelson as being the Herald and the Standard. I took a long walk and then with Mrs Adams to dine with the Count and Countess de Flahault. A small company consisting of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Bishop of London and Mrs Tait, Mr and Mrs Ellice Junr, Mr Byng, and one person when I did not know. It was pleasant without being lively. After leaving the table, several persons came in the evening, which seems the least formal kind of society there is here. Home soon after eleven. I talked a little of politics with Count Flahault upon continental politics which look a little disturbed now, but he was cautious.
43 Wednesday 5th London CFA AM
One year of President Lincoln’s term of Office has expired. It has been altogether the most stormy known to our history since 1783, Looking back to its commencement it seems to me as if the dangers in which it began have all been averted, and that now we are more consolidated as a government than we were then. The newspapers also brought us later accounts from America, announcing the capture of Fort Donnelson, with fifteen thousand prisoners and a prodigious quantity of stores and munitions of war. This is the greatest blow of the war, and if at once followed up may have a great effect in accelerating the end. We have now had in quick succession four victories, each of them won by hard blows. The moral of it is that the stronger party is developing its power just as the weaker one is giving symptoms of exhaustion. With prudence and energy for a few weeks it is by no means unreasonable to hope that we may crush the rebellion before midsummer. In any event all prospect of foreign intervention becomes distant, and my position becomes all more tolerably secure. Four person called, and I accomplished nothing but a few visits and an examinatino of a house in Grosvenor Square repulsive from neglect and wear and tear. Dined with Mrs Adams at Lord and Lady Lyveden’s. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir James and Lady Colville, Mr and Mrs Currie, Munchton Milnes, and the three or four more whom I did not know. Rather a lively dinner for London. Every body congratulating me upon the news. Home at eleven.44

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Wednesday 5th
5 March 1862

Rain with high wind. Mr Sturgis called in before breakfast to say that his Wife desired so much to return to the country, he had made up his mind to offer his house to us if we wanted it. I thanked him and promised to look at it. At first blush two or three doubts occur to me, but I know not whether they are entitled to weight. Henry got back from Paris also after a heavy passage across the channel. We found a large mail bag from America, and multitude of newspapers, which as usual fixed our attention. The accounts of the victory outstrip all expectation and give strong reason for the conclusion that the rebellion is coming to a rapid termination. The result depends upon the way this success will be followed up. I was busy in writing the customary despatches. A wet walk. Mr R C Winthrop Jr who came in this vessel and Mr H Tuke Parker dined with us.
44 Friday 7th London CFA AM
Wind shifted and warm again. Sir Emerson Tennent and Mr Lampston came in to speak of a letter which Mr Peabody was to address to us, which would be corrected by us and put in form at the proposed meeting tomorrow. Mr Field brought me a new and more specific proposal to Lord Russell, in regard to assistance, which he read to me and asked me to transmit. I agreed to send it forthwith. The Consul at Constantinople came too. He is the bearer of a Treaty negotiated by Mr Morris which he carries to Washington. Rather fond of talking. My despatches and letters kept me on to past five o’clock. Dined by invitation with Mr and Mrs Lampson. Quite a large company of whom I knew only Sir Emerson Tennent, Sir Gore Ouseley adn Lady O, and the Bishop of Hereford and his daughter. A pleasant party without being in any way remarkable. Home before eleven.

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A lovely spring day, clear and general as possible. I went out to breakfast with Mr Field, at Fenton’s Hotel. A small company consisting of Mr Bright, Mr Forster, Mr Kinnaird, Mr Baseley, Mr Kinnaird, members of the House of Commons, Sir Rowland Hill the famous Director of the Postal system, and Messrs Weed and Lampson. The conversation turned upon the discussion last night in the House of Commons. Mr Gregory made his long threatened demonstration upon a notion for the productions of more papers about the blockade. His speech was elaborate and effective; but it was answered fully by Mr Forster and Sir Roundell Palmer closed the debate so that there was no division. I had not felt any uneasiness on this subject after the reception of the continuous news of successes which renders the probability of the insurgents sustaining themselves much more dubious. Mr Gregory could not have selected a more difficult moment for himself as the current of opinion is setting much the other way. Nothing shines so dazzling to the military eye of Europe as success. Our English friends appreciate it as full as any body. The campaign will proceed without farther difficulty. I talked much with Sir Rowland Hill about the organization of the city ports which he says is increasing in proportion to the facilities given. I think in this they are in advance of us. He invited me to visit the general distribution Office on some evening. They admit but one party on one day. I said I should be happy to come. I returned home to be present at noon when Mr Peabody, and the five gentlemen when he proposed to make the Trustees of his benefaction, assembled. The old gentleman was much agitated and feeble from late illness. He took out the draft of a letter which he proposed to write to us, being pretty much the same he read to me some weeks ago. Lord Stanley objected to two or three phrases which led to some interchange of opinion, and a final agreement on the form. It was then settled to put the letter into shape and sign it, after which Mr Peabody could transfer the money, and to adjourn for one week. Returned a visit of two with Mrs Adams and then a pleasant walk with Mary in Hyde Park. We dined at Mr Edward Ellice’s. Lady Zetland, Sir George and Lady Grey, Lord Stanhope, Mr Warrington, Mr Panizzi, Sir Edward Head and Mr T. Baring. One or two of the ladies I did not know. I sat between Mrs Ellice Junr and Colonel Ellis, the nephew. Lord Zetland and Edward Ellice Jr came in from dining with the Fox Club. Mr Ellis is a well wisher to America, and he has more knowledge from repeated visits than most people. But he is full of the usual English motions. Lord Zetland is a new creation, much like other Lords. We left some to pay a short visit to Lord and Lady Palmerston. Small company, but most of the corps Diplomatique. Many persons talked of our late advantages in America and of the probability of an early pacification. I was congratulated all round as if every body wanted us to succeed. Even Lord Palmerston seemed to doubt his former judgment, I endeavoured to receive it all as matter of course and without exultation. I had some talk with Lord Cranworth, who conceded a restoration of the border States and though this should be all we ought to desire. Why not let the cotton states
go? It would be cutting clear of slavery which would ultimately remain to plague us and renew our difficulties. The English idea of division lies at the bottom of it all. Mr Munchton Milnes who spoke last night told me that a majority of the members were at heart with Mr Gregory, but all the weight was against them so that there could be no manipulation. Home by midnight after a pretty fatiguing day.
46 Sunday 9th London CFA AM
Blustering with rain. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached room eloquently than usual on the influence of the personality of Christ upon the religious sense of the world. I did not quite take in the whole scope of his reservations as to the view to be taken of his mission. Mr Martineau is too subtle to follow very easily. But his fervor of admiration for the savior’s excellence is admirable. The whole family went to take luncheon at Mr Sturgis’s, and at the same time to take a look at the house. In many respects it is so excellent. The position is cheerful and the rooms are clean But the accommodation for the legation and for me is very indifferent. Thence I went to see Mr Weed and talk with him about Mr Peabody’s trust, and my desire not to put forward prominently as the draught of his letter does. He said he would speak with him about it. A walk afterwards but quite uncomfortable as well for the wind as the rain. In the evening went on with the contemporaine, and afterwards the Diplomatic correspondence.

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47 Monday 10th London CFA AM

Another soft spring day. I scarcely know how I spent it and yet I was busy. I drew up a note to Lord Russell, about the abuse of the blockade, and seized the opportunity to insert an intimation respecting the disposition of people here to countenance violations of it. The truth is that Great Britain has furnished all the indirect support possible to the rebellion, whilst the leaders have laboured to disavow it. I write these papers rather to make a record of our consciousness of the fact that from any hope they will avail. Mr Field called to know if I had received an answer for him from Lord Russell. He was anxious to return home on Saturday. Col T P. Shaffner called to ask how this matter stood, as he had an interest in a different telegraph project. I gave him all the information I had, though he is a person I scarcely care to cultivate. I went out in the carriage and made farther enquiries about a house without eliciting anything more. I fancy I have seen all. A long walk with Mary, and a quiet evening. Mr Weed came in, and explained Mr Peabody's views about the precedence in Committee on his trust, which relieved me of further anxiety. We have news from America this evening, rather favorable than decisive.

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47 Tuesday 11th London CFA AM

Cloudy, wet day. Mr Field came in to ask about his telegraph. I had no news for him. Later in the day I received from Lord Russell an answer that puts an end to the matter at present. We received the mail bags from America, which brought one the news of the birth of a grandson on the 23d of last month, safe and well. God be praised for all his mercies. So commences the ninth generation of the race in America. May be bear his cross with courage. At the same time my son wrote me of a conflagration which has totally destroyed my two stares on the Eastern Avenue. This is the first serious loss of property I have experienced in my life. In these days of civil convulsion we must be resigned to change. Much absorbed in the newspapers which are greatly elated by the successes. I trust they may not be so rapid as to destroy the value of the struggle. Mr Parkes here before dinner. He has been ill. Quiet evening. The Contemporaine grows very tiresome.

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Wednesday 12th London CFA AM
Mr Field was here again to speak of his answer from Lord Russell. It decides him to go home on Saturday where he thinks he can do good. Mr Weed also called in company with Mr Palmer, member of the last Congress from New York. I likewise had a call from Mr S L Gouverneur Jr, going home from China, where he has been Consul since 1859. He complains bitterly of the arrogance of the English in the Steamers on the way here. My leisure intervals consumed in preparing a letter to the Consul at Glasgow. Nothing exercises me so much as this duty. Mr Smith came to see me about houses now as if Mr Sturgis’s was to be my only resource. Went out to see other houses but they prove unsatisfactory. At noon I went to a meeting of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society to attend a lecture delivered by Professor Volchers upon milk. There were not more than thirty persons present among whom I recognized nobody but Mr Hall-Dane, the Secretary and Sir Edward Kerrison. The lecture was a good one. It gave information as to the analysis of milk of various animals and the effect upon it of different kinds of food. The proportion of oil and of curd and of sugar. The difference of supply night and morning, and the relative richness in cream. One point he touched which confirms my old impressions—and that is that thorough bred cows are not more to be depended upon for quantity of milk than the cross or common dairy stock. Neither does high feeding increase it. The effect of that is to go fat. After he finished there was some very intelligent discussion by the members of several points. Went by invitation to dine with Mr and Mrs Darby Griffith. We know none of the company; and had never seen the host, though we had been at a concert here in the season. The only names I could make out were Sir Frederick and Lady Smith. A young man who intimated that he was in Parliament as well as a fellow at Oxford talked with me some time after dinner. Several persons came in, which appears to be a common way of receiving here. We took leave soon after eleven.
49 Thursday 13th London CFA AM
My day for writing Despatches. They were not important and yet absorbed time. The current of intelligence from American continues favorable, and so long as that is the case things will remain smooth. A gentleman by the name of Rawle from Philadelphia called, with a letter from Mr Kuhn. He amused me with an account of his experiences among English people, and with his vexation at their ill-disguised desire for our permanent disruption. There can be no doubt of this as the prevailing sentiment at least among the higher classes. Hence all these later accounts are slightly distasteful. Mr Rawle expressed some uneasiness at the discontent manifested against General McLellan, and feared that he and Mr Stanton were a little estranged. Doubtless all of it springs from the opposite opinions held on the slave question. The ultra movement men of whom Sumner is the type wising to ride over all law and government to get at emancipation, and the ultra conservatives desiring simply the restoration to the status quo. The task is not slight which the President has to steer between them. Mrs Adams and I dined with Mr and Mrs Bates. The company consisted of Dean and Mr Milman, Mr and Mrs Mildmay, Mr and Mrs Van de Weyer and Sir Henry and Lady Holland. Mr Bates was too unwell to be at table, so that Madame Van de Weyer did the honors. It was sociable and pleasant. Mr Milman is always so, and so is Van de Weyer, though the latter does not attract me much. He has abilities and cultivation, but there is peeping out a little of the petit-maitre, now and then, and the flaw of fortune upon him is just perceptible. We got home before eleven o'clock.
Thursday 13th
13 March 1862

The news that came today of the possession of Nashville a struggle and of an advance of Banks’s column seems to encourage us in the idea that the war approaches an end. The public papers of Mr Davis indicate discouragement but not despair. I was busy writing my private letters today, especially one long one to my son John. Some letters to Consuls as a matter of course. This department of my business continues quite full, but I am myself gradually growing more used to it. I got through rather sooner than usual, and took a long walk. We had Mr Rawle to dine and Mr and Mrs Parkes, who staid until quite late.

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50 Saturday 15th London CFA AM

The easterly wind has brought back chilly and cloudy weather. This day has commonly been a holiday with me, but it was not so today. I had arrears of many letters to write so that I go no morning. The Committee to receive Mr Peabody’s benefaction met at four. Previously to that Mr Lampson came to talk to me about the telegraph. I explained to him my views and the reason which appeared to me likely to have determined the government here to take the course it had done. I suggested the expediency of originating the moment in Parliament, which the Ministry would rather follow than lead. He though so, and proposed to make the effort. The Committee received Mr Peabody’s letter in form, together with another addressed to his firm directing the credit to us of a hundred and fifty thousand points. This is a great enlargement. A form of a letter of acceptance was presented but a question was raised by Lord Stanley as to the responsibility it might place us in unless we were sure of our position, which ended in a proposal to consult a Lawyer before acting. So it was agreed to wait until next week. A walk with my daughter Mary. Evening, Mrs Adams and I went to Lady Palmerston’s for half an hour. Quite full, but fewer acquaintances than last week. Thence to Madame de Flahault’s where we found Lord and Lady Russell, Sir David Dundas, Mr Bile, Mr Ellice. IT wa a pleasanter half hour than the other.
50 Sunday 16th London CFA AM
Cloudy with rain at night. Attended Divine Service and heard Mr Martineau but without impression. I cannot account for this, as I always feel an interest in his beginning. He is a thinker which the established clergy are not, but his mind seems abstruse speculation which is not the thing for the pulpit. After service I went with Mrs Adams and made a call on Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley. He has been ill, and though better we did not see him. Their daughter was with them, accompanied by her infant. I took a long walk through a portion of London not before known to me. These wanderings occasionally disclose the great charities of the place, which do so much credit to the otherwise callous nature of this people. Tied up in forms, and slaves to the antiquity of precedent, there is yet an admission of the great obligation of humanity which comes to qualify the aversion the more repulsive features of their characters would create. Home quite fatigued. Mr Rawle dined here. Mr Ralston called int he evening to speak of the affairs of Liberia. He read to me some letters from the secretary and President expressing a wish that a treaty might be negotiated here with me. Mr Ralston said he hoped I would apply to government for such a power. I said that I had already written on the subject, recommending it to the attention of the President, but I scarcely desired to invite employment. Mr R said that the President of Liberia was coming here and perhaps would go to the United States. I said I should not renew the subject just now, having already said what I could in power of the object.
Rainy and very quiet day. The Steamer at this season are so much delayed that we have not the interest in the newspapers on this day of the week which we had last summer. There are also few visitors. I had today only Mr Holmes and a friend of his who have come out to superintend the American part of the Exhibition. The commission has been broken up, and all that is done must come from individual enterprise. Mr Holmes has the appearance of a genuine American of the industrious classes. I described to him the precise state of the case here, and recommended an immediate communication with the secretary of the Commissioners in order to secure what might be left of space. Read Judge Parker’s pamphlet on the Trent case. It seems to me very clear and strong. A long walk in the rain, which brings on the vegetation very rapidly. I saw several shrubs quite in leaf. In the evening we were quiet at home. I continued the life of the Contemporaine which is a catchpenny production.
As the Steamer was delayed and I had little on my hands I seized the opportunity this morning to go out in order to look up some houses, for the time of my removal from here is approaching and I am yet floating about. I found a good many references, which was about all I could do for today. This is very annoying, and especially just at this moment when the season of the industrial Exhibition is about to take place. I have not yet found a single desirable house, excepting that immediately adjoining mine, which is set up at a very exorbitant price. Little passed at the Office. There was further news from America much the same as before, the drift favorable but no new victory. I was much interested in the newspaper accounts that arrived.

Evening, the Contemporaine.

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52 Wednesday 19th London CFA AM
A fine, spring day. I went out early for the purpose of looking up houses. Called to examine one in Hyde Park Square and one in Sussex Square. The situation is fine and airy, but they fail in the requisite amount of accommodation. The modern edifices are smaller and less convenient than the old ones. I found one in Mansfield Street much more to my purpose. I must decline Mr Sturgis’s kind offer as much too high. Most of my remaining time taken up with the newspapers which bring details. Towards evening a later telegram announced a message President Lincoln on the slave question, which is the greatest step yet made in the struggle. Its effect in Europe will probably be even more extensive than in America. Late in the evening, the Despatches came and private letters. On the whole the substance was more interesting than at any time. The struggle is now attaining a degree of gravity and solemnity which makes it historically imposing. The follies and petty defects that characterized it’s commencement have disappeared, and there is a stern earnestness in the movement, which must, I think, ultimately give it success. The close even scarcely be far off, unless there proves to be more of genius in the slaveholding ranks than I give them credit for. We shall now await with great anxiety the accounts of the final movements on the Potomac.
A cold rainy day. I was very much occupied in preparing my Despatch, for I had but one of any consequence. Of course the intelligence from America also consumed a large share of my time. There is a fascination about the detail which generally terminate in disappointment, for I am perpetually seeking in them for more than is to be found. The number of people who call upon me has much diminished. The day was very quiet. In the evening we I continued the Contemporaine which beings to rise in tone and interest with the narration of the decline of Napoleon.
53 Friday 21st London CFA AM
A light coating of snow visible early, and it was wet all day. I had less than usual to make up today for the mail, having really but one correspondent at present, and that is my son John. I also wrote a short letter to Charles, though it is by no means clear to me that any thing we write ever reaches him. Thus far we have heard only once from him since he has been at his post. I had spare time enough to go down and look at another house in Great Cumberland Street, but it disappointed me as they all do. We had a small company to dine. Mrs and Miss Hobson, Mr Rawle, Mr Tucker, and Mr and Mrs Sturgis. They stayed pretty late.
53 Saturday 22d. London CFA AM
A fine clear morning, but it became cloudy afterwards. Having some leisure I went out in quest of houses. Looked at three in the course of the day. Lady Westmoreland’s in Cavendish Square and Lord Kennedy’s in Langham place, as well as No 9 Mansfield Street again. The two former are unfurnished and are far too large to be comfortable. The state of doubt and hesitation. Dinner early in order to go the Princess Theatre to see Mr Fechter in Iago, he having changed his part with Mr Rider. This personation appeared to me much the best. His conception is good, and the absence of so much monologue makes his account and his French drawl less offensive. His by-play and his short dialogue are masterly. But no human power can ever reconcile me to the plot of the piece. I now desire to see it. A poor farce called Cash or Cupid.54
54 Sunday 23d. London CFA AM
Heavy rain all day. As the ladies did not go to Church, I though I would visit some new one. So having my son Brooks with me I stopped and worshipped at St Giles’s in the fields. It seems an edifice of the same age ef with St Martin’s and St Andrew’s. IT is in the centre of one of the worst districts of the town. The attendance was good and there were large numbers of charity school children. I did not know the preacher but his sermon was of Christ, the head of the Church. He was rather more liberal than usual in his generalization of the sects as all equally parts of the body of which he was the head. This was appropriate to his object which was to solicit subscription or aid the Bible Society. The English society had since 1803 distributed without distinctive of faith or sect, forty millions of Bibles. In consequence of what he called the miserable war in America which checked the resources of the American Society, it had been decided to aid them to the extent of two thousand points. The remainder of the day I stayed at home. Read a Sermon of Dr Walker on mediation. It is full of that strong good sense and clear logic which is peculiar to that preacher. It’s doctrine tre is not quite so cold as common. Read also some of the Contemporaine whose style rises much in the narration of the closing era of Napoleon. A visit from Sir Charles Lyell who talked our American affairs, in which he takes a friendly interest.
54 Monday 24th London CFA AM

A spring day. Not having much to do I determined to execute an intervention which I have had since the day I came to England, but which an accidental circumstance has lately impelled me to at once. In glancing over the advertising columns of the Times to find houses to let I came across a notice that at Ealing was to be had the house called Little Boston House. This was a month ago, but for one reason or another I could not find the time to gout to see it until this day — Mrs Adams, Henry and Mary accompanied me. The weather was warm and genial, and we followed the course with tolerable accuracy to Brentford. Here I though my recollections would begin, but there were many buildings since erected which confused my mind almost until the moment we got to the gate. This was caused the more by the appearance of a modern house on the other side of the lane. We knocked at the gate, and a woman let us in. And there it was almost the same thing as I knew it forty five years ago. It looked now smaller than I thought it, and it certainly was in much less fresh condition. It was stripped of its furniture and had the aspect of neglect which inevitably attends an untenanted place. Still the rooms were the same. There was my mother’s Drawing room, my father’s study, my brother George’s chamber, and that occupied by John and myself. And the grounds though not in order looked little changed. The oaks scarcely altered, but a cedar much extended in years. O! how the remembrances clustered thick about every thing. And every person of the family is gone but myself, and two servants, Guista and his Wife who still survive at Washington. And how much as happened since this fresh time of my boyhood when all around the spot looked so charming on my return for the holidays from my dismal school experience at Dr Nicholas’s. I remember nothing since that comes back quite so sunny to my heart, though my life has not been unhappy. The place now looks modest for the minister of the United States to live in. I could not do it now. But the position of the country has changed and requires a presence in town at quarter cost with less pleasure. My family sympathized with me though they could not partake my emotion. Life has rolled away since I was here. The future which then seemed illimitable is now little or nothing. And yet the place is before me first as it was with not even te name of the proprietor changed. We walked and drove along the road to Great Ealing where the school was. There was the dismal iron gate which never was opened and is not now, through which I used to look at the lovely place hat had belonged to the minister, Spencer Percival. There was Ealing Church, but I could not identify the school. It has gone with all those who kept it. Dr Nicholas was old and gouty when I left it, and nearly half a century has elapsed. Yet Ealing looked prettier than any place I have yet seen since I have been here. It more resembled my early notion of rural scenery. We drove home by the Acton road. I am glad I have been there. Perhaps I shall never visit it again. My spirit was softened all day as if I had accomplished a pious pilgrimage, and as if I could lay up the remembrance of a cheering vision of the distant past, as one of the compensations of my in some respects painful present state. In the evening...
we had very exciting news from home—of the retreat of the rebels from Manassas and the line of the Potomac. It breaks off however just at the interesting point. Our own army has advanced. A few days will develope the whole story. In the mean time we must be as patient as we can.

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56 Tuesday 25th London CFA AM
The latest accounts were more deeply interesting than any we have received at former stages of the war. The account of the action of the iron clad machine which the rebels have made out of the old Merrimack with two sailing vessels, and afterwards with the new Steam boat called the Monitor is extraordinary, and bids fair to make a complete revolution in the system of harbour defences. The retreat of the rebel army is likewise a matter for speculation since it changes the scene of the war. I confess I am anxious to see the next move. We did not get the bag today. At home in the evening. Continued the narration of the contemporaine down to the field of Waterloo. All this part is better worth reading, though it shines over the surface of affairs and no more.
Warm and showery with constant clouds. The bag came and brought with it the details of yesterday's intelligence as well as a great number of despatches. I was absorbed and excited the whole morning. My private letters were more scant but on the whole encouraging. It is almost impossible to help thinking that this great rebellion is dying out. Looking at the state of things one year ago, and comparing it with what it now is the progress has been striking. We have now resumed the control of the entire seacoast, have driven the resistance away from the capital and from four of the five border states. The currency of the confederates is entirely depreciated, and their resources in every respect shortened. What is most important of all, their spirit is gone. The Slaveowner is arrogant and daring, but he has no endurance. Mrs Adams and I dined with Sir Emerson Tennent. I knew few of the company. The most noted was Browning, and Sir James Kaye Shuttleworth. There was likewise Sir William Martins with his Wife and daughter, Mr Spring Rice, and a Manchester gentleman whom I met also at Mr Field's breakfast. Lady Tennent being unwell I took here daughter down to dinner, and found her intelligent and conversable. Mr Browning spoke with interest and affection of the Storys at Rome. On the whole the entertainment was above the average. We took leave early to go to the reception of Mr and Mrs Lowe, the vice president of the Board of Education, and long connected with the London Times. He is by no means friendly to us in our present struggles, for which reason I felt bound not to slight his civilities. No many persons, at a time, as they were constantly going and coming. The most curious spectacle was a small circle seated in the middle of the back rom, composed of cabinet ministers, evidently in consultation. Among them I recognized Mr Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood and Mr Law standing with them, evidently taking a part. Doubtless it could be conjectured what the matter was. The government is embarrassed by the manifest coldness with which their modified plan of education is received by the House of Commons. It is far too weak to press any contested point. Hence consultation to know how to meet the discussion. We remained but a short time, and then repaired to the house of Mr Samuel Gurney's the banker, who had a large assembly and an entertainment for Mr Cyrus W Field and the telegraph enterprise. During the evening messages were sent to and answers returned from various parts of the world, as for example Paris and Madrid and St Petersburg. Some loud remarks on the condition of the Atlantic telegraph enterprise, in the course of which I was called on, and said a few words. Home at 12.58.

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26 March 1862

The season is cloudy and wet, but mild. The vegetation appears quite advanced. My day was employed in drawing Despatches in reply to those received by the last steamer. One of these is evidently prompted by Mr Weed’s report of the conversation held between us on the 17th of last month to which allusion is made in my Diary for that day. I scarcely think the making a record of such a matter very wise. I believe it was done in good will to me, but it renders necessary something of an explanation on my side. It is singular how indifferent I have become to my situation in political affairs. I should like to be of service to my country if I can, but I look forward with satisfaction the moment when they may not be longer wanted. The whole friction of public affairs is distasteful to me. I am grateful for the opportunities I have received of being of use. They have satisfied whatever of secondary objects I had in view. To follow the path further however can only be from a sense of duty and at the sacrifice of private inclination. Mr Seward’s record will remain, I hope to justify his choice. Not much visiting. We dined early in order to go to St James’s hall to hear Mr Dickens read passages from his own works. The place was crowded. He selected six chapters from his story of David Copperfield, and one from the Pickwick papers. His reading was very good. Better in the comic than the grave portions but effective in all. This is an easy way of earning money to him, and a pleasant mode of spending an hour for the multitude of this great place.

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58 Friday 28th London CFA AM
The letters relating to the Peabody gift having been signed and published the first effect which
I find is the reception of multitudes of letters from person very anxious to receive relief from the
fund. My name as appearing first naturally point out the channel of application. Mr Lampson
was in and I spoke to him of the trouble. He said that a secretary must soon be found to take
off the care of correspondence. Busy today in finishing Despatches and writing private letters.
The latter is now gradually setting into long directions to my son John, who has the change
of my affairs. We dined again today with Mr and Mrs Lampson. The company consisted of
Mr and Mrs Sturgis, Mr Morgan, Mr and Mrs Pipen, the latter a granddaughter of Admiral
Rodney, Mis Hampden, Mr Mrs and Miss Jackson, and one or two more whom I did not know.
Nothing of incident. Home at eleven.
59 Saturday 29th London CFA AM
Mild, fine morning. I went by invitation to breakfast with Mr Munchton Milnes. A company of about a dozen, of whom I knew Mr Twisleton, Mr Venables, Mr Forster, and made the acquaintance of Messrs Morris, Brown, and several more whose names I cannot recall. The conversation turned upon the withdrawal by the Ministry of their plan of revising the code of education last night. It is regarded as the last degree of weakness. Yet there will be no change. Such is the remarkable condition of things in this island! Some talk about the late action of the Monitor which is making a prodigious stir here. The revolution in opinion concerning the formidable character of the United States is marvellous. It neutralizes all desire to meddle with the struggle. I was obliged to leave before noon, in order to meet a gentleman who sought an appointment at that hour, but did not finally come. The day was much wasted. In the evening, Mrs Adams, my son Henry and I went to Lady Palmerston’s reception. It was quite large. Lord Palmerston had his hands in a sling, as he suffers with gout. He certainly looks badly. Sir George Lewis and Lord Cranworth attacked me about the old doctrine of subjection and the impossibility of reconstruction. I replied that the desire here to see the Union divided furnished me the strongest argument there against permitting it to be done. This rather closed the conversation. The feeling of jealousy is all pervading here, and scarcely covered with a decent veil. It convinces me more of the wisdom of our own policy than any domestic view of it. I saw so many acquaintances tonight that I really begin to feel as if I was getting into society. We remained about an hour, and get home at midnight. Mr Morse here for an hour after dinner.
A spring day, foggy and drizzly. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached from the text, “make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.” To explain this he went far back into the history of the Roman rule of Judæa, and traced this advice to the wish of Jesus to reconcile the Jews to the requisition of persons whom their religious prejudices closed as unworthy of any consideration. I thought the construction farfetched. Mrs Adams and I then called on Sir Charles and Lady Lyell. They are the best disposed people to America that I find here. Walk with Mary to the Zoological garden, where the vegetation looks fresh and springlike. Read an excellent sermon of Dr Walker on the notion not uncommon in certain quarters, that the Christian faith is a thing of the past, and has lost its efficacy. Nonsense enough to merit the exposure the Dr makes of it.

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Wednesday 31st London CFA AM

Spring day with showers. The news from America continues highly favorable. If it goes on at the same rate for a month more the rebellion will be at an end. The strokes come too thick and fast to be much longer endured by this impatient population. I await every report with anxiety. I went out today to attend a public sale of a collection of coins belonging to the estate of a lady deceased. They were said to have been selected by Lord Northwick, one of the best authorities known here, and were certainly in generally support condition. The English portion was sold today. There were not more than about thirty persons present. But the bidding was lively and the prices secured to me to be pretty high. My object in attending was to become familiar with the rates and the coins. One such sale teaches more than a year's study of books. I purchased myself to some extent, but only with caution and in cases where I could make no mistake. Home at five, after which I took a walk. The days grow rapidly now, so that the light continues almost until dinner time. In the evening we got the American papers which made me strain my eyes until my head ached.61

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Springlike but wet. I again attended the sale of coins which comprised the medals, a small but fine collection of Roman gold, and miscellaneous silver. Generally the prices were much more reasonable. The difficulty of my buying consisted in the fact that the things were put into quite large lots and thus compelled the paying for many that I did not want to get such as I did. I therefore confined myself to the acquisition of a few aurei, and one or two other chance lots, at moderate cost. I rather regret I did not go farther, as such an opportunity to get good specimens seldom occurs. Of course this absorbed more of my day. The bag came with many papers but no dispatches of moment. A short walk with Mary. We had to dinner Mr Rawle, Miss Sturgis and Miss Lampson, whose father came in the evening.

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Heavy rain much of the day. I had a succession of visits. Mr. Forster came to ask me to breakfast with some members next week. I was obliged to excuse myself as I expect to be in Paris, with the family. Mr. Bright came to request an interview for a Mr. Hodgkin who wished to secure a more cordial feeling between the two countries than now existed. I appointed Friday at four. Mr. Rochich likewise called to ask some questions about trade marks and the laws of the United States promoting the invitation of them. I had not much to tell him. Sir Henry Holland also came to bring a letter of Mr. Everett. Mrs. Adams and I dined by invitation with Sir Henry Verney and his Wife, in order to meet her father Mr. Nightingale. Only a few persons, of whom I knew none. Prince Czartoriski was named to me. The gentleman and his Wife are both cultivated and refined. The former took me aside and read me a letter from Florence Nightingale in which she sent me a good deal of information in regard to the Peabody trust. I requested Sir Henry to signify my thanks and to request the use of all street she could supply in the way of information. We left easily in order to show ourselves at Countless Flahault's. A small and select Assemblage. Many congratulated me on the news.

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2 April 1862

A summer’s day. I finished my week’s despatches early in order to be able to go into the city, and transact the business of my private accounts with the house of the Barings. The sun was really so warm as to make the shady side of the street the most pleasant. Mr Fitzgerald has at last sent me word that he will let me stay here until February next provided I will pay enough rent to defray the expense of taking a house for the season. Although the house suits me I cannot look forward to another period of house-hunting within so short a period with any composure. And as Mr Sturgis is determined to part with his house at any rate, and he offers it to me at a reasonable rate I conclude to close with his terms. The walk consumed the usual time. I dined with Mrs Adams and Henry with Mr and Mrs Sturgis. The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Vernon, Mr and Mrs Baring, Mr and Mrs Mildmay, Mr and Mrs Ashley and Mr Munchton Milnes. An elegant entertainment. We went from here to visit Mrs Mansfield. A small reception in which as happened before I did not know a single person. Sir John Milbank who married her daughter was the only one with whom I made acquaintance. Home by midnight.

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The amount of labour for the Department was less than usual, as the topics for discussion diminish. Yet I was occupied in making up the quarterly account of my salary, and in writing private letters so that the hour of the mail bag came soon enough. I then wrote a note to Mr Sturgis accepting his offer for the 25th of the mouth, the day my lease is terminated. Likewise I laboured to dispose of a great deal of miscellaneous matter which has been gathering for some time. The most fruitful source of my late correspondence has been the applications for the benefice of Mr Peabody. The Consuls have become comparatively quiet. The children dined out—so that we were left quite alone. I read more of the Contemporaine which is becoming dull again.
62 Saturday 5th Paris CFA AM
Chilly but tolerably clear. After long delays and much discussion it has been finally determined to fix this as the day for the contemplated visit to France. So that after breakfast all was preparation and at half past nine Mrs Adams and Mary, with her main servant started with me for the station of the South Easter railway to go to Folkestone. At the railway carriage we met with Mr Rawle, so that we filled most of one of the compartments. A gentleman and lady whom I took to be Spaniard occupied the other seats. The trip was without incident. The country looked fresh and green, and I observed the blossoms of the pear and cherry as nearly out. The hedges also are assuming their colors. At Folkestone we got into the steamer, a small one which plies across to Boulogne. Here I met with Mr Morse on the same errand. The decks and cabins were filled with persons, mostly females. There was a short sea from the eastward than soon made almost every body sick. Strangely enough I was exempt from all ailment. As a consequence I could not fail to note the singularity of the scene. This channel has always been noted as a trial of weak stomachs, and it certainly maintained its reputation this day. We were about two hours and a half in crossing. After a half hour’s delay, to take a little meal, we again entered the carriages and proceeded through Amicus to Paris. The country is not interesting through now dressed in its brightest coat. I noticed the absence of all partition or high road fences, and the purity of the small cottages. But on the whole the aspect was of prosperity. The train reached Paris in good season. We found Edmund Brooks’s servant Henri, waiting for us with the carriage, which brought us safely to the lodgings he had engaged in the Hotel Vreillement, in the Rue des Chaps Elysées, which opens into the place de la Concorde. Our rooms are au troisième, and consist of a suite of four bedrooms, a drawing and a dining room, very fresh and clean as well as handsome. We had some tea and soon afterwards were fatigued enough to go to bed. It is just about forty seven years ago since I did the same as a little boy at the Hotel du nord.
A bright sun such as we have not seen in England was shining into our windows so as to wake us up early. The day was superb. Soon after breakfast Edward Brooks came in and arranged for Mrs Adams to go out with his Wife in the carriage which he would walk with me and Mary to get a sight of the city. My wish had been to attend service at a Catholic church, and get a clear notion of its character. But I only succeeded in getting into the church of St Roch towards the close of a mass. It was singular to observe even this. Worship here seems to be individualized rather than social. It is originated by an appeal to the senses through outward objects, and not to the mind, but when thus commenced its continuance depends solely on innate fervor. People walk in and out, they stand or sit or kneel. They worship in the body of the church or in any separate chapel. They assist in a wedding or a funeral service, or at a chrstening. Of course all this puts to flight every idea of social devotion. The forms are in a strange language, and yet it is impossible to question the sincerity of most of the worshippers. It is then the religion of pure emotion, the supply of a want of support from a superior being, whose nature and attributes are taken on faith, and without examination. The process is going on all the time in one of these churches. It does not depend on any particularly ceremony, though it may be stimulated by it. This system is well adapted to a primitive condition of society. But I cannot understand how a cultivated nature can confidently repose in it. We left at the close of the mass, and took a direction towards the garden of the Tuileries. Here it was that I caught a glimpse of Napoleon the first when he showed himself to the people from the balcony of the upper story in 1815. The place was only changed by the extension of the boundary set for the private use of the palace. We then walked into the street along the seine, and the place Carousel where I went to see Napoleon review the Cuirassiers, which I also recognized. Every thing else however has been transmuted. The Court of the Tuileries is all new most of it the work of the present Emperor. We were naturally drawn to the gallery of the Louvre. And here we spent perhaps an hour in staring at pictures which deserve the study of months. Here are pictures of Raphael, and Leinardo, of Titian and Paul Veronese, of Rubens and Rembrandt, and to speak of the Dutch school, which strike me at a glance. But this was all that I could give, so we left the palace and walked into the church of St Germain, to see a beautiful font of three cherubs lately put up. Here we met Miss Curtis, who is staying in Paris with her father, Mr T. B. Curtis. She is lively. I told her that she figured in Mr Senior’s Diary, but I did not say how. In the Church a priest was preaching to a small auditory within the Choir. We then walked through the gardens and the Champs Elysées as far as Mr Brooks’s residence. The crowd and movement were such that it looked rather like our fourth of July anniversary than a Sunday. The French are a gay, lively people, and this particular strikingly contrast with the sober gravity of their island neighbors. After a short stay at his rooms we went back to ours to dress and return to dine with them. Mrs Brooks looks feeble, but seems in pretty good spirits. They
live in what we should call small quarters, but comfortably enough. After dinner we remained until ten. Mr Dayton and Mr and Miss Weed came in which made quite a party. They were looking out for us, and Mr Dayton immediately asked us to dine on Wednesday, which we agreed to do. Home at last pretty well fatigued.
Pleasant but rather more chilly. Went out early for the purpose of calling on Mr and Mrs Dayton. We found the ladies in, and Mrs Adams agreed to go out with them on a shopping excursion at two o'clock. Miss Dayton is rather pretty and like all young people bends more to her position than her mother. Mr Dayton's Legation is a little way off in the next street, so that I was left there. I found Mr John Munroe with him giving the latest telegraphic news from America. The main points the capture of Beaufort in North Carolina and an action near Winchester where the rebels had been defeated. I had some interesting conversation with Mr Dayton. He said he found so little profit in talking with the Minister that he had endeavoured to get more direct communication with the Chief. An opportunity had been presented on a public occasion, which had been followed up by a private conference. Napoleon had represented the great difficulties in which he was involved by the stoppage of the cotton supply, which were increasing as the time of exhaustion of the stock approached, and had urged the expediency of doing something to remove the obstacles. Mr Dayton had replied by expressing every desire to act, as well as the hope that before long they should open the ports. He also let fall a suggestion that perhaps the Emperor himself might propose some idea. This was not responded to. Mr D.' then went on to speak of recognition of belligerent rights as one of the obstacles to a restoration of the former state of things, and to urge a revocation of it, the favorite measure of Mr Seward. The Emperor did not reject the notion absolutely. He remarked that the act had been done in conjunction with the government of Great Britain. He frankly admitted that at the time the separation was assumed to have been complete. That judgment might have been hasty, but any modification of it must be referred to Great Britain, with whom he desired to continue to harmonize. I observed that this would have the effect to change my course. Down to this moment I had not favored Mr Seward's notion of pressing the British government on this point. Such was the condition of the Ministry that it could not afford to recant on the foreign policy, the only shred left of its first popularity. I therefore had deemed it impolite to urge that it must decline to grant. Now, the case looked differently. It seemed more important to fasten a responsibility on Great Britain for the circumstance of the present state of things. I had acted in this direction by remonstrances against the toleration of illegal trade with the blockaded ports, already, and I should now follow it up by obtaining if possible some action on a direct question of revocation of the original false step. It it should not be conceded, the effect on France might be good. And at all events the position of Great Britain would be more sharply defined. In the history of the world no country had even managed a question with so little wisdom. The characteristics of the policy were precipitation to effect a desired object, and timidity in perusing it afterwards, when unexpected difficulty intervened. Jealousy and fear contending with shame and almost equal fear. Not a single elevated idea. Not a single
conception of the possibility of making this same struggle tell for the ultimate advancement of the race. The English idea is alone predominant, the hope of making two nations where one existed, whose opposing interests may be turned to account either in trade or in policy. Such is England, which boast of its liberal ideas and of its philanthropic will! after this not unprofitable conversation I returned to my lodgings where I found Edward Brooks waiting to take some of us out in his carriage. As the ladies were otherwise provided for, I got in with him, and we drove to the Bois de Boulogne. This is the creation of the Emperor for the amusement and advantage of the people. The water is artificial, but it looks as if nature had put it where it is. For a large city such a resource is a great blessing. Napoleon the 3d emulates and will deserve the reputation of Augustus. The drive was pleasant and I got home to an early dinner, as I desired to take Mary with me to the Théâtre Français. I noticed in the hill Racine’s Phedre and Moliere’s Medcin Malné lui, for the same evening, two excellent specimens of the respective dramatic powers of the country’s great authors. The acting was well sustained throughout. There was a little Entre’acte called La Yagenre Impréme which depended exclusively on the finish of the performance, which was complete. The Marquise was a perfect illusion, and the maid servant, a picture. We got home about midnight.

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68 Friday 8th Paris CFA AM

Before I was dressed came in a note from Mrs Bigelow asking us to come in the evening, and then Mr Senior in person to invite me to breakfast. This was owing to my meeting at the Theatre last evening with Madam Mobel and Miss Senior. I accepted both. Mr Senior is stopping at the Bedford Hotel, and there I met with Mr Dayton, Mr Droueyn de l'Huis, M de Circourt and M de Kergolay. These three are of the most distinguished class in France. The first was down to the close of the war in Italy, Napoleon’s ablest Foreign minister— The second is a royalist, and perhaps the other an Orleanist. After breakfast I talked with M Droeyn de l'Huis upon American affairs. He asked me many questinos which I answered as well as I could in French. He speaks English under the same difficulty, that of paucity of words at command. He seemed not to comprehend our questions very fully, especially the influence of slavery in the struggle. Europeans generally are at fault here. I had not time to go over it, as I had promised to be at home to go out with Mrs Adams. Many Americans have called, and it was our first business to return the visits. On our way we met with Edward Brooks who came from his carriage into ours, and guided our drive. We went first into the Fauburg Saint Germain to visit M and Mrs Laugel whom we found living in one of the retired courts au cinquième. We then drove down on that side of the river to the Palais de Justice and thence to the place royale. I scarcely know where we did go but I remember it was from the Fauburg St Antoine through all the Benburds on the east side until we got back to the Champs Elysées. The indications of reconstruction are every where. Nothing presents a greater contrast than the old city with the new. In a course of yeas Paris will be the wonder of the world. After dinner we went to see the consul Mr Bigelow and his Wife at the champs Elysées. A small party of Americans among whom we counted Mr and Mrs Cranch, Mr and Miss Weed, Mrs Van Rensselaer who reminded that she was a dinner at President Van Buren’s69 in company with us. I immediately asked if she was Miss Tallmadge, whom I remembered as a young lady at that table. She said yes. It is at least five and twenty years ago, and she is yet good looking. I did not ask about her husband, for I had some misgiving about it. from a vague impression of something or other that I cannot fix. There were others there who were strangers to me. Paris has a large society of Americans who must scarcely be a source of comfort to the minster.

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69 Wednesday 9th Paris CFA AM

On my way to this place a little mistake was made by the conductor in taking my ticket that I found it would embarrass me in my return if I did not set it right, so my first this morning was to drive to the railway station and apply to the proper quarter to rectify the error. After some delay to look up the evidence, it was all verified to my satisfaction. From thence I drove to my banker Mr Hottinguer to make arrangements for friends for Mrs Adams in my absence, and then to see Mr Guizot. Last evening M Laugel had suggested this visit and assigned the hour, so I went. I found an old gentleman with a large round grey head, and a clear intelligent eye who received me civilly and invited me into his library. He talked in an extremely friendly way about the dispute in America, avowing himself entirely on the side of the government. He asked some of the usual questions which I answered, and then turned the conversation to European politics, and the position of Italy and the Pope. He said that quiet depended upon that person’s continuance in Rome. His expulsion would rouse all the Roman Catholic sympathy that now laid dormant. He thought Napoleon would not touch him for that reason. I believe Mr Guizot has written a pamphlet in that sense, which has been ill received as coming from a protestant. On the whole his conversation did not seem to me very striking, and I am somewhat at a loss to comprehend the reasons for his reputation. There can be little doubt that his errors of judgment cost Louis Phillippe his crown. Since which time he has been out of politics, and writing rather dull memoirs.70 I was glad to have seen him as one of the notable men of France though rather of a past age. I returned home only to sally out with my family on a general excursion. We visited the palais de Justice, and the Sainte Chapelle of Louis neuf. It is a curious relic of antiquity renovated and beautiful by the present sovereign. Then to Notre Dame. A fine exterior, and in process of renewal inside, but the old past still retained for worship remains disfigured with the tawdry colours that are found in so many Roman Catholic edifices. The new portion is yet free form it and bids fair to be grand. We were shown into the sacristy where we saw the silver and jewels and magnificent vesture given by various monarchs on great occasions. There is also a statue of the Virgin in solid silver which requires ten men to carry it on days of procession in the church. All this looks a little superfluous in the genuine worship of God, but old counties still delight in show. We then went to the Pantheon, to the church of Saint Sulpice and to that of Sainte Clotilde. The interior of each is interesting and in the last we came upon a funeral ceremony of one of the highest class which was imposing and impressive. A great crowd was in attendance. By this time so much of the day was spent, that we had only some minutes to call at Edward Brooks’s and bid him Good bye. He has taken cold and remains in the house today. He and his Wife both bear the marks of age, and grow feeble Mrs Adams and I dined at Mr Dayton’s. Mr and Miss Senior, Mr Weed, Mr and Miss Morse, Mr de Circourt, Mr Rawle, and some others whom I did not know made the company. I had some conversation with M de Circourt on French politics. Although himself a legitimist he
regards the continuance of Napoleon as essential to the safety of France. But in case of his
demise the succession must fall upon the strongest will, which in his belief is that of Jerome.
The child is out of the question. I then spoke of the Orleans dynasty as an ultimate resource.
He admitted it as possible, but it must be military, or nothing.71
Thursday 10th London CFA AM
Paris is in great contrast to London. The things which make it more attractive are however just those which affect most unfavorably the place of Minister. A considerable and rather frivolous American Society requires attentions and yields little satisfaction. I came to look at the place and not the people, but as it is clear to me that a longer stay would enslave me to the latter I am quite reconciled to the necessity of my departure. I left my Wife and daughter to stay ten days more—and took a place in the train at eleven for Boulogne. The trip was without incident. I knew none of the passengers. We were detained at Bolougne until half past five. The soon came out clear and the wind chilly. But the passage very calm, and effected in two hours. Another delay at Folkstone—but we reached London safely and I was at home by a little after eleven. Henry met me and gave the little there was of news. It has rained most of the time since we left. And though the sky was almost cloudless at sunset in the channel, the streets have appeared wet with the rain of today.

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Thursday 10th

10 April 1862

11 April 1862

71 Friday 11th London CFA AM

Very fortunately for me the Despatches of the week were of no importance and I had myself scarcely any thing to communicate, so that I was not crowded for time to make up the materials of the bag. For the first time since I have been here I had not a single private letter—not even from my son John. Nevertheless I wrote him one. My boy Brooks came in from school today a little in advance of the close of the term as he is to go to Paris tomorrow in company with Henry. So we had three at table at dinner, and a quiet evening in the library.

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Saturday 12th London CFA AM

Immediately after breakfast the boys took their departure and left me in the house entirely alone. The sensation was rather peculiar, for my life is so essentially domestic and all my enjoyments spring so much from the association with my family that I scarcely know where to turn in a strange city to supply the void thus created. This was rather a leisure day too. So after finishing up a parcel of answers to letters that came during my absence, I ordered the carriage and went out. My first visit was to the gallery of pictures of French and Belgium artists, to the private view of which I had received a ticket. I spent two hours there, not unprofitably. The workmanship of the pictures is careful and elaborate. Most of them are what the French call Genre, or of familiar subjects. Very little of high genius. Rosa Bonheur has a hill most forcibly delineated. Yet after all it is nothing but a hill. She gets for this effort a fabulous prize. Such are the caprices of life. Three little things of Meissmeir are exquisite in their kind which is that of Gerard Dow. Some large dramatic pieces did not please me. But here and there was to be found a gem. I met with no acquaintance there but Mrs Parkes. From here I went by appointment to see the Duchess Dowager of Someset. She had left card and sent me a note. She is a lady of perhaps fifty years old. Evidently what is here called an odd woman. She discovered to me of her admiration for America of her devotion to her deceased husband, and of her enthusiasm about Mr Peabody’s gift, and of her own desolate condition. I listened very attentively, only now and then putting in a sentence of assent or explanation. I was thus kept nearly for an hour. On taking my leave she urged me much to call and see her, and hinted something about a dinner which I put off for the return of my Wife. I then called on a Mr Godkin, and his Wife, Americans who brought me a letter from Mr Bigelow at Paris. He is intelligent, and I staid some time. After a solitary dinner I went to see Mr Morse, to talk with him about the Exhibition and the position of the Americans in regard to it. He is constantly out of condition. The climate seems not to suit him.
A clear but chilly day. I started early for the purpose of going into the city to attend at the church of St Stephen’s, Wallbrook, but finding myself short of time is getting so far, I stopped in at Christ Church, where the whole of the large school called the blue coat boys from the fantastic costume they are obliged to wear attends. They occupy nearly the whole of the gallery all the way round three sides. The interior looks in more neglected condition than any I have visited. It is spacious, but the attendance was not large. One person officiated through all the services, which is not common here, in the established church. His sermon was upon the denial of St Peter, but was not above the average. At home I had visits from Mr Parkes who came to chat upon American politics, and Mr H. T Parker. The latter is anxious about the next news, which I confess I am likewise. We are in the crisis of the war. When he left I drove down to see Mr Peabody, but could not find him in. He has removed to the palace Hotel. Dined at Mr Sturgis’s. No company there but Mr White, the brother in law of Mr S. through his second Wife. Conversation pleasant. They are getting ready to vacate the house for us.
73 Monday 14th London CFA AM
A parcel of newspapers kept me much occupied after breakfast. But I determined to avail myself of my leisure and pay a second visit to the National Gallery. There has been a good deal of change in the arrangement since last year and much improvement in the effect. I examined with more cure the better class of paintings among others two large ones of Paul Veronese. One numbered 294 in the Catalogue and called the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander. As a work of imagination it is sadly deficient. The women are not Persian, neither are the men Greeks. The artist evidently was dwelling not in the fourth century before Christ and more than in his own, for his figures are not true to either idea. The men are of one age, the women of another, and all are of the easterly part of Europe and the Caucasian race. It would have been better to expunge the title, and call it generally captive females begging for mercy! Under this blessing the next remark to make is the slight apparent concern of the women. They are dressed as carefully and as elegantly as if soliciting a carriage to go to a ball. And the Conqueror and his party look as if they were pleased to grant the request. I can see no strong emotion on either side. The thing looks more like a moderately acted play, with suitable scenery and decorations. This being my remark upon the conception I proceed to consider the execution. Here I perceive the merit. The composition in a technical sense is good, the colouring admirable, the effects telling and the manipulation of detail excellent. If I were a poet I should not look at the thing a second time. If I were an artist, I should make no end of studying it. The other picture in No 268 The adoration of the Magi. The subject better treated, but I have no more space to enlarge on it today. My wish is to improve my taste in the arts whilst I have an opportunity. Conscious of a deficiency of the means for accurate judgment I hope to supply it in a measure by a familiarity with the best established models. I noted several other pictures today for future study, and only left the gallery at the hour it closed. I dined early and alone, after which I went to the Princess's Theatre to witness the performance of Shakespeare's "As you like it." It was only moderately well done, and yet I never before so fully enjoyed the acting power of that play. I have seen many good performers in it and yet it has seemed rather fit for the closet than the stage. But now I followed every word of it with interest, and the charm of the political vein was more salient to my sense than ever. There was an afterpiece called the little Treasure of very little merit.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
74 Thursday 15th London CFA AM

We had American news today, but nothing particularly decisive. It is however very plain that the elements are gathering for the crisis of the struggle, and that we may expect by every arrival either a good or a bad result. We must wait with all the patience we can muster. The current of intelligence has been so favorable for two months back that we have a feeling of disappointment if it does not come. I had a visit today from Mr Charles Anderson, a resident of Texas, expelled from there and compelled to fly for his life on account of his opinions. He has come to this country under one idea that he can do some good by informing the people as to the facts. It is wonderful how many of my countrymen consider this to be their mission. Mr Anderson is nonetheless much better entitled to think so than most of them. He is sensible and moderate, and really informed. I offered to put in communication with good advisers and to that end asked him to breakfast on Thursday. At three o’clock I went out in the carriage. Called to return the visit of Mr Stell of Manchester who received my son so kindly during the difficult times. He is an American who has settled here with a handsome fortune made in his business, but who retains his national attachments. I found him at home with his Wife and another lady, and talked over American politics for half an hour. From thence by appointment at four o’clock to see Lord Russell. Met Mr Bille in the Antiroom, and asked him about the Lord Mayor’s dinner for the 28.th He said it must be accepted a matter of course. I asked if it was an occasion for speeches. He thought it was and that I should answer for the corps. I said I should prefer to decline the dinner. As Once was in my mind enough of this sort of exercise. I talked with Lord Russell earnestly for near an hour recapitulating all the arguments in favor of a withdrawal of the recognition of belligerent rights in the Rebels. I did this because directed by Mr Seward, and not form any expectation of success. I did not think he met my reasoning very fully or strongly. The truth is that the measure at that time was a mistake. My object today was to attach to it the responsibility for all the latter efforts of the friends of the rebels here to protract the war. The conversation was earnest but calm. I made a cautious allusion to the Emperor’s language to Mr Dayton, but I found not communication to this government had ensued. I ended by saying that I had done my duty, and then returned immediately home. Lord Russell seems to me a calm and well trained public man, but he never impresses with a sense of power. His reasoning is common place and his views want breadth. Yet he is honest and well intentioned. We could easily have a worse Secretary. At seven I walked to the reform Club to dine there by invitation with Mr Parkes. He had two other friends, Mr W. H. Clark of the News, whom I had met at his house before, and Mr Morrison, a member of Parliament. We talked much of American affairs and of the time policy of Great Britain. Mr M has been much in America and is therefore a better judge of our condition than most Englishmen. As to Mr Parkes, he proves away with a most prosaic indifference to the facts or to the precise difficulties in which we are plunged. I find it difficult to keep my patience with him. The dinner
was in itself much less choice than I had supposed in these noted Club houses. After dinner Mr Parkes showed me over the whole edifice which is very handsome. It was the offspring of the agitation for Parliamentary reform, and is still the headquarters of the party of movement. It was near midnight when we got through. But Mr Parkes insisted upon taking me home in a cab, stopping on the way to shew me a specimen of one of the forms of London life. This was at a place behind the Haymarket called the Argyll rooms. Each of us paid a shilling for entrance, and we were ushered into a large and handsome dancing hall my brilliantly lighted by numerous lustres, hanging from the ceiling. About this time, after the Theatres are out, women of doubtful or of no reputation, actresses of the lower grades, figurantes &c congregate to dance and to be entertained by such men as they appoint or may chance to meet. Here young clerks from the shops and boys from the colleges are drawn like mosquitoes into the flame of a candle. The strange thing was to see myself in such a place. But there was little to be seen. It was either too early or too late. Only one or two couples are on the floor, and no men except a few spectators lounging in the gallery. There were refreshment rooms we did not visit, and we took our leave very soon. Police officers were at hand to enforce order, and managers to regulate the order of dances. An easy and open path to ruin. Strait is the gate and broad is the way. But even this is better than the open solicitation of the nymphs of the paré, which no person walking in Regent Street at night can fail to meet, in this moral metropolis.77
77 Wednesday 16th London CFA AM

The bag by the Steamer America reached me at breakfast time, entertaining an unusual number of letters. The most interesting to me came from my son Charles at Beaufort. It is long since we have heard, and this intelligence comes down only to the 11th of March. It scarcely gives a flattering picture of his situation. I fear that he has sealed his own fate. If he escape the dangers of the war itself, he will scarcely recover from the dislocation of mutual and moral habits consequent upon such a chance of life at his years. I mourn over it because on the whole I considered him as the most likely of my sons to acquire distinction in civil life. His only obstacle was the want of perseverance in one direction, which materially contributed to impel him to this occupation. As a subordinate officer of cavalry his powers are all thrown away. The other letters were also interesting. I was engaged in preparing a draft of a Despatch giving the substance of my conference yesterday. This is necessary as the Mail goes a day earlier than usual. At two o’clock I received a deputation of the Anti Slavery society, consisting of about eight or ten gentlemen, who read to me an address expressing interest and sympathy in our cause. The task of a reply was not without its difficulty. I made mine brief and simply trucked on the cause of the difficulty, and the hope that peace might avert worse consequences, by initiating voluntary rather than violent emancipation. The gentlemen expressed great satisfaction with the reply. All Lord Shaftsbury, the acknowledged head of philanthropic movements here, undoubtedly from the influence of Lord Palmerston, to whom he is devoted. Hence the apathy which has left his address to be made until the expiration of the year since I came here. There is no doubt however that the public sentiment has so far changed in the cause of it as to leave Lord Shaftsbury with comparatively little power to affect opinion. No better movement for it could have been chose. I dined at home solitary and alone, and worked all the evening on my Despatch.78

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I had this morning to breakfast Mr Anderson, Messr Waler of the News and Mr Lucas of the Star, with Mr Moran of my Legation. The obj intent was to lay before them the objects Mr Anderson was seeking, and to obtain their views of the expediency of pursuing them. This led to much conversation upon the present state of opinion in England. It was very evident that the gentlemen considered it as so favorable that the wisest way would be for an American not to stir up dissent. I am clearly of that opinion. Our cannon are our most persuasive orators. But it is a disappointment to a gentleman to come out here only to make such a discovery. So we agreed to put off action until the return of parliament when we might confer with some friendly members. After they left I was busily engaged in writing to my sons until the hour for closing the bag. Dined with Mr and Mrs Sturgis. Mr Anderson was there, Mr Critchley and his niece and Colonel Hawley. We had a lively dinner, and did not return until eleven o’clock. The house is nearly ready for our removal.

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78 Friday 18th London CFA AM
This is good Friday of the Church, and is observed here just like Sunday by most people, and with fasting and prayer by some. I remained at home very quietly, and occupied myself by bringing up the arrears of my Diary caused by my trip to Paris I had but two person to visit me, Mr Parkes who got upon his hobby of Junius, and then gave me incidentally curious information respecting the condition of the public papers here. There seems to be not much more system than at Washington. He say she has seen many of the military reports of the revolutionary war, which dwell much upon the deficiency of supplies. This is a good close to the success obtained by us. Mr W H Clark came also and talked pleasantly of public and private matters for nearly an hour I then took a walk, which in all respects showed the phenomena of Sunday. Very large numbers notwithstanding make it a day of amusement. They are especially drawn out of town, and to the Crystal palace at Sydenham. Evening after a solitary dinner I amused myself with the Contemporaine. Finished her seventh Volume79
79 Saturday 19th London CFA AM

Just one year ago this day took place the mob and assault on the Massachusetts troops at Baltimore which began the war. Precisely how we stand at this moment it is not yet given me to know. But down to the latest dates it is a cause of thankfulness that we have made a great advance from our lowest positions Then the government seemed on the verge of dissolution, the capital adn the Administration liable to caputre, and all the slave states about to consolidate themselves into a system fatal to the maintenance of fire Institution in America. The scene is certainly changed. The government is vigourous and energetic, the people are united and determined, the war is pushed back into the heart of the rebellious states and the question is of their and not our salvation. I await anxiously the intelligence now on its way. Nothing beyond the usual routine today. Received letter from Paris saying that Mary’s consultations with a dentist rendered a delay or until next Monday necessary. I telegraphed my assent through I think dentists are quite as apt to be charlatans as medical men. I feel my solitude in London much more than I do at home. The people are singularly repulsive. With a very considerable number of acquaintances I know not a single one whose society I should miss one moment I saw today an acquaintance from Quincy, Dr Saville and a Mr Wheeler of Boston. They are on the way to the continent. He told me of his service with the Quincy company, of his return, of his marriage and excursion to Europe. Casually glowing at a Boston newspaper afterwards I saw a notice of the marriage. The lady is a daughter of Mr Carruth of Dorchester. A long walk and dinner alone, after which I went to the opera at Covent Garden. I had what is called an amphitheatre stall, up in the skies, though apparently very respectable. It was a good place both to see and hear, though at a distance. The play Verdi’s Tuvatore, much better gotten up then I ever saw it before. I also acquired a fuller conception of the plot which is one of those absurdly tragical affairs that seem to be the taste of the age. The orchestra excellent. As a whole I enjoyed it.80
80 Sunday 20th London CFA AM

A fine, mild spring morning. I started early in order to be sure to get to the city in season. And so I was. There were not many present at the Church of St Stephen’s, Walbrook when I reached it. The sky was cloudy so that the lights were burning in it, neither did any great number come in at all. The outside is old, and crowded up, if not disfigured. But the interior remains as Sir Christopher Wren planned it. The design is peculiar. The church appears nearly square, with columns so arranged to support the dome as not to obstruct the observations, and yet to give elegance and lightness to the whole. No gallery, and only little oval openings for light on the sides, which like the end were filled with stained glass. It is curious how much I prefer such an edifice for worship to the chilly repulsive formality of what is called the gothic. The service was much as usual with the exception of the repetition of the shocking Athanasian creed. The sermon was upon the account in Matthew’s gospel of the ascension. I remember a discourse on the same text by Dr Greenwood which attracted me by the simplicity and clearness of its narrative. This had the usual characteristics. I walked home and read a sermon of Dr Walker on the character of Paul among the Apostles full of his clear sense and just reasoning. The remainder of the day at home until dinner time when I went to Mr Sturgis’s. Several at dinner. A Mr Eaton Colonel Hawley, Mr Cleveland, but no ladies. Staid there until eleven.

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A lovely day. As there was not much doing on this which is reckoned a holiday I thought I would take advantage of it to execute an intention I have had for months without finding the leisure to execute it. This was a visit to the National Portrait Gallery in Great George Street. It is a collection which has been very lately commenced under the authority of the Government. As yet it is not large, and it is not arranged with any regard to method, but there are many single portraits of great interest. There is Chandos Shakespeare, which has some resemblance to the face on his monument in81 the Church; also the Fraser Tytler portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots which is very curious, though not so pretty as that we saw at Oxford. Yet there is enough to show that her fame may have been merited. There is an admirable portrait of Nelly Geoyn, whose claim to admission in such a collection can fairly be questioned. Of men I observed a good many with whose faces I had become familiar in the engravings made of them. One of Ireton, Cromwell’s son in law, very marked. A good one of William Wyndham. One of Thomas Hobbes, and several of authors and actors. Chronologically arranged with some enlargement of subjects this would make a highly important institution. I became fatigued and returned home. The streets were thronged with women and children, and the parks were full of boys and girls playing ball. I have seen no such gala day since I came here. On my reaching home I discovered that I had been wanted. A telegram had come from Liverpool announcing that a rescue had been made of the Emily St Pierre, a vessel seized off Charleston for attempting to break the blockade, and she had been brought into Liverpool. The Consul wanted to know what to do with the Men. I telegraphed to him to have their depositions taken, and sent immediately. Of course I must make a representation to government, and here is another cause of offence. added to the rest. The ministry will evade the request if possible. We had a telegram announcing important news of a severe battle at Corinth in which we were at last successful, and of the capture of Island No 10 in the Mississippi without the loss of a man. God be praised, but let us rejoice with trembling. I await every arrival with profound anxiety. Mr H. T. Parker came in to hear of it, and Mr Parkes afterwards. Just then arrived Mrs Adams and the family from Paris. I was glad to have them come back, and yet my mind was so suddenly overclouded with anxiety that I could hardly manifest it with much glee. We dined late and after that I was busy writing.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
82 Tuesday 22d. London CFA AM
A fine day. But I do not know that I have passed a more uncomfortable one for months back. The anxiety about the case of this vessel, and the general uneasiness about the struggle which is now in its crisis, taken together with the pending removal of ourselves, all contributed to depress my spirits. I spent much of the morning in reading Hautefeuille on neutral rights. The consul at Liverpool has sent me depositions which admit the cowardice of fifteen men yielding to two and omit the important points of the evidence to be sought. A walk in the evening. Mr Rawle dined here, and the bag brought despatches and letters which kept us interested until bedtime.
The American newspapers took a large part of the morning. They did not contribute to relieve me entirely from the depression of yesterday, though it was less. We had today still later news, but it did not materially add to the substance. The absence of official information of the battle near Corinth is not a favorable circumstance, though the fact of the retreat of the enemy and the death of the Officer in command is confirmed. The struggle at Yorktown is now likewise drawing attention. I was delayed in making up the case of the Emily St Pierre, by the delay of the Consul in forwarding the further information sought for. The visitors are beginning to multiply again as the five seas are approaches, and the exhibition is impending. Mrs Adams and I dined by invitation with Mr and Mrs Arthur Kinnaird I knew but few of the company. Mr and Mrs Lampson, Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, Mr and Mrs Harry and a Mr Burgess out of a company of eighteen. After dinner there was company as usual here. Mrs Harry sang and I listened to a pretty harsh voice pretty well trained. Home at eleven.
We have been gradually in process of removal for two days, but the positive transfer did not take place until today. I seized what leisure there was to base upon the information obtained from the consul at Liverpool this morning a demand for the restoration of the Emily St Pierre. The law of the case appears to me quite incontestable. After Office hours I took my leave of No 5 Mansfield Street. We have been there nine months of a very anxious period. The aspect of my room was somewhat cheerless, but this objection was compensated by the convenience of all the arrangement. I regret being obliged to go, and yet I should not cave to stay. My life does not appear to me more attractive as I proceed. And I being to look forward to the probable end of the term with a sense of relief. Every thing was in confusion in both houses, but we assigned the several rooms and began to accommodate ourselves to our new condition as well as we could. We had some more American newspapers today which carried more interest in the expectation than in the reading.
A heavy shower with thunder and lightning introduced a lovely spring day. My new room is not yet in order, but I felt the influence of the bright sun upon it, which I never saw in that of Mansfield Street. I was busy in drawing very weekly despatches and in writing to my sons. I had besides, several visits. One from Mr Schleiden whom I met in Washington during the two winters I spent there—and one from Mr Anderson who brought a Mr Hope with him to suggest a plan of addressing the public. I have no faith in all this. There is no heart in the disposition of the leading classes towards America. Mr Gladstone has expressed the real animus in a speech just made at Manchester. It is a wish for the separation into two States. Nothing can resist this secret longing, and it will manifest itself exactly in the proportion to our failure or success. I think I notice within a few days a new swing in the pendulum caused apparently by the impression that the resistance is effective. I had little time for exercise. In the evening I went by invitation to Mr Arthur Kinnairds where I found the rooms quite filled with persons seated, listening to an account given by Mr Parkes, Consul in China, of the state of the civil war in that country. He was long and I though dull. There was a Mr Gough ready to speak too, but Mr Parkes crowded him off. Home at eleven.
84 Saturday 26th London CFA AM
My Wife’s birth day. And it was a lovely day. Were English weather always such, no one would search for better. We spent our time in bringing thing into condition so that by evening the confusion was dispelled. My new room is not large, but it has an opening to the light and the sun which insensibly removed the depression that has hung over me for several days. I worked cheerfully and with calmness. At three I went out with Mrs Adams to pay some visits. The grass is superb, and the springing foliage gives great lightness and beauty to the parks. Evening at home. Finished the eighth and last Volume of the Contemporaine. On the whole she tells little that is worth knowing. She seems to have been a woman without principles and an illregulated mind having at the same a kind and generous disposition.

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84 Sunday 27th London CFA AM
rather cooler, but still fine. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached from the injunction of the Saviour, Be ye perfect, even as your father in Heaven is perfect. After service, I read a sermon of Dr Walker upon the infidelity imparted to all great men. It is difficult to find a more marked contrast between two preachers. Yet for all the valuable purposes of religion the second is much to be preferred. Took a walk with my daughter to the zoological gardens. The foliage is coming forth, and the whole country is of a brilliant queen. I met there Count de Flahault and his daughter. The former is recovering from illness and still looks badly. He had with him the Count de Morry reputed to be his son by Hortense Beauchanais. I was presented to him, and we had a few words of conversation. His business here is matter of speculation. Some say American affairs. Evening quiet at home. Mr Lampson spent a couple of hours. He spoke of Mr Peabody’s toast, and explained the causes of the delay in action, which are very sufficient. On the whole this was a day of quiet enjoyment and satisfaction. I am becoming accustomed to my new room, and the sunlight which dwells on it all day, making it at once cheerful and genial has marvellously contributed to give elasticity to my spirits.
The day positively too warm for the season. There was American news several days later, but nothing decisive. The accounts of the great action are contradictory though on the whole the not effecting any object is to the confederates equivalent to defeat. I took a walk into the strand to see a collection of coins for sale on Wednesday. After examining them I entered into one or two book shops and watered time in looking over their collections. Towards evening Mrs Adams and I went by invitation to the dinner given by the Lord Mayor to the Duke of Cambridge and the Commissioners for the Exhibition. We were belated, and the company were seated. About three hundred guests. The hall in the Mansion House very handsome and the entertainment sumptuous. I found myself next to Viscount Castlerosse, and opposite to Sir Roderick Murchison. The usual ceremonies, music and toasts, with speeches from the Duke of Cambridge, Earl Grenville and Mr Gladstone. M Musuries, the Turkish Envoy responded in French for the corps. An old English gentleman whom I did not know, and who sat on the other side of the table remarked that he had hoped to hear me, and he was disappointed. I was glad to be relieved from the task. Indeed I should have absented myself rather than undergo it. We departed by eleven.

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85 Tuesday 29th London CFA AM
The mail from home arrived and occupied us as usual most of the morning. The inference I draw from the news its the steady increase of pressure which nothing but foreign intervention can now save from becoming irresistible. The fog is not yet cleared up from Corinth. My private accounts are good. My estate is gradually righting itself from the fury of last year’s squall. I had one or two visits, and went over to make an enquiry of M Van de Weyer about the approaching Exhibition. The management as it respects the Corps Diplomatique has been wanting both in courtesy and clearness. Walk with my daughter. The day was remarkable as being cloudless, a thing not often seen here. In the evening I began Mr Motleys account of the United Netherlands. Anniversary of my son’s Wedding.86
A fine day quite like summer. I walked into the city to call at Mr Baring’s, and get some money. I varied my road and got into a region that was new to me. It made the circuit a little greater but I was not troubled on that account. I came at last to the city road, thence to Finsbury Square and the city wall to Bishopgate Street. I found Mr Bates, who showed me a very good article sent by Mr Dixwell from America to shew our resources. I advised him to have it printed, which he said he would do. On my way home I stopped at the rooms of Messrs Sothely and Wilkinson where there was a sale of coins. The company was not large, and consisted mainly of the dealers who attended the last. The collection not nearly so good, especially in English gold. I purchased only one article, and acquired more experience of prices. Home at five o’clock. We dined by invitation with Sir William Clay. A large company very few of whom I know, and it was a little dull. Some members of Parliament. Mr Bruce, Mr Hutt, and others. After dinner there were many others. I saw next to Mrs Lew. Mr Lew was likewise there.
86 Thursday May 1st London CFA AM

A gentle rain in the morning but it cleared most favourably for the Exhibition. the opening of which has been so long looked for. Soon after breakfast Mrs Adams, my Secretary, Mr Moran and I, dressed in my coat of mail went in State. There was a great concourse, but by the favor of diplomatic privilege we succeeded in getting into the building and reaching our places without delay. There were at once end of the edifice, the farthest off from that at which we entered. Close to the wall were arranged the army of instrumental and vocal performers. In front of them was a gilt chair typical of the throne, around which were placed several more chairs for the Commissioners. Around this as a centre were put chairs divided by radiating passage ways, to accommodate the Corps Diplomatique, the Queen’s ministry and household, the Arms and Navy Officers and the Municipal dignitaries. The rest of the arrangement designed for holders of season tickets I could see but little. The procession consisting of the Commission, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the Commons Lord Derby and Viscount Palmerston came in procession at about one o’clock, when the ceremonies commenced. There was an address made by Earl Glenville on their entering the building which at our end we knew nothing of. Then came God save the Queen which was repeated at the end, with far more effect. Then an elaborate composition by Meyerbeer, called a march, then an ode by the Poet Laureate, Tennyson, then a march by Auber. All were very well executed by the myriad of people engaged in the labour, but I am not sufficiently versed in the science of musical composition to advance any opinion of their respective merits. To me the effect was of enormous labour to prudence great effects without corresponding success. The Duke of Cambridge then rose and declared the Exhibition open. On the whole, the complete performance of the programme in the presence of all there is of authority in England short of the Sovereign, may be considered a great feat. But to me the exception went far to spoil it all. Had the Queen been in the midst of her people, and Albert, the master spirit of the enterprise been there, how different would have been the power of the National Anthem raised by two thousand voice, and responded to by ten times as many loyal subjects in her presence. As it was, the Duke of Cambridge summoned no power by his name, and the hymn was no more here than if sung in any ordinary no power by his name, and the hymn was no more here than if sung in any ordinary Theatre. We soon afterwards left by the order that we entered, and the carriage passed through a crowd of spectators that lined the road all the way into Hyde Park and through it as far as the easter gate next to Apsley House. The absence was not long for we got home by half past three o’clock. We went by invitation to dine with the Marquis of Landsdowne. A small party, consisting of Dean Trench, Messr Hayward, Parizzi and another whose name I did not get, Sir Edmund and Lady Head, Mrs Ford. Lord and Lady Shellburne of course. The dinner was pleasant without being animated. The house is elegant has been in the earlier period of its present master the great centre of the
Whig aristocracy and talent of the country. But the Marquis is now a man of eighty two, and infirm at that. And the day of that kind of society seems to be passing away with him. We took our leave in order to go to a reception at Stafford House, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland. There was a great crowd, consisting in the main of the dignitaries and spectators of the Exhibition. The interior of the house is the finest in London. Nothing has been spared that wealth could do. But the reception was much it always is, mechanical and heavy. I meet here the corps Diplomatique and other acquaintances, but plunging into such an assemblage, shows me how little progress I have yet made in acquaintance. We went through the suite of apartments and left to call at the Queen’s opera to take up the children who had gone to listen to Semiramis. We were in time to hear the last act while was well sung, if not with extraordinary power. Rossini’s music always charms me, as associated with my first impression of Italian music, and in this piece I am just in the stage when every repetition gains on my ear. We got home after midnight pretty well fatigued.

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2 May 1862

**Friday 2d. London CFA AM**

Yesterday was on the whole the most dissipated day yet passed in London. I was tired but had little time for repose, as I was constantly busy in preparing my usual letters for the week. With the exception of an hour from Mr Foster I sat my writing table until after five o’clock. Mr Foster’s tone seemed to me uneasy. There is evidently a little effort at reaction, occasioned by accounts of stoppage at Yorktown. The news however seems to me to continue favorable if foreign nations will only give us time. Two months of similar progress with the last two will settle it all. The only doubt is that the weak and wavering policy of this country will encourage hope to persevere in resistance just sufficient to complicate the issue. I have written home in this sense. We dined by invitation at the Duchess Dowager of Somersett’s. Lord Dalhousie, Lord Tullibardine, Mrs Buue, the Misses Osborne, the Duchess of Inurness, and several young men whose names I did not remember, After dinner came in M and Madame Musurus with several children and many other young people, who had music and a dance. This lady is a Scotch oddity with a good heart but not much head. She was overwhelmingly civil. And yet gave me a painful idea that I was not in my proper place receiving this empty adulation. The company was mostly Scotch, and without the best tone of breeding. Mrs Adams and my son Henry were with me. Mary had likewise been invited but we had decided to decline for her. The party contrasted strongly with all others I have seen in London in vivacity. Home at midnight.

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89 Saturday 3d. London CFA AM
Cloudy and chilly. We had some American papers which interested us as usual. Mr Cobden came to breakfast with me, to talk of American affairs. He thinks that matters are becoming more and more gloomy here. The pressure is likely to come to its height by July and then I must not be surprised to find Lord Russell on a sudden shift his tone and the government policy. He trusted we might be prepared with some measures of relaxation of the blockade, or an abandonment of it altogether. I represented on my side the difficulty of our situation, the desire we had to reopen the trade, and the confidence we entertained of our power to do so, if not prevented by the assistance given to the rebels from here. A few weeks more would show results. It was now impossible that things should stand still. We must succeed or fail in our principal objects. In either case there would be a probability of a modification of our systems. My own impression was that with Appalachicola, which we already had an Savannah and New Orleans which we hoped to get, the trade so far as cotton was concerned might be reopened. In any event I was puzzled to comprehend what course could be adopted here which would be of any more service. Surely war could not mend it. Mr Cobden suggested the idea of a joint representation of the powers of Europe. I said very well. But what could they represent? They must suggest some plan. What was it to be? Mr Dayton had put it to the Emperor to suggest one, but he got no answer. Where was the basis of a pacification? Who was to dictate it? The South could not go on if it consented to the uti possidetis. We on the other hand could not be asked to yield the line of the slave states. Neither party could maintain itself on that basis. It was the failure to comprehend this truth that clouded every European judgment of our affairs. The basis of the difficulty was slavery. That could not remain, for whilst it lasted, there could be no durable peace. How was Europe to meet that question? Was she to being by upholding it against all opposition. A pretty situation, especially for Great Britain! For my part I did not pretend in these difficult times to look forward very far. I hoped and believed that we might still accomplish enough before midsummer at least to obviate all course of remonstrances Mr Cobden acquiesced in this view for the present. His opinion of Lord Russell strikes me a good deal. It is corroborated by that of some others who have known him well. They all speak of him as not to be depended upon in action, and as of very fluctuating and incongruous ratiocination. He certainly has shown it thus far in treating of our question. I cannot make him a great man by any hypothesis. The policy of the government does not seem to me to be at all guided by him. It is rather that of Lord Palmerston, and for that reason not to be trusted by us. Part of the rest of my day spent in paying visits in company with Mrs Adams. In the evening I attended a reception of the President of the royal Society at their rooms in Burlington House. Quite a large assemblage among whom I found some acquaintances. Many things lie about in such a way as to attract attention and to furnish materials for conversation. One of the most curious was a process by which the action of the larynx can be scrutinized whilst in action in the production of...
sounds. Mr Holmes the agent at the Exhibition, for America, showed me a model of a cotton press, and some specimens of the petroleum, which is becoming such an article of commerce. Having remained an hour, I then joined my son Henry and went on to Lady Palmerston’s. A large assemblage among whom I found many of the Corps Diplomatique, the Speaker and Lady Denison, and a good many others, acquaintances. There is no conversation however at these places. Lord Palmerston91 as usual alluded to American affairs, but remarked that the reports which came from Washington spoke of our army as a very superb one. I replied by saying that the only doubt about ti in my mind grew out of the tastes it might inspire, I had no objection to giving him that hint. We left at about midnight.

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Sunday 4th London CFA AM

Fine day, with light spring showers. Attended Divine service at the Portland Street Chapel. Mr Martineau officiated, and the communion service followed, which he makes very long by reading an essay instead of following his own book of forms. On the whole I think this change is no improvement. The acceptance of ten different models distributes the interest in them so much, that the memory attaches little value to either. Nothing can exceed the value of the old ones in the Episcopal service book, so far as they are free from the communication of disputed doctrine. I like the older prayer book of this very chapel better than the present one because it is less removed from the original pattern. After my return home I had a visit from Mr Dudley the consul at Liverpool. He came to apprize one of the extent of the outfits marking at that place to convey supplies to the rebels. He said that his informant told him there were thirty steamers giving or gone to rendezvous at Nassau, and constitute a naval force to act against us on the seas. I made some enquiries as to the character of these vessels, and found them all with perhaps one exception built for trade rather than warfare. Hence I expressed my belief that the true object was to adopt a systematic evasion of the blockade in order to supply the arms of which the rebels stood in the greater need. Some of the ships might indeed be armed and intended as privateers, but I doubted their ability to encounter any of our vessels of war. In any event, however, I thanked him for the information and begged him to send it to me in writing for my use in case of opportunity. Mr Dudley describes the feeling at Liverpool as running very powerfully for the rebels. Large subscriptions of money had been made and were still making, all of which went to the purchase of these various ships and steamers and their cargoes. We had92 likewise Mr and Mrs Lampson and Mr Bates as visitors. After this I walked to the Zoological gardens. I noticed that the animals were in a different mood from that last Sunday. They were indoors or else quiescent under the cloudy sky. The hippopotami and the white bear were out but did not take to the water. I visited the two living birds of paradise, the first ever brought here. The plumage did not look so brilliant as that of the stuffed specimens in the British Museum. In the evening we had a visit from Mr Weed just returned from Paris and Holland. Some talk about the disposition there, and design of the visit of Mr Mercier to Richmond which gives rise to some speculation.

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Summer weather. I had visits from several persons principally American on various commissions. Mr Anderson called merely to see me. I went out with my son Henry to see three pictures for which I had an invitation. One is by Millais, one of the English preraphaelite school. It is a plain home scene of a carpenter’s shop, but by touches of Oriental dress and habits made typical of the holy family. The beauty is simply in the execution. There is none in the persons, which look like the poor mechanics families in the small districts of England or Scotland. The effort of Raphael was to portray the highest idea of moral beauty in an appropriate physical shape. This on the contrary brings it down to the hand reality of homely every day life. I am content to abide by the earlier style. Two other pictures of the British genre school were shown, which are very good, in their way. But they are unlucky in being connected with local events that lose their interest with time. A picture to be of permanent value must describe through some particular form of persons or things a generalization recognized in all times. This it is which has perpetuated the effects of Raphael and the other Italian delineators of the religious idea. Nothing else comes so close to the hears of all. By the side of it every thing else looks common and often vulgar. The ordinary incidents of life, such as the return of a93 wounded Officer at the moment when land is announced, and the reception of a box from home by Officers in camp, are interesting only to people who have experienced the trials of a distant war. But out the freshness of the incident and the generalization disappears. It is for this reason that I have rather a distaste for what are called genre pictures. They may please by their fidelity of manipulation or by the casual production of a lucky effect, but that is all. From this point I walked round to the park and enjoyed the beauty of the season and the day in the great avenues at Kensington. In the evening, Mrs Adams had her first reception of Americans in London. There were about thirty people. She proposes to receive in this way weekly during the season. After they were gone, I found the bag from home with many despatches but no other letters. The newspapers interested me until late.

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93 Tuesday 6th London CFA AM
Cloudy with showers. The American news of course was the all absorbing subject. Mr Seward has sent me a new map and a despatch of unusual power, which I think I must lay before the government here. The statement of the case is so strong that it may well open the eyes of foreign nations to the suicidal character of their course. But I expect no immediate result from it. Great Britain is so intensely selfish in her views that in pursuing her object she often destroys more advantage than she gains. Mrs Adams and I dined by invitation for the third time with Mr and Mrs Lampson. Much the same company as before. Mr and Mrs Pepen, Miss Hampden, Lady Ouseley, Mr Morgan and his daughter, Mr Ward, Mr Kinnaird and some more whom I did not know. No great variation in the form. After dinner Mr Ward asked to be presented to me. He was the minister the China under the last Administration. He belongs to Savannah in Georgia, but married a daughter of William Sullivan of Boston. He has therefore a divided feeling on the struggle and prefer to remain in Europe than to take a side at home. I expressed my regret for this terrible conflict, in which he seemed cordially to join. His manner was subdued. We got home by eleven.94
94 Wednesday 7th London CFA AM

Heavy showers through the day and to such a degree that I omitted my customary walk. I was much engaged however in my regular duties. Several persons came in to whom I explained the positions on the map, and the manner in which these affected the probabilities of the war. I drew up several of the less important Despatches of the week. Went to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Macclesfield, Lord Ellenborough, Lord and Lady Colville, Lord and Lady Levayne, Lord and Lady Colchester, Mr and Mrs Spencer Walpole, Baron Cetto and ourselves. Possibly one or two more, whom I did not know, and now I think of it, Mr and Mrs D’Israeli. The entertainment on the whole the most elegant I have seen in London. The palace itself is interesting as retaining more of the antiquite character than is often seen here. For Westminster which was two centuries ago the court and is now almost surrendered to trade, and the high society has nestled in the march of Belgravia. The edifice remains in the Strand as a memorial rather than an exciting institution. I did not find that His Grace could give me much light as to its date or its history. He carried it back two centuries and a half which I suspect is too long. However that may be, it is now handsomer than most of the later structures. His Grace is a fine looking man though now advanced in years. He is a discordant of the Puccis only through two removes of females, and his line dies with him, or rather the succession goes into a Maternal branch of the Smithsons of which Lord Levaine is the heir presumptive. His Wife is the eldest daughter of the Marquis of Westminster, and is yet a handsome woman. After dinner, there was a great reception which we left to go to an assemblage invited by the council of the Society of Artists to be held at the South Kensington Museum. It was very late and the company were going when we got there. There was a prodigious crowd, a band of music, and little or nothing to do. Amusement in England means Ennui in the midst of a multitude. We got home at midnight.95
Variable weather, more resembling our April than this month. I prepared this day my other despatches for the week, as well as a note to Lord Russell in answer to a rather snappish if not arrogant note of his. He only falls into this tone when he find himself a little uncomfortably pressed. It tries me somewhat to resist a disposition for sharp reply, but reflecting upon the responsibility that weights upon me in making up the issue between the two countries during this most trying movement of our history, I endeavour to avoid the mistake infusing any bitterness into it. Mr Weed was here this morning and brought me all Mr Seward's private notes to him. They are very characteristic, and amusing. Mrs Adams and I dined this evening with Mr and Mrs Henry Alers Hankey. Quite a large company of whom I knew none. Those presented were Mr and Mrs Bunsen, and a Mr Pereria who lives in the opposite corner of Portland place to mine. It was evidently a very different class of society from that which I ordinarily meet with, composed of wealthy middle rank of bankers and merchants, much resembling the society of our own cities in America. After dinner, there was an invited assemblage to hear music from a society of Amateurs. It was very good, but the long entertainment and the heat of the rooms made me so drowsy that I could not enjoy it. So I went home at the close of the first part.
I spent the morning writing my private letters home. I make it a rule to write every week to my sons, to me on business, and to the other, to remind him of our recollection. This does not leave much leisure for any other correspondence. At half past two o’clock I drove to the Foreign office to meet Lord Russell on a conference which I had solicited. I began by mentioning a despatch from Mr. Seward in regard to the plan of capitalizing the Scheld dues proposed by Belgium. I had been directed to ask information on the subject, and to express a disposition to acquiesce in any arrangement which might be regarded here as worth the while to enter into. His Lordship said that it had indeed been the subject of negotiation in connection with a commercial Treaty with Belgium; but that England did not feel much interest in it, and thus far nothing had been done should any action be taken, he would let me know. This subject being disposed of I then proceeded to speak of the old question agitated at our last conference. I said that M. Seward had written me further instructions to press the withdrawal of recognition of belligerent rights. I had already presented the argument so fully that it seemed to me superfluous to repeat it. My best way seemed to be, if His Lordship would permit it, to read the very words of his paper. He assented, and I read to him nearly the whole of the paper. His Lordship observed that he should not enter into any question as to the correctness of the representations offered in that document. Admitting all its positions, the fact yet remained that neither New Orleans, nor Savannah nor Charleston was yet in our hands, and such being the case the British government saw no sufficient reason for revoking its policy. I replied by saying that I had expected no other answer. I regretted it very much. My own opinion always had been that if we were left to ourselves the issue of the struggle could scarcely admit of doubt. In my anxieties for the future I was looking far beyond that. My disposition was very friendly to Great Britain, but could not pretend to disguise the fact that the feeling among my countrymen towards it had become excessively embittered by the series of events that had taken place, and I was persuaded if some act was not due before the close of the struggle that looked like goodwill on its part that the seeds would be completely sown of a bitter and poisoned fruit for after times. His Lordship observed that this was not a new thing in America. There had always been the same spirit manifested ever since we had been a government. It had been so constantly, with the exception perhaps of the year of the Prince of Wales’s visit. Even Mr. Everett of whom better things might be expected never lost an occasion to say some sharp thing. The fault lay with the great body of the people of America and not with the English. To which I rejoined by saying there was another side of the question. This feeling must have had a cause, All I could object might be presented in connection with my own family experience. After the Revolutionary war, my grandfather had been sent to this point as minister. He came disposed to be friendly, and known to be quite prejudiced against the French—So much so, indeed, that the King, George the third, had, as I thought, rather outstepped the propriety’s of...
his position, during the audience of presentation in referring to it. Mr Pitt had been indeed disposed to adopt a policy that would have made us more dependent on England than we ever had been in our colonial condition through our commercial relations, but the doctrines of Lord Sheffield's pamphlet were preferred. The consequence was alienation, and ultimately war. Next, came my father, well inclined to reestablish the relations of the two countries on a most amicable footing. Instead of entering into the spirit of the overture the policy adopted was repulsion, which materially affect his whole subsequent action as a public man towards Great Britain. And now I had come here with the most anxious desire to preserve the peace and amity which ought to prevail. I wished to preserve in the purpose after my return. But it would be impossible if I were not furnished with the means through the manifestation of some good dispositions of Lord Landsdowne to witness the reception of the Japanese, so that I had to take my leave. Lord Russell ended by saying that we should resume the conversation at some other time. I was not sorry that it stopped just so. He invited Mrs Adams and myself to go out to Pembroke Lodge to luncheon which I accepted. I immediately returned home and completed the despatch of letters and papers for the bag. We dined at home very quietly with no guests but Mr and Miss Weed. They had been to the Exhibition and come back naturally much fatigued. Mr Weed is anxious about the course of France, which is undoubtedly ambiguous.
My leisure day was spent in bringing up the arrears of the week partly in my accounts, and partly in my Diary which is the voluminous at least in secondary matters. I have repeatedly thought of reforming it in this particular, but old habits will prevail. I had visits from several persons, among others Mr Forster who asked about the French matter, and expressed uneasiness about the presence of the distress. I admitted on my part the urgent nature of the case but I was still confident that the struggle would practically be over before long, and that we should then be able to open the ports. He said nothing, but I saw that he was incredulous. Quiet dinner at home alone for once. Afterwards I went with Mrs Adams and Henry to Lady Palmerston’s reception. A great crowd, in part caused by the presence of the Japanese commissioners. They are on the whole a better looking set than those who came to America. On going up to Lord Palmerston, I found him engaged in conversation with a gentleman whom I did not know. He broke off to speak to me thus, "I was talking with Mr Delane of d'Israeli’s remark the other night about the intrigue going on at Washington between the representatives of France and England. Now I know they have always acted in perfect concert. What do you say about it?" It was then the principal editor of the Times, who had wielded the power of that press so persistently against us. I instantly replied that I knew of no such intrigues excepting though Mr d'Israeli, but I was quite glad to learn that we were of such importance to the one or the other. I bowed and passed on. Delane was evidently sounding in order to guide his paper by ministerial policy. I have always attributed the obvious ill will to us visible in the Times, the Post and the Globe to the disposition of the premier. Without committing himself for the government to any one of them, it is quite notorious that he conciliates their good will by suffering them to conjecture his wishes. After a little more pushing in the crowd, we got away and reached home before midnight.
Fine day though showery. Attended Divine service at the Portland Street Chapel. Mr Aspland officiated, and delivered a lecture rather than a sermon. It was the first of a series of four designed to review the history of nonconformity in Great Britain. This is the year which closes the second century since the great ejection of the Clergy from their livings for a refusal to abide by the conditions imposed upon them by the reactionary parliament of Charles the second, Mr Aspland clearly and strongly recapitulated the chief events of the struggle from the day of the revival of the book of posts to the final ejection in 1662. He was calm and quiet impartial but not less decided in his judgment. Towards the close he signified his good will to the present Established church, at the same time that he spoke quite strongly of the late judicial proceedings against the Authors of the book called Essays, and reviews as boding no good to the presentation of the Institution. For that now its safety depended upon the toleration within its bosom of differences of opinion. I followed the discussion which lasted none that an hour with continued interest. And I shall try to hear the rest of the series. Went out early to pay a visit, but I failed in that, and then walked across the easterly end of Kensington gardens home. On entering my house I found a telegram to me by the Canada, from Mr Seward announcing the fall of New Orleans. On going upstairs I found Sir Charles Lyell talking with Mrs Adams, about the cause of the London Times on American affairs and the singular way in which its statements are always contradicted by the event next announced. Its confidence last week as to the impossibility of accomplishing the capture of New Orleans and the Mississippi view might for what he knew be dissipated tomorrow. To this I smiled and answered that I had news of the event by telegraph in my hand. This seems to me the finishing stroke of the rebellion. All that is now needed is judgment and patience. We had to dine with us Mr and Mrs Horker, who are just from Rome on their way the United States by the Steamer of Saturday.
100 Monday 12th London CFA AM
The account of the capture of New Orleans are received here in a way fully to show the disappointment of cherished hopes. The unfriendly presses doubt the truth of the story and depreciate its character if true. I was busy in preparing a note in reply to Lord Russell who has been a little sharper of late than common. As this war approaches its termination it becomes more and more important to complete the record of our transactions here. The responsibility is not trifling—but very fortunately I have th best side to maintain on the merits against forms. I went out with Mrs Adams returning visits to various persons. Also the gallery of the Royal Academy. It is possible on reflection that this visit may have here made on Saturday. The bag came today but brought no late letters. The Government has ordered it sent to the Washington which makes a difference of four or five days in the transmission. In the evening Mrs Adams had her reception, which was more fully attended than before. Mess Cobden, Forster and Munchton Milnes of the House of Commons. Almost all of them entertained a rather lingering distrust of the American news. I reminded two of them of my prediction, which they at once acknowledged. They remained until near midnight.
This day completes the year since I came to London. It has been a memorable one in the history of my country and a very anxious one to me. Possibly I may have been a same use in this position, but time must yet show how much. In other respects, I feel little more domesticated than when I first arrived. The English are not inhospitable but they are not attractive. A man might pass his life among them and know them as little the last day as the first. I had a succession of visits from Americans who are coming in numbers again. Governor Randall of Wisconsin came. He is on his way to Rome where he is appointed minister. Also the Catholic Bishop of Boston, Mr Fitzpatrick, and there other clergy or laity of his faith on their way to Rome. All seemed hearty in the cause of the country, and rejoiced at the intelligence which they brought with them. But all comment upon the tone and temper of the people here. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs 101 Hooker, Governor Randall and Mr Charles Anderson, who is getting a little discouraged and talks of going home.

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134 Wednesday 14th London CFA AM
A visit from Mr Bates who is going to Brighton for a short time Mrs Bates who is out of condition. Likewise Mr Judd, the Minister from Berlin who is here for a day or two on a visit of curiosity. Drive into the city to the Barings, to see about a couple of commissions for the government. One about the purchase of a brass cannon of Mr Whiteworth, and the other from the Secretary of the Treasury about specimens of stamp and notes. I saw Mr Sturgis and he promised to give me the information. From thence I went and left cards at the Mansion House, and on the Japanese commissioners in return for their visit, of form yesterday. At home I got later news from America of a highly favorable nature. The rebellion seems to be fast declining. Nothing but an extraordinary blow can revive it. We had dinner Mr Judd and a young man by the name of Martin who brought a letter from Octavius Frothingham. The former has much improved in his exterior since his arrival in Europe. After they went, I drove to Lord Ashburton’s reception of the Geographical Society. There was a very great crowd out which I found about a dozen acquaintances. Last year on the same occasion I met but two. So I may take courage. The house is full of fine pictures. I got home before midnight.
101 Thursday 15th London CFA AM
Heavy rain all day. I was at work upon the draughts of my Despatches much of the day, which
was less interrupted than common. The longest of these is that reporting my last Friday’s
conversation with Lord Russell. I have tried to give it accurately, but reporting of this kind is
always difficult. I also wrote a letter to Mr Latham, the governor of the Bank of England to
obtain specimens of bills from Mr Chase. In the evening as the rain held up I went out and took
a walk on the outer circle of the regent’s park. The foliage is in great beauty now—very
different in appearance from what it was a year ago. We had a quiet dinner and evening.
Much at home working on my letters to my sons and to T. B. Frothingham with one to Mr Chase. This consumed all day from about ten until a quarter past five. Then a walk with my daughter in the Regent’s park, and a quiet dinner and evening at home. I read a chapter of Motley whose style I cannot relish.. Just as I was about to retire I received a telegram by the Persia announcing the retreat of the Insurgents from Yorktown, with other news of the same general character. We are then experiencing the last throes of the rebellion. It is scarcely possible that any thing but the wildest indiscretion can reestablish it.
My entire day absorbed in visits and visiting. Mr Westwood and his brother came with a model of a gunboat for river navigation. Dr Lee with a new invention of a tourniquet. I referred him to Sir Henry Holland. Mr Wan Rensselaer as a civility. Mr Denison after an interval of many weeks. Revd E. W. Appleton, an invalid who has spent the winter at Algiers and his brother just arrived from America. Mr Weed who came to tell me of the effect of the news last evening at Mr Milnes’s. They are just beginning to suspect they may have made a mistake. The animus has been however to clearly betrayed to make retreat at this late hour graceful or honest. The record is made and cannot be expunged. Afterwards I went out with Mrs Adams to return visits. One to the Duke of Rianzares which cost us much searching and ended in finding him gone yesterday. Also to Lord Cranworht and Lord Hatherton and Mrs Bentzon, and Lord Ashburton. At dinner time we received our Despatches by the Persia, and our private letters. The tenor generally encouraging. I trust the violence of the resistance will now abate. In the evening a visit from Mr Morse, who gives farther intelligence of the rebel movements here. He learns that Mr Mason is fearful of internal discord which may or may not be slave insurrection. Mrs Adams and I then went to Lady Palmerston’s reception. Not so full as last week. Much congratulation on events. Lord Palmerston spoke of the slave trade treaty with satisfaction.
18 May 1862

103 Sunday 18th London CFA AM

Quite a summer’s day. Attended Divine service at the portland Street Chapel, and heard Mr Jerson preach the second of the series of Lectures on the effects of the act of Uniformity of 1662. This gentleman reviewed the effect at the moment and that which has followed ever since, as well in the Established church itself as in the body outside of it. He was far more sharp and stern in his tone, than his predecessor. He viewed the act as a purely political measure intended for a peculiar purpose, to crush the independence of thought of the religious classes. To a certain extent it had succeeded, but it had left in the bosom of the church the seeds of its destruction. For it had ever since prescribed a uniformity of belief which was impossible. The style was clear and vigorous. On the whole I may say that the strangest proof of the truth of the last remark is found in the relative merit of the persons respectively engaged in the Episcopal and the Disputing sects. The superiority of the latter as preachers is most marked. In the afternoon I went with Mary to the zoological gardens. The only chance I noticed was in the serpent tribe to whom the warmth of the day seemed to have imparted activity. The elephant also was engaged in giving himself a shower bath in the most approved fashion. A large number of person out in the Regents park. I counted in our walk as many as seven preachers, each having collected a ring of people around him. Mr G B Sohier dined with us, and spent the evening.
A perfect summer day. My morning absorbed by persons visiting me. The arrival of the Persia has brought in a swarm of Americans. I had no time left to read the American newspapers. Captain Schultz come with the new treaty about the Slave trade, which is to be notified and exchanged here. At half past twelve I started with Mrs Adams in the carriage to drive to Pembroke Lodge where we had been invited to take luncheon with Lord and Lady Russell. The country is really lovely, for fewer than it was last year at this time. One year ago yesterday I went over this same ground on a very chilly day with the unpleasant task of stirring a difficulty as my first diplomatic task with a person whom I met for the first time. What a memorable year has passed in the interval. I hope that peruse experience may not be repeated. At least things are much changed at this moment. The government here has become better acquainted with ours, and more sensible of the energies of the nation. It is always alive to the development of power. Lord and Lady Russell are pleasanter as seen in their domestic life than elsewhere. No family is more throughly a home circle—We rambled over the place which does look most charmingly, and he opened the subject of our struggle. He said it seemed to be turning in our favour. The question yet remained what next? That would depend upon the pertinacity of the resistance. I replied, that this was what I did not believe in. I could give those people credit for some good qualities, but for moral power under great adversity I had no faith in them. He then referred to men, Mason, Slidell, Benjamin, Davis and I commented on them all. He betrayed acquaintance with their letters and their state of mind which made me draw my own inferences. I tried to give some general ideas of the nature and causes of the original rebellion which may modify his impressions. I think he means better than Mr Cobden gives him credit for. We had no company excepting Mr Parkes, the Consul in China, whom I heard discoursing at Mr Kinnaird's. The latter gave me a letter of introduction for Mr Burlingame. At a little after four we returned home. In the evening Mrs Adams had her third reception. About forty or fifty people, a large share of them English. The Americans are few and far between.
Tuesday 20th

London CFA AM

My mornings are now absorbed by Americans. The last steamer has brought over a shoal, many of whom bring letters to me from persons who scarcely have the right to send them. It is altogether the most trying part of a minister’s duties to do the social part. At least it is so to me whose natural inclinations are so very strong towards retirement. My father once said of me when young that I was destined to be a hermit like my Uncle Johnson, and I scarcely can understand how I escaped it. At half past three o’clock I attended at the Foreign Office by appointment of Lord Russell for the purpose of exchanging the ratifications of the new Treaty between the two countries. The Secretary had been engaged for one hour before in comparing the text so that there was little occasion for delay. His Lordship expressed his satisfaction with this result. We signed two papers interchangeably, and sealed our seals. After it was all over, and we took our respective copies, I had a few moments interview with his Lordship. My first object was to present the case of Mrs Sarah J Hale who wanted to present an address of condolence to the Queen. I asked His Lordship on a former occasion. He replied by saying that things of this kind were constantly happening, and he could not tell how they would be received. At any rate he would take the papers, so as to relieve me. He then proceeded to make a few remarks upon the position of things in connection with the Mexican expedition. He reminded me of the ground taken by him at our first interview. He then spoke the Spanish position with an evident pride as realizing what he had expected of them from the first. He said that the conduct of General Prin in retiring from the scene had been approved by the Ministry so that the countries had proved their diversity in regard to their first declarations. I admitted the fact, expressed no surprise at the cause of Great Britain, but confessed some mistaken impressions of the intention of Spain. He said it might be owing to an early formed affection for that country, but he felt confident of it from the first. We made no allusion to the action of France which is left to prosecute its scheme alone. This being over I removed my representations about the belligerent rights. Mr Seward had enjoined it upon me, so I went on with very little expectation of success. There was not much variation in the argument on either side but there was a singular admission incidentally made by him which it may be as well to notice. When I had occasion to allude to Austria as having very readily furnished us guns, and having no ideas of neutrality in the case, he said Austria had no commercial interest to demand action. Hence I infer that the recognition came first from the pressure of the commercial people at Liverpool and London instigated by the rebel emissaries; secondly, that the ministry would like to retract but are ashamed. Having gone over the ground once more I took my leave, and went home. Mr Sobrier dined with us again, and sat the evening.
106 Wednesday 21st London CFA AM

Numbers of person come every day and pretty much control my mornings. Mr Weed stays but a short time, but he gives me more of the current conversation of the society into which he falls than any one. We have farther details from America all of which go to confirm the preceding accounts. As at present informed it is scarcely likely that much more service fighting will take place in large bodies. Richmond and Norfolk are in great danger and with them will go all remaining props of the military position. The remainder must be a mere matter of detail. Yet we must for some time to come watch the development with anxiety. A coloured man by the name of Randolph came to me and begged of me to convert for him some government notes that he had brought out with him instead of gold. He now finds them not exchangeable except at a sacrifice of about fifteen per cent. I consented to take them, being for a small amount. We had to dinner to day Sir Harry Verney, Sir Henry, Lady Holland, and their daughter, Colonel and Mrs Pakenham, Mr Arthur Kinnaird, Mr Darby Griffith, Sir John and Lady Harding, Mrs Gaskill, Mrs Kinnaird and Mr and Mrs Munchton Milnes. Mr and Mrs Cameron arrived in season to make up the company, and my daughter came in to render the number even, twenty in all. It was the most lively entertainment I have met with since I have been here, and was in the getting up very satisfactory, which I could not say of that given in Mansfield Street. They lingered until eleven o’clock so that we escaped the necessity of attempting five receptions to which we were invited.107

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107 Thursday 22d. London CFA AM
This day I devoted to my Despatches which were all connected with the conference of Tuesday. I am tempted to hope that with these the heaviest portion of the labours of my mission are brought to a close. It is now just one year since I entered upon them, and during nearly the entire period I have had little but anxiety. The prospect is that the events which now appear likely to determine the struggle at home will contribute to clear my way at least for some time to come. Yet I cannot conceal from myself the fact that the relations between the two countries were not cordial, and that the American people will long retain a bitter sense of injury done them in the unequivocal manifestation of sympathy with the rebels during the critical period of the contest. How this may affect me as the party standing between the two I cannot pretend to foresee. The position of Napoleon is such that I am not disposed to run precipitately into collision with the forces here. The wise way will be to wait until the natural jealousies of the two powers work out for us a situation better than we could make for ourselves. I walked down to bid farewell to Mr and Miss Weed who leave tomorrow on their return to the United States. He has been of great use to me, and I regret his departure. All the fancies of alienation growing out of the calumny of De Feus have vanished into thin air. So far as I can judge Mr Weed is not open to any of the charges made against him by his enemies at home, unless it be one to which the public men of New York have been justly subject ever since the days of Aaron Burr, the fancy for political management. Even here however, he stands better than most of them, as he seeks no personal objects in all his course. Mrs Adams and I dined with Sir Henry and Lady Holland. The Bishop of Bath and Wells and Lady Auchland, Lord and Lady Shelburne, and Lord Frederick Cavendish with Sir Henry’s family made the company. I sat between Lady Holland and her eldest daughter. The conversation rather dull. The Bishop seems to be a farmer as well as a Lord. But not one of this three qualifications makes him shine. After dinner, Lady Holland had a reception, where I found myself much alone. London society is multiform for progress in acquaintance. The ladies sang.108

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Friday 23d. London CFA AM

The day spent for the most part in writing my private letters home. To effect this I deny myself to visitors. M. Van de Weyer however came up to say a word about the state of the question respecting the Scheldt dues. He wished to know how my government felt about it. I recapitulated to him precisely what I had done in my communications with Lord Russell, and what his answers had been. I added that my government had directed me to say that though not much interested in the questions, it would cheerfully do whatever might be judged wise, by those nations who were nearest and most directly affected. I remarked however that Lord Russell had dropped something about a commercial treaty as the antecedent to any action on this subject. Mr Van de Weyer agreed to this, but said that it was of use to get first of all a recognition of the principle of compensation. He then asked me something about an invitation sent to me by the Duke d’Aurnale to visit him on Wednesday last. I explained my reasons for declining, and the course my answer had taken. There is something a little singular in this business. I must seize an early opportunity to pay my respects there. After my week was done I walked down to see Mr and Mrs Bigelow and to invite them to dine with us tomorrow. They were hesitating about returning tomorrow and finally decided to stay and accept. He said his delay had been affected by the solicitation of M Laugel, the Duke d’Aurnale’s Secretary to have him go out there on Sunday. This too is strange. Mr Sohier dined here. In the evening Mrs Adams and I had Henry went to a reception at Mr Senior’s. Not very full, but a good many cultivated people there. Home by midnight.
108 Saturday 24th. London CFA AM
My customary day of vacation passed in receiving and paying visits. Among those who came here were Dr Miles and another gentleman whose name I could not catch, and Mr Samuel Bales of Springfield and his brother. I was surprised to see the latter, but he told me that he had become overworked and was threatened in the brain, so he was seeking relief in travel. Shortly after two o’clock I went out with Mrs Adams, and paid visits to Judge Thompson, Mr Johnson, Mr Beckwith, Mr Spencer Walpole, and then we stopped at Woodgate’s shop, and examined his extraordinary collection of luxuries. It is on the whole the most astonishing thing I have met with of the kind. I should think it involved a capital of half a million sterling. And scarcely a thing there that can be reckoned a necessity of life. This is a better illustration of the wealth of this country than any private house. For no man could keep such an establishment unless there were a large number of constant purchases. We got home in season for my walk around the Regent’s park. I felt rather unwell all day. We had Mr and Mrs Bigelow to dine and Mr Sohier. They stayed until quite late.
A fine day. Attended the Chapel in Portland Street, where Mr Martineau preached the third Lecture of the series, on the Act of Uniformity. It was much in his style and difficult to follow—a review of the growth and progress of dissent, and the effect of constraint upon its present shape. The attendance was very large. Mr Sohier came to luncheon and also dined with us. In the interval we took a walk to the zoological gardens and spent a couple of hours in visiting the different animals. On my return home I read a sermon of Dr Walker on the inward manifestation of Christ, or in other words the facility that his doctrine possesses in adapting itself to the moral necessities of each individual. I like the plain but simple and direct course of though in these discourses.
109 Monday 26.th London CFA AM
On Saturday evening I received a note from Lord Russell in answer to my claim for its restoration of the Ship Emily St Pierre. This makes necessary on my part a careful and elaborate reply, which gives me some anxiety. The responsibility of my position presses me more and more scarcely, from the fact that this government never thinks of the expediency of giving me some relief by the smallest manifestation of good will in act. In answer to my long series of complaints based on serious grounds of dissatisfaction though perhaps not admissible on technical grounds, I can not recollect a single instance in which there has been the slightest indication of disapproval whatever of the action however notoriously fraudulent. I was engaged all day in preparing a reply. I had however several visits from Americans which interrupted me more or less. And my physical condition is somewhat deranged. The news from American today furnishes more indications of progress. The town of Norfolk has been abandoned and the famous Steamer Merrimack blown up. This of itself is a great event in the war, for it restores to our control the only great naval depot of the slave States, whilst it cuts up by the roots the schemes of erecting a naval force which might have had vigour for a time, though it never could have really prospered. The coast is now pretty much all obtained, as well as the outlet of the Mississippi. The forces of the conspirators are moving inland in the hopes of continuing the struggle on more equal terms. The Slave element will now begin to play a greater part. The ring is made. The fugitive can escape whichever way he may terms, and the fields must go uncultivated from whence he flies. Without the shedding of any further great amount of blood, time alone is needed to determine the event. The Slaveholder must submit or starve. Mr Sohier dined with us, and in the evening Mrs Adams had her weekly reception of Americans. As usual there were more English than others. About forty persons.
My note to Lord Russell is long. I finished the rough draught of it today and gave it to my son to copy out fair so that I might revise it before putting into its final shape. I am dubious of the reception it will meet with here. The style is sharp though courteous, and the point are slightly irritating. I shall not carry the correspondence farther on my side, in case the reply should be aggression without instructions. There are fewer letters from America this week than usual. None at all from John. I felt very poorly all day, but took my walk as usual around the park. Bishop McIlvaine breakfasted with us and had some conversation in regard to our affairs. Mrs Adams, Henry and I dined with Mr and Mrs Morgan. The company, so far as I knew them consisted of Mr and Mrs Moffat Mr Archibald and his Wife, the British consul at New York, Mr and Mrs McCullogh, and three or four more unknown. Mr Morgan said something to me about a place in the country for a few months. I should like it very well.
Dull pain in my head and general discomfort all day. My son finished a fair copy, and on reading it over I found much less than I expected to correct. With a very few modifications I gave it into the hands of Mr Moran to prepare the official copy. Bishop McIlvaine breakfasted here again this morning. And I had some Americans to visit me I also walked down to the city to see Mr Bates and to get some money. It rained a little on the way. It always takes me three hours to go and return. At five I went with my daughter to the show of the Botanic Society. A very large attendance, and a beautiful display of flowers, Azaleas, Rhododendron and Roses. It was not materially different from that of last year. Had the sky been clear, the scene would have been brilliant. The spot is pretty laid out. In the balance of compensations the vividness of the verdure must be set off against dinner at Sir William Martin’s. The company consisted of persons of whom I knew little. Mr and Mrs Hutt, Lord and Lady Gorb and Miss Vereker, Lord Robert Montague, Mr Butler and Sir Emerson, Lady and Miss Tennent were all I discovered. The dinner was very dull, and long. Sir William is prosy, and kept us longer than usual after the ladies retired. We left at eleven in order to attend the reception of the Countess of Derby. As I had omitted by accident to attend them last year, I thought it essential to go at this first opportunity. We were rather late, and found the rooms thinned. Not many acquaintances. I was presented to Princess Mary of Cambridge, which should have been done long ago. Thence we went to a reception at the Speaker’s. A prodigious crowd among whom I found a good many acquaintances. Luckily the spacious and elegant rooms are equal to the accumulation of any number. Slow in getting away, so that it half past one o’clock when we got home.
112 Thursday 29th London CFA AM
This sort of life affect my eyes very seriously. I find I must give up reading fine point, or even any point in the evening. My Despatch were rather short today, as much time was necessary for the secretaries to complete copies of my letter to Lord Russell, the original of which was sent today. In the evening Henry accompanied me to a reception at Mrs Henry Reeve’s. About eighty people, of whom I knew perhaps a dozen. Among the number, Mr Browning, Mr and Miss Senior, and Mr and Mrs Story who have just arrived from Rome. With them I had more conversation than ordinarily takes place on such reasons; mainly however upon American politics. They are earnest and devoted Americans. On my return home a telegram came announcing a repulse of the gunboats at Richmond, the first check we have had for a long time. Also the possession of Pensacola, and a proclamation of the President annulling the declaration of General Hunter, but with a significant intimation as to the future.
Rain. At home preparing my private letters for the mail, which as usual consumed the day. A visit from Mr Story who took luncheon with us. Some conversation about Sumner and his present position, as also about Mr Seward; likewise about opinion in England. He comes here to look after two Statues of his in the Exhibition which have very much added to his reputation as an artist. Evening, at a small musical party at Mrs Bentzons. A piano forte, violoncello and violin executed several fine pieces. Two or three songs, and a couple of Piano solos by artists. The last the most to my taste. I knew very few of the company. Mr Bentzons taste. I know very few of the company. Mr Bentzons taste is very fine and his library is all that expense can make it. Some very beautiful photographs of Rome and Florence interested me greatly. The company was mostly of strangers to me. We did not get home until one o’clock.
112 Saturday 31st London CFA AM
Cloudy, but it did not rain. I had some newspapers to read, and some arrears of business to bring up. A man by the name of Mitchell came to see me about getting to the United States. He has been in an insane asylum here for many years but is now released and poor and homeless. He seemed in his right mind, but a good deal agitated.113 I could do little more for him but to give him a trifle in money. At two o’clock there was a meeting of Mr Peabody’s Trustees to consider the matter of the trust deed. Much discussion on various passages of the new draft, and it was concluded to refer the thing back for a new one. The lawyers bid fair to get a good slice at the start. In this country forms control every thing. A lawyer was called up to give his advice, but it seemed only to complicate the matter. The main difficulties some the insertion of a clause subjecting the elections of Trustees to the confirmation of the Master of the Rolls, and the specification of powers. It seemed in both instances to be superfluous. We parted at four, as I was the then bound to go to Chiswick with the family to attend a reception given to all the world by Lord Granville, at Chiswick, the old seat of the Duke of Devonshire. Sir Emerson Tennent went with us. There was a great crowd of distinguished people when we could only recognize. The place is flat but laid out with great beauty in the English Style. The grass and hedges and trees were superb. It wanted only the sun to give it brilliancy and cheerfulness. We could not stay long, as it was difficult to get away, and we were bound, to be back in season to drive at Mr T. Baring’s. Company Mr D’Israeli and Wife, and two or three others, Count Brandenburg among the rest. Mr Baring’s dinners are always luxurious, but this was not so pleasant or intellectual as the last. Mr Milnes asked if there was truth in a manner of General Hallach’s defeat. I had received the telegrams by the Australasian which made no mention of it. From here we went to Lady Derby’s reception. Here too I heard the same rumor, and Mr Tricompi asked me if it was true. I made the same answer. But as it was evident that there was a good deal of speculation on the subject I gave up the plan of going to Lady Palmerston’s and we went home before midnight. No such intelligence had been received. It had been a fatiguing day, and I was glad to get to bed.114

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A clear, warm summer’s day. Attended in company with my son Brooks the services in Portland Street. Mr Taylor preached the fourth in the series of lectures on the act of uniformity. It was mainly devoted to the character of Richard Baxter’s, the great head of the presbyterians, but as he maintained rather the type of resistance to religious domination our opinion. He described the course of thought in England in and out of the church, commenting successively upon the action of Wesley, and Priestly and Belsham and Channing, to the last of whom he gave the credit of advocating a rational and yet a genial and warm type of Christianity. Of course this is from the Unitarian point of view. But here all the dissenters made common cause against the Church on this issue. I paid several visits afterwards. One to Mrs Wurts a lady who brought several letters to me, and who appears to be a pleasant good hearted woman. Then I called to see Mr Alex Van Rensselaer, and left a card, after which I went to see Mr and Mrs Story. I spent an hour conversing with them. The day was so superb that I walked from their lodgings, which are at my old house in St George’s place, around Hyde Park and Kensington gardens home. The season is much finer than last year, and the vegetation is luxuriant. Quiet evening.
114 Monday 2d. London CFA AM

The newspapers and my mail occupied much of my morning. The dimensions of the story of the gunboats are quite reduced, and the general impression is of a regular and steady advance. It is evident the story and General Halleck is made up here. Several persons came in and my morning vanished without my doing much. At two I started in company with Mrs Adams and Brook to go and pay a visit to the Duke d’Aurnale at Twickenham. We took Brooks in order to leave him at school. The day was very sultry. We found the Duchess at home, but the Duke did not receive me as he was suffering from a fall. She was not easy or attractive but she seemed anxious to be civil. The place is very pretty and inside of the house are many pictures and choice things. This is royalty in abeyance. The Orleans family are waiting for their turn again, in France. The indications are not altogether unfavorable, but much time must yet elapse. We got home at five. After dinner Mrs Adams had her weekly reception. It was much the most numerously attended, and the most purely American of all. They staid until nearly midnight.
115 Tuesday 3d. London CFA AM
Mr Parkes came in for a moment and then one or two other persons, after which I went down to Messr Sotheby’s to look at a collection of coins to be sold this week. On my way back I called to see M. Hulsemann, the Austrian minister at Washington, at Long’s, but I could not find him there. At home I found Mr Charles Hale on his return from Egypt. There was a general impression abroad that a political crisis might occur this evening in the House of Commons, so that Sir Henry Verney who called in my absence left a message urging me to attend. As a consequence I went at five o’clock. The question was a purely financial abstraction proposed by one of the liberal side in obedience to what is considered as the growing demand for economy. Taking advantage of this defection from the side of the Minister, the opposition have proposed a game of tactics adapted to the opportunity he himself furnished them. For he proposed an amendment which was tantamount to a vote of confidence. For this they prepared a substitute affirming in a very indirect way a retrenching policy. In the exact state of the house this might concentrate a large majority and thus expel the minister. When we got there the debate had commenced and the crowded state of the House indicated the expectations of all sides. Mr Walpole who had been charged with the duty of pushing the amendment had however already intimated an unwillingness to press it which had damped the ardour of opposition. The debate was commenced by Mr Stansfeld, the mover of the resolution, who made a handsome speech, but one which indicated rather a desire to set himself right than to arrive at any object. He has followed by Mr Baxter, the seconder, who argued the details of retrenchment. Lord Palmerston came next with one of his characteristic speeches, of parrying attack by retort, ad hominem, and replying to specific rather than general arguments. Lord Palmerston116 is not a great man, in any sense of the word. His intellect is acute in details, but has neither breadth nor generalization. His ambition is to rule as an English minister purely to please the English nation. Hence he has no system, but stories so far as he can to adapt himself to the prevailing feeling. Hence it is that his cabinet represents no one idea. It is a bundle of arrows of discord tied up by a common band of Office and a common repulsion of the other side. This incongruous mixture would not endure for an hour, if the opposition were any better assimilated. It is here that the Minister has his advantage as was shown tonight. Mr D’Israeli replied to him with great force and effect. But it was plain that he was leading a party reluctant to follow. He is a man put in the lead of conservatives because the necessities of their position require it. They have no adequate ability elsewhere. But they enter into no sympathy even with his most effective strokes. It was plain from his close that Mr Walpole, frightened by the prospect of success had determined to retire from the field, so that the prize was to be abandoned, even when in his grasp. Mr Horsman followed in a brilliant speech reviewing with laudation the foreign policy of the minister and venting all his spite at the minister of finance, and the school of Mr Cobden. Mr Cobden replied in an exceedingly sharp
and trenchant manner. Then a division took place on the original notion, which carried only sixty five being the pure liberal strength. Mr Walpole withdrew his amendment and the storm was over. Lord Palmerston’s amendment was carried without a division, and the prospects of the Tories dissolve into distant futurity. Never did so formidable and opening decline into a more contemptible end. The secret of this is not yet open to me. On the whole I am rather disposed to regret this result. A change of Ministry or a dissolution might have diverted attention from American affairs, and enabled us to prosecute our objects to completion without so much of moral resistance on this side. Still I am satisfied with the appearance of weakness in this ministry, which certainly fared ill the debate.117
3 June 1862

117 Wednesday 4th London CFA AM
A fine day for the Derby which as usual carried out the million to see the race. I have little fancy for that amusement, so I conclude on remaining at home. Instead of this I attended the first day’s sale of M Huber’s extraordinary collection of coins. Pretty much the same small assemblage of persons, nearly all of them dealers. My object being mainly to get the general run of prices, I do not hazard much and therefore purchase but little. What I do buy however seem to me quite reasonable. This collection is quite wonderful for the condition and rarity of specimens. A sicilian tetradrachne brought a hundred and thirty six pounds. We broke up at four o’clock. Quiet dinner at home. In the evening, as Mrs Adams was fatigued I went alone to Mrs Gladstone’s. Many of the cabinet there, having dined at the house. Among others Lord Palmerston who was in a very jubilant state on his triumph. From thence I went to Count Flahault’s thinking this to be the evening of his reception. I was admitted but found only stragglers after a dinner. Nevertheless I remained half an hour in conversation with the Countess and a gentleman whom I did not know. The reception as she took occasion to intimate to me was for tomorrow. I called at the Marquess of Salisbury’s and found a similar mistake. From thence I went to Lady Lyreden’s where the company was just going, ti being about midnight. After a stay of about a quarter of an hour I returned home.

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117 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
Mr Holmes, of the Exhibition, a day or two since called to invite me to attend the wedding of an American by the name of Lee who proposed to be married this day at eleven o’clock, in St Clement Dane’s Church in the Strand. It seemed an odd thing that the gentleman had not made the invitation himself, but as Americans are seldom familiar with forms and as there was no good reason for my declining, I agreed to go, I got to the church at five minutes before the hour, but found nobody there excepting the berger who in reply to my inquiry said that he believed an American was about to be married there at half past eleven, though the notice had come only a short time before, and it was by pure accident that a clergyman was on the spot to perform the ceremony. As nobody appeared I spent my interval in examining the church which has nothing of much interest about it. At last Mr Holmes and his party came in and then the bridal party consisting of seven persons, the bridegroom and bride, two couples of attendants and one man to give her away. Mr and Mrs Cropsey also came in which completed the number. Another long delay before the Clergyman appeared— The service followed in the most mechanical manner, after which the bridal party went off into the vestry. Then for the first time the party seemed to become aware of my existence. Mr Holmes presented me to Mrs Peter, the sister of the groom. I found that the name of the bride was Gray, that all the party had lately come from America; the man for the purpose of establishing himself as a maker of fire engines. He had succeeded in this and was about to settle down in London. I then congratulated both parties— They invited me to breakfast with them at No 17 Norfolk Street, which I declined. They departed in the rain, and I made my way as well as I could to the Auctioneer’s to attend the second day’s sale of Huber’s coins. The prices were on the whole high, though the specimens are numerous and very fine. I did not get away until five. Mrs Adams and I went to dine at Mrs Bensten’s. A small company consisting of Mrs Goldsmid, the well known Jeremy Lind, two Messr Lehman brothers of Mrs Bentsen, and the Wife of the younger, Mr Wilkie Collins, and Mr and Mrs Story, at a late hour. The entertainment elegant as usual. From here we went to the Marquess of Salisbury’s. A great crowd, and mostly from the Tory side with which I am least acquainted. We spent about twenty minutes in the drawing rooms, but we were an hour waiting to get the carriage.

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Less business this week than usual, I had but a single Despatch, and that a short one. But my home letters took up the rest of the day, so that I was compelled to give up attendance at Huber’s sale. I had company to dinner consisting of Lord Russell, his Wife and daughter, Lord and Lady Hatherton, Lord and Lady Lyveden, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Sir Thomas Cochran, Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, Mr Charles Howard, Mr and Mrs Story, and Miss Duprey. It was tolerably pleasant, as this kind of entertainment goes. After it was over the Storys urged us to go to Lady Westminster’s reception, so we did. The pleasure there is in the examination of the pictures which are real gems. I think of their kind the portraits by Rembrandt take the lead. We got home only after a long delay for the carriage.
Pleasant morning. I passed most of it at the private view of pictures at the British Institution. The collection is remarkably fine. Several Merillos which for the first time gave me an impression of the higher style of that painted. I speak this recollecting the farmers are in the Louvre to which I could not pay the attention it deserves. Some admirable Rembrandts, almost as fine as those in Grosvenor House. Some beautiful Claudes—one especially, better than any in the National Gallery. Others of merit I pass over. Some good pictures of the good specimen. Two or three good ones of Gainsborough and of Romney. On the whole this Exhibition is better than that of last year. I shall endeavour to see it more. I was obliged to hurry home by four o’clock, in order to go with my Wife and daughter to the Station at London Bridge there to meet Mr Lampson with whom we had agreed to go to his place at Rowfant and pass Sunday. He is about thirty miles from London, in Sussex. We went without incident, excepting that he disclosed to me the reception by Mr Morgan of a private telegram by the last Steamer, at Father point, which mentioned that General Banks had been driven back beyond the Potomac. This was enough to alloy the whole of my visit. We get to Rowfant to dinner, were we found only Mrs Lampston and the family.

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120 Sunday 8th Rowfant CFA AM
This is a quaint old stone house of the Elizabethan period, and stands in the midst of an estate of about fourteen hundred acres which Mr Lampston purchased about fifteen years ago at a price of a about a hundred dollars per acre. This is the investment of the labour of years in commerce. He is now engaged in improving and advancing it, though he does not abandon the more fruitful source of profits. This is practical wisdom. We walked about two miles along a very pretty country road to a very old church, where we heard the service of Whitsunday, including that terrible dose of the Athanasian creed, which goes far to spoil my taste for what of it is really good. The attendance was good in a very small church. We drove home with Mrs Lampson, and afterward walked over much of the farm, examining stock, and barns and tenants dwellings, and land and all the appendages ot an English farm. From thence we returned to the house and had a quiet dinner and evening. The only visitor who is here besides us is a friend of Mr Henry Lampson's—Mr Granville Hampden, the son of the Bishop of Hereford.

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Monday 9th London CFA AM
Up rather early to be off by the quick train. The newspaper brought us the American news which confirms the telegram but diminishes the apprehensions created by the reverse. General Banks succeeded in making his retreat and crossing the river without serious disaster. His force seems to have been small, the greater part of it taken off to reinforce General Mr Duvell. The incident in itself is not very serious, but I am afraid it betokens an absence of unity in counsel which may lead to worse consequences. We got back to London without accident, my whole trip having been spoiled by this apprehension of worse runs than actually come. Soon after my return I want to the fifth day of the coin sale. The same little company. I made a few purchases and gained some practical knowledge in this very remarkable collection. Home at six. Mr Charles Hale dined with us, and in the evening Mrs Adams had her usual reception, which was well attended.
Walked down to the City in order to see the bankers, and likewise to obtain my watch, which has been long at the maker’s. The walk occupies all of three hours and is tolerably fatiguing. But I find my eyesight giving way so seriously now that it is perhaps better for me to be in the air than reading. I despatched some arrears which unmarried over from Friday. Quiet dinner and evening at home. Mr Morse came in and spent an hour. He thinks the outfit to break the blockade are going on as vigorously as ever, in spite of all obstacles. The amount of funds the rebels must have had at command here is surprising. Mrs Adams and I have been at home alone since yesterday, as Henry went to Rowfant for Mary whom we left there.
11 May 1862

121 Wednesday 11th London CFA AM
The news from America today changes the aspect of affairs once more and shows are cause advancing in every direction. The rebels have been driven out of Corinth and Banks has recovered nearly all his ground. In the mean time McLellan is finishing the complications for the force at Richmond. Nothing but a fortunate accident can now prevent a speedy conclusion of the struggle. It will be well to have it so, for the indications of a disposition to interfere grow more and more significant. My morning was spent in writing a long answer to my friend R H Dana Jr and other letters, after which I went out and returned visits. The children came back from Rowfant bringing them Miss Lampson to remain with us a few days. In the evening Mrs Adams and I went to a circuit at Lady Goldsmid's in the Regent's park. A very magnificent place, at which there was a large company, many of whom I knew. A display of wealth and luxury. The concert was very good and the supper as fine as many could make it. Home before it broke up, but yet it was near one o'clock.

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A heavy rain and wind storm, the most violent I recollect during the past year. I drew up a form of Despatch for the week, and soon afterwards went out to attend the last day’s sale of Mr Huber’s coins. The number of persons attending even less even than usual but the bidding was spirited and the prices quite high. The collection is however remarkable for the rarity and beauty of its specimens especially in the region where they were found, Egypt and the Mediterranean. I have not purchased very largely, for the class of coins is not entirely within my line of research, but I am well satisfied with the objects I have gained. On my return home I found on my table a private note from Lord Palmerston denouncing in no measured terms General Butler’s proclamation and the government of the United States for employing him. It was marked private on the outside and confidential within, but it is offensive and insolent both in tone and manner towards the government, so as to make me the recipient of an insult to my country. It would seem as if in my experience in diplomatic life every form of trial was imposed upon me, and that in steadily progressive intensity. As Lord Palmerston is no inexperienced hand I conclude that this indicates a punitive change of policy. Hence the necessity for great caution in my action. On the one hand it will not do for me to pass over such an act without some notice. On the other I must if possible avoid any step that leads to national difficulty at this crisis. The path is full of danger and I must tread it calmly but firmly to the end. My impression is tonight that my continuance here is from this time of no use to the country. My relations with the prime minister can never again be friendly. I pondered deeply on these things for most of the evening, and before I went to bed committed to paper a draught of an answer to his Lordship.

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I re-examined the form of my note this morning, modified it, and sent it. At the same time I sent a note to Lord Russell requesting an interview at as early a moment as possible. My day was busily spent in writing to Mr Seward a confidential account of this extraordinary proceeding, and likewise some private letters on general topics. By half past two I got an answer from his Lordship offering to see me at once, and I went off immediately to the Foreign office. In the anteroom I met with Baron Brunnow the Russian Minister, and had some talk with him. He said he had come to enquire of the Secretary whether here was any foundation for the newspaper rumors of intervention in our affairs. He himself had no belief in them. I spoke of the arrival of Mr Persigny. He said that Mr Persigny would not be selected to do such a duty in preference to Count Flahault who was in all respects more acceptable to this government. He then talked of diplomacy as the art of gaining time, alluded to his service experiences here prior to the breaking out of the war in the Guinea, and expressed the opinion that if Lord Palmerston had been the Minister instead of Lord Aberdeen there would have been no war. The English mode of treating Ministers was sometimes like slow martyrdom. He then cited two instances, one of them Portuguese, the other Neapolitan. They had no sensibility themselves, and hence could not understand it in others. He thought well of Lord Palmerston because he could depend upon what he said. “Mais cet homme a la peau dure comme un rhinocère.” I answered that I was glad to hear him say this as my impressions had been otherwise. I did not however disclose to him how much my present position was involved in his observations. Mr Moreira and Count Flahault also came in. In the midst of an interesting anecdote about Lord Aberdeen which Brunnow was telling I was called upstairs. I began at once by saying to Lord Russell that I had now come under a state of the greatest possible embarrassment. Heretofore in all the difficulties which had encompassed my path during this mission I had seen my way clearly enough. Now the case was different. I had tried steadily to do my duty but at the same time to preserve all the relations of courtesy possible towards Her Majesty’s ministers. And down to this time I had thought that there had been a corresponding disposition towards myself. Lord Russell interposed and said he had several times so signified in his correspondence with Lord Lyons— I then observed that he might perhaps comprehend my astonishment at receiving yesterday from Lord Palmerston the note which I put into his hands. Though marked “confidential” I124 could not for a moment imagine that Lord Palmerston would seek any concealment from him. His Lordship read the note, and then remarked that with the exception of the last paragraph, the sentiment was his, and that of pretty much every one here. I replied that whatever that sentiment might be it was no affair of mine when not addressed to me. But I held this act to be entirely unprecedented. It had placed me in the greatest possible embarrassment. At first I had thought of letting it drop in silence. But on reflection it appeared to me that should any hit get abroad that I had ever received such a letter and let it pass there...
would be no end to the just condemnation of my conduct in my own country. I had sent an answer to his Lordship and then gave the substance of it. He asked if I had a copy with me to which I replied in the negative, but gave very readily the words. His Lordship said that this was all new to him, and of course he could say nothing until he had seen Lord Palmerston. He hoped I would take no action further until after that. I said that I had no disposition to do so. We then fell into some talk about General Butler and his act. I said that the construction put upon it here was only one example of the general tendency to prejudge us adversely. I had no idea that the true one was more than to threaten violent women with the same punishment commonly administered in New Orleans to prostitutes. And it was not yet known what the view of the government was even of that version. His Lordship said that ministers would be questioned on the subject in both Houses today, and they could be expected to reply. I observed that my anxiety was only for my relations which were not liable to be affected by what is said in Parliament. We then parted and I returned rapidly home for the purpose of reporting the conference at once to Washington in season to go by the bag. We were at work until six o'clock before we completed all the papers. Quiet evening. Mr Lampson came in for a moment.125

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125 Saturday 14th London CFA AM
As the prospect of my getting at all to the International Exhibition is growing faint if I do not make a decided object of it, I set apart this whole day for the visit. I drove down at noon and remained there until six o’clock. Even as it was I accomplished a very insignificant portion in comparison with the whole. A hasty and rapid glance at the galleries of pictures of the different nations, a look at a few of the statues, and the finer manufacture in the Roman, French, German and English Department. There is certainly a marvellous display of beauty in art and in manual stile The pictures require much more study. In the elder English school I find more of merit than in the modern. Gainsborough and Morland seem to me in painting what Richardson and Fielding are in literature, the types of English life during the last century. A little of mannerism only serves to them out that characteristic more distinctly. That is different from the artificial “genre” style of the present day. The French gallery is as dramatic as usual and full of military pictures which I cannot admire. The Belgian school is better. If not great genius there is skill in handling and extraordinary finish. Some picture from the north of Europe are characteristic and interesting. The sculpture and the Egyptian Lybian Sybil are of a higher class. I like the last the best. The first is a thoughtful, strong figure, but hardly embodies the type of voluptuous fascination which history makes her. It may indeed be that she was no handsomer according to our ideas, but the Romans had a high conception of beauty, if not originally, at least by transmission from Greene, and the men like Antony and Julius Caesar were not likely to be captivated by a mere abstraction. The Sybil, which generically is not unlike the other is far more in keeping with the idea. There is little of sense and more of mind, less of this world and more of the other. But I must stop speculating, which expands this record beyond my power to keep up with it. Quiet dinner. Evening, we went to a reception at Mrs Cropsey’s and likewise to the Countess of Derby’s.
15 May 1862

126 Sunday 15th London CFA AM

It is usually clear in the morning, but rains before night quite heavily. I attended with Mary the service at the Portland Street Chapel. The sermon from a singular text 2 Timothy 1–5. “When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith which is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and they mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in the also.” From this comes the topic faith, so often and so variously treated by the different denominations of the clergy. Mr Martineau never impressed me with distinct, forcible ideas. The attendance very large. On our return home, we found the weeks bag from America. Mr Seward’s Despatches are very able. He rises with the progress of his war. There is news of a severe action at Richmond, the consequences of which had not yet appeared. It somewhat resembled in character that at Pittsburgh landing and terminated much in the same way. The other news is all encouraging. The rebellion is clearly on the wane, whilst we are just developing our force. I walked out to call on M Ganier Payès, but could not find him at home. I then called to see Mr and Mrs Appleton at Manrigy’s Hotel. She was a daughter of Dr Warren once pretty. I then tried to get round to see Mr Munchton Milnes, but the rain came on so heavily that I gave it up. In the evening I received a reply from Lord Palmerston. It is evasive and disingenuous. The burden lies heavier on me. I must go through this trial like a man. It will never do to flinch. I immediately drew up a form of reply which I put into my draw to review in the morning. The prospect looks very dark. Lord Palmerston is wrong, and I doubt his manliness to confess it. The alternative is persistence a difficulty. My continuance here is now in greater doubt than ever.

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16 May 1862

Monday 16th London CFA AM

I drew up a note to Lord Russell and also sent a request for a conference. Some other arrears are likewise brought up before going out with Mrs Adams to the Archiepiscopal place of Lambeth. His daughter Mrs Wilson had issued cards for a garden party, but the day was so threatening that nobody was inclined to indulge al fresco. The numbers were not large for the size of the edifice. I met no acquaintances but the Bishop of London, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, and Mrs Darby Griffith. The library is a dark, chilly and gloomy place, but it contains a vast deal of curious historical matter connected with the organization of the church of England. It did not look as if any body ever made use of it now. From here we went through passages lined with portraits of past Archbishops until we got to the private chapel, and from there to the usual reception rooms. Then into the grounds which are quite spacious considering that we are in the midst of the most populous city in Christendom. It was no day to enjoy them however, for the sky looked like lead and the earth was saturated with water. The white dresses of the few ladies who ventured looked incongruously and soon disappeared into the house again. After some refreshment we took our leave. The association with Lambeth are not altogether cheerful at best. The present preinect is amiable enough but he is old and feeble, so that it has no pleural frowns. In the evening Mrs Adams had her usual reception. Not quite so numerous as the preceding but well enough. Some talk with Mr Bright. I sent my second note to Lord Palmerston today.

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Rainy day. It is now quite a week that this weather has lasted at a very critical period for the crops. I attended today the fourth and last day’s sale of the coins of the Roman series of brass belonging to the Mr Gonzalez of Rome. I made some purchases of the books which are very good. The attendance was smaller than ever but I thought the bidding quite spirited. I did not get home until near six o’clock. Hull Adams and Miss Lampson are now here which makes the house seem full. His sister Elizabeth has arrived in the last Steamer and is on her way too. In the evening Mrs Adams and I went to a small reception at the Countess d’Apponyi’s, the Austrian Ambassador’s. The Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary, and the Duke, had dined there. I was presented to the latter by Count d’Apponyi. I knew of the company only the Baron de Brunnow and M Musurus, Lord and Lady Stanhope, Lady Lyndhurst adn Miss Copley, Mr and Mrs D’Israeli, Baron de Cetto and perhaps one or two more. These occasions are very stiff and unsatisfactory. Home early.
18 May 1862

128 Wednesday 18th London CFA AM

A stream of visitors which continued until quite a late hour. A great many Americans are coming over and most of them being letters to me. Dr McGowan and Mr Sweet came on the part of Americans here to ask me to preside at an entertainment to celebrate the fourth of July. I mentioned my objection on the score of delicacy towards the English, who could never recur to that event excepting as a source of mortification, as well as of propriety in the present very critical condition of the relations between the two countries. I could not therefore promise to take part in the matter, but I would by no means dictate to others what they ought to do. Of course I shall rouse much hostility among the lower class of American Adventurers here by this course, but that is inevitable if I do my duty. At four I accompanied Mrs Adams and Mary to the flower show in the Botanic garden in the regent’s park. It was not so brilliant as the preceding one because the american plants had for the most part gone out, but the display of pelagonia and Orchids and heaths and roses was fine. The risk of rain drove away every ody under cover and spoilt the out door amusement. a very great crowd as usual. In the evening Mrs Adams and I to a reception at the Athenæum Club. A very large number of person of whom I knew perhaps a dozen. The library is a fine one, and the edifice is spacious. Although I was admitted a member on my first arrival here, as well as at the Traveller’s, I am so little of a club man that I never have set my foot in either before.129

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129 Thursday 19th London CFA AM

I prepared some of my work for the steamer today but not so much as usual for the reason that the conference with Lord Russell which was to make a basics for much of my work did not take place until today at four o’clock. Previously I had several persons to see me. Among others Col Johnson who has come as Commissioner from New York to the Exhibition and Mr Holmes. They spoke to me about the celebration of the fourth of July, particularly as the former had been solicited to preside in case I should decline. I went through my reasons for considering it inexpedient on my part to meddle with it, but at the same time recommended that if a celebration were to be held, then he should accept the position offered to him, and endeavour to give it a proper character. He said he had doubts about that, in his situation. My interview with Lord Russell was a very amiable one. Unluckily I had left by mistake at home Mr Seward’s Despatch which I had intended to read to him, so that I contented myself with promising him a copy. But I talked about General Butler and the intercepted letter of Mr Huse which I gave him a copy of, and the progress of the war. I also alluded to the discovery Mr Moran had made of a claim made by this government upon mine more than sixty years ago of the same kind with that in the case of the Emily St Pierre. This is remarkable as it shows that the demand was resisted on the grounds now taken here, but not without difference of opinion in the cabinet. The papers of McHenry, the Secretary is quite a strong specimen of reasoning on the right side —and must have dictated by his chief, Alexander Hamilton. I then referred to my affair with Lord Palmerston, which kept me embarrassed. He had not answered my second note and it was now four days. His Lordship said he had written a note to his Lordship, to which no answer had been returned. He would write again. He intimated that the thing was altogether irregular, and could be regarded only as a private proceeding. This was a great relief to me, for I now saw that I had all the advantage. Another admission of his and not unimportant, and that was his belief that the rebellion was drawing to its end, at least in the open field. He referred to the motion of Mr Lindsay130 to be proposed tomorrow in the House of Commons as one that must come to nothing. All this indicates a propitious change in the temper of the Ministry, and a sign that Lord Palmerston has overshot his mark. I think it was the most kindly interview I have had. Home in better spirits. In the evening I had an answer from Lord Palmerston, characteristic, but substantially retreatting from his precipitate blunder. I shall now close the correspondence, and cut off the probability of any repetition of it with me.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
Mrs Forthingham, her son Edward and two daughters arrived here on their way home by the Steamer of next week. She seems better than when here before. And I am much inclined to believe a continuance at Madeira for one or two years might have made a permanent cure. But this is a penalty which she did not care to pay, so that I fear her case is settled. I was very much engaged until nearly six o’clock in writing despatches and private letters. I sent a closing note to Lord Palmerston assuming his note to be a withdrawal of the offensive imputations and declining this form of correspondence for the future. I also sent the remainder to the government at home. My relief at getting out of the personal question is indescribable. It is not for me to become a cause of quarrel between the two countries at this crisis. I had besides a visit from M Garnier Pagès, a French gentleman on a visit to the exhibition. He was the Minister of the finances during the republican government. He enlarged upon the struggle in America, and spoke of the state of feeling in France on it. The Emperor for objects of his own was ill disposed, but the great body of the republicans sympathized strongly with the government cause. Envy one felt that their existing government had no roots, and could not continue at farthest beyond the life of his ruler. His policy had been to appeal to democratic support to sustain him in his arbitrary system. This gave the republicans greater strength for the future at the expense of a few passing years of subjection. He then alluded to the pressing causes which acted on both France and England to move in American affairs. It would be advisable for us to adapt our policy to the counteraction of this tendency. He enlarged on the blockade, and strongly urged the complete withdrawal of it, and the opening wide all the Southern ports to trade. This would be appealing to a great principle which would meet a hearty response from the popular heart of Europe. It would establish a sympathy which no governmental prohibition could restrain. He hoped that I would urge that policy upon the administration as much as I could. I replied by saying that I believed the government would heartily rejoice in taking that cause that it would have been adopted ere this, but for the action of ill-disposed people here, who prolonged the war by illicit introduction of munitions of war. The Southern coast was now almost entirely in our hands. The disposition to open the trade had already been shown in regard to the principal ports under our authority. But it would not be prudent for the government to push its policy faster than the decline of the rebellion would justify. It was certainly and clearly committed to the principle. M Pagès then spoke of the expediency of avoiding all acts of harshness towards the body of the insurgents. Confiscation and abolition might be applied to the chiefs but to extend them would not restore order or conciliate the good opinion of the world. I remarked that no harsh measures of a general kind were contemplated by the government. The bill now in Congress contemplated only the conspirators and Officers found in arms. M. Pagès expressed himself pleased at finding such a concurrence of opinion, made some shrewd remarks on the nature of the public sentiment.
here towards America and then took his leave. At half past two o’clock, Mrs Adams, my daughter and I started by the Great Western railway to go to Slough, from which point we got a vehicle to take us about the three miles farther to Stoke Parks the residence of Lord Taunton, where he had invited the world to a féte. When a boy at my father’s I recollect seeing him as Mr Lubruchere, the fourth of the set of young Englishmen who then came to see us, and all of whom either have already or else will become peers. This seat formerly belonging to the Penn family has been purchased by him and much improved. Art has done all it can do to heighten its beauty. The view from the conservatory door is a beautiful specimen of rural park scenery. The water and the bridge, the church spire and a monument on a gentle elevation in the distance with the arrangement of the word fully realize all my notions ornamental landscape. It is the first time they do. For though I admired Chiswick I did so with some drawback on its triste effect. Even here we sadly wanted the sunlight to inspire hilarity. The sky was heavy and grey, but it did not rain. There was a considerable company, but it did not look large when spread about the ample grounds. I found a fair proportion of acquaintances. At about half past five we left to return to a dinner in London N. B. The passage between these parentheses in red ink; belongs to the record of Saturday 21st: After a hurried walk, I went with Mrs Adams to dine with Mr McCalmont, a gentleman who seems to be well disposed to America and anxious to mark it to me. The company not large and consisted of relations mostly. Sir Hugh Cairnes and his Wife, who is a cousin. A brother and his Wife. Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley. The dinner much as usual. Sir Emerson Tennent, Wife and daughter complete the number. We left soon in order to attend some private theatrical gotten up by Mrs Milner Gibson at the Hanover Square Rooms. In twice only for the last price “Lend me five shillings” which was barely passable.

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Cloudy but it did not rain. Busy bringing up arrears. Received a very friendly note from Lord Russell covering another from Lord Stanhope complaining of the suppression by the Times of His Lordship’s allusion to me in the debate of Thursday, and the reception it met with by the Lords. The act of the Times is nothing, but I value the other testimony which it started. A friendly note from Mrs Milnes is also a grain of salt which should go to leaven the heap of aversion to America so visible here. At two o’clock the visit to stoke park took place which has been so strangely interpolated into yesterday’s record. The truth is that I cannot entirely keep up with the time when the entries are long, and at the end of the week there will be arrears. I resume the narration with our return home at seven o’clock. Here we found Elizabeth C. Adams who had come from Oxford with her brother. This makes us a formidable household for the present week. Mrs Adams and I went to dine with Mr and Mrs Moffat. The company so far as I knew it consisted of Mrs Vaughn, a lady of the Queen’s household, Mr and Mrs Ford who seem to be of the English Diplomatic service, Mr Massey, Mr and Mrs Milner Gibson, Mr C P Villiers, Mr Thackeray, and one or two unknown. There was more wine drank and we sat later at table than usual, so that it was nearly midnight before we got home.
Cloudy and chilly—any thing but summer. There was rain at night. I called to see Mr Munchton Mills, and left my card as he was too ill with gout to see me. Attended Divine service at half past three. I had the curiosity to attend at a service in French held in the Regent’s Park Chapel. The assemblage was small and consisted mostly of French people. The service as simply as ours at home. The prayer impressive. The sermon was from 1. Corinthians 16. 22. “If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maranatha” The preacher began by remarking upon the singular contrast between the tone of this denunciation and the general spirit of the teaching of Christ and his Apostle. It is indeed so striking, especially in its juxtaposition between messages of peace and good will than I should be strongly inclined to suspect interpolation. But the preacher proceeded to reinforce it by quoting what he called a parallel and explanatory passage in 1 Galatians. That is however by no means the case. That denounces persons who preach a false gospel, a positive act of offence in misleading others from the true faith. But this threatens the severest conveyance on a negotiation. It inflicts a punishment for what should in order to have value be a purely voluntary act. How can a man’s affection spring from compulsion? Such a process is likely rather to create very opposite emotions—either fear or hate. Surely the Deity can place little credit in affection the offspring of terror. Such is not the teaching of the Saviour.134 His is the doctrine of love which produces love, which is in harmony with all the attributes we give to the Creator. He denounces the wicked, the malevolent the violent on account of their offences, but he does not expect love for it excepting by the way of repentance and reformation of the heart. I think therefore this text must be an insertion of some bigoted Jewish commentator, or a mere expletory malediction. The preacher viewed it simply as an injunction to love as a duty. Many parts of his discourse were earnest and sincere exhortations to the love of the Saviour, which carried me with them regardless of the false basis on which they were made to rest. I do like above all things in the church simplicity and earnestness. From here I visited the Zoological gardens and wandered about for some time. On my return home I found the week’s bag had come. Not much beyond filling up the details of the last news. Quiet evening at home.
134 Monday 23d. London CFA AM
My mornings are now for the most part filled by visit of Americans passing through London. Very few have any object but merely to call. One gentleman, a Russian by the name of Bahennine, escaped from Siberia, brought me a letter from Mr Agassiz. He came with a friend who wanted to give him a protection as a resident in America; on the ground that he had declared his intention to be naturalized. As he is a refugee, it is obvious that this might bring up at once a question of a serious character, like that which happened some years since in the case of Coszta. I replied quietly apprising him that my power to give passports to citizens, and that the government had distinctly excluded from that class such as had not completed the term requisite to become such. The friend then said he had had such a protection from Mr Sickles and likewise from Mr Belmont in Holland. I doubted their authority to give it and at any rate pleaded a later decision of the government to put a stop to it. The friend showed great vexation and persisted in the diamond so that at last I spoke quick to him, denying my power to act. It was plain to me that there was some project underneath which I had crossed. They took their leave at once. I read a little of the American newspapers but they hurt my eyes so much that I must give them up. The most curious development they make is the publication of an intercepted letter of Mr Rost giving the substance of an interview with Mr Calderan Collantes, the prime minister of Spain. It betrays the fact that as well in France as in Spain these commissioners so called, have fared but poorly service the issue of the battle at Fort Donelson. There is now little prospect for the rebellion outside of America. The destruction before Memphis of what remains to them of a fleet, and the possession of that point seems to be the loss of the Mississippi and the division of the revolted States. What now remains but Richmond? A few days will determine the duration of the war even there. But after that is over, the come the knotty problems connected with slavery. I took a walk and enjoyed the return of fine weather. In the evening Mrs Adams had her customary reception. About sixty people, mostly persons lately arrived.

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The weather is improving. I had the usual number of person to see me. Nothing however of much interest. This is my son Brooks’s birth-day. I went out to find him some sort of a present, which led me into a variety of shops where books are to be found in large quantities. Among other places I went to H. G Bohn’s which I had supposed from the catalogue to be one of the greatest collections in the world. What I am much led to notice is the difficulty of making such a collection available to the insider from the very fact of its great size. It can only be sold by catalogue, for it is mostly covered with dust and looks far from attractive to the eye in monotonous ranges of shelves far beyond reach. I finally selected an edition of Shakespeare, and incidentally fell upon a curious manuscript account of the churches in London and the neighborhood which I brought too, having found the want of some such guide heretofore. This ramble lasted until nearly dinner time. Remained at home in the evening, instead of going to a ball at the Lord Mayor’s in the city, a ponderous business for which I have little fancy and less aptitude. The constant recurrence of this formal society in which it seems to me that I never make any progress is excessively tiresome.
Cloudy morning. Had a visit from Mr Bancroft Davis who is in his return from the continent, home. Whilst he was talking with me come in a parsee from Bombay, Mr Manockjee Cursejee. I had already met with him and his two daughters without an idea of ever making his acquaintance. He proved a gentleman of much information respecting both Europe and America, and I was glad to make his acquaintance. At two I started with Mrs Adams by the North Weston Road to visit Hatfield House, the seat of the Marquis of Salsbury. It is about thirty miles off, about a third of a mile from the Station at Hatfield. It is said to be the most interesting edifice of its kind left in England. It dates from the reign of Edward III through the main portion was not build until that of James the 1st. It was here that Elizabeth resided in the time of Mary. It ultimately became the property of Sir Robert Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Bunghley, and has remained in the Salisbury family ever since. Charles the 1st was imprisoned here for a time. So that the historical associations are interesting. The structure is of brick, and is without architectural beauty. It occupies three sides of a quadrangle with a court yard and gates in front. The interesting part is the interior arrangement and the old portraits which bring up with much distinctness an idea of the domestic state of three centuries ago. The hall and chapel, the banqueting and reception rooms have been perfectly restored by the present owner, who was in a measure compelled to do it by a fire that occurred in 1835 and partially destroyed the left wing. In this fire his mother lost her life. But the great beauty of the place is in the quaintness of the grounds. Though not to compare in picturesque and sylvan effects with Stoke, there is an mumling notion of antique State that fascinates the attention. At first the clouds threatened, but it cleared away at last, and the rays of the sun gave the finishing touch to the scene— I really enjoyed this excursion. We came back to London at half past six, so that our dinner did not take place until eight. In the evening I went to a reception at Mr Gladstone’s. Not many acquaintances. Some talk with Mr Villiers, who describes the distress in Lancashire as much on the increase.
137 Thursday 26th London CFA AM
A mild pleasant day. I drew up the forms of the Despatches for tomorrow, which are not important, and then went off on an expedition to Battersea Park. As Mrs Adams now needs the carriage for Mrs Frothingham pretty much all the time, I resort to the most pleasant means of public conveyance. So I walked down to the Hungerford pier, there took a river Steamer to Battersea, and walked thence to the grounds. There was no crowd, and the water passage was quiet pleasant. The park is a large reserve made on the opposite side of the river for the convenience of the growing suburban population in that quarter. The inclosure for the Agricultural show was quiet extensive, and convinced me at once of the impossibility of going over it all in one day. I therefore confined myself to the stock Department. The show of all the various English breeds was extensive. I think the precocity of the specimens is perhaps the most remarkable feature. Six month calves are as large as ours at two years, and two years steers are equal to our full grown. This is more particularly true of the four or five English breeds and particularly the short horns, which are clearly the favorites. I prefer the appearance of the Devons. The Herefords and Long Horns are both open to objection. But there is a homeless breed called the polled angus with which I was much pleased. The Scotch and Irish are much smaller, and better adapted our pasture and climate. The Ayrshire and Kerry particularly. Of the foreign cattle I liked the Swiss the best. They resemble the Jersey with better points. A couple of bulls from the Pyrenees were remarkable, but the Breton cows looked inferior. Indeed as a general thing the foreign show was imperfect and indifferent. Of sheep I have little experience. The horses were the best in the inferior classes, as draught animals and ponies. I saw but two or three fine hunters. My time slipped by before I could see all however, and even at that I was late home. In the evening as Mrs Adams felt unwell and desired to stay at home the last evening before her sister’s departure I went with Henry, to Lady Wensleydale’s reception. Not large, and only a few person there whom I knew. From thence to Count Flahault’s reception to Prince Napoleon. I missed seeing him, as he went off early. Many of the Diplomatic Corps and foreigners.138
27 June 1862

138 Friday 27th London CFA AM
Mrs Frothingham and her party left us this morning on their way to the United States. I fear that it is our final parting. For although she has certainly gained strength by her winter, I see no radical improvement. Her voice is gone, and her cough is ominous. Thus it is with us as we go in life. The ties snap one by one until it comes to our turn, when the fitful dream passes away. Our household looked small for the whole day. My occupation is writing private letters kept me pretty well absorbed Two or three of the family, are about all I can do. Mrs Adams and I dined with Mr and Mrs Senior. The company consisted of Madam Mohl, Sir Edward and Lady Colebrook Lord Wicklow, Mr and Mrs Ford, Mrs Bates and Captain Willis. It was rather more lively than usual. There was a reception afterwards to which we did not stay.
The news by the Persia is less encouraging than usual. General McLellan seems to have experienced another surprise, which though not serious is mortifying. I am clear that he will never make a Napoleon. Perhaps it as well that he should not. In the mean time we have a letter from Charles, not very cheering. He was in the hospital from a sharp rheumatic attack, during which his regiment had been called into service. Of course he felt anxious and restless. From this time I shall feel quite as much so. I do not like to trust myself to think about it. Charles is not fitted for such business. Of my children has the most aptness for it. Charles may get through it safely, but I have profound misgivings. The telegram reports severe fighting at James Island with no decisive result. This is ten days after the date of his letter. I am at a loss to know the use of a cavalry regiment on an island. Hull Adams and his sister left us this morning for the continent, so we are again alone, after a week of bustle. I paid some visits and then spent some hours at Exhibition. Examining the Italian, Russia Danish and part of the French Department. All well worth seeing. I walked home. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs Stell, Mr Bright, Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley and Mr and Mrs Bancroft Davis. They stayed late.
Saturday 28th
28 June 1862

139 Sunday 29th London CFA AM
I omitted in my record of yesterday to mention a visit from Mr Cobden to me yesterday, to talk about American affairs. He did little more than repeat the substance of what he said before. The pressure was becoming more intense in the manufacturing Districts as the stock of cotton was declining, and he wanted to know what the probabilities were of obtaining any supply. I answered in substance that this was only a question of time. And it must depend upon the degree of confidence inspired by the progress of our arms. Things were going on well both at Memphis and New Orleans, at the last accounts. If they continued in the same way, so that the government could insure protection to the planters, I had little doubt that a considerable amount might be obtained. Mr Cobden then made the same intimations he did before about the possibility of a joint representation to the United States from Great Britain and France. This led me to enlarge upon the possible consequences of such a step on the policy of the United States. Thus far they had carried on the war with a desire to save the slaveholding states from a convulsion which might destroy them, and to enable them to restate themselves. But any thing like an attempt to bolster up their system by foreign interference would inevitably lead to an abandonment of all further efforts to restrict the character of the war. From that moment emancipation would follow. This had already been declared by the government in a late despatch to me a copy of which I had furnished to the authorities here. Mr C said he had always seen the matter in the same light. We then talked generally of the effects of this policy. Mr C ended by suggesting to me the propriety of urging Mr Seward to take some occasion of expressing concern for the difficulties in which foreign countries were involved, and of generally presenting the view of his policy. I promised so to do. Strangely enough I did not receive a single line by the Persia, the first instance of the kind since I have been here. Today I attended Divine service at the Chapel in Portland Street. Mr Martineau preached. The attendance very full. Walk afterwards with Mary in the Zoological gardens. M. Everett dined here.140

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Rather a fine day, and totally quiet at my house. Brooks who has been at home this Sunday went back to School. I went out to pay a visit or two, and then to the Victoria Station to go to Mitcham. For some time past I have been looking about for some place in the country to spend a short time at, and the house agent pointed out this spot. The approach is through Norwood and Gryden into the flattest and least interesting part of Surrey. The house itself is a modest vicarage of small dimension in a plot of about two acres. A sight of it was quiet enough, without ascending above the first floor. And yet for this the demand was made of ten guineas a week. I returned by the train at five o’clock, having rather enjoyed the trip. Mitcham is evidently a very quiet and retired place with the same advantage of verdure and freshness so general in the rural districts of England. I liked the change, without having the desire ever to see it again. Mr R C Winthrop Jr dined with us, and in the evening Mrs Adams had her customary reception. The most remarkable appearance was that of Lord Bruyham. He never took any notice of my letter of recommendation last year, given by Mr Everett, and his speeches on the present struggle have been such that I could not be present at any entertainment where he is expected to take a part. Yet here he made his appearance ushered in by our friend Mr Parkes. He made a lame allusion to America, and to a speech he had just uttered in the House of Lords, lamenting the unfortunate difficulty as if it was one purely of our making. He is visibly declining into senility which is his only excuse. The attendance was larger than on any previous occasion.
Tuesday July 1st London CFA AM

I had several visits as usual. One from Mr Peabody, who came to ask me to go dine on the 4th at the Star and garter at Richmond, I have declined to take part in the celebration at Sydenham on account of its public character, and the impropriety of doing any act which could be deemed offensive to the pride of this people. But as Mr Peabody assured me that this was to be a very private affair, and out of town I saw no objection to accepting it. He likewise asked me if I would like to be present on the occasion of the presentation of the freedom of the city on the 10th. I said Yes, of course. The Mayor has already asked me to the dinner of that day, which involves me in the necessity of making a speech. But this too I must accept. So my hands are pretty full next week. But over and above that I had a committee to notify me that the American Exhibition had settled me to be the medium for the distribution of the awards, a ceremony which is to take place in much from on the 4th instant. I cannot decline this. Another visitor was Lord Lyons whom I was very glad to see. We talked a good deal of matters at Washington, and the Trent affair, and Mr Seward. I expressed the hope that he might do service here in giving some information to the University that would be likely to correct impressions heretofore made. I alluded more especially to the speeches of Lord Russell at Newcastle and of Mr Gladstone at Manchester. He admitted the unfortunate effect of these speeches on America. He did not believe the feeling there was at all understood on this side. I said I had done what I could to explain it to Lord Russell, but he was not easily moved. In my opinion it was important in the present state of the world to keep the two countries in harmony, as the general principles of their systems were the source. But the fact assuredly take a side against England. He said he was aware of it, and was very sorry. I went out in the carriage to pay some visits, especially one to Mr and Mrs Jones of New York. W. Everett dined here, and in the evening accompanied us to Devonshire House, where there was a general reception. Mrs Adams felt so unwell that she remained at home. A great crowd, though not so great as that of last year.
Wednesday 2d. London CFA AM
The weather continues so uncertain that there is much uneasiness about the crops. The opinion is now settled that at best they will not prove an average. This is not cheerful intelligence for persons likely to be in a state of distress, and who must be relieved at the public cost. There were several visitors, and some news from America142 correcting the exaggerated rumor of last week. Yet there is no change before Richmond where lies the stress. I was busy in making up my quarterly accounts, and my own private ones, so that I did not go out before dinner. In the evening I went with my son Henry to a reception at Sir Emerson Tennent’s. Quite a large number, among whom I knew a number. Thence I went to Baron Brunnow’s which was likewise crowded, but with a company largely composed of females whom I did not know. And I find moreover that I do not make much progress. with time. The whole of society here is formal and empty. The people follow it solely because they must remain within the charmed circle, and keep their children there. I who already find half my course and perhaps more completed begin already to feel indifferent to it. Heartily did I concur with Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian Minister, in his congratulation of me that were near the end of this season.

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Heavy rain most of the day. Having received no despatches this week I drew up but one paper containing the substance of my conversation with Mr Cobden. The more I reflect upon it, the more I see in this movement suggestions from some of the British ministers and M Chevalier. I am yet by no means easy in regard to the future action of these governments in case any thing unfavorable should happen to McLellan. To day we received a brief telegram which has filled me with private uneasiness. It mentions a very severe action at Charleston on the 16th of last month. The probability is that Charles must have joined his regiment in the interval, so that we can know nothing of his fate for some time. I fear this is to be our condition for some time, as the war appears to be drawing into the summer. This is the worst trial of all to bear. The anxieties of my own situation are sufficient. But my son determined otherwise and I must study resignation to the Divine decree be it what it may. I drive in the carriage to the Barings to make my Quarterly arrangements, and I talked with Mr Bates in regard to a disposal to be made of some of my friends which I expect from America. The loss is so heavy in the exchange that I must attempt to compensate for it at least in part here. Mrs Adams was still quite unwell. We had a quiet evening at home. After next week I hope we may look for freedom from social obligation.
A clear and mild morning for our National Anniversary. Looking back to the last one, it seems to me that our position is materially altered. Then we had not a single point on the coast line south of the Chesapeake excepting Key West and Fort Pickens, and no point on the Mississippi south of Cairo. Now all the coast is in our possession excepting Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah and perhaps Galveston. Mobile is probably ours before this. On the other hand we command all the river but Vicksburg. The contest for Missouri and Kentucky is over and probably Tennessee is nearly clear. The tug is now for the very heart of the rebellion. Then let us draw from the great progress of the present campaign our trust for the future, and let us congratulate ourselves that as yet the sentiment of the loyal region is strong and united. This is my oration for the present occasion. My morning was spent in writing letters to my two sons. I had a visit from Mr Bright who is about leaving town. He asked me about my affair with Lord Palmerston, who had heard of it from Mr Cobden to whom I had perhaps injudiciously mentioned it. I gave him the substance of it. He said his opinion of Palmerston was such that if it were necessary to his retention of power, he though he would not stick at any measure even at the cost of a war. Nothing of the kind would be hazarded during the session of Parliament, but he was not sure how it might be afterwards I said I had not made up my mind whether he had not intended to fasten a quarrel upon me. In this he had not succeeded, and I had cut off that particular channel of experiment. At three Mrs Adams, Mary and I started in the carriage to go to the Star and garter at Richmond to dine there by invitation of Mr Peabody. We reached there early enough to be able to take a pleasant stroll in the park. The weather on the whole favorable though scarcely warm or sunny enough for the complete enjoyment of so pretty a scene. The company was rather larger than I expected, exceeding fifty. A few English. The entertainment sumptuous. Mr Peabody made a brief speech and proposed a couple of toasts—The Queen, and the President of the United States. He had a day or two since signified this intention to me, and intimated that some Englishmen present might respond to the first, whilst the second would be left to me, if I chose. I had then declined to say something about the President, expecting that Sir Gore Ouseley would on his side lead off in some notice of the Queen. Instead of this he very briefly acknowledged the compliment, and then turned short and proposed a sentiment to me. This was not in my purpose. I took no notice of it, preluding my remarks by an intimation that my official character was off for the day. After which I persevered in my original plan. What I said was well received. Mr Stell after me proposed the health of Mr Peabody himself which I suppose I was expected to do. But on the whole I did not regret the omission. For next week I am to give him a dinner on Monday, and on Friday I must attend the Mayor’s entertainment when I shall be called upon to give him a more particular notice. This will be enough. Mr Peabody is a most likeable man, but his foible is greediness for praise, especially from me in prominent situation Never having had much fancy for this sort of
thing, I shall limit myself as much as possible to do that which is appropriate without being excessive. We did not get away until after eleven, and it was past midnight before we reached our door.

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More rain. The season is not propitious. I had some visits as usual. The principal are Mr Dana from China, whom I saw yesterday at Richmond. Much time spent in my accounts. I am attempting a trial balance for the first time since my departure from home. The result considering the period of panic incident to the war is better than I feared it would be. Afterwards I went out to make some purchases. Stopped into see Holman Hunt’s picture of the finding of the Saviour in the Temple. This new style has its peculiarities which are startling and at first repulsive, but there is a great deal of merit to redeem it. Of the skill in manipulation of details there is no doubt. There is likewise though and force much above the commonplace of the day. The figure of the boy is admirable, and the face just misses being of the highest class. The only thing it wants is that spark of expression indicating the consciousness of a higher nature than mere mortality. I do not like either the face or the position of the Mother. It is awkward and makes her look stunted and drawfish. All the rest of the chief figures are good. Some of the accessories are superfluous. On the whole however he picture is suggestive and worthy of study. I have no met with a modern one that has impressed itself so much on my memory. This is the new school of art called the pre-raphaelite, which affects the real in contradistinction to the ideal of the Italian school. I doubt its power to efface the old impressions, but I certainly prefer it to the merely pandy modern school of servile imitators of the great masters. Mr R C Winthrop Jr dined with us, and our evening was quiet.
Windy but clear. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Taylor preached from Hebrews. 13.14. “For here have we no continuing city, but seek that which is to come.” Upon the future life. As my daughter was with me alone I did not remain to the communion. After service I went down and paid a visit to Mr and Mrs Bartlett and Mr Harrod. From thence I walked to Kensington gardens thence across to Bayswater home. It was a long walk and I felt quite fatigued. My spirits however were better, and I felt a sort of encouragement about matters from home, although we did not receive the usual telegraphic intelligence. Quiet evening. Read a little of Mr Motley’s book.
Monday 7th London CFA AM

Heavy showers throughout the day. Morning at home. The telegraph news came early but brought nothing decisive. What accounts came are favorable. General McLellan is picking up his forces, and professes to be ready for action. Of course the suspense must be continued a little longer. Later in the day I heard rumours of a change in the cabinet which may perhaps put a better face on matters. Mr Stanton has been in his way a good Officer, but latterly I am afraid there have been divisions spring out of his absolute temper which have impaired the energy of the service. Several visitors, mostly Americans of whom there are numbers. I took a walk, but got caught in Hyde Park in very heavy showers. I had company to dinner. Mr Peabody, Lord Stanley, Mr and Mrs Milner Gibson, Sir William and Lady Clay, Sir Emerson Tennent, Lady and daughter, Mr Mrs and Miss Morgan, Mr and Mrs Lampson and their son, Mrs and Miss Jackson, Mr and Mrs Bentzon, and Mr and Mrs H. K Hawkey. My nephew F. Brooks came in from Paris just as we went to dinner. After it was over, there was a reception, not so numerosly attended as before, but the presence of the company from dinner more than made up for it. Mr Peabody presented to me a volume containing the letters touching the creation of the Trust beautifully drawn up. He and Mr Morgan both told me of the change of the cabinet, extending also to the introduction of General Banks and of General Pope. My letters arrived tonight, but they say nothing of it.
I was reading the newspapers for some time this morning after which I had a visit from Captain Craven of the Tuscarora. He has got here, and I am as yet in a state of suspense about the case of the vessel at Liverpool. I talked with him freely about the object I had in sending for him, trying to impress him with a sense of responsibility in his proceedings. He decided to ask for repairs and wait a few days. In the mean time I will try to gather information. There were some other visits a large number of which are merely formal. I spent some hours in my accounts which I did not yet bring to exactness. Quite a walk in the afternoon. The weather continues very variable. In the evening at home. Mr Hale and Mr Winthrop dined with us.
146 Wednesday 9th London CFA AM
Damp, chilly with rain. The season is most unfavorable. I was busy this morning with my customary draft of the despatches for the week. My attention however was somewhat drawn off by the process going on in the street of an election of Coroner for this parish. It has been going on for several days, and the process gives a good idea of the whole system as a practised in England. It is rough like almost every thing in manners and character of this people, but there is more of liveliness and humour than commonly appears on the surface. Our plan is much less boisterous but it is comparatively dull. This day the successful candidate came to the hastings with his friends, and the speeches after the declarations by the sheriff were made with the usual demonstrations of applause and disapprobation. The numbers engaged are comparatively small. I had another visit from Captain Craven with whom I made arrangements. Likewise from Dr Evans and Dr Deremus. The former claims great intimacy as professional dentist, with Napoleon. He thinks him decidedly friendly to the United States.
Credat Judeous. Mr Peabody also called to give me a card of admission to the ceremony of the presentation of the city to him, tomorrow. There is a dinner given afterwards by the Mayor to him, at which I am expected to make a speech, and it had been haunting me for two or three days. In the afternoon went with my daughter to the third flower show of the regular series at the Botanic Society’s gardens. There was no great variety in the flowers beyond the preceding ones, but the display of grapes, and peaches and nectarines and strawberries and cheeriest was extraordinary. They are all more or less artificially produced and therefore have less flavor to the taste, but they are more beautiful to look at than our fruit. Quiet evening. I sat up late maturing my speech. What a troublesome thing that is, and yet I cannot escape.
147 Thursday 10th London CFA AM
The news from America this day is by no means favorable. A severe check at Charleston, and a very ambiguous result at Richmond bid fair at least to breed an extension of the war. General McLellan allows himself to be put on the defensive which is not a favorable symptom. He wants genius though he may have talent. I begin to mistrust the issue at Richmond a good deal. The currency is beginning to show very bad symptoms of plethora of paper. Mr Chase is not exactly a financier to my taste. Though the difficulty of his task cannot be much exaggerated. I drove in the carriage with my nephew, Francis Brooks and Henry to the city to attend the presentation of the freedom of the city to Mr Peabody. We were ushered into the common room, where were assembled the aldermen and the council together with a small number of their friends and those of Mr Peabody. At three o’clock, the Mayor came in preceded by the mace and sword, and then Mr Peabody. The Chamberlain in presenting the box of gold of the value of five hundred dollars, which contains the certificate made an address in excellent taste and tone, and in the best spirit towards the United States. It should be noted that it was strongly applauded especially for the last quality. On the whole, the ceremony, for it is nothing more, was impressive far beyond my expectation. Mr Peabody read his reply, which was simple and modest. From Guildhall, I went to the Barings, where Mr Bates told me that the ministers would make some new signs about America tomorrow night. Thus it is that the clouds appear to thicken once more. Such is life in great as in little events! We must trust that all these things are to turn out for good. My lesson here is one of patience. I drove home only to dress and to return with Mrs Adams and Henry to the Mansion House, to dinner. About two hundred and thirty guests. I sat on the left of Mrs Humphrey, the daughter of Mr Corbitt, who officiates as Lady Mayoress. The usual forms and ceremonies, and trusts. I was summoned to answer for the Trustees. My object was to bring forward a hint of the value of friendly relations between Europe and America, as illustrated in the life and disposition of Mr Peabody. It was perhaps too elaborate, but I cannot trust newspapers here with anything hazarded at the moment. Lord Stanley and Sir Emerson Tennent both responded to toasts. There were songs, and then we left the table and went home. I trust that this is the last dinner speech for some time. I could more cheerfully agree to do many harder things.
Thursday 10th
10 July 1862

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Saturday 12th
12 July 1862

Friday 11th London CFA AM

The Commissioners of the International Exhibition having found that the interest in it falls below expectation, and the prospect of indemnity of the outlay is growing more dubious have devised a new ceremony on the occasion of making the awards, which was fixed to take place today. To make it were imposing they enlisted the government in a project of inviting special representatives from the several powers to act as distributors, and the whole paraphernalia of chess and show was just in use just as at the time of the opening. The American exhibitors desired in the absence of directions from home that I should act for them, so that I was obliged to don my harness and with my Secretaries and all the family to start at about noon for the Exhibition. We entered at the Conservatory of the Horticultural gardens, where the Ministers, the International representatives and the corps Diplomatique, which too proved to be very nearly the same thing, met the Commissioners and from thence we executed a procession to a Daïs erected on the centre of the grounds. Here the several classes of Jurymen came in succession and delivered to the Duke of Cambridge a bound volume containing the awards of Medals. We then all marveled off to the building and at certain points assigned to each nations, the International representative stopped and handed the book to the regent there stationed to receive it. It was a mere form, and my part was less troublesome than I expected. We then marched back to the Daïs, when the bands played God save the Queen, and there was an end. The weather was tolerable favorable, and the spectacle of the large crowd of gaily dressed females seated around the fountain, as seen from the Dais, was quite pretty. But I cannot help feeling it was a heavy apparatus to accomplish nothing. The book had done the work already. After some difficulty and delay we found Mrs Adams and returned home. The remainder of the day and evening passed at home. Francis Brooks left us on his way to the steamer which sails tomorrow. With this ceremony terminates the most trouble week of the season to me. Of all parts of my public duties much the worst suited to my taste is the pomp and circumstance of this high place.150

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I expected a day of leisure to make up the arrears of the week. But I had barely time to finish a letter to my son John before the mail left for Queenstown. A succession of visits kept me employed all day. Nearly all of them were Americans bringing letters, and wanting every thing to be done for them. The most interesting was M Charles Rogier, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the King of Belgium, who came to ask me concerning the disposition of my government towards a settlement of the Scheldt dues. I could only answer him as I had already done M Van de Weyer some time since, that we should agree to do our part, should England conclude to lead the way. The last persons were Mr and Mrs Bartlett, and by that time it was five o'clock. So my holiday was gone. I then took a solitary walk. It is impossible to live in the midst of an adverse community without being somewhat affected by the sense of it. They construe this last news as implying a complete defeat before Richmond and a retreat of the army. Yet there is no evidence before us to show we are a food further back on the main point of attack. This displays the curious of the people most conclusively—And even the best of our friends yield to it. I somewhat expected new today. But it is repented that the coming steamer is partially disabled. We dined by invitation at Lord Taunton’s. The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Story, and eight or ten others mostly young, whom I did not know. Afterwards to a reception at Count Flahault’s, where were about a hundred persons, principally of the Corps Diplomatique and the Minsters. Lord Palmerston was there and as yesterday avoided recognizing me. Lord Lyons, Sir George Grey, Mr Villiers and others, but no conversation. There never is so far as I can find out, in society. Home by midnight.
A pleasant day. Attended Divine service at the Portland Street Chapel. The falling off in the attendance indicates the departure of Mr Martineau on his summer vacation. The services were performed by Mr Hutton the same person whom I found officiating in August when I first came to attend here. On my return home I had a succession of visits. Mr Peabody came to bring the book which he has prepared as a memorial of his benefaction. He seems much delighted with the issue of last week, and thank me very formally for my speech at the Mansion House. One difficulty attending these efforts is that they draw upon me more invitation. Mr Parkes came in also to have some talk over the news which as usual he insensibly makes annoying. Mr McCullagh came to discuss present prospects, and the policy of the government here. I asked him respecting the bitter attack on Lord Palmerston in the News. He attributed it to Mr Goldwin Smith, and though it indiscreet. He also considered the debate in the House in which Mr Cobden had a passage with Lord Palmerston as not judicious, for the day had gone by when his hostility could avail. Lord Palmerston now balanced himself by the support of the Tories, who would not really move against him let the wishes of the leaders be what they might. The danger now was that he could snatch at some popular expedient to confirm his strength. Mr McCullagh was in hopes that the rumored alliance between Russia and France might tend to give his mind a new direction. But there was no counting upon him. At any moment he might bring on a difficult by some private, unauthorized act of his own, which would plunge his colleagues and the country into a war without the possibility of resisting it. I made no reply, but my mind could not help contemplating his sudden onslaught the other day upon me, as an illustration of the remark. I discovered upon the drift of the bad feeling between the countries, and how desirable it would be to check it. But I despaired of my ability to persuade the Ministry here to give a single book upon which to hang an instrument of counteraction. Mr H T Parker followed him and his object was only to get news of which I had none to give. The Steamer due is said to be likely to be late, having lost part of her motion strength whilst on the way out. I took a walk with Mary. Evening, Mr Morse came to see me, and I discussed with him the proper course to take with the vessel fitting out at Liverpool.

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152 Monday 14th. London CFA AM

Variable day. The news of this morning confirms the unfavorable vision of last week in a degree. McLellan has certainly met with bad fortune, although he is not totally defeated. The prospect is then that we shall have another year of the way, and very possibly foreign countries will come in take a hand. My position is of course rendered more and more critical. I can only fervently pray for strength to enable my back to bear the burden and that by no hasty or foolish act of mine the severe trials of my country may be increased. Wrote several letters, and spent a large part of my day in driving around the remote parts of the city returning visits. We had to dinner Mr Thayer, Consul at Alexandria, Mr Pakenham, Miss Joy, and Mr Appleton. After which Mrs Adams had her usual reception. About an average attendance, mostly of Americans. After they left, we received the mail, and I was up some time trying to gather the details of the newspapers.
152 Tuesday 15th London CFA AM

Later news received as late as eight days ago only tend to confirm the very unfavorable symptoms of yesterday. General McLellan was badly defeated on the 27th but he seems to have rallied on the 2d. The question now is whether he can sustain himself in his new position. On this point it is impossible to form an opinion clearly We must await the knowledge of the condition of the rebels. They boast of a great triumph and possible with justice. It hurts our prospect of terminating the war so soon, but I scarcely see except as it may revive the hope of foreign aid, how it is likely to relieve them. The evident satisfaction taken in the intelligence here is one of our delectations. It almost equals the days of Bull run. I tried to divert my thoughts by application to my accounts which I have at last succeeded in bring into shape. I afterwards took a walk and called to see Mr Muse in relation to one of the Despatches I received today from the government. I met him on his way to his house and he gave me the information I wanted. The disclosure is suggestive. Europe is moved to its centre by this struggle in America. A letter comes from Charles today dated at John’s Island the 18th of June, two days after the action. It seems that he was in it as attached to the staff of General Williams. He gives a lively sketch of the Conflict which ended so unfortunately for us. I am relieved by this intelligence, though it will only be the prelude to more anxiety. I cannot reconcile myself to the idea of his throwing away his life in such a strife. It is wicked, wanton, horrible. It seems to me that General Hunter’s idea is the right one, that the fighting should be done by the slaves who are the most interested in it. We dined today with Lord and Lady Wensleydale. The company but little known to me. Lord and Lady Lynden and Lord and Lady Auland, Sir David Dundas were all of whom I caught the names. To me being favorably situated its occasion was pleasanter than common. Not long afterwards we left before the evening company came in.

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153 Wednesday 16th London CFA AM
I had today visits from several persons who came to make enquiries of the effect of the news. Previously to this however I walked all the way to the Palace Hotel to attend a meeting of the Peabody Trustees, and discovered where I got there that I had read my notice for a week too early. It made no difference however as I omitted my customary exercise before dinner. Busy with my accounts. Made up my trial balance for fourteen months, and went through my books so as to clear up all the heads. I have now got them into a much simpler and more satisfactory shape. The events of the past year have warned me of the necessity of taking precautions against my liabilities, and I have succeed so far that on my own books not a debt remains. Outside of them and in my trust I still have some, but they have been reduced and simplified, and assets placed against them sufficient to offset any particular risk. All these measures seem necessary to guard against the fluctuations incident to an inconvertible currency. After dinner I walked with Mary to Thomas’s Hotel to see Mr and Mrs Sidney Brooks and the Misses Dehon.154
The weather continues showery. I was busy in preparing the despatches of the week which are numerous and important. The reverses at Richmond have such an important effect in precipitating opinion that I must prepare myself for the contingency of a sudden termination of my mission, in certain contingencies. It seems as if I was to be constantly without a sense of security during my stay. This has gone so far that I think I should be glad to be relieved of the mission. Nothing but a sense of duty to the public reconciles me to the trial a moment longer. Mr Morse called to see me with an opinion of Mr Collins very decided in the case of the vessel building at Liverpool. I sent it to Mr Dudley forthwith, together with instructions how to proceed. Mr Morse likewise showed me more papers obtained from the Austrian Embassy which expose the nature of the moments making up the two powers to get up a congress for the disposal of our affairs. It is tolerably certain that Lord Palmerston must be the main instigator of the policy which looks to the final disruption of our country as the true interest of Europe. It seems to me that this makes emancipation on our part a positive necessity. I write so home.

After dinner we all went to the Opera at Count garden, to see Meyerbeer’s piece of Robert the Devil. Many years ago I saw this in an English dress performed in Boston by Mr and Mrs Wood, and I was curious to witness a repetition of it with all the advantages of a full apparatus. I twas well done, but without producing half the effect on me that it did before. The singing seemed cold and mechanical—and even Frances did not move me as he used to in America. The females were barely respectable. And the famous scene looked too much like the Melodrama of Sadler’s Wills. The music I think the best of Meyerbeer. Wild, joyous and yet stimulating. The melodies are thin but spirited. After the play, I went with Henry to the Exhibition. A prodigious assemblage of citizens and strangers without much order, but with a great profusion of refreshment tables in every direction. We did not get home until two.
18 July 1862

155 Friday 18th London CFA AM

Very much occupied until six o’clock at night in writing private letters to go home in the bag today. At about three o’clock Mr Forster called to tell me of a telegram just received and printed in the Times, which alleged that news received from Fortress Monroe dated the 2d announced that General McLellan with all his army were negotiation for a capitulation. This was communicated from Baltimore to persons in the Steamer Glasgow two hours before the departure of the Glasgow on the 5th. Very fortunately I had just received the Tribune of the 5th containing a printed letter from Fortress Monroe of the 3d, together with the account given from both sides of the battle of the 30th in which we had the best of it. More than all, in had a telegram from Cape Race to the 7th which said nothing of it, but described McLellan as receiving reinforcements. Soon afterwards I found that the news had spread like wildfire, and many eagerly caught at it as true. Mr Forster carried off the papers to the House of Commons where the motion of Mr Lindsay was about to come up for discussion. In truth I imagine that the thing was put in circulation to affect the division in that motion of Lindsay. It was very fortunate that the telegram from Cape Race, probably not known to those who had connected the scheme frustrated most of it’s effects. I felt somewhat apprehensive however of the consequences in Parliament, and sent Mr Moran there to report the proceedings. In the evening, Mrs Adams and I went to pass an hour with Sidney Brooks and the ladies. He had already discovered the absurdity of the Despatch.

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19 July 1862

155 Saturday 19th London CFA AM
A telegram this morning by the Arabia from Boston on the 9th put an end to all further doubt of the folly of the scheme of yesterday. So far as they go the accounts are favorable, though they do not leave matters around Richmond entirely easy. The extent to which the rebel force was crippled in the severe week’s fighting is yet entirely unknown. Much must depend on that. Having always been a great sceptic in regard to the estimates of the numbers alleged to be engaged on that side, I infer from the statements of the Richmond papers, that the place must now be filled with 156 the wounded, and still more the sick. As the women are said said to have been removed, it must follow that large draughts must be made on the active force in order to care for them. Hence the ability to act aggressively in the field must be to a degree at least for a time shortened. Every day’s delay is precious to McClellan who has his new dispositions to make and reinforcements to receive. If he can pass a month safely the campaign may be continued, though the malaria will then be growing to its height. On the whole I incline to believe that he would do better to transport himself to Fortress Monroe, and trust to the gunboats for aggressive warfare whilst we finish up whatever may be left to do in the crest.

The debate in Parliament last night ended in nothing but the manifestation of sentiment among the Tories. Mr Whiteside probably made the speech of the evening for that party. The question is manifestly handled more in reference to home than to external interests. Lord Palmerston’s speech was cautious and wise, but enough could be gathered from it to show that mischief to us in some shape will only be averted by the favor of Divine providence on our own efforts.

The anxiety attending my responsibility is only postponed. I wrote a full despatch to Mr Seward, and sent it by the mail. Then with Mrs Adams to make visits. We had to dinner a party consisting of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyons, Sir Roundell and Lady Palmer, Sir William Martins, Lady and daughter, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, Mr Bates, Mr Tricoupi, and Sidney Brooks and his Wife. It went off tolerably well, and as the last of the season I rejoiced in it. I have now returned almost every civility that has been paid to me in this way. This is most particularly satisfactory as there is no knowing whether the power to do it will much longer continue.
I received my Despatches this morning. They are as usual encouraging so far as Mr Seward can make them so. On the whole, without underrating the enormous loss and sacrifice we have experienced. I think the result shows that the fortune of the war is not materially changed. It may change its character materially, as the slave element becomes more and more inextricably entangled with it. In this view the action of Europe is more and more interesting. Our movement should be so far accelerated by reverses as to render a reestablishment of slavery under such auspices impracticable. No notice of the close of my correspondence with Lord Palmerston. I attended with Wife and Mary at the Chapel in Portland Street. Mr Hutton preached. The attendance small. Walk with Mary and visits to the zoological gardens. The day was warm but with a boisterous wind. Went by invitation to dine with the Duchess of Somerset, who made an entertainment for Mr Peabody. The company consisted of Mrs Adams and myself, Lady Georgiana Fane, Mr and Mrs Story, Lord Lyons, Mr Villiers, Mr Milner Gibson Mr Hale and Mr Hale. I forget Lord Glenelg. It was rather amusing and not a little curious. I insert the Carte as a specimen. The Duchess is an oddity. She gave a toast to Mr Peabody which was drunk with the honors. Rather a queer proceeding for Sunday. After she retired, Mr Peabody suggest a reciprocation at which a great noise was made for her edification in the next room, to the infinite amusement of us all. She is a good natured, good hearted but rather foolish woman. After dinner we remained until nearly twelve when in despair I broke up the party.
A very fine summer’s day. I went out in the morning for the purpose of making an excursion into the country to look at a place to stay at for the summer months, but on consultation with the house agents I concluded to put off doing so and look a little further. Much time absorbed in reading accounts of the affairs at Richmond in the New York newspapers. The do not much change the aspect of the earlier news. General McClellan’s army appears to have escaped utter disorganization, and to be now in a condition of comparative safety. But he has retreated twenty miles and he is rather on the defensive than aggressing. Of course the war must be prolonged. And the encouragement to farther resistance is proportionately great. The difficulties and trials which surround us are thickening, and we have only to pray that they will not be beyond our strength. In the evening Mrs Adams had her usual reception. About the average attendance, but composed of different people for the most part. In the midst of it I was called out to see Mr Dudley, the consul at Liverpool who had come to tell me of his progress in the case of the vessel fitting out against us at that post. He thinks the evidence decisive. It was after midnight when the company was cleared. It is the last but one of the season.
158 Tuesday 22d. London CFA AM
My morning was much absorbed by visits. Mr Dudley and his legal adviser at Liverpool came
to see me, to consult upon the course to be taken about the affair at that place. I advised them
to see Mr Collier and to take his advice. In the mean time I prepared a new representation to
Lord Russell. The evidence is strong and convulsive. We shall see what the effect is. I also
wrote some other notes. A telegram arrived as late as the 14th giving rumors of small disasters
either real or fictitious. The other news was more material, as intimating the suggestion of a
policy of emancipation by the President, and his determination to sustain General McClellan
which portends another change in the War Department. On the whole the account of the
response enjoyed by the army for twelve days indicates a great share of exhaustion on the
other side. The reinforcements have likewise come in. So that the problem is not essentially
changed. The question now more than ever centres on Richmond. We must await the issue
patiently as we can. I went out and stopped to see Mr Bedford’s photographic views taken
during the visit of the Prince of Wales to the East. They are very fine. Nothing but absolute
seeing can improve upon the reality of the representations. Mrs Adams and I dined with M de
Bille, the Danish Minister. Mr and Made Carvalho, the Minster of Chili, Mr and Mrs Story, Mr
Mrs and Miss Washington Jackson and his Secretary Capt Falbe made the party. It was
tolerably pleasant. The Billes have been uniformly friendly to us since we have been here.159
Rain all the morning. My time absorbed by visitors. Mr Dudley and Mr Squarey called again to tell me that our labors had proved in vain with the Commissioners of the Customs. But Mr Collier has given a still stronger opinion and I have addressed another representation to Lord Russell, so that the refusal to act may be made as marked as possible. There is not much disguise now in the temper of the British authorities. Mr Turner Sargent, Mr R D Tucker and Mr Cushing called. Just from America, and full of the state of things here which is bad enough for us. Towards evening I went to the Victoria Station and from thence to the Crystal palace to attend a dinner of the Star club, to which I was admitted a member on my first arrival, but thus far I have never attended. There was an assemblage of about fifty persons, a majority of them females. No acquaintance except Mr and Mrs McCullagh. Mr D'Oliveira the President placed me between himself and his Wife. He seems a wealthy merchant fond of position and the good things of this life. The place is pretty for such an entertainment, being light, spacious and airy. Some toasts were given, and I said some words in answer to one of them. At nine I returned and got home before ten, where I found the Misses Dehon who had dined with Mrs Adams.

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159 Thursday 24th London CFA AM
Very busy in making up the drafts of Despatches for the week. The labor of the Office does not appear to decline, nor the anxiety. At four o’clock I went with Mrs Adams in the carriage, and paid return visits to M Carvalho, the Minister of Chili, and to the Comte de Paris. The Orleans princes have returned from America to a society which will not magnify them the more for having gone to uphold our cause I had a visit from Mr Cassius M Clay and his Secretary Mr Ridolphi. They afterwards dined with us. Mr Clay is returning home very reluctantly from the Russian mission out of which his own restlessness has ejected him. He now declines his new creation of General and wishes to get back again. He assures me that the Russians are strenuously our friends. After dinner Mr Bigelur the Consul at Paris came in and spent an hour. He thinks well of French intentions.

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My morning was fully employed in the labor of writing my private letters, but by steady industry I got through by four o’clock, and then went out to pay visits. Called on Mr Turner Sargent, and found him just sallying out of his lodgings. I then left a card on the Duke de Chartres who came to see my yesterday. I also called on a French gentleman Dr Gueneau de Mussy, a return visit. The day was warm and summerlike. At dinner I got news from America, the only recommendation of which is that it is not bad. Nothing worse than a paralysis of movement. How long to last is difficult to say. My spirits on the whole rather dull. The growth of the hostility here has again been so vapid since the last reverse, that I am beginning to look again to an early termination of my mission. The uncertainty thus produced is much more annoying than the reality would be. For I cannot look forward more to any thing pleasant, while the present temper prevails in England. I am glad the season is so far over as to save me from exposure to it. Quiet evening at home.
Saturday 26th
London CFA AM

I determined to take advantage of this my leisure day, by paying a visit to the Bridgewater gallery of pictures now belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. It is open to the public two days in the week, and I obtained a card to admit all the family. They all went but Henry who was proposing to gout of turn to look after a house. I spent nearly four hours in examining the collection. The pictures that pleased me the most were three of Raphael, one of Titian, one of Guido, one of Rembrandt, one of Cuyp, one of Claude, one of Gerard Dow, and one of Mierés. The reasons for this preference I cannot give here at large. Perhaps on a review of the collection I should make some difference. As the opportunity is given for more close study some pictures rise and others fall in estimation. I knew nothing in my residence here which has been so unalloyed enjoyment as the opportunity to examine these fine works of art. Walked home. They day very warm, and I walked home. Towards evening the bag arrived and I was absorbed in the news. Mr Seward is brave as usual, but the intelligence is not promising. Mrs Adams and I to a small party at Mrs Rohan’s.

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161 Sunday 27th London CFA AM
Fine day. Wandered with Brooks in quest of a new church. Tried Bloomsbury Chapel but found it so crowded that we went into the adjoining one called Bedford Chapel where nobody was. The service all performed by one person, and the sermon much as usual. Nothing can much exceed the variety of these productions. Afternoon, I took a walk and called on Lord Lyndhurst and Mr Munchton Milnes. The former was out taking the air. The latter out of town. Mr Therdoe Chase dined here. In the evening, we all went to Thomas’s Hotel, where Sidney Brooks had some friends.
The weather is now charming. I had a visit from Sidney Brooks and a Scotch gentleman who called as a matter of civility. At one I went accompanied by my son Brooks to the Station of the North Western railroad, where I took the train to Watford. Here we stopped and walked about three miles and half to Abbots Langley, where is a place called Cecil Lodge which I wished to look at for the purpose of occupation for a part of the season. The country is very pretty about here and strictly rural. The place is highly desirable, and had I but one I scarcely should hesitate about taking it. As it is I am only deterred by consideration of price. After looking it throughly over we returned by way of the Station at King’s Langley, about a mile and a half. The place was formerly the Marquis of Salisbury’s, and hence its name. It now belongs to the Misses Muse, who have been unfortunate in loss of property, and hence cannot afford to keep up the house. We were delayed one hour at the Station waiting for the train so that we got home after the dinner hour. Mr and Mrs Turner Sargent and Sidney and Mr Brooks dined with us, after which we had the last of the evening receptions. The attendance was good though not as large as at the previous ones. Perhaps forty persons. I am glad that they are over. They have on the whole been for more successful and popular than I had anticipated. The season is now closing quite rapidly, and vastly to my relief. I begin to the feel the necessity of a little change, and of some respite from the pressure of this anxious town life.
Another fine day. Rather quiet, with the exception of visits of which I had many, the principal of whom from the United States. Almost all of them bring letters. I then went out on some commissions, and to see the house Agent about the house at Abbot’s Langley. I made him an offer, which he promised to refer to his principal. My own learning is rather to spend the next month in travelling, and to go out of town later. Quiet dinner at home. Mrs Adams and I went to see Mr and Mrs Sidney Brooks, but found them out.

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The weather is now summerlike, and it will bring up the crops. I was engaged in writing my letters for the close of the week, beginning contrary to my custom with one to my son John. I also attended the adjourned meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody fund held at Sir Emerson Tennent’s room at the Board of Trade. The main business consisted in receiving the report of the committee which had been charged with the investment of one hundred thousand pounds of the funds. The work had been done promptly and successfully. Some discussion about the last as affecting the trust funds which ended in the opening of a confirming opinion of Mr Earle. The appointment of a Secretary was considered and postponed. And we adjourned not to meet unless by special call until November. Sidney Brooks and the ladies drew luncheon with us. Mrs Adams and I dined with Dr and Mrs Brown Séquard. Nobody else. He is a physician of growing reputation, and a very scientific man. He married Miss Fletcher who with her sister made up the company. After dinner there were about thirty person came in, and we had music.
162 Thursday 31st London CFA AM

The Official business this week was so heavy that it kept me closely engaged all the morning. I stole an hour to go with Mrs Adams to Thomas’s Hotel and take a parting luncheon with her brother Sidney and the ladies, who started an hour after for Liverpool on their way to the United States. At four o’clock I went to the Foreign Office to see Lord Russell on several matters of business prior to the dispersion next week.163 The most material was the protest against the constant violation of neutrality at Nassau, and the fitting out of the gunboats at Liverpool. As to the last one called No 290, Lord Russell explained the delay in acting upon my representation by saying that Sir John Harding had been suddenly seized with symptoms of the brain in consequence of which other advice was taken. The result was that an opinion was given in favor of the detention of the Vessel, but the order came too late as the steamer had gone. Thus it is that whatever we do, failure is invariable. I expressed nevertheless some satisfaction even with what had been done, and hoped that the account received from Nassau of the treatment of the Oreto was true. His Lordship denied a knowledge of it. He then mentioned a correspondence with people at Liverpool who had complained of our blockading the port of Nassau, in which he had told them in substance that they must take the risk of their adventures. He had expected it would be published, but it had not. I said I should be glad to report the fact home. I wanted very much some evidence of a desire to discountenance these outrages proceedings. I then ran over the other matters, which were of no particular interest. On leaving he told me he should be gone next week for the season. From this is would seem as if we had nothing to apprehend in this quarter until the next Session. Home with Mrs Adams. Mr Chase dined with us and took his leave on his way to America. Evening at home. A visit from Mr Lampson.

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163 Friday. August 1st. London CFA AM
I worked assiduously drawing up a report of my conference of yesterday, and other Despatches and letters. The labour of this Office does not diminish. As a matter of curiosity I compared today my Despatches during the fourteen months I have been here with those of my predecessor Mr Dallas for the corresponding period. They are in the proportion of four to one. The miscellaneous correspondence is much after the same fashion. At five o’clock I had finished so as to go out and pay one or two visits. The day was quite warm for this meridian.164 I went to dine with the Worshipful company of Fishmongers, by invitation. A company of about two hundred persons, of whom I knew perhaps eight or ten. Mr Gladstone, Mr Hatt, Sir M P Wood, Sir G Sartorius, Sir Rowland Hill and Mr H. A. Hawkey. A handsome hall and a choice banquet. Mr Weston Wood presided in the place of Mr Underwood. Lord Palmerston was expected, but could not come, because Mr Cobden had announced an attack in the House. The usual toasts, songs and speeches. Mr Gladstone made the only effective one. Mr Wood in calling upon me very kindly could not help condoling about American affairs. I had prepared no reply—but I seized the occasion to intimate that we studied the history of the city of London, and remembered the fact that not a very great while ago they were involved in much such a struggle as our present one in defence of the same general principles. What I said was well received, and the disposition shown was all that I could desire. Soon afterwards we retired and I got home thankful for having reached the last dinner of the season.
As I think of leaving town next week, I decided to pay one more visit to the Exhibition in order to see the portions of it which I had omitted when there before. So taking Brooks with me, I spent four hours in examining the American department, the Machinery generally, and the Cants of India, Russia, and Belgium. I looked also at the arms and the glass in the English department. But the result only convinced me of the folly of such an attempt. The proportions of such a display are too vast for any person but a confirmed idler, to whom the whole thing is of no real use. The single branch of machinery would task a student several months. I came away convinced I had learned nothing and despairing of all further efforts. I was moreover pretty well fatigued by incessant motion for so long and by my walk home. Towards evening I sat with my daughter who has been unwell for a day or two back. Mr and Mrs Lodge paid us a visit after dinner.

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Sunday 3d. London CFA AM

Fine day. I attended Divine service with my son Brooks at Marylebrue church in my neighborhood. It is one of the largest in London and the attendance was full. The preacher was earnest and impressive. His topic Jesus the corner stone of the church. No novel or original views, but more than common liberality in tone. Much as there is of bigotry left in the Anglican Church I think I perceive the traces of a broader and more catholic spirit coming in. At two o’clock I went to the Paddington Station and took the train to West Drayton from whence I walked to Hillingdon to see a house which is to be let there. The country is flat, and more ugly than I have seen it elsewhere until we came to Hillingdon which is a pretty country town. The house on the whole inviting though not so much so as Abbot’s Langley. I had but little time to examine it, as I spent a part in going astray towards Uxbridge. I got home to dinner. Mr Lodge dined and spent the evening with us.
165 Monday 4th London CFA AM

The Steamer brings rather better accounts. The flurry consequent upon the events at Richmond is going over. The guerillas are out of breath, and as a result the rebellion seems to have made no advance from the success achieved there. The only gain is delay and a heavy prolongation of bloodshed. I had arranged for an excursion of the family for a few weeks dating from tomorrow. But Mary has been acting for some days, and today we thought it better to see Sir Henry Holland who recommended postponement. My time unaccountably wasted. I called upon the Count de Paris, but did not see him. Also on Mr McKillop who had left town yesterday. My spirits rather depressed, I scarcely could tell why. After dinner I went to the opera at the Haymarket to witness the performance of Mozart’s Nozze de Figaro. I have long wished to hear a full execution of this music. The Orchestra was all I could desire— And the weal part was good. Bu though more complete in the parts, it wanted the enjenement in the acting which fascinated me so with the piece when I saw it but partially done some years since in Boston.166

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The season is now over and the great world is going out of London. My time is therefore very much at my own disposal, I was able to devote some of it to the reading Mr Motley’s book which has been so long before me. Mary was better today, and the Dr gives us hopes that she may be out by Saturday. I took a walk and spent a quiet evening at home. When have I had so short a record to make?
166 Wednesday 6th London CFA AM
Mary was better and we may start this week, but it is so late now that I think we shall put off going until Saturday. I had some letters to write and casual business to despatch. Rather a long walk. After dinner, to the Princess’s Theatre with Brooks to witness the performance of Shakespeare’s Henry the Eighth. I do not feel sure that I have ever seen this before. Certainly now undertaken on the original scale. It interested me much, especially Mrs Kean as Katherine of Aragon. The fifth act was omitted. A very pretty effect was produced in the impersonation of her dream, though it was not according to the original. The play is certainly not among the author’s best, but it has great touches of nature in at least three of the characters. Dr Johnson confines the distinction to one and forgets Wolsey. I am glad I saw it.

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166 Thursday 7th London CFA AM
Very busy writing Despatches and letters for the mail tomorrow. I had less than usual to do, and yet the work was considerable. Mary is pronounced convalescent, so that we may go at any moment. I think we may put it off till Saturday. This day Parliament was prorogued, and the Queen’s speech delivered. It is very explicit in regard to nonintervention, so that unless there be some great disaster in the course of the season, I may have an opportunity for a little relaxation. My habits are now falling into the quiet of the vacation. I took a long walk and in the evening read some of Mr Motley’s book.167
167 Friday 8th London CFA AM
An arrival of newspapers from America commonly tries equally my eyes and my temper for two
hours, but this morning I was obliged to abridge the time for the purpose of finishing the
Despatches and letters of the week. I did succeed in getting through with them in season to
divine to the Barings for the purpose of supplying myself with friends for the journey which is
fixed for tomorrow. We had visits from Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley and from Mrs Lampson who
are also on their departure respectively. Quiet evening at home making preparations for my
contemplated absence.
The day was fine, and we all, that is Mrs Adams, Henry, Mary, Brooks and I started early for our proposed excursion. It is just one year since we did the same, though the direction then was to the East and not to the west. We left the Paddington Station soon after nine, and traveled steadily until we reached Great Malvern at about half past two o'clock. So far as Oxford we had seen the country before, but from that place to Worcester it was new to us. It loses the monotonous flatness and partakes of more diversity of surface and character. But for the most prominent object that attracted an attention was the range of the Malvern hills which seem to stand out as an exceptional feature of the landscape. The houses seem clinging to the side as if for shelter and protection. We established ourselves comfortably at the Abby Hotel, which derives its name from the fact that it stands on the site of the ancient Abby. It now adjoins the Priory, and the old gateway yet remains across the Street to guard its entrance. The view fromm an windows looking eastward is extensive and my very pretty. In the afternoon I went out with the boys, and we ascended to the top of the highest peak of what is called the Worcestershire Beacon. It is not very high, and yet I found the ascent trying. The surface look from the top flatter than it really is and monotonously green. It seems to be much frequented by visitors. Quiet evening.
168 Sunday 10th Malvern CFA AM
Mrs Adams and I attended Divine service at the priory, with Brooks. The attendance was very full as there are many persons visiting here. The church is quite an old one, but it is undergoing the process of restoration so general with religious edifices in all Europe. The preacher was more animated and earnest than common, and spoke without a manuscript. After this I walked with the boys to Camp hill, a distance of four miles and a half along a very pretty rural road. Here Mrs Adams and Mary overtook us in a carriage, and we all ascended to the top. The tradition is that here was once a Roman camp. The fact is clear than an intrenchment was made at some time or other, to protect a considerable force. The lives are clearly visible around the entire crown of the hill. Further than that I cannot say. The position is a good one to command the gorge, where there is no artillery. But now it would not be tenable a moment. The view from the top is pretty. I walked home along on the west side of the Mountain until I crossed through an opening made across the hills, here called the Wyck. The west side looks towards Herefordshire and the Mountain of Wales. The view is pretty and the whole walk of nine miles was very pleasant. In the evening I read a chapter or two from Lord Stanhope's third volume of the life of Pitt.
Monday 11th Malvern CFA AM

I tried yesterday evening to get a plunge bath in what is called the Hay Well, but was told that it was not to be had on Sunday. Today I met with better success. But the water was so cold I contented myself with a couple of plunges. The water appears to me much to resemble that at the New Lebanon Springs which I much fancied in my youth. After breakfast I strolled along the brow of the hill and was much amused by the spectacle exhibited. It is the day of the week when excursions are made to the hill from the country round. People seemed to be flocking up whilst all the donkeys and poneys were put in array at the fort to tempt the wary or the indolent to an easier ascent. We were ourselves bent on a strip in a different direction. This was towards the town of Worcester about eight miles off. Mrs Adams, Mary and I soon made the distance in a carriage over a very fine road whilst the boys went by rail and met us there. The town is mainly memorable as the scene of Cromwell’s crowning mercy as he called it, which finished the civil war. It has likewise a cathedral which we were desirous to see. It has an older and more dilapidated appearance that most of those I have seen, at least in these parts which are not in process of renovation. The tower is much the handsomest feature of the exterior. Inside, at least one half and that the most important, the choir is given up to the workmen. The most pleasing portion to me was the Chapel and the Cloisters, which are quite complete. King John is buried here and likewise Arthur, the elder brother of Henry the eighth. Having viewed the whole, the next thing was to visit the Porcelain works which have become celebrated for their china. Here we witness the whole process of manufacture from the grinding and the mixing of the materials to the last finishing touch of decoration. It is both ingenious and elegant. We afterwards examined the show rooms and purchased a set as specimens. Thence back to Malvern. I walked the greater part of the way along a charming country road which it was a pleasure to treat. I find the fatigue not great either though the distances I make are considerable. In the evening, read a little of the Life of Pitt.

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Monday 11th
11 August 1862

The weather is cloudy but fine I took another bath in the cold water before breakfast. The post brought us the letters from London, and I spent some time in writing answers. The children made a new ascent of the hill, and I contented myself with a pleasant walk along one of the many paths which run arrived its base. After this we drove to Cowhigh park and thence through Leigh Sinton home. It was by no170 means so pretty as the road yesterday to Worcester. On our return we paid a short visit to Mrs and Miss Washington Jackson who are in the same house with us and then made our arrangements for departure from this very cheerful and pleasant spot. Our course was by railway to Hereford twenty four miles where we arrived to a late dinner, at the Green Dragon, apparently a nice and comfortable Inn. The country is apparently rural and indicates quiet and thrift.

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Hereford is an old town remarkable only for the presence of a cathedral which immediately after breakfast we went over to see. Like many others it is in process of restoration. One end however is substantially new as the tower fell many years ago, carrying the door and several arches with it. The reconstruction was undertaken at a time when the subject was not so well understood as now, so that it proved to be no restoration. The Lady chapel and the cloisters as well as the remaining tower constitute the present beauty of the edifice. It is prettily situated in the midst of a quiet green and near the River Wye. Not far from it is a public walk called Castle Green which has fine trees around it, and from its proximity to the river had a quiet, attractive appearance. Having viewed all this, we took our departure from Hereford in a train to Ross, twelve miles, where we stopped to take luncheon at the Royal Hotel. The site is exceedingly picturesque, looking along the serious course of the Wye and having the whole interval under the feet. We spent an hour in viewing it in the fine sunshine, and in paying a visit to the quaint old church close by. This has been made favours by the caprice of Pope who took it into his head to lavish his Eulogy upon John Kyrle, for the beneficence exercised by him on a small way on his neighbor of this town. Fame is a strange thing. The man of Ross has been immortalized in a couplet or so for acts of which he little expected such a memorial, whilst many a man who has done a hundred times as much with the hope of similar reward has fallen into complete obscurity. I could have staid here longer but we deemed it wisest to push on about ten miles further tonight to reach Monmouth. This portion of the way we accomplished in an open carriage for the purpose of better seeing the country. This Valley of the Wye is famous for its beauty. The only drawback to its enjoyment was the use of some clouds of mist which now and then gave us a sprinkling. The country is very pretty. We stopped at Godrick Court, an edifice built by an executive gentleman by the name of Meyrick in 1828, in imitation of an ancient castle, and with the object of making it a Museum of antique armor. Here we were ushered into a hall in which were arranged equestrian figures dressed in armor of the respective ages from about the twelfth to the seventeenth century. Sir Samuel is dead and his place has passed into the hands of relations who very justly may consider the task of preserving his legacy a burden. It threatened so much wet that we contented ourselves with a distant view of Goodrich Castle, a ruin which Sir Samuel desired long to possess and died with the prize. The Wye like all sluggish streams courses along a track of twenty three miles to the same point we reached in ten. Had it been clear we should probably have ascended Simion’s Yat or hill to see the view which is said to be exquisite, but the rapid rise of the clouds warned us to be speedy, especially as it was growing dark. As it was we did not reach Monmouth until dusk and in a very brisk drizzle. Here we dined, not forgetting the salmon from the Wye, which Fluellen made the basis of well known parallel between Henry the 5th and Alexander the Great. I knew not that Monmouth has any other distinction in history.
than that of being the birth-place of the former. An awkward statue of him placed over the door of the town hall. Geoffry the chronicler, is perhaps one feeble exception.172

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14 August 1862

I could not find a bath in this town, though it is ancient enough to have been a walled city, and though it lies on the edge of a couple of streams. After breakfast we took a carriage and drove to Raglan Castle, a distance of eight miles. This is a ruin, since 1646 when it met with its end from the hand of the republican general Fairfax. It is however yet quiet complete, and is by far the most picturesque thing I have yet met with. The ivy which clusters so rank over all the stone walls give an indescribable softness to the otherwise hard outline of the stone. It was one of the strongest fortifications in Great Britain, and was the last surrendered by the royalists. It belonged to the Marquis of Worcester who defended it at eighty five years of age. It is now only an interesting memorial of a former age and a wholly different state of society. It is more exquisite as a picture than it ever could have been as a reality. I felt richly compensated for the drive, which is not always the case in such expeditions. It is much finer than Kenilworth which we saw last year. Having accomplished this, we proceeded on our next stage to Chepstow. And now we selected a new mode of conveyance. A pleasure boat with two oarsmen carried our party down the Wye for twenty two miles. The day was very fine; warm and clear without being hot. And the scenery along both banks gave us abundance of interest in its variety. There is no grandeur like that of our norther river and lakes, but there is exquisite rural beauty. A few riches before reaching Chepstow, we stopped to look at Tintern Abby which lies close by the water side. This is reputed the most picturesque ruin in the kingdom. It is certainly very beautiful, though the effect of it from the river is much marred by the crowd of poor houses that has gathered in the way. We spent a pleasant hour within its walls and then hurried on to Chepstow, which we safely reached in time for a late dinner. On the whole, a most interesting day.
I was early out in search of a bath, led to it by a sign on a house which I noticed as we landed from the river. On enquiry I found that the sign had become obsolete more than twenty years ago. After breakfast we all went out to look at the ruins of a great castle which looks so imposing on a cliff directly over the river. It is a very extensive edifice, and seems to have been used later than most of them. For it is said to have been the prison of Henry Martin the regicide for twenty years. A part of the banqueting room has been converted into a dwelling for a keeper who shows the premises. The objection to this is that the place looks cleaned up for show rather than a relic of time and the strife of the elements. Its site is finer than Raglan, but in nothing else does it compare with it. Having accomplished this examination we were ready to depart. It had been my intentions to cross to Bristol in a Steamer. But finding that it left only with the evening tide, which would waste the day here I determined to take the railways round by Gloucester, which would thus give an opportunity to visit the Cathedral there. An interval of a couple hours before the departure of the next train was employed in this way. This edifice is imposing by its tower, and the elegance of its nave. The transepts are not so fine as elsewhere, but the cloisters are the most complete in the kingdom. There is some mixture of styles which detracts from the general effect but on the whole it is very striking. Robert of Normandy and Edward the second are buried here. We scarcely had time to see all before we were reminded of the railway train, which carried us in due course and with very great rapidity through Bristol to Bath. Here we were driven to the York Hotel where dinner had already been ordered for us, by the servants who had come in advance.
173 Saturday 16th Wells CFA AM

Bath makes much less figure now than it did during the reign of George 3d. It is no longer the fashion. The days of the Pump room and of the hot well have passed away—yet it is a handsomely built, clean and apparently substantial city where people with limited means come to repose and enjoy the advantages of pleasurable living which it affords. I went out before breakfast to look at the place and find a bath. Visited the pump room and the hot baths which are kept in fine order. But I was searching for something cooler and was at least referred to what were called the tepid plunging bath. It seemed to be a large inclosure of very greenish looking water which I concluded to attempt. My plunge took me into a temperature of ninety degrees, which I scarcely found tepid. I got out more quickly than at Malvern. Of the two extremes I must prefer the latter. After a rather late breakfast we all went out to look at the curiosities of the town. Of these the church was the first. It is not a Cathedral although the Bishop of the Diocese is named from Bath conjointly with Wells. The front is curious for its sculptured figures, and particularly the design of two ladders running to the top, with a representation of person in various grades of ascent. The interior is simple, and uniform, of the late or perpendicular style. There is full of moments of which the most curious are those of Sir William Waller and his Wife, of Quin with an epitaph of Ganrick, and of Mary Framptom with an inscription by Dryden. William Bingham, and a Senator in Congress from Pennsylvania, and the ancestor of the Barings, is also here. The church shows the disadvantage of accepting so many of these things. Many have been already moved once, and they probably will be again. We looked in at the Pump room and drank some of the warm water. We saw too the great hot spring, still regarded as beneficial to many disorders. The room is a neat quadrangle, occupied at this moment only by a few person who sat reading the newspapers at a table in one end. The motto by a few persons who sat reading the newspapers at a table in one end. The motto on the front is from Pindar. I doubt whether the poet thought of hot water. From here we took the carriage and rove to see the Ascents and parades and squares and parks of which we have heard in the novels and poets of the last age. Perhaps Smollett Humphrey Clinker gives the best picture of all. English life has been a little refined since that day, but substantially it remains the same. We then took a drive in the environs as far as Keynsham. They are pretty but in no sense remarkable. The place is in a hollow, the effect of which is to condense it as seen from the surround hills, and thus to give it architectural effect. I think I could be content to spend some time here if I were obliged to. We got home to an early dinner in order to take a train which goes in the evening to Wells. The route is slow and circuitous, but we got safely established in good season, at the Swan.
Sunday 17th Wells CFA AM

Wells is a Cathedral town of great antiquity. It is a little puzzling to conjecture what gave it growth originally, for I imagine it has long ceased to feel that impulse. The only attraction now is the Church, in which we attended Divine service in the morning. The Bishop was present and preached the Sermon. The chanting was fair but not the charity children in St Paul's church. And I have since met with him in society. I think it was at dinner at Sir Henry Holland's. He seems to me a very ordinary man. As a younger son he was put into the church, but by the death of his brothers he is now a peer as well as a bishop. After service we examined this fine ancient number of statues upon it, which are said to date prior to the revival of art in Italy. The interior is highly attractive. It has not the sombre character which commonly marks these edifices—And the vista from the chair through into the Lady Chapel is so far as I have seen unique. Another peculiarity is the invented arches at the transepts—and still another the somewhat grotesque sculpture under the capitals of the columns. The crypt and Chapter House and Cloisters all contribute to the completeness of the whole. There may have been as many as sixty or seventy person to worship in this temple today. Like all the rest of these buildings in England much pains have been taken of late to put it in complete repair. It is certainly well worth seeing. The Bishop's palace which stands like an old castle surrounded by a wide moat full of water is not visible when he is here. It marks a period long gone by. Indeed every thing about the place looks like a pretty petrification. Having seen all of this that was accessible, the next thing was to dine six miles to Glastonbury in order to look at the ruins of the Abbey there. As they are now included in a private domain, it was not without difficulty that we obtain permission to go in the this day of the week. Glastonbury was the earliest and became one of the richest of the Monastic Institutions of England when Henry the 8th put his hand upon it. Not much is now left of the Abbey, but that little gives us some idea of its quality. The most complete remnant is the walls of the chapel which stood in front of the Church. Its style is peculiar but quaint and elegant. Behind is enough of the larger edifice to supply a notion of its extant and character. This too has undergone a process of clearing up which detracts from the sentiment. The clouds threatened so that we hastened away home. But when we got back it was clear again, and I walked off with Henry and Brooks in quest of a cave called in the guide books Wookey Hole. After two miles of rather a pretty road we found the house where admission was to be obtained. But the inmates cannot at home, and it was growing so late that we were obliged to leave at once. Thus was finished our exploration of Wells.

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This day marks fifty five years complete. I scarcely like to reflect upon it in the midst of the anxieties and distress of the time at home. Thus far I have cause for profound gratitude for the care and protection extended over me and mine, but when observing the affliction of others I feel that I can only rejoice with trembling. The pleasure I find in this journey is mainly due to the fact that it diverts my mind from the habitual gloom which the state of America sheds on me in London. My term of life is growing shorter, it is true, but it may yet extend beyond that of the happiness of my country or my own. I pray for mercy and for patience. We started early today on our travels. The cruise today was to Bridgewater by rail, and thence to go in a carriage along to Dunster, and as much further as we might find practicable. So much had been said to me of the beauty of this part of Somersetshire that I was desirous to see it carefully. The road runs along by Carrington and Nether Stowey, to the north of the Quantock hills until it comes on the border of the Bristol channel. Much of it is highly rural and picturesque, whilst the approximating to sea-air gave us all a sensible stimulus like the return of an old acquaintance. We passed Milliton and get to Dunster, the end of our post to luncheon. The inn is a pleasant old specimen of English life such as I have seen in books often but now before in reality. I could have been reconciled to stop for a day, but on reflection, I deemed it best not to lose a limited period of time, which might be used to better advantage elsewhere. So I decided to post it twenty two miles more tonight to get to Lynton. We now had a small omnibus and four horses, the necessity of which I only comprehended after we got some way. We sat on the top to see the country. From Dunster to Porlock, about nine miles I think it was the perfection of English rural scenery. Narrow country roads or rather lanes perfectly embossed in foliage and running through diversities of verdure and of surface which were raising a constant succession of charming pictures to the eye. No manufactures here, and yet the appearance was of comfort and even wealth. Arrived at Porlock the scene shifted as quickly as in a pantomime. First comes a hill of three miles in ascent much of it steep. The men all walked up it to relieve the horses, the use of four of which I now comprehended. Having reached the top we saw a wide expanse of coast and sea on the one side into the mountains of Wales in the distance, and on the other an indefinite extent of mild and lonely moor. From here to Lynton was a gradual descent from the height of eleven hundred feet until we found ourselves nearly on the level of the water at the place of Lynmouth. As the Hotel was full we again scrambled up a hill in utter darkness until we succeeded in establishing ourselves at the Valley of Rocks Hotel at Lynton.

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19 August 1862

On stepping out of my room I found the sky so clear and the air so fine as to tempt me to a stroll before breakfast. I took a path which led me a distance along the cliff overhanging the water. A prettier scene I never desire to look upon. The new little cove that makes into Lynton, the bold shore on both sides, the clear blue of the sky and the water, the foliage around the houses nestled on this high point, and the opposite shore of Wales all contributed to give me a degree of exhilaration to which I have been a stranger heretofore in England. Returning with the family after breakfast light fleecy clouds had changed the aspect so as to dispel the emotion. Yet it was very pretty. We walked along for a mile and a half to a place called the Valley of Rocks. In fact only a number of projecting rocks exposed by the gradual action of the weather upon the cliffs. Still they are picturesque in their roughness and appearance of partial decomposition. The other object of curiosity we visited later in the day. After following a small steam for more than two miles, we came to a point at which another flows into it. These are called the East and West Lyns, and the place goes by the name of Waters meet. At certain times in the spring the roar and rush are stated to be quite startling, and doubtless it may be so. But as we saw it the Volume of water scarcely raised the spectacle into a point of interest. Still the walk along the bank was pretty, and after my return I enjoyed still more the lonely view from the windows of our parlor. Close by us, only separated by a narrow pathways, I observed a grave yard attached to a small church, in which about thirty of the residents were gathered around a Clergyman reading the service over a body about to be committed to the grave. I could hear the words, and could see the emotions of the mourners. Such is the kaleidoscope of humanity. It takes but a slight turn to move it from joy to grief, from hope to fear, from happiness to despair. And then I thought of America and the unnatural war which was precipitating so many of these scenes upon us daily, and a shadow came over me in singular contrast at evening to the emotion with which the morning began.179
179 Wednesday 20th Ilfracombe CFA AM
At an early hour in the morning I walked with a strong vertigo which for more than hour rendered almost every exertion impossible. I dressed myself with the greatest difficulty. But the feeling gradually subsided so far as to enable me to mount the top of the vehicle which I had engaged to take us on after breakfast to Ilfracombe twenty miles. And as I proceeded the air seemed to revive me. The drive is most of it continued over the plateau of high land which we entered upon at Porlock. it is wild and much of it solitary, but not particularly striking. My sons determined on taking another way on first, which is said to be far more attractive and not so long. Ilfracombe is itself very prettily situated on a prominent point of the coast. The town is rather in a hollow, and the Brittania Hotel to which we were taken is close to a small harbor, more than itself the time a mere dock. It has the advantage however of being very near the parade which forms the great attraction of the place. I visited this three times in the course of the day, and each time with pleasure. It is made for loungers who like the sound and smell salt wanter. A sort of Nahant with the rock cut into convenient walks, and a tide so subdued as to give no uneasiness to ladies. I got my letters from London here, which determined me to return tomorrow, at least for a day. My head although materially relived still seemed to be quiet uncertain, especially if I stooped to do anything. I took however a long walk completely through the turn which is ugly and crowded. All its attraction is concentrated in its coast like and water view.

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Early in the morning. I was prepared to for my start. Leaving my family here I took the coach which plies between this place and the nearest railway station which is at Barnstaple, twelve miles, I was inside with three other persons two women and an elderly gentleman, all strangers. The country through which we went was very pretty, and the town of Branston with the presence of an old-fashioned Stage coach seemed to bring back the days of 1820 or earlier. At Barnstaple I took the train to Exeter. Though slow and not very good to time, I do not know nay railway which runs through so pretty a country. A portion of it is the Valley of the Tour from which many very pretty seats of gentlemen are made visible. Devonshire sustains the expectations that have been raised by the account of it. I reached Exeter in season to give me an hour of interval which I hoped to pass in seeing the two and possibly the Cathedral. But the delays interposed by an omnibus driver effectually poured my leisure down to ten minutes. So I went to the Station of the South Western Railway, and started at half past three for London. The country through Honiton and Axminster seemed exceedingly pretty. At Salisbury it had become dark, and the rest of the way not to be seen. I will remark however that this train was exact to time, so that I arrived at half past nine in London and was at my house at ten. Here I found Mr Moran waiting for me and received from him all the news since my departure.
180 Friday 22d. London CFA AM
A multiplicity of Despatches of much importance kept my attention closely fixed all day. I wrote replies which with my letters to my children absorbed my whole time from ten until nearly 6 in the afternoon. Mr Wilson has returned on leave of absence to America, so that we have a very quiet time. The force of the Legation is not very materially impaired. I did not leave the house all day, think that perhaps it might be as well to remain quiet. My head was tolerably well but no yet in its usual condition. I slept exceedingly will. But I know not what to think of such an attack. At my age the warning are apt to being. I may as well be preparing for any event. No visitor today but Mr Bigelow Laurence who is at last on his way to Florence. My evening spent in making up the arrears of my Diary.
180 Saturday 23d. Exeter Torquay CFA AM

Having done up the week’s work I was ready to rejoin my family. The night had not been so good as the last, but I felt better and the day was fine. So I drove at nine o’clock to the Paddington Station, and took the train via Exeter to Torquay, where I had agreed to rejoin. The trip was very regular through Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Bridgewater, and Taunton to Exeter, much of the ground already gone over. But here I decided to stop for a short time, partly in the expectation of meeting here, and partly for the sake of visiting the Cathedral. Of my party I could get no trace at the New London Hotel, so I went at once to the church. But it was just three o’clock, the hour for Evening service. Having the time on my hands I decided at once to go in. This enabled me to see the choir at my ease, whilst I found the service in harmony with the condition of my mind. The attendance was not large, over and above the servitors of the church. It lasted about fifty minutes including an anthem tolerably sung. On looking at my watch however I found I had no time left to see the remainder of the edifice, which is really a fine one. The nave and choir very imposing. The Bishop’s throne is a peculiarity, but the screen and the organ seem not to be in harmony with it. The effect of this practice of inclosing the Choir seems to be to render to nave superfluous—a mere anteroom for loungers. And such it actually became until measures were resorted to prevent it. The modern tendency to remove the barriers and restore the old idea of a popular church. How much this has been caused by the renovated admiration for Gothic architecture I shall not consider. The effect may be good in a high as well as in a lesser sense. Not having further time to speculate I returned to the Hotel and from thence walked back to the Station. Then I started for Torquay. The way lies along the bank of the Exe to its mouth and thence on the seashore passing the pretty places of Dawlish and Newton and Teignmouth. At Torquay I found Henry awaiting me, and drove at once to the Queen’s Hotel where the party had arrived in the morning from Exeter where they had spent the night.

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I went out early in quest of a bath, and for the first time found an admirable establishment, and a delicious saltwater plunge. Torquay pleases me much in its external appearance. The houses now up the hills as they are pictured in Italian landscapes. The Hotel faces upon a wide opening which gives air and light and animation to the view. As this was the anniversary of the first operation of the Act of Uniformity182 I thought it likely to be noticed by the Distinction, so I enquired and found a Chapel where I could attend. It was in the Abbey road, a plain and new but very substantial edifice, fitted to accommodate perhaps three hundred persons. It was entirely filled by very respectable looking people. The service was Independent congregational like ours in New England. His sermon was long. The topic was the beauty of fidelity. He drew his illustrations from the history of the early martyrs, from the struggle of the reformation, and lastly from the conduct of these who preferred ejection from their livings to the alternative of accepting doctrines in which they could not believe. He alluded to the instances in this country of Devon, and drew from them an exhortation to his hearers to follow their example in the trials to which they might be exposed. There were but the same in kind. They grew out of prosperity rather than adversity--- But they were not less severe. He closed by picturing the nature of the reward. The sermon had no particular excellence, but it told well on the audience. I liked it because it was neither formal nor empty. It grappled with an idea and with facts. It is impossible to deny that there is force in the simple direct style of worship which contrasts strongly with the restraints of an established creed. I can feel impressed by both forms of worship, but that which exercises my mind leaves the most satisfaction. In the afternoon we all went out to dine. I had Brooks with me in a small which, which conveyed us by a private way to several points on the westerly coast. Anstis Cove, and Babbacombe and Watercombe. The way is all along the high Cliffs from which the indentations of the coast and these various openings to the sea appear highly picturesque. On our way home the coachman stopped us at the new cemetery which is pretty but without interest. I was led to notice the early age of most of those buried here. This would be an argument against the salubrity of the place, were it not for the fact that many desperate cases are sent here to terminate. The fame of the air leads people to crowd here after every other resource has failed them. We got home in season to enable me to walk towards sunset to the point of land which makes one end of the bay of Tor. The water view and that towards the town were equally charming. I think the attractions of this situation justify the repute in which it is held. I could be quite content to live here.
Another and a still better bath, as I found I could plunge directly into open water of the bay. The return to the ocean seemed like coming back to the days of my youth. Torquay if in nothing else has the palm for this accommodation. After breakfast I took a walk with Brooks around the head of the cove. Many pretty houses have been built there, but it is too low. I should choose the higher level. The air was soft and sultry. at eleven we took our departure with regret. Our intent was to get to Exeter in season for the train to Salisbury at half past three. But although the time tables gave an interval of fifteen minutes, the delays at the station brought us in five minutes too late. As a consequence we were thrown back nearly three hours. So we went up to the Hotel, and thence Mrs Adams and I paid another visit to the Cathedral, when I saw all the Chapels which I did not see on Saturday. I likewise noticed more particularly the exterior and especially the Tower and the front. The latter has some sculptured figures, but it is not so striking in that regard as Wells. We returned to a very nice dinner at the New London Inn and then back to the Station. Our train did well as far as Yeovil. But it was then attached to freight and took us longer to get to Salisbury from there than I was in going the whole way to London on Thursday last. When we reached Salisbury it was after eleven o'clock, and there was no sign of a conveyance to take us from the station to the term. We walked in the park to the White Hart Inn, where we found the people up, but the house so much crowded as with difficulty to accommodate even a portion of our party. The boys and my servant Henry Hands were obliged to get quarter at the Red Lion.
I was up by seven o’clock as it was agreed with the boys that we should drive over and see Stonehenge before breakfast. We had good horses and they carried us the nine miles rapidly enough. We took the road by the way of Amesbury and the course of the arm which is quite pretty until we came out upon the bleak open plain. So extensive is it that the first distant view of Stonehenge is quiet disappointing. It seems to occupy so little of the space. On getting out to examine it the magnitude of the storms becomes apparent. I am not going to describe it. The guide books do enough of that. The only idea they convey is the power which in a rude age could bring together such masses of stone from a distance, and set them up in a certain methodical fashion. It is useless to speculate as to who the people were that did it. The secret is gone just as it is in Egypt and in the East. The races that made the most durable monuments in the world left no record whatever to fix either the dates or the authors of the work. Stonehenge may be as old as the Pyramids for all we know. The peculiar tumuli which mark the plain were probably made by the same people. They have been opened and a few things found to mark the fact that they are grave. All the rest is buried with them. Some of the stones have fallen and others have carried off, but the enigma which they present will be solved only at the last day. The region is dreary enough. We returned to the Hotel by a strait and shorter road, and took breakfast, after which we went to see the cathedral. It was just service time, so we were obliged to confine our examination to the nave and transepts, the cloisters and chapter house. There is a peculiar harmony and lightness in the construction of this edifice which distinguishes it from all others quite as much as the substitution of a spire of the tower. Outside and inside it looks as if it had been planned by one head and executed by one hand. The transept is bold and elegant whilst the cloisters and chapter house as restored adorn the mass to which they are attached. The painted arch runs through every thing. The chapter house is in process of renovation as far as possible exactly as it originally way. The nimbus colouring and gilding as well as stained glass. Judging from this specimen I think the effect of the cathedrals would be greatly heightened by the same process. The only specimens I have seen, this and the Saint Chapelle at Paris are certainly beautiful. But we could not stay longer, the time of departure for Southampton was at hand. Salisbury is an old and quiet place which is not gaining much, but it is curious to the antiquary. Our course soon brought us to his house, giving us a luncheon accompanying us over to see Netley Abbey, and then back to the Steamer for the Isle of Wight. This was very kind and hospitable but it would have suited us better to command all our spare time. He gave me a budget of letters received from London for me, the produce of the last Steamer. And we spent an hour at his house reading the newspapers. Southampton is a very ugly and uninteresting town, but Netley Abbey about three miles from it on the opposite side of the river is regarded as one of the most interesting ruins left. It is very pretty, but the spirit of improvement has gone abroad and the place is cleaned up.
for the reception of picnic parties. It has become a sort of tea garden for the relaxation of the people of Southampton and strangers. This is getting to be the case with all ruins in England, and it will ultimately spoil them all. We were hurried too by having to waste so much of our interval at Captain Britton’s. He was so kind and so hospitable that I could not find it in my heart to resist. We returned in season for the little Steamer which crosses over to Cowes and Ryde in the Isle of Wight. We decided to go to the latter, and on our arrival found the long pier filled with people an on appearance of activity and gaiety very consensual in an English Watering place. The shows are so shelving that the ebb of the tide leaves bare ground for more than half a mile from the houses, so that this pier is made necessary for the landing of passengers. We found rooms engaged for us by the servants whom we had sent forward, at the Hotel directly fronting the head of the Pier.186

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862

I went out to get a bath. Found a slat water tepid affair in a narrow marble frame which I tried but did not like. The propriety recommended a machine, which is scarcely less inviting. Ryde is rather a pretty place, situated on a height lying along the water, but in beauty and convenience not comparable to Torquay. The very extended surface of flats left by the tide is a defect and there is no breach. The bottom is hard sad. Yet the place is much more fashionable as indeed is every nook and cranny in the island since the Queen selected it for a place of residence. This morning the scene was very animated from our windows which opened on the water, as it was the day fixed for a regatta. There was little wind so that sailing had no interest. But we witnessed a well contested race of four varied boats, before we departed on an excursion to the south of the island. This trip was not a part of my original plan on leaving London. But it was suggested by the fact that my son Brooks had been invited by Mrs Durant to pay her son who is a school mate a visit and we thought it convenient to bring him round with us as we returned to London. Hence this project of driving to Ventnor and leaving him at Shanklin with Mrs Durant, on our way. The distance is about twelve miles, the latter portion of it very pretty. We passed Mrs D. on her way to Ryde to meet Brooks, but too late to stop her so that we took him ton the Ventor and left him as we came back. At Ventnor the first person we met at the Hotel where Mr and Mrs Bartlett and Mrs Harrod. And Henry went out soon bringing back with him Mr Sohier and Mr Thorndike who are spending the season here. The effect of this was to consume in social forms all the interval designed for an examination of the place. It is quite peculiar, shut in a gap, which shelters it from the sea and high winds, and gives it a climate of the more southern latitudes. Hence the presence of many plants and bushes which cannot resist frost, and a vegetation of exotics. The effect is beautiful to look at, and it may be pleasant for temporary occupation but it carries and idea of cramp and unemployment to which I should find it hard to be reconciled. We got home to a rather late dinner, having now but four of the party.
187 Thursday, 28th. London CFA AM

I tried the bathing machine this morning, and was carried out nearly half a mile into about three feet water, where the hose was taken out and I was left to disport myself. I plunged it as well as I could and tried to swim far out into deeper water, but it scarcely shelved perceptibly. The labor of avoiding the ground was too great to be long persevered in. But on the whole this was better than yesterday. There were many of these machines moving in and out, some with men who mostly bathe naked, some with women who keep close within the canvass, and wear dresses. Presently a base was sent out to drag me back. The regatta was continued today, but we went off to see Newport and Carisbrook Castle. The drive is about eight or nine miles and is not so pretty as that yesterday. The own is a quiet, comparable looking old place without much to recommend it. The hotel which scarcely promised much in its exterior found very good inside and furnished an excellent dinner. But prior to that we went to Carisbrook Castle, the same place which I remember to have visited the last thing before we sailed, more than forty five years ago. The outside looked natural enough, but I was more puzzled with the interior. There were building which seemed to me news, adn the well head a changed covering. I did not remember the presence of a donkey to draw the water, though they told us that such a beast has been used there for three centuries. Here we met Mrs Durant, and her children with Brooks, who had come over from Shanklin to see us. The great interest attached to Carisbrook is that it was the place of confinement of Charles the first and settled his fate. How much of the later history of the English race has depended on that event! From here we went to see the remains of a Roman Villa which have been lately unearthed near this place. They consist mainly of the plans laid in mosaic pavement, which show the various rooms laid out according to custom, and a hypocaust and bath. It leaves no doubt of the Roman occupation of this island. We then returned to Ryde in season for the Steamer to Portsmouth. The pair was crowded and gay as we parted. The rest of our Journey from Portsmouth to London was in the dark, and soon after eleven o’clock, we were all safely lodged at home.

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
Once more established in my routine of Office here, but not cheerfully. To confess the truth I have felt so easy when removed from the newspaper press and the anxieties of telegrams, that my return seems like lifting my burden again. A great pile of papers had accumulated on the table again, and I set to work this morning to dispose of them. My time taken up in writing Despatches and notes as well as private letters. After the close of the bag I went out in the carriage with Mrs Adams and returned some visits which had been paid me during my absence. Evening quiet.
On account of the weight of this book I did not take it with me. As a consequence the arrears have become considerable, and I set to work today to bring them up. I also had visits from a curious person Captain Jayne from Providence, who wanted to see his Minster, from Judge Thompson and from Mr Bigelow Laurence. Towards evening I went down to the Foreign office to see Lord Russell by appointment. Detained for nearly an hour by the details of the execution of the Treaty just negotiated here with Belgium. Mr Rogier, the Minister of Foreign affairs of that country and M Van de Weyer were both here, and when at last I was admitted, Mr Milner Gibson was still with Lord Russell and remained during my visit. His Lordship said he wished to speak with me about the case of the Steamer Adela, about which some questions had been raised on the legality of her seizure. He said that Mr Seward had proposed terms of adjustment which were satisfactory and which could remove difficulty if applied in future cases— As all this had been done at Washington and without my knowledge I was at a loss for the causes of the communication until he came to mention that the federal commander had been reported as justifying the capture on a representation made by me that Lord Palmerston had said we might watch her if we could. Thompson he read from a note of his Lordship’s an alleged explanation of what he did say on the occasion supposed to be referred to. I was a little amused at the manner of making this communication which is plainly owing to my shutting off of direct communication, in the last note of my memorable correspondence. I expressed some surprise at the quotation of any words of mine by a naval officer with whom I had never held any communication. So far as Lord Palmerston was concerned I had never imputed to him such language. The conversation had grown out of the arrival of the James Adger last year in search of the Nashville. I had explained her true mission which was not to seize the men Slidell and Mason out of the Steamer, and then remarked that as I had information of the outfit of a vessel called the Gladiator with contraband of war, I had advised Captain Marchand to watch for her and catch her if he could. And to this I presumed Lord Palmerston would not object. Then his Lordship applied pretty much in the way specified in his note. It was some time since the event, but such was my best recollection of it. We then passed from the subject. I introduced one or two matters which remained partially unexplained and then rose to go. His Lordship then said that he supposed now all ideas of any joint action of any kind by the powers of Europe were laid at rest with me, as regarded our troubles. I was a little surprised, but replied at once that I hoped matters on the continent were likely to supply enough to occupy their minds, to prevent their troubling themselves about ours. This was in allusion to the outbreak of Garibaldi, and the news of his captivity which came today. He smiled very good naturally, and said that as he was about to go to Germany in the suite of the Queen, and business in his absence would be attended to by Mr Layard. I walked home, getting there after the dinner hour. Two things I reflected on in this interview. First, the singular proceeding of
Lord Palmerston. Secondly, the significant intimation given to me. Could it have been that my letters have given rise to it by getting to the ear of Mr Stuart at Washington In the evening, we had a pleasant visit from Mr Lampson.
As it was a fine day we executed our long deferred intention to go to attend public worship at the Foundling Hospital. This Institution founded nearly a century and a half ago still continues to sustain the interest it originally created. The crowd is always great on Sundays as we found, for but for the precaution of going quite early we should scarcely have obtained seats. The service was much as usual excepting that the children who filled the gallery over the door sang the responses, and anthem, guided by practiced voices. The sermon had noting in it. After service the crowd pressed into the wings of the building in which the dinner of the children was prepared, adn presented they filed in and took their seats The meal consisted of bread, meat and potatoes in abundance. They are of all ages from two and a half to fourteen. Most of them hearty in appearance, and a number very pretty. I did not see more than three hundred of both sexes. They look well cared for in all respects. It has always been a question of morals whether such a place did not encourage vice, or at least illicit connections. The practical answer is to be found in the rapid increase of infanticide, which is apt to be the alternative. There are eight thousand women in this city who have got beyond all scruples on the subject, and probably as many more whose natural affection are not yet wholly subdued by the contest with purity and vice. The moral effect is scarcely appreciable, but what there is of it tends rather to good than evil. How many of these children ultimately turn to bad courses I do not know that any body has sought to ascertain. The charity is a pleasing one to the mind. It appeals to sympathies which can never die. Towards evening I went out with Mary on our usual walk to the Zoological gardens. The animals were rather dull after their meal. But I could not help noticing how the howl of one Lion by degrees roused regular responses from the other neighboring beasts until they all joined in chorus, and then did away the moment he ceased and rolled over to sleep. Judge Thompson dined with us.
I was busy all day in making up arrears, in writing notes of various kinds and in attending to my accounts, after which I took a long walk in the town. I am not yet altogether recovered from my attack at Lynton, and that with the news from America and the return to city habits made me lowspirited. The approach of another winter here seems to be exceedingly distasteful. The novelty of the scene is warn off and its chilling repulsive features present themselves more and more forcibly. The view toward the west is scarcely more cheering. I see that progress is making to the end, but I dread all the events of the transition, and the result itself looks more and more gloomy. The resistance of the South only seems to portend its more complete social overthrow. There cannot be a reunion In the mean time we are walking over burning ploughshares. Such reflections are not agreeable, and I return to them with loathing. But at the same time, we are in the hands of God and can only pray that out of the present chastisement we may draw the benefit of purification and refinement in our future lives. I must be content to continue here so long as it may be the pleasure of my country to consider that I can be useful.
191 Tuesday 2d. London CFA AM

No great variety in my avocations. A great many notes to write and some people to see. But favor arrivals from America that common. The order for draftingseems to have put a stop to the travelling. A walk round the Park. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs Bigelow Laurence, Mr Dayton, son of the Minister and William Everett. My son Henry and Mary went out to spend a day or two at Walton with Mr Sturgis. Our company was lively and staid late. Paid a visit to he President of Liberia, Mr Binson.
191 Wednesday 3d London CFA AM
It is thirty three years ago since I was married. The average of one generate of the race has gone by, and what remains to me was considerably over my share. I am deeply grateful for all the mercies that have been showered on me and only pray that i may study to make myself less unworthy of so much beneficence. Day as usual. I succeeded in bring up my arrears pretty nearly. In the evening, a surprise in a visit from Mr Francis E Parker and Mr Thornton K Lothrop from Boston.

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Wednesday 3d
3 September 1862

Quiet day, devoted to writing drafts of letters and despatches. I do not perceive that the work diminishes at all. The difference is that it expands in details. Messrs Parker and Lothrop here to luncheon. They had come to London the day after we left it, but I never heard of it. Since that they had been to Switzerland, and were now going back. They gave us much news about home I was delighted to hear Mr Parker strongly commend my son John, not simply for conduct but for judgment and ability. He says he makes an eloquent admate. This is very grateful news in the midst of my anxiety for the fate of Charles. Mrs Adams went out to Walton today and Henry returned home. Young Mr Dayton dined with us again. In the evening I read Mr Motley's chapter on the destruction of the Armada. It is quite well done and makes a good finale to his book. But on looking back upon it, I do not quite see the whole thread of the Dutch history. It seems to be rather that of the English connection with it.
A very quiet day. Much engaged in writing my private letters which kept me from ten until after four o’clock pretty steadily at my pen. I then went out for a short walk. In the evening Mr T E Parker came in and remained until nearly midnight. It was pleasant to converse with him. It is so seldom that I see intelligent and familiar acquaintances from Boston, that the event gives me an agreeable stimulus.
Saturday 6th London CFA AM

The Steamer’s letters came this morning. They are rather encouraging. Direction after breakfast I went with my son Henry to a place called Norwood Green, to look at a house which is to be let belonging to a Mr Bashford. The surroundings are not much, but in many respects it will answer well enough. We got back at one o’clock, when Mrs Adams and Mary returned also. Mr Parker and Mr Lothrop made farewell visits, as they go tonight to the Steamer at Queenstown. I finished Motley’s book, and resumed Stanhope’s Life of Pitt.

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193 Sunday 7th London CFA AM
Attended Divine service at the Chapel in Portland Street. Mr Hutton preached to a very small Audience. At the Communion afterwards there were not more than a dozen. This is a good index of the manner in which all classes of the better favored by fortune leave London during this month. The unitarians are not at all of the aristocratic families. Some of them are wealthy, but the great number of meddling people who make their own independence by some trading pursuits. I went out and paid visits of return to Mess Bronson and Newberry, and to Col Hawley. Afterwards I strolled over Regent’s Park until dinner time. The air was very soft and delightful. Evening quiet. Went on with Stanhope’s life of Pitt.
Very pleasant weather. Morning devoted to the answering of several notes which have been on my table for some time. I then went out with Mrs Adams in the carriage. My object first to go to Kensington and look at some saddle horses for my daughter. Then to the South Kensington Museum to see the collection of articles contributed by the aristocracy the present season for exhibition merely. These consist of all sorts of works of pure luxury. Trinkets, lace, china, vases of gold and silver, seals, glass, antiquities of all sorts. It is an index of an enormous wealth of the nation. I could not help thinking how many of these things had neither use nor beauty to recommend them. On the other hand many were of the most exquisite in art. Some had a value of a different sort, as illustrating the progress of invention. Of these the most interesting to me was a collection of one hundred watches dating all through from the earliest. So it is with guns, excepting that the use of these is so much more open to painful reflections, I could not stop long enough to look at every thing. This is the general object to all such exhibitions in London. They form a method rather of dissipating than concentrating the attention. Evening I continued Stanhope’s Life of Pitt. A long dreary public career. Brooks came home this evening from the Isle of Wight.
Fine day. Most of my time spent in the search for some place in the country. So this end I went first to the house agents and then by rail to Uxbridge to look at a place called Dunham Lodge. It is not very far from the house at Hillingdon which I went to see some time ago, it is smaller than any I have seen but very attractive. I think I should like it very well. There is not exactly the same aspect about it as if habitually let which marks almost all I have visited. The situation close on the bank of the Colne is very pretty though low. I believe I shall give up the hunt after this and decide on something, or other. Before I left town I received a telegraph from Mr Bates as well as very public one giving the important intelligence of a severe battle at Bull’s run, the scene of that last year, and the victory of General Pope. The details are so confused that as yet we cannot quite measure its extent, but from the account it must if decisive as he represents it be attended with curatorial results on the war. As it probable that before that time my son Charles must have joined General Pope. I feel correspondingly anxious about him. Dined by invitation with lady Georgina Fane. The company consisted of Lady Pakenham and her son, Lady Caroline Neeld, Mrs Abbot, Colonel Graham and Mr Ramsay. There was a youngish Lord there too, whose name I did not catch, and Mrs Adams and Henry. Also an Irishman when name I did not learn. After dinner, but found too late he had mistaken the day for Thursday. The dinner was rather more lively than usual and we stayed very late.
194 Wednesday 10th London CFA AM

The English newspapers seem very reluctant to concede to us any advantage in the news of yesterday. They overlook all the favorable parts and see only those which are doubtful. I am nonetheless inclined to believe that a battle between armies which lasts all day and leaves one of them the master of the field in which he finds eight thousand Its estimate of its own loss is very likely to be decisive, especially as it was on the last of several days of equally sharp fighting in divisions. Such is my judgment, and yet I have so little confidence in it, on a subject so little familiar to me that I await the next arrival with increased anxiety. We received today newspapers to the morning of the 30th, before the reception of General Pope’s telegram of that day. The most interesting item to me which I found in them was a notice of my son Charles as arrived at Washington on the 28th to join General Pope’s staff. This leaves it uncertain whether he could have joined him by the morning of the 29th. The distance would be no obstacle, as his position is not more than twenty or thirty miles off from the field. Unless he should have been embarrassed by his horses and his personal effects not being at hand I am inclined to believe he must have got there. So we must await the news with private as well as public reasons for anxiety. And from this date every telegram will be a trial, and every letter from home, so long as the war lasts. My spirits were depressed all day by this consideration. I wrote a single Despatch in advance of my usual day, as we propose to pay a visit in the country on Friday. It happens just as I fear when I accepted the invitation. Very poor company shall I make. We had to dinner, Mr and Mrs Bigelow, of Paris, and Mr and Mrs Bigelow Lawrence. The former told me of a rumour that Mr Dayton had asked and obtained a recall. I am sorry for this, if it be time, of which I doubt I suspect the source from which it comes, Belgium.
11 September 1862

195 Thursday 11th London CFA AM

Ever since the sudden attack at Lynton I have not been without a little tendency of the same kind which I suppose is aggravated by the agitation of the times. This morning was spent in writing to my children at home. I had one or two visits of compliment, and took a long walk. My mind running about without cessation upon the course of events at home. I had hoped that a later telegram might be brought by the Glasgow, but it has not tracked any where. In the evening I finished Lord Stanhope’s life of Pitt. It is a readable but rather flimsy performance, which only shows that nineteen or twenty years of Official life developed no singly political result. Pitt as a martyr to the difficulties of his age.196
Morning in spent in writing the remainder of my letters. Having begun so early in the week I had completed all in good season, for our departure on a visit which we have consented to pay Mr Thomas Baring at Norman Cort, his country seat in Hampshire. We left London at three o’clock by the Southwestern Railway, passing through Basingstoke and Bishopstoke to Dean, where Mr Baring’s carriages transported us to his house by seven o’clock. The company whom we found here were besides Mrs Adams, Mary and myself, Mr and Mrs Thomson Hankey, Mr and Mrs Dodson, Messr Lear, Curry, Bosquet, and Campion, making twelve at table. We made acquaintance at dinner and in the evening, Mr Lear played on the pianoforte and sang some things of Tennyson to his own composition.
196 Saturday 13th Norman Court CFA AM
Norman Court is a favorable specimen of an English country seat. The house is convenient and spacious, whilst the guards around it are laid out with great elegance and good taste. The Estate comprises about eight thousand acres and is distributed in all the varieties of woodland, arable and grass. The greatest ornament are superb beeches, and elms, growing down to the ground and collected in clumps, or else in avenues on the approach. All this is highly artificial but it wears the appearance only of polished nature. The want here is of water, and of a little bolder landscape. Mr Lear is an artist, and this morning he kept us all interest in showing a long series of water colour sketches of scenes in Egypt and Palestine, and Italy and Corfu, which he has employed much of his life in taking. Afterwards a party went out and rove to a neighboring place to see a country house in a state of dilapidation. It seems that this Estate once belonged to Lord Rolle, the hero of the Rolliad. At his death it was sold to Sir Isaac Goldsmith who intended to reside in it. But it so happened that he went to take possession, just at the movement of the popular commotion about he reform bill, which manifested itself in an unpleasant form of demanding meat and rink at his place. He set off to London directly afterwards, and never resumed his residence. The house was then taken by a humorist by the name of Yates I think, a single man who chief amusements were to fight cooks in the parlour, and to encourage rats in the dining room for the sake of exercising himself and guests during dinner in shooting them with pistols. The effect of this may be imagined. And now Sir Francis Goldsmith who was inherited the property finds it not worth repairing. There were traces of old carving and of marble and oak ornament which it seemed a pity to suffer to fall into decay, but on the whole it looked gloomy and had no merit of site to recommend it. There is a very remarkable avenue of yew trees, which are very old and striking but which do not add to cheerfulness of the scene. Indeed as a general thing the appearance of these great country Estates is lonely and sad. I can understand the reason why they keep up such a round of company in them. We then drove around the chantry, which is rural and pretty, mainly in consequence of the beech growth. In the evening the company all met again—those who had been out shooting, and those who had been driving. We had some songs of Mr Lear, some of the party played at billiards and some at conundrums. And we separated at half past eleven.

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Cloudy with light drizzling showers. Received from Henry in London a telegram very contrary to my expectation, and indicating a series of reverses until our troops fell back upon Washington. So that all the promises held forth by General Pope’s telegram were delusive. The war at once takes a new character, and we are placed upon the defensive. I scarcely know now what to think of the issue of the struggle. It must rest with a higher power, for it seems as if we scarcely showed ourselves competent to control it. My spirits were depressed all day, and the more for anxiety as to Charles’s position of which we hear nothing since the 29th. A portion of us attended Divine service in a very small church about a mile from the house. Owing to the weather it was not much attended, but the church would hardly accommodate a hundred. Two persons officiated as formally as if in Westminster Abbey. We returned home where we amused ourselves with books or drawings. I took a volume of the papers of Jerome Bonaparte, and was soon interested in the narrative of his visit to America and his marriage with Miss Patterson of Baltimore. It is a curious specimen of youthful heedlessness on the one side and of disappointed ambition of the other. That Mr Patterson knew his daughter’s marriage would not be valid seems properly clear. The girl may have been infatuated, but he never was. Missing my accustomed exercise I went out in spite of the rain and strolled through some of the private roads of the Estate. They ran through roads in which the pheasants seemed to abound. Here and there they were in the road, but little heeding the step of a solitary traveller. The word is principally beech with some oaks and elms. In the evening we had some rather indifferent attempts at ghost stories, one of the recreations of country houses. Mr Lear sang one or two of Tennison’s mournful ditties. He says he plays by ear only, but he must have attained his present ability by no small practice.
198 Monday 15th Norman Court CFA AM

A lovely summer's day. There were no letters from London to change the nature of our anxiety. This determined me to remain at least for the post tomorrow when the Despatches would have been opened. Indeed there was something in the calm retirement of this place which seemed attractive, and particularly as not a whisper was made to me of politics. Under a bright sun and genial air in the places looked lovely. Some gentleman went shooting, whilst others sat on the lawn conversing and a few played croquet with Mary. Mr Lear is an interesting man, modest and unassuming, yet thoughtful and accomplished. After luncheon. Mr Baring took us all with the exception of Mr Currie, who left for London, on a drive to see an ancient parish church connected with a place formerly the residence of the Pierrepont, and at which Lady Mary Wotley Montague was brought up. From she has eloped with her199 husband. Lady Mary is no favorite of mine, but we read much of her in the literature of one period, so that we interest ourselves a little in her whereabouts. The little church contains two elaborate monuments, one to an Evelyn, and the other to a Pierrepont. The inscriptions are quaint and curious. From this old church with its dilapidated yew trees, we went at once to a little chapel of ease all fresh from the hands of the builders, and fitted for about as many hearers. It is neat and in good taste. Thence we were driven to a range of hills or dunes as they call them, which some of us ascended to see the view. It is said that the Isle of Wight and Southampton Water are plainly visible from it, but there was so much haze today I could see nothing but hill and dale. On the other side is the spire of Salisbury cathedral. The view is pretty. Mr Lear and I walked home. On the whole, I think this is among the priest of my English experience of Autumn days. The evening was passed much in the usual way. The ladies proposed conundrums, Mr Lear sang several of Tennyson's poems to his own music, and some played billiards.

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199 Tuesday 16th Norman Court CFA AM

A letter from Henry this morning announcing nothing by the bag to call me home decided us to remain another day, and to leave tomorrow with the rest of the guests. The day was again fine. Mr Lear left us, much to my regret. He had a great deal of talent and much experience of life, which makes him interesting. Mr Baring drove with us earlier than usual in order to visit Longford castle, the seat of the Earl of Randnor but now in the occupation of his Lord Folkestone. It is a stone edifice never entirely completed, prettily situated in the midst of a park, and in front of a little sheet of water. The interior is awkward and ill contrived, but it contains a collection of near two hundred pictures of very unequal merit. The best is perhaps the celebrated one of Claude Lorraine called the coming of the Roman Empire of which I have an engraving in my house in Quincy. There are one or two curious Holkins and a picture of a youth very well done. The light was very bad in most of the rooms, and the time so brief that I could form no ideas of the merit of many. We then drove home. Two miles short Mr Baring stopped and proposed a walk the rest of the way which I gladly accepted. He took the opportunity to show me his farm buildings, and stock all of which he seems to have revered. This Estate was bequeathed to him by the will of a relative, Mr Charles Baring Wall, and thus at an advanced period of his life he came a farmer. It is evident that as yet he has not made much direct progress, but he does what is quite as good employs good agents. With his fortune, the Estate is only a pleasant toy in his hands. The burdensome part of it to me would be the labour of entertaining all the world. Yet to him a single man used to the active habits of London commercial life and to politics and parliament, the solitude would be oppressive. The dinner was the most lively we have had. Messrs Hankey, Dodson and Baring being in Parliament talked much of Mr d'Israeli and other prominent men. In the evening as our musical resource had left us, we had conundrums and a game of pool. I looked on today a large collection of political caricatures issued during the struggles of the reform bill. Many are well done. They are pretty free and in our country would be reckoned as scurrilous. But historically they are valuable.
200 Wednesday 17th London CFA AM
We have been much favored by the weather during our stay here which makes all the
difference in the world in our estimate of places. I shall always remember Norman court as a
sunny, cheerful, elegant seat, even though I have to associate it with the most gloomy of
political news from Rome. Soon after breakfast most of the party took their leave. Mr and Mrs
Dodson on their way to Brighton, Mrs Hankey to stop a few miles before reaching London, and
on only coming through We got home at about three to learn that the confederate forces had
made their way over the Potomac to Frederickson in Maryland. Of course the character of the
war now beings to change. Our people most elicit a good military leader or their fates is
sealed. I found letters201 from my son Charles at Washington giving gloomy views of the state
of things there, and denouncing all the Officers without scruple. But if all are bad, what are we
to do? The right man will not spring out of the earth. I fear more the final discovery of the
incapacity of the President. The remainder of my day was dull enough. It was for the most part
spent in examining the various letters and papers which had accumulated during my absence.
There were no Despatches from the Department. Evening I read a chapter from Mr Guizot’s
memoirs on the Eastern question in 1839.
201 Thursday 18th London CFA AM

My work was lighter today than usual, as I had received no Despatches to answer and had no subject to originate. So I went out to return a few visits which had been paid in my absence. I found several had gone, the one I regretted not seeing being Mr March. The day was fine and I took a walk with my daughter. We had to dinner Mrs Durant and her little boy, and a Mrs Carpenter who brought letters from the Wife of Mr Wells the Secretary of War. This lady is the Wife of an officer in the Navy who had been at sea since the breaking out of the troubles. She states herself to be a Virginian who has sacrificed her property and slaves by adhering to the government. But she finds herself here in search of her husband, and not finding him, thus giving her situation a rather equivocal character. She did not impress me favorably.
201 Friday 19th London CFA AM

The weather is remarkably fine. I wish my spirits were in proportion, but the anxiety about our affairs at home is unceasing. I wrote my private letters today, but with less of confidence than I have ever had. O! that we had a man who combined the military genius equal to the occasion with the spirit of a patriot. He might yet restore us. I fear that McClellan is not the desideratum, and as yet we have no other to lean upon. I had a visit from Mr Harris, the Minister to Japan, and one from Mr Ward, the late consul at Bristol. Mr Morse also called and gave me some curious information touching the plans of the rebels. After dinner I went over by invitation to Mrs Hankey's, to meet Lord Lyons and a few other person who had dined there.
202 Saturday 20th London CFA AM
After completing all arrears of work I drove out in the carriage with my daughter Mary, first to return the visit of Mr Harris, and then to take her to the Exhibition. As the day of closing approaches I think it as well to give a more careful examination of the works of art. I noticed today the Reading girl, a Station with a great deal of character. But in general the Statuary affects me little. It is all legs and arms of ordinary structure, and no particular expression. I examined the picture gallery with more interest, but without materially changing my first impressions. The most striking part of the English Department is the early schools. Hoqueth, rather for the illustration of his age than for this professional skill, but especially Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Morland and Wilson. One or two good pictures of Romney. Out of them all Gainsborough as particularly English is my preference. The later artists have much merit, but it is not so saliently national. Landseer is the best of the present. I cannot admire the preraaphaelite, as a school though some of them possess strength and technical talent. Hunt’s Light of the World is the best of that kind. I found the two pictures of Mr Lear, but neither was equal to the sketch he showed us of the same subject. The French rather fell back on my second view. Of the German I found a great part had been entirely overlooked. Nothing particularly pleased me. I must see them again. At six we were all notified to quit, as usual, and I walked home. Quiet evening. Read M. Guizot’s account of his mission, to this court. Much of it very amusing.
202 Sunday 21st London CFA AM

Light rain. I received my Despatches this morning and a single letter from my son John. Mr Seward’s tone is I think, more subdued than at any moment since I have been here. He has had a conversation with M. Mercier, which looks much like a demonstration the French side. He also announces that Mr Weed and Mr Everett are about to come over to be in consultation with Mr Dayton and myself in regard to matters on this side. My inference from all which is that he anticipates the probability of recognition, and of meeting the question of withdrawal. Unless the course of the war should soon change, it seems to me that my mission must come to an end by February. That such is the impression at home is made clear by my son’s letter. Fro he has been consulted as to my disposition to consent to be a candidate for the Senate in place of Mr Sumner. All this is very unwelcome to me. To divide public sentiment just now still further is most unwise in Massachusetts, whilst the idea of taking a part in a body constituted as the Senate is, which never was acceptable to me, is now most disagreeable. Could I return to private life at home I should do so gladly. I fear that would not be possible. So if I must serve the country, perhaps I can do so better in this post than in any other. I attended Divine service at St Bride’s, just out of Fleet Street. It is one of Sir Christopher Wren’s best works, and the only difficulty is that it is covered up that there is no good chance of a view. The interior is simply but good. not so striking as St Stephen’s, but much in the same taste. There is a window representing Ruben’s descent from the cross, which is effective though too dark. The attendance was small. But a single person to officiate, who preached a fair discourse upon drawing near to God, in other words the duty of earnest and action piety. The remainder of the day at home. Read the remainder of M Guizot’s account of his mission to this court. The character of Lord Palmerston well delineated. And much that warns me of possibilities impending under similar circumstances.

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203 Monday 22d. London CFA AM
There being little to do at the legation today, I agreed to go with Mrs Adams and continues my examination of the Exhibition. It was the day of admittance for a shilling and therefore uncomfortably crowed. I added but little to my preceding observations. I am now tolerably familiar with the best pictures and sculpture. There are however still some departments left wholly untouched, which I could not approach today, ans I could not leave Mrs Adams in the crowd. We remained until five o’clock and then drove home. At dinner we had Mrs Durant, Mr P Harris, Mr Bates and Mr Tucker. Much conversation about Japan where Mr Harris has been highly useful for many years.204

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23 September 1862

204 Tuesday 23d London CFA AM

Light rain in the morning. Walk among the house Agents to look up once more a country house. Then I sat down to write an answer to my son John on the subject about which he consulted me. Whilst I was engaged upon it Mr Charles Hale came in and among other things alluded to that. he said that an article had appeared in the Springfield Republican proposing to exchange Mr Sumner and me, that is to say to place me in the Senate and to send him here. He wished to know what I though of it. I gave him in substance the view I had presented to John. As to the arrangement, I had no idea the government would sanction it so far as Mr Sumner was concerned. If my place were vacant. I though Mr Everett more likely to come. We had some talk about the proper line for his newspaper and I urged a continued support of the government. Mr Harris called to take leave. At dinner we had Mrs Durant and Mr Hale. I read a little of the papers of Lord Auchland.
24 September 1862

Quiet day. I spent it in writing letters to Lord Russell and to the Consuls at Liverpool and Queenstown. These continue to make work for me. Mr Dudley is a very faithful man but he is a little impulsive. And I am afraid he has got into a serious difficulty with the government here. As to Mr Denier at the other place it is very clear that he is incompetent. The government has discovered it and has already requested me to name some person to succeed him. This work occupied me all day. No arrival from America, and the suspense is becoming more and more painful. I do not think since the beginning of the war I have felt so profoundly anxious for the safety of the country. In the evening Mrs Durant came in for a little while. I had visits from Sir Gore Ouseley and Sir Charles Lyell, in the afternoon.
The season appears to be changing. We have clouds and some fog. I had a succession of visits Mr Montague Leverson and a certain Dr Smith came to show me a new gun, which they desired to offer first of all to the government of the United States. I have a very great aversion to everything of the kind, and always disclaim all responsibility for the government. But I must submit to much of this annoyance as an incident of the times. The principle of Dr Smith’s gun is ingenious. It has a revolving chamber, which is supplied with changes from the subsidiary barrels or light tubes, whilst another revolving which puts on the caps. The calculation then is that a man can fire thirty or forty times successively without any delay, a number of times rarely exceeded during any action. But in the practical portion it turned out that neither caps nor cartridges were prepared with sufficient preciseness to ensure perfect facility of motion, so that neither revolving movement worked well. The gentlemen took their leave and promised to be better prepared the next time. Mr Lucas came in to talk politics a little. He takes English view of our affairs, and argues an edict of emancipation. I tried to explain the practical difficulty in the way. His newspaper does not go quite so near right as it did. Mr George Vail paid me a visit of leave, as he goes back to America on Saturday. Mr Albert Davy called. I proposed to him to take the Consulship at Queenstown in the place of Mr Derive. Mr Seward had asked me to name someone, and I had thought of him. He thanked me, but declined on the ground of the distance from his family whom he could not remove, I had not much time to devote to my Despatches, but fortunately they were not long. Mr Hooker and Mr Moran dined with us. At last we received the long delayed telegram. It was not decisive as to the operations, but rather encouraging so far as it went. There seemed to be some link missing. Mr Moran brought an account of a private telegram to Mr McHenry which indicated some positive success. But I have grown wary of trusting to these since my experience of a fortnight back. In any event the case looked more hopeful.
I had but a single person to see me, a Captain Backs from Belgium, who wanted a note to Mr Seward, as he is about returning to resume service in the army. I have myriads of applications for service and for patronage of inventions, which only indicate the superfluity of human industry in Europe. My letters were completed somewhat sooner than usual, so that I went out for a long walk. Stopped to see a picture by Firth representing the peculiar occasion in England, the Derby day. It is a multitudinous affair which I seldom like, but there is much mechanical talent in some of the details. Looking through a tube at portions of what I ever before perceived in a picture, I mean the effect of perspective which is now so common in the stereoscope. The groups in some places actually stood free from the canvass. One figure in front of a youth evidently in a maze after the loss of all his money in gaming, and another behind him gesticulating in an old red coat were particularly striking. Yet there is neither unity nor general interest in a mere crowd. Mr Hooker dined with us. The missing link in the telegram turned up tonight. It was of the 15th and contained General McClellan’s report of an action on the 14th which was decisive. But he also states that he has ordered a pursuit, and there is a confirmation from another source of Mr McHenry’s news that gold had fallen three per cent in New York on the 17th two days afterwards. So we may hope that all of good is not yet told. At all events the northern invasion has come to an untimely end. God be thanked for all his mercies.
206 Saturday 27th London CFA AM
I scarcely can account for the passage of this day. I thought myself busy and yet it seemed as if I accomplished nothing useful. My mind naturally travels home impelled by a desire to hear and at the same time a fear of ill news from the war which is now in its deadliest struggle. We received nothing however today. I read a good deal of the first volume of the papers of George Rose—a book very poorly made up, but which contains curious disclosures, connected with the times of the younger Pitt. A long walk. Mr Hooker dined and spent the evening.
206 Sunday 28th London CFA AM
We received news to the 18th this morning, but it gives us no further official information. I am afraid that this must be construed as leaving things in some doubt. There are accounts from newspaper correspondents of an encouraging character, but we have so often been deluded by partial statements that on the whole we must have our state of suspense a while longer.207 I attended Divine service at the Church of St Mary le Bow in Cheapside. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren’s erections. They all have much the same architectural character. I like it much better than the formal chill of the Gothic. These are places meant for Christian worship, where a person can be seen and heard, whilst performing the service without a necessity of select audience within the choir. This seems a small interior however. But it meets all the wants of the neighborhood now abandoned for the most part to trade. The worshippers were not numerous. The sermon was upon purity as the consequence of steady faith and immediate repentance. I walked both ways, and it seemed to me the streets were much less lively than usual, which is saying a good deal. In the afternoon I walked with Mr Hook to the Zoological gardens. We were hurried home by the rain which set in quite violently. He dined with us. My son Brooks and young Durant were here for the Sunday.

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207 Monday 29th London CFA AM
rain more or less heavy all day. I spent a large part of it in reading the newspapers from America which never enliven me. My Despatches were numerous but not giving much information. As it is we are still left in suspense about the issue in Maryland. I hope more than I dare express. For a fortnight my mind has been running so strongly on all this night and day that it seems almost to threaten my life. For I am still a little conscious of the giddiness I first experienced at Lynton. My anxiety for my children is an additional distress. For his Wife writes that John has been sent to Newbern, whilst Charles is on picket service on the Potomac. Nothing new today. In the evening Hull and his sister Elizabeth C. Adams arrived. They propose to return to America on the 11.th
Cloudy with rain. Busy all morning in writing notes to Lord Russell and others. The Consuls are again exercising my patience. We had today the sequel of the news. It appears from this that the indecisive result of the battle of the 17th ended in the retreat of the rebels over the river without essential loss. Thus though the invasion of Maryland is at an end, the war remains in Virginia as it was. This certainly was a great disappointment to me, for I had hoped after so good a beginning that the end would be the dispersion of the rebel forces. I now can scarcely foresee the end of the struggle. The ruin that is impending over the people of the slaveholding states is apparent enough. A large part of their territory is devastated, and their slaves are gone or else in a wild and critical situation. But the effort on our side is likewise exhausting enough. The ultimate consequences it is hard to foresee. Perhaps it is better not to try. I read some of the life of George Rose. Those were times of great distress too—yet here in England after half a century more powerful than ever!
208 Wednesday October 1st London CFA AM
A very fine day. I made use of it to go out with my son Henry to see another place in the
country at Bushkey about thirteen miles from town. By reason of a change in the hours of the
trains we were obliged to start at one and go go in an express to Watford. Here we found
ourselves nearly five miles from our end. So we buried a vehicle to take us to the place called
Caldecott Lodge. It is very well situated, the country around is charming, and the house is
tolerable. On the whole it may do for an experiment. The country looked revived by the late
rains. We returned in the same way, getting home before six o’clock. Quiet evening. I read a
little of Rose’s book.

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208 Thursday 2d. London CFA AM
My morning engrossed by accounts. for the past quarter, as well for the legation as for myself. I then went in the carriage to the city and adjusted my matters with Messrs Baring, brothers. This done I came home and made a draft of my principal Despatch home for the week. After which a walk. My spirits quite variable. For although later details seem to confirm the success of our army at home, it is such as to leave open a long vista of future war and slaughter. Evening quiet at home. Read Rose.

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Thursday 2d.

2 October 1862

Day devoted to Despatches and letters. Nothing happened. Towards evening I took a walk with my daughter who has not been well for a day or two. Dined by invitation with Mr Bates. Quiet conversation.

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On this my day of vacation I started directly after breakfast on a visit to Guilford to see another house which I found is open to negotiation. It is distant thirty miles from London in Surrey, and I had to go to the Waterloo Station across the river to take the train. The town of Guilford is a poor, shably looking place enough. but I was rather pleased with Woodbridge, about a mile out of it, the point of my journey. It is low but spacious, convenient and pretty. The grounds and gardens are the last I have found. On the whole I am quite divided between this and Caldecott. I got home by four o’clock. Mr Bartlett and Mr Harrod dined with us. The news from America is again quite exciting. The President has issued a proclamation virtually declaring a policy of emancipation. Mr Bartlett expressed great fear of the consequences. And indeed there is much reason. But after it is impossible to deny that the adoption of such a policy is a mere question of time. This is the real difficulty in America. And whether the Union be or not be preserved the very existence of the war renders a retreat from it impossible. I do not pretend to peer into the future. But this terrible series of calamities appears as a just judgment upon the country for having paltered with the evil so long. God have mercy on us, miserable offenders.
This fine day I took for a long walk to attend Divine service at St Giles’s in the Ward of Cripplegate without. I followed the new road and then round by Pentonville and Goswell Street, thus seeing much to the town that was new to me. What a marvel of humanity it is. The church is old and quite attractive. It is remarkable as entertain the remains of John Milton, perhaps the greatest name in English history. Oliver Cromwell was also married here. I felt as if I was carried back to days of as much distress and big import to the interests of mankind on this theatre as there now passing in that of America. I walked home, making not less than six miles. Mr T. McCullagh called and spent an hour. He had no news. The family went to Twickenham and Richmond. Quiet evening.
The Despatches arrived this morning. The give us nothing new, but a good deal of detailed information. I spent a large part of the day in reading the accounts of the terrible action of the 17th of last month. The slaughter was shocking and the result in a degree indecisive. Yet as defeating the rebel scheme of invasion of Pennsylvania it seems exceedingly important. I scarcely know what to think of the position of affairs at home. The President’s proclamation is like crossing the Rebellion with an insufficient attacking column. I fear divisions in the north, which may put us in some danger at a critical moment. Not much else today. After dinner we all went to the Haymarket Theatre to see the piece called the American cousin. I saw it in America several years ago, and it amused me. But it has attained a most extraordinary popularity here, by reason of the skill of one person, who has taken the part of Lord Dundreary. The piece has no literary merit whatever. And the part of the American cousin which with us went far to give it success was very ineffectively done by Mr Blackstone. The other performers are all ciphers. Mr Sothern as Lord Dundreary sustains the whole, and he does it completely. The character is satirical, and aimed at the folly of the young English nobleman. But is is so gentle and pleasant that it drowns criticism in the amusement it affords. I laughed heartily, and felt better for it. There were two other pieces of little interest.
Cloudy and quiet day. Visits from a Mr Davis, who came to ask me if there was any probability of the success of an application to the government for the colonization of three thousand families of blacks in Jamaica on his Estates. I told him that I had no power to answer the question. It would first require to be submitted to the American government which would scarcely more without the knowledge of that of Great Britain. The thing itself seemed more practicable than any other of the kind, from the fact of vicenage and community of language and habits. If he would commit his application to writing I should be happy to forward it. Mr Morse likewise called and talked of the missing letter to Washington, which is certainly remarkable. He also gave me copies of some remarkable papers opening up all the projects of the present campaign on the other side. If the government is enabled to profit by these in season, the consequence will be very material. It is the very pinch of the struggle. Thus for the scheme has been completely foiled. But is not yet so far desperate as to leave me without anxiety about the issue. Failure on their side must inflict on them a permanent disadvantage through the war. The evening was quiet at home. Having finished the memoir of Mr Rose, I am now engaged on the papers of Lord Auchland.
The course of life is now becoming so uniform as materially to abridge the record. I have scarcely any thing to notice excepting the appearance of a report in the newspapers of a speech of Mr Gladstone which if correctly given threatens once more to change the face of our affairs here. If he be any exponent at all of the views of the cabinet then is my term likely to be very short. For the animus as it respects Mr Davis and the recognition of the rebel cause is very apparent. I do not know on the whole but what this is as well. I have been here as long as I can be of any use. I took a walk early in the day, then went round the Park with my daughter, and in the evening paid a visit to Mr Morse to return him his papers. He showed me others, which go far to show the activity and energy of these rebel emissaries here. The extent of their resources too is surprising. O, what a quarrel has grown out of the wicked passions of a slandering oligarchy!
Our guests left us today, in company with Mr and Mrs Bartlett and Mr Harrod. We are sorry to part with them. But this is the peculiarity of our position which seems fixed whilst all our countrymen are moving. There are today more strong indications of the set of the current here on American affairs. I wrote my Despatches home today in that spirit. Unless things should materially change at home I do not expect to stay beyond Christmas at farthest. To me I feel that it will be a deliverance, but I am not clear in regard to what may come afterwards. The mediation of these things sensibly depressed my spirits. We are now passing through the very crisis of our fate. I have had thoughts of seeking a conference with Lord Russell to ask an explanation of Mr Gladstone’s position, but on reflection I think I shall let a few days at least pass and then perhaps sound matters incidentally. Evening quiet at home.
212 Friday 10th London CFA AM
The day passed in the customary labor of preparation for the mail of the afternoon. I wrote to my sons as usual, as well as one or two other notes. But I finished early in order to save time for a visit with my wife and Mary to Caldecott Lodge for a more minute inspection. I found it better than I thought, and more fully supplied with furniture. As Mrs Adams seemed also to be suited, we returned early, and I went down to make an offer for it. But I felt in great dubitation about fixing any length of term; on account of this new manifestation made by Mr Gladstone. I scarcely yet know what to make of it. We had Mrs Greenwood and Mr and Mrs George Havre to dinner. They return to America next week. He was full of earnestness to have me go home and go into some high trust there. If I could see my way to any useful public service I should cheerfully leave this repulsive atmosphere. But as yet I see no real opening. It may come at some future moment. I have no wish to anticipate. Indeed my own anxiety for a return would be greater if I could be sure of an immediate restoration to private life. Quincy is my paradise on earth.

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212 Saturday 11th Burley CFA AM

Early breakfast and then in the midst of heavy rain drove to the station of the Great Northern railway at King’s Cross to take the train on the Midland road to Apperley Bridge, as pointed out by Mr Forster who had invited me to pay him a visit. The rain fell heavily, but our speed was great through Bedford, Leicester and Trent to Leeds. Here we changed to another road to Bradford. My destination Apperley Bridge being on the way. I reached the point at half past two, bring about five hours and a quarter for exceeding two hundred miles. The only passengers in my carriage were a gentleman of Bradford and his son, who had been on a visit to the Exhibition in London. He told me that the whole of the region around Leeds and Bradford was very prosperous, and fully employed. The industry in the wool, which thus makes a partial offset for the loss of cotton. Soon after I got out Mr Forster made his appearance, and we drove six miles in the rain to his house which is in Burley a village near Otley. I found Mrs Forster who welcomed me kindly, and soon installed me in a comfortable room with a cheerful fire and every convenience. There was no company, so we dined greatly and spent the evening in conversation. Just as I was retiring, another guest Mr Bruce arrived.

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Sunday 12th Burley CFA AM
Cloudy with rain until evening when it cleared. This house is very pleasantly situated on the bank of the Wharfe river, the view of which through the trees is pretty and picturesque. I walked about a mile with Mr Forster to the Church where was service to a very small attendance. The curate, Mr Black has tendencies to High Church which make him unacceptable. Mr Bruce joined us in making home. The remainder of the day in conversation. Much speculation about Mr Gladstone and his speech. Mr Forster talked about the probabilities of recognition of the rebels, and ought to make the government here aware of them, before they committed themselves. I said I had been thinking of it, but waited to see how far Mr Gladstone should appear to be sustained. Much literary conversation afterwards with him and Mr Bruce whom I found a very well read and sensible gentleman. He resides in South Wales, for some place in which, Merthyr Tidrille, he sits in Parliament. He is preparing for publication the papers of Sir William Napier, whose daughters he married. And he read to us many interesting extracts from them.214
A fine bright morning but with a high wind. I received news by the steamer from America in the papers, and for a wonder it was not bad. This is the first instance I think in a visit since my first to speaker Denison, that my mind has not been harassed so much as materially to alloy me enjoyment. I remind quietly at home until after luncheon. Among Mr Forster's curious books I found an autobiography of Catherine the 2d, published surreptitiously in London a short time since by a man named Hersen. It is curious and bears internal marks of genuineness. It displays a picture of Russian Royal life in the East Century by no means attractive. Mr Forster went up to meet his Rifle Volunteers on the moor where they were to fire at a target. Mrs Forster drove me up to join them and witness the sport. It had clouded over before we reached the place, which was a high, dreary me enough. Yet the ground was full of water from the late rains. The firing was of two small divisions, at five, four and three hundred yards. And it seemed to me to arrange very well. Having remained until nearly dark Mrs Forster and I walked home, at least four miles. I ought to maintain that in the morning Mr Bruce and I paid a visit to Mr Forster's Mill, where he makes assorted yarns and cloth. It is a nice establishment and now prosperous. He is careful of the hands, who look in good condition, if not particularly comely. A large part are females. It was a half holiday today, being the anniversary of what is called a feast, when all houses are open to families—something like our Thanksgiving in a small village. We had a new person to dinner. Mr Temple, an Inspector of schools, who is on a round of duty in the neighborhood. He was pleasant, and quite an addition to the party.
214 Tuesday 14th Burley CFA AM
Clear in the morning, but clouding at noon as yesterday. Mr Forster invited me to go and visit to Bolton Abbey today, and I agreed to stay, pounced I had no summons from home. My letters contained nothing so I felt free to remain. Mr 215 Bruce left us this morning, which I regretted, as I had found a very favorable opinion of him. Mr Temple went over to a neighboring town on duty, to return at night, and I drove with Mr Forster and his partner to Bolton Bridge, where we left his house, and began a stroll towards the Abby. The whole drive along the side of the Wharfe was exceedingly picturesque, but it became far more so as we ascended farther. There is a residence erected by the proprietor, the Duke of Devonshire, at the gateway of the old Abby—and a portion of the edifice itself has been restored as a church. The Chapel behind and the front remain in ruins. I do not know but I like it as well as Netley. The Valley grows narrower as you proceed and exhibits a diversity of wood, and water and opening which exceeds any thing I have yet seen in England. We stretched our walk to Barden towers, an old mined mansion of the Cliffords, a proud family who owned all this region in former days, but has become extinct except by females through when the present owner derives his title. It is not a large establishment. An inscription out in a stone tells us that it was built by Anne, Countess of Clifford, Pembroke and Montgomery, and Sheriffess of a part of Westmoreland, about two centuries ago. We walked home on the opposite side of the river, in the course of which Mr Foster gave me rather a sense through short trial of climbing. I can walk much without feeling it, but ascents are too much for me. A leaden sky had done much to sadden the scent before we left it at the bridge and drove home. Only Mr Temple to dinner. Much general conversation about religion and education.

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215 Wednesday 15th London CFA AM
In a heavy rain I took leave of my hosts with regret. No persons in England have inspired me with more respect and regard. Mr Forster is an unpolished man, in a great degree self-made, but he is able and liberal. His Wife, a daughter of Dr Arnold of Rugby seems to have all the best characteristics of the English woman of the best type. My trip to London was without incident. I was in a carriage with two men, but exchanged not a word with either. I found my Wife in the carriage at the station, waiting for me, and we drove directly home. Here was a myriad of papers accumulated in my absence, which brought me back to all my cares. But at any rate there was one consolation in the reflection that this time there was no drawback to my enjoyment of the trip, and no unfavorable intelligence on my return.

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My time absorbed in the preparation of my Despatches. There was not many important ones, but enough to keep me employed. The excited about Mr Gladstone’s speech has abated, since the appearance of a semi Official Despatch in the Globe disarming it, and a later speech of Sir George Cornewall Lewis declaring an adhesion to the existing policy. I think he overshot the mark. But Lord Lyons has not gone, and a Cabinet meeting is called for the 23d. The inference is that the policy for the next assembly of Parliament will be determined on. I am quite clear in the opinion that unless the military situation changes materially for the better by that time, my continuance here will cease. I so write to the government today. I ought to add however that the appearances in America do betoken a change—and unless tour military leaders again fail us, we may find ourselves much nearer the termination of the war than we suspect.
Weather very variable. I was so much occupied in my work of letter writing that I had not much time to think of any thing else. With steady labor I succeeded in accomplishing every thing by five o’clock. I then had a visit from Mr Cameron, now on his way home from St Petersburg without leave. The peculiarities of Americans are more visible in the foreign Diplomatic service than about any where else. The looseness with which all their obligations sit upon them, and the ready manner with which they consult their own convenience. General Cameron has to thank the President for letting him down from a place he found incompetent to fill without position disgrace. Instead of having any sensibility about, he accepts it on the score of a pleasant excursion to Europe, and in the autumn after applying for leave to go home and being refused he decides nonetheless to go without it. I found in my conversation with him a temper evidently discontented, and a jealousy of General McClellan which I could scarcely credit to true motives. Mr Cameron was possessed with the rabies so common among our second and indeed I may say our first rate public men, to become President the consequence of which has thus far done as much harm in our present struggle—I regret Mr Cameron’s return because he would be safer out here. At the same time, my impression is his influence is much gone even in his own state. In the evening we had the later news by the Scotia, which so far as it went was favorable. Thus my state of mind was more easy and quiet than for a month back. I passed the evening at home reading the memoirs of Lord Auchland.
217 Saturday 18th London CFA AM
A heavy rail all day, which kept me at home. I had besides a good deal of arrears of work to bring up. Among other things, I had received this week powers to negotiate a Treaty of commerce with the republic of Liberia. I notified President Benson of the fact, and he came this day to see me about it. I gave him the form of Treaty he had first sent through me to Washington, modified as it came back to me, both of us be put into shape and executed early next week. He did so. Thus is seems that my name is to be on the first national act recognizing the restoration of the status of the Americo-African to a condition of equality with the White. I think it is an era in our history. We received the mail bags from America and found the news generally quiet cheerful. A long letter from Charles to his mother, giving an interesting narrative of the whole campaign in Maryland, including the two great actions at South mountain and Antietam, which he witness. I returned thanks to God for all his mercies, and especially for his preservation thus far safe and well. But the campaign must be resumed before long, so that our anxieties do not cease for many moments.218

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Chilly with clouds and rain. Attended Divine service at the Chapel in Portland Street. Mr Martineau has got home and the attendance was full again. His sermon was more mystical than ever. I became drowsy and lost the thread of it. The music was good, especially of the first hymn. Called to see Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley, and Mr and Mrs Bates. Nobody at home. On my return I found Mr H. T. Parker who seemed curious to know something of Mr Davis’s movements in the pending election in Massachusetts. I told him all I knew of it, and of my action in declining to become a party to the resistance to Mr Sumner. We had then visits from Mr and Mrs Blatchford, just arrived in the Scotia, and on their way to Rome, where he is to be the minister in the place of Governor Randall, who has returned, like Mr Cameron. Diplomatic fungi gone in a night. Mr Blatchford told me much of the secret history at Washington, which went far to clear my vision of the causes of many appearances I had not penetrated before. The principal features are the honest incompetency of the President, the selfish intrigues of the head of the Treasury, the dissatisfaction of McClellan and all the various effects of these conflicting powers. He says that there has been danger of an open collision between McClellan and his army, and the cabinet at Washington. It has been removed by the President’s late visit, and the orders subsequently issued by the General, It is now understood that he moves on his campaign. I trust it may be so. But I have all along marvelled at the manner in which he held his hand, after Lee’s defeat, and yet am puzzled by his delays. Mr and Mrs Jones and their son also came in on their way home to New York. They were full of the Paris rumors about my return to be Secretary of State. They could hardly believe it pure fiction. Sir Charles Lyell came in afterwards and talked pleasantly. He is one of our best and most reasonable friends. Thus my whole day was absorbed. In the evening I continued and finished the first volume of Lord Auchland’s papers.

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Chilly and decidedly autumnal. The gale last night uncommonly severe. I finished up all the
details that were in arrears, and went out with Mrs Adams to return visits to Mr and Mrs
Blatchford, Mr and Mrs Jones, and Mr Tricompi. President Benson returned the form of Treaty
with only a single proposed modification to which I assented, and the Secretaries proceeded to
prepare the papers. Tomorrow at eleven o’clock was assigned for the execution. In the
evening I read the Spanish Diary of Lord Auchland which is rather amusing.
219 Thursday 21st London CFA AM
Cool but not unpleasant. President Benson came very punctually at eleven o’clock, and the Secretaries having prepared and collected the two copies of the instrument we interchangeably affixed our names and seals to the Treaty of commerce with the Republic of Liberia. This over I decided to walk all the way to Messrs Barings counting house, mainly to correct a slight irregularity which had taken place in the settlement of my last account for the contingent fund. From thence I rambled away to find Falen Square, in order to return a visit made by a Dr Tefft who has come out as one of the itinerating consuls whom the President thinks proper to place here. I went over much of the ground trodden at the time of my visit to St Giles’s, Cripplegate. It was late before I got back. Mr Lyons W Field dined with us. He talked much of affairs at home, but not in a way to enliven me. I much fear the exposure of the weakness of the head may be happening too soon even for his brief career. We must trust in the protection of a higher power.

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219 Wednesday 22d London CFA AM
A succession of heavy wind, and storms this week. I had rather a leisure day. A visit from Sir Henry Holland and then out with Mrs Adams in the carriage. News from America which once more created the uneasiness from which I had been free for a week. The slowness of General McClellan is becoming more and more painful. Much depends on his use of the remnant of this season. We had Mr and Mrs Blatchford and Mr Bates to dine, and in the evening Mr Arthur Kinnaird who could not dine, but wished to meet Mr Blatchford.220

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220 Thursday 23d. London CFA AM

Another very heavy gale with rain. The last week has been exceedingly destructive to shipping on the coast. I have seldom known one of great severity. It was my day for writing despatches, and I was busy about it until half past two o’clock, when I drove to the Foreign Office to keep the appointment made by Lord Russell for three. I found in the antichamber quite a number of the corps however apparently assigned for the same hour. Among them Count Berstorff who has just returned Baron Brunnow, Count Flahault, M Musures and the Spanish and Danish ministers at a later moment. Of course there was a long delay and desultory conversation. The only thing worth nothing was that Baron Brunnow on coming down from his interview took me aside and reminded me of a conversation we had had some time ago in the same chamber, in which he had expressed a belief of the intention of this government to maintain it position with us. He remembered I had expressed doubts, but he had proved right. He still thought that the same disposition continued to prevail. I said I was glad to hear him say so. As to the past I could only say that I then thought I had reason for my doubts. Some time or other I would tell him, but at present I could not. He said he remembered I had said so before and he had made a note of it. It was half past four before I had my audience. I began by referring to the topic which had last occupied us at the preceding meeting in August, the objection of Lord Palmerston to a report of certain language of his at our conference last year attributed to me by one of the commanders of our national vessels whom I had never seen or heard of. I read to him a part of a Despatch of Mr Seward on the subject completely exonerating us from all share in the business, and promising to search out the source of the fable. Lord Russell said this was quite enough to dispense with the necessity of saying anything to Lord Lyons about it. I then seized this allusion to Lord Lyons to introduce my real object in the interview. I expressed the hope that he might be going out for a long stay. I221 had indeed been made of late quite fearful that it would be otherwise. If I had entirely trusted to the construction given by the public to a late speech I should have begun to think of packing my carpet bag and trunks. His Lordship at once embraced the allusion, and whilst endeavoring to excuse Mr Gladstone, in fact admitted that his act had been regretted by Lord Palmerston, and the other Cabinet officers. Still he could not disarm the sentiments of Mr Gladstone so far as he understood them, which as not that ascribed to him by the public. Mr G was himself willing to disclaim that. He had written to that effect to Lord Palmerston. I replied that I had no intention to ask a disavowal, nor did I seek even to impute to Mr Gladstone the construction of his language adopted by others. At the same time I saw its mischievous effects in aggravating the evil of the growing alienation of the two countries. Mr Gladstone’s speech would be published everywhere in American It would there be regarded as an official exposition, and as such would aggravate the irritation already much too great. On the other hand, it formed a nucleus here around which all those adverse to peace with us would concentrate. Lord Lyons had called on
me in the morning and we had joined in regretting the change going on here for the worse. Much as I had been disposed to friendly relations I was beginning to despair. His Lordship admitted the change in a degree, but he thought there was still a majority in any ordinary meeting well inclined. I said that it might be so now, but two more speeches like that of Mr Gladstone would dissipate it all. His Lordship said that the policy of the government was to adhere to a strict neutrality and to leave this struggle to settle itself. But we could not tell what a month could bring forth. I asked him if I was to understand that policy as not now to be changed. He said Yes. I answered that my errand was then finished. And I took my leave. I go home in season to take my usual walk. In the evening I finished Lord Auchland’s Journal in Spain.222

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222 Friday 24th London CFA AM
Much engaged writing my letters. I drew a despatch giving pretty much the same report of my yesterday’s conversation that appears on the preceding page. Also wrote to John and to Charles. Mr Forster called in to see me too, who made some enquiries about our situation. I told him of the result of my conference. Things remain in statu quo. We go on a little longer, but without confidence. The Achilles to settle the question on the other side seems to remain sullen in his tent. My spirit is again sinking at the prospect of another year of this uncertainty. Towards evening I walked round the park, and after dinner read a portion of a little book brought over by Mr Field from America, called “Among the pines.” A picture of life in the slave states just previous to the breaking out of the war.
Friday 24th
24 October 1862

Chilly and cloudy. After disposing of my arrears of business I decided to walk down to the Exhibition, for the last time, as it closes on the first of next month. My object was to examine such parts of it as I had not before visited. I soon found there was far more than I could accomplish in one day. What I did see was the Departments of Australia, of Spain, of the Zollverein, and of England in the Annexe. There was besides the warlike implement. But I have great aversion to all these things, and the more on account of what is going on in America. The greatest object of attraction to the crowd seemed to be the exhibition in the Spanish quarter of the working of an artificial hand. It was cold and a little cheerless so that I was glad to get home again. In the evening I finished Mr Kirk’s book, “Among the pines.” It is rather effective, and might do good here.
222 Sunday 26th London CFA AM
Heavy rain in the morning, but cleared at night. I continue to remark this peculiarity to which
Professor Airy first directed my attention. Attended Divine service at the Chapel in Portland
Street. A person officiated whom I did not know. He preached upon the tendency and effects of
dissent in religion, good rather than evil. This is the only ground to take against the famous
deduction of Bossuet. I was not however much struck with his argument. He had several visits
according to custom on this day. Mr H T Parker, Mr and Mrs Sturgis and Mr Mackintosh.223 In
the evening there was news from America, but nothing decisive. General McClellan is reported
to have moved a few miles. An action seems imminent. The Globe of last evening contained a
semi official leader in a much more decided and friendly one about America than usual. I
though I saw a little reflection of my conversation with his Lordship.

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Busy making up the arrears of my correspondence, which I did to such an extent that I did not leave a single unanswered note on my table. I had a succession of persons to visit me, all of them Americans passing through one way or the other. Mr Owens, a gentleman from Cincinnati taking his children to the continent to educate, Mr Keegan going with his sister to Germany, Mr Marsh doing the same, and two or three more, all in fact flying from the draught making it home. I went out with Mrs Adams to return visits to several gentlemen who called last week. Then a walk around a large portion of Hyde park. Mr Forster dined with me and remained until the coming of the American mailbag. It did not bring much news. Not even the result of the elections. General McClellan is moving at last but very slowly and continuously. The Despatches were not material.
223 Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
Rather a quiet day. Cloudy and dull. Mr Cyrus W Field came in for a moment but I think no one else. I had some detail of business but nothing of consequence. We had to dinner Mrs Greenough, the widow of Horatio Greenough, my classmate at Cambridge, and afterwards a sculptor, and Mr Marsh. In the evening a later telegram from the United States announcing that General McClellan had not left Harper’s Ferry on the 21st. It is plain that he does not mean to do any more this season. I am puzzled to comprehend the policy of General Lee in remaining so far from his base until the winter sets in, but he may yet contemplate operations above Washington in connection with the gunboat projects in Chesapeake bay. I must confess my spirits droop under the evidence of the absence of genius in our officers. Nothing else discourages me but this.
29 October 1862

223 Wednesday 29th London CFA AM
Not much to record. The life in London at this season of the year is quiet and private enough. I kept up with my correspondence, and began my Despatches.224 Mr R C Winthrop Jr dined with us. He is on his way home to America. I continued the perusal of the papers of Lord Auchland. They show pretty clearly that the charge against the British government of a design to effect the dismemberment of France during her convulsions, so strenuously denied of late years was nonetheless true. Selfish and grasping in all periods of her career, and never more so in spirit than now.

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Whilst at breakfast I got a note from Lord Russell offspring the interview I applied for at half past ten precisely at his house. With all the hurry I could make I was a quarter of an hour late. His Lordship was just going to attend the wedding of Mr Lister, the young man whom I saw when at Abergeldie castle a little more than a year ago. But he gave me an audience which I made as brief as possible. The object was to make a proposal, as I was directed, to negotiate a convention for the facilitating emigration for negroes from the United States. His Lordship replied at once. He said the subject had already been agitated in the Cabinet, and communication had been had with the colonies about it, but the conclusion had been to avoid any danger of entanglement about refugees. It then appears than in contemplation of possible alliances with the rebel government, they do not care about opening a question of reclamation. I mentioned to his Lordship the conference I had with Mr Davis on the 7th and his wish for a considerable emigration to Jamaica. But he said that an agent who had gone to America for this object had found the rate of wages so much higher than in Jamaica that he could offer no inducements. Find him so clear, I declined pressing the point any further and left saying that I would report the answer to my government. Accordingly on my return home I wrote a Despatch. My time however was very much absorbed by a visit from Mr and Mrs Story and their daughter which extended to luncheon. They are very sprightly and amusing. Having sold his Statues and enjoyed the reputation he has gained by them, he now returns to Rome, where I presume he will spend the rest of his life. His daughter remained to dinner, and Mr Winthrop also came in. After Mrs Greenough spent the evening. On the whole a day almost entirely consumed by company.

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This day was dark, warm and foggy, an indication of the advance into the dull season. I completed my week’s Despatches and wrote my private letters. Then a walk which is now pushed into the dark of the evening. On my return I find myself frequently accosted by females, both in French and English, of whom I take no notice. This is owing to the vicinity of Regent Street, and its adjunct the Haymarket, where this class of women most do congregate. I fancy there is no city in Christendom where this abuse is so tolerated as it is here. To young people the danger is not trifling. Considering the great pretension to morality in England, and the real correctness of deportment of a large proportion of the community, it is singular that no attempt is made to repress it. After dinner I went to see Mr Morse, and talked with him concerning some questions that have been raised under the laws of invoices which must be unified before the Consuls. Also in regard to some of his latest information.
The month commences with the warm vapory gloomy atmosphere for which it is so noted. My morning devoted to the preparation of a note to Lord Russel on the application from Huddersfield, and one to a Consul at Galway. The trouble from this source is not entirely over, but is much diminished. I went out with Mrs Adams and returned visits. One to Mr Whistler, one to Judge Lewis of Philadelphia, and his daughter, and one to Mr Pierce, whom I found confined to his room at the Grosvenor Hotel with a sprained ankle. I sat with him some time talking about affairs at St Petersburgh. He told me that Mr Cassius Clay before leaving that place had entered into a partnership in trade upon a gas patent of some kind. This is the man who wanted to go back as Minister Evening Mrs Greenough here. I was absorbed in my letters and American papers.
Cloudy with fog as usual. My son Brooks has come home from school covered with boils. Sir Henry Holland was called in, and he describes it as an affection of a carbunculars character which has been very common of late years all over Europe. He attributes it to some external influence, and therefore thinks it demands no treatment. In the mean time poor Brooks is much exercised, and for a wonder has become taciturn. Attended Divine service at the chapel in Portland Street. Mr Martineau officiated, and preached a good sermon on the objections commonly made against the Unitarians that their doctrine is one of negations merely. Undoubtedly there is force in the argument, but it has just the same force against every form of dissent to the Church of Rome. The Church of England has no right to raise such a question, for its negation is of the least enable nature of all, for it attaches to whilst it yields to the most doubtful points. It is more resting in matters of the law where negation is less vital, and servile in matters of faith which embrace the substance of religion. It would be quiet as easy for me to subscribe to the Roman doctrine as to that of the thirty nine articles. This is the best discourse I have yet heard from Mr Martineau. As my daughter was alone with me I did not stay to the Communion. I had a visit from Mr Bright, and we talked on american affairs. I read to him an able letter of Mr Seward to Mr Dayton, a copy of which has been furnished to me. Mr McCullagh also came in and talked for a little while. Judge Lewis of Pennsylvania and his daughter dined with us. His quite a pleasant man. They have been spending the summer in Europe and now return.
226 Monday 3d. Tunbridge Wells CFA AM
A mild, pleasant day. I was quite busy despatching all my various arrears in season for the hour of two, which I had fixed for the family to start on a little excursion, partly to get out town for a part of the dark weather, and partly to see if a change of air might not be of service to Brooks. Accordingly we left the station of the South Eastern Railway, and went by the way of Reigate and Tunbridge to Tunbridge Wells which we reached at about half past four. We drove to the Calverley Hotel, where we found comfortable lodgings.227

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The morning was pleasant and I took advantage of it to go out with Mrs Adams to inspect the place. We went to the parade, a quaint kind of an alley where the chief spring it to be found. The water is not unpleasant, having only a taste of iron left in the mouth. We then walked through the grove or public walk home. There is little company here new, it being quite of the season which is August and September. I like very much the look of the place, which is more broadly laid out, and prettily built over than is common with English towns. At noon we took a carriage and drove to Bayham Abbey, about six miles. The country is very pretty all the way. Here is a ruin close to a residence of the Marquis Camden, who owns an extensive domain around it. About as much remains as of Glastonbury. The situation is pretty, though rather low and damp. The edifice seems to have been erected by the Sackville family, and looks better now in the picture than in the reality. This was the estate of the Sackvilles, but the house is modern and ordinary. It is not shown. We drive back through Fraut a very picturesque town. After our return I took a walk passing over Rusthall common to see the toad rock as it is called. The pedestal is more curious than the rock itself. The resemblance from one point of view is better than the picture. From here I went on to what is called the High rocks, which are large and heavy boulders standing together as if the earth had some time or other cloven away and left them all exposed. Though it was dark I went round to the top, but the trees were tick about, and there is no view. It seems to have been turned into a place of resort and recreation and sixpence is charged for admission to see it. I then walked home making not less than five miles. Quiet evening at home. Read a part of Mrs Juchbald’s simple story.
Rain and drizzle, which materially impairs activity in Watering places. Nonetheless I went out to visit one of the great manufacturing establishment for what is called Tunbridge ware. This is a species of Marquetterie or inlaid wood, which is my prettily done as applied to myriads of small articles. We could not see the process as the workmen were just then at dinner. In the afternoon I took a long walk, passing first through Neville park and the Green, and then going about two mies and a half to Eridge. Here is Eridge Castle and a great domain belonging to the Earl of Abergavennie. It is situate in the midst of heavy words which impart a gloom to every place here. The castle is not visible. The earl has built a church and several houses on the roadside which are in the antique taste and look becoming. But as I walked home along the lonely road which parts his Estate for a long way I could not keep feeling the solitude, and the sense of a possibility of executing outrage with little danger. I had this when in the woods at Norman Cort, and again here. To a family living in the heart of such a wilderness I should think the seclusion would be burdensome. It accounts to me for systematic invitation of company during the season of residence. I got home after six o'clock having walked at least six miles. Evening quiet. I wrote letters today to Louisa and John. I ought not to omit to mention that at breakfast who should make his appearance but Charles, the messenger of the Legation with a letter from Mr Moran, to get instructions to send off Captain Crann once more to the Western island on a hunt for the pirate in No 290. This sprung out of a representation of Mr Dudley, the consul at Liverpool, who is full of alarms springing from the but of secession in which he lives. Remembering the case of the Trent last year; I was somewhat disturbed before I saw what it was about. The reaction on learning made me a little vexed, and I sent Charles directly home with a note a little redolent of my feeling. I authorized the message however, though my experience of Captain Crann gives me no hope of good from his enterprise any where.
Cloudy this morning. I left the family soon after breakfast and took the train to London, which brought me there before noon. As I crossed the bridge, every thing was thickly enveloped in fog, which continued all day. Found Mr Moran at the Office and Mr H. T Parker sitting with him. Soon afterwards Captain Britton came in from Southampton, and I asked him to dine, but he pleaded immediate return. My day was devoted to Despatches which were well got under way before evening. Had a visit from Mr Morse who brought me a letter to the Secretary of State on the subject of the new charges on invoices caused by the latest revenue law. I told him what I had done on my side. The truth is that the old practice gives the Consuls a slight requisite over and above the regular charge. And he is afraid he is going to lose it. I have no disposition to bear hard on him, for he is faithful and honest and not overpaid. But there is a need of some uniform rule to apply to all consuls. I walked around the outer line of the Regent’s park, and had a quiet, solitary dinner and evening, reading Lord Auchland’s papers.
229 Friday 7th Tunbridge Wells CFA AM

Cloudy and mild. So much of my regular private correspondence had been prepared in advance that I found myself with not much to finish today. A letter to my son Charles, and a private one to Mr Seward were all. The copies of Despatches were prepared and signed, and all was complete before three o’clock. So at half past three I was once more in the carriage and on my way to the Station of the South Eastern Railroad. Again the fog was thick on the River, as I crossed the Waterloo bridge. A little more than an hour carried me to Tunbridge Wells without a single stop. Here I found the family comfortable and Brooks improving. It was perfectly clear in the evening, with a bright moon, and he accompanied me in a walk around the place. After which I read the third volume of Mrs Juckbald’s simple story.
Friday 7th
7 November 1862

A fine morning through rather cooler and perhaps a light frost. After breakfast we drove in an open carriage to Penshurst, about seven miles by a road which was very pretty all the way. Our object was to see the castle, an ancient building formerly the seat of the Sidney family. It is situated on a flat with little of ornament about it, but is more interesting than usual from the fact that it remains much as it was in the days when Sir Philip Sidney, the mirror of knighthood was brought up in it. The banqueting hall is as it was, with the open hearth in the centre for a fire, and the raised step for a dais, whilst the gallery for the minstrels was opposite.230 There is no ornament excepting that made by attaching suits of armour to the walls. Thus we can see at a glance the style of the higher nobility when at meals three or four centuries ago. They are not to be envied, that is certain. Upstairs were the reception rooms filled with pictures of very unequal value, most of them family portraits. The most interesting were those of Sir Philip, of which there were several, and of Algernon Sidney. The gallery had been long neglected, and all the pictures showed the ravages of damp. Some articles of furniture belonging to Queen Elizabeth, and a card table with a center embroidered by her. Seven curious glass lustres, a present of the same Queen. The Earl was her favorite, and these toys were the last evidence he got of it. The castle is situated in a large park, in a portion of which is a very old oak tree which of course has its legend connected with Sir Philip. It girths about twenty five feet, and is therefore worth seeing for that reason alone. We picked up a few very small acorns which had fallen from it. On the whole the visit was worth making. We returned in season to take luncheon, and to get ready to depart. I took leave of the place with regret. But it was an object whilst in this direction to go further, so four of the party took the train to go to St Leonard’s on sea, whilst Henry returned to spend Sunday in London. We made our time well and got established at the Royal Victoria Hotel in good season to go out and take a walk along the Esplanade. The situation is certainly attractive. In the evening I finished the fourth and last volume of the simple story. The second half is not so good the first. The incidents are more artificial and unattractive. They give the whole work more of the air of a juvenile performance. Yet after all is said, it is a rather extraordinary production, when considered as the first experiment of a young and imperfectly educated woman. Its great merit consists in the very small materials which she works up to make the interest of her narrative.231

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During the night a stormy wind arose which by degrees came to a pretty heavy gale from the south west. As this place and its neighbor Hastings consists of a single long now of houses forcing the water in this direction of course there was no escape from the storm. The waves were lashed into foam and came in with long rollers that produced a fine effect. Though in this particular they do not compare with Nantasket or Nahant. I attended Divine service with Brooks at the Church in the neighborhood. A man in the entrance had tickets and asked a shilling a piece for them to secure us seats. I have never seen trips done before. The service was much as usual and the sermon not a whit better. Afterwards we watched nearly the whole extent of the quay, which is very long, and watch the rush of the sea. Our return in the face of the wind and train was rather fatiguing. The remainder of the day passed at home. I read faute de mieux, a part of the first volume of Carlisle’s Life of Frederick the second. It is marvellous how caprice can sometimes belittle talent. Such books can have no permanent rank in literature.
During the night a very strong wind arose which by degrees. Mrs Adams and I went to Divine service.
The high wind called during the night and fell away to a mere breeze in the course of the day. This walked us to go out and spend a large part of the morning in watching the rollers still coming in from last night’s storm, and likewise the company that frequents the esplanade. The houses and the walk make the finest show of the kind I have seen in England—much finer than Brighton, whilst the place is sheltered in the north and east by the high ground behind it. There was life and movement enough among the children and the houses to make it lively. After luncheon I went out and took a walk, passing to the east into Bixton, and then crossing into the interior to Hollington and thence back through the term gate. The neighborhood is pretty but does not compare with that around Tunbridge Wells. Towards night Henry came down from London bring our American letters and the latest newspapers. A long and interesting letter from Charles, and another from Mr Dana.
The sea has become calm and the weather fine, so we started out on our adventures soon after breakfast. Mrs Adams determined on walking, the whole length of the esplanade which made a lively and pleasant scene. Nearly at the end of it is a high hill on the top of which are the ruins of a castle. We hired a carriage to mount this. There is not much left of it, as all the best part of the wall, the facings are gone, probably taken away in the course of years to supply materials for the houses below. Enough remains however to show how strong it must have been in the days when there were no cannon. A single numan and doorway is standing and part of the tower, as well as the line of the outer wall. It is said to have been Saxon, and enlarged by William to conqueror after his victory near this spot. It is now turned into a place of recreation for summer visitors. The view is the bets thing about it. We returned home to luncheon, and then started on an expedition seven miles to Battle to see the ruins of the Abbey Stone. The sky had become clear and cool, and in had a pleasant drive through a pretty country. I noticed much antiquity in the houses along the road. We reached the time barely in season to given admission. The gateway is imposing and ancient. It dates from Henry the second and is in good condition enough to make the entrance to the pleasant place, which is the residence of Lord Henry Vaner. This is made out of a part of the old Abby, so that the actual ruins are only tan of the secondary builder—the repetory and kitchen and two powers belonging to the great hall. The real interest attaching to it is that it is the spot on which the struggle took place that established the Norman ascendancy in the island. Eight hundred years have passed since Harold died and William the conqueror decided on building an Abby on the very scene of slaughter. The sun was declining so fast that we were obliged to hung of, and we did not get him to our lodgings until after dark. Continued Carlisle, for the want of letters reading, and we placed whist.
233 Wednesday 12th St Leonard’s CFA AM
A bright and cloudless day—a great rarity in this climate, though common in America. We spent a large part of it on the esplanade which was quite lively with people. The air was rather sharp but bracing and fine, whilst the sun was clear enough to have some force in its rays. I think I could spend a couple of the months with short days here very pleasantly. The rest of the time I passed in writing a letter to my son John, and in the evening we had Whist.

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233 Thursday 13th London CFA AM
My play-time is over. During my stay I have taken a slat water bath the first thing in the morning, and it has done me good. This morning I had not time for I was off to the Station on my return to London before nine o’clock. The family remain here until Saturday. The trip was without incident. The weather was clear and fine, but when we reached Croydon it began to be thick, and in London it was a heavy smoke fog. I drew directly over London Bridge to the counting house of Messr Barings, and it was curious to see the streets dark and the shops lighted with gas as if it was evening. From thence I went home, and devoted myself to the business which had accumulated in my absence. It is plain I cannot leave this place much without deranging the regular course of things. Made my Despatches, and took a walk. The air was more saturated with coal smoke especially in the lower part of the town than I ever felt it before. I felt it was breathing it in— All the street and shop lamps seemed to burn dim—as if about to expire. There was no radiation so that the darkness was only just relieved. As I came homewards towards the Regent’s Park it grew better though by no means well, even there. Quiet and lonely evening. Read more of Lord Auchland’s papers.

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233 Friday 14th London CFA AM
Cloudy, but the fog was gone, and it was cold. I was busy in writing home. Some excitement here by the publication of a letter of M. Drouyn de l’Huys, the new minister of foreign affairs in Paris proposing to the Courts of England and Russia, a joint offer of mediation in the American struggle, to being with an armistice of six months. This letter is dated on the 15th of last month, so that it has probably been already answered by both governments. The general impression here is that it has been declined. I have a letter from Mr Dayton today giving the substance of his conference with M Drouyn de l’Huys, and reporting him as saying in case of the powers declining, nothing would be done. It is nevertheless a strange move and based upon very remarkable reasoning, such as nobody but Mr Slidell could have prompted. Mr Moran dined with me. I took a long walk as usual

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234 Saturday 15th London CFA AM
The morning newspapers contained Lord Russell’s reply to the French note. It declines the proposition with civility as not likely to do good at this time. After breakfast I went down to see him by appointment at his house in Chesham place. I began on my business, which was the negotiation of a convention of claims. But he remarked at once that I must have seen his note. This led me to say how glad I had been to see it, as it had put an end to my doubts about going on with the other matter. For in consequence of the effect produced by Mr Gladstone’s speech, I had received instructions not to proceed in the negotiation if there was any question of such a proposal. I then commented on the nature of the Emperor’s note and the effect it was likely to have in America. I hoped it would open the eyes of the people to their mistake as to the desposition of the Emperor, and make them more liberal to England. I found strong hopes of a better feeling to come out of it. His Lordship seemed a little elated by his paper, and was more cordial than usual. He alluded to the alleged audience granted to Mr Slidell at Compigne, and said that if the Queen had granted any such to Mr Mason, there would have been no end to the indignation in America. I said, Yes. I was disposed to charge a good deal of this to Mr Slidell. I much feared the result would be to embroil the two countries. The policy had already been foreshadowed by M Mercier at Washington, and had been decisively declined. His Lordship said that the impressive given had been different— For it had been intimated that at the time I referred to Mr Seward had shown some disposition to listen to a proposition. All I could say in reply was that he had sent me a report of his conference with M Mercier, which was quiet in a different spirit, and that since furnished me with a copy of a Despatch to Mr Dayton embodying sentiments of the strongest character. So strong indeed, that through a discretion had been vested in me to submit them to his Lordship, I had not done so because things seemed to be going well enough without it, and I found that in a case like this Her Majesty’s government might be compelled by it to appear to act under instinct. His Lordship said he thought it had been wisely done not to use it. I then spoke of Napoleon and his views. I recalled to his recollection our conversation last year at Abergeldie, when I had expressed my uneasiness respecting his movement is again with its borders on the Mississippi river. His Lordship said he had supposed only that we were uneasy at having him for a neighbor. I asked if he had heard of the Russian answer. He said he had received a telegraphic summary to the effect that she could not act officially in a case which seemed likely to meet with a chilling reception from America, but if France went forward and England should acquiesce, she would direct her Minster to give his moral support. I laughed and said that the answer would do. We then got talking about the convention and I presented Mr Seward’s proposals of modification which he took for consideration. Last of all I touched upon the old case of the Alabama, and apprised him that I had another representation to make on it, He said he supposed I knew the
facts of the case for he understood Mr Layard had fully informed me. I observed that I did not remember ever talking with that gentleman about it. He seemed surprised and said he heard that Mr John Bright was charging him with having given warning to the 290 to go, before the order to stop her could be sent. I replied that all I knew had come from himself, for he had told me of the delay caused by Sir John Harding’s illness, and that when the advice was at last given and the order went down, the vessel was gone. His Lordship confirmed this as the true statement. After some other remarks upon the temper shown in Liverpool I took my leave quite well satisfied with the result. On reaching home I wrote a supplementary Despatch to Mr Seward, and sent it in the public Mail. I added a copy of the Russian answer, which came to hand in season. The family came back at noon today in good health, after a pleasant and exhilarating visit. In the evening I took a walk round the path. News from America that the democratic party had succeeded in New York, in the elections.

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236 Sunday 16th London CFA AM
A fine, clear day and mild. Attended Divine service at the Chapel, where Mr Martineau preached a Sermon aimed at the pantheistical theories of the day. It was good but more marked with his prevailing tendency to rarify his atmosphere of though. After service paid a visit to Sir Charles and Lady Lyell. Afterwards, I called to see Lord Lyndhurst, and was admitted. He looked more wasted than before, but seemed at active mentally as ever. Count Pahlen, a Russian diplomatic character was there. His Lordship began talking at once about American affairs in which he seems to take the greatest interest. Soon afterwards Lord Bingham, Mr Charles Greville and Lord Chelmsford successively came in. With the exception of Count Pahlen and Lord Chelmsford they are full upon me, discoursing on American affairs, as I have heard others represent that Englishmen do to them. I kept as calm as I could and parried the blows where I did not defend. An Englishman always takes his view from his own island as the standard of political excellence, and despises anything outside of it too much to think of trying to understand it. Here were some of the cleverest men in England lost in a maze about our elections, and disposed to construe every thing as chaos which does not assimilate to their parliament. Presently they all got tired of this. I ought to remark that Lord Brougham personally treated me with much more courtesy than ever before, and incidentally asked me why I was not at the Lord Mayor’s dinner last week, as if he had had an intention of some kind in connection with it. I am the more pleased in having escaped that trial. For his Lordship is not always judicious or happy in his public notices, especially since he has grown old. The three Ex Chancellors then began talking about Lord Westbry, the present Chancellor, and it soon became quite edifying to notice how keen was the enjoyment of every piece of calumny and detraction which each put in. According to them the head of the law had betrayed his incapacity in his late measures of reform of the law. And yet more he was a man who could not be believed in any thing he said. Indeed to such a degree was this time that the underlings in the offices of Parliament were always compelled to visit him with some companion as a witness in order to protect ourselves from the risk of misrepresentation. And yet these are the men who profess to be shocked at the laxity of the doings in America! Lord Brougham doubtless had his experience of the same kind from ex-Chancellors when he was in that Office, but it does not seem to have warmed his charity or prompted him to forbearance, Indeed this whole scene from beginning to end did not contribute to elevate my notions of the statesmen of Great Britain. I would not have missed it on any account. The talk then turned to the distress in Lancashire, when I seized the opportunity to take my leave. I forgot to mention a visit from Mr Lampson at noon. In the evening I got my Despatches, all of them more or less redolent of Mr Gladstone’s speech.
The newspapers came from America this morning and as usual absorbed some time, after which I walked to the Board of Trade at Whitehall to attend at Sir Emerson Tennent’s a meeting of the Trustees of Mr Peabody’s donation. They were all present but Mr Morgan. The object of the call was to confirm the doings commenced at a meeting last week. Purchases have been made of the two plots of ground, and a land agent was in attendance to present offers of several offers. Much conversation ensued on the expediency of going farther. It was finally determined to wait and visit one or two of the most eligible. In the mean time directions were given to obtain plans for edifices on the first of the purchased lots. This really is beginning. Of course in all these practical matters I am very quiet, knowing nothing of the business forms of this country. The prize of the lots seemed very reasonable, for though in the poor and less prized quarters of the town, they are always in the heard of a dense population. It will now not be long before something will appear for the promised gift of Mr Peabody. When I got home it was near dark, so short are the days growing— I took a walk around the inner ring of the Regent’s park. Brooks went back to Twickenham today. Quiet evening.
My business is writing letters and there is literally no end of it. I get in part through the arrears—after which I began to commit to paper the draught of a very critical note to Lord Russell. As it required some investigation I was obliged to leave it partly done until tomorrow. Had a visit from Mr R. Schleiden, the Minister from the House towns to the United States, who is on the way back from a visit home during the summer. I took a long walk, which now comes to be after dark. In the evening with the family.
I was much engaged in the preparation of the note to Lord Russell which I began yesterday — It is in execution of the direction to ask reparation for the damage done by the ravages of the Alabama or other No 290. It is as difficult a work as any I have had to do even including my first conversation with his Lordship. I completed the first draught of it, and gave it to Mr Moran to draw out a fair copy for consideration. Towards evening I took a walk as far as the Kensington gate opposite the International Exhibition, and was very much struck with the difference made in Piccadilly at that hour by the closing of that building. Evening at home. A game of whist with the family.
239 Thursday 20th
London CFA AM

The days are rapidly shortening. I now scarcely get to my desk at half past ten, and I cannot see to write by half past three. This day the labour of Despatches was greater than usual. I had not more in number, but they were longer, and a little more difficult. In the evening I walked to Bayswater to the Kensington palace garden gate. We had Mr Schleiden to dine with us, and Sir W Ouseley and his Wife, Mrs Hughes, and Mr Tricompì. Rather informed and pleasant than otherwise. They remained with us until nearly eleven. Mr Hughes came in, having been engaged to dinner. I had also asked Sir Henry and Lady Holland, Mr and Miss Bille, and Mr Layard’s all of whom were engaged. Mr Schleiden spoke to me of a rumour in France that Mr Seward was about to resign, and I was to be called home, which I think is all folly. But In ever meet the idea without some feeling of uneasiness at the possibility. The administration of Mr Lincoln is in the nature of a crucifixion of all its members.

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Hard at work for five or six hours on my despatches and private letters. The first thing I received before breakfast was a cheerful joint letter from my sons John and Charles who were together at Hagerstown, and gave me their impressions of the state of things in the army. It was quite hopeful, and indicated confidence in the progress about to be made. Alas, the telegraphic despatch of a week later came in the afternoon to announce that General McClellan had been set aside and General Burnside substituted. The issue of this act is as yet unknown to us. It may be good, but at all events it puts an end to any present possibility of counting on results. The telegram intimates the possibility of consequent changes in the Cabinet. I presume this must refer either to Seward or to Blair, perhaps to both. I meditated and speculated upon the strange incomprehensible turn which events have constantly taken, and concluded that it was wise to trust the Creator with his skies. That good will ultimately come out of evil I do not permit myself to doubt. In the evening we had a rubber of whist in the family, and I afterwards wrote several letters.

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240 Saturday 22d. Windsor CFA AM

A clear, pleasant, cool day. My letter writing not being yet quite completed I continued it for much of the morning. Wrote to Mr Dana at Boston, and so far as I could brought up all my arrears. At half past four I went with Mrs Adams and my daughter to the Paddington Station where we were joined by Mr and Mrs Bates to proceed by the Great Western railway to Windsor. At that place we found carriage from Mr Van de Weyer’s, which brought us four miles, to his house at New Lodge. It was quiet dark when we got there, but we were pleasantly welcomed, and sat down soon afterwards to a comfortable dinner. The guest were dean and Mrs Milan, Mr Hibbert, Mr Wyune, making with the family sixteen at table. Afterwards there was Whist for those who liked it, and conversation for the rest of us. I ought not wholly to omit notice of a little incident though of little impotence in itself which took place this morning. I received a note from the Duchess Dowager of Leeds asking my aid in completing a conveyance which she wished to execute of some lands in America. To this end I was requested to call at a convent where she was stopping for a day at No 44 Upper Harley Street. I accordingly went and saw her sign and acknowledge the deeds. She is now and old and a plain woman. But she is the only survivor of three sisters, Miss Catons, a granddaughter of Charles Carrol of Carrolton, who came out to England in 1816, and who somehow succeeded in marrying into the noblest of families in the kingdom. One sister became the Wife of the Marquis of Wellesley, one , of the Marquis of Stafford, and this one first married Major Henie and after his death the Duke of Leeds. Lady Stafford died a few days ago. None of them lead children, and the Duchess today very frankly confessed her entire solitude, and her desire to take refuge from the vanities of life in a convent, not as a nun, but as a boarder. What a moral this tale carries with it. She talked with good sense and moderation, but it was clear to me that the finery of Hanley Castle in her state of mind was desolation, and that she would ultimately fly from it and take the vows in preparation for a better state.241

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23 November 1862

241 Sunday 23d Windsor CFA AM

The ground was white with frost and the air was sharp from the east. But the sky was clear and bright. We accompanied Madam Van de Weyer to Divine service at St George’s Chapel in Windsor Castle. Although I had seen this interesting relic last year, and soon as a boy I dimly remember attending service here with my father, it gave me some pleasure to be in it once more. The service was most of it chanted moderately well, and a sermon preached much the same. The attendance was full but not crowded. Since the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen has service in the Chapel within the body of the castle. The banners of the knights of the garter, a relic of medieval fancies still hang on the walls. Among them Mrs Van de Weyer pointed out to me one which certainly has much resemblance to our national ensign. It had both the stars and the stripes though not exactly in our colours. As I had become much chilled during the service I chose not to walk home, and missing the direct road I made it more than five miles, but it was very pleasant and brought me back in a glow. The remainder of the day I amused myself with a look of M Roderer, on the history of the refinement in France. I was surprised to learn from the very curious notes some new causes for the murder of Henry the fourth by Ravaillac. The dinner was formal as usual, and in the evening most of the party were amused by the puzzle of spelling out a word from a certain number of separate letters given out. This was also a game at Mr Baring’s.
Monday 24th Windsor CFA AM

Quite cold again but fine and clear. The site of New Lodge is high and overlook a wide extent of pretty country. The edifice is newly built by Mr Bates for his daughter, and he is gradually buying up the vicinity to make a great estate for the ultimate establishment of the grandson Victor as an English nobleman. In the mean time M Van de Weyer is enjoying the usufruct as the diplomatic representation of Leopold of Belgium, and the confidential friend at Court. Thus a plain and honest American plebeian from my neighboring town of Weymouth, and the son of a small shopkeeper in Belgium are uniting to found a high family among the aristocracy of this most aristocratic island. Of their ultimate success there can be no doubt, provided the stock prove strong enough to support the weight. But the ancestors look to me as the best of the stock. M Van de Weyer has been shrewd as well as fortunate. He has capacity and learning, industry and experience. His active life is nearly over, but he has in the developement of this charming spot enough to amuse and interest him after his public duties cease. His library is also a treasure beyond price. There was to have been a meet here for the hounds, as young Victor is a huntsman. I should like to have seen it as a prize English scene. But the front had been such the scent would not lie, and it was put off. We sauntered about the grounds instead. As yet they are quite rough, but time and money will work wonders. After luncheon a party was made up to go and see Virginia Water. They young Van de Weyers with their sister Miss Victoria went on horseback with my daughter in company, whilst Mrs Milman, my Wife and I went in an open carriage with Madame. We drove through the private ways of Windsor Forest over the turf roads which are used only by the royal family and their especial favorites. We stopped at the Chinese house, but could not get in as the tenant, Mr Whiting was absent. It was cold and the ice was forming on the water. The drive was however very pleasant, and we got home shortly after sunset. Besides our party, which with the exception of Mr Whynne continued the same, there came at dinner a Colonel Cyre, Mr and Mrs Gunfill, and a Mr Chaplin. In the evening the young people played at Vingt un.
25 November 1862

Our visit came to an end this morning, and we took leave of our hosts after breakfast to return to town. They have treated us with all possible civility. I am glad that we came, for my observation has corrected some prejudices which I had imbibed considering the height of favor they have enjoyed so long at Court they are not so much affected by it as I had supposed. The civility shown to us has been mainly due to Mr and Mrs Bates who have certainly wished it. But it has been gracefully and handsomely paid. The visit has been made the more pleasant by the company of Mr Milman and Mr Hibbert, both cultivated men. Yet I cannot well suit myself to this sort of company life. It is formal, constrained and idle—very well calculated for the multitude of wealthy people who knew no way of using their leisure but that of going round from house to house, and talking gossip and the news. I do not easy the position of the hosts who thus for months together keep a hotel for their voluminous acquaintance. I am always glad to get back to my own room and even the cares of my public situation. Nothing had however happened in my absence excepting the receipt of the weekly main and newspapers which I greedily devoured. The deposition of McClellan seems to have been easily accomplished. No change as yet in the position of the army. A letter from my son John who has returned quite unwell. Quiet evening. continued Lord Auchland’s papers.

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26 November 1862

The weather is moderating. I scarcely can account for my morning and yet I do not feel as if it had been wasted. Wrote a letter to Mr Bayard Taylor at St Petersburg, and another to Edward Brooks at Paris. On the whole my mind seemed to be under a sense of relief from late apprehensions, though there was nothing materially encouraging in the accounts from home. Mr Pierce paid us a visit and spent some time. I dined by invitation with Mr Cyrus W. Field at the Buckingham palace Hotel. The company consisted of Mr Steward Wortley, Professor Wheatstone, Mr Varley, Capt Bythesea Captain Douglas Galton, Dr Wallach, and others whom I did not identify. Most of these are men of science and talked pleasantly. Mr Field told me of an interview he had had with Mr Gladstone in which he had disavowed friendliness to the rebels. Mr Field is now quite sanguine about the success of his telegraph scheme. He told me too that there was much excitement in the Clubs, at the rumor that the law offices of the crown were of opinion that the British government did not stand well on the Alabama case. This doubtless grows out of the necessity of answering the paper I sent in last week. They will not yield the point however. I well remember the course taken last year in the Trent affair. There was the same hesitation at first and then a change of doctrine to suit the exigency. Learning that Mr Peabody was ill in bed upstairs I called upon him after dinner. He is suffering from one of his customary attacks of gout. He talked a little upon politics. He had told my son of his receiving information from Paris that Leopold of Belgium had initiated the proposal of mediation. I asked him where he got this. He said, from Mr Lindsay. I then told him of my enquiry of M Van de Weyer, and of his very emphatic contradiction of it all. The latter charges the fiction to the Emperor. I am more disposed to attribute it to Mr Slidell and his purchased allies about the Court.
244 Thursday 27th London CFA AM

Quiet day at home, preparing the usual Despatches of the week. They are not quite so burdensome this time, but there is always more or less of anxiety about it. Time does not diminish the sense of responsibility attending it. I sometimes feel as if I ought to do more. But the days appear to pass swiftly and I can scarcely account for the time that is not spent at my writing table. My walks are all taken after dark now. Latterly there has been much alarm occasioned by sudden attacks upon single persons in the street, with a lasso so as to throttle and rot them. I therefore rather avoid my lovely rambles around the Regent’s park, and seek the frequented ways. This evening I went along Baker Street to St John’s wood and thence to the Edgeware road. Whilst passing in nearly to the opening of Hyde Park, it being about six o’clock. I saw before me the most remarkable meteor in the sky that I ever beheld. It moved in a broad train of light of a bluish color from east to west until it passed beyond my vision which was obstructed to suppose it some optical illusion for some firework closely magnified in the mist. At home in the evening. Lord Auchland’s memoirs and a game of whist with the family.

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245 Friday 28th London CFA AM
This day devoted to my private letters. One to Dr Palfrey, one to Mr Seward and one to each of my sons. Thus takes the day. Mrs Adams and I dined with Sir Henry and Lady Holland. A parting to Sir Charles Trevelyan who goes out next week to India. Some act of insubordination brought him back from there a few months ago, but his real capacity and knowledge of his duty have induced the government to restore him to his position. Lady Trevelyan was the sister of Lord Macaulay, the historian, and is herself quite a superior woman. She goes out too, with their son and younger daughter. The other company were Lord and Lady Lyveden, Lord Stanley and Mr Gibbs. It was the pleasantest dinner I have been at in this house. We shall be sorry to lose the Trevelyans, for though we do not see them much, they are among the few whom we feel a good deal of regard for. Home after ten.
Quiet day, principally employed in bringing up the arrears of correspondence for the week. One or two visits from Americans who came in the Arabia. Messrs Cobb and Guild from Massachusetts, with letters from Dr Putnam and Mr Solomon Lincoln. News came by the Scotia, but nothing of importance. The war moves in our favour, but with no decisive result. The change of Commanders has thus far been attended by no disadvantage. The test will be success or failure. Evening walk. And after dinner, cards with the children.
245 Sunday 30th London CFA AM
A thick fog, not so dark or so persistent as that of the 13th, but still symptomatic of the season of the year in London. I attended in company with my children, Mary and Brooks the chapel in Portland Street. A person whose name was said to Calthorp and from America preached. The style certainly not English. The sermon was upon the freedom of modern times to arrive at the analysis of religious belief, which he ended by applying the story of Balboa’s progress to the Pacific as an allegory typifying the disclosing by Jesus Christ of the true faith. On my return home I found the Despatches which are on the whole encouraging. But I still fear we have not found a leader. For a wonder, no visits. Evening walk with Mary. Finished the fourth and last volume of Lord Auchland’s papers.
246 Monday 1st London CFA AM
Mild with light rain. Some time spent in reading the newspapers from the United States, which one the whole encouraged me, though not very strongly. There is yet no appearance of the strong organizing head and the vigorous hand which ought to finish this war by next April, if it is to be finished at all. Drove with Mrs Adams on some commissions, and then to the city where I transacted business with Messrs Baring. All the partners were present and very busy. Then home. Afterwards I walked out and paid return visits to Mr C Howard and Messrs Cobb and Guild. Evening at home. Read the memoir of Lord Castlereagh by his brother, the Marquis of Londonderry. Well meant.
246 Tuesday 2d. London CFA AM
In proportion as the weather moderates it becomes misty at this season, and the walking becomes unpleasant from the slimy mud on the pavements. My day slipped off almost insensibly, though I did little beyond my usual duty of writing letters. I went out with Mrs Adams and examined some things for Christmas presents. A walk, but not so long as usual. Evening at home. Whist with the family.
Wednesday 3d. London CFA AM
Mild and foggy. I had visits from Messrs C W Brooks and Hunnewell from Massachusetts. They proceed at once to the continent. Henry left us to pay a visit to Mr Munchton Milnes in Yorkshire, so that I seemed quite solitary. Went out for the purpose of making some payments. The evening is now at its earliest so that it really gives us but six hours of effective daylight. Evening Miss Lampson dined with us—and we had Whist.
246 Thursday 4th London CFA AM
Writing my Despatches which were quite within compass. Otherwise very quiet. I could not help turning to my Diary of this time last year, and nothing the great contrast presented by the two season. At that moment we were in the midst of the excitement about the Trent case. Now all is lull and calm. I feel at the moment as if I might stay the rest of my term. Yet there is no security beyond April or May, perhaps not even at this moment. Much depends on the war which yet drags along. On looking at the latest newspapers which came today I do not feel quite so much courage. A few months must settle it, and I am willing to trust to Providence for a favorable issue. Visit from Mr Ralston in the evening, who brought with him an Italian officer named Marchisio, who came to tell me of the departure of several of his countrymen of the Garibaldi party in the service of the confederates who pay them high. The source of the abundance of money these people have on this side, when they are obviously so much pressed at home is very mysterious. The gentleman seemed to wish me to enter into a competition for these people, but I was quite lukewarm. We do not want them. They speak no English and are all conceited about their own qualifications. He was otherwise very intelligent and gave me much information in Italian French of his travels in South America, and his acquaintance with Bompland, the companion of Humboldt, who remained in Paraguay.
Cloudy with rain. Busy writing letters to my sons which consumed pretty much all the available day-light. No interruption but a visit from Mr Sanford who is on one of his flying trips of suspension, I suppose. Towards dark I went out to call upon Mr Morse, the Consul, who has been ill, confined to his house for some days. He promised me a paper which I need to make up a representation to the British government, but he has not yet been able to prepare it. We talked over the extensive operations making here to aid the confederates, and he showed me a copy of a letter designating the line of a trade to be carried on through Matamoras, in which one hundred per cent of profits was guaranteed by the rebel authorities to all goods imported, to be paid for in cotton at 7½ cents a pound. This explains at once the terrible necessities of the rebels and the strong efforts here to aid them. We dined early, in order to go to hear Christy’s minstrel at St James’s Hall. I had been asked to attend the benefit of the manager, and was glad to seize the occasion to buy some tickets by way of paying for the civility extended to me during the last year. The hall was quite filled. The music was good, though not equal to what I have heard heretofore in America—and there was much more of other and less refined matter, such as dancing and caricature. The success of this kind of exhibition for so long a period as it has been kept up both in Europe and America is remarkable. I learn that this company has been almost to the confines of China within the last year. Mrs & Miss Sampson and Mr Moran were with us.
248 Saturday 6th London CFA AM
Another day of cloud and rain and darkness. The period of light is so short as to give little chance for much work. I finished up my arrears of correspondence as I commonly do on this day of the week, and returned a visit to the new French Secretary of legation, the Marquis de Cadore. The new Minister, Baron Gros has not yet arrived. Then a walk— In the evening a visit from Mr Sanford who stayed quite late.
248 Sunday 7th London CFA AM
Pleasanter day. Attended Divine Service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached a discourse rather in his less attractive vein. Afternoon, a walk with Mary in the course of which we visited the zoological gardens, and took a look at the great animals. It seemed to me as if their coats were brightened by the cold season. The lions never looked better, and the tigers and bears seemed in rich robes. The seals also swam about with great vivacity, especially as the keeper was just in the act of supplying them with fish. He remarked however that they were less eager than common as the fish were less fresh than they liked to have them. On my return home I found Sir Henry Holland. Having no particularly reading I went through several articles in the latest number of the Quarterly Review. How much time and growth does to change our views of things! I remember the day when I used to consider such writing as authority merely because it was done with boldness and with assurance. After dinner, I read to Mrs A and to Mary, the first part of Dickens’s Christmas production of “Somebody’s luggage.”
Monday 8th London CFA AM
A very clear and fine morning, and for a wonder the weather lasted good all day. I spent some

time out of doors, doing commissions, and finished up what work I had left to do. As the bag

had not come, I had really no work, which is a thing to be noted. So I made myself some in

putting bookmarks into the volumes I have purchased since I got here. They make a very

considerable number. Henry returned from Yorkshire this evening. Mrs Adams and I dined by

invitation with Sir Robert and Lady Phillimore, the new Queen’s Advocate in the place of Sir

John Harding. The company consisted of Sir Roundell and Lady Laura Palmer, Miss Lyttleton

and another Dr Washington, Lord Harris, Sir Francis Doyle and Mr Wyane. It was much
pleasanter than usual. There is some satisfaction in meeting with an educated and lively set of

gentlemen, familiar with high station but without the morgue that is apt to attend it. Of all

persons I have seen in England no one has impressed me more favorably than Dr Lushington.
There is great activity of mind, notwithstanding his age which is now past eighty. At the same
time he is simple and genial as a child. He is still at the head of Admiralty and consisting courts
and seems to retain both physical and mental powers remarkably. Some conversation
incidentally about the performance at the Westminster school next week, of Terence’s play of

the Andrian, to which I had received an invitation. It turned out that the son of Sir Robert was
the Captain, and on my saying I should like to go, Sir Robert asked me to dine with him on the
18th and go in company with the Lord Chancellor, which I very readily acceded to. Evening
consumed until nearly eleven.
Cloudy day with rain. My Despatches came which this week were not much, but the private letters and newspapers filled up the time. The accounts of progress are by no means satisfactory, but the indications of great exhaustion in the rebel states increase and multiply. Very great efforts are making from here to aid them, but the blockade at least makes the supply come slowly. Mr Morse came in, and talked over matters. I know of no form of prevention—and his delay in furnishing the materials has thus far delayed remonstrance. I prepared the papers for my son Henry, who started this evening to carry a package to Mr Wood at Copenhagen, which the government had directed me to transmit by messenger. Mrs Adams, and I with Mary dined by invitation with Dean and Mrs Milman. The company consisted of Sir Edmund and Lady Head, Mr Fronde and his Wife, and some others whom I did not know. A simple entertainment but very pleasant. I am much better suited than with the empty and more chilly ceremonials of the highest rank. Had much pleasant conversation with Mr Fronde who sat next to me, and who though much given to paradox in his historical compositions, is one of the few writers of reputation in that class, of the age. Home rather late.

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250 Wednesday 10th London CFA AM

A very mild, pleasant day. I had so little to do that I was out in the streets doing small commissions. Among other things I purchased for a trifle a fair edition of Terence, and refreshed my recollections of the Andria by reading those acts of it. Many years have passed since I last read it, but it came up with more of a conception of its comedy than ever. We had to dinner a young gentleman by the name of Pakenham, who brought a letter from his partner, Mr Hooker at Rome. Mr Henry T Parker and Mr R D Tucker were likewise with us. I asked two or three more persons but they could not come.
Clouding up until it ended in a heavy rain. This was my day for the preparation of my Despatches, but I stole a little time for the purpose of paying a visit by invitation to Professor Wheatstone. He had expected to see Mr Stuart Wortley, the President of the Atlantic Telegraph company, but he did not come. So he devoted himself to me, by showing me his various inventions in connection with the electric telegraph. The very neatest thing is a portable one which may be set any where and with a light wire may be rigged so as to communicate with any place in the neighborhood or many miles off, without the agency of an expert or the necessity of learning the customary signs. Whilst I was present, the professor sent two messages to his Office in the Strands, two miles off and received immediate answers, which I could read from the dial plate. The value of this invention between government bureaus or to a commander in the field is obvious. He next showed me several improved modes of transmitting words, so that a message containing three hundred words was sent in thirty nine seconds. This is nearly as fast as the telegraph does in common use—He showed me other modes of marking off by points with extraordinary clearness and rapidity. But his next invention was the most interesting. This is a cipher and susceptible of discovery excepting by the possessor. Not at all depending on the use of signs for words, it controls a variety of combinations of the letters never used twice for any one word as to defy all attempt to follow it. The instrument by which this is effected is simple and portable, but it would require a very clear and calm head to keep it from falling into error. The Professor told me that during the Italian war Napoleon had used one of these instruments in communicating with his officers, allowing no one to aid him in the manipulation. How much we could have benefitted by such an instrument in our war, to guard against the disclosure made of our plans by treachery! I expressed myself much gratified by my visit, and said I should report on some of the inventions to my government. Evening a long walk, after which I read aloud to my family a portion of Mr Dickens’s Christmas Stories. They are on the whole mediocre.
251 Friday 12th London CFA AM
Fine day, but I was locked in the house writing my despatches and private letters until sunset. When I got through it always seems as if a weight was taken from both mind and body. Yet I am sensible how far I fall short of my duty, and how much information I might collect which I do not. When I set up this discouraging absolute standard; my relief is in reflecting that relatively no predecessor of mine since Mr Everett has ever done so much. Indeed since the day of Mr Monroe no person has ever stood in so critical a position here, when errors could make more mischief. Perhaps as much may depend upon avoiding to do as doing. Quiet walk with Mary. The town is getting over the panic about the garotte. Shopkeepers have however availed themselves of it by putting up for sale all sorts of instruments of prevention. One of them is a collar with spikes in it, apparently a penitence to the wearer. In the evening I had a visit from a man who has written me several notes of late under the signature of an American, disclosing some of the movements of the Confederate emissaries here and their associates. He has not given me much information that I had not before, and I felt a little on my guard against trusting him. His name is Gray, and his family are in Virginia. I did not discourage him however, and he left me promising that he would apprise me of Lieutenant Maury’s operations here.252

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252 Saturday 13th London CFA AM
My miscellaneous correspondence had accumulated so much that it took me pretty much all my daylight to prepare replies. I had one or two visits, the most curious of which was that of Mr C M Eustis, who is vehemently in favor of a different plan of laying a telegraph cable from that adopted by the organized company. The secret came out that he was connected with a differently constructed cable covered with gutta percha prepared by his trading house. I promised to read his papers. How much of this kind of thing any person connected with public affairs is compelled to attend to. And what skill and tact are required to pick out the valuable from the worthless. I received from my American acquaintance who paid me another visit in the evening several copies of a rebel address to the English people which has been extensively circulated in the country. It is a compound of trick, falsehood and passion quite characteristic of the source from which it comes. Its tone confirms the impressions I have lately received from other quarters of the great exhaustion of the rebels. My new acquaintance revealed to me tonight what I expected to hear, and that is, that he wanted money. He had applied to Maury for some, but he pleaded poverty. As yet he has not given me much information, but I gave him some money, and he promised to get some communication from Maury of the outfit going on at Liverpool. I do not think he is much in their confidence, or that he has much real vigor. Still he may be useful just at this crisis. Finished reading Mr Dickens’s Christmas Story of Somebody’s Luggage, which is quite feeble as a whole. He appears to have exhausted this vein.
Cool and clear. Attended Divine Service at the chapel in Portland Street, and heard Dr Taylor preach a Sermon, Mr Martineau officiating for the rest of the Service. The Discourse was mainly addressed to the question now agitating the Church here in consequence of the publication of a small volume by Bishop Colenso, as to the authority of the Scriptures. Late events show more than ever the insufficiency of the basis on which that church rests. It demands implicit assent to its own creed though it originated in a refusal to abide by that of the Romish Hierarchy which certainly was as much entitled to that sort of deference as any that could spring up after it. The claim of infallibility can scarcely be set up by a later power which had refused to admit its existence in the earlier one. If it be admitted that the Deity wrought out results through human means, it is natural to infer that there continued always more or less imperfect agency. There can be no doubt that the Jewish race was of this class. Hence it may be justly inferred that the Scripture narrative though in substance the week of extraordinary inspiration get in the detail showed the natural imperfection of its authors. Assuming this for a moment to be true the right to judge of the extent of this inevitably followed. All Protestant nations much claim it, for the denial is a virtual surrender to the Roman Church. Episcopacy is now in the midst of its struggle with this problem. The issue can scarcely be doubtful. But time can only work it out. We were very quiet. I took a walk with Mary around to the park, and on my return I found Mr and Miss Lampson paying us a visit. Another visit from Mr Gray, but he had nothing new. The Steamer from America gave no sign as yet.
Monday 15th London CFA AM

Having some leisure from business by the non-arrival of the usual Despatches. I spent some time in reading over again the Andria of Terrence. The more I review it the more it strikes me. Though it is now sometime since I have opened a latin author, I think I never before so completely mastered the sense and spirit of this piece. I had a visit from Mr Cropsey and Mr Stansfeld, a member of parliament who seemed anxious further to inform himself of our affairs, as he was about to make an address to his constituents. I did what I could, but what is that, when one must begin from so far back! Went out to my daughter's riding school to see her practise leaping which she does very well. But I have a profound aversion to horses. Mrs Adams and I dined with Sir Roundell, Lady Laura Palmer. The Lord Chancellor and Miss Westbury, Dean and Mrs Milman, Count Stralicky. Mr and Mrs Whitbread, and Sir George Gray were all I knew. Quite a pleasant and sociable entertainment. We get home rather late.

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254 Tuesday 16th London CFA AM
I scarcely know what I did today. The telegrams came in quick series from America giving us in all nine days later intelligence, the most material of which was the President's message. It is better than heretofore, but still partakes of his radical deficiencies. He has never raised himself to the level of his position or of the emergency. The military news is favorable so far as it goes. I had not much work, and felt lost without the bag which has been detained unusually by the crippled condition of the Persia. Long walk, part of it through Hyde park after dark. The fear of the garotte is subsidising, though people yet are unwilling to trust themselves in lonely places. Quiet evening. Had another visit from my American friend who is plainly quite needy, and yet has little to communicate. He left me saying he would visit the consul to which I readily acceded. I have no friends to give him, and some doubt whether the money if given would be well laid out.
Tuesday 16th
16 December 1862

The newspapers and letters from America absorbed me a large part of the day. They give me no very decided intelligence, and they fill me with more or less of dissatisfaction. It seems to me that as well in civil as in military proceedings we need men of great and imposing qualities to carry us through. With the exception of Mr Seward I see nothing but respectable average capacity and character. To be sure this characteristic is not peculiar to America. It is visible here, in France and every where. That the contest is steadily approximating its end is clear to me, but what the nature of that end will be is still as dubious, about the issue, and from thence travelled to Mr Cobden and his mention to him of my difficulty with Lord Palmerston. I showed him the correspondence for the first time. He read it with evident surprise. He expressed the hope that it would not get out. I said I had communicated it to nobody in England, excepting so far as I had mentioned without showing the papers to Mr Cobden. I knew that he had told Mr Bright. Mr Forster feared that the animosity of the two against Lord Palmerston might lead them to betray it in Parliament, which would only aggravate the invitation which was now declining. I agreed with him in deprecating any publicity, but at the same time mentioned Lord Palmerston’s auction as my symptomatic of his temper down to this moment. I had no relations with him and this would be scarcely to concealed through a London season. Evening quiet at home. I read to my family a little of Orley Farm, a novel of Mr Trollope.

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On receiving the substance of my Despatches received I did not find material for much reply. Yet on coming to my table I managed to bring out nearly as much as usual. At all events the work absorbed pretty much all my daylight. I could not get out to walk, because I had promised to dine early with Sir Robert Phillimore in order to go the play at Westminster School. I found the Lord Chancellor had reached his house before me, though I was eight minutes early. After we were seated at table came in M. Moreira, the Brazilian minister, and Lord Harris. These with a brother of the host, and Lady Phillimore made up the company. The dinner was easy and pleasant. The Chancellor talks freely and talk well. He has resources from books and from observation. But he gives the irresistible impression of an artificial and untrue man at bottom. His very fluency and measured manner indicate a control over nature too great for sincerity. Yet I do not join the detraction of his brethren the ex-chancellors, the other night at Lord Lyndhursts, for I only describe outward signs. He is always civil to me. Much of the conversation turned upon the play of Terence we were going to see. Upon which his Lordship’s comments did not strike me. At last we all started for Westminster school, and were safely installed in our seats before the stage. A Prologue was spoken by young Phillimore enumerating the Westminster Scholars lately deceased. Then came the play. I followed it with interest from the opening to the close. The parts of Sino, Pamphilus, Davus and Charinus were done with spirit, so that the action did not seem to lag. Mysis was also well conceived. Of the number Davus displayed the most familiarity with the stage, and Charinus the best conception of his very secondary part. Sino’s face wanted the flexibility essential to his language, and Pamphilus was slightly nervous, but otherwise very correct and good. I think I can now comprehend better the force of this piece than by forty readings. The plot is simple, the characters natural and common. The interest is not great for the reason that the difficulties we scarcely grave enough to create suspense. Yet with first class acting I can well understand how it would yield a fund of amusement to its close. After it was over, we went and paid our respects to the Head Master, Mr Scott and I got home by half past ten o’clock. The audience being all Westminster scholars old and young were quiet and sympathetic. On the whole it was as pleasant an evening as I have spent in England.
256 Friday 19th London CFA AM
A mild, cloudy, blustering day. Worked hard at my private letters for the Steamer, getting through wit the close of the day light. I generally feel much relief after it comes to this hour, but this time there is a mass of other matter on my hands of more than common importance which must soon be disposed of. A long walk after dark to divert my mind. Mr Matson, a young man from Connecticut who brought me a letter from Mr Dixon, and who is a grandson of Governor Strong, dined and spent the evening with us.
256 Saturday 20th London CFA AM  
Another day of very high wind. I had hoped to bring up the arrears of my work today, but found it impossible. Mr Morse came in first and talked with me about the counterfeiting case as well as Mr Gray, who to my great relief has transferred himself over to him. As soon as he went it was time to go to see the Messrs Baring in the city, to get some money as well as advice from them about funds to pay the costs, of Mr Chas’s orders. From there we stopped at a silk mercer’s on Ludgate Hill for Mrs Adams to see some goods. He showed among other things some Cashmere shawls of which he said the Americans had been the great purchasers. The troubles had stopped the trade until lately, but now he understood from there that more than ever were selling in New York. He did not know that we were Americans at that time. I stopped to leave at Messrs Fladgate, Clarke & Men a paper sent out to me by Professor Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, and walked home. After luncheon, out again attending visits until dark. Thus passed the day. Evening quiet.

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21 December 1862

257 Sunday 21st London CFA AM
This, I believe, is considered as the shortest day of the year. The sunlight lasts from 8.6 in the morning to 3.51 in the afternoon, that is seven hours and three quarters. If the day be cloudy, which happens three times out four at this season, at least one hour and half more must be deducted. The gale of wind which has blown steadily for two night and two days continued with great violence until night. I attended Divine service, at the Chapel, with Mary and Brooks, the latter of whom has come from school for the Christmas Vacation. Mr Martineau preached a sermon which made no impression upon me at all. Afternoon, visits from Sir Gore Ouseley and Mr Senior. The latter quite full of a visit from Mr Hume, the spiritualist, who magnetized his chairs and tables, and knocked out trivial messages. A long walk, after which we had to dine with us Mr Morse, and Mr Matson again. The former is quite in bad health. Although the Africa was in on Friday morning, the Despatches did not make their appearance.
257 Monday 22d. London CFA AM

The letters and Despatches came in the morning and made a species of chequered day. My son Charles writes of his joining the army again, suffering seriously from an attack of dysentery, whilst John’s language is unusually cheerful. The public Despatches are not material, but the publication attached to the message is so full as materially to impair my prospect of further usefulness here. I feared this from Mr Seward’s singular absence of tact is delicacy. What I have written I am perfectly willing should see the light, if the publication would promote the interest of the country, but I scarcely imagine it wise in diplomatic life to show your hand in the midst of the game. The press of business this week is uncommonly great and Christmas day is to come out of it. In the midst of my work I received a note from Mrs George Morey asking me to come as soon as possible to see her husband at Edwards’s Hotel who wished me to come before he should pass away. I went at once. She described to me his condition and his illness for which he left America. The excitement of the war had proved too much for his news. But there was still hope for him. She only allowed me to go into his bedroom to shake hands with him. His had was burning enough He looked in a precarious state. I can now account for his never having been to see me. She had feared to renew the excitement on his brain. I offered every assistance in my power, and promised to call in tomorrow Mr Morey has always been an honest man. I have known him a politician for a long time, which he seemed to be for the love of the thing rather than from interest or ambition. In the evening Henry returned from his trip to Copenhagen. I was glad to get him back, as his whole trip has been conducted in a storm. On the whole I felt more disturbed and uneasy about public and private matters than I have been for weeks.

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23 December 1862

The subject which presses most upon me just now is the controversy with this Government about the Alabama. Lord Russell has at length sent me an answer to my note, which must in its turn receive a rather elaborate reply. I began it today, but did not get far, as I was compelled to make a good many collateral investigations. Mrs Adams went with me to see Mrs Morey. Her account of her husband was on the whole rather favorable. Walk. William Everett dined with us and spent the evening. He looks thin and delicate.
Cloudy and dull. A visit from Mr Walker, Editor of the news who came to enquire into the correctness of a report in the Post this morning, of a vote in the House of Representatives at Washington consuming the President for the proclamation. I explained the blunder in construing the vote for laying it on the table the motion to be a vote in favor of the motion itself. Such is the measure of most of the speculation of that press on America. Mr Bates came in to ask for information about the case of the Alabama in order to predicate upon it a remonstrance against the building of two more vessels by Mr Laird. I gave him my copy of the Documents marking such passages as had the most direct reference to the subject. Yesterday, Mr P Cumin, a lawyer called on the same subject in order to prepare a leader for the News, which appeared in its columns today. The rest of my morning spent in preparing drafts of my week’s Despatches one day in advance, as tomorrow is Christmas. Mr Miller, the Despatch Agent called to propose a modification of the practice in closing the bag at this Legation. He had written to Washington a complaint about it, which brought me a note from Mr Seward desiring it to be done. I acquiesced in the change, the original reasons for making the plan having ceased to operate. At a little after three o’clock, the family with the exception of Henry started to go by the South Western railway to Walton to spend the Christmas. by invitation with Mr and Mrs Sturgis. The train was very large and full We arrived safely at half past five o’clock. Found Mrs Sturgis, the customary Colonel Hawley, and presently came in Mr Frederick Elliot, Miss Rose, and a Miss Perry. This with the children made a house full. The dinner was choice and stately as ever. An hour after with the ladies, and then in the billiard room finished the day.
On opening the shutters to my great surprise the sky appeared blue and the early rays of the sun were imparting their brilliancy to the vivid green of the grass far and near. It is this last feature that makes the English landscape in winter so cheering. On going won to breakfast we exchanged the usual salutations of the day. The children received their respective presents, and then a portion of us went to Church. The attendance was fully and the service customary, with the single exception of the reading of the odious Athanasian creed. The sermon was on the nativity but without force. In the afternoon I seized an hour of leisure in order to prepare my letters of the week to Charles and John. My anxiety about the former is not diminished by the news we get today of an adverse result in a great battle at Fredericksburgh. I took a walk on the same road I selected just one year ago, and watched the sunset from a bridge a short distance beyond the spot at which I then stopped, noting the hour as twelve minutes before four o’clock just as before. The day uncommonly fine in both cases. We had a large dinner with all the children at table, and a drawing of little things out of a so called pie, which amused the young ones, after which some games. But there was no country party as last year. Bed at midnight.

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260 Friday 26th London CFA AM
Mr and Mrs Sturgis are the most liberal of hosts, their table is of the choicest, and their
cordiality the most thorough, yet I can never feel comfortable in staying here. The whole scene
passes before my eyes as if it were an artificial scene of a play, liable to crumble and
disappear any morning. Besides which there appears to be no substance in the society. A
stroke of apoplexy to the host would scatter it all to the winds. I cannot judge them harshly, but
there are no common points of sympathy to bind us. So I feel relieved when I get away. Henry
who came out last evening to dinner, returned in the early train, with Mr Sturgis and myself, to
town. I had enough to do in resuming my elaborate answer to Lord Russell, and in finishing up
the week’s despatches and letters for the bag. Quiet evening at home.
260 Saturday 27th London CFA AM
The news from America is not encouraging. Much more blood has been shed, but without materially changing the position of affairs. I am filled with anxiety about my son, whom I strongly reluct to see sacrificed in this pointless war. A genuine military chief would have finished it before now, but we are denied him, perhaps for the best. My day was spent in maturing my first draught of my reply to Lord Russell. It is long, but I do not see how it can be otherwise. Made a call on Mr Morey to learn the state of her husband. It was better and I saw him for a moment. He seemed brighter, and his hand was not so hot. Walked round the outer line of Regent’s park. Dined only with Henry for company. In the evening, busy in my room.
The day was fine, and being alone I was determined to execute a little project which I have been meditating for some time. This was to go to Tower hill and visit the Church of all Hallows Barking as well as Cooper’s row. Around these spots are associations connected with my dear Mother which I wished to indulge in. In Cooper’s row her father lived when a merchant established in London prior to the revolution, and afterwards when the first Consul from the new government. There she was brought up, and from there in 1797 she went to the Church and was united to my father before she accompanied him on his mission to the Court of Prussia. The place is not now and probably never was fashionable, not even when men of high degree came to lay down their heads in front of it as a penalty for their political offences. Yet it looks as London would naturally look before the day of its enormous development and absorption of the vicinity. The Church is ancient. It escaped the great fire, but it suffered from an explosion of gunpowder in a house close by. The service was properly performed by a youngish man to an assembly of perhaps a hundred and fifty worshippers. The sermon appropriate to Innocents day and Christmas. Before this altar my parents stood long ago and plighted a faith which was honestly kept for half a century, of a life not without trials and vicissitudes. Then the chain parted by the death of one, and four years later the other followed. They rest in peace under the Church at Quincy, and here am I, their only surviving son plodding my weary way through days of natural tribulation, in the performance of an arduous trust, in the land which witnessed the outset of their career. The recollection of my mother’s tenderness and her deep affection comes over even now and fill my eyes with tears. I walked out of the church feeling as if I had bathed my face in the light of her blessed memory, and could go on with more courage to accomplish the more or less that remains of my own course. At home. I found the Despatches from Washington, and a pleasant letter from Charles, but written four days before the dreadful action at Fredericksburg. Fortunately for my comfort, no cavalry appear to have been engaged. I fear that there are many parents who have no been able to cheer themselves in like manner. It is a great step toward the close of the war. For even Mr Seward now admits that both sides are getting tired of it. General Burnside has terminated his career as commander in chief, I fancy, but whom have we better worthy to trust? Henry left me before dinner to join his mother at Walton. I spent a very quiet evening, reading a portion of Sir Roundell Palmer’s Book of praise, and some of Bulron’s Story called My Novel, which Sir Robert Phillimore in consequence of a conversation at his table has sent to me to read.
Henry came in from Walton to say that his mother would remain over until tomorrow. He went back himself in the afternoon. I was much absorbed by the painful intelligence from America of the wild slaughter committed from mere military rashness. As yet the only victims personally known to me whose names I find, are young Arthur Dehon, the son of William, a son of the worthy clerk of the Court, Joseph Willard, and the revd Arthur B. Fuller. The proportionate loss of Officers is not so great as in many previous actions. But as yet the returns are very partial. I was engaged in revising the draft of my long Despatch the Lord Russell. I am very weary with this sort of pointless controversy even though I have the side of truth and justice. But it is not my nature as it was my father’s to exult in the exercise of his power in strife; to dilate under the heating force of controversy. I now see before me during the remainder of my stay little beyond this recreation. It rained hard and hailed, but my walk in the evening was by moonlight. I have constantly to observe the difference in the clearness between the night, and day. Lonely dinner; but in the evening a visit from Mr Morse, with whom I talked over our various topics of interest. He is sensible and judicious. Read more of My Novel. Philosophy of no particular school mixed up with some forcible pictures of life.

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Dull and rainy. I scarcely know how to account for my time. Some of it was spent in correction once more my despatch, but it was at last in its final shape and was sent off. I also despatched another on the case of the Sumter—Difficulties spring up like fungi in my path. So tricky are these men that it requires perpetual vigilance to detect their plans, and so indifferent are the authorities that I am sorry to say we rarely defeat them. Mrs Adams returned from Walton, leaving all the children out there until Monday. Called to see Mrs Morey and ask about her husband. He was not so well. I fear he has little chance. Continued reading for my evening’s entertainment “my novel.” Walk as usual, but though Hyde Park. The panic is over, for there were many passing by me.
Wednesday 31st London CFA AM

A fine, bright day for the close of the year. Not spent altogether profitably by me. Habitually disposed to analyze my life, it strikes me often how large a portion of it escapes only to be forgotten. In the legation I had a visit from Mr Wilson who talked of his experience in France and in this country. All against us, and thereupon he grows discouraged in the prospect at home. To avoid this alternative I try to mix in some other elements of thought, especially at this close of another year. On looking back, we do perceive alternation of fortune, but certainly in the war we are in a very different situation at the close from what we were in at the beginning. The Trent difficulty was just moving itself from our breast. Afterwards we obtained the control of all the Mississippi excepting Vicksburg, and the sounds of North Carolina as well as the harbour of Norfolk and the control of the Potomac. Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri have come out of the struggle on our side. Surely this is progress, if not so rapid as was expected, still progress. The draw-back to it all is the revolution of opinion which has come from the erring judgment of an incompetent but well meaning head. This and the absence of a good military leader are our great misfortune. This evening American newspapers down to the 20th mention the fact of Mr Seward’s resignation. This opens a wholly new set of reflections for the incoming year. I diverted my mind by a few more chapters of “My Novel.”

I have cause to be profoundly grateful to the Divine Being for the continuance of his mercies to me and mine through the year which has carried private sorrow as well as public grief into the hearts of so many families. Surely this national chastening will inure to use in some purification and exaltation for the future. Great as is the trial, we yet may humble trust, it will lead to gain of high objects more than compensating for all the sacrifices. In that hope let us bear with meekness the crosses that may be set upon us, and learn more and more to aspire for the nobler life that is to come.

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The day was warm and windy, with a very rapid sand flying indicative of storm. It was very quickly passed in preparing the draught of Despatches, made shorter than usual by the critical state in which the Department at Washington was left by the late news. I scarcely know what the President will do, or where he will look for a person to succeed Mr Seward, or the other members of the cabinet. Mr Everett and Mr Fessenden are the only two persons who seem to me to be competent. But the former is hardly stiff enough and the person who seem to me to be competent. But the former is hardly stiff enough and the latter wants experience. Fortunately for me my affiliations with Mr Seward will render me as little acceptable as he is himself. I can imagine nothing less auspicious than an introduction into the government at this juncture. My thoughts wandered over the future with little power to grasp at any thing special for encouragement. Henry came in from Walton to do work. A visit from young Mr Pennington who crosses from Paris to change the scene. Walked in the evening to the palace Hotel to call on Mr Peabody, but they told me he had left town this morning. Quiet evening at home. I ought to mention my calling to enquire about Mr Morey. The answer was that his fever was taking rather a typhoid shape. Read more of my novel.

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265 Friday 2d London CFA AM
A gentleman from Manchester called early to bring me a copy of an address by the working men’s meeting held on the 31st, to the President of the United States. It was quite a strong manifestation of good feeling, and I was glad to seize the occasion to express my satisfaction with it. There certainly is much sympathy felt in the lower classes, but little or none with the upper. I accomplished my private letters in season for the bag, and then went to walk. The day was clear and very exhilarating. There is certainly a strong effect produced on the mind by the change from cloud to sunlight. Dined by invitation at the Duchess Dowager of Somerset’s. Mr Mrs and young Mr Musurus, Mr Bille and his sister, and Mr Gosch, his Attaché, Lady Georgina Fane, Mr Villers, Mr Milner Gibson, and a Colonel whom I did not know. The Duchess was more on her dignity, but she could not help talking nonsense about Mr Peabody. Home quite late.266

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266 Saturday 3d. London CFA AM
Fine, clear, mild day. I had a visit from a Captain Higginson of the royal navy, to communicate to me two projects to serve the cause of the United States. One was a great issue of paper founded on land, the other a mode of making vessels, impervious to shot, and never in danger of sinking. He was better on the last subject as one more immediately connected with his profession. But they both are evidently schemes. I have much difficulty in saving my time from myriads of such applications. My rule is turn them over at once to Washington from whence I never hear of them again. At two o’clock I drove to the city, to make my quarterly arrangements with Messr Baring. I talked with Mr Bates about the evidence of the movements at Liverpool in fitting out vessels. He is trying to put in some form of prevention. But such is the disposition here that any proceeding will stand little chance of success. I walked home. Henry had left for Walton where he passes Sunday. The Arabia brought news from America, that Messr Seward and Chase had both resigned, but the President declined to accept their resignation. This is better than I expected, and is a fair rebuff to the impertinence of the Senate. The other news is not material.

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266 Sunday 4th London CFA AM
Clear morning, but it clouded and rained before night. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau officiated. His sermon was from 5 Colossians 4 “Redeeming the time. It wanted directness and force. In the Communion service which followed he also read a long address with the same characteristics. The mind of Mr Martineau seems to delight in refinements of language which after all cover no more than simple ideas. The series lasted until nearly two o'clock. On my return home I had a succession of visits lasting until dark. Young Mr Pennington from Paris came in and took luncheon. Then followed Mr Bates who had much to say about the papers connected with the Alabama. Then Sir William and Lady Ouseley. Mr Senior who came after the diplomatic correspondence, and lastly, Mr Morgan. Quiet evening.267

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Variable. Henry returned from Walton soon after breakfast, and the other children came later, so that we are all once more at home. I was quite busy in reading my Despatches and the newspapers. The accounts of my private affairs came much better than those of the public. The spirit of dissension has got fastened into our counsels in such a manner, that nothing but military success would overcome it—And that it is plain is not reserved for us. The Cabinet remains as it was, but I scarcely know how the President will be bold enough to face the combinations that may be made against him. Being about to go to Ossington on Wednesday, I prepared the drafts of my Despatches today, and most of my other notes and papers. This kept me very busy. Evening a walking around the Regent’s Park. We had to dinner. Mr Pennington and young Mr Van Rensselaer, who remained until quite late.
267 Tuesday 6th London CFA AM
Cloudy with mist and rain. I was hard at work preparing the remainder of my letters and Despatches for the last of the week. I wrote to my son John and to T B Frothingham. Afternoon a rather short walk with Brooks, to settle up some bills before my departure. Evening at home. Read a little to the family from Orley Farm.

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For a wonder, it was quite a clear day, so that after disposing of all matters remaining on my table, I was ready to join Mrs Adams and Mary, on our expedition by way of the Great Northern Railway, through Hitchkin, Huntington, Peterborough and Newark to Carlton, where we found Speaker Denison awaiting our arrival, and that of other guests. We drove two miles to his house which we reached at about five o'clock. The company assembled consisted of Lady Mary Wood, her daughter and son, Captain Boyes, Mr Ellis and Mr Martin. I had a bowing acquaintance with the first named at various places in London, but had few opportunities for conversation. Lady Charlotte Denison was mild and gracious as ever. After dinner, some conversation with the speaker upon the agitation of latitudinarian doctrines in the Church. He wished me to read a little book of Dr Vaughn’s on the subject. Played short Whist with the speaker, Capt Boyes and Mr Wood.
Cloudy and dull. The indications all through the country are of heavy and continued rains. In and around Huntingdon as we came the flat lands were flooded. This is not favorable to outdoor exercise. Nevertheless one of our party, Captain Boyes went off to hunt, and the speaker made a party with Mary, Miss Wood and her brother, on horseback. I spent my day quietly. Read Dr Vaughn’s four sermons in response in fact to Bishop Colenso. The reasoning is moderate, and generally I can see little to object to it. The best of the four sermons is the third, which is based upon the well balanced text, “What think ye of Christ?” It would be interesting to compare the treatment by Dr Vaughn with that by Dr Channing. The Church here is almost equally pressed on two sides. And resistance to one only brings at attack by the other. Any effort to restrict the right of private judgment which approximates the Catholic faith, lays it open to the assault of the protestant upholders of the reformation. Whilst on the other hand concessions to the same right inevitably encourage relaxations of the faith that are a cause of reproach by the more rigid upholders of creed and discipline. The effort to steer between these two extremes is what marks the production of Dr Vaughan. I took a walk in the direction of the little Church which we visited last year, and went on somewhat beyond it, but the road was so muddy and wet that it spoilt the pleasure of exercise. We had at dinner more guests. Lord and Lady Foley, and Mr Fitzherbert, his Wife and daughter. They did not seem to me particularly interesting. Afterwards, the latter prisoners with Mrs Adams and Mary and the young men went to Newark with the speaker to attend a County ball that was taking place there. I remained at home with the rest of the party. Miss Wood played on the Piano, and then we had some conversation. Lady Mary Wood, her mother is a person of decided character and intelligence. She is one of the daughters of Lord Grey, the first of the title, the prime minister of the reform days, and is sister of the present Earl. Sir Charles Wood, her husband too has long been in public life and is now in the Ministry. We retired at eleven, and I did not sit up for the absent ones.

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Friday 9th Ossington CFA AM
Not much encouragement in the weather, which was wet and chilly. Nevertheless the speaker went out after breakfast on a hunting appointment, and the young men took to shooting. I amused myself in my room reading a long charge lately given to his clergy by the Bishop of London, as well as some farther portion of “My Novel.” Lord Foley is well versed in questions of taste, but I find not many other topics of conversation; and the speaker has scarcely time to talk much. I asked him as to the probability of a dissolution of Parliament; but he appeared sceptical, at least if Lord Palmerston continued in health. One more guest at dinner. A Mr Ogilbic. Afterward the whole party went to Kelham to attend a ball given here by the proprietors Mr and Mrs Manners-Sutton. We visited this house, when here before, but it was then scarcely finished enough to be habitable. It is now open, and the host is at this moment entertaining over thirty guests. They seem to be both of them anxious to enjoy as much of life as can be done in this way. There were scarcely sixty persons, but the dancing was kept up with great vigour. The only acquaintance I met was the Duke of Newcastle, who looked fatigued and ennuyé. I made the acquaintance of Lady Manners and Lady Mauvers, but neither interested me. This kind of society is as vapid here as at home. I see little difference in it. My daughter for whose sake this visit was time by Lady Charlotte Denison, probably enjoyed these her first experiences of the kind far more. We did not go away until near two o’clock. The house is very handsome, so far as the gothic style can make a dwelling handsome. It is thought to have cost at least a hundred thousand pounds. The drive was nearly nine miles, a long way to go to a ball.

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Wednesday 7th
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204 Thursday 8th

205 Friday 9th
9 January 1863

Breakfast at ten, and ready an hour later to start on our return to London. I have met no better specimen of the life of an English Country gentleman than that of Mr Denison and his Wife, at this seat of Ossington. He does not seem to be a person of more than average capacity, but he has great kindliness of disposition, and a certain share of acuteness, which enables him to maintain his condition with steadiness and success. His Wife is a quiet, pleasant, well-bred woman, during the hours of her household without pretension and with thorough kindness. They have been steadily civil to us through good report and evil report during our stay here and I shall always return the recollection of it as among my pleasantest things in this kingdom.

We were driven to Newark, where we took the train at half past twelve for London. We got home without incident, and found matters in no way changed at home. I trust it is the end of the country visits, which are laborious with little result.
Sunday 11th London CFA AM

Cloudy and chilly. As Mr T. Milner Gibson had expressed a wish to see and have some conversation with me; and had fixed this day at noon for his visit I was obliged to stay away from Church in the morning. My design was to attend at three, but there again I was disappointed by a visit from Mr Lampson. So I was at home all day, which I do not relish. Attendance on Divine service has become such a habit with me that I feel I had failed in a high duty of life for the work in missing it. The service is a pleasure by the serenity which it imparts to my mind. Mr Gibson was eager for facts about the struggle in America. He evidently knew but very little, and it was difficult to give him the materials at once. We talked for a couple of hours, and I gave him services of information to draw from further. He seems as well disposed as a cabinet Minister can be. That he has had courage to take this step rather indicates a more decided tempter in the Ministry. Mr Lampson came to talk about the Atlantic Telegraph and the Peabody trust. Thus the day was passed I took a walk, calling in to see Mr Morey, whom I found sitting up in the parlour. Evening quiet at home. Read a little of Orley Farm to the children.
Monday 12th London CFA AM

Quite a smart frost this morning, but the weather immediately relaxed and grew damp again. Soon after breakfast I went out in spite of the arrival of the American mail with many letters and newspapers. My object was to go to the office of Messrs Baring, in order to clear up a discrepancy in their account with me sent in last week, of a rather serious character. As the new Metropolitan railway opened on Saturday I though I would seize the opportunity to profit by it for more than half the way. The crowd of passengers going from curiosity was such that I did not succeed in getting a seat until the third train. This however will soon pass off. The whole movement is subterranean and dark and damp. Its only recommendation is that it is quick and easy. I got to Farringdon Street in eight or ten minutes and walked from thence to Bishopsgate Street. A little examination proved the fact of an error of two thousand pounds in the account, which was rectified very much to my relief. After transacting other business I returned home on foot. I wrote one or two letters to Consuls and read the American newspapers. Evening with the family read some of Orley Farm aloud to the children.

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Cloudy, and at times so dark that I was obliged to leave off work more than once. My time occupied very much in my accounts for the close of the year. I had a visit from Mr William Napier who came to enquire about the genuineness of a signature of a paper by a person designating himself as the Mexican Chargé d'Affaires at Washington. I could only express an opinion. After dusk I took a long walk adn the stars were shining. Later in the evening it rained. Mrs Adams, Henry and Mary went to Sir Henry Holland’s to spend the evening, and witness some charades. I read a little of “My novel.” A telegram from America brought us the news of the President’s proclamation. So that step is now no longer in doubt. As we advance in this mighty revolution the interest becomes deeper. I think I see in all the progress of this war the mark of Divine providence to great results. Nothing but the stubborn resistance could have brought us to where we are so soon. It may yet be that the issue will remain uncertain for a long time to come. But it is coming, and that only the more rapidly on account of the war. It is of no use for us feeble mortals to waste ourselves with public anxieties, when we see not as He seeth.

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272 Wednesday 14th London CFA AM

The American newspapers took some time this morning. On the whole the information is encouraging, though the military part of it does not quite bear out the representation of the telegraph. I fear very much the issue of the struggle at Murfreesboro, which was not ended at the latest accounts. The details given on the day after the first action by one who professes to have been a witness though too minute to be true, yet as coming from a friend are scarcely flattering. Much in the west will be likely to depend on the result. For we can make no more armies. I was busy in my private accounts, and in writing letters. Walk in the evening. Called to see Mr. Morey, who is really gaining. Evening at home. Read a little of Orley Farm to the family. A very good tale of English life of the present day.
272 Thursday 15th London CFA AM
The weather continues mild and dull. I was occupied in preparing the Despatch of the week, which are not so voluminous as usual. But there are always numbers of incidental notes to be written which fill up the time. I had one or two visits. One from a Mr Ward who had proposed to present to me a Clergyman who has taken a leading part in behalf of our cause among the people of his parish. He excused him, but he had manifestly other objects, some which he did disclose, and some which he did not, as I found out afterwards. My usual walk and in the evening I continued reading orley Farm.

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272 Friday 16th London CFA AM

My whole day was spent at home incessantly engaged with some object or other. Mr Muse came in with a person from Glasgow to apprise me that a vessel was about to sail from Liverpool intended to play the part of the Alabama. He seemed fully informed of the facts, but quite unwilling to come forward and testify to them in his own name. This of course renders my action feeble. But after consultation, finding nothing better to be done I advised Mr Muse to address a letter stating the facts to me, and I would forward it to the foreign office. Towards evening he did send it, and I forwarded it accordingly. I wrote my customary letters to my sons. Mr Evans called to see me about an interview which had been asked of me for this day, to present to me the resolutions of the Emancipation Society on the President’s proclamation. He seemed to be very dubious of the effect of the step, and desirous of suggesting to me an effort indirectly to merge the proceeding in a greater public one which is projected to take place on the 29th in Exeter Hall. Later in the day the Committee came, but it proved so numerous and respectable that I heard no more of Mr Evans’s sample. He as Chairman presented to me the resolutions, after which Mr P a Taylor, member of Parliament for Leicester, the Revd Baptist Noel, and Revd Newman Hall and Mr Jacob Bright made some remarks, all expressive of earnest sympathy with America in the present struggle. I had not anticipated the probability of being called to say anything—but as it opened a chance for perhaps putting in a seasonable word, I made use of it at once. May the words so hastily summoned by productive of fair fruit! There can be little doubt that now is the time to strike the popular heart here. And the effect may be to checkmate the movement of the aristocracy. All these things and the correction of the Reporter’s notes of my observations kept me steadily at work until nearly seven o’clock. Our dinner had been ordered earlier in advance of a proposed visit to the Count Garden Theatre, to see the opera called Ruy Blas, of which we came in for a little more than half. The music seemed to me thin, and the execution barely middling. The pantomime is founded on the old tale of Beauty and the Beast. The scenery was very beautiful, but the text infinitely beneath mediocrity. I sometimes think highly of the English taste, and at others I am perfectly astonished at its purely animal vulgarity. The one feeling arises when I see the fine engravings which hang in the rooms of the country inns; the other when I witness such bald and senseless platitudes as they tolerate or even seem to delight in at their theatres. How to reconcile these inconsistencies! I may have grown older, but it really does seem to me that the pantomimes of my youth really had a redeeming spice of fun. Some humour however grotesque. This had not a particle. Home after midnight.
274 Saturday 17th London CFA AM
For some reason that I cannot explain I experienced a slight headache for nearly all day. Having been so remarkably free from a sensation of the sort for a long time back, it seemed less welcome than ever. I spent much my time in bringing up arrears of small correspondence. Just now I am getting the resolution of very many public meetings in response to the President’s proclamation. It is quite clear that the current is now sitting pretty strongly with us among the body of the people. This may be quite useful on the approach of the session of Parliament. At a little after two o’clock I went out with Mrs Adams to visit the Exhibition of Water colour pictures undertaken for the benefit of the Lancashire sufferers. As my patronage was enlisted I suppose I must buy something. It was so crowded and so dark however that I could form no kind of judgment about it today. Then a walk. There was news from America today which seems to lift General Rosecrans out of the difficulty I feared, and is on the whole encouraging without being decisive. In the evening I was at home alone, as the rest of the family went to the Haymarket Theatre. Mr Dudley, the Consul at Liverpool came and spent an hour to talk to me about the vessel about which I had addressed a note to the Foreign Office. He can find no evidence to establish my statement, and evidently thinks it is a mistake. I asked him to see and consult with Mr Morse, so that I might determine my action. Read a little of My novel.

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274 Sunday 18th London CFA AM
Fine day. Attended Divine service at the Portland chapel. Mr Martineau preached, but my attention was not fixed by him. He selected two very fine hymns, one of which was the same one of Charles Wesley, which was read and sung so well in the services of Mr Spurgen that I attended many months ago. I read it again in Sir Roundell Palmer’s Book of praise after I got home. I found Mr Milner Gibson waiting for me, and had another hour of talk with him about America. It did not seem to me that he could profit much by his acquisitions but he seemed to be satisfied. Mr Parkes came in for a little while. His conversation is of the croaking and provoking kind of which I am weary. I then went out to take a walk.275 Called on Mr Morey who is steadily improving. His complexion has singularly recovered its tone. On my return I found Mr and Mrs Sturgis at the house just leaving, and Mr McCullagh who talked with me an hour. It was then dinner time. Mr Dudley came in and dined, and Mr Morse joined him after dinner. Much conversation respecting the projects of the Steamers and another subject connected with invoices under the provisions of the new revenue law. Lord Russell had replied to me, that the investigation had been made at Liverpool, into the Georgiana, and that there was no appearance of warlike fittings. I expected as much. The gentleman did not leave until after eleven o’clock. Thus do my Sundays disappear, under the growing disturbance of constant visits.

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275 Monday 19th London CFA AM
The Despatches arrived this morning, and the newspapers which absorbed my attention for a large part of the day. On the whole the accounts are favorable as indicating the failure of the scheme of the rebels to recover Nashville and the Western slave states. They show a tendency towards the expansion of our power in that region without however placing us beyond doubt. This is the final struggle in the West for supremacy, and in my mind involves the whole question. The winter campaign is fairly opened, and a few weeks will tell much upon it either way. On the west side of the Mississippi the resistance appears almost at an end. A visit from Mr Coston, who came from America to obtain the adoption by the government of England and France of a system of signals at sea and on land which has been found highly useful in the war. I answered some letters announcing the action of several public meetings in different places unanimously approving the course of the government at home. A walk around the regent’s park. Messr Hunnewell and C. W Brooks dined here and remained until eleven o’clock.

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275 Tuesday 20.th London CFA AM
My Despatches of yesterday occasioned the necessity of some notes to Lord Russell today, which I prepared, and I had several miscellaneous ones to send. The number of applications of all sorts is not diminishing. I had a visit from Mr T G Bradford, who had come out to Europe with a son of William Dwight, whom he takes with him to the continent. Poor man, his most promising son has fallen in the war, and he has three more still in the field subject to its chances. I fancy this one has been brought over to keep him out of harm’s way. I can well understand and sympathize with this feeling especially in a civil war. What real reputation has been made anywhere yet in this struggle! Walk towards evening. We dined early as the family were going to Drury Lane Theatre to see more pantomimes. I remained at home, and finished “My novel.” It is too long and too complicated. Much genius in portions, and in others only nonsense. Very unequal in excellence, and though straining after philosophy, grasping at no definite principle for a foundation. I am glad I have read it, for the relaxation from my daily cares and anxieties gives me a sense of relief, but I should scarcely repeat quite so large an experiment. I ought not to forget that I had a visit from Mr Julius Reuter today. He seemed again very anxious to assure me of his entire impartiality in the management of the telegraph. And he went so far as to offer to me the use of his line for the government if they would furnish official information to him and myself simultaneously. I do not know the moving cause for this demonstration, but I am sure there must be one.
I had visits from one or two persons, the principal of whom was Mr Forster who evidently came
to talk about our affairs. He seemed to incline to give way to a proposal of recognition of the
rebels if brought up next month in Parliament. I cannot say I am surprised at it, but I tried to
show the inexpediency of it from an English point of view. The war must come to an end with
the present forces in the field. How much wiser to wait until the public sentiment put an end to
it at which moment there could be no misapprehension of motives! He admitted this, but added
that he had no apprehension of any danger to the peace of the two countries from such a step.
I expressed some doubt, inasmuch as the operation of the Alabama was creating a very
intense feeling of hostility in America which might be made to burst forth a little
provocation. Mr Forster is a little timid on this issue. I asked him the probabilities of a
dissolution at the opening of parliament. But he seemed to have no information. I had just been
reading in the last number of the Quarterly Review an article on the Ministry which is said to
shadow forth the policy of the opposition. There are many things which lead me to suspect that
the ministry would not be averse to an appeal to the country. And yet the wiser policy
undoubtedly would be wait the inevitable day of the dropping off of Lord Palmerston. A young
Mr Amory called here, the son of Mr James S Amory of Boston. He is on the way to Paris to
find Miss Greene his Aunt, who is ill there. Wrote many letters. Evening, a long walk with
Brooks, after which I read more of Orley Farm to the family.
Thursday 22nd London CFA AM

Quite engaged in the preparation of my Despatches. A visit from Mr Chamers now the Secretary of the Anti slavery society who came to ask me to receive a deputation from it at some time before the meeting of Parliament. He said that it was proposed to make it effective and to that end he had brought me a copy of the minute which had been fixed upon to send out for signatures. I felt as if I could not decline it, and yet these things are critical as well as unpleasant. However as they are well meant and likely to do good just as this crisis, I am ready to concur in any reasonable proposal. So I fixed on Tuesday the 3d of February at one o’clock.

Towards evening, a walk, calling in to visit Mr Morey, who seems to be improving. After dinner, continued Orley Farm.
A pretty hard day of labor. I had supposed that as no long Despatches were in hand I should get through them soon. But there were so many that they made up in the number. I likewise wrote private letters to Mr Everett and to my sons. There was no very material interruption either. Mr Forster came in but did not stay long. His enquiries here rather modified his opinions about the chance of recognition. It was half past five o’clock before we got quite through. A walk around the Regent’s park, by a bright moon and a very clear sky. Evening, continue Orley Farm to the family.
278 Saturday 24th London CFA AM

The newspapers came in from America today, and I spent some time in reading them. The accounts come in quite mixed, and on the whole disappointing. The deference is obstinate, and as yet we gain no result in this season corresponding with our efforts. The defect seems to be in our military command; and I fear it will not be supplied in season to change the result. The only man who shows ability is Rosecranz. And he has to labour hard to sustain himself. I fancy the position of other side is not a great deal better, but we see it less clearly. This was not a holiday to me, for I had a multitude of letters to acknowledge. The number keeps growing upon me. I also went out to return visits. Called on Mr Calvo, the Minister from Paraguay, but he was gone to Paris. Likewise on Baron Gros, the new French Ambassador, and Baron Bentinck. Also on Dr and Mrs Ferguson and at Edwards’s Hotel on Mr and Mrs McCormick and Mr and Morey. He was in bed; not quite so well, but much more talkative. Afterwards I went down to the Exhibition of the Amateur Artists again to look after a picture, but failed in fixing on one. Mrs Adams and I went by invitation to dine with Mr and Mrs Morgan. The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Moffat, Mr and Mrs Atkinson, Mr Morse, Mr and Mrs Lampson, another gentleman and his Wife whom I did not know, Mr Burgess, and a young lady. It was better than usual. The entertainment very elegant indeed.

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As the morning was fine, I determined on one of my expeditions to see a Church. To this end I started with Brooks, making a long step to the city by taking the underground railway to Faringdon Street. My design had been to go to St Saviour’s over the river, but upon finding my time fail to compass it I stopped at the Church of St Magnus, St Margaret and St Michael just below the movement. I had barely glanced at the interior before I became convinced that it must have been the work of Sir Christopher Wren. There is a certain similarity among them from St Paul’s diamond which I trace in the Columns, the curves, and the windows, which I do not find elsewhere. The service was repeatedly performed and the discourse upon the apostle Paul. The attendance good and respectable. After service, I crossed London Bridge, and came by accident to St Saviour’s, which was still open so that I looked in. It is large and part of it very ancient. If I remain here, I shall make it a point to visit it. We walked on the south side of the river until we came out at Westminster Bridge. This part of the town is dirty and monotonous. It has no accommodation whatever. The new Bridge by which we returned is one of the finest and handsomest yet thrown over the Thames. The remainder of the day passed at home. I read more of Sir Roundell Palmer’s Book of praise. His selection is curious and good, but I am surprised at many of his omissions. I know now but Mr Martineau’s collection is much the best. Evening, I read a little of Orley Farm. Strange as it may seem we had but one person to visit us, and that was Sir Henry Holland.
279 Monday 26th London CFA AM
Spent the morning in preparing the answers to two notes of Lord Russell’s, which he sent in the cases of the Georgiana and the old controversy about the Alabama. His Lordship is not very strong at least in controversy. We not feeble, he becomes petulant and a little arrogant. I am obliged to keep myself under great restraints that I may avoid complicating the difficulties between the countries. It is on the whole fortunate for me that I have him to deal with, and not Lord Palmerston. But on the whole my position is gradually becoming less cordial and less useful by reason of these collisions. I went again to the Amateur Artist’s Exhibition and finally determined on my purchase and entered it. So that thing is done. Evening a quick walk with Brooks. And after dinner a continuation of Orley Farm. There is some force of delineation of manners peculiarly English. The plan of the story is however by no means attractive. No news of the usual week’s Steamer yet.
For a wonder the wind seems to have spent itself, and we had a fine day. I wrote a reply to Mr Marshall, the Consul at Leeds and had a visit from Captain Britton, the Consul at Southampton, who came to enquire what he should do in a case of a vessel brought to that place after having been ashore under circumstances to create such suspicion. The Captain and first Officer had cash left her in turn without notice to the Consul, and after loading with coal as deep as possible, the second Officer had run out of Coves without a pilot, and had plumped on to the shore. I advised the putting in a new commander. But I question whether the act of the old one comes within the definition of Barratry, for he left the vessel whilst safe in port at Shields. There seems to be no provision in the Consular Manual or the laws for such an emergency. The Steamer did not arrive today. I went out to walk. Dined with Mrs Adams at Mr and Mrs Edward Romilly's. A small company, consisting of Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, Mrs Kemble, Mr and Mrs Henry Romilly, Mr Spedding and Mr Mallet. It was very pleasant indeed. Sprightly and intellectual conversation. I think there is a little of attraction here in this class of entertainment which I found so utterly wanting in the formal ones of my earliest experience. The company had evidently been selected with reference to American Affinities, and it was kind and hearty, which itself was a pleasure.
280 Wednesday 28th London CFA AM
The long expected Steamer was reported today, but as my Despatches will not get here until tomorrow, it throws my work back in the week, and leaves me little to do. I had only one or two notes left unanswered, and then read an article in the Edinburgh Review on Gertz. Just as I was in the middle of it the Prince de Joinville was announced. I had had it in my mind to go out to see him at Claremont. He is tall and thin and pale. He is also quite deaf, so that I had to sit quite close to him to converse. He talked much of America and of his visit, of the campaign on the James River and of the causes of McClellan’s defeat, which he evidently attributed to the jealousy of Mr Chase, and the enmity of Stanton. He said some kind words to me personally, and expressed his continued interest in the cause. After this I went out and took a walk. Dined with Mrs Adams at Mr Arthur Kinnairds. Sir Charles Wood, Sir Roundell and Lady Palmer, Sir James Hope, Mr and Mrs Baring Young, and other whom I did not know. Not very lively. There was a reception afterwards. Many persons presented to me whom I talked with.281
281 Thursday 29th London CFA AM
My draughts of Despatches occupied uncommonly little time today, partly because those from America had not come during hours. They were here in the evening, together with our private letters which were very cheerful. A long one from Charles, very pleasant. But as the war waxes on to its term I feel more and more anxious to see him out of it in safety. It has turned out as I thought little productive of expected fruits. The absence of a great head in the civil and in the military Department has given a new course to the fate of the country. I have at last dismissed all expectation of success. The only thing I hope for is that the principle of emancipation has got such hold that it cannot again be eradicated. With this service we may possibly be safe in the future against a repetition of this evil. Without it we shall continue to tread on coals. I went out in the carriage with Mrs Adams to pay to Mr Mackintosh and Mr Senior. Neither of them at home. Walked back through Kensington park and called on Mr Morey, who is getting to look much better. Evening at home. Read to the family in Orley Farm.
281 Friday 30th London CFA AM
A new batch of American newspapers rather delayed me from my work, so that I was kept closely afterwards until dark. On the whole my letters and the news had not been as cheering as usual, though there was nothing positively otherwise. On the other hand things are improving here. The manifestation made at Exeter Hall last night is reported as one of the most extraordinary ever made in London, and proves pretty conclusively the spirit of the middle classes here as well as elsewhere. It will not change the temper of the higher classes, but it will do something to moderate the manifestation of it. Were the movements equally favouring at home I should hope to escape all further risk of difficulty here. As it is we are at the mercy of the wind, always however trusting that Divine providence will continue to educe ultimate good from apparent present evil. Evening walk in company with my son Brooks, who talks with more of reflection than he studies. I went on with Orley Farm.282
Clear morning, then rain for two hours, after which it was clear again. Mr Evans called to see me. He presided over the great meeting the other night and came to give me the notice of the resolutions, which would be engrossed on vellum and forwarded to me next week. The newspapers are much exercised by this popular demonstration. The Times with its characteristic profligacy insinuate that it is stimulated by money from the government through me. Had I been able to effect it in any way, the operation might not have been a feat without something to boast of. At half past eleven I joined Mrs Adams, Henry and Mary in an excursion to Richmond Green to return a visit of Mr Langel and his Wife, who live there. He is the Secretary of the Duke d'Annale who lives close by at Twickenham. We spent about an hour and took luncheon with them. We talked much of the position of France under Napoleon towards the United States and England, and especially the Mexican policy. He intimated that a union was going on between the Orleanists and the Republicans, of which the expedition of the young Princes to America was one of the symptoms. He is intelligent and shrewd. We got back by four o'clock, and I immediately went down to look at some coins which are about to be sold next week at Sotheby’s. The specimens are certainly very fine. We get few such in America. Evening at home, reading Orley Farm to the family.
Heavy rain after which it cleared. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Heard Mr Martineau preach on the text encompassed about with a cloud of witnesses, but I did not profit much by it. The hymns are becoming much the most interesting things to me. I think his volume has a great many fine ones. Quiet at home with little interruption of visit until evening when I walked with Brooks. His mind is developing rapidly now, and he shows the information he has picked up. Mr Rodman dined with us. He has been spending some years in Europe and has seen a good deal of it. I read another portion of Sir Roundell Palmer’s Book of praise. It is a little monotonous in its effect. The taste is good, but it greatly wants variety.
283 Monday 2d. London CFA AM
Clouds and rain. After disposing of some casual business at home, I went out at one o’clock to attend the coin sale at Sotheby and Wilkinson’s. Pretty much the usual company. The collection was not particularly interesting to me, but I had the opportunity to see a large number of very fine specimens. A series of twelve issued by Amphipolis really had the appearance of late issue from the mint. They all brought enormous by high prices. I purchased only six or eight of the lower priced ones. Then home. Mrs Adams and Mary had gone to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Wensleydale at Ampthill. I join them tomorrow, after my appointed conference with the Anti slavery Society. So I and my son Henry dined tete à tete and spent a quiet evening together. I wrote the substance of what I proposed to say to the gentlemen.
A tolerably fine day. The newspapers from America came and rather attracted me but I was so busy in making answers to letters and finishing my address that by the time of the assembly of the deputation I was barely ready for them. I received them in my dining room, which was very full of people. The body of them seemed to be Clergy but they all looked substantial and respectable. The Chairman made some remarks explanatory of the difficulties previously in the way of a movement of this kind, the most prominent of which was the scruple of the Quaker about the rightfulness of war. The minute was prepared in some degree to escape from this trouble. The effect of it seemed to me to be to imply some censure on the government, which I could scarcely suffer to pass unnoticed. So I drew up a cautious reply which I read, and which was well received. Then came some remarks from different speakers, some very good and others quite flat. There was no mistaking the tone, which was strong and hearty in sympathy with us. I think there can little doubt that the tendency of the popular current now sets in our favour. This may indirectly react on the other side of the water, not less in giving us courage, and damping the ardor of the rebels. They left me with hearty shakes of the hand that marked the existence of an active feeling at bottom. It was not the lukewarmness and indifference of the aristocracy, but the genuine English heartiness of good will. After the house was cleared I had not much time to spare for my trip to Ampthill. I took the train at five o’clock by the North Western Station, passing through Watford and Bletchley to Ampthill in Bedfordshire. Reached that point at six o’clock, and found a carriage waiting to take me to Lord Wensleydale’s house. In season for dinner where were assembled Mr and Mrs Stuart Wortley, Sir Henry and Lady Rowlinson, besides Mr Charles Howard, and Miss Sidwell. I think. A Mr and Mrs Bentinck who are neighbors dined here. It would be very hard if one could be insensible to the plain and earnest hospitality of this respected old couple. After dinner we assembled in the Drawing room, and I was put down to Whist in company with Mr Havard, Sir Henry Rawlinson and his Lordship. Mr Havard and I won all the time, an event so unexampled for me that I sent it down as noteworthy. We separated at about midnight.
A mild, cloudy day. This morning I learned something about the house, which it seems formerly belonged to Lord Holland, and was the resort of Fox, and Mackintosh and Macaulay in times of Whig association. It has since passed into the hands of the Duke of Bedford, but is leased to His Lordship for life. It is large, but old and cut up in a curious quaint way. Soon after breakfast a party and made up for us to go over and pay a visit to Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Bedford family. There are five old oaks in this park, but with the exception of this ridge, the country around is flat and uninteresting. Lady Wensleydale was a little touched with gout and was wheeled in to breakfast, so her going as intended was out of the question. He undertook to accompany us which gave me almost as much anxiety. At last Mrs Wortley, Miss Sidwell and us three were settled to make the party. The distance about seven miles. There is little left of trace of the Abbey, but instead of it is a very spacious mansion, the outside Architecture of which is not by any means so attractive as the interior. The Duke of Bedford is an invalid and has no affinity for the state at this place when full of company, or for its solitude when empty. So he lives in London all the year round. So we had access to the whole interior. There are many portraits of historical interest, and some fine pictures. But in the long line of Russell's I found only here and there one worth remembering. There was Admiral Russell, and the martyr William, and there was the Duke of Bedford whom Junius attached in so ruthless a manner on the painful death of his son Lord Tavistock, and whom Burke scared so heavily in the day when he defended his own pension. My friend the foreign Secretary was also there not very like what he is now, but perhaps as good a representation of the race as any. The library is large and handsome, looks good but nothing rare. Then there was a gallery of sculpture by itself. Some nice things, but nothing that impressed me much. The Conservatory, the dairy and every other appendage to a place were in character, and all this conglomeration of luxury its owner dreads as a bore! Such is life. I think I should agree with him. The Estate are now large, and the rent rolls approach a millions of dollars per annum. But the Duke would live on a tenth part of it without grumbling. He is single and has no disposition to be otherwise. I confess I should fancy such a burden as this residence must be as little as he. We get back at or before four, and I then took a walk to a neighboring ruin, about a mile distant. It is represented to have been built in Elizabeth's time. But when Lord Holland had the Estate he did not lie so near a neighbor, so he let it go to decay. It has the arms and the monogram of the Sidney family. A tall tree has grown in the midst of it, indicating a pretty long process of decay. The site is good, but the walls are rapidly giving. We had at dinner the same party with the exception of Mr and Mrs Alderson, another clergyman in the place of Mr Bentinck. Afterwards Lord Wensleydale insisted upon resuming cards, with a result not materially changed from last night. This was really extraordinary. We retired a little before midnight.
286 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
We left out kind hosts after breakfast to return to town. Mr Howard went in the earlier train, and Mr and Mrs Wortley went with us. So that Sir Henry Rawlinson and his Wife were the only person left. Nowhere has our reception been more kind and genial. Lord Wensleydale is entirely selfmade, in that particular line of a profession through which any man with the requisite powers and favoring circumstance may command success. His long career as a lawyer, and afterwards as a Judge of the King’s Buck and of the Exchequer ultimately opened to him a seat in the House of Lords, and a fortune to support him in his old age with dignity and comfort. He and his Wife are now far advanced in years, but they retain all the simplicity and kindliness of their primitive condition. I have not met a more estimable pair in England. They have survived two out of three daughters, of whom they still manifest the severity of their privation. Mr Howard, the husband of one, still remains with them and with his only son serves in part to supply the void. The surveying daughter is married to Mr Lurther, in the Diplomatic service at Berlin. We reached home safely at two o’clock. and I immediately plunged into the usual work of this day of the week. My Despatches were to be read, and answered at once. Quiet dinner. In the evening. Messr Brooks and Hunnewell with a certain Dr Bates, (I think,) passed a couple of hours.
Parliament assembled yesterday, and of course the morning’s report of the debate in both Houses on the address was interesting to me. The most marked indication respecting American affairs was the course of Lord Derby and Mr D'Israeli which decidedly discouraged movement. On their minds the effect of the President’s proclamation on public sentiment here has not been lost. On the other hand Lord Palmerston’s studied silence is not to my liking. At heart he has been against us from the first— And in my belief nothing but an opposing Cabinet and a want of opportunity prevent him from showing it. For the present and in the absence of these things we may trust that the rest of the gloomy drama may be permitted to be played without interruption. The morning was passed in writing my letters, and supplementary Despatches. Many of these Addresses are coming in, which I send off weekly. The Americans news continues much the same. I took a long walk; and in the evening continued Orley Farm.
287 Saturday 7th London CFA AM
A fine day. My arrears in letters called for a large portion of the morning and my accounts which I am at last able to compare with a corrected return from my Bankers took more. At two I was at the Foreign Office to see Lord Russell by appointment. It was the first time since the indiscreet publication of my Despatches. and I was a little prepared to find him rather more reserved than heretofore. In his place I think I should have been so. But so far as I could see there was no difference. I first touched upon the case of the Scheld dues, a matter about which M Vande Weyer had jogged my elbow on Tuesday last. His Lordship explained what Great Britain had done, which as all I wanted to know. I then came on the case of the gunboat, No 290 and reported the answer to my letter and the instruction to ask him what amendments he might have to suggest to the Enlistment law. He said that since his letter the matter had been brought before the Cabinet, and the Chancellor had expressed the opinion that the present law was quite effective, since which he had no farther measures to propose. I then alluded to the intercepted Despatches, and the exposure which they made of the way the rebel emissaries abused the neutrality of this country. We talked of them and at last agreed that I should address a note to him on the subject. I next spoke of the President’s answer to the Manchester people, and the wish of Mr Seward that a copy of it should be shown to him before sending it. He glanced over it and said there was no possible objection and he took Mr Seward’s act as a compliment. Thus we got on very swimmingly. He said something about Admiral Wilkes and the report from Bermuda about him which he hoped were not well founded. I remarked on the unfriendly temper in that island, and doubted whether Wilkes after his last experience would be very soon anxious to repeat it. Thus passed the conference, as harmoniously as any of its predecessors. I returned home to go out in the carriage with Mrs Adams in order to commence upon the customary routine of visits in the ministry and household. We accomplished only a part today. I dined by invitation with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Westbury. A gentleman dinner exclusively, and rather a remarkable collection. Of the Corps Diplomatique only M de Bille and myself. Of the Church the Bishop of Oxford, and another gentleman whom I met long ago at Mr Senior’s, but whose name I did not catch. Chief Justice Earle, the Speaker of the House, Mr Spencer Walpole, Mr Collyer, Mr Kinglake, Lord Stanley, Sir Charles Eastlake, and many others whom I did not know. I sat on the left of his Lordship, and had another opportunity of observing the peculiarities of his character. He is a man of ability and of learning, but very vain of both. The only man I have yet seen in society who talks for effect and with marked egotism. Among other things he remarked, incidentally to a complaint of the decline of the study of Classics, that an ode of Pindar had been worth to him a thousand a year, This led to an explanation of his early struggle with poverty, of his going early to Oxford on the contingency of his obtaining a scholarship which he did, of his response at an examination to a call on him to translate a passage of Pindar by reading the whole Ode. Then
how, after he went to the bar, when only of two years standing he had been selected to defend his College in an important lawsuit an account of the impression made on a person by his rendering that ode. How he had advised perseverance in the defence, contrary to the cause of his senior who had recommended a compromise. The cause was gained, and the consequence to him had been an income the next year from the practice of a thousand pounds. Hence his remark that an ode of Pindar had been worth to him a thousand pounds. All this was rather interesting to me as sharing one side of the British system of government. But it was all said in a spirit of self justification never visible in general society here. This is one of the courses of the great dislike entertained of him. Another and a deeper one is289 his alleged disregard of talk. This was the burden of the song among the Ex-Chancellors gathered together at Lord Lyndhurst’s. Whilst fearing his capacity and his rhetorical power the aristocracy look down upon him as in all other respects unworthy of their society. Whilst I cannot resist a feeling of distrust of the specious outward seeming of the man. I am not disposed so summarily to condemn him. We rose early from table, and went upstairs where was other company coming in. The principal people were the lawyers, and their wives. Sir Wl. Atherton, Sir Roundell Palmer and Sir Robert Phillimore. We, that is Mrs Adams and Henry who come in after dinner, and I returned home before twelve.
Sunday 8th London CFA AM
Cooler with rain in the morning, but clearing afterwards. Attended the Chapel in company with Henry. Mr Martineau officiated much in his usual manner. There is not a thing that is genial about his style. He seems cold and abstracted, I might almost say transcendental. But he thinks and speaks something more than mere words. Rather quiet day at home. Walk with Mary and visit the zoological gardens. The air was chilly and the animal world rather torpid. Visits from Mr Henry T. Parker and Mr Forster. Talk with the latter upon our affairs. He seems always to dread the restoration of the slave influence in America. I cannot quite share in the feeling, though the symptoms are not free from ambiguousness. I do not venture to predict, and scarce to speculate. In the evening Mr C W Brooks spent an hour. I read a little of Orley Farm.
Friday 8th
289 Monday 9th London CFA AM

A day of rather painful reminiscences to me. It was fine and clear, yet I felt rather sad. This unsettled condition of our public affairs and the doubt that overhangs the future both financially and morally cast a shadow upon every thing. In the mean while I am worrying along far into my term of Office in this country. There is a period of calm now which might justify a confidence that it might continue the customary period, if we did not know how utterly vain are human calculations in a season of storm. I had a long visit from Mr Bright, who came to ask about the expediency of proposing a question to the government. I rather dissuaded it just at present. We talked over the position of parties here and the temper of Ministers. I did not conceal my profound distrust of Lord Palmerston. That his disposition at heart was against us I could not doubt. How far he would let it out was a different question. The turn of the popular mind just now might keep him steady. Mr Bright remarked upon his speech the other night as being quite up to his average, but his physical power, were perceptibly declining. At seventy nine this is natural. He is probably not anxious to disturb the calmness of his setting, and this is our best security. In case of a change we should scarcely get so favorable a cabinet—though the course of Lord Derby rather favors the idea that the policy would remain the same. I had a visit from Mr Marshall, the Consul at Leeds, about the appointment of an agent at Huddersfield. I washed my hands of further proceedings. My time very much consumed in these and other visits. What some drafts of notes to Lord Russell to carry out the suggestions of Saturday. Evening a walk, and after dinner completed the reading of Orley Farm. It has much merit, though unequal. The vulgar scenes are not so good as Dickens. The quiet dialogue, and English character painting are those points in which he is strong.
290 Tuesday 10.th London CFA AM

I sent my Secretary, Mr Moran to Manchester to deliver the President’s answer to the Working-men to the Chairman. My own day was somewhat cut up by a long excursion to perform several commissions. I have been a great while engaged in the attempt to obtain an open carriage for the use of Mrs Adams. At last I found one today and made an offer for it. This remains I think is the last anxiety of this kind I am called to have in this country. It is now nearly two years or half of my full natural term before all the wants anticipated at the commencement have been supplied. The day was pleasant and I made a long walk. Dined with Mrs Adams at Sir Charles and Lady Lyell’s. Her father and sister, Mr Balbridge, the animator of the arithmetical machine, Mr Browning, the poet, Mr Mallet and are more made the company. It was very American, and very highly cultivated. Sir Charles is at the head of geological science in this country and much esteemed in spite of his heretical opinions in religion. This is a much better kind of society than we fell into at first. It is not of the aristocracy, which so far as I can see it, is not an exception to its kind every where. Of course, there are honorable exceptions, individually. We got home early.
Wednesday 11th London CFA AM

Fine weather. The regular Steamer is not yet heard from, but an arrival today from Portland brings down the intelligence to the close of the month. It is generally more favorable, though nothing positively marked. I have ceased to expect much and am therefore satisfied with little. I am still overrun with reports of public meetings, to the notices of which I am obliged to give an answer. I went with Mrs Adams and Henry to dine with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. The company consisted of Lord Clyde, Professor J S. Mill, Dr Brown Seuard, Professor Owen, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr Charles Howard and Mr Edward Leveson-Gower, Mr Campbell and others whom I did not know. The Duchess is an interesting woman, but she is not very easy in conversation. She labors at starting subjects without knowing how to keep them going. He is much in the same way. The company was generally friendly to America. I notice this much more customary than formerly. The reason is that the aristocracy generally is getting much less tolerant in society, and therefore seeks to avoid occasions to meet me. If the struggle in America goes on much longer it will open a wide line in the social and political ranks of this kingdom. The Argylls have always been kind and steady. They are excellent people. We remained rather late.

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291 Thursday 12th London CFA AM
Owing to the nonarrival of the Steamer I had no Despatches to answer. But there were several matters left incomplete last week, so that I had work enough to keep me pretty well engaged all day. The labor of this Legation is consistently on the increase, and the number of private letters addressed to me multiplies. Walk at evening, and after dinner read a part of the memoir of Major Hodson, a cavalry Officer in India.292
292 Friday 13th London CFA AM
Fine, dry weather. The China is at last heard from, but not in season to get the letters in order to answer. I wrote to Mr Everett, and to both by sons, which I never miss. This absorbed much of the day. Afterwards a walk. Dined with Mrs Adams at Mr and Mrs Lampson’s. Sir Emerson, Lady Tennent and daughter. Mr Bates, Mr and Mrs McLene, Mr Pakenham, and several others whose names I do not recollect. These entertainments are rather dull, but the hosts are very nice, good people. Mr Arthur Kinnaird was of the company too. Home rather early.
292 Saturday 14th London CFA AM

A clear, fine day. After reading the Despatches and the American newspapers until my eyes ached, I went to the City to Messr Barings to draw money, and on my return met the carriage with Mrs Adams on Ludgate Hill. Thence we went to pay a number of visits which I have been owing for some time. On the whole my working hours were all gone by the time I got home. And on my table lay a heap of letters to answer on every subject under heaven. It positively rains such things now. We had to dinner Mr Hanle and General Lerman, Dr Hall, and Mrs Upham and Mr and Mrs H T Parker, an ill-assorted party enough. The first named gentleman brings me many letters, though his business is somewhat a mystery. The second is a name that I recall not favorably so far as I could connect it with some accounts of it by Mr C. A Davis. Dr Hall is recommended to me from Mr Charles Norton. He is a graduate from Cambridge, but has been long in India studying Oriental languages, and is now Professor of that branch at King's College here. They left us early.

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292 Sunday 15th London CFA AM

A cool, bright day. I took advantage of it to go with my son Brooks who was at home over Sunday, to the church of St Mary Avery in Southwark. I had been much struck with it in the glance I had been much struck with it in the glance I had of a part of the edifice some weeks ago. So I thought I should like to examine the rest. It turned out a disappointment. The body of the Church is wholly modern and more bald and poor than any of the class I have visited. The attendance was thin. A very large number of Charity children who sang the psalms and responses. This was prior to Henry 8th a priory, dating back so far at the 12th century; as old as Westminster Abbey. Nothing is left however but the choir and Lady Chapel, which are really interesting. The service was much the same as usual. We walked home over Southwark bridge, and though some of the Inn of Court. I had visits from Mr Senior, and Mr Bates. Quiet evening. I read aloud to the family, some of Aytoun’s fanciful ballads of the Scotch cavaliers. In the midst of it I received a rather enigmatical telegram from Mr Seward implying the occurrence of some disaster off Charleston of a serious character. This was made worse by the vagueness of the language and the earnestness to deny that the blockade was effected by it. We certainly are very very much wanting in some qualities of vigilance essential to success. The regular telegram from Reuter did not come before I went to bed.
16 February 1863

293 Monday 16th London CFA AM
The news of this morning was not quite so unfavorable as the telegram made me apprehend. Still there is enough both in the public and private news to increase anxiety as to the prospect in America. Confidence in the President is completely destroyed. That original inherent weakness so long ago perceived by me is now becoming palpable to the people at large and especially to the army of Virginia with which he is getting himself rapidly involved. McClellan as I foresaw is gaining by the failure of Burnside, and probably will advance more by that which must follow Hooker. For the army is not disposed to command success. On the whole I trust that the Divine Being will guard us better than we do ourselves and evolve out this confusion some blessed result. I do not venture to predict any thing. After the usual work of answering letters, I went at 3 o’clock to attend a meeting of the Trustees of Mr Peabody’s donation. All present. The deed of one of the prices of land purchased was completed—and the plans of a building to be erected were approved—Discussion upon some other lots but nothing definitively settled. It was arranged that an incidental notice should be put in the paper, so as to communicate our actions to the public and quiet the uneasiness of some of the Trustees caused by attacks upon us for our delay. All this is natural and ought not to surprise any one. But caution in disposing of so large a sum of money to the best advantage is no fault. Thus far the proceedings seem to have been quite wise. As to newspapers attacks their whole force depends upon the degree of truth on which they are founded. Quiet evening at home.
Weather cooler, but clear and uncommonly fine. At noon today, I appointed a meeting with Mr Ralston, the representative of the republic of Liberia for the purpose of exchanging ratifications of the treaty negotiated here some time ago. As the articles were few and short, not much time consumed in the collation of the copies, after which we set our seals to the ratification. This is one great triumph of the war. It requires the equality of the right of the negro in his collective capacity. And it puts an end to the narrow and dogmatical assumption of the superiority of the white. Soon after Mr Ralston left, I had a visit from Mr Howell, who came to tell me about his business in Europe. The main object is to procure supplies for the Mexicans in their struggle with the French. To this end Lerman has come with general authority to act, whilst he is merely engaged as a merchant to fulfil orders. He proposes to send three steamers loaded with goods to Matamoras, thence to bring away the articles he gets in payment. He gave me notice in good faith, and to assure me that he had no designs to play under such pretences into the hands of the confederates. I told him that I was glad to learn this and hoped he would give me such exact information of his vessels as to save me and the consuls under me from the suspicions which all movements of the kind here inevitably excited. Mr Howell said he should take care to do so. We dined again at Mr and Mrs Lampson’s. The company consisted of a Mr, Mrs and Miss Gordon, Mr and Mrs Atkinson, Mr and Mrs Gadon, Sir Wm and Lady Ouseley, and several more whom I did not know. Not much different from the preceding, and both a little dull. But they are highly estimable people.
295 Wednesday 18th London CFA AM
Rather cooler with frost to make ice. Very busy despatching arrears of letters which accumulate most rapidly. At noon I proceeded to execute an intention long delayed of giving to Claremont to pay visits to the Orleans princes. I suppose that this should have been done long ago, but my constitutional timidity in regard to strangers especially those of high rank always interposes barriers in my way. And my bad luck in the overture made to the Duc d'Aumale discouraged me more. I was not more fortunate today. For an evening at the place in company with my son we found the Prince de Joinville not at him; and the young Princes not yet returned from the continent. So I had my name inscribed for the Ex Queen Mother, and left cards for the others. Claremont is I believe Crown property, settled for the present on Leopold, as the husband of Princess Charlotte. But as he is now King of Belgium and does not want it, and as his second Wife was a daughter of Louis Philippe, the exiled family have the use of it. It does not show the high keeping of most of the fine places of this country. We drove from the Station at Esher about two miles and got back again in season for the next train back to town. Yet I did not get home much before six o'clock. Evening quiet at home. Read a little of the life of Major Hodson.

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Rainy morning and fog. As I had the Despatches into very brief and bald productions. It is rather fortunate on the whole as the topics rather multiply. A visit from Mr Forster, who came to say that possibly there might be a debate tomorrow might in the commons on America and he wished to ask what my views were of the position to be taken. He seemed rather to leave to the idea of a possibility of a mediation as a friendly act. I answered by pointing out what was in my view the only wise course for England. This was to remain perfectly quiet and await the issue of the next four or five months. During that time the armies now in the field would have pretty much spent their strength, and then the probability was that some movements towards peace would follow. At that moment some such overture might fitly come in, though I should not go so far as to say that it would. At least at present there was a no chance for it. I explained to him the last news just received by telegram, which indicated a new shape of parties, anterior to some form of reconstruction. He said that he had not much expectation of a discussion, but it was always well to be prepared with a line. I asked him his opinion of the condition of the Commons. The Ministry have lost elections of late and can have no hold in Parliament. Was a dissolution likely? He thought not. The obstacle lay not in the Ministerial strength, but in the disaffection to D'Israeli. I expressed a hope that things might go on as they were for the sake of America. But to my surprise, he left fall a doubt whether after Lord Derby’s speech at the opening, we might not be as safe in his hands as in those of Palmerston. For my part I have felt so all along. But this is the first time he has ever admitted it. In my own opinion Palmerston is the worst enemy in his heart that we have. Usual walk. In the evening all the family but Mary went first to a small party at Mr Mansfield’s. I found there a number of acquaintances. The first time it has happened at that house. From thence to a small dancing party at Lord Stanley’s. Most of the wives of ministers, and a few of the Corps Diplomatique. There was also a reception at Lord Salisbury’s, but we did not go to it. Mary 18 years old.

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296 Friday 20th London CFA AM
Much occupied in sending my private letters which took the greater part of the day. But the rapid increase of light brings me to my usual walk in early twilight. I am not quite so sensible of relief at this stage of the week, as I used to be. The reason must be that there is less relaxation of labor on the last day—I have succeeded however today in despatching pretty much all of the arrear work that has fallen upon me, as I wish tomorrow to take advantage of a little leisure. In the evening we had a visit from General Lerman and Mr Howell. They invited me and my son Henry to dine with them on Tuesday next. I read a little more of Hodson’s book.297

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I employed much of my leisure today in examining some collections of coins and medals which are about to be sold next week. This preliminary scrutiny is an excellent exercise to me, and is beginning to make me familiar with a great variety of medallic history as well as all the different classes of ancient coins. I am more and more surprised by the beauty of these which I see collected. Many of the ancient ones seem as if struck only yesterday. The present case however was most remarkable for Mr Nightingale’s series of medals, connected with the history of England. Were it not for the heavy loss now experienced in drawing money from home I should be disposed to purchase quite largely. As it is I must confine myself within a limited circle. Hence to dress for dinner to which we were invited at East Sheen. Mr and Mrs Stuart Wortley had asked us, I scarcely knew for what reason, as both his and her connections are by no means of our line. We drove out, with Mr Lampson in company. The house is nearly opposite to that of Mr Bates. I called them to see Mrs Hankey who was liking in it at the time I was at Mr Bates’s. There was Professor Owen, Mr and Mrs Goldschmidt, Lord Bute and a young Mr Melvin, with Mr Bates and our party. The dinner was quiet but not dull. After it was over, we had of her notes, rather better calculated at all times for a chunk than for a private room. Still it was a great treat to hear her sing at all in this way. Especially the last which was a sacred piece of Handel. The compliment was to us, so that I went up and thanked her. At the same time I alluded to the pleasure I had had of listening to her when in America. Perhaps no singer ever had such popularity there as Jenny Lind. Her husband is a very quiet respectable person, and they live comfortably and independently in the vicinity. But she still retains, as all singers do, her fondness for public admiration. There was a report come out of London, that Prince Alfred had died of fever at Malta. But I fancy it is a mere fiction. We drove home in good season, reaching the house by midnight.

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
298 Sunday 22d. London CFA AM

A clear, pleasant morning. Attended Divine service at the Chapel in Portland Street. Mr Martineau preached as it seemed to me rather on the tendencies of the late arguments of Sir Charles Lyell and others of the modern school of geology. The material tendency of those writers is certainly no proper guide to faith. After luncheon I went out and called on Mr Billings, a return visit. Then to Mr Moreira, the minister of Brazil. My object was to talk with him about this difficulty with the British government on account of some collision which has taken place in Brazil. He had sent me the papers and I had read them with a strong feeling of indignation at the arrogance of the British pretensions. I found him a good deal excited on the subject, and perhaps more from the necessity he was under of putting up with it. He told me what course was marked out for him, and how he should follow it. His government would pay the money under protest, and positively declining to acknowledge the precedent. He lamented our condition just now in America, as exposing all the nations of that continent to the risk of such indignities. He said his advice home had always been to look to an alliance not here but to the United States. I presume this was when the common bond of slaveholding sympathy prevailed. But he now took care to say that in Brazil slavery was not longer a question. I expressed my sympathy with him in his situation, reminded him of mine during the Trent affair, and joined with him in the hope of some better time in future. He told me that Mr Webb and Rio Janeiro in consequence of his quarrel with Mr Christie, the British Minister who made the quarrel, was quite a hero at that place. From thence I went to see Lord Lyndhurst. He was alone, and second bright and cheerful. He expressed pleasure in seeing me and a wish that I would come often. Talked much about America and then of matters here. Spoke of Lord Palmerston as likely to continue in place, and of Lord Russell as not much fond of talking, and of writing without much force in either. His Lordship is nearly ninety one and is yet vigorous in his mind. I stayed nearly an hour, and then went over to see Mr Morey, who is getting better. Today, he talked incessantly. I reorganized all his customary299 earnestness and volubility. But the action of his mind was a little less true. This visitation left me time only for a short walk. Mr Sanford dined with us, and talked very much in his customary manner. He is full of the intrigues of France which he thinks bode no good to us. The instigation comes from England. Doubtless this is partly true. But I do not find Sanford’s services of information very much to be relied on. He catches at intelligence thrown out to deceive him. The intrigues of Slidell are without stint or number. The men of the rebellion are gamblers in politics as well as in money. They aim no higher than to make a trick now matter how. He did not go until late.

Cite web page as:
299 Monday 23d London CFA AM
The American mail came in this morning, and I read the Despatches and letters with interest. The military is better than the political intelligence. I fear that the tone is becoming rapidly too low in the north. At noon I went down and attended the sale of coins, and I made out to get some, though not very cheap. The competition was rather sharp. The room was extraordinarily cold, and I felt quite uncomfortable. Hastened him to dress and go down to St James’s hall at which place people were assembled to celebrate the anniversary of Washington’s birth day. Here I met Messrs Corningham and White, Members of Parliament. Professor Newman, the Revd Newman Hall, and about a hundred and twenty others, Americans and English. Mr Morse was ill, and he is more than half the time. Mr Vandenberg presided rather fully, but with good intentions. The usual toasts. I was called upon to respond to that of the Union. Excused myself by saying that I was bound to hold my tongue. Reception very flattering. Messrs Corningham, White, Newman, Winter and Wilkes spoke, a little too profusely, after which I came off. Nothing annoys me more than three dinners. Yet I think the day worth remembering. Properly it should be the 22d for Washington—But on this day my father died and my grandson was born a year ago.

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300 Tuesday 24th London CFA AM

Again I stole away from my regular duties to be present at the second day’s sale of coins. On this occasion I was less fortunate, as I failed to obtain such as I did want, and did buy others which but partially suited me. Such is the fate of auctions. I also failed in getting the books I wanted, and got some I did not care about. Yet the sum total of my purchases was certainly prudent, and not ill laid out. I returned home only in season to dress and go out to dine with General Lerman and Mr Howell at Morley’s Hotel. My son Henry accompanied me, and the rest of the party consisted of Mr W. Napier, Mr Fleming, and two other gentlemen Consuls for Mexico whose names I did not catch. The entertainment was quite elegant, in the French style. The conversation very general. These gentlemen are negotiating for vessels and arms for Mexico, and Mr Napier and perhaps Mr Fleming are the parties to supply them from here. Such is my inference, but I carefully avoid knowing too much about the matter. Got home at about eleven.
300 Wednesday 25th London CFA AM
I caught a severe cold in that chilly auction room on Monday. It showed itself most unpleasantly this morning in a little suffusion of blood in my right eye, without any pain. Several years ago I had a similar experience, occasions as Dr Bigelow said by the breaking of a minute vein in the ball. Nevertheless I persevered in dressing to attend the leve held by the Prince of Wales for the Queen. My suite all attended with me. Found there all the corps Diplomatique, and the various high functionaries of the government. Among them a good many more acquaintances than I expected. The door opened at two o’clock, and in we went. The Prince stood and bowed quietly and with dignity. Around him were the Duke of Cambridge and the members of his new household. As the current swept me along by the steps of the throne I came round to the place ordinarily occupied by the corps, but new filled by the whole of the Ministry. I was thus brought face to face with Lord Palmerston. Of course I was called to decide something, so I made a formal bow and put out my hand. He bowed in return and took my hand. So that no perceptible difficulty took place. Most of the other Cabinet members treated me with great cordiality. I had conversation with the Duke of Argyll and Sir George Lewis. The former asked me about the organization of the tax law collection of last year. I promised to get him the report of the commissions which he said he should be very glad to receive. Sir George Lewis spoke of the reply to the French proposal which came out by the Steamer of today. He had expected as much, and was glad England had declined to take part in it. I remarked that I was glad too, for the effect had been to change American feeling a good deal from France to England. He said that the hostility there was so great as to make any such overture at once open to unfavorable construction. Fourth of July orations had done much to keep up the enmity. I replied by saying that it was rather apparent than real, and it could easily be changed. The French alliance had been indeed the traditional policy, but the course of Napoleon seemed to be an abandonment of it. His Mexican expedition indicated a settled policy. Sir George did not think it meant occupation. He wished occupation for his army and success, after which he would abandon. Indeed at present he seemed to be fixing his attention to the Rhine. He thought Napoleon had too much credit for deep schemes. Perhaps this may be true. But he has no guide of principle—and his schemes are whilst carried on not a little dangerous. Count Flahault was there not as Minister. He seemed anxious to know whether the answer was amiable. I said yes, entirely so. He expressed much satisfaction. The force of this I did not feel until I found after that the Times had circulated stories of a very serious misunderstanding. We left at three o’clock, whilst the queue of carriage to set down still stretched all the way up into Grafton Street. What a piece of cumbrous machinery this is to carry on a government with. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams to Mr Henry Holland’s where was the usual assemblage of persons I did not know, endeavoring to be amused by some rather indifferent harmonies of several young ladies. Thence to a reception at the Marquis of
Salisbury’s. Not so large as last year, and easily escaped from, after which to Mrs Lowe’s where we found not more than twenty people. Home shortly after midnight. Messr Brooks, Hunnewell, & Tucker dined.302
302 Thursday 26th London CFA AM
The inflammation in my eye had extended so much and I felt otherwise so uncomfortable with my cold, that I kept rather quiet, and avoided going out in the evening to Lady Stanley’s reception, which the rest of the family did. The preparation of Despatches was not so heavy as usual. But I am much called to answer notes transmitting proceedings of public meets. The current is still setting strongly with us among the people. I had a long visit from Mr Bright, who came to ask me fix a time for receiving a deputation from Birmingham. I fixed it for tomorrow at 9 o’clock. The present effect of this development of sentiment is to annihilate all agitation for recognition, and to keep my position more quiet than ever before. Could we be so fortunate as to attain some great stroke of success, there would be no revival. But I see no sign of it. The military condition goes backward rather than forward. The want of a controlling will becomes more and more painfully prominent. I took my usual walk. Mr Forster brought with him a deputation from Huddersfield renewing the old complaint of the consular agency there. I explained the case as well as I could. In the evening I busied myself in making up the arrears of this Diary, which occasionally get the advantage of me.
I wrote my weekly private letters to my children, and one to Mr Everett. Had a visit from an American who called himself Dr Charles T Deane, but brought me no references. His object was to be married by me at this Legation today, as he was about to embark tomorrow in the steamer for America, and had not time to await the delay of fourteen days required here by law. He gave no reasons for the haste, or for his sudden arrival here. I rather inferred it was a runaway match. But in any case there is no precedent for any such proceeding here in a country where the ordinary law of the land opens a regular mode to foreigners as well as denizens. So I decided to act. He then retired, begging me to say nothing about it. Upon this I received the deputation from Birmingham, composed of Mr Bright, and four or five other gentlemen headed by Mr Sturge. They brought with them a long roll containing an address to the President signed by thirteen thousand five hundred names of people in that town. Mr Sturge, the Mayor made some observations on it, and was followed by each of the other gentlemen. I made a reply on the spot, with which I was myself better satisfied than with anything else that has come from these occasions. But I think I perceive that I must terminate this kind of thing as not quite appropriate to my place. I put in between these leave a slip containing a report of the meeting which appeared in the morning’s newspaper. After work was over I took a walk, and on my way called to see Lord and Lady Wensleydale, who received me in the pleasant sociable way which makes their society so attractive. Thence to see Mr Morey who is gradually taking the air again. His recovery surprises me. My eye prevents my using it at night, so I listened this evening to Henry who read the first two chapters of Miss Edgeworth’s novel of Helen.
303 Saturday 28th London CFA AM
Not much done today excepting to attend the Drawing room held by the Princess of Person on behalf of the Queen, who yet sticks to her seclusion. The interest in hit to us consisted in the present of our daughter Mary, Miss Chapman also, the sister of Madame Laugel and daughter of Mrs Chapman of Weymouth applied to be presented, so that with the Secretaries we made quite a cortege. The routine was much as usual. The Corps Diplomatique quite large, but not so many presentations of young ladies as was expected. I made my bow to the Princess and then to her sister Helena, and to the Prince of Wales who stepped forward and shook hands with me very much to my surprise, The Duke of Cambridge followed suit although I have spoken to him but once since I have been here. I then went to my place opposite to Mrs Adams. Here I found myself close to Lord Palmerston, and of course bound to him. He returned the civility with coldness as before. We remained for perhaps an hour and the corps Diplomatique began to drop off until we were left almost alone. We then concluded to go too, so that I got home by four o'clock. On our return we found a card for Lady Palmerston’s soirée, this evening. She had given the invitation to Mrs Adams on her speaking at the Drawing Room and had included my daughter. This certainly a change. For long before the close of the last season she had ceased inviting us. When in November last we left cards at her house, they had remained unanswered, and since the opening of the present session of Parliament, she had perceived company and had omitted us. The card had come to only after the Drawing room, though written before, and addressed in her own hand. Of course there was nothing to be done but to go. The same old crowd and the same people whom I did not know. Lord Palmerston could as before, but she was civil and courteous. With his Lordship, after my experience of last spring I desire never to exchange another word nor a line. But I do not with an open breach whilst here as a representative of my country, with him as the first Minister. The state of things that threatened a discovery of the trouble is now over, and we may go on for a time in nominal peace. But the same passion that occasioned the first offence may break out at any moment in some other shape. I only hope it may not be person to me. He is at heart a rancorous hater of America, and bent on depressing it. That is my conviction. Home at a little after midnight.

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304 Sunday March 1st London CFA AM
Attended Divine Service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached another sermon upon the difference between evidence and faith, the material and the moral philosophy. He certainly so far as I can gather, is very far from the German mode of thinking or from the American school of Parker. Afterward, he administered the communion, in which service he does not appear to me to be happy. There is nothing genial or taking about his manner. His language and thought are running in round periods without cessation or variety. Yet he thinks, which is scarcely the case with the established church. Afternoon filled with visits. First, Mr Bates, then Messr Reeve and Milnes, Sir William and Lady Ouseley and finally Mr Morse. I had but a half hour left for exercise. I, Mrs Adams and Henry dined by invitation with Mr Milner Gibson. Mr and Mrs Henry Reeve and Mr C P Villiers constituted the company. But it was lively and pleasant. I like then small parties much the best. Mr Reeve is Editor of the Edinburgh Review, intelligent and well informed.305

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305 Monday 2d. London CFA AM
As the Steamer had not arrived to make me work I took advantage of the leisure to arrange and catalogue a portion of the coins which I have collected during my residence here. The process has been so gradual that it did not seem to be production of the result I actually discover. I did not get through today, although little interrupted. After hours I went out and called on General Lerman and Mr Howell, as well as Mr Morey. The evening was lovely; mild and clear with a bright moon. At home. Read to the family some chapters of Miss Edgeworthcrusader13ams Helen. Strange are the alterations of a man’s judgment as he works on life. I now perceive defects in the narrative which did not strike me at all when I read it more than twenty years ago. The style is affected and sometimes a little pedantic, and the dialogue is any thing but naturally easy. I hope as I get on this difficulty will wear off, as I should be sorry to lose the favorable estimate I have always placed upon that book.

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305 Tuesday 3d. London CFA AM
I had another leisure day, and it enabled me to complete the rearrangement of my coins, and the collection of them with the works I now have. It is this which gives the most interest to the study of the these memorials as connected with antiquity. How singularly it opens up the ideas of the civilization all over the Grecian World. How early and how long superior in taste to all other countries. Modern industry has done great things to clear up the dark, but after all coins serve only to excite curiosity which can never be gratified. I had visits from several persons—among other Mr Pierce, a poor half crazed artist by the name of Walden, and Mr Scott Russell. The last came to consul me about shipping off some iron plates ordered here for experiment. The maker did not wish to appear in the business, as he was engaged for the government here. I promised to speak to the Messrs Baring, about it. who would, I thought, ship them. I took a walk towards evening. The air was soft and clear and the verdure of Hyde Park was charming. Returned the visit of Mr Levson Gorver. At home Mrs Adams and I dined tête à tête, as the children were invited to Mr Lampson’s. In the evening, I continued and almost finished the memoir of Hudson.

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Charles Francis Adams, Sr. The Civil War Diaries Unverified Transcriptions

Tuesday 3d.
3 March 1863

As there was only the telegraph of the Steamer I availed myself of the interval and went by the way of the Metropolitan Railway to the city, to call on Messrs Baring, and arrange the business suggested by Mr Scott Russell. This was done and I got home in two hours. But for my delay on other matters it might have been done in one. This road is certainly a great convenience, though the air in it is none of the best. It is a marvellous product of industry and perseverance. Busy in answering many letters. Walk around the Regents park with my daughter. The birds were singing as if it were summer. A surtant was rather uncomfortable. The whole week has been delightful weather. I dined at Mr Darby Griffith’s. A better house and more agreeable company than I have met before. The inner given to the Princess of Servia, a personage whom I saw at the Drawing Room and at Lord Palmerston’s. Baron Bentinck took Mrs Adams into dinner, whilst I took Mrs Griffith. Mr and Mrs Spencer Walpole were my only other acquaintances. Afterwards I discovered Mrs Forbes, Lord Holtham, Sir Henry Willingly, Mr Hennessy, a Miss Lavigne. After dinner we had some very good music from Mrs Griffith on the harp and Miss Lavigne on the piano. Thence we went to a reception at Lady Colchester’s. Not many acquaintances. Saw Mr Moreira there, who spoke to me about this case with Lord Russell. The last letter of his Lordship is full of all the defects of English character. No wonder it is so repulsive to all foreign nations. Bentinck spoke of it very strongly tonight. Saw likewise Mr Scott Russell and told him of my arrangement in the morning with the Messrs Baring.

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306 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
Another fine day. The American newspapers occupied me for a little while, but soon after eleven o'clock I got down to my desk and prepared the draughts of my Despatches of the week. I adhere to my new rule of making them short, which saves time and labour, but does not fulfil my notion of a minister’s duty. I have no disposition to complain of Mr Seward in his treatment of me, for he has always been liberal and even generous in his support of all my official doings. But even since I came and even before I was sensible of a certain temperament which renders him unconscious of these fine perceptions of delicacy in the treatment of others which some people call tact. The first evidence of this was the mode of selecting my Secretary. The second the sending of a variety of semi official agents to complicate my position in this country. The third the publication of my Despatches without regard to their effect here. I have gradually made out to work through all this, by the favour of circumstances, so that I retain no unfriendly feeling on account of it. The only effect is that I act under perpetual fear and reserve. Neither am I ever sure of what will come next. This very much affects the degree of my usefulness in the diplomatic service. Still, with the single exception of Mr Everett, I know not how I could gain by a change. I had several visits, from a Mr Billings who asked me to call and see his house, which I agreed to do tomorrow. Mr Brooks and Mr Hunnewell who have staid over a week in order to see the show on Saturday. and Sir Henry Holland. Out in the afternoon with Mrs Adams to see at Garrard’s the diamond prepared for the bride, the Princess of Denmark. They told me that the crowd of visitors had been constant since nine in the morning. Then to return some visits and a walk. Quiet evening. Read a little more of Helen, but I am sorry to say the defects are glaring. How age does sharpen the perception of these!
307 Friday 6th London CFA AM
The morning devoted to my private letters home. To my children I think I have not failed to write more than once since I have been in England. This has had the effect of making my son John an almost equally punctual correspondent. His natural indolence, the most serious drawback in his character, has been overcome, and this of itself does him good. At four o’clock I called by appointment to see Mr Billings. He and his sister are here to claim the estate of a deceased brother, who appears to have passed his life in London, collecting numberless objects of art and luxury, until his house resembled rather a museum or gallery than a private collection. It is now to be sold again. Such is the revolution of the wheel in London. Quiet evening at home. Read a little of Helen. Alas! Alas!308
308 Saturday 7th London CFA AM
This day had been fixed for the reception of the Princess of Denmark. Of course it was a
holiday. I cared little about the procession, but I wanted once to see the population in the
Streets. To this end I started with my son Brooks to visit the city. He had come from school for
the purpose. We took the Metropolitan Road, and reached Farringdon Street terminus at half
past eleven. The carriages were full but there was no crowd. Neither did we find it inconvenient
until we reached the proposed line of the procession at Cheapside near St Paul's. The current
of human beings setting through that opening became obstructed by the line of carriages
moving to set down person at the places they proposed to occupy, and so for a time we were
closely packed. This did not last however, so that from thence all the way to the Mansion
House we made our way with sufficient ease. The windows and even roofs were people along
the whole line, and the flags and streamers and ornaments attached to the houses made the
aspect gay. But the crowd in the street was staid and respectable. At the Mansion house it was
plain that no more direct progress could be made. I then resorted to a detour, behind that
edifice which brought me to a street on the other side that led me to Lombard Street and
directly into the square. The whole area was covered with human beings of every conceivable
class except the first. At the Mansion house, and all the other buildings were arranged in seats
many of the wealthy cits of both sexes. Generally the crowd was in good humour and sociable.
No bad language nor vulgarity though many looked as if familiar with both. Not perceiving any
unoccupied point to stand at safely, I decided to leave this position before it should become
still more thronged, and make my way either west or east as I should find it most easy. I tried
to cross over in the wake of a company of riflemen who were filing off into Moorgate But before
I could effect my purpose I found myself caught in a mass of people rushing in at once from
Cheapside in the west, and Threadneedle on the east. Then the press became tremendous,
and I began to doubt whether I should be able to endure it. Men, women with babies in their
arms and other women struggling and gasping, heaving to and fro only to309 make the
pressure more intense. On three sides it was clear no relief to be expected. The only vacuum
was in the direction of Moorgate through Princes Street. That way then bore the current with
such force at last that I found myself carried on tiptoe just enough to maintain my standing until
the pack loosened and gradually disappeared. By this time I was nearly at the end of Moorgate
Street. My wish had been to see a London mob. I had done so more than enough, besides
feeling it more than I fancied. The next thing was to get away. Turning down to the left I sought
to get through the narrow side streets to the east. But here I come across all the carriages of
the city procession uniting the movement to men into place. Here again the crowd looked too
dense to encounter over again, I then struck down a narrow lane which brought me easily to
the point of entrance on Cheapside. But just there the lane was blocked. A cabman had driven
his vehicle there and had established himself with a number of persons mounted on its roof to
see the show. By the side of this cab and closing the rest of the lane a party of four men had put up a low staging perhaps four feet, which they let as standing places. It was hopeless to struggle through, and as much to so to go back, so I reconciled myself to a detention and lurid places for us two. After an hour spent in waiting we saw the city procession move down on its way to meet the Princess and after an interval, it came back again. The banners of the Livery companies and the quaint dresses of some of the servants and postilions constituted all the display. Then came the Princess and Prince, in one carriage, preceded by her younger sister in another, with horsemen and some escorting coaches. The thing itself was not worth the trouble of seeing, but the city of London in a convulsion of enthusiasm about a girl of eighteen of whom nobody yet knows anything good or bad, fully repaid my fatigue. We immediately started on our return, took the train at Farringdon Street, and reached home by a quarter of four o'clock. So it was not a very long affair. Brooks went on to Mr Milner Gibson's where Mrs Adams and my daughter had gone, but I had had enough for one day. It set into rain before dark. Quiet evening at home. I felt rather fatigued and retired early.310
Variable with a smart shower of hail. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached a strong and eloquent discourse upon the standard of human duty. He is not often direct in his style, having a nice metaphysical turn, but he is occasionally as today vigorous and dignified. I had a visit from Mr H. T Parker and Mr Thomas Baring. Then a walk in the course of which I called to see Mrs Haight, who brings letters from Mr Dayton. Quiet evening.

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310 Monday 9th London CFA AM
There was a frost again this morning, and the air was chilly through the day. Not having much regular work, I sat down to answer several letters which have been on my table some days from America. One of these begs me to interpose, and induce the Secretary of the Navy to give him a share in the business of supplying troubles for the navy. The other sends me out copies of an Essay on Spiritualism, which he desires me to transmit to the Queen, to the Emperor of the French, and to the Emperor of Russia. Such are the notions entertained of the duties of a foreign envoy. Afterwards a walk with my son Brooks in the course of which we looked at many of the preparations for the illuminations of tomorrow. We had to dinner with us Mrs Haight and her daughter and Mr Pierce. Before midnight I received the American mail and the Depatches.

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310 Tuesday 10th London CFA AM
We were obliged to dress at once in order to be in season to breakfast and get away to the Paddington Station, ready for the special train at twenty five minutes past ten, which was to take the invited guests to Windsor. At the Paddington Station was quite an assemblage, but nobody at hand to indicate what we were to do. Meeting with M and Madame Musuras, and Mr and Madame Moreira we succeeded in getting into a carriage which was otherwise filled by Count Kilmansegge and Mr and Mrs Cardwell. In this manner we were carried to Windsor. In London the fog had been so thick I could not read the newspaper at breakfast. But it was clear comparatively at Windsor. After some struggle for coaches we succeeded in getting to St George’s chapel. and to our assigned places, on the north side, under the Queen’s closet, and directly overlooking the haut ped so called, where the ceremony was to take place. I shall not attempt any details of the affair. It passed in complete accordance with the programme as I place it within these leaves. The scene was very impressive. Here amidst the emblems of a remote age were assembled all there is of rank and official reputation in the kingdom. Here the greatest dignitaries of the Church performed the solemn service which waited a young couple destined under Providence to continue the line of monarchy for another age. The parties are very young, and are supposed to be attached, a rare event in such cases. Their deportment was all that could be desired. As I looked down on the picture of the woman with her eight young bride’s maids kneeled before the altar, with the surroundings of the royal family, the household and the Court resplendent with gay attire for the first time the conception dawned upon me of the political importance of all the paraphernalia that surround a throne. Satin and lace and diamonds and gold embroidery all contribute to make a pageant which knits the wealth of the land into the texture of the crown itself. It is a ponderous machine enough, but may-be necessary. I hope the young Prince will prosper. He has all the aid of favoring gales with which to embark on his voyage. But there has never yet been a marriage of a Prince of Wales that has prospered him in later years, so that this must form an exception instead of the rule. The service was read by the archbishop of Canterbury, and lasted perhaps half an hour. The procession then moved away again to the Castle. The corps Diplomatique moved likewise, but in a hap hazard method, as nobody seemed ready to designate their course. Rather than await a carriage Mr Moreira and I determined to walk. We groped into the quadrangle, and with the aid of Mr Helps whom are met by accident, at last found ourselves at the main entrance just as Mrs Adams and Mrs Moreira were getting from a carriage. We were ushered into a large and handsome hall decorated with many portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the Sovereigns and Ministers of note at the time of the Treaty of Vienna, rather poor things in themselves but curious as historical. Here were assembled most of the invited guests. But there was no host, or person authorized to act for him. After some delay, we were ushered into a smaller all, and then into St George’s hall where were tables set out
with refreshments. After taking a slight repetition we then left the palace in a carriage for the Station. Fortunately we were in season for a regular train so eight of the corps Diplomatique took possession of a compartment. Baron Gros, Count Visthern, Mr and Mrs Moreira, the Peruvian Minister, Mr Gutierrez and ourselves. Thus we returned in safety home before five o’clock. I afterwards learned that others who stayed to see the Prince go off to Osborne were not so fortunate, and encountered a scramble and a crush. After dinner we had made arrangements for a carriage to witness the illumination. I had ordered a small one for my own house which looked quite as well as most that I saw. The streets were full of people and the thoroughfares so choked up with carriages that movement was extremely slow. The intention had been to go St Paul’s through Oxford Street, Holburn to Cheapside and back by the Fleet and strand. After a long delay we worked back as far as Farringdon Street which was so much blocked that we were directed to cross Blackfriars bridge and go round to Westminster. But every avenue found so entirely closed that our only resource was to make a great circuit and strike Vauxhall Bridge. This brought us home at a little before there in the morning, pretty wary and having seen little. At no preceding time was there ever such a mass of human beings concentrated in the streets of London. As on Saturday my chief amusement was to observe the crowd, which was more talkative and disposed to good natured jeering. As the night drew on there were signs of growing intemperance, but still no violence or injurious language. The London mob is a good natured brute when in repose. I have seen him twice within a week, and that is enough to satisfy my curiosity for ever.313

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Our expedition yesterday left me pretty tired and sleepy all day. I found Mr Sturgis at breakfast, he having come last evening to spend the night here. His experience with the illumination was better than ours insofar as he was disencouraged early enough to extricate himself from the crowd. It turns out that several lives were lost and many more injured. Twelve alarms of fire. So that the night was eventful. Brooks went back to Twickenham again. I wrote some answers to letters which is my customary work; and received some visits. Among the rest General Lerman who seemed in high spirits about Mexico. Quiet dinner, but the evening to two places. First to Lady Russell’s, where we found only a small company principally of the corps Diplomatique I said a few words to him in answer to his question whether I had a Despatch to read to him. I explained the substance of it, and added that I should not bring it. He replied that it was quite enough. For the less of Depatches that were read to him the better. He further said that my account corresponded with that given of it by Lord Lyons. He hoped that there would be no necessity for the issue of the letters of marque., for they might complicate the question of seizures for attempting to run the blockade. I replied that they might be forced from us by the necessity of capturing the armed vessels fitted out here. I deeply regretted the perpetual refusal to act in all these cases, especially the last one of the Sumter. He remarked that there was no evidence of collusion in the sale. I pointed out the evidence furnished in my last note. But he evidently had not read it. I somewhat doubt whether he does not entirely rely on the Crown officers to give him his cue. A strong man he certainly is not. But he has a certain short, pragmatical way of answer that stands him in stead of power. His record in the Foreign Office will scarcely do him permanent credit. From thence we went to a reception at Lady Spencer’s. Every body expected it would be a great crush, so the consequence was it was not very large. Lord Spencer took the trouble to show me a bust of his Wife by Perrers. But it is not good. Home at 12.314

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The accounts which came of the tribulation experienced on Tuesday are some of them amusing enough. The luckless guests who tarried at Windsor fared ill. Waiting to see the bridal pair depart, they fell into the crowd assembled for the purpose, and in the effort to get seats in the train met with much discomfort and damage to their dresses. Lady Westminster and Lady Salisbury two of the haute noblesse, the former bearing on her person jewels to the value of sixty thousand pounds were glad to find refuge from the melée in a third class carriage for town. Others who left later reached the Paddington Station after the press of carriages at the illumination had commenced, and were unable to get home until late in the night. A lady who had invited a party to dinner waited for them in vain. Such is London on a gala night in the nineteenth century! My Despatches for this week were light and I got through with them early. A walk as usual. In the evening we all went to a ball at Lady Stanley’s of Aldesley. Given to the Duchess of Cambridge who was not there, and to the Princess Mary who was, large as life. The Prince and Princess of Denmark were also present, the parents of the bride. We remained for the sake of Mary until after one o’clock, when the party was breaking up.
314 Friday 13th London CFA AM
My correspondence with Lord Russell in the case of the gunboat 290 is published here. The London press is very cheery on the subject, from whence I infer that the thing does not look in their favor. Boasting and vainglorious as are this people, the affair must be very plain which they cannot twist in their favor. My time was taken up with private letters home. One to John longer than customary. A visit from Mr Barnes, a member of Parliament, who brought an address from his place to the President, which I sent forward at once. There have been fewer of these than for some time past, owing probably to the greater excitement of the Prince’s marriage. A walk as usual. Quiet dinner and evening at home.
There was not much of a holiday for me today. I found myself under a necessity to answer two notes of Lord Russell, each of which is a little irritating. The News of the morning in a notice of the published correspondence respecting the Alabama comments rather sharply on the acrimony perceptible on both sides. Perhaps this may be just, though I am not aware of having done more than to repel with spirit the very improper and irrelevant attack of his Lordship, on myself as well as my government. At any rate it is well for me to be upon my guard against such a tendency. I therefore close today with originating anything, and take shelter in all future movements under instructions. I also wrote a letter to Mr Bayard Taylor in answer to a curious communication of his to me of a rebel Despatch intercepted by him, touching certain possible proposals by European powers to give guaranties to prohibit the slave trade. It is a curious specimen of Mr Benjamin's special pleading, and utter indifference to all moral considerations whatever. A dexterous juggler's trick to blind to eyes of Foreign Nations to the real game of the rebels. This is just the level of the Southern Statesmanship of the present day. This was given to Mr Lamar who is on his way to St Petersburg. In that meridian he can make little out of such material. I and Mrs Adams dined with Mr and Mrs Forster. The company consisted, so far as I could tell, of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton and his Wife, Colonel and Mrs Benson, a Mr and Mrs Arnold, and two others, one of whom was a nephew of Lord Brougham. Not much conversation of interest.

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Variable, with heavy showers. Attended Divine service at the chapel, and heard some person unknown. Afterwards I called to see Lord Wensleydale who is up in his room with gout. He seemed cheerful and pleasant as the fit was leaving him. I talked of the legal character of the last generation with all of whom he was familiar. He made one remark which surprised me—and that was a very poor advocate, but made a good Chancellor. Lyndhurst would have made a great reputation, had he liked his profession and here less indolent. Durman on the contrary was good neither as an advocate nor a judge. Called on Mr Munchton Milnes and Lord Lyndhurst but they were not visible. Also upon Mr and Mrs Morey, who seem to be living on much as ever. Evening at home. Read Helen, a little.
16 March 1863

316 Monday 16th London CFA AM
I had still some letters to write, particular one to Mr Dayton in Paris. The day however was perhaps a little wasted. The letters from America came by mail, and I had a cheerful and pleasant one from John. The public news much after the old sort. I fear one we shall have no more successes, but we may wear the rebels completely out. At any rate we must abide the trial of an incompetent President. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams to Count and Countess Apponyi, the Austrian Ministers. Quite a small assemblage. The Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the Princess Mary of Cambridge, with most of the Corps Diplomatique. Still and dull but short.

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316 Tuesday 17th London CFA AM

The weather is chilly and variable. I received a great number of Despatches and some private letters, rather disappointing my expectation of success in accomplishing a plan of remittances. The very high rate of exchange makes some remedy or other necessary. Most of the Despatches transmit answers to the addresses which likewise place me under embarrassment. The general news is of the adjournment of Congress, after passing all the measures necessary for carrying on the government until next year. The joint resolutions against mediation likewise passed by very large majorities. It is therefore plain that the war will go on at least until the term of the short enlistment expires. This will stretch over the planting season of the south, and thus continue the scarcity of cotton from that source. Under such circumstances perhaps the policy of delay in military operations may be the best. We had at dinner today Mr and Mrs Pierce and Mr Munchton Milnes, the latter very amusing. His health is breaking down under the taste for society and high living. And yet he cannot cut it off.

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316 Wednesday 18th London CFA AM

Finished up my arrears of letters, and wrote a couple in advance to America. Mr Morse came in and talked of the various topics between us. We get no instructions or means from Washington, so I counsel him not to incur any addition debt. I showed him an answer I received from Mr Dudley at Liverpool, who came up yesterday to see me about consulting counsel again to stop a vessel fitting out at Liverpool. It appears that he had already been to Mr Collyer, who had verified the prediction made by Sir Robert Phillimore, and had declined to go farther. He had intimated that he had been found fault with for his former course, and that his connection, with the Admiralty might conflict with farther engagement to us. He however said that he still held to his opinions about the gunboat 290, and was prepared to speak on the subject in Parliament if it were brought up. I doubt the issue of a such a speech under his present affiliation. He would support only the better ultimately to betray us.

He advised Mr Dudley us to the selection of another lawyer, and recommenced a Mr Lush. It was this gentleman’s opinion that I had just received. It was much what I anticipated. No lawyer of eminence will have the courage to repeat Mr Collyer’s experiment. We dined at home today, and in the evening went to the weekly reception at Lady Russell’s. About fifty or sixty present, including perhaps half of the Corps Diplomatique. Some talk with Mr Moreira who tells me the talk about the Alabama is, “It is done, and cannot be helped.” I asked him why the English had not been satisfied with such an answer from his government in the case of the wreck. Instead of which they had sought indemnity by the harshest way known to the law, short of war, and had added insult to injury in their diplomatic notes. Arrogance is the characteristic of all Brish policy; and self interest the only guide. From thence we went to Mrs Darby Griffith’s—a small musical party, but the two performers on whom she relied having failed her, she gave us the same deco with the young lady at the piano which we had last week. Sir William Ouseley told me that the company at this house was mostly of the conservative side, though Griffith himself professed to be independent. In Parliament he seems to rank principally as a bore. Mrs Griffith is a very pleasing woman.

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317 Thursday 19th London CFA AM
I had a visit from one of the firm of Fladgate & Co solicitors, who came to get my attestation to the signatures of the President and Secretary of State and Prof. Henry, to be used in effecting the recovery of a further sum under the legacy of Smithson. After some enquiry he prepared a form of deposition, and I appointed tomorrow morning for the execution. Another visit from Mr Howell who brought with him Mr Fleming to introduce to me. This is the gentleman who sat by my side at the dinner on the 24th of last month. Then I prepared the customary drafts of Despatches which by my new plan are so much shortened as to give me much reduced labor. I dined with the Minister from Peru, Mariano Sanz. His entertainment was given to the Vice President of Peru, who is in Europe on account of his health. It was a curious assemblage, composed almost wholly of South Americans most of whom spoke nothing but Spanish, and of two or three Englishmen long connected with them. As few of them speak either English or French, of course conversation was not a little contracted. Before dinner we sat in a circle, rather after the fashion of a Quaker meeting. We waited more than an hour and then went down. I was placed between Mr Sanz and a Mr Montefiore, the last of whom spoke the worst of French and the former not two shades better. Mr Gutierrez was opposite and he kept up some conversation. The greatest civility and good will were manifested however on all sides. And decided expressions of sympathy with us in our difficulties. After dinner the Vice President came with his son as interpreter and expressed his good wishes, his great concern at the difficulties which had occurred, for the sake of the interests of the whole continent, and his hopes that we might before long be restored to our position of the natural protector of all the other nations. I replied by reciprocating his sentiments, by deploring our misfortunes, and lastly by expressing a wish for a more general union among the American States, which would enable us to act with the greater effect in opposition to any plan of the same kind with that now in progress in Mexico. This idea served to be very agreeable. The Vice President is a fine looking man and seems intelligent. The Minister himself is also highly respectable. I could not help reflecting on the imperative necessity of the policy here pointed out; a policy initiated by my father forty years ago, but sadly departed from in later days, by which means the good will of these states was alienated rather than conciliated. Should circumstances permit it, I shall endeavour to keep in mind the leading idea that first enunciated. It is worthy of a great statesman. All that I have experienced in Europe established my conviction of its necessity. Having taken my leave I went with Mrs Adams and the rest of the family to a reception at the Duchess of Somerset’s. 319 It was not so large as that we attended two years since. Not many of the Corps Diplomatique. This was held at the Admiralty of which the Duke is the head.
319 Friday 20th London CFA AM
I completed my private letters without difficulty today, executed the deposition for the Smithsonian fund, and received one or two visits. The increased length of the day now also brings my walk into light again, so that matters are improving again, so that matters are improving again in all respects but over all this grows a cloud hanging darker and darker from this country. I now begin to fear again that the peace will scarcely last six months. The last aggravation is the making of a loan of three millions sterling to the rebels, which the government has absolutely done nothing to discountenance. The temper of our people is already roused enough by the constant annoyance created by the ravages of the gunboat 290, not to have an additional spur to it from the prospect of a supply of money to fit out others. I suppose that it is in the providence of God to chastise us for sins of omission and commission during the last generation and we must bow in submission to the justice of the decree. In the evening at half past nine o’clock I went with Mrs Adams & Mary to what is called an evening reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the part of the Queen. We went in full dress. As this a rather novel entertainment here at least during the present century, it may be as well to ascribe it. The Corps Diplomatique and Ministry assembled in the gallery. The doors were then opened, and we passed in order before the young couples, making our bows to them and to the circle around them including the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary as well as the parents of the bride. Then came a momentary dispersion during which we recognized our acquaintances. Presently an opening was made and the circle moved from this which is called Queen Anne’s room, through the next into the throne room, where was the Queen’s private band, playing a selection of good music. There were seats for the hosts, but none for the guests, not even the ladies of the Corps Diplomatique. In point of fact they were all scattered about, without order or object. Then came another more through the gallery into the supper room. By accident I got a hint in season and so managed to join the Court in that room before the doors were closed. Some of my colleagues were not so lucky. This was the only interesting part of the evening. The Princess having taken some refreshment, then came forward in the centre of a semi circle, and a succession of persons were presented to her. They consisted of the four ambassadors and their wives, and several Duchesses with a few numbers of her household. She acquitted herself very well. Her manner, simple, easy and above all, natural. I can scarcely imagine a more difficult position for a young and wholly inexperienced girl, now the object of general observation in every moment. She looked much prettier than I had before supposed. The impression she made was universally favorable. The Prince on his part was easy in his manner of speaking to several of the ladies previously known to him. The scene was rather brilliant. Tables spread are three sides of the rectangular space. A mass of gold plate attached to the wall at the end, and reflecting the light of many gas jets. Above a number of bright centres of white light. Diamonds and gold lace in the usual
profusion. Were I forty years younger, I should doubtless indulge some imagination about it. As it is, it looks more like vanity and vexation of spirit, the paraphernalia of a system which elevates a few at the expense of the many. Were my country only at peace, its simple Institutions and practical forms devoid as they are of all stage effect or artificial adornment seem a grander exposition of the dignity of a whole people. When the signal was given for the Prince to retire, we took a little refreshment, and gave way to the rest of the guests who were not admitted. We reached home at a few minutes after twelve. There was observable here as at Windsor the other day, the same general looseness of arrangement for the convenience of the Corps Diplomatique, which is not intended as neglect, but which is by no means conducive to their satisfaction in what is disagreeable enough at best, Court Attendance.

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321 Saturday 21st London CFA AM
I was in full expectation of a little leisure today, but somehow it did not appear until a late hour of the day. In point of fact I was compelled to devote some time to the work of bringing up the arrears of my Diary, which I fail to bring up on the evenings when I am invited out, and come home late. My spirits are also failing me a good deal, as the public indications grow more threatening. The course of the wealthy classes is turning the scale in America against us. They are recovering from the shock occasioned by the public manifestations of the popular sympathy, and are doing by indirect what they cannot effect directly. The only thing which would really check them, military success does not come at our call. I took quite a long walk. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams and Mary to Sir Emerson Tennent’s to dinner. A party of twenty one, of whom I knew not many. I was presented to Mr Whiteside members of Dublin University quite a pleasant man, Mr Mackinson also a member, and Lord Hobart. Afterwards there were some other persons and a little music. I was rather sorry to leave this friendly and hospitable house in order to go to the chilly one of Lady Palmerston. But on account of our peculiar difference I do not feel as if I could decline her invitation. I did not see Lord Palmerston, and there were so many of my acquaintance there that it was much more tolerable than usual. Among others, Mr Hayward, whom I had not seen for a long while. He said he had been to the continent as far as Constantinople. Had seen Mr Mottley at Vienna, who was still uneasy. He took occasion to compare his irritability with my calmness under either fortune much in his old style. He looks badly. The manner is so courteous to me, that I have no personal reasons for complaint. We got home before twelve.
321 Sunday 22d London CFA AM
A spring-like soft day. So slight is the gradation of the seasons that I can scarcely imagine winter to be gone. Attended Divine service and heard Mr Martineau preach but without any effect. The service now consists in my mind of portions of the ritual and the hymns. But today we had an another very indifferently sung, and the closing hymn was omitted in consequence of some damage to the organ. After service I was making up the arrears of my Diary until three, when I designed to go out. But just then I had a visit from Mr Forster, and talked earnestly with him about the very grave condition of our affairs. I feared that a collision would come unless the Ministry here could be persuaded to act with more energy in restraining the outfits from this kingdom. The ravages of the gunboat 290 were perpetually irritating our people, and now would go out the fact that money was furnished here to enable the rebels to buy and fit out many more. If this was not met with more appearance of repression than had yet been made, the consequence would be a demand in America for the issue of letters of marque, which the government would find it hard to resist. But if he should yield the chances of a collision on the ocean would be much increased. I feared that the bad influence in and out of the cabinet would then prevail, and carry with it the people. I urged him therefore to do something to make the Ministry alive to the nature of the difficulty. He said he would speak to Mr Layard about it tomorrow. I likewise spoke to Mr Forster about the answer to the meeting at Bradford, which incidentally introduced his name. I had received authority to modify it as I thought best. And I wished only to do what was rightable to him. He seemed to hesitate a little, and finally inclined to suppress what related to himself. Mr Forster is true and earnest, but a little timid in his policy. After he went, Mr McCullagh Torrens came in and talked of news and politics. He casually alluded to the growing feebleness of Lord Palmerston. He said that Milady was very anxious about his purposed journey to Scotland next week where he is to have an ovation. This corresponds with what I casually heard said by two of the Ministry at the reception the other night. Some speculation about the cabinet, if he should break down. Mr T thinks Derby almost equally unfit in health. Hence there would a compound construction. May-be so. Thus talking I lost my exercise. Evening, read a little of Helen.323
323 Monday 23d. London CFA AM
The mails arrived this morning, and brought me as I expected instructions to hold communications with this government prior to the proposed issue of letters of marque. Yet the general tone of the newspapers and private letters is more encouraging than it has been. I think it is tolerably plain that the exhaustion of the rebels is absolute. And if they have no positive success of a kind to determine us to give way, they must succumb. I now look with more of apprehension than hope to the issue of the various enterprises we have on hand. So great has been the preparation that the chances of resistance are certainly the best. My day was in other respects passed very quietly. Nothing beyond the ordinary routine. Evening at home. A little of Helen which greatly improves.
323 Tuesday 24th London CFA AM
Mr Curt, numismatist and antiquary has been inviting me for some time to go to his rooms and see his collections of coins and medals for sale. As I had purchased a book of him for which I had not paid, I seized the occasion to make my visit, and spent a couple of hours in examining a position of what he had. He is old and experienced, and I learned a to person the subject how much I could benefit by the stores of them relics which about here. I purchased but a single medal, quite modern, for its singularity. It is French, struck in 1514 to commemorate the alliance which terminated in the peace after Sebastopol was taken. It places Christianity and Mahometanism on exactly the same level, equally protracted by the Deity. The publication of it created such a scandal that it was suppressed soon afterwards. It is good to be able to command the evidence of such a fact. I took a walk. In the evening Mrs Sturgis dined here and we all went to the Lyceum Theatre to witness the performance of a price called the Duke’s motto, taken from a tale written by Féval. It has been quite well gotten up by Mr Fechter, whose acting in this style of drama pleases me much more than that in Shakespeare’s dramas. The plot is preposterous enough, but it yields many charms for striking stage effects. The scenery too is pretty, so that on the whole we enjoyed it very well. Mr Sturgis returned here and spent the night.324
324 Wednesday 25th London CFA AM
Mr Sturgis breakfasted with us. He goes to the continent on Friday, to join his Wife at Rome. I wrote one or two letters in advance of the bag, and had a visit from Mr Forster to catch up information in advance of the speech he proposes to make on Friday. He said he had seen Lord Russell, and had conversed with him. The result was that he had concluded to persevere in his motion. He had reason to believe that Sir Randell Palmer and possibly Lord Palmerston would say something that might be of use. I said that if so the debate would be of value. If not, not. I gave him all the information he wanted. We dined at home, and in the evening, went to a reception at Lady Derby’s. The customary crowd, with a sprinkling of acquaintances. Mr Moreira thought the presence of a number of Whigs indicated some expectation of an early change in the ministry. It looked like ratting. I noticed that Lady Palmerston was there, which I never saw before. There is a general impression that the premier is physically declining. Lady Palmerston is announced as about to attend him on this tour to Scotland, which is a change of plans. It admits of no doubt that a significant change will take place before long. His Lordship’s is close upon seventy nine, an unexampled age for a prime minister. His intellectual faculties seem to be yet in vigour.

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324 Thursday 26th London CFA AM
Quite busy drawing up my Despatches until ten o’clock, when I started on my way to the Foreign Office to keep my appointment at three with Lord Russell. As my errand was rather a critical one, I tried to prepare myself to do my duty fully without at the same time giving offence. I showed him a copy of a letter which had been sent to me, exposing the schemes of the intriguers here to produce a war. I thank urged for some action which might discourage them. The invitation caused by the ravages of the gunboats and driven the government to the necessity of directing me to explain their difficulty and suggest the adoption here of some more counteractive policy. I read the Despatch which had been sent me, and expressed my own disinclination to the adoption of such a measure as the issue of letters of marque, as multiplying the risks of collision at sea.325 But I could scarcely understand how it could be avoided if there was to be a repetition of these outfits and armaments from the ports of this kingdom. His Lordship said that they should do what they could, but the law was difficult to execute and they could not go beyond it. I replied by suggesting that there was still another mode of actions for them which might do good. This was the adoption of a strong and significant tone of condemnation of all the abuses of neutrality that were going on. There had been more such hitherto from the Ministers. They appeared to be disagreed in opinion and silent, the effect of which was to encourage all these acts and to nurse the presumption among us that they were arrived at. He then referred to his letter to the Liverpool Merchants, to which I answered that I had made the most of it at the time. He alluded also to his speech in the House of Lords the other day. He had since received a note from Lord Palmerston entirely approving it. I said that that speech had given me great pleasure. Had it been made two years ago, we should not have been where we now are. I was also much gratified to hear what he had said of Lord Palmerston. I only wished he would say the same thing in public. I had always felt great distrust of his sentiments towards us, as Lord Russell was probably aware. For I had said as much to him once before. He replied that I was mistaken. I rejoined, that I should be glad to find myself so. As a whole I felt his Lordship to have been in much better mood, and really inclined to go as far as he could, to prevent difficulty. Perhaps the final result may be prevented yet. I walked home musing on the singular course events had taken since the commencement of this outreach, and wondering at what was yet to come. I can only pray the Divine being that we may not be furnished according to our offences, but rather in mercy. I, with my Wife and daughter dined with Mr and Mrs Moreira the Brazilian Minister. The Spanish Minister and legation, and the members of his new legation who are numerous constituted the company. It was almost as difficult as the dinner at the Peruvian minister’s the other day. Mr Moreira lives at great expense326 and entertains elegantly, but he seems not to have much of an acquaintance. The English are particularly unfitted to conciliate strangers. M Moreira and his family have been here six years, and yet they entertain none but the bitterest feelings to the
whole people. Latterly he has had extraordinary reason so to do, his country having experienced sorry treatment from this government. From this house we went to a drawing party at Lady Stanhope’s. Mostly young people very few of whom I knew. As Mary was dancing, we continued then until two o’clock in the morning.
326 Friday 27th London CFA AM
The spring is now really advancing fast. The air is soft and the thorns are springing into blossom. Owing to the length of my yesterday's conference I was thrown upon the necessity of preparing my report today. This put every thing back, and I was kept at my writing table from two in the morning until six when the bag came to take all the letters by the Steamer. It was fatiguing and left me only a short period for my exercise around the park. I went with Mrs Adams to dine with Mr and Mrs Reeve. The company consisted of Baron Gros, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Kingsdown. Lord Stanley, Sir Edmund and Lady Head and their daughter, and Lady Molesworth. It was easy and pleasant. Mr Reeve is the conductor of the Edinburgh Review, a magazine once quite celebrated, but which of late has shared the fate of all such works, by losing the prestige of fashion. Home at eleven.
326 Saturday 28th London CFA AM

The morning newspapers had the report of last night’s debate in the commons on Mr Forster’s enquiry, and I regret to say that the result does not bear out the expectation he created. Sir Roundell Palmer made a lawyer’s plea, and Lord Palmerston indulged as usual in derogatory and insulting language, rather than in conciliation. The temper of this man has not been mistaken by me from the outset. Had he been really well disposed he never could have written me the private note which caused our differences last year. I think Lord Russell desires to deceive himself on that point. For the rest I fear that this goes out tomorrow only to add to the invitation already existing there. Possibly the issue of letters of marque may follow. The only counterpoise to it may be the account of the meeting of the Trades Unions on Thursday evening which was in a thoroughly friendly and earnest tone. My spirits were rather depressed by this, neither was the telegraphic news from America today calculated to improve them. Neither was military ardour naval enterprises seem to prosper. The season is opening with an impaired morale everywhere; on the other side is declining physical strength in numbers. What is the end of such a race? Who can tell? At ten I walked to the office of the Board of Trade to meet the Trustees of the Peabody fund, who were to decide on the tenders for the erection of the proposed buildings. There were three, made by builders of the brightest class, making only a difference of three hundred pounds between them. We chose the lowest and executed the contracts, so that this is a real beginning. It will absorb a sixth of the principal. Another Estate is purchased, and another negotiated for, so that we are really making some progress. Thence home. Evening a little of Helen to the family. It is much better in the action as we proceed.
327 Sunday 29th London CFA AM
Mild spring day. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached but it is almost impossible for me to retain any recollection of his sermon. I presume it is my fault. The hymns now take far the most of my attention. I think his collection a remarkably good one. Mr Förster came to see me and to talk about the issue of the remarkably good one. Mr Forster came to see me and to talk about the issue of the discussion of Friday. He thought it might do good by urging the Ministry to action. I regretted not to see it so, though unwilling to express myself strongly from consideration for the position he had fallen into, with the best intentions. He expressed great astonishment for the position he had fallen into, with the best intentions. He expressed great astonishment at the tone of Sir Roundell Palmer, which had been entirely unexpected to him. I explained to him the substance of my conference on Thursday, and how much I had hoped from Lord Russell’s conversation. Very disappointment was proportionate. I had not a particle of confidence in the truth of Lord Palmerston. His heart was wrong and always had been.328 But Sir Roundell Palmer had been guilty of an argument which at once lowered him in my estimation from a Statesman down to a country court lawyer. Of the effect of all this at home I could not venture to predict. It might lead to an immediate issue of the letters of marque. I hoped it would not, because it seemed to be playing into the enemy’s hands. There was no knowing how far the popular pressure might go to carry off the government. Something might get depend upon the activity of the government in cases get to come. Mr Forster asked if the stopping of one vessel would do any good. I said Yes, much good. For it would show the animus of the government here, which was construed as so doubtful in America. He left me saying he should return to town in a fortnight. This is the vacation for Easter. After he went Mr Lampson came in, and talked over the same matter. I then walked out and called on Mr Bates, who is not well. He, like the others felt great uneasiness at the debate. All apprehend war, I know not but what this too is reserved for the punishment of our great sin. I shall do my best to avoid it, bu the course of things seems to give me little hope of success. Our american news gives no sign of success any where, which might relieve us. Evening at home. The Despatches came, giving me comparatively little to do., for this week. Read Helen aloud to the family.

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Variable and rainy. The letters and newspapers came by the mail. I ought to mention one from my son Charles giving a narration of an escape from what might have been a great danger of capture if not of life by reason of the extreme polternery of a portion of a Pennsylvania Calvary regiment at Hartword church. This is the norm at the root of all our military operations. A want of discipline caused by the absence of a commanding head. At all events I returned thanks to the Divine being for his mercy to my boy, and for his ability to extricate himself from his dilemma with honor. It seems that he took two prisoners, and was I believe the only person who did. The other intelligence is not encouraging. I fear it is only the prelude to worse. I had a visit from General Lerman, who starts soon for Mexico. He amused me with his account of the excitement in the city on account of the capture of the Peterhof. This is one of the vessels which as been engaged in running the blockade. She appears to have been now nominally destined to Matamoras, but the General very clearly exposed the baldness of that pretension. But such are the tricks of this people that passes for honest, and boasts of its morality. A walk towards evening. I finished Helen. The plot has a good deal of power. The characters of Helen, Cecilia and Esther Clarendon are well contrasted. The plot is as good as can ordinarily be expected in a story that must be so long sustained. The dialogue is occasionally unnatural and pedantic, when the action ceases, but becomes good when it goes on. The moral is excellent, which is not common with novels. Perhaps Cecilian repentance and reformation are somewhat too strongly described, for nature is slowly bent to new forms after the period of youth and education. Especially is this tone of moral perceptions. They may grow and be developed in harder and more fixed shapes, but they seldom are planted entirely anew.
329 Tuesday 31st London CFA AM
Clear and chilly. The easterly winds are setting in, I scarcely can tell how my time passed. So much of it is absorbed in details of correspondence without much interest that I feel very much as if I was accountable for waste. Mr Lucas called in to ask me a question about the offer of cotton by the United States. While I was talking with him, who should come in but Mr John M Forbes. He joined in the conversation. Mr Forbes afterwards gave me some intimation of his errand, which is to investigate the practicability of obtaining contingents of troops from any quarter in Germany. I though not. The only course was to engage the men. I did not doubt they might be had in abundance. Took a walk, and stopped in to see Mr Cropsey's picture of Richmond hill in 1862. It is very elaborate, but hardly interesting. English landscape deals too much in green for close invitation. The perspective is too monotonous. Quiet evening at home. I read Mr LaBoulaye's book, Paris in America. Mr Dudley here for a few minutes.
330 Wednesday 1st London CFA AM
My first visitor this morning was Mr Morse, who came to ask me about the suit and the progress of things with this government in connection with the outfits of the rebels. I gave him the answer which I had received from the Treasury Department and the copies of the notes which had been sent for the trial. He gave me a copy of a letter from Messrs Bennett and Wake, explaining the game played in the case of the Peterhof, about the capture of which they are making some little noise. I said I would take it with me on my visit to Lord Russell today. My next visitor was Mr Saml R Yonge who announced himself as lately Paymaster of the Alabama, and now ready to take the oath of allegiance and to disclose any information which I might with to have. Last evening Mr Dudley had shown me a letter of this man, which had come to him from other sources, by reading which I was not entirely unprepared to meet him. He sailed in the Steamer on the 29th of July last and continued in her until her arrival at Port Royal in Jamaica when he left her and came here the Liverpool in Ascalon. Evidently there had been some difference and he was now penniless and anxious to go back to America. I expected Mr Dudley here at noon, and when he came, after a brief consultation, I decided to have his deposition taken forthwith and to authorize Mr Dudley to take charge of him and send him home. He took the oath of allegiance at the Legation. At half past three I was at the Foreign Office by appointment. Lord Russell seemed at a loss to know what I wished until I reminded him of my purpose which was to exchange with him the ratification of the additional article to the Treaty for the suppression of the Slave trade. This was promptly done. His Lordship seemed not inclined to open any other topic and last of all the Peterhof, so I took my leave. Walked from there to pay a few visits; one especially to see Mr and Mrs Bentson. They were at home. He is intelligent and thoroughly American. He showed me some pretty paintings of his brother in law, which are to go to the Royal Academy. I was a little belated, and had to drive home to be in time for dinner. Mr Forbes and Mr Walker, the Editor of the news dined here.

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331 Thursday 2d. London CFA AM
Clear, spring like weather. The thorns and other bushes are coming into full bloom. I was engaged on my Despatches, but not without considerable interruption from Mr Dudley who came with the deposition of Mr Yonge and indeed with the man himself. I advised Mr D. to send him back to the United States by the next week’s Steamer, and consented to say a word in his behalf at Washington. But I fear he is but a poor chap. One of the incidents of a civil war has always ben said to be the facility with which men go from one side to the other, and certainly this one makes no exception to the rule in that particular. Several of such persons we have been obliged to use here without respecting them. There was not much else to occupy me today. For a wonder the American newspapers received roused my curiosity more by what they alluded to without disclosing, than what was actually told. The indications of exhaustion and mysterious references to reverses in the extracts from the rebel newspapers are the most important items. Quiet evening. Finished M LaBoulaye’s Volume of Paris in Amerique. As a political squib to affect French politics it may have more interest than I can take in it.

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331 Friday 3d. London CFA AM
A pretty hard day of work. I had some additional draughts of Despatches to make and several private letters to write in addition to my regular ones to my children so that it was five o’clock before I left my table. I then received a note from Lord Russell which worried me so much that I had little comfort in the close of my labour. As time goes on and difficulties thicken, I feel more and more the pressure of the situation. Thus far my patience has borne up well, but it now begins sensibly to affect my spirits. I must pray for support from on high. I reflect that twenty five months of this Administration have passed away, and the war is certainly in its last stages, unless the flame be revived by artificial or accidental causes. But this does not restore my serenity. Would that I were at home quietly engaged in my old literary occupations, writing of my father’s career, and perhaps making a few notes of my own. No visits today. Good Friday, which is observed generally, much as Fast day is with us. Read a little of Russell’s Diary.332

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332 Saturday 4th London CFA AM
This was no holiday to me. The morning opened with news of more depredations committed on our commerce by the Oreto. This in addition to the task of examining the decisions of our own Courts referred to in Lord Russell’s Despatch received last evening, made me matter for grave reflection. Then came a Mr Arthur, a Wesleyan Clergyman before known to me, to make a representation about an abuse of power committed by one of the Consular Agents in connection with a commander in the Navy, at the Figi islands a few years ago. I asked him to leave the evidence, and I would read and submit it if I found it sufficient, to the consideration of the government at Washington. I then went to the city to settle my Quarterly account at Messrs Baring’s. I found only two of the members there. Messrs Edward Baring and Young. This is the holy week, and not much business is doing. I got home in a short time, by virtue of the Metropolitan railway which is certainly a great convenience. I had another note to address to Lord Russell, with Mr Yonge’s deposition. A visit from Mr Branson, and Mr Steruson the commercial agent at Sheffield, about the prosecution for the forgery of the notes of the United States. The Secretary of the Treasury has left me very much at loose ends in the business, furnishing me with no money to defray the expense, but as Mr Branson said that the conviction was in the highest degree probable, I decided to authorize him to proceed. Thus passed the day, except a long walk with my boy Brooks who has come home for the Easter holidays. His conversation shows him to be profiting by his education. In the evening I began to read Mr Kinglake’s book on the Crimea to the family. Mr Forbes came in to spend an hour with us.
The telegram from America brings no decision news, but the general effect is much more encouraging than usual. The public confidence in the issue of the struggle appears to be rising. One great military success would now do it, but I fear that we are not reserved for such an issue. Perhaps the other is the better way. The most remarkable circumstance is the steady fall in gold, which has now been equal to thirty per cent. It is not quite easy to explain the causes either of the rapid rise or of the sudden fall. Both may be perhaps accounted for by confidence or the want of it. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. A person officiated whom I did not know. His sermon was appropriate to the occasion of Easter Sunday. It was upon the question whether the revelation of a future life was made exclusively by Jesus Christ, or was to be found either in natural religion or in the Old Testament. The subject was well opened but the conclusion failed to be adequate. A defect not uncommon in sermons. In the afternoon I walked with my son Brooks to the Zoological gardens which I have not visited for some time. The day was cloudy and windy, and the beasts were chilly and in doors. I saw a whelp of a lion, almost as large as a middle sized dog. The keeper brought it out, and showed it to the people. It seemed mild and tame. I received today a note from Lord Russell announcing to me that the government had determined to stop the Alexandra. This is so favorable a sign that my hopes revive of maintaining peace. Possibly it comes too late. There is a great difficulty in the action and reaction between nations, when the conciliation falls into the wrong from step to step through the vicissitudes of this great trial. May the Lord keep and preserve us from the effects of our sins and errors as a people. In the evening, I read to the family some chapters from Mr Kinglake’s book. I also read the article reviewing it in the Edinburgh Review.
Sunday 5th
5 April 1863

I have seldom had in my present place a more laborious day than this. Directly after breakfast I sat down to write letters, so that I barely gave myself time to read my Despatches and none at all to examine the newspapers. The general effect of the news was slightly disappointing. I did not perceive adequate causes for the elation of the friends of government or the depression of the rebels, and yet I felt as if there ought to be such somewhere. I wrote to the Consuls at Glasgow and Liverpool, besides five notes to Lord Russell. One of these I had intended to be somewhat sharp, but the action of his Lordship has disarmed me. I do not regard it as wise to provoke discussion with Great Britain just now. I had visits too. One from Mr Pliny Miles, who came to pump me for material to write home to the newspapers. I gave him information such as he could find in most of the day’s newspapers. Yet I doubt not he will run up some story. Another from Mr Evans who came to talk on a project of the Emancipation committee to prosecute the rebel commanders in this kingdom. I dissuaded them from any such project. Mr Evans is much afraid of the Autumn months for the Lancashire poor. They now show symptoms of insubordination which will increase as the means to maintain them become exhausted. Lord Palmerston would be as likely as not then to attempt to change the current of feeling by an attack on America. I confess I am not quite easy about that. Mr J. M Forbes and Mr Beckwith then came in, and sat with me until six o’clock, so that I had time only for a rapid walk. Evening, continued Mr Kinglake’s book.

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Sunshine and rain. I had much to do examining my Despatches and disposing of the business they direct to be done. There is much also of anxiety just now in connection with the movements to stop the vessels which are in process of preparation by the rebels. The course of the government has roused the whole hire of sympathizers, as it was never stirred before. What with the case of the Alexandra, and that of the Peterhof, with the news of the destruction of the Georgianna, they begin to feel as if the current was setting against them, and the effect is to stimulate illtemper. The greater the necessity of keeping as quite and calm as possible. I took a walk, and on my return found a message from Mr Morse about another vessel called the Virginia built at Dumbarton which has gone to Alderney to be there supplied with her armament and stores by a small steamer from New haven. I also found Mr Aspinwall here who had come on a similar errand. I doubted whether the form of information was not fatally defective, and at any rate would think over it until morning. Mr Beckwith and Mr and Mrs Pierce dined with us and spent the evening. He is a man of much sense and shrewdness.

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335 Wednesday 8th London CFA AM  
I had an early visit from Messs Forbes and Aspinwall, apparently for the purpose of urging action in the case of the Vessel at Alderney. As they came in I was addressing a note to Lord Russell giving him the information which I had received for what it is worth. The note was sent before noon, and not long after it I received a note from Mr Hammond acknowledging it. This certainly indicates a marked change in the manner of doing things at least. How much it will come to remains to be seen. At least I hope that it may help to keep us out of a war, of which there is more and more danger. Lord Palmerston is about to meet this year the pressure of the Lancashire distress. Like the mountebank that he is, what more easy to save his popularity than to change the issues and raise another breeze against America! I have no confidence in the permanency of any relations which it may suit his interest at any moment to disturb. The news from America is indecisive as usual, but not unfavorable. I fear now that a great success might endanger our relations here, so I am willing to trust to time. Working hard all day on a letter to my friend Dana, who writes me a remarkable account of matters at home. He thinks as I have always done that the great calamity is a President who has no conception of his position. Walk with my son Brooks, but light shows make the streets unpleasantly muddy. In the evening, I read one chapter of Mr Kinglake’s book. He is not one of the men who wins the confidence of the reader as he proceeds. On the contrary he inspires distrust of the calmness of his judgment.
There are two leaders in the Times of this morning which look as if the policy was to push into a war. I can scarcely doubt that the managers are more or less reflecting the inclinations of Lord Palmerston. The matter deserves serious mediation. These things always come at times when the southern cause looks badly. I was hard at work all day writing many Despatches. The work accumulates on my hands. It was rumoured today that the law Officers of the crown had concluded that no case was made out to detain the Alexandra. I got no such notice, but the story decided me to propose at once to the government to let as proceed by way of information, at the same time intimating that I had eminent counsel engaged to sustain my movements. This will place the Crown lawyers in a dilemma. I worked pretty hard, but got out at about five o’clock, to return the visits of Messr Aspinwall, Beckwith and Forbes. In the evening, the family went to the play to see the Duke’s motto again. I had enough of the melodrame with a single dose. Mr Forbes came in and talked with me about the stoppage of these vessels, about which he is very anxious in order to ward off the effect of hostile measures at home. I explained to him all that I had done. But he seemed to think private action might effect more. Here is an instance of the opposite nature of British and American training. The former always thinking of nothing but government action. the latter always underrating it. He is going to spend a day or two at Norman Court.

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336 Friday. 10th London CFA AM
Spring day. I had no visitors excepting Mr John P Jewett, formerly of Boston who has been here for some months, I know not for what. My work had been brought so far forward that I had rather an easy day today. My private letters were all done by four o’clock, and I went out to take a long walk in the fresh air. I am conscious of a much increased pressure of anxiety of late from the course which matters are manifestly taking here. The perseverance in fitting out these vessels, and their occasional departure adds fuel to the fire actually burning. Under these circumstances I must take heed of to all my steps, and likewise to sins of omission. This it is which weighs on me; not to speak of the steady care for my dear boy who is exposed to the chances of the struggle. I seized the opportunity of the fine afternoon to walk to Camdentown to hunt up a seller of Catalogues, of whom I wanted two of coins. I found after some trouble a very small dwelling, in the front room of which was a small collection of what 350 Catalogues of coins and book-sales. This was his whole stock in trade. I got what I wanted, and came home by a straighter road. After dinner I continued reading Mr Kinglake’s book aloud.337
337 Saturday 11th London CFA AM
I had a visit from Mr Morse, who came to speak of the state of the vessels in preparation, and especially of that at Alderney. In the course of the day farther intelligence came which demanded a new note to the Foreign Office. I wrote three in quick succession. Also down to the city by the Metropolitan railway which is really a great Advantage. I went to Messr Barings in about twenty eight minutes, and after performing several commissions, got back before two o’clock. At half past four I went with Mrs Adams and Mary to the show of flowers at the Botanic garden. It is a little too early yet, but the hyacinths and Azaleas were very pretty. The art of forcing flowers is surprisingly developed, but I am inclined to think that after all it is too much like the fat cattle. Disease rather than health. The attendance was respectable, but not large. Few acquaintances. Several of the corps Diplomatique. Quiet evening. I read aloud the famous fourteenth Chapter of Mr Kinglake. It is certainly strong and clear. The terrible tale of the coup d’Etat is told in all its nakedness. I do not much wonder that the Emperor prohibits it. Yet after all, there is the English ring of jealousy and ill will at bottom.

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337 Sunday 12th London CFA AM
My boys Henry and Brooks left us this morning for a brief trip across the channel to the continent. I have become so used to the presence of the former in my room that I missed it greatly today. Attended Divine service and heard Mr Martineau preach on the text of the ten virgins. It is a singular fact that whilst I listen to him I appear to be gathering matter, but it disappears in a moment from my memory. If I knew of any one more attractive I would go to him. But the utter barrenness of the Church Sermons is the worst of all. Immediately after service I went to see Mr Morse. Found him ill in bed, with his usual complaint. I told him of the accounts of the Virginia and of the return of some of the men to Plymouth. He asked me to send Mr Neems his clock to him, in order to take some measures. A walk with my daughter in the Regent park which with the progress of spring becomes full of people. In the evening we had a visit from Mr and Mrs John Bigelow from Paris. Much talk with him about affairs at home.338
Sunday 12th
12 April 1863

The news from America is not so favorable this week—and so it goes on alternating without leading us to any definite conclusion. I had a visit from a Mr Lathern who brought me a letter from Mr Kennedy of the census Office. He calls himself a democrat but professes a disposition to support the war. He spoke of that as the policy of Governor Seymour and of his whole party. He spoke of his intimate acquaintance with numbers of the leading men in the slaveholding States, and of the inclination yet remaining among them to keep open some line of return to the Union. It was the object of the democratic party to prevent this from being closed, as it would be by the establishment of the extreme abolition party. He seemed to speak of Mr Seward as being in sympathy with them. He thought the Southern people in great distress, but not for food. I began to recollect him as a strong proslavery man in New York before the election. At any rate his conversation now indicated a correct policy, and one which I hope will keep us united. He clearly betrayed his leaning towards McClellan, as a future Chief. I miss my son Henry much, but made out to finish up my arrears of correspondence. A walk with my daughter around the Regent’s park. In the evening, continued Kinglake, aloud to the family.

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338 Tuesday 14th London CFA AM

We received our Despatches and letters this morning. One from my son Charles moved me deeply. He has thus far been wonderfully preserved amidst the losses around him, but ever since his decision to take up this labour I have felt as if I might never see him again. The other news was generally discouraging too. All our military undertakings fail, so that the spirit of the armies is evidently declining. My spirits were much depressed all day. Things go badly here too. Mr Aspinwall called to urge me to send to Mr Dayton a warming about the Virginia. I have no idea that it can be of uses but my duty is to be on the safe side. My time spent in writing and answering notes which swarm. Towards evening I took a walk. My thoughts all sad. When is this dreadful war to end? Noticed on the newspaper placards the death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. In the evening, read Kinglake to the family.

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339 Wednesday 15th London CFA AM
Mild, summer weather. A visit from Mr Dudley who brought me two Depositions of seamen who returned from the Virginia, which I shall send to Lord Russell. He tells me that the government is conducting an investigation into the case of the Alexandra and that the Solicitor General has directed prosecutions of the guilty parties. But there is little heart in the pursuit, and he doubts whether it will come to anything. He read me a letter from a person who had talked with one of the person implicated. That person had said that it would all come to nothing, for they had the sympathy of the official people. I have little doubt he is right. But at any rate it is well to cause delay and inspire uneasiness. I wrote answers to many notes, and took quite a long walk. Had company to dinner, consisting of Mr Milner Gibson, Sir Henry, Lady and Miss Holland, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, Mr and Mrs Romilly, Mr and Mrs Laugel and Miss Chapman, Mr and Mrs Lampson, Mr Aspinwall and his son, Mr Forbes, and Mr Milman. Although the company was not assimilated, it did very well. Mr Gibson talked of the death of Sir George Lewis, which took place whilst he was above at his place in Wales. He said that it was a great loss to us, as he had generally exercised his influence in the Cabinet for our benefit. I recollected his prompt answer to Mr Gladstone in October last, which helped to restore the equilibrium. I fear that the difference may soon make itself perceptible. Matters are daily approaching a crisis, and the turn of a die may send me on my way home, with the countries on the brink of a conflict. The parties left at about eleven o’clock.
The revolution of the week brings back my labours on Despatches, and their number does not decline. A visit from Mr Forster who came to talk about the late course of the Ministers in regard to the Alexandra, for which he is much inclined to give credit to the discussion of the other evening. He asked me about some of the rumours current as to action in this Legation, and was quite surprised to find this entirely fictions. This is the latest form of hostility invented by the rebel emissaries at Liverpool and is quite worthy of them. We talked of the relative position of things and of the probability of avoiding a collision, about which I grew more and more doubtful. He said that the other side proposed to bring on a discussion in Parliament next week— I hoped that it might not happen, as I gathered no good omens from them. Mr Beckwith came in to take leave, as he is going back to France. My sons got home today from their short visit to Antwerp, and Brooks returned to school at Twickenham. I took a long walk. In the evening General Lerman came in and told me of his success in obtaining Insurance for his outward voyage to Matamoras, through the use of the letter I had given him for Admiral Dupont. He was quite amusing, in his narrative of his various adventures in the struggles of the last half century on the continent.
340 Friday 17th London CFA AM

Mr Forbes came in to see me, and to report about vessels over which he and Mr Aspinwall have been expressing a suspension without bringing much that is new to pass. He made much of doing nothing to embarrass me. I then wrote my private letters for the week, which did not take me so long as usual. But the time was somehow or other filled up. Took a long walk. The spring seems to have opened pleasantly, and there is no rain. Met Mr Moreira, with whom I walked along Picadilly towards Appley House. He aspects his Despatches this week, upon which he is to judge whether to go or to stay. His condition seems as uncertain as mine. In the evening General Lerman came in again, and this time in a great agitation. It seems that my letter had been copied and surreptitiously published in the Times this morning. It had created a great excitement in the city by the severity with which it struck at the dealers in contraband to run the blockade, but the worst part of it for the General was that the underwriters had refused him his insurance against French capture, the only thing for which he had sought. It seems that a deputation had gone with the letter to Lord Russell in order to see what could be made of it to support their illicit trade. But they had returned with only great assurances, which meant nothing. The panic had become such that orders had been given to discharge several cargoes of Steamers which were up for Matamoras.341 I had noticed in the evening paper a statement that I had been so much troubled by the publication as to have gone down into the city at an early hour in the morning but precisely what to do about it did not appear. I think General Lerman was incautious in the use he made of the letter, which was designed only to make the underwriters at Lloyd’s comprehend that their game was known. If I mistake not, it has been blocked. They refused to underwrite to Matamosas on any terms. Hence the stoppage of the vessels, and the howl of indignation against me. General Lerman’s position is rendered very critical and his voyage in danger of being broken up. He had applied for insurance at Hamburg. If that succeeded he might yet go on. If not, he should try his chance in his vessel alone. Lerman is not discreet. He talks too much and to too many people.

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341 Saturday 18.th London CFA AM
The Times and other presses abound in attacks upon me today, perverting as much as possible the facts to suit their purpose. This shows the extent to which the blow had told. The only position I had to make in order to meet it was to sit down and write a supplementary Despatch to Mr Seward to apprise him of the extent state of the case. This and an answer to a note of Lord Russell received yesterday absorbed pretty much all of my day. The holidays grow more and more rare. I had visits too. One from a Captain Higginson, a projector anxious to aid the United States as well in war as in finance. Besides this was a Mr Spalding and his friend from Boston, who came out of compliment. And Mr Bigelow, who returns to Paris. He thinks war with this country is in the end inevitable. Mr H. T. Parker came up, evidently frightened, and urging that some explanations of the case of the Peterhof should be made in the newspapers. This is the first time he has ventured to cross my path. I doubt if he will care to try it again. Took my usual walk, beyond my ordinary bounds, however, as the day was fine. For I went round over Primrose hill. In the evening finished reading to the family Mr Kinglake’s first volume. He is diffuse and repeats himself too much. But his power of analysis both of persons and events is considerable.342

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Charles Francis Adams, Sr.: The Civil War Diaries (Unverified Transcriptions)
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342 Sunday 19th London CFA AM

Lovely weather. The news by the Asia this morning was much more cheering. The result of the Connecticut election shows New England still remaining from in the maintenance of the great principles at the bottom of the struggle. Indeed the attitude of the loyal States was never more noble than now. After two years of immense effort and of the very partial military success, the resolution to pressure remains unchanged in its character, but subdued to a more calm and moderate and therefore a more imposing sentiment. The wealth of the country at the same time shows itself not materially impairs and manifesting its confidence in the future by the freedom with which it comes forward to seek consolidation in the national securities. The difference in the condition of the combatants in now manifesting itself more strikingly every day. If the endurance of the Slaveholding interest continues much longer after the hope of ultimate success is extinguished then how I much mistake their character. The military progress is slow, but it is steady. I scarcely know whether to risk a great battle would be advisable. I trust the disposer of events is now rapidly in his own good time bringing round the blessed result of a peace that extinguishes the last spark of future strife. Attended Divine service. Mr Martineau preached upon the words of Christ “He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father &c” mystically monotonous in mental harmony. I walked with Mary to the Zoological gardens. The trees are now putting out thin foliage, the shrubs are in blossom, and every thing indicates spring. Evening quiet at home, read part of Mr May’s History of the last hundred years of the British constitution.
Sunday 19th
19 April 1863

The newspapers are still barking about my letter, which is a sign that the cost is not yet repaired. The Despatches and private letters came this morning. All was encouraging but the letter from Charles, which made me very anxious. He is evidently now disgusted with his position and on ill terms with his commander. I feel more than ever that he is in danger of being sacrificed to no useful end, and yet it is not in my power to extricate him. My whole life here has been shaded by this case. I can only school myself to resignation in all my trials. I went to the city in order to draw some money and got home in an hour and a half. I had many visits. One from Mr. Alva Crocker when I remember twenty years ago in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He has been travelling on the continent and is now on his way home. Then came Mr. Robert J. Walker with whom I had a long conversation. He as well as Messrs. Aspinwall and Forbes are sent out from the Treasury to carry on operations of their own with which I have nothing to do. Of course they will more or less undertake to advise me, which I shall try to take in the best part. I feel sensibly that this mission is growing more and more difficult as it draws toward its close. For it is plain to me that that close is approaching. Perhaps their advice may be ultimately found useful. Mr. Bigelow, who has postponed his departure to Paris came to tell me of Mr. Torrens McCullagh’s alarm about the effect of the publication of my note and his great anxiety that something should be done to counteract it. I advised Mr. Bigelow to exercise patience, as things seemed to me going on very well, as they were. The responsibility was heavy on me, I was aware; but I must hear it with what courage I might. In the evening came Mr. Cassius M. Clay on his return to St. Petersburg. He seemed very much changed, and singularly depressed. I fancy his bitter experience at home has spoiled his conceit, and he goes back to Russia a mortified exile. Perhaps this may in the end prove a healing medicine to him. After he went, came Mr. Bertram Howell to tell me of his experiences. He described to me the manner in which the men at Lloyd’s behaved in order to gain time to copy my letter. The effect of it had been to destroy insurance on the trade, and he had been approached by the owners of the Sea Queen, formerly Lloyd’s, which is now at Falmouth, ready to go to sea, with a view to the outright sale of her as she was. He had listened to it so far as to procure her secret manifest as well as that of the Peterhof which he had brought up to me to look at. I examined both carefully, and could not have a doubt of the destination of both. Mr. Howell seemed inclined to keep at the valuation, and asked me if I would give him a letter for that too. I said I would take time to think of it. I urged him to embark as soon as possible. And he left, to see me again.

Cite web page as:
I had to breakfast with me today Mr Cobden and Mr Forster, Messrs R. J. Walker, Aspinwall, Forbes, Bigelow and Keason. The conversation was active but not general. Mr Cobden talked with me about the enlistment law, and the speech which he was intending to make on Friday. He wanted information as they all do. And I was busy in directing the legation to be hunted to find it. He said that Mr Collyer intended likewise to speak. He had not read the documents and did not know of the claim for damages. Neither did he assent to his (Mr Cobden's) remark that some time or other England would have to pay the bill, though if it did, the cause would be Mr Collyer's legal opinion to that effect. I made a note of this. They did not leave until one o'clock.

The objection to this form of entertainment is that it consumes the working part of the day. I was busily engaged in writing notes and letters. I get a note from one person who wished me to give him a certificate. This is the next trick of the trade. I wrote him respectfully declining to take jurisdiction. In the afternoon Mr Forbes was in again, to report concerning the vessels. In the evening we went to a ball at Count Apponyi's. The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary of course. The Corps Diplomatique in force. I did not remain a great while. These dancing parties always are tedious.
344 Wednesday 22d. London CFA AM

The season continues remarkably dry and fine. But my duties grew more and more onerous, so that I scarcely have time to enjoy it. I received a visit from a Mr Frederick Chapple with a friend. A stout, short, florid, respectable looking, round faced, spectacled gentleman who came charged with a great hurdle of papers, who announced himself as a merchant long engaged in the Mexican trade. He was in the habit of sending goods in Vessels to Vera Cruz, to Tampico and to Matamoras. The present state of things materially disturbed his voyages, and he now came to ask me to look at his papers and satisfy myself of the entire freedom of his trade from suspicion. He hoped that the case would appear so clear, as to render it in my mind practicable to me to give him a leisure like that which I had given in a former instance. I looked as grave as possible whilst this comedy was going on. After he had done, I very amiably pushed away the papers he offered, expressing some little surprise at the mistake which had led to such an application. I had never entertained a thought of intermeddling with the trade of British subjects. The letter I had given to Admiral Dupont was intended to protect two American citizens against the risk of being taken by him for smugglers or traitors. It covered only them and their property from seizure. It had nothing to do with vessels or property of English people. Hence however perfect might be the proof given by Mr Chapple. I was content to assume it without examining his papers. For I could base no action upon it whatever. The whole question was out of my province. Mr Chapple still proposed to show me the manifest and other papers suggestion that I might simply affirm the fact that I had seen them. I replied that all matters of Merchandise belonged to the consular Department. If he wished to make an exhibit of that kind, I should refer him to Mr Morse. He then rose, thanked me for my politeness and retired with his friend. Not long afterwards I received a letter from Mr Spence, of the firm of Pile Spence & Co making a precisely similar application. This immaculate concern stated the Peterhoff, and is now engaged in sending the Sea Queen, formerly Lloyd’s, in execution of a secret arrangement made with Jefferson Davis the nature of which is clearly exposed in a secret circular from Messr Bennett and Wake a copy of which I have long had. He now proposes to me to give a license to this very vessel of the Sea Queen, new stopped at Falmouth in consequence of the capture of the Peterhoff. Of course the trap was evident enough. The incident, however, fell in with my convenience for I wanted the occasion to write a letter, which would be sure to get into the papers, without my agency. I corrected the impression which had been sedulously given to my prejudice here, and sent it away at once. Dined with Mr and Mrs Thomson Hankey. The company consisted of the Marquis and Lady Townsend with a daughter, Mr T. Baring, Mr Hankey, Miss Andrews and Mr Evelyn Ashley, and perhaps one or two more. They are pleasant hosts but the cast was not so good as at our former dinner there. Several persons came in afterwards, but I did not catch their names. We left there early to go to a reception at Mr 346 Gladstone’s. Quite crowded. I perceive no
sensible difference in the treatment of me, though it is very certain that all the newspapers, and
even excepting the News have directed their batteries against me. I go to these places from a
sense of duty now in order not admit by my absence the inference that I am offended, by
attacks on me, or admit that I have done any thing unusual.

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346 Thursday 23d. London CFA AM
As I anticipated my letter to Mr Spence appears in the money article of the Times, accompanied of course by a commentary to destroy its effect. My object has been fully answered. I was much at work writing out my Dispatches which were members and some of them long. What with letters which multiply, with reports of vessels fitting out and sailing, and with visits it seems to me as if my time and my mind were earing away with even pace. Mr Forbes came in and breakfasted. He showed me a general review of all the shipyard of the island, and a description of every suspicious vessel. The activity of these rogues is great than ever. I do not know that any anxiety I have is however than this. The irritation consequent upon the consciousness of a duty to perform which can be attended by no success is harassing to me who naturally love quiet and unimpassioned life. It is not to be disguised that my situation is becoming more critical every day. Yet is certainly unadvisable to the last degree to remit any exertion by which the conduct of this people shall be more effectually shown up. I and Mrs Adams dined with Mr and Mrs Morgan. The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Duncan. Mr and Mrs Hay. Governor Walker, Mr Aspinwall and Mr Forbes. A Mr and Mrs Robinson and several others unknown, very handsome dinner, but not interesting. Much talk about horses which I care nothing about. From here we went taking Mary with us to a reception at Lord and Lady Chelmsford’s. This is the opposition side among which we have much the smaller list of acquaintance. However I found enough to occupy the half hour devote to this form and then we returned home.

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347 Friday 24th London CFA AM
The news from America is not propitious to the attempt to take Charleston. So we are destined to fail in all our grand undertaking so long and loudly proclaimed beforehand. Last evening America was under discussion in both Houses of Parliament, and I was pretty fiercely attacked on all sides. The only material statement to me came from Lord Russell who not only misrepresented my letter but stigmatized it as unwarrantable, and added that a representation should be made concerning it not come but to the government at Washington. This may or may not imply a necessity for withdrawing me from the mission. I know not that I should have any thing to regret in this, as I fancy the popular feeling in America would attribute this conduct to the indignation created by my exposure of the frauds that are perpetrated here in the blockade breaking. But I cannot give Lord Russell much credit either for fairness or manliness towards me in this mode of proceeding. I worked hard on my private letters. Presently came a note from Lord Russell asking me to see him at three o’clock at the foreign Office. This seemed to indicate a change of policy. I was to be consulted after all. Accordingly I went. He opened the subject at once. He said that much difficulty had given out of this letter. But as Lord Palmerston thought it was probable that it might be but a single case and not involve any practice, he had suggested that it might be advisable to see me about it, prior to his being possible called to say something about it in the evening’s debate. I said I had regretted that he had not himself done me the favor to ask the same question before making his own speech last night. I might perhaps have been able to rectify some impressions that were erroneous. He said that the case was one he could not help noticing. Here was a letter taken down into the city, and handed about to be seen by every body, as a sort of advertisement that such privilege was granted to favored persons to the exclusion of others. It could not fail to create offence and to call for notice. I here interposed and remarked that this very observation showed his imperfect knowledge of the facts. The letter had not been written for publication. It was drawn from me by the application of two American citizens who had come out to buy goods to take to Mexico, and when the capture of the Peterhoff had cut off from the chance of insurance, unless I would give some assurance that they would not be taken by our vessels. I thought it would be fair to them to give them a protection against the risk of being confounded with the rebels or their associates. So I authorized them to make it known to the Directors at Lloyd’s. He had done so as he thought with proper precautions. But an ingenious trick of one of the parties, in reading it aloud so slow that the words were taken down by a person in league had been the means of securing a copy that had been at once sent to the press. It was thought that a great opportunity was given to make trouble, and hence the deputation and the outcry. This was the true way the letter had reached publicity. His Lordship said he had heard nothing of this. His impressions had been received from the Deputation. I then went on to ask him or what authority he had rested in making the statement reported in the newspapers this
morning, that I had undertaken to grant a license to a British ship. He denied that he had said so. It was not reported correctly—It might have been a ship only. I there repeated my question even as to that. He said that he did not know even if he said that. Here again I regretted that I had not had the opportunity to state the case in season. The roads had gone out in all the papers, and yet in point of fact I had never mentioned or alluded to a ship in the whole affair. My letter referred exclusively to persons and the property they had with them. I thought they were entitled to any aid I could give them to save them from the risk of harsh treatment by our own naval officers who would naturally suspect people bound on such an errand. To them suspicion would be a serious question. It would not attach to them merely as smugglers, but as traitors furnishing supplies to the rebels. His Lordship in reply to my question whether this action merited the epithet unwarrantable, which he had applied to it then fell back in his customary way on the law Officers of the crown. Their report had come to his hands just before he made his speech, and it had pronounced my act unwarrantable. I asked if they had been fully possessed of the facts. He said he could not tell. Their position was that I had no right to make a favor in trade. I replied that the trade was not mine to give. They enjoyed that right under the general law of the realm. They were not English people but my own countrymen, one a native, the other naturalized. Was it affirmed that I could not give them in a case of danger to them from the navy of our own nation a certificate to show who they were and what they were doing? I had always supposed this was the business of a minister to a foreign nations to aid and protect his countrymen. It was for this reason I had felt aggrieved by his language. His Lordship fell back upon the preference to trade and the law offices of the crown. He had not their opinion with him, but so it read. He would however report to Lord Palmerston the substance of what I had said as correctly as he could, and it would be for him to judge how far it affected the question. I then turned to two other little subjects which I had to dispose of, asked about Lady Russell’s evening on behalf of Mrs Adams and took my leave. It struck me that he was embarrassed throughout by the consciousness that he had made an erroneous statement which he is not magnanimous enough to correct as publicly as he gave it forth. In all to gain an advantage to his own position which inspires distrust not less than contempt. He has been driven to say this of me by the fear of popular opinion which mistakes the question. He mistakes it himself and lets me bear the brunt of the charge which he knows not to be true. Of course I can expect no reparation. It remains to be seen what the course will be in making the reference to Washington. Possibly it may lead to my recall, a result in itself perhaps not to be deprecated in view of the gradually darkening horizon around the relations between the two countries. I drove directly home, and sat down at once to write a report of this conversation to Washington. We barely succeed in getting it copied by half past seven, the latest minute before sending the Despatch bag. We had Mr Pike, Mr Tucker and Mr H. Emmons to dine with us.
Friday 24th
24 April 1863

I had a succession of visits this morning. All full of the debate in the House of Commons last night and of Mr Cobden’s speech. Although there was a very bitter attack from Mr Horsman, the general impression was that the House was decided in a wish to avoid hostilities. Mr Bigelow told me also of a visit he made to Russell of the Times, and of the state of his mind and that of the principal Editor. He said the prospect was quite black. The difficulty with America looked bad, and it was not clear that it might not be accompanied by a quarrel with Canada, and an insurrection in Ireland. Perhaps these considerations may make them pause for a while. But it can not be for long. The venom is at bottom. I then had a call from the Speaker, Mr Denison. His object plainly was a soothing one. He seemed anxious quietly to assure me that the House of Commons did not sympathetic with Mr Horsman, and that the general sense was against violence. He made a species of apology for his inability to put a check on the abuse of America under the rules of order which quite moved me. I replied in the kindest tone, disarmed all invitation, went over very calmly the various causes that combined to produce it, and promised to do my best to keep it under. All this over I went out with the ladies to return some visits, after which we went to the Botanic garden to attend the flower show. It was for once a fine mild sunny day, and the place looked remarkably well. The company not very large, so that the show of roses and azaleas, and other rarer flowers could be much better seen. In the evening I had a visit from General Lerman and his brother. He told me that the Sea Queen was not gone as reported. That they were still negotiation for the purchase, and that his object was to ask me if I could aid them further, if he should put his brother in command. I replied that since the application of Mr Spence to me the thing was utterly impossible. It was not at all worth my while to get into complications with this country on such a question. I already hazarded myself enough to serve them. He admitted the force of my reasoning about the Sea Queen, but greatly mourned his difficulties and embarrassments. I said I hoped he would find his way out of them, but feared I should not be able to give him aid. After he left I went with the family to a small reception at Lady Wensleydale’s. Not many there that I knew. Thence to Lady Palmerston’s weekly reception. I overcame my aversion to this under a conviction that as things now stood it would be wiser not to leave an opening for an inference respecting my absence. The assembly was quite large. Lord Palmerston received me much more cordially than he has done since our difference, but I did not attempt to converse. I had a little talk with Baron de Cetto, the Bavarian minister both an American and European politics.
351 Sunday 26th London CFA AM

Fine warm day. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. The news from America was not cheering, as it brought the confirmation of the failure before Charleston. I had expected nothing better and was on the whole reconciled in find that we had lost but one vessel and few men. Yet I see not now what is left of our plan, or what next we shall turn to. The prestige of success is all gone— For a year back ever commanders have been failing one after another; and now we have but one left from whom I can expect any thing. Our success on the water has also been declining—so that the prospect of the war is not bright. I should feel resigned to this, if I did not fear that my poor son would fall a victim to this said incapacity. I tried to humble myself before God and pray his mercy for the sins of my poor country as well as for my own. Mr Martineau preached the first of a series of sermons on the life and character of the Apostle Paul. This was a contrast between him and Peter, with a sketch of his education to prepare him for the great task of converting the gentiles. On my return home. On my return I found Mr Howell who had come to let me know his movements. He told me that the Sea Queen was not yet gone; that he was yet in negotiation for her; the price and terms were agreed on; the only thing that remained to do was to close. This was to be decided tomorrow at noon. He gave me much information as to the persons engaged in the contraband business, and particularly that symbol of innocence Mr Frederick Chapple. He did not press for more assistance from me as he seemed aware that the position of the Sea Queen put it out of my power. He told me that Mr Mason had been down to threaten that their fleet would take her if she was sold, as the property of the United States. This is amusing and just like him. As the vessel is insured here, it would out harming the worst calamities to the United States if his threat were to be executed. After he went I walked with the two children to the Zoological Gardens. The day was summerlike. I met with Mr Kasson there and brought him home to dine with us. He talked much of the state of parties at home, and the condition of society, at Washington. I found him quite sagacious and penetrating as to men. But his picture on the whole was not enlivening. All the evils trace themselves to the deficiency of the President and his Wife.

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The tone of the observer yesterday seemed to indicate a disposition to call me very seriously to account for my offences. This is sometimes official and sometimes not. I rather incline to think that in this case it was not. This naming appears in the money article of the Times a statement evidently semiofficial to the effect that matters had been smoothed over; that I had acknowledged myself as having acted with under haste and from imperfect information, and then ending with high compliments to myself. Here is one of the tricks of official life in England. The city invitation must be pacified by intimating that I had made some concessions. Their fears of a breach quieted by answering that the difficulty was settled. My pride must be soothed by a personal compliment, and the pride of the notion must be flattered in order that the ministry should not be weakened. In point of fact the position taken by Lord Russell was false and untenable. I had to wait only until that was perceived by Lord Palmerston, and then they get out the best way they can. The announcement is not so authoritative that I am called to deny the truth of the allegations respecting myself—and yet it will serve to make people in general believe that the fault lay with me. I shall pass it over for the present, but Lord Russell has not the less to account for permitting a misrepresentation to go out to the world after he has admitted it to be such. I was busy with the contents of my bag which were large and rather disturbing. A letter came likewise from Mr Dayton reporting to me the substance of a conversation with M Drouyan de l’Huys in which the latter took great exception to my letter as manifesting a personal ill will to France. This bodes no good to us it would be difficult by any fair interpretation of it to twist such an intent out of it. I wrote a reply to Mr Dayton communicating a message to the minister. I fancy the secret is to be found not in that letter so much as in my earlier published despatches about Mexico. Other visits of different kinds absorbed pretty much all day. I got letters from Charles giving an account of an offer made to him of an appointment on General Griffin’s staff and of his refusing it because he would not leave his hard service in his regiment. I am proud of him, and yet I feel as if he was throwing himself away in this species of subaltern life. He is fit for better things. Evening, read a few chapters in the second Volume of Kinglake. His English self sufficiency is intolerable.
The pressure of letters grows on me all the time, so that I am beginning to throw the duty of answering them upon my son. I have likewise many persons to visit me, some of them Americans and some English. Mr. Forster came to enquire how matters stood now and to find out how much truth there was in the threatening reports from America. I did my best to quiet his uneasiness. Messrs. Aspinwall and Forbes to talk about the expediency of buying ships out of the hands of the rebels. I think if we do not need them, this is merely playing the game of the Englishman. The competition for arms at the outset of the war raised their price more than double, and so it would be with Steamers. Dined with Mrs. Adams at Mrs. Hay's. She is a daughter of Mr. Dinean who was also there! All the rest were Scot country neighbors of Mr. Hay. Sir David Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and another lady whose name I do not know. Rather dull. The Scotch are not interesting. The wonder is how Walter Scott managed to surround them so brilliant a halo of pure imagination. Glad to get home.

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I wrote one or two letters to persons at home, and plenty to consuls as usual. I had two visits. One from a person called O’Donoghue. Yesterday I received a note asking for an interview, and I appointed this morning. He is a young man, quite good looking, and fashionably dressed. He is a member of the House of Commons for Tipperary and professes to belong to the liberal party. He came in announcing that his only motion in coming was to express his entire sympathy with our cause, and to offer his services in the House of Commons in any way in which he could be useful. He reminded me of the fact that he had been deprived of his commission of the peace for his action at a meeting in Ireland during the Trent case. I expressed my thanks for his visit. The fact of the sympathy of his countrymen had been long known to me. I hoped that we might always rely upon it. He took his leave without a word more. The whole thing means more than appears on the surface, but I cannot divine what. The Prince de Joinville came in afterwards and talked to me for an hour. His interest in American affairs is probably the more sustained that he still has his son at our naval school, in Newport. He is a very clear observer, and understands our position very well. He evidently favors McClellan in spite of the report of the committee. His estimate of the action of Great Britain is not far variant from mine. I notices his use of the word “we” in speaking of Americans. He is quite deaf which makes conversation very difficult to me. Evening, in all went to hear Mrs. Kemble read the play of Much ado about nothing. When I last heard her, it seemed to me that she so overdid the reading as to make it unpleasant and repulsive. No such fault happened to be committed in Much Ado about nothing. All the early portion was admirable. A small hall holding out more than three hundred persons.
355 Thursday 30th London CFA AM

Very busy all day in preparing Despatches. The number increases weekly, and the anxiety about the various subjects in my charge gives me a sense of insecurity in my position which is new to me and decidedly discomforting. So much may depend on my management for good or for evil in this responsible post that I can only put my trust in a directing Providence to shape the ends for the good of all. I now begin to count the months to the last moment of this suspense. Two years have passed away in which have been many alternations, but never before the utterly unsettled and dubious condition of things we see now. One or two visits from Mr Forbes and others. Dined, with Mrs Adams and Mary, and Mr Edward Ellice’s. The company consisted of Mr T Baring, Mr Aspinwall and Mr Forbes, Lord and Lady Cremone, Mr and Mrs Bouverie, Sir Henry Holland. I sat between Lady Creomoine and Mrs Bouverie. Conversation of little interest. Mr Ellice looks to me a good deal infirm, since last year. He was more cordial than usual. We left here to go to a great reception at the Bishop of Louden’s Of course, nothing but ceremonial. Home before midnight.
Two years ago this morning I embarked in the Steamer Niagara to come here on my present mission. The interval has been on the whole the most difficult part of my life. I can only congratulate myself that I have safely got this far, and look forward to the time now very rapidly approximating, when my term of office closes. Having a paper to execute and acknowledge before the Consul I went into the City, as well for that as to visit the Messr Baring. On my return I found Mr Evarts awaiting me. Government has sent him out to advise in respect to the new law proceedings that may be initiated against the vessels of the rebels fitted out in this kingdom. I explained to him precisely the course which had been taken hitherto, and the state to which we were brought at this time. In fact we have now nothing especially in hand. He said he should like to be put in communication with the lawyers and I promised to do so at once. The rest of my day was employed in making up my private letters for the bag, which I did in good season to gain a walk. Quiet evening at home. I read aloud more of Mr Kinglake’s book.

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The weather is uncommonly clear and fine. I devoted myself to the work of disposing of the accumulation of arrearages of small correspondence. As usual the Consuls come in for a material portion. They continue to submit questions of various kinds, many of which are of a pricey legal character, involving the construction of statutes, and therefore not a little reflection. At two I went in the carriage to call at Edwards’s Hotel upon Mr Evarts to take him to see the lawyers, but he was said not to be at home. So I drove with Mrs Adams to leave our names at Marlborough House for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and to leave cards on the new Secretary at War, Lord de Grey. I then got out and took a long stroll to Kensington gardens which look in great beauty. This is altogether the finest of the three spring seasons I have seen here. We dined early, and Mr Evarts and Mr Henry Emmons were here. At eight o’clock I received a deputation of the working men of London to present me the address to Mr Lincoln adopted at the meeting at St James’s Hall in February last. Thirty men came in company with Mr John Bright, their chairman. Several of them made remarks reflecting rather sharply in the tendency of the Aristocracy to involve the two countries in war, and earnestly soliciting forbearance on our part for the sake of the large class of which they were the spokesmen, who are our friends. It was clear that the idea of a rupture was heavily on their minds. My reply required some care not to associate myself with any partisan divisions here; so I began by disclaiming any right to draw distinction here. It was not for me to find fault with these who spoke harshly of my country or of her cause. I saw in them a class of persons associated for the protection of the rights of labor, although in this country those rights enjoyed the benefit of the law. It was natural in them to feel alarmed upon discovering an attempt to set up in America a new government upon the basis of a denial of the existence of any such rights. I then turned to the question of war, and tried gently to intimate that we were as anxious to do anything honorably to avoid it as they could be. They received what I said very kindly, and took their leave. Mr Bright remained with us in conversation until after eleven o’clock. He gave an account of the first debate on Mr Forster’s motion and the effect upon him of the disappointment in the expectation raised by Lord Russell. His Lordship had been dissatisfied with the way in which the thing had been left, which had given occasion to the second debate. These things come from Milner Gibson without doubt. Mr Bright is always very bitter upon Lord Palmerston, to when he is reluctant to assign one good quality. He descanted on his jugglery with the newspapers, which has been evident enough to me throughout our struggle and is so yet. Averse to war yet bent upon effecting a permanent division in America, his policy adapts itself to the sinuosities of the policy adapted to bring out this end. Perhaps his villainy may succeed. That it will result in benefit to England if it do, is quite another matter. If it be the will of God, then must we all submit to the chastisement. But I doubt whether his Lordship will have much leisure to congratulate himself on his success.
357 Sunday 3d. London CFA AM
A fine, warm day. Attended Divine service at the Chapel in the morning. Mr Martineau preached his second sermon on the Apostle Paul. The Communion was administered afterwards. I then waled with the children, Mary and Brooks to the Zoological gardens She only novelty I observed was a bull and cow of the Italian breed, very magnificent specimens of their kind, white and powerful without being inflated like the cattle of this country. On my return, and just as I was about to sit down to read came in Mr Homer and after him Mr Edward Ellice. They consumed pretty much all the interval until dinner time. In the evening I read part of Mary’s constitutional History. This is altogether the most tranquil and satisfactory day I have passed for weeks. The telegraph from home in the morning and more cheering than any for some time, and especially reassuring as it regarded the uneasiness created by the preceding one of last week. This and the momentary calm that prevails here are doubtless the cause of my quietude. I am thankful for this rest and refreshment.
Sunday 3d.

3 May 1863

The bag and the mail came this morning and kept us very busy. But there was less matter for action here than usual. On the whole the intelligence looks rather better. The most important movements are on the Mississippi, and they are more encouraging. My letters from my son John was likewise cheerful, and he sent me a quarterly account which maker the first return of nett income on my own property since I left, now two years. I was occupied making up my books. At one o’clock I went out in the carriage to call and take up Mr Evarts at Edwards’s Hotel. We called at the Temple to see Mr Lush, who has been employed in our law cases but he was not at home. The we went to see Sir Robert Phillimore when we found at home. He was very civil and offered courtesies to Mr Evarts. Thence to see Mr Ellice whom we found at luncheon. He asked us in and kept talking with us an hour. As usual he presently runs into American politics. He is a prodigious talker and he soon forgets the proper limits of his dialogue. He finally spoke with such extreme violence of the President’s proclamation, that I felt myself compromised in listening to it. I signified to him with some warmth that I could not stay and hear such things said, which reduced his time, and we soon afterwards took leave. This is the first occasion since I have been in England where in private society any body has forgotten himself in my presence. As this old gentleman is above eighty years old, perhaps it may be pardoned. Thence we called on Sir Roundell Palmer, and so hence. In the evening quiet at home. I read more of Kinglake. He abounds more and more in his rational conceit, so much as completely to shake confidence in the correctness of his narration.

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358 Tuesday 5th London CFA AM
A fine warm day. I had a succession of visits which absorbed my whole time. A young man by the name of Tovle came with letters from Boston. Soon after came the Count de Paris. He was quiet talkative about America and expressed great interest in our success. I sounded him about his view of General McClellan, and to see how far it had been modified by the report of the committee on the conduct of the war. He ascribed it very much to the party prejudices of the persons constituting the committee. it is much to be regretted that this act should be open to such a charge. Then came a Mr Stillewart a clergyman from Illinois with an autograph letter from the President with him a Mr Bushnell, who has long been a missionary in western africa, and is now on his return after an absence to the United States. He said he had been long familiar with the Gorilla, about which Mr du Chaillu made so much noise here two years ago. After these came Mr Walker and next Mr Forbes. I know not to what cause to attribute this, unless it was a singular leader in the Times, very highly commending my speech to the deputation on Saturday. The remarkable change of tone in the paper within a few days doubtless has some causes which I do not yet comprehend. How long it will last it is impossible to foretell. The present effect is however favorable to the maintenance of peace which is the essential point in the present contingency. My whole day was thus consumed. In the evening I went with the ladies to hear Mr Dickens read parts of his writings. He gave four chapters from Nicholas Nickelby and a little Christmas story of Boots at the Holly Tree. His manner is excellent. It seems to me that he could not make more of his subject. At the same time it was impossible not to feel sensibly the exaggeration of his sketches of the character, and the mannerism which pervades his style. The room was not large, and the seats were not all filled, which indicates a decline in the public interest in this form of attraction. I noticed the same thing with Mr Kemble.
The beauty of the weather and the period of the season have prompted me to propose to the ladies a visit to the gardens at Kew. A thing which has been somewhat long delayed. Yesterday I was prevented by the press of persons to see me. In order to escape the same risk today we started early and drove to the gardens so as to reach them by two o’clock. The season is just in the beauty of vegetation. The horse chestnuts are in great splendor. On the whole no single tree appears to flourish better in England. The little old palace is no longer the abode of the sovereign, but like Hampton Court and Kensington accommodates the collateral branches of the royal family or else the decayed members of the female nobility. The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary inhabit this place. It is set off from the body of the gardens, in order to be private from the great influx of people who crowd here from London, especially on Sundays. The place is rather flat, but naturally pretty, so far as it reaches along the river. Art appears to have done every thing else. Very large seems have been spent upon it, so that it has become famous for its collections of rare plants. We wandered into the wilder forest portion, which was made very attractive by the unusual warmth of the sun. I enjoyed it; but not without thinking how much more of interest I should take in the much less shows development of vegetation now going on among my own trees at Quincy. At my age what is all the magnificence of Europe to me? At home I have before my eyes the humble labors of thirty years carried on with very limited means, but for that reason enjoyed the more. My longings to be relieved from the cares of public life and to go back to my old pursuits are becoming more intense, as the time passes. We remained here only two hours and yet I did not get home until near six o’clock. In the evening we continued Kinglake, who grows more and more absurd as he goes along. My confidence in his accuracy and judgment is entirely gone.

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The continuity of dry weather is rapidly spoiling the verdure of the grass. I noticed it much at Kew yesterday, as well as in the Regents park in my daily walks. The regular labor of the week was not so great today. The topics of discussion have suddenly dried up under the effect of more favorable accounts from home, as to the progress of our arms on the Mississippi, and the removal of mutual causes of offence. But personally, Lord Russell has not moved yet in the way of correction of the misrepresentation of me that appears in his published speech. I told the circumstances to Mr McCullagh Torrens who came to see me, and he expressed great disgust, and intimated that unless I forced him, his Lordship would never do it. Although my observation of him has led me to regard him as from timidity not perfectly ingenerous in his relations with me, yet I believe him infinitely above Palmerston both in honesty and good feeling. I shall await the result with patience, but not without an eye to the proper opportunity to place him in a position where he shall not escape, should he show himself scurvy enough to attempt to shew preparation. We had to dine with us a number of Americans. Dr Sturtevant, Mr Bushnell, Mr Lathers, Mr Lamed and Mr Towle. Rather an odd mixture, but they did very well. Mr Evarts came in after dinner, and they remained apparently very well pleased until nearly eleven o’clock. The ladies and I then went to a ball at Lady Chelmsford’s. The house crowded with people of whom I knew scarcely a soul. The rooms so narrow and inconvenient as to make dancing almost impracticable. Of the persons present the young girls were far he most in number. The mother’s in proportion. About forty or fifty young men and a very few old ones. This is much the same as it is in Boston or New York. I go now for the sake of my Wife and Mary, but it is a great trial to me. My own disposition is so little towards much society of any kind, and I make such very slow progress in acquaintance that the obstacles always appear insurmountable. We returned home at about one o’clock.
This day I wrote my private letters and completed them pretty early. This was well as I had one or two interruptions which might have destroyed me under other circumstances. The usual number of application from consuls and a number of newspapers from America, further absorbed the time. I know not why but my spirits and a little under depression. I can conjecture no cause unless it be the prospect of this noisy and bustling season. I took a walk in the park and up Primrose hill. The air was easterly and rather chill, and though apparently clear there was heavy fog resting to the south of the town. After dinner I read a little of Kinglake, and then we went to a ball at Lady Townshed’s. Here was much the same appearance I observed last evening. No more acquaintances. I met Mr Billé, my colleague from Denmark, whom I found much in my situation. Yet he has been here nearly twice as long as I have. He disappears however in a few moments. I remained until midnight and then left the ladies, and walked home from Park Lane.

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
362 Saturday 9th London CFA AM

After spending some time in clearing my table of the accumulations of three days, I hastened to get out of the house for the purpose of paying a visit to the Exhibition of Pictures by the Royal Academy. Prior to going there I stepped in to the National Gallery to take a look at it's latest acquisitions. Most to these are of the earlier school of art, but not without much interest. It is remarkable to notice the extraordinary manipulation of the face and hands and of natural objects. There is hardness and stiffness, but in some particulars of expression there is excellence not since surpassed. I reviewed the gallery with pleasure, for it has many excellent pictures. From thence into the Royal Academy was no cheering contrast. The crowd of spectators bailed all easy motion or comfortable view. The heat and dust were likewise extremely annoying. Generally the exhibition seemed to me below that of the preceding years that I have been here. There are two pictures of Millais, of children that are the best, one which is a mere tour de force. One or two by Fald, and one by Stonfield. The remainder did not impress me. The portraits were more than usually ordinary. Considering the extraordinary lavish patronage bestowed on talent English art should bring forth better things than these. The sculpture is much below that level gained in painting. In the evening the ladies accompanied me to Lady Palmerston’s reception. Not nearly so full as usual. Scarcely more than enough for a simply room. A small proportion of them my acquaintance. His Lordship was civil, but said nothing, and I did not seek to open conversation.

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Sunday 10th London CFA AM

Service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau made his third discourse upon the apostle Paul. This related to the nature of his teaching, and its effect in breaking up the narrow boundaries of the Jewish system, and in extending the faith of Christ to all the human race. There is always a want of something tangible in his thought that baffles me. I never feel as if I had acquired any new ground. I went out for the purpose of making several visits but accomplished only two. One to Lord Lyndhurst who still holds up surprisingly. He told me with evident satisfaction of the engagement of his daughter to Mr Du Cane, a member of Parliament. A crowd of persons were coming in to congratulate him of whom I knew the Duke of Newcastle and Lord St German’s Count Pahlen & Mr Charles Greville. One other person I did not know, a young man. His Lordship talked about America but with less vigour I thought than usual. I soon took my leave and went to see Mr and Mrs Theodore Lyman, where I found my son sitting too. We spent some time there, and got home rather after dinner time. In the evening the Despatch bag by the Arabia came in. It contained many Despatches and same letters. One from Charles which gave me not a little anxiety. His relations with the Colonel of his regiments grew more and more unpleasant, and I greatly fear my son’s discretion under the trials to which he is put. The other accounts were good and even encouraging.

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363 Monday 11th London CFA AM
The accounts from home this morning were cheering and pleasant. My son John writes of the birth of another son. And the political news is quite favorable. So with the exception of the uneasiness about Charles's position, things were encouraging. It appears that General Banks has done great execution in the upper country of Louisiana, so that eleven steamers of the rebels have been destroyed, with which they were evidently expecting to make a demonstration against New Orleans. Should no yellow fever break out in that place this year, I fancy that no chance is left of its going out of our possession. This alone is a permanent barrier to the establishment of the rebellion on any permanent footing. I was busied in disposing of my swell correspondence. But it goes on accumulating about as fast as I get through. The increase is constant and annoying. Quiet evening at home. Read a little more of Kinglake’s book to the family.
This day I had accepted an invitation to visit the Tower, which Lady Charlotte Denison had been kind enough to extend to me on the par of Lord De Ros the governor. But I found myself papered by two engagements which I could not put off, so Mrs Adams and Mary went without me. I walked to the house of Lord Russell at Chesham place to see him by appointment at a quarter before twelve. On my way, as I crossed Hyde Park I saw a large body of men in red coats drawn up in line, as if under review. Just as I came to a pathway I observed that the spectators opened to make way for two horsemen in plain citizen’s dress who passed the line and rode to the front. As they went by I observed that one of them was the Prince of Wales. He bowed slightly as he crossed the road and round off to the point where he was received by the officers, at the head of whom was the Duke of Cambridge. They were militia, and seemed to me to number about six or eight thousand men. My object in seeing Lord Russell was to submit to him copies of the President’s answers to the London and other addresses, which I have at last received in a proper shape. I showed the firms which had been accepted, and submitted them all to his Lordship’s approbation. He looked at them, approved of them, murmured something about attacks on the government in the resolutions and then let the matter drop. I then disposed of one or two other questions of trifling importance. We proceeded to speak of Mr Evarts and the Alexandria and then of the Peterhoff which brought me just to the point I desired I casually ransacked that I had not yet perceived any rectification of the erroneous report in his Lordship’s speech respecting my action in the case of the letter written by me. That he actually made the statement as reported. I have not a shadow of a doubt. That he should have denied it to me and then left it so long uncorrected furnishes me proof of what I have long suspected, the moral cowardice of the man, and his inclination to small subterfuge. He now replied by saying that he had not done so, because if he attended to the subject at all, he should be obliged to make some comments on the letter which might prove less satisfactory to me than if he left it alone. In other words, as he had told a falsehood, he would not retract it without attaching some conditions to save his own pride of opinion, before the world. The manliness of attacking a foreign Minister in a body where no answer can be given, and in a country where he is bound to silence is quite a feature in this extraordinary transaction. In order to do justice to me he thinks he must pay me off in another way. I made no sign of the opinion I had of this reasoning, but simply confined myself to the remark that all matters of opinion were beyond my sphere of remonstrance. Statements of fact were a very different thing. If the remark he had been reported to have made were correct I should consider myself as having committed a very grave error. It was for this reason that I could not consent to its remaining apparently uncontradicted. As the time and manner of doing it I was not disposed to press it immediately. Regarding it as a purely personal question I had no disposition to elevate it up to the level of a difference of national feeling. So long as these
might be any risk of bringing on further complications between the countries I was willing to wait, if necessary. His Lordship made no further reply and I took my leave. I walked home only to stay an hour or so, and then walked down to the Board of Trade, Whitelake, there to meet with the Trustees of the Peabody fund. All there with the exception of Mr Morgan. The only business was to accept a present of a bust of Mr Peabody and to act upon some proposals for land, and some payments of money on account of the building. The meeting lasted less than an hour. Casually Sir Emerson Tennent observed that he had met Mr Mason in the street a day or two since and found removed in a cab. The fact probably is that the natural instincts of the man as they showed themselves habitually during the period of his sojourn at Washington, are now beginning to come to light in this his new position. At home we had to dinner Mr and Mrs Theodore Lyman and Mr Browning, with Mr and Mrs Bentsen. I had asked Mr Evarts likewise but he did not come. Mr Browning is a lively, pleasant man, and Mr Lyman is a great talker. So the party remained until eleven o’clock.
The weather was fine early in the day, but it rained later. I attended with Mr Moran and my son the Levee of the Prince of Wales on behalf of the Queen. A large attendance, though much less than on the previous occasion. The Corps Diplomatique with the exception of Mr Moreira, whose absence is significant. I came round the circle as usual to Lord Palmerston, but he was in a stiff mood, and bowed formally. I know not what could have turned up since Saturday. He looked very old and feeble. A fact which was remarked upon by several people. In the course of an hour the members of the corps had so far slipped away that I took the liberty to leave. This process is easy, and amounts to nothing. Tried a walk with Mary but was driven back by the rain. Dined with Mr and Mrs Forster. The company consisted of Dr and Mrs Lushington, Mr and Mrs Arnold, Judge Wightman and his daughter, Mr Evarts and Mr Dicey. Rather pleasant than otherwise. Mr Evarts talked a good deal but not quite in the right strain. He is a little disappointed in failing to get into the Senate which gives a querulous tone about things in America which will recommend him here and do us little good. Doubtless many defects are palpable enough in our system but so they are in everything that is human. To speculate on them in a purely philosophical way is legitimate enough, but to give food to malignant constructions in a hostile country is hardly wise. Mr Evarts of course intends nothing of the kind. Dr Lushington is a very clear headed and friendly old gentleman who would scarcely do harm. It is quite remarkable how many men of advanced age retain the vigour of their mental power s and remain in active life, in this country. Lord Lyndhurst only yields in the body. Lord Bringham yields most in mind, but areyes well in both respects. Dr Lushington is best of all, whilst Lord Palmerston does not fall behind Except in the Judiciary, this is not here marked with us. Judge Wightman I have never met before. He is of the Queen’s Bench and I should think about sixty five years old. Mr Arnold is a sister of Mrs Forster. He sat next to me, and I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with him.
367 Thursday 14th London CFA AM

The weather has changed and it showers more or less every day. I had not quite so much labor in my Despatches this week, so that I finished the draughts early. But there is a vast quantity of small note writing which consumes much time to little purpose. The applications for passage to go into the service in America now take the place of offers of inventions, and of arms. In addition to this come myriads of enquiries from the relations of men in the war—representatives from consuls, and offers to furnish information about the operations of rebels, most of them expecting rewards. Towards evening the newspapers came from America. They were very interesting and on the whole encouraging. But the account of the crossing of the Rappahanock by Hooker’s forces although successfully accomplished fills me with great uneasiness. This is one more trial of a new General about whom we have no data but brave fighting. I a little fear the very facility of his passage. Independently of this the situation of my son is now in the midst of the danger. For a week or two our condition here is not to be envied. We must trust to the protection of Heaven, and hoping for the best await its devices with humility and submission. In the evening the ladies went to a ball at Lady Taunton’s. On the other hand I attended a reception at Count Apponyi’s. It was early and the rooms were not very full. I remained only long enough to do my duty, and walked home before twelve.
367 Friday 15th London CFA AM
Rainy morning. I wrote my private letters today, but was obliged again to take out two hours in order to go to the city to acknowledge a couple of new instruments which my son John has sent to me to execute. This pressed me up a little for the remainder of the day, so that I did not succeed in securing my customary hour for exercise before dinner. That meal was set a little earlier today in order to let the rest of the family go to hear Mr Dickens read again. I spent the time in a walk, after which they took me up on their way to Lady Wensleydale’s, to go to the second reception of Lord de Grey. I met there rather more acquaintances than usual. Remained half an hour and then returned after calling for the rest of the family home.

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368 Saturday 16th London CFA AM
This day was altogether broken up by attendance at a Drawing room. As it was the first occasion of the appearance of the Princess of Wales the attendance was prodigious. All the rooms were filled when we passed in by the private entrie, and the reception room which is ordinarily thin was crowded. The corps Diplomatique very largely present. The great exception Mr Moreira and all his suite. The Princess acquitted herself very well, with gravity, and dignity and grace. She looked less pretty than at the evening reception, but still her features are delicate and noble. There were to assist her the Princess of Hesse, and Princess Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge the Prince of Orange and one or two more. The doors opened at twenty minutes after two. The procession kept passing until near five, with all its peculiar display of finery, when the royal party gave clear signs of fatigue. In the mean time every body in the corps had dropped off excepting Madame Brunnow, Madame Bunstorff, and my ladies, suddenly the doors were closed for a time and chairs were brought in for the ladies receiving. This gave a good excuse for leaving. As we drove home we passed the queue of carriages to Let down which was still a mile long. Nothing is more fatiguing and unprofitable than this court attendance. On this occasion I observed only one thing among the Corps; and this the general expression of disgust with the manners of the Court, and most especially with these of Lord Russell. Certainly he is very maladroit, and nobody has great cause of complaint at his rudeness than I, but in the present condition of my country I must endure without complaining, so long as it remains to me to be of any use here. The news from America is dubious today. The armies on the Rapahannock are sharply engaged, and God only knows the result, at least on this side of the Atlantic. Here the tendencies cropped out at once, and the hopes of a reverse to us were not concealed. On getting home I was glad to exchange my masquerade into plain clothes, as well as to pursue my customary avocations. Quiet evening at home. By assiduous labor I succeeded in bringing up the arrears of this Diary. Called to see Mr and Mrs G R Russell.
369 Sunday 17th London CFA AM
We had the bag from home early this morning. The information so far as it goes does not sustain the unfavorable construction put yesterday upon the news, but it still leaves matters in a painfully uncertain state. A letter came from Charles dated the 24th–26th of last month at a camp near Warrenton. This was just a week before the severe fighting on the other side of the river. He complains bitterly again of having been sent out of turn again on picket duty for three days. I am in hopes this may have kept him from the melée. But our uneasiness is not likely to be soon relieved. Attended Divine service at the Chapel. Mr Martineau preached a fourth sermon upon the Apostle Paul. It was mainly developing the same idea of his action in opposition to the restrictive notions of the Christianized Jews, not excepting even the Apostles themselves. It was better than usual. After service I called to see Mr and Mrs Blatchford and Mr Evarts. Afternoon, walk with Mary, visiting as usual the Zoological gardens. The lion’s whelp declines. There is a young giraffe which when lying down has the appearance of a large coiled serpent with the head erect. In the evening, visits from the Miss Gelston who have returned from their continental residence.
The mails came in today and brought me the papers from America, which I read with intense interest. So far as I can judge the results are decidedly favourable. Such is the opinion there especially at Washington. Mr Walker brought me a letter from Mr Bache the superintendent of the coast survey, a very cabin man, who clearly expressed it. Later in the day came a telegram from Liverpool based on a late extra of the New York Herald, giving an account of a revise to Sedgwick’s division which gratified our hopes. Here the whole matter is regarded with the most unfavourable eyes. Hooker’s movement is construed as the height of indiscretion and its end predicted as inevitable defeat. Of course this much aggravates the anxiety of our situation. It reminds me of the other periods, that of Mr McClellan’s retreat to the York River, and of the irruption into Maryland by Lee. In this case, the matter is more complicated by the presence or proximity of my son. We have now to wait two or three days in this suspense. I had visits from Mr Blatchford, Mr Evarts and Mr Walker, as well as a Mr Chapman, a young man of the doubtful genius, who furnishes information to us, and perhaps at the same time to the rebels. At eleven o’clock I called in form upon Mr Evans, the chairman of the London meeting of the 29th of January. I took with me the answer prepared by Mr Seward in behalf of the President. Only Mr Lucas was with him. He received it and said he would present it this evening let a meeting of the organization of the Emancipation Society. Mrs Adams and I dined with Lord Wensleydale. The company consisted so far as I know it of Mr Evarts, the Bishop of London and Mrs Tait, Mr and Mrs Ward, the Minster of Hanover, Mr T Baring, Sir Matthew Ridley and five or six more. Afterwards there was a reception much in the customary way.

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370 Tuesday 19th London CFA AM
I had a considerable number of persons at breakfast. Mr and Mrs Blachford Messr Bright,
Evarts, Lucas, Evans, Walker, Forbes, and Dicey. They seemed much amused and talked till
after one o’clock. Of course it made the day short. I had visits from Sir Henry Holland and Sir
Charles Lyell. The former told me of his latest visit to Marlboro House, where he had talked
much with the Princess Alice. He likes that sort of thing, and it helps him in his profession.
Strangely enough Sir Charles likewise talked of his late visit to Windsor, and of the his
conversation with the Queen, the Princess Alice and her husband— What was more
interesting to me was his reminiscence of Prince Albert and of his conversation about America
and government generally. His experience did not appear to him into any great admiration of
the monarchical form, and I not much of that of England. He probably sat an impartial observer
much too near the springs of the machine not to see the defects in working. Walk with Brooks
in the chilly north east wind. He is again affects with boils, one of which in his ear has kept him
at home since Saturday. In the evening, the ladies and I attended a second reception of the
Prince and Princess of Wales, much like the former one excepting that there was a concert of
vocal music with the chief Italian singers. After the first part, the royal party went into supper,
where we staid until midnight, at which time we left. I to come home to371 bed, and the ladies
to go to Lady Taunton’s second dance, from which they got home about three o’clock.

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A very rainy uncomfortable dark day for the Derby. I had no disposition to go even had the weather been as good as it was last year. Had my mind been quiet I should have much enjoyed the repose which such an occasion furnishes. But the suspense occasioned by the last news from America spoils all my leisure. I occupied myself in finishing up my answers to all sorts of letters accumulated during the past week. Among others and to General Webb at Rio Janeiro, to Mr Hackett at New York, and to Edward Frothingham at Boston. Afterwards a walk around the Park, wherein I got quite wet. Dined with Mrs Adams at Mr and Mrs Moffat’s. The company consisted of Messr Milner Gibson and C. P. Villiers, Mrs Gibson, Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake, Messr Mussey, Weguelin and his daughter, Kinglake, Miss Bass and perhaps one or two more. On the whole a very good selection. Mr Moffat is himself rather pompous and shallow. But he gives good dinners and selects well. Home at eleven.
No news from America, and the speculations upon it and greedy anticipations of evil to us swarming more thickly than ever. It is these occasions that being out the latent feeling of the higher classes. The consciousness of the presence of this sentiment aggravate much the painful character of this situation. I drew up my Despatches as usual. But the pain of this suspense is growing service. My thoughts could with difficulty be divested from the banks of the Rappahannock and the probabilities of the issue of the strife. I took a lovely walk around the park and mused. There were stories current in the city of a capitulation by Hooker in which Mr Delaine of the Times is reported to believe. It was just so last year with McClellan. The wish father to the thought. Company to dinner today. Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Lord and Lady Taunton, Sir Roundell and Lady Palmer, Sir Robert and Lady Phillimore, Mr and Mrs Reeve, Mr & Mrs Hawkey, Mrs and Miss Mansfield, Mr Howard and Mr Evarts. They remained until so late that we could not go to any reception, either at Lady Dirby’s or Mrs Bruce’s.
My anxiety prevented my sleeping, so that I was up soon after sunrise to look after the telegram which was due. It came and told of an uncertain result but no positive defeat. On the whole the accounts were not discouraging. The relief to my mind was prodigious. For although I put no faith in the rumors that were circulated so freely in evil disposed quarters, I did yet fear that there might be consequences of the same action of the 3rd which would materially affect the conditions of the campaign. So far as we can judge, this is not the case. The armies remain as they were. If so, the damage is to the other party. On the whole I do not think I have passed a week of more personal anxiety since I have been here. From my son I hear nothing, which is on the whole good news. I wrote my private letters today. With Mrs Adams I dined with Mr and Mrs Atkinson, at their house about three miles off. He is an Englishman who married Grace Stackpole, whom I knew as a girl in Boston, forty five years ago. They are snug, comfortable people in the respectable class. He a retired lawyer. He had a number of persons, of whom I knew only Mr and Mrs Morgan. The entertainment was very handsome but dull. Home by eleven.
372 Saturday 23d. Eastbourne CFA AM
A little later intelligence announced General Hooker’s safe retreat once more across the river. The enterprise has failed and we are as before. General Jackson is reported among the wounded, and the impression I get from the whole account is that we have gained more than we lost by the struggle. At all events we are released from our term of painful anxiety. This is the third occasion. The first was on McClellan’s defeat. The second, the irruption of Lee. After writing some letters, I started with Mrs Adams and Mr Forbes and Mary to go to Richmond and take luncheon, with M and Madame Laugel. The day was pleasant and I enjoyed the drive. Here we found the Count de Paris who had been invited to meet us. We spent an hour in pleasant conversation. The Court is very decided in his sympathies with us, and still adheres to McClellan. I found Mr Forbes much depressed at the news, and inclined to go back today to America. Strangely enough it has an opposite effect upon me. We took an early dinner and started, that is Mrs Adams, Mary, Brooks, and I for a short excursion to the seaside. Henry at the same time accompanied Mr Evarts to Cambridge. Our course was in the opposite direction to Eastbourne, a small plan in Sussex, between Brighton and Hastings. We left the Victoria Station at seven and arrived at the New Inn in Eastbourne at about two o’clock.
Sunday 24th Eastbourne CFA AM

Our lodgings were neat and clean, but it was evident at a glance that we had missed the right situation close upon the water. So before breakfast I sallied out upon a voyage of discovery. The sky was clear and the sun bright, whilst the birds were singing most cheerily among the trees as I rambled along the roads of Eastbourne. It is pleasant to find this quiet and rural scene, as a relaxation from the wear and anxiety of my place in London. After a slight slack I came to the Burlington Hotel where I engaged rooms at once. The windows look directly upon the sea, and they have the benefit of the morning sun. Our transfer effected after breakfast I attended Divine service at Trinity Church. My son Brooks with me. It was Whitsunday, and we had the odious Athanasian creed among the service. The Church is modern. The preacher dwelt upon the text Quench not the spirit without any force. Afterwards we all took a drive to visit Pennsey Castle, about four miles. The ruins are very ancient, bring the remnants of a strong work previous to the arrival of the conqueror. At that time Pennsey was a port of entry, but it is now far from deep water. There are portions of six towers still standing, with the inner and the water wall. There is no historical interest attached to it. I walked back with Brooks, and we had a quiet and comfortable evening.

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373 Monday 25th Eastbourne CFA AM

Out trip here was mainly intended to make some change for Mrs Adams, who suffers much from the agitation of the London season, together with the stronger ones connected with home affairs. Evidently it is a quiet though a thriving place. I take a tepid salt water bath before breakfast, and immediately afterwards, started on a walk with Brooks towards Becky Head. The wind was very high and we were threatened with slight showers. The seaview here is fine. To the southward lies the coast of France said to be visible in clear days at a distance of sixty miles. To the north west is the Isle of Wight, whilst the coast stretches back northwardly towards Brighton. The cliff is of chalk, much affected by the action of the weather. It is about six hundred feet high. After examining the view in fear of threatening clouds, the wind suddenly shifted, and carried them all clear of us. We then descended the cliff by a very precipitous path, and walked along home on the beach. After luncheon we all went out in an open carriage, and took a drive of eleven or twelve miles. We went to East Dian, thence through Jeningon and Willingdon home. The highlands are bleak and dreary, but the little old townships in the valleys are charmingly English. The wind was high and cold. Quiet evening. Read some of Mr Forster’s Essay on the attempt of Charles the first to seize the five members. It is very interesting to me.
374 Tuesday 26th Eastbourne CFA AM
A much finer and more genial day. I took another salt water bath in-doors. After breakfast I
went on a long walk with Brooks, through Southbourne and thence along the crest of heights
around home. After luncheon I followed another path which carried me over many greenfields
splendid with better cups into a must rural and attentive neighborhood. The appearance of
comfort and prosperity is general. The fashion of sea watering places is doing wonders for the
whole coast of Britain at the expense of the interior. I think now I have seen all that is worth
looking at here. Mrs Adams and Mary preferred to indulge in a lounge on the beach, which was
very attractive. Quiet in the evening, reading Foster. The Accounts from America rather
cheering. The death of Jackson is announced, a great loss to the rebels, as he had made a
great reputation as an executive Officer. No man has been so uniformly successful in all he
undertook. No one has really made a military reputation in this war but he. The effect on the
other side will be merely a loss a morale, which it can ill afford just now. At the same time I
much fear that Hooker’s reputation is now reduced to its first, and that not a very high
standard.375 We do not as yet get the smallest intimation of what has become of my son
Charles. It is not clear that he went with his corps in the expedition which from the censure
applied to its commander General Anvill, I presume to have failed in its main object. Our
accounts come down now to ten days after the battle.

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A lovely day. I was up early prior to our departure and tried a dip into the sea. The water was so cold I was content with a very brief stay. After breakfast we took our leave of this attractive place. I like it for its quiet and privacy. Our rooms were apart as much as if in a private house. This is just what we want when escaping from the din and turmoil of London. We got home by one o’clock, and I returned to my ordinary accumulation of labour. The Despatches are not numerous, but one of them was of interest to me as explaining the course of the government in answer to the representations made both by France and England about my letter. Mr Seward has labored to steer clear of difficulties all round, in the course of which he has shown a little of that moral flexibility which constitutes a defect in his character. Whilst he disavows my action, which was well enough, he disdains for me certain portions of it which I cannot even tacitly confine as true. His true course should have been to attribute the whole of my course to good motives at the same time that he relieves the government from the necessity of raising a question in it with these wilful grumblers. The British Minister complains of me for meddling with trade because I give to an American Admiral an assurance that two Americans are on an honest voyage, even though friend in suspicions company. The French Emperor complains of me because I say I give the letter cheerfully, to persons going to carry arms to Mexico. Of course I must mean hostility to the French invaders. It is conscience that makes cowards of us all. He knew what I ought to feel as his outrageous proceeding, and so he read the expression of it in language in which I never thought to clothe it. Mr Seward has degraded himself, his country and me so far as to admit that such a construction was reasonable, and therefore to apologize for it. In this he will not get me to join him. The only thing the whole affair shows it the readiness which both these powers betray to detect a cause of complaint with us. It was so in the case of the shutting up the harbor of Charleston, in the construction put on General Butler’s proclamation, in the appointment of Admiral Wilkes, and so it is now. The sense of our being in what they regard as inextricable difficulty, instead of prompting a generous construction of our action, stimulates them to take advantage of the opportunity. The most flagrant case of all is the construction put by Lord Russell in the President’s proclamation of emancipation. Such is English manliness! Such is English honesty! Looking back for two hundred and fifty years, what has America experienced from England that can earn for her one single tittle of honor or respect? France has done far better until she put herself in the hands of a selfish usurper who knows no other guide to his policy but the necessity of sustaining himself. The conjunction of two under present auspices is a misfortune to the world. It is not possible that it should attack the life of the Usurper. I took my usual walk in the direction of Messr Sotheby’s auction room where I examined a collection of coins to be sold this week. Mrs Adams and I dined with Sir William and Lady Martins. The company all new to me. Lord and Lady Mountgarret and daughter, Mr Greyson, Mr Vansittart, Mr and Mrs Painter and daughter,
Sir Charles Russell and some whose names I failed to catch. The dinner was rendered amusing by Mr Vansittart, who gave us some insight into the politics of members of Parliament, of the so called conservative class. Acknowledging Lord Derby as his chief, he was at no pains to conceal his contempt for Mr D'IIsraeli as a parvenue. And his theory of obligation to sustain profligate jobs if granted by his own side furnishes a pretty commentary on the boasted purification of the British constitution. The pharisaic indignation which is vented here on people in the United States who are caught doing such things is among the amusing illustrations of the passions that now predominate in the higher classes. The family went on to a ball. But I walked home.377
Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
The accounts from America came rather better again, whilst is a great relief. I drew up my Despatches earlier than usual in order to get away in season to attend the coin sale. The usual attendance of dealers and nobody else. The collection was a fair one, but so much mixed up with doubtful and spurious coins as to impair confidence in the bidding. As a consequence they sold quite low, and I was tempted to purchase considerably. Making every deduction for false specimens, the bargains were good. The only drawback is in the way they have of selling in lots, a contrivance for the benefit of dealers, who do not mind duplicates. I did not get home much before six o’clock. Mr Sohier dined with us. He is on his way to Boston, this week.

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Weather positively sultry, and the sun quite powerful. I had much to do in my private letters home and in disposing of a considerable accumulation of arrears caused by my absence. Mr Evarts paid me a visit. He finds not much to do, and so he accepts hospitalities which are freely tendered. To Americans furnished with good letters, access to society is not difficult, especially when there is no lady in the case. A long and rather tedious visit from Mr Matson, a young man who was here some time since. Walk with my daughter in the Regent’s park. Mrs Blatchford dined with us.
377 Saturday 30th London CFA AM
The American news was again highly favorable. It is however but partially official so that I put only a qualified confidence in it. Could I have relied on it all I should augur the end of the struggle to be approaching. Went into the city to transact business with the Messr Baring. From thence to Messr Sotheby's auction room to attend the third day of the coin sale. This time I though the prices quite high. This was the English part of the collection less mixed with spurious specimens. When I got home, I found the ladies waiting for me to go to the Zoological gardens to meet Lady Lyell and her friends by appointment. The assembly was large as usual on this day when the band plays. It was dissipated early by a threat of rain. We took tea at Mrs Lyell's. In the evening I with Henry and Mary to see M Lebassor's impersonations of character. They show all the French accuracy in this sphere.

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378 Sunday 31st London CFA AM
Chilly, cloudy day. Made one of my expeditions to the city for the purpose of visiting one of the old churches. On this occasion I selected St Bartholomew the Great in Smithfield. This is quite old, having been made out of a part of a priory established in the twelfth century, and not falling into the sphere of the great fire. Its architecture outside is not much. Inside the old, circle and shut saxon columns give it at once a character; but it is narrow and bald. The roof is good. A small attendance, and a clergyman who preached a sermon apropos to Trinity Sunday which confessed the inexplicable mystery of that doctrine, but said it was no harder to believe than many other things in the New Testament. He advised abstention from all consideration of the subject. This would be very reasonable, if he did not about in the same breath read the Athanasian creed and require responses to its incomprehensible propositions. I came home as I went, by the Metropolitan Railway. Quiet day and evening. Walk. Mr Baldwin dined here.
Monday June 1st London CFA AM
Clear but cool. I spent my morning in bringing up various arrears of work. Drew up a form of note for Lord Russell on the delicate point of Sombrero island. I have of late had a season of repose in my correspondence with him. My friend Moreira the Brazilian Minister has asked and received his passports. The arrogant tone of the British government makes itself visible always to weaker powers. The opportunity is a fine one for us if we only know how to seize it. Walk with my daughter. Dined at Mrs Washington Jackson’s. A large company of whom I knew but few. They are transplanted Americans who thrive rather better than most people. Sir William Clay there who talked to me about Mr Roebuck and his motion in Parliament, for a recognition of the rebels. Just now it will scarce make a fortune for him. Roebuck is a reputation marquée. And as a consequence he strands himself more and more. We left this to go to Lady Lyell’s. Rather late there. An eclipse of the moon visible as we came home.
2 June 1863

378 Tuesday 2d. London CFA AM
After doing some customary work, and calling on Mr Evarts to show him some depositions that Mr Dudley has sent to me, I went down to Sotheby's Auction room and attended another sale of 379 coins. The attendance small, mostly of dealers. And they had it pretty much their own way. So far as I could judge the specimens were good, but as the auctioneer hinted to me beforehand there was no name to make it attractive, so the very same things which last year I saw sold at one price, now brought less than half as much. I was tempted to purchase quite largely for me, and rather regretted I did not get more. I now understand that the best field is not that which is proclaimed by a flourish of trumpets. Returned home before five. The day very warm. Found Mr Evarts there who returned the depositions, advising their beings sent in as a matter of record. This just the course I have always taken. We had to dine with us Mrs R. J. Walker and her daughter, Mr and Mrs Blatchford and Mr Baldwin. They stayed until quite late.
379 Wednesday 3d. London CFA AM
The news from America appears to be very favorable. But somehow or other I have lost confidence to such a degree that I dare not congratulate myself upon an uncertainty. If I could believe it, the war would not appear to me much advanced towards its end. I fear we have not yet been sufficiently chastened for our past national offences. At home and devoting my leisure to an examination of my late extensive purchases. They furnish me a fine field for the study, which vastly enlarges my acquaintance with ancient history and geography. Wrote several notes to Lord Russell. I had a visit from Mr Evarts and from a Mr Swift from Pernambuco. The latter entertained me with an account of the doings of the pirate vessels Alabama and Florida on the coast of South America. Went out with Mrs Adams to execute a commission, after which we went with Mary and Mr Baldwin in company to the flower show of the Botanic Society in the Regent’s Park. The assemblage was very large, and the scene was tolerably pretty. The best part of the display was the Rhododendra. Three bands of music. We came away at about six. Dined with Mr and Mrs Baring Young. The company consisted of Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, Sir Frederick and Lady Smith, Mr and Mrs Merivale, Captain and Mrs Galton, Sir George Young and his brother and perhaps others. We remained until eleven and then too late for Mrs Brown Seqward’s.

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380 Thursday 4th London CFA AM
A very fine day. The children went off to Ascot to join the party of Mr and Mrs Bentsen. I had an uncommonly quiet morning. Wrote my Despatches early and applied myself to the examination and comparison of my coins. My last purchases satisfy me better than all former ones. The Auctioneer was right, and his hint is worthy of consideration hereafter. Quiet dinner. William Everett dined with us. He is about to return home on Saturday, having filled up his three years at Cambridge. He has failed in his great object of honors here. I think his success in any career as doubtful. Yet he has abilities above the average.

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380 Friday 5th London CFA AM
Clouds with heavy rain. My work pretty steady. Wrote to Mr Everett, and my sons, as well as to my classmate, William Dwight, on the death of his son in Louisiana. This is the second out of four that he has given to the war. The other fell at Antietam in open warfare. This one was barbarously shot by men who had taken him prisoner when unarmed and voluntarily surrendering. When I think of these things my patience gives way at the idea that we have to encounter such barbarity. Its seed is however the slave relation, and in my honest belief nothing will extirpate it on our border but emancipation. This process is undoubtedly going on, but not with the rapidity that keeps pace with the war. On the whole my spirits were rather dull—and I felt less relief than usual from the close of labour. My walk was long but wet. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams to a reception at Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake’s. Quite a large number of acquaintances among the literary and scientific people. Sir Charles is rather at the head of the artists here, an he has a number of picture in his rooms of which he thinks highly. They did not strike my fancy much. But the more of painting I see, the less confidence I feel in my judgment. Home before midnight.

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4 June 1863

Next document in volume
Saturday 6th
6 June 1863
Showery, like April, with some thunder. The usual arrears to make up, after which I pursued the examination of my coins. I find this occupation a good division to my mind from the cares and anxieties of the moment. It is singularly calming to go back thousands of years and review the series of persons and events so completely passed away, that the remembrance of some of them depends on these trifling records. They are types of art, of civilization, of thought, of habits and manners, of national character. They show the diversity of human nature so much that practised eyes seldom mistake either the nation, the region or the age to which they respectively belong. The only thing that does not now belong to them is passion. That belongs only to the existing generation. A great element in the actual movement of the race, it leaves its traces in precisely such memorials either to their honor or to their disgrace. We can now examine and speculate on them so as to reduce our contemplation of near objects to their proportionate relation in the world’s progress. As Mrs Adams was not quite well, I went in the carriage with Mary and returned a number of visits. Then a long walk home. As this was the day designated as the Queen’s Anniversary, it was celebrated by the customary dinners of the Ministers. Lord Russell had the Corps Diplomatique in Downing Street, in full dress. The Austrian, Turkish, Russian, Prussian and French Ambassadors, the Belgian the Bavarian, Saxon, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish Dutch, the Honduras, Peruvian, Guatimala, and Haytien Ministers. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Messr Layard and Hammond, Assistant Secretaries, Messr Doyle, Christye, Sir Rutherford Alcork, Sir Hamilton Seymour, Sir Charles Wyke and several other ex enjoys from this court. The entertainment was very elegant and the dinner was good. I sat between the Danish and Swedish Ministers and enjoyed myself as well as I could in my stiff guise and on so formal occasion. The usual formal toasts; the Queen, by Mr Musuras, and the representatives of friendly nations were drank, and we dissolved. From thence we passed to Lady Palmerston’s, where there was rather a limited assembly. His Lordship was civil but nothing more. I presume this to be the footing on which we are to remain for the rest of my time here. I hope it may be so. I want no more experiments of familiarity. Got away about midnight. There was a partial illumination, at the Club Houses, and at the principal shops which the Queen patronizes. The same general monotony of design which marked the general one in March.

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Sunday 7th London CFA AM
Chilly, variable day with heavy showers. Attended Divine service, and heard Mr Martineau preach another sermon in his series upon the labors of Paul, the Apostle. This was devoted to an examination of his teaching as showing it based upon an illfounded expectation of the return of the Messiah to establish a new kingdom on this earth. The inference of such a doctrine is clearly against the notion of a plenary inspiration of the Apostle. Mr Martineau admitting the great force and durable impression of the doctrine rather leads one to believe that he did not himself rightly comprehend its superior excellence to that which he equally preached, without result. I can scarcely reconcile myself to this subtraction from the face of the Scriptures. At three o’clock, according to agreement I called on Mr Evarts, and we drove to Pembroke Lodge to pay a visit to Earl Russell. There was hardly any body there. Lady Russell was on a sopha evidently in a very invalid condition. though cheerful and friendly as she always is. As my object was mainly to present Mr Evarts, I did not interpose at all in the conversation with Lord Russell, but talked with her, and the daughter and a young foreigner belong to the Italian Legation, I think. We took our leave shortly after five and returned home by seven o’clock. Quiet evening. The American accounts today do not bring what I had hoped, the fall of Vicksburg, but on the contrary they announce the failure of an assault. The general news in however favorable, as General Grant’s previous successes have been great, and the place is closely invested. There are accounts of General Lee’s advance across the Rapahannock which I can scarcely yet comprehend. It must be an impulse of despair. My only fear of it is in the want of a chief adequate to the emergency. As yet the responsibility for the reversal of McClellan is not relieved. Little as I think of him, he yet shows capacity to manage an army, which is after all the great qualification in a campaign. Through all this my trust in the general result continues undiminished. Although my anxiety for the fate of my son rather increases. The fierceness of the struggle does not diminish as it works towards its end.
Showery day. The letters and newspapers came today and were read with much interest. Among other things I got a joint note from the President and Mr Seward, in the handwriting of the latter, assuring me of the unabated confidence of the government in me. This extraordinary step appears to have been occasioned by the appearance of an attack upon me in the Standard from a New York letter writer who takes advantage of all these late agencies of the government to this country to assert that they have been made necessary by my incapacity. I had never seen this stuff when it came out, so that this proceeding was entirely a surprise to me. Of course, it is gratifying as an approval of my services, and I shall feel grateful for it. But it cannot be denied that every since I have been here the almost constant interference of government agents of all kinds has had the effect, however intended, of weakening the position of the minister. Most of all has it happened in the case of Mr Evarts, whom the newspapers here have all insisted to have been sent here to superintend my Office in all questions of international law. I doubt whether any Minister has ever had so much of this kind of thing to contend with. Mr Seward’s defect is want of delicacy of feeling, whilst the President is utterly at fault in his measurement of men. It is only just to say however, that both of them have been very steady in their approbation of everything I have done during my stay, and have recorded more commendation than in any other case. The only exception has been in the case of my letter to Admiral Dupont, where my action was out of line, and where the government was placed in difficulty out of which it was bound to relieve itself even at my expense. Whilst I do not regard that act as in itself at all indefensible, I was not prepared to find it made the instrument of simulated discontent with my country on false grounds. Having no other objects to serve here than the interest of America I look to that end only as the aim of my endeavours. But I cannot say that my experience does much to fascinate me with the attractions of this post, or to induce me to continue in public life at all one minute beyond the call of duty prompts it. At two o’clock the Prince of Wales had a Levee. I attended and my Secretary Mr Moran and my son accompanied me. The day was dark and the old palace looked uncommonly gloomy. The corps Diplomatique in pretty full numbers, but the general circle was composed mainly of young officers of the Army and Navy. The Prince had with him the Prince Alfred and the Duke of Cambridge, who shook hands with me. We got through and went home by three. Quiet dinner, after which I went with Mrs Adams and Mary to Guildhall, to the ball given by the city of London to the Prince and Princess of Wales. My experience of a similar affair last year was of such a kind that I accepted this invitation with much misgiving and reluctance. I found matters rather better, but still wanting in all the features most indispensable to comfort and convenience. Nobody was at hand to point out to us where to go. So we did our best to get through the crowd and push our way to the dais where the Prince and Princess were to be. After much effort this was managed, and here we remained until
nearly midnight. A flourish of trumpets preceded the entry of the Prince and Princess. The ball blazed with light and gilding, and the view of the thing below in all their gay dresses reminded me much of the much imitation of such scenes I have witness at the play. The dancing was confirmed for the most part to the royal set. At a given signal supper was announced and those of us who had received tickets followed the court. The pushing was prodigious. As my daughter had not any card, I was concerned about her, but through the active assistance of Messr Bille and Corwyn of the corps I succeeded in getting her in. Covers were set for about sixty. The supper was very splendid, but so badly served that the guests got none of it, excepting some soup, first and champagne. The Lord Mayor gave a toast and the city of London. All drunk standing. Then came the return to the all, and the departure of the Prince. After which with indescribable pushing and delay we at last succeeded in getting the carriage and home by half past two.385
385 Tuesday 7th London CFA AM
The most irksome of my life here is the attendance on the court and the society. Never very well fitted for it by nature, the progress of time has robbed it of all attention, and leaves the labor to be felt as a burden. This morning I felt that my supper had just left enough of its effects to make me comfortable, though certainly the error could be in no degree charged to excess. I was therefore glad of a quiet day and evening. After the despatch of my regular work, I amused myself with my numismatic pursuits. I find them giving a very essential relaxation from the monotonous anxiety of my political duties. Mr Aspinwall called to see me. He is just from Paris, and tells me a conversation he had with M Chevalier, in which he spoke of the troubles imposed by the Mexican expedition, and the anxiety of the Emperor to get rid of it. Originally, he said, there might have been an idea of making it a base of operations on the eastward, but that had been all abandoned. The great object was to get a creditable way out. He likewise remarked that Lord Palmerston, through hating us heartily, was now firmly fixed in the policy of nonintervention. All this accords with what Sir William Brown told me a day or two since of the assurances to the same effect given to him by several cabinet ministers, as well as with the conversation Mr Evarts reports he has had with Messr d’Israeli and Sir Stafford Northcote indicative of a similar policy on that side. Yet after all, the only reliance we can have is in the conduct of the war. Our results are not yet sufficiently decisive to put the issue beyond doubt. On the whole, looking back at the course of the past two years we have thus far threaded our way through these difficulties with more success than could have been anticipated. I still have an abiding hope that we may surmount them all so as to reach the real end, the destruction of this tremendous slave power. I took a solitary walk in the Park as far as to the top of Primrose hill and back again. The frequent showers of late have at once revived the verdure and restored the beauty of the landscape. A comfortable dinner, and an evening in the family, in which I resumed the long broken thread of Mr Kinglake’s narrative.
Cloudy and variable day. Morning spent at home in the usual routine of answering letters. At three I went with my assistant Secretary, Mr Moran, to assist at the ceremony of uncovering the Statue of Prince Albert, which has been set up in the Horticultural gardens at Kensington. As my son and daughter went with Lady Lyell as spectators, I called and took Sir Charles to go with me to join the procession. We all assembled under the Western drove of the old Exhibition building, which looked bald and bare enough denuded of all it contents of last year. Gradually all the various dignitaries assembled including the corps Diplomatique and the Ministry. Lastly came the Prince and Princess of Wales, the other children of the Queen, and the cambridge family. We were then arranged to march in procession. First we ascended into a structure facing the statue backs to the other door of the building. There was a large crowd of spectators, a great proportion remain, whose dresses gave a pretty effect to the scene. The Statue itself is good in one position, and not good in another. The view from the first is better than that from the side. But the entire ceremony seemed as objectless as was that of last year of the distribution of the awards. It doubtless had much to do with the pecuniary advantage accruing to the gardens from the sale of tickets to visitors. As we formed in two lines for the Prince and his suite to pass to the carriages, he greeted me among others and shook hands. We got home at about six o’clock, happy to have escaped the rain. The children who were more delayed at the door did not return till an hour later. I had time only to take off my uniform and assume a dinner dress, to go to Sir Thomas and Lady Cochran’s. I knew very few of the guests. Lord and Lady Loraine, Lord and Lady Manners, Lord Eversley and his daughter, Lady Dorothy Neville, and Mr Delane, the editor of the Times. Sir Thomas is an old naval officer now retired from service, and appears to be a man of fortune. The lady is a second wife, and seems not particularly interesting. I did not know Mr Delane until my daughter pointed him out to me after dinner. Neither did I then seek to recognize him on the strength of my meeting him once long since at Lord Palmerston’s. My term of service is now running to an end, and I am becoming more and more indifferent to acquaintance with any more people. From here we went to Lady Derby’s reception, which was crowded as ever. It is not easily explained how these should be always called heavy and dull, whilst those of Lady Palmerston are considered attractive. I see little real difference between them. The most marked one is in the faces which indicate opposite party organizations. We got away soon after midnight.
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387 Thursday 11th London CFA AM
It rains more or less daily now, and the air is chilly and ungenial. I was much occupied with visits and writing my Despatches of the week. Mr Aspinwall came and read to me a letter from Mr Chase, giving highly favorable accounts of the state of the Treasury. The other accounts by telegraph are of mixed good and bad. The great nobleman of Vicksburgh is not yet solved, and I fear will not be. Yet the course of success on the Mississippi has been such as materially to change the relation between the combatants. We get decided victories slowly, and dearly, Mr Evarts also came in. We talked of the Steamers fitting out for the rebels, and the manner in which our representations are treated by the government. He said that it was almost time to begin upon the Ironclad vessels built by Laird. I replied that I should be ready to proceed as soon as the testimony could be prepared, and the proper moment should be thought to have arrived. He thought the vessels would not yet be ready till August. Should the government here fail to act at that moment, he saw no prospect of farther pacification. So I presume that we must pass through another crisis in about two months. Before that time we shall know the decision in the case of the Alexandra. My hopes are not great of any favorable result. The ministry are feeble and vacillating, whilst the commercial interest is pushing and decided. Nothing will move England but an idea of our power. But where is that whilst the requisite leaders fail us. Quiet walk and evening. The ladies went to Miss Cutts’s ball.

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Variable weather, with more or less of rain. My time taken up for more than six hours in steady writing private letters home. The accounts from America do not yet put us at ease. Vicksburg resists with great pertinacity, and the movement of the army in Virginia is still a riddle. The great and critical trouble with us is the end of the term of service of so large a portion of our forces. But for that I should hope to make a broad stride in the war this spring. Even the incapacity of our leaders would not prevent the national operation of the momentum of the stronger body against the less. On the whole, if I review the course of the past three months the result is that the rebels have been steadily losing. Their condition never improves. Let us trust that the sense of this will ultimately have its effect on their temper, which is not naturally pertinacious or enduring. I must say that I long for an end of this dreadful strife. A walk, and a quiet evening in the course of which, I read a little more of Kinglake’s strange account of the battle of the Alma. Certainly the English can find no fault with our Generals, whilst they furnish such poor models of their own.
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Variable. I went with my son Brooks, who had come in from school for the day, to the City to attend Church. Chance carried us as far as Road lane in Easteheap, to an edifice called St Margaret Patten’s or St Gabriel. I was hardly in it before I detected the traces of Sir Christopher Wren. The interior was however somewhat varied from any I have seen before. There was but a single gallery to the left, which was entered from the body of the Church by a flight of stairs. The columns were ornamented Ionic. The usual round windows which furnish light on that side, whilst on the other are long ones so as to dispel all idea of gloom. The pannelling around the altar and sides of dark wood hansolmely carved takes off the appearance of baldness. The attendance very thin. Services as usual. The population has evidently left this region, or there are too many Churches for it. On my return home I found Mr Evarts and Mr Emmons who stayed to luncheons and Mr Forbes joined them, after which I took the latter to the Zoological gardens. Quiet dinner and evening.
14 June 1863

389 Monday 15th London CFA AM
For once a day without rain, only the second during the month. I devoted much of my time to a preparation for my annual balance of account. This is always a tedious and vexatious business. Several persons calling to see me, most of them Americans, who seem to be coming out now in some numbers. Mr Scott Russell came thus knowing on account of my visit to him on Saturday. I enquired the terms of the agreement with Mr Brown for the iron plates. He showed me General Dalegreen's last letter to him which gave little clue. As Mr Brown was pressing Messr Baring for payment I concluded that it would be necessary to refer the question back to the source of the order in America. Mr Russell talked very clearly on the subject of iron plating and the experiments of shot. He thinks we have gone to the extreme in building vessels so armed as to be unfit for sea. He planned the Warrior which is not altogether free from that objection. In the evening Mrs Adams had her first reception of Americans. I scarcely expected a dozen. But there must have been forty or fifty. The thing was more lively too than I anticipated.

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390 Tuesday 16th London CFA AM
A rainy day. I had a succession of visitors this morning. Mr Walker to talk over the matter of Vicksburg. There has been a story circulated here of later than the latest news giving an account of the relief of the place, and the surrounding and capture of Genl Grants force. The story had been so impressed on him by Mr Parkes last night that he seemed inclined to credit it. I am so familiar with these tricks of rebel sympathizers that I pay no attention to such fictions. It is bad enough to be worried by genuine news, without having the addition of that which is manufactured. Mr Pliny Miles came to pump me for information and to advise me of a declaration made by Mr J. O Lever, that he had some valuable information, if I would call to see him. Mr Miles is a writer for the newspapers, and desires to make something out of me. I had also W. A. Jackson, a black man who has been acting as a speaker at public meetings on the slave question. He was a slave and for a time acted as Coachman to Jefferson Davis at Richmond. He wanted assistance and I helped him. Continued my labor on my trial balance without effective result. In the evening the ladies and I went in to a reception at a neighbor's, Lady Alderson's. A small party. The ladies were going on to a ball at Lady Townshend's, but learned here that it had been put off.391
Tuesday 16th
16 June 1863

391 Wednesday 17th London CFA AM
A rather quiet day. The latest telegrams from America had dissipated all the fiction of Monday, and the newspapers seemed to me on the whole to be encouraging. The struggle at Vicksburgh and port Hudson is severe, but as yet I see no reason for the doubt of its ultimate success. I continued my labors on my trial balance and at last brought it out. So this matter is settled for the year. Went out with Mrs Adams to pay some visits which took me all the afternoon. Called on Mr Bates, whose Wife is I think at last giving symptoms of breaking up. Dined with Mr and Mrs Bentson. Four of us, and Mr and Mrs Forster, Mr Dickens, Mr Louis Blanc, Mr Lehmann, Mr Wills, Mr Leighton and two or three more. Mr Forster is the writer on the times of the Commonwealth. I sat next to Louis Blanc, and talked with him of France and of America. He assured me of the same thing which M Garnier Pagés mentioned last year, the entire sympathy of the republicans of France with our cause. Mr Lehman is a great artist and Mr Leighton a promising one. On the whole quite a brilliant company. Mr Bentson's hospitality is very elegant. There was an additional company in the evening, with some music.

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391 Thursday 18th London CFA AM
Rather a quiet day, mainly spent at my writing table, preparing Despatches and private letters. The pressure of business with the Foreign office here has been very much relaxed of late, so that the amount of anxiety is greatly lessened. Mr Miles came in again to repeat what he said about Mr Lever. He described him as an Irish speculator, much given to jobbing, and by no means disposed to be committed on American questions. I replied that on his own statement it did not seem to me wise to put myself in his power by making what might be construed by him to be overtures to gain his support. This man is one of a pestiferous brood of adventurers who grasp at means of making themselves of importance enough to newspapers to gain employment and pay as special correspondents. One obvious way is to suck at Official sources. Many public men both here and at home make use of such people, partly because they fear their anger, and partly because they hope to turn them to some account either for the public good or their own advancement. If my ambition had been more intense, perhaps I should have sought to conciliate these agents. As it is, I would rather do without them. A quiet walk and evening. Mr Forbes came in for an hour with his usual enquiries about outfits &ca.

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Friday 19th London CFA AM

Heavy rain in the morning, but it cleared warm and summerlike. My letters were all finished before two o’clock, in order to give me time to go to the city to get money, and do some other business. Called on my return at Mr Morse’s Office, the Consul’s, to make some arrangements about the government prosecutions for forging their notes, and the supply of the requisite payments. At home, Mr Evarts came in on his return from his excursion to Oxford and Warwick and Chatsworth. He had no farther intelligence respecting the suit against the Alexandra which comes up on Monday. Evening, we all went to the play to see Ristori in the part of Elizabeth of England. It was in Italian which of course interposed some difficulties in our way. The piece is wretched as a composition. almost as bad as the common run of words to an opera. Lord Burleigh, and Baron are brought in talking in a manner which puts to flight all previous conceptions of their wisdom. And Shakespeare is made the recipient of a share of loyal generosity in payment of petition debts which would have amazed him in his lifetime. James comes down from Scotland to talk pretty to the Queen at a moment when his mother is experiencing the nature of the security to be found in such a proceeding. All these absurdities and a thousand more such are patent. The declination of the character of the Queen remains the only strong point of the piece. Even that is not very well done. Ristori makes the best of it. She is perhaps more familiar and demonstrative than accords with northern ideas of royalty. But she throws out with force the prior feminine emotions which actuates that personage as we know her in history. Her weaknesses, her follies, her faults and her virtues. On the whole I think she is as repulsive a female as I read of in the royal history of England, unless I except her sister. The Tudors are all hard and ungenial. Britain has had few really great or good sovereigns. The good Queen Bess cannot be counted among the number, in spite of the adulation of her own times. The ladies went on to a ball at Lady Townshends.
393 Saturday 20th London CFA AM

A fine day, given up almost entirely to court duties. It was the last Drawing room of the season. I went as usual, but accompanied on this occasion by Mr Blatchford, to be presented as the Minister at Rome. Mr Wilson and my son did not go. The attendance of the Corps Diplomatique was large; but the general circle was so small that the ceremony did not take up an hour and a half. I was received with apparent cordiality by every body, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge shook hands with me. There has been a perceptible difference on these occasions in this regard, but it may be only accidental. People talk me, however, much less freely than they did. Perhaps the talk of Mr Ellis may have had its effect to inspire caution. We got home at four, and I hope this closes the third season of court attendance. Found the telegram from America which gives us no great light as to the future. The price of gold is however steadily falling. I fear only the disbanding of our forces at the critical moment. Vicksburgh and Port Hudson, both still hold out. There are stories of cavalry actions in Virginia which make me anxious about my son. In the evening all but Henry of the family went to Lady Palmerston’s, mainly with a view to presenting Mr and Mrs Pike, for whom at their own desire I had procured an invitation. It was rather a curious circumstance that none had come for ourselves, until Lady Palmerston, addressing Mrs Adams at the Drawing room, had expressed her regret at not seeing her last week and her hope of seeing her tonight. This led to an explanation, and a strong profession that there had been some mistake. The end of it was that a card came to the house before dinner. The reception was not so full as usual, owing, it was said, to a great reception by the Duchess of Buccleuch. Lord Palmerston was dining at Trinity House, and did not get home until late. I presented Mr Pike to him. His appearance was quite peculiar, and indicated rapid physical decline. It was said that he was suffering under an attack of gout, notwithstanding which he attended the dinner at Trinity House. Two years have certainly changed him much. Two more can scarcely pass at the same rate without at least determining his tenure of Office. We got home at half past twelve o’clock, after a rather fatiguing day.394
394 Sunday 21st. London CFA AM
The longest day of the year which in this climate means nearly two hours more of sunlight than with us. It was pleasant and quiet. Attended the Chapel and heard Mr Martineau in continuation of his sermons on the apostle Paul. But it seemed to me that he did little more than enlarge on the idea heretofore presented. The tendency of his argument is to deny the existence of that inspired agency which appears to constitute the essence of his mission. What he is admitted to have done came without any faculty of perception on his part of the true as distinguished from the false. Afternoon I went with Mary to the Zoological gardens. The scene was cheerful and summerlike. At home I read May’s constitutional History. The Despatches came but brought me little of importance.
The mail brought letters and newspapers, all in so hopeful a tone and with so much favoring private intelligence that I could not resist a feeling of elation for the day. The appearances at Vicksburgh are certainly much better than they ever were before. Yet we have been so often disappointed that it seems as if we never could have a decisive success and it was idle to expect one. The case of the Alexandra comes up in the Exchequer Court today. Mr Evarts came in at luncheon and reported progress. Mr Dudley came in the evening and did the same. It did not strike me very favorable. The Judge is quite old and the case is of a novel character. The Attorney General is by no means a very strong person. So that on the whole we are in the hands of the Philistines. Mrs Adams had her second reception this evening. After more than half the number of last Monday. The experiment is always doubtful in London from the small circle out of which we draw.
23 June 1863

**394 Tuesday 23d. London CFA AM**

A quiet day. Not much work, so that I amused myself in the business of asserting and studying the coin collections I have made since I have been here. On comparison I find I have made much progress in the knowledge of the science, mainly by my greater familiarity with good and various specimens. At four o’clock I drove down to the Foreign Office to keep my appointment with Lord Russell. Obliged to wait until the last moment he had to spare. Luckily it was no matter as my only business was to show him the letter to Mr Bright, and the Trades Unions. He said it was very good, so I can send it at once. I spoke to him also of one or two consular recognitions unaccountably delayed. He promised to look then up. We heard today of the death of Mrs Bates, which happened yesterday morning. A few days ago I called to see Mr Bates and enquire after her. He did not seem to apprehend any immediate dissolution, but from his account of her condition I inferred it could not be far off. Walked home to dinner. Quiet evening. Mr Forbes came for an hour. The ladies went to Countess Apponyi’s to a ball.
A very sultry day, ending in thunder showers. I do not know when I have suffered so much from short breath. Visits from several persons: Mr Berg the new Secretary of Legation to St Petersburg, Mr Underwood the consul at Glasgow. At three I went with Mrs Adams to Mr Winslow, the photographer, at his request to be taken as persons attending the ceremony of the Prince of Wales’s wedding, for the great picture ordered of Mr Frith by the Queen. The awkward part of it was the putting on of uniform, and going in it to broil under the glass roof of the photographer. I subsequently took a walk, but was driven in by the rain. At the dinner the lightning was sharper than I have ever known it here. In the evening I went with Mary and Henry to a party at Mr Thomson Hawley’s. The entertainment consisted in the performances of M. Levassor, which an amusing, though after a time a little monotonous. All there, excepting the third C’est ma Fille, were different from those in which we saw him, though the style of humor and the musical form of expression were much the same. The two rooms were full, mostly of ladies. Mr Evarts was there and told me of the issue of the case of the Alexandra. The Judge charged so strongly that the jury returned a verdict for the vessel at once. It seems as if circumstances were always the jury returned a verdict for the vessel at once. It seems as if circumstances were always destined to press upon us in this fearful struggle from abroad as well as at home. Not many acquaintances, but I recognized Mr C. Howard, Lady Holland and her daughter, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, and others. We did not get home until near one o’clock.
396 Thursday 25th London CFA AM
My day much occupied with visitors, and the task of preparing Despatches. Mr Pike and Mr Perry both came in to discuss the appearances of the moment. The latter has come over from Spain at the very same time that the Minister himself in on a visit to Germany. The corps Diplomatique certainly does not pay much attention to the rule forbidding absence from the post of duty. I took a walk in the Park. Met with Count Lavard’s, the Portuguese minister, a quiet and very worthy person. Dined by invitation with the Turkish Ambassador. It was a full dress banquet on the Anniversary of the Sultan’s accession. The Austrian, French, Russian and Prussian Ambassadors, the Bavarian, Italian, Danish, Swedish and Dutch ministers, Lord Russell, his under Secretaries, the Persian minister and Sir Edward Crest. It was stiff and tedious as all such things must be. The customary toasts of the Sultan and the Queen. After dinner I had some talk with Mr Bille. He says the feeling here is becoming more and more bitter against us. In society surprise is expressed when any one expresses an opposite sentiment. He likewise told me very confidentially that at the Antichamber of the Foreign Office yesterday, where several persons had casually gathered in waiting, Baron Gros had expressed his individual opinion that the Emperor would make another proposal to England to urge some advice to us. If declined, then he would go on to recognize the Southern States alone. He disclaimed all authority for making this statement, neither did he set any time for the supposed action. I much fear that he may be right. The Emperor is true to nothing but his ambition, which has for its object to uphold his ill-gotten authority. His Mexican scheme depends upon the fact of our permanent disruption. Almost abandoned a few weeks since under the discouraging accounts of resistance by the people, the fall of Puebla has revived it. I doubt not that Mr Slidell is actively intriguing to stimulate his passion, even at the sacrifice of a part of the territory. I went home early, to let the ladies go to Lady Holland’s.
The first thing after breakfast today was to attend the funeral of Mrs Bates. I had intimated to him that I would come if it was agreeable, and he had assented. At the house I met Messrs T. Baring, Sturgis, Baring Yong, Laugel, Forbes and Mr Erickson, the medical attendant, and Sir Frederick Smith. The first process was to put us in long black scarves with heavy mourning badges pendent from our hats, and then to put us in a black carriage dragged by four horses all back and with black insignia. Then the procession started. First a singular congeries of mourning psalters in three bunches, supported on the heads of men walking. Then the catafalque with four black horses and an array of plumes both on the horses and on the her. Then Mr Bates with M Van de Weyer and his two sons in the first carriage. We followed, Messrs Laugel, Sturgis, Forbes and myself bring in the next carriage. and so on. Men in black walked by the sides as well as before the bier. Thus we went all the way to the cemetery at Kensall Green. And this is called a funeral conducted with the utmost privacy! The expense of such a process, though of no consequence in this case must often prove a heavy burden to families with moderate means. The bier was carried into the chapel where part of the service was read. We then went to the tomb where it was completed. The most touching part of it was however omitted. We then separated and returned home. I doubt if Mrs Bates has left more than one mourner in the world. And he, after a life spent in rolling up an enormous fortune, feels himself now, I fancy equally alone in this island. His only child and her husband and children live in a circle in which he never can feel at home. They are too worldly to feel any very deep interest in him, or his reminiscences of the past, which constitute his main enjoyment. And half a century of sojourn in this land has done nothing to weave him into the texture of English society, nor would threefold more time, if allowed him do any better. Yet very possibly his grandson may become a peer on the strength of his earnings, and pride himself upon every thing but he nobility of his descent. Such is the moral to be drawn from this history. This affair took some precious hours, so that when I got home I found myself much strained to get through my private letters in season for closing. By assiduous labour however I succeeded in accomplishing every thing. A brief period for interval enabled me to get exercise in the Park, and then I went with Mrs Adams and Mr Evarts to dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury. A large company of whom I knew but few. The Duke of Cleveland and his daughters, Lord and Lady Tukeville, the Bishop of Chichester, and Lord and Lady Drogheda were a part. I took the latter into dinner. I had heard of her some time ago as one of the strong friends of America who keep up the battle in society for us. I took occasion to express my sense of it to her—but she did not interest me much. The Archbishop is the same person to whom I was indebted on my first arrival for a rescue from the crowd at Harrow on the day of the speeches. His dinner was completed much quicker than usual, in order to give the guests an opportunity to go to the ball given by the guards, or rather their officers to the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the
gallery of the International Exhibition. We went likewise. The space was large, but the gallery is narrow and thus the crowd had little opportunity to circulate. It was prettier and more effective than the ball at Guildhall. As on that occasion the dancing was mainly in the Prince’s set, and every body else looked on. All the high ability were present, and in every respect the affair was very successful. But I have outlived all desire to figure in such scenes. It was three o’clock, and quite light when we got to our door.

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Warm day. The telegram came bringing us no good news, and the intelligence that General Lee was well on in his proposed advance into Pennsylvania. We are then destined to experience another invasion. This would not be regarded by one with apprehension if I feel full confidence in our commander. But the more I think of the last affair the more I am convinced that he is not equal to his post. The chances are now that General McClellan in spite of all his shortcomings may be recalled to do the same thing that he did last year, repulse the attack. Already there are indications of a degree of popular restlessness which will be difficult to control should the policy of the administration prove disastrous. Mr Evarts and Mr Forster came to breakfast with me and to consult about the position on Tuesday, when Mr Roebuck is to move in Parliament. There are some indications of a change of face in some quarters, and even of a modification of policy in the treatment of the French proposition. Mr Evarts though that such a resolution if adopted would make a casus belli, and would probably bring on a conflict. I remarked that every violent and intemperate speeches made at a moment of difficulty in our affairs, and preceded by a report of the Alexander case would be apt to hasten that result. Mr Forster did not think the House would be moved in any sudden channel to a violation of the peace. He thought the greater number, though ill disposed enough to us, were in no way prepared to risk a breach. The French proposal would be more likely to alienate than to attract. On the whole he seemed to me a little timid as he always done. Yet I confess that I do not feel very easy at these giving out of projects. That Napoleon has some scheme, I believe. He may hope to entangle a war around the fat person of John Bull. But John, is too sharp in his perception of the natives to this fact, to be deceived by others, into a new attitudes were the Ministry in the majority beyond a doubt I should entertain no doubt of the result. But in reality they depend so much upon opinion that we can only await impatient expectation of what that will be at the moment. They stayed until nearly one. After despatching a little ordinary business I went down to the auction rooms in order to look over a collection of coins to be sold next week. It is mainly composed of rare Greek coins, of the kind which are now most sought after, but in which I do not take so much interest. We had a small company to dinner, consisting of Mr Evarts, Mr Gerard, Mr Bright and Sir George Young. Much to my amusement they sat until nearly midnight at table. Lieutenant Simpson of the United States Ship Macedonian came in with a letter from Captain Luce to notify me of his arrival with a large number of young graduates of the Naval school on a voyage of practice. The Prince of Joinville had called on me in the morning to speak of a son who is on board. As the Vessel is directed to stop in the ports of France he seemed to fear that the Emperor might take exception to his coming under our flag, so he desired to ask me for a note to the Captain to procure a release from service until such time as the vessel might get round to Lisbon. I gave the note although by this time I ought to beware of such missions.
A mild day. As my son Brooks was at home, we made one of our customary visits to the city to attend church. My design was to get to St Dunstan’s in the East. But I missed my way and at last stopped at a small modern church called St Mark’s. The service much as usual. The attendance quite large, being composed for the most part of young people of the middle classes. On my return I discovered that I had got far beyond any former range of the town’s limits. I was close to Shoreditch, and Hoxton and Hackney. Not being sure of my direction I walked along the Hackney road until I came to Behnal Green. Turning thence to the Westward we came to the White chapel road and so came back through the city. All this region was new to me, so that my excursion was not wholly profitless. It is however a dull and dreary part of the town, composed of mean rows of small brick houses and dirty streets. I have no curiosity to see it again. The whole interest in the place seems confined to the limits of the city and of Westminster. There is not much on the Sunny side of the river. When I got home I found Mr Sanford who stopped some time to talk about the state of affairs here. The prospect is certainly pretty dark at present. The disposition of the Emperor is malignant. That of the aristocracy here is worse. At home we are afflicted with an incompetent President, and insufficient military leaders. And yet the people have for two years made brave headway against all these difficulties, and they will yet see their way through them I have a deep settled trust that the Divine providence will bring out great results to the world from this tribulation. I spent the rest of the day in reading the news from home. We are evidently in another critical moment of the war. The rebels have once more put themselves into our hands. Shall we know how to profit of our opportunity, or let it slip again as before? I dare not give a reply. Mr Forbes dined and spent the evening with us.
401 Monday 29th London CFA AM

A fine, summer’s day. At noon I went to the auction room and attended the sale of Greek coins of Mr Ioanoff, the Consul at Smyrna. Not more than a dozen persons were in attendance, but the bidding was spirited and the prices high. Among the number were two gentlemen General Fox and Mr Bunbury, both noted collectors. I bought but little. The main benefit I get from attendance is the familiarity with fine specimens and the ruling valuation. This is however quite capricious, and often depends upon a very nice comparison of the condition of the coin. As an instance Mr Bunbury purchased a fine Lysinachus for £1.15s. A second nearly as good but not quite full to me at sixteen shillings. There was not that difference of value excepting a fancier. There were many false coins which inspired me with caution. I had detected only one of them. One or two brought very high prices. A Demetrius Poliorcetes for a hundred and thirty five pounds. Home at four. In the evening Mrs Adams had her third reception. It was well attended and passed off much more sociably than the last. But Mrs Adams concluded to stop them as there is no likelihood of increased attendance as the season wanes. The americans are however coming over now in rather greater numbers. It was near midnight before they all went.

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401 Tuesday 30th London CFA AM
I went out again to attend the sale today. There was even a smaller number than yesterday.
But the prices were relatively higher. I bought but a single coin, a very fine and rare
tetradrachm of Attalus. On my way home I called to see Mr Morey and the ladies. He looks
wonderfully better. Dined with the Peruvian Minister. Another entertainment given to the Vice
president who is returning to become President in the place of the one elected who has died.
Much the same company as before, with the addition of Sir Edward Cust, who sat next to me
and thus relieved the tedium.402
Warm day. Quite busy at home with visits and accounts. Mr Evarts came in to speak to me about a letter from Mr Seward recommending it to him to remain for some time. He proposed to go home on the 18th, thinking that after the close of the session there would be little to do. I concurred in this view; at the same time expressing my satisfaction at his being here, and suggesting the possibility of his return in the autumn or winter when his aid might again be needed. He seemed to fall in with this suggestion, saying that he had already thought of it. The news from home this day still leaves us in doubt about General Lee’s movements. Incidentally I found in the newspapers an account of a sharp cavalry skirmish in which Charles must have been engaged with his regiment. A list of casualties showed the name of his major but not his own. I thank God he is yet safe, but in reflecting on the perils to which every day must now expose him I confess my heart sank within me. My spirits are weighed down by this constant apprehension, in addition to all anxieties for the public. Courts are now crowding to a result of some kind. My confidence is only shaken by the deficiency in the direction. May God have mercy on us. I dined with Mr and Mrs Charles Turner. A company almost new to me. Sir William and Lady Martins, Mr Mrs and Miss Jackson, Sir Charles and Lady Young, Mr Western and two or three unknown. These people were very courteous to us. Sir William Martin quite profuses for an Englishman. The ladies went to a ball at Lady Goldsmith’s, and i was engaged to a musical party at Mrs Gladstone’s But I felt in no mood to go. The season is dreadfully irksome and becoming more so as we approach its close. I called today to see Mr Perry, who is on the wing for Madrid, and on Judge Pringle, who goes as Judge under the slave trade Treaty to Capetown. Much conversation today on the debate in the commons last evening on Mr Roebuck’s motion. That gentleman succeeded in spoiling his case most completely, as well as in complicating the Emperor at Paris with the Ministry here and the government at home. Yet I doubt not he spoke his true feeling towards us and that of many of his countrymen who are less honest in expressing it.
A number of persons to see me who absorbed a large part of my time in the morning. Mr Latham, senator from California, Mr Hill from Boston with a young man by the name of Wolcott, Dr Canfield from New York and Mr Evarts. Nevertheless I succeeded in preparing my usual supply of Despatches for the week, and in writing a letter or two. We had a company t donner consisting of Mr and Mrs Moffat, Mr and Mrs Pender, Mr and Mrs Bentson, Mr Mrs & Miss Jackson, Mr and Miss Morgan, Mr and Mrs McCalnient, Mr C W. Field. This is in return for civilities paid by the respective parties to us. They left us at about eleven. Mary and Henry accompanied Mrs Bentson to a ball at Madame Scherale’s, but we remained at home.
Thursday 2d.
2 July 1863

Rather a quiet day at home with the exception of a visit to Messrs Baring in the city for the arrangement of my quarterly accounts. The debate on Mr Roebuck’s motion was not continued last evening, but was postponed until Monday week. Thus far it has been of service rather than an injury to us. Now all depends upon the news from home which yet continues of the same dubious character as before. No signs of yielding either at Vicksburg or Port Hudson, whilst General Lee’s offensive movement frightens Pennsylvania and New York. My spirits remain constantly depressed from apprehension for my son. A walk around the regents park towards night. In the evening I went with Henry and Mary to a small reception at Lady Georgiana Fane’s. Her small rooms were more than full. There was an entertainment of glee singing which would have been pleasant, had we been permitted to hear it. But the raising was such that it was hopeless, so we came home before midnight.
403 Saturday 4th London CFA AM
A fine and very quiet day for our national anniversary. No arrangement had been entered into for any celebration this year, the last one having turned out so little satisfactory. I cannot regret it, for it relieves me from the necessity of declining to make any speech, or else of saying something that might commit me. Yet my thoughts turned to my dear native land, and the agony through which it is passing to make good the pledges it gave to the world eighty seven years ago; then to the ill suppressed joy of all the enemies of freedom over the would at what they hope will prove the failure of the great experiment of self government. At times my fears predominate that our people may not prove equal to their great trial. Then again I feel that they have not yet shown any real symptom of failing, and that a little more perseverance with the favor of Divine providence will carry them through in safety. God in his mercy will spare us the punishment we deserve for our offences, and will make this experience a lesson to us to fulfil our duty more fruitfully hereafter. Such are my meditations on this day! A visit from Mr H. W. Brecker, the celebrated clergyman from Brooklyn, New York. Whilst he was with me I received a telegram which proved to be from Mr Seward and in cipher. My emotion was not small whilst Mr Moran was reaching it out. For I naturally concluded it must be either bad or good public or private intelligence. It turned out to be neither—but related to some papers which had been wanted here in the Alexander case, and were just found. Attend the last day of the sale of Ivanoff’s collection. I am rather partial to these occasions as a total diversion of my mind from present affairs. The attendance very much as before. The sale quiet high. I purchased a few, and learned something besides. Home in time to go with Mrs Adams and May to dine with Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Fortescue, Lord and Lady Cainarrow, Lord and Lady Campbell, Mr and Lady Dorothy Nevill, Sir Edward and Lady Denison, Mr and Mrs Talbot, and others—Almost a new company to me, and strangely enough, most of them quite marked sympathizers with the rebels. This is the first time such a thing has happened to me. Sir Stafford himself is a decided friend, so that every thing passed just as if no political feeling existed. The only evidence I had of its existence was the formality of the politeness between us. The dinner was more than usually amusing to me however from the conversation of Lord Fortescue, which was sensible and humour. Home quite late.405

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405 Sunday 5th London CFA AM
Warm and clear. Lady Russell had sent to Mrs Adams an invitation to go to Luncheon at Pembroke lodge at an hour which made it difficult to get there in season without omitting attendance on Divine service. As there had been repeated invitation and changes of day I deemed it on the whole wise to accept, though my habits are so fixed that it is a sacrifice to omit worship. We drove out, that is I and the ladies and found after all that Lady Russell was too ill to see us. His Lordship however received us, and his daughter Lady Georgiana There were many persons there. Lord Frederick Cavendish and Evelyn Ashley, Captain Spele and Mr Grant, made famous here as the discoverers of the source of the Nile. Mr Leister and Miss Ogilby. The rest were not known to me. After luncheon, others came. Charles Howard and his son, Mr Lurther, Baron Brunnow and M d’Azeglio, with others. We walked about the grounds and sat under the trees, it being quite hot enough to make it agreeable. Lord Russell talked a little of Mr Roebuck and his motive but did not seem to have any explanation to make of his peculiar position, that was more satisfactory. He had received Despatches from Lord Lyons, alluding to the panic, but attacking no importance to it. But there was no politics. We returned at five, and at our door met Lord Wensleydale who was just calling upon us. The old gentleman is very clear and bright in his mind. At dinner time the bag arrived, but it brought not much. Quiet evening.
Monday 6th London CFA AM

We received our private letters this morning which are encouraging in their tone. The newspapers likewise give us accounts of the cavalry conflicts which are distressing, and more particularly that they lead to no apparent results. I drew up a note to Lord Russell, and afterwards went with Mrs Adams to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Argyll. We found her only at home—She always talks of America, which is just the subject I like the least. But her disposition is so kind and favorable that it is far more tolerable to do so in her case than in most others. From thence I went to return visits of Mr Griswold at the Grosvenor Hotel and of Mr Kuirney at Morley's. The evening was passed quietly at home. The turmoil of the season is manifestly dying out. God be praised.

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This is really quite warm weather. Though by no means of the kind that we have in America, it seems to relax the system quite as much. I went down today to attend another coin sale which contained an excellent series of Roman Consular and Imperial denarii. The attendance as usual, but the bidding was very spirited. Although I got a considerable number, they were by no means so cheap as those obtained on some former occasions, and I failed in seeming many others, from the height to which they ran. As this is the last for the season, I think on a review I have made a good deal of progress in knowledge by these visits. A great number of very fine specimens as well as rare coins have been examined, so that my relative ideas have been improved. I prefer this practice to that of putting myself at the mercy of the dealers. Got home at five o’clock, to find a telegram from America which was not very encouraging. We had a small company to dinner consisting of Mr and Mrs Latham, Mr Henry Ward Beecher, Dr Raymond, Mr Cobden, Mr Charles Howard and Mr Browning. It was rather pleasant and they stayed until after eleven o’clock. Captain Lace of the Ship Macedonian was invited, but he called to excuse himself, on the ground of necessity for early departure.
406 Wednesday 8th London CFA AM
It was so warm and I was so dull that I concluded to abandon the sale of coins and devote a part of my day to an examination and analysis. As is common with auction with sales I found a mixture of good and dear bargains—the general result not being nearly so satisfactory as the sale in the early party of the season. My spirits are now habitually depressed by the constant anxiety about my son. Today they were uncommonly so by the news of General Lee’s progress and the insufficient preparation made to meet him. The inadequacy of General Hooker to his post fills me with apprehension. The President did indeed take the chances against himself when he removed McClellan. For though he failed in offensive warfare, he was always successful in the defence. I fear that the risks are now against us. The Potomac army has always sunk under the effect of the miserable party conflict at Washington. Would there were a real commander! Towards evening I took a walk and made some purchases. Quiet dinner at home, and afterwards. The duty of society has become so oppressive to me that I am very thankful it is so nearly over. People are leaving London in numbers, and though it is possible Parliament may sit for a month yet, the heat will counteract much continuance of those not absolutely compelled to remain. Mr Dudley came from Liverpool and brought me some deposition respecting Mr Laird’s Iron clad vessel which has been launched.
Continuance of dry, warm weather. Not having so much of Despatch writing to do this week I succeeded in accomplishing the work pretty early. A visit from Mr R J. Walker who is anxious about his son who is with Banks at Port Hudson. The accounts from that point are not favorable. Indeed this week they are hardly so from any where. It is on such occasions that the disposition of this people most crops out. I must admit that at last I have become thoroughly weary with this situation. All hope of streaming this current of inclination is gone. My usefulness can consist only in endeavoring so far as I honorably may to avoid war. Thus far the government has given me ample credit for my services in this particular. It remains now only to take care of the record, and see that it is brought to a close in good shape. I went out to return visits to Messr Beecher, Raymond, Mr and Mrs Latham, and Mrs Bates, but found they had all left town. Quiet evening at home. Finished Mr Forster’s book in the attempt of Charles the first to seize the five members.

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10 July 1863

407 Friday 10th London CFA AM

Warmer than before. This summer bids fair to be both hot and dry. I had less of private writing to do, so that after finishing the customary letters to my sons, I had time to turn my attention to the preparation of a note to Lord Russell on the subject of Mr Laird's vessel of war. This is the greatest event of the series, and must be treated with corresponding seriousness. If the government do not exert themselves now I fear that it will be regarded by America as war in disguise and lead to some measures of retaliation. My responsibility under such circumstances is heavy. Towards evening I took a walk and found the heat slightly oppressive. In the evening I went with Henry and Mary to the opera at Count Garden, to witness the performance of Faust. This piece was originally prepared for the stage in French with music by Gennod. It has been now reconstructed and rendered into Italian for this meridian. The great attraction is in the scenic effects which are extraordinarily fine. The moonlight scene at the close of the third act, and the final one were very striking. But with the exception of a quick dancing air or two it seemed to me either that the music was heavy or that my relish was gone. The acting was very tame. Mephistopheles was dull and Marguerite insipid. Goethe's story is disgusting enough, but it is clothed with the pretrial charm. This is the naked thing in all its deformity. When Marguerita is brought forward visibly pregnant, the affair instead of being sentimental becomes manifestly bathos. On the whole I was glad when it was over. In England I have never yet enjoyed an opera. Perhaps this may be owing to other cause than their want of interest. not a single one of the performers gave me the slightest emotion, unless perhaps tedium. We did not get home until near one o'clock.

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The intelligence from America was rather more encouraging. The most material point is the change of commander. Thus my apprehensions in regard to General Hooker are dissipated. His successor General Meade is only known as a division officer but from the way he begins I augur favorably. The nomination evidently is welcome to the army. The first effect of it has been to put a stop to Lee’s progress. The probabilities are that an action must have followed. The fortune of war is so uncertain that I can only hope this may lead to a good result. I received a long letter from Charles, written down to the day after the action at Aldic. He is as yet safe, thank God. Finished and dispatched my note to Lord Russell. The rest of the family went to Mrs Sturgis’s at Walton, to pass Sunday. I remained quiet and solitary at home.
Continued warm and clear weather. I made another of my expeditions to Church in the City, and this time brought up at St Edward, the King and martyr, and St Nicholas Acon in Lombard Street. It appears that this patron Saint was King of the East Angles and in the year 870, was shot by the Danes at Hoxton, on account of his adherence to the Christian faith. A thousand years have swept away all but the name. The old Church was a victim to the great conflagration, and the new one makes me of the fifty two which were supplied by the inventive genius of Sir Christopher Wren. In many respects it is altogether the simplest edifice of his that I have seen. A plain rectangular room with a gallery across one end. The other at which the altar is placed has behind it a large window of painted glass put in during the reign of Queen Anne, as the inscription says, in memory of the happy union 1707, between Great Britain and Scotland. On each side are smaller windows with the figures of St Peter and St Paul. More light is obtained from a glass central aperture over head. The only ornament is in the curvature of the ceiling which takes off the box-like effect of right angles, and in the fine carving of the dark oaken panel week, pulpit and altar. I much prefer this style to the gothic for social church worship. The services were tame and spiritless. I counted about twenty persons as the whole congregation, and got home nearly as soon as I should have done from the Portland Street Chapel. I ought to note that the last incumbent of this church was the Reverend Thomas Hartwell Howe, whose works on the Scriptures are among the best authorities of modern times. At five o’clock I drove down and took the train to Walton, to join my family at Mrs Sturgis’s. Reached the Station a little before six, and walked up to the House in company with Sir Henry Holland, who had come out only to dine there. The circle was smaller and more quiet than usual. Sir William Alexander and Mr Critchley, two of the habitués, but not the third. Mr and Mrs Sturgis are always cordial and kind. But I cannot pardon him for his utter and total defection from the principles of his New England race in the present struggle. So I cannot feel at home in his house.

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410 Monday 13th London CFA AM
We did not return to town until three o’clock. In the mean time every body scattered from Walton excepting Mrs Sturgis and ourselves. I passed an hour or two in a walk to Oatlands Park where Mr and Mrs Bancroft Davis are passing some time. This place was formerly the residence of the Duke of York, but since his death, has been sold, cut up, and a couple of summer hotels set upon a part. They had gone to London. I took the opportunity to wander over it. The site is flat and uninteresting. And the dry weather has spoil’d the verdure. The Duke and Duchess of York have disappeared and left no trace behind them, excepting perhaps the monuments erected to her favorite dongs, of which she had great numbers. At home, I found not much to do. In the evening a visit from Mr Ehruinger— I went with Henry to a reception at Lord Derby’s. He and Lord Granville spoke to me with great earnestness about news from America. I said I thought we should have none until perhaps Wednesday. In the mean while the grand project of Mr Roebuck has broken down in Parliament. It was withdrawn this evening. Unless the term should favor them in America, we shall hear no more of it this season. I remained only five minutes, and then we went on to a reception at Mrs Senior’s. Both these were light, indicating departure. Home by midnight.
14 July 1863

410 Tuesday 14th London CFA AM

Continued heat. Morning quiet at home despatching ordinary business. At two o’clock I attended a meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody fund at the office of the Board of trade. All present but Mr Morgan. The object was simply to prove the account and examine plans for new edifices on another site at Shadwell which has been agreed upon. I remained only an hour, and then walked home to be in season to join Mrs Adams and the children in a visit to Chiswick. We had been invited there in consequences of our expressing a desire to be presented to the Duchess of Sutherland, though her daughter, the Duchess of Argyll. Great was our surprise to find it a day of reception with appearances of a band and refreshments and games in the grounds. Meeting with Mr Charles Howard he presented us to his sister, the Duchess. She looked younger than I expected, and quite411 good looking for a Howard. She was very gracious and marked in her civility, taking me quite round to see the beauties of the place. She has grace of manner and a friendly mode of receiving which is doubtless the secret of the destruction which attached to Stafford House whilst she presided there. There were perhaps thirty or forty persons, most of them young people connected with the family. I looked over the place, which I saw last year when Lord Granville had his fête there. It had a much better appearance in the sunshine, than formerly in clouds. Still the grass was brown and crisp. We remained until nearly seven when the party broke up. Quiet evening at home.

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Another warm day. I had engaged to meet the Trustees of the Peabody fund at Mr Morgan's rooms in the city at eleven o'clock, for the purpose of visiting the site where the first edifice is in process of construction. So I went by the Metropolitan road so as to get three in exact time. All four, leaving Mr Morgan at home, then took a cab and drove easterly to Commercial Street on which the building is situated. We found the workmen swarming about it, and the construction advanced farther than I had expected. It was not however yet in a condition to judge of its internal convenience. The work seemed solid and the external effect on the whole favorable. From here we went over to another building that was going up in the neighborhood for similar purposes, erected by Jews for their people. This is much smaller—but it impressed me very favorably. The rooms were clear and light, though small—and the provision for heating, ventilation and water was good. I do not know that any improvement is more needed in crowded cities than that of dwellings for the deserving poor. I got back to my house by two o'clock. Remained at home for the rest of the day. We had company to dinner consisting of Lord and Lady Lyreden, the Speaker and Lady Charlotte Denison, Mr and Mrs Forster, Mr and Mrs Griffith, Mr and Miss Senior, Mr Bille and his sister, the Peruvian Minister, Sir Edward Cust and Mr C. P. Villiers. It passed off much as they all do. The parties remained until after eleven o'clock soon after which I retired rather fatigued.
16 July 1863

412 Thursday 16th London CFA AM

The first thing this morning was the news from America. It was important enough as it gave an account of a three days battle between the forces at Gettysburg ended as usual indecisively. But inasmuch as it is necessary for the invading party to win in order to be able to proceed, the fact of his failure is equivalent to defeat. General Meade has thus far verified my anticipation. He has enabled that fine army to do itself justice. As the fighting was excessively severe, and the losses very heavy, I doubt whether the experiment will be repeated, unless it should turn out there is no escape for Lee but a desperate stroke. He must now be heavily encumbered with his wounded On the whole we have great cause for encouragement. The army is sound, and the leader capable. Our amiable friends the British who expected to hear of the capture of Washington are correspondingly disappointed. I was engaged in my usual weekly labour of preparing Despatches. Went out to walk and paid a visit to Mr Dundas, who brought me a letter from America. He was too ill to see me. Mr Evarts also came in. He returns home on Saturday, as likewise do Mr and Mrs Blatchford. We had a small company to dinner. Mr and Mrs Lippincott and their son. Mr Evarts, Mr Ehvinger and Mr Tucker. The first three are from Philadelphia, and are with Mr Dundas.

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Friday 17th London CFA AM

My work was rather light today which was lucky as I was beset by persons coming to see me. Mr and Mrs Blatchford and Mr Evarts who are returning to America by the Steamer tomorrow. Mr Hauteville just out from there. Mr Walker, much elated by the news. Our friends the British persist in thinking it by no means decisive. The tendencies of feeling have never been more sensibly developed than since the announcement of this invasion. It has infected even friendly Americans. Mr Lampson was a full believer that by this time Washington must have been taken. When the other day I exposed the absurdity of it to him, I saw that he was not convinced. This comes from what may be denominated the atmospheric pressure of opinions as generated in England by the London Times. It is difficult even for me to put myself completely above it. For though my reasoning is conclusively establishing the truth, the imagination will conceive of possibilities in war which might bring about the most unexpected results. I took a long and quiet walk. Dined at Madame Schwabe’s. A german woman whose husband made a large fortune at Manchester, on which she now lives handsomely, with her children. The company so far as I knew it consisted of Mr and Mrs Bentson, Sir Francis Goldsmith, Mrs Mobel, Mr and Miss Benham Carter, Mr James, Dr and Madame Gueneau de Mussy. The dinner was rather dull—and we came home before eleven.
413 Saturday, 18th London CFA AM

A sudden change in the weather made me feel chilly and shivery. My arrears of letter writing disposed of, I had several visits from Americans to absorb the rest of the morning. Mr Bayman, Mr Davidson and Mr Bachlan with several more. Then out with the ladies of the family to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. I had been there already twice before, and had little to notice, either new or calculated to change former impressions. From thence a visit or two and a long walk. We had young Mr Hauteville and his bride to dinner today. He has been in the army for more than a year of the war, and has had opportunities of much knowledge of men. Some of his revelations are neither creditable nor pleasant. He thinks very highly of General Banks. After they left us I and my children went to Lady Palmerston’s reception, the last but one of the season. It was well attended. Lord de Grey and Lord Palmerston both spoke to me of America. The former seemed surprised and incredulous when I told him that I considered the invasion as ever. The latter certainly had a better notion of the facts, and contented himself with talking about the Offices. He evidently thought the change of future to be in a measure owing to the selection of an alum of West Point. I reminded him that all the chiefs of the Potomac army had come from the same school, which surprised him. He clearly thought I had made a mistake about Hooker. This is the first time his Lordship has made any advance since our difficulty. I was civil in response and that was all.
When I came down from my dressing room this morning, I found on my table a private telegram which as usual I opened with trepidation. It proved however to be an announcement from Mr Seward that Vicksburg had surrendered on the 4th of this month. Thus has this great object been accomplished, and the control over the Mississippi is practically restored to our hands. For Port Hudson can hardly resist much longer, considering the aid General Grant and Admiral Porter can now contribute to General Banks. The effect of this is to make the original project of the Confederacy impracticable, and to put us in possession of the whole tier of Southwestern Slaveholding States. The combination with which the rebellion began is therefore broken up. We now go into the last stage of the contests with the parts. General Grant's movements have certainly been masterly from the time he landed at Grand Gulf. I did not wait for the general telegram, but went off on one of my expeditions to church in the city. This time I fell into St Michael's, cornhill. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren's erections with the exception of the Tower which is ancient. The interior is very fine, and from late renovation is in admirable order. The light is managed with his usual skill, and that in spite of the observation caused by painted glass windows. There is one round window over the altar, but instead of the usual round ones in the clerestory, they assume a curved form with the monotony of a circle. The shape is regular, with a double row of composite columns to support the roof. No ornament of the pulpit, but the pews are of carved oak. I thought it on the whole the prettiest interior I had yet seen. The attendance was very full. The services much as usual, but I joined in them with an humble, a penitent and a thankful heart for the mercy shown to my countrymen in their hour of need. The sermon on about the customary level. When I got home at half past one, I found the rest of the news which was also important. It appears that immediately after the same battle of the 3d, at Gettysburg, General Lee determined upon a night forced march toward the Potomac. It was in a heavy rain and with troops badly fatigued, whilst in the mean time the Potomac from the effects of the rain rose several feet, so as to make it not fordable. At the last accounts General Meade was in pursuit and possibly there may be another action before he can cross the river. In the mean time large numbers of prisoners and deserters are coming in. It is not too much to expect that by the time Lee gets back to Richmond, he will be shorn of half the array with which he set out. In the present state of the South this cannot be replaced. Thus my prediction is verified that the second invasion is over. I fancy it will not be tried again. Grateful indeed should we be to Divine Providence for the favorable turn this matter has taken. The change of command was a hazardous measure but it has saved the Administration from the effect of its former errors in the appointments subsequent to McClellan. I felt an instinctive impulse in its favor when I first read it. We are yet to see however whether Meade is more than prudent and energetic officer. Thus far he has done well. We had many visitors, most of them highly excited by the news. Mr Walker and Mr
Kinney dined with us. The former was much elated and talkative.

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In due course of time came the bag and the newspapers, with the detail of the severe conflicts at Gettysburg. Perhaps the most curious phenomenon is to be seen in the London newspapers which betray the profound disappointment and mortification of the aristocracy at the result. They persist in disbelieving the fact of the fall of Vicksburg, and especially that it should have happened on the fourth of July. I had many persons to see me and to exchange congratulations. Nothing from Charles to designate how far he is mixed up in the northern campaign. The accounts of the losses among the regiments from Massachusetts are fearful. Went with the ladies to the exhibition of pictures at the British Institution. The thing most worth seeing in London. I then took a walk, stopping at the Palace Hotel to see Mr Field. Quiet evening at home. The season is now pretty much at an end.

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416 Tuesday 21st London CFA AM
The incredulity is yet considerable. It is the strongest proof how deepseated is the passion in the English breast. It was doubtless one of the great purposes of this struggle to place in the clearest and most indisputable prominence the fact of the disposition of the British towards us, so that we should never forget it. The consequences of this in the distant future, it would be hard at this moment to estimate. The course of history will doubtless be much turned by it. I had more persons to visit me. Many Americans are coming over. Mr Joseph Lyman and Reseverd Mr Weiss called today. The former had been charged with the telegraphic communication from Mr Seward. I went out with Mrs Adams to see Church’s picture of the Icebergs. It is very striking, and yet in imagination rather bald. The accessories are well managed, coloring, perspective, composition very superior, but failing of permanent interest from its unavoidable monotony and absence of life. In the evening with Henry and Mary to Her Majesty’s Theatre to witness the performance of Wieland’s Oberon. The music rich, varied and charming. The scenic effect good. The acting indifferent, though the cast was strong. There was a hitch throughout which indicated either imperfect rehearsing, or the viability of some of the full execution of their parts. The Orchestra was excellent. The attendance very full for so late a period in the season. The plot of the piece founded on Wieland’s poem but devoid of all its merits. No opera is fortified by words.

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22 July 1863

416 Wednesday 22d. London CFA AM
A heavy shower rather resembling those in America. My day very quiet, having only visits from various persons, among whom was Count Giorgi, who is going out to America to take the place of the Chevalier Hulseman, as Austrian minister. He seems intelligent and well disposed. The effort to discredit the news of Vicksburgh continues just as earnestly as if it could be changed in saying so. The English are almost up to the pitch of yielding active aid if necessary. Luckily, the aspect of affairs on the Continent is so threatening that the government is disposed to act with much prudence and self-restraint as to embroiling us. I took a walk with Brooks who has come home for the vacation. In the evening we had quiet at home. I read part of Mrs Kemble’s account of her residence on a plantation in Georgia. The fashion here is to decry it as not being proper. The reason is that it tells unwelcome truth. We received a later telegram from America, very wordy, but containing little substance.

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417 Thursday 24th London CFA AM

Had a visit from Mr Cobden who talked of the outfit making of the armed vessel, and asked my opinion of the expediency of drawing out the Ministry before the close of Parliament. I gave much the same reply that I did to Mr Forster when he made the attempt that ended so ill. If he could get nothing more satisfactory, if would be better to go without any thing. I tried to impress upon him the very grave nature of this case, and my conviction that it would end in war sooner or later, unless events should help us out of our difficulties in season. Mr Cobden is really in earnest in his efforts, but the drift is too much for him. I was at work on my Despatches which were not heavy. Indeed the actual business of the Legation has declined of late. I took a walk as far as Wood’s Hotel, Furnival’s Inn, to return the visits of Messrs Lyman and Weiss. Found the former suffering a little from gout. Dined with Mr and Mrs Tinker, American resident here. The company small Mr and Mrs Harriman, Mrs Leslie, the Widow of the Artist, Mr Gooch, Mrs Muse, Mrs Adams and myself. Like all other American women in London, Mrs Tinker finds it impossible to transplant herself in this congenial soil. I listened to her complaint and fully sympathized in her sorrows. I know not what would tempt me to stay an hour after my duty shall cease to demand it.

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Quiet day employed in writing my private letters home. No visits excepting one from Mr Bancroft Davis. The incredulity about Vicksburg is still persisted in, although the Times of this morning admits an extraordinary communication from Richmond dated on the 15th of June, which reports entire despair of saving it even at that date. It also mentions what I had heard of here from a Southern source already, a decided disagreement between Jefferson Davis and his generals. Considering the over bearing and dictatorial character of the man, this is natural. The debate in the commons came off just as I anticipated. Lord Palmerston only showed the same aggravating spirit which has marked him throughout the struggle. Mr Cobden gained nothing by his motion. The iron clads may go out and a war may ensue for all the first Minister with one leg in the grave cares. I incline to think it might be well for the lives of thousands if the other leg went in shortly too. Of all the public men who have appeared in my day Lord Palmerston seems the least satisfactory. With a certain sort of talent, he wants breadth, elevation and heart. He has logic enough to be ready at retort, but not enough for a comprehensive argument. He plays the part of mountebank and juggler, with the House of Commons for his arena. Nothing can be more unjust, and falsified than his reply last night as it relates to America, but if it serves his turn at the moment, the truth is of little account. He has gained the point, the cheers of the members. Such is England’s first minister in 1863! Quiet evening at home. Brooks left us to spend a week at Walton.
418 Sunday 26th London CFA AM

A rainy day. I had little holiday, for the accumulated letters of the week were to be answered—and the American newspapers giving the details of events during the important period just passed. I was absorbed in them for several hours. The extracts from the Richmond newspapers exulting in fancied triumphs and apparently yet quite unapprised of the facts, are deeply exciting. When the last prop of their castle of cards falls, their sensation may be imagined. I went with my wife and daughter to Fulham to dine with the Bishop of London. The weather was so bad, no opportunity was found to look over the pretty grounds, which we saw two years ago. The company was large. I know only Count Lavadio, Dean Milman and Mrs Milman, Miss Coults and her lady companion. Lord and Lady Leven we made the acquaintance of. The only curious incident was that Mrs Tait asked me if it were really true that Vicksburg was taken. When I replied that there could be no doubt of it. She looked puzzled and said, Well, it might be, as she had not seen the Times of this morning. Here is an illustration of the peculiar influence of that paper, which merely by a capricious will can make people doubt the most indisputable evidence. We got home too late to go to Lady Palmerston’s last reception.

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419 Sunday 26th London CFA AM
The telegraph brought us today the news of the Surrender of Port Hudson and of a variety of other successes which had again reduced the price of gold. The only offset to this favorable news is to be found in the details of a fearful not in the city, of New York stimulated by Fernando Wood, and the associate of the Slaveholding part, who have taken the opportunity of the conscription to attempt a division in their favor. I trust that we have made sufficient progress to render this attempt futile. The western country and New England will render abortive all the false hearted intrigues of the middle States. There is a singular parallel in this record with that of the revolutionary history on this point. I went to the city to church, making my way so far as to St Dunstan’s in the East. I had not taken my seat before I discovered that the interior showed no signs of the hand of Sir Christopher Wren. It is a new erection in the simplest quasi Gothic, with large painted glass windows over the altar and clerestory windows that gives light but no great ornament. It is a neat interior but has no architectural beauty. What Sir Christopher Wren did build is the tower and spine which is curious and striking. It looks slight from the slender supports in which the latter appears to rest, but the effect is elegance. It is singular that in this case the relative share of the architect is directly the reverse of that in St Michaels where I went last Sunday. Here it is the tower only, there only the body of the edifice. The services as usual. The Clergyman preached a discourse in a very liberal spirit apropos to an earnest appeal for assistance to an Episcopal church & school in land 420 Canada. It was rather curious to observe the different tones which a Churchman who has been long upholding his sect against a Catholic community, and that which the same person assumes at home. On the whole the sect has become far less bigoted than formerly, but there is even now much room for improvement. As the day was fine I walked with Mary to the zoological gardens which I have not visited for some time. I found that in the interval the Lion’s whelp and the great Boa Constrictor had died. The mortality among the creatures must be considerable as I constantly observe cages vacated. The large animals however seem to survive in good condition. We had some visits from Americans—and a quiet evening. I read a good deal of Mrs Kemble’s book. It gives a shocking picture of slaveholding on an absentee’s plantation in Georgia. That the people who have carried this dreadful system on in the face of the world, defying all remonstrance and glorying in their shame have now a terrible retribution hanging over them is clear. I trust that they may yet be wise in time to break at least a share of its severity.

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27 July 1863

420 Monday 27th London CFA AM
Owing probably to the uneasiness respecting the riot at New York I did not get any bag of Despatches. Mr Seward contented himself with transmitting through the Agent at New York a telegraphic message announcing the various items of good news. I got however through the mail a letter from my son John, and still more a pencil note from Charles of the 6th of July from Gettysburg. He had not been in the action, and was at the time on duty as provost marshal. As General Lee has fairly given them the slip I scarcely know what will be done next. I trust he may remain in that healthy country, but fear it would be too good luck. The only papers I received were a file of the Times. The effect was to magnify any ideas of our success. We must have now at least sixty thousand prisoners, besides the entire command of the Mississippi. What more can the exhausted confederacy do? The London Times condescends to admit this morning that Vicksburg is taken. Its tone like that of the other Journals is depressed. The whole English public remains as far a calamity. Thus it is that the utter hollowness of the former indignation against America for upholding slavery is completely exposed. The motives for that censure as for the present emotion are jealousy, fear and hatred. It is impossible for me to express the contempt I feel for a nation which exhibits itself to the world and to posterity in this guise. It is a complete forfeiture of the old reputation for manliness and honesty. I had a very quiet day. Walk towards evening. Henry and Mary went to spend two or three days. In the evening I finished Mrs Kemble’s book, and nearly got through Mr Forster’s Essay on the Grand Remonstrance. A good correction of the sophistry of Clarendon.

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421 Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
I went to the city this morning in quest of money, and found at Messr Barings a prevailing
rumor of further success in America, which the news when it did come, scarcely sustained.
The only indication of any cause for it was a farther decline in the price of gold which has
reached twenty three per cent. There was a great panic in the market here, in the Rebel loan,
and it fell to eighteen or twenty per cent discount. All these things are symptoms. The people
here are waking from their dream. I returned home and busied myself making up my Quarterly
account for myself and the Legation. A long walk and after it I went to dine with Mr Sanz, the
Peruvian Minister. The company much the same as before. Baron Blanc, Chargé d’Affaires in
the absence Count Kilmanegge a Mr Gibbs who sat next to me, and Mr Sampson the money
writer for the Times wore the new ones. Mr Sanz said the occasion was the anniversary of the
National Independence of Peru. He has left his house, and is now living at the Palace Hotel at
Buckingham gate. He has been exceedingly courteous to me ever since his residence here.
But I notice that he has none of the representatives of the other South American States, unless
it be Mr Guttierez. Perhaps there are few of them here. I took my leave soon after two o’clock.
The telegrams kept coming in, but without material news.422
29 July 1863

422 Wednesday 29th London CFA AM
Not much to do today, so that I occupied myself first in writing a long letter to Mr Dana, and afterwards in returning a number of visits which I owed. I called also on Count Vizthum, the saxon minister, to make an enquiry in consequence of directions from Mr Seward to investigate a singular case of a consular application to the rebel government to grant an Exequatur to Saxe Coburg in Texas. The Count was not in, so I promised to come again if he would fix an hour. I also spent half an hour in looking at some pictures of the French gallery. They were only the remnants and I did not like them. In the evening I went with Mrs Adams to the reception of the Royal Academy at the close of their Exhibition. Quite a large company among whom I found several acquaintances. The pictures, many of them gained by the effect of gas light. Home at eleven.
422 Thursday 30th London CFA AM
No bag having come there was not much material for Despatches so that my labours were not so great as common. Soon after two o’clock I drove once more to Count Vitzthum’s and found him at home. I asked him if he represented Saxe Coburg in any way, and he promptly replied in the negative. I then asked him if he could tell me who did, in London. He said he though Count Bernstorf might. He was not in turn just now, but I could apply to Mr Katto his Secretary. I drove immediately to the Prussian Embassy and found Mr Katto. On my asking him the same questions, he gave the same answer to the first, and to the second, he named Count Vizthum. Thus it is plain that there is nobody here to take care of this Duchy, which governs a population not so large as our little state of Rhode Island. I returned home and wrote a Despatch to Mr Seward informing him of the vanity of my labors. Towards evening, a solitary walk to Primrose hill. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs Brown Sequard, Mr Lyman and the Revd Mr Weiss. The two latter come to bring out some biographical work, in connection with Mr Theodore Parker. A gentleman called at dinner time, to tell me that he had the care of a Despatch bag, which failed to come on Sunday.423

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423 Friday 31st London CFA AM
The missing bag reached me in the course of the morning, and brought with it a number of Despatches which required immediate attention, as I proposed to go with my family in their excursion, if I could dispose of them at once. This and the usual private letters absorbed all day. As our trip is to be a continuous ones, I also busied myself in finishing up answers to letters here, and the settlement of accounts. On the whole, this left me little leisure until late in the night. Called and took leave of G May.
Not feeling quite easy at leaving on the day I might expect a new bag, I decided upon going without my son Henry, who might stay over Sunday and join us next week, after getting the Despatches. By this arrangement I started at ten o’clock in company with Mrs Adams and the children Mary and Brooks, on a trip to Scotland. In this month of August of each year I have allowed myself a short period of relaxation after the fatigue and anxiety of the Parliamentary season. This year the burdens of society and the critical condition of the war, with my son’s exposure in it had combined to harass both my wife and myself that I felt we stood in need of the change more than ever. It was likewise a consideration that as my term approaches its natural end, it may be that if I do not seize the opportunity visit Scotland, I never shall. So I determined to devote the month to it. This day was spent in travelling on the Great Northern Railway without incident to York, and thence to Scarboro, on the eastern coast. This is a fashionable watering place situated on a high bluff forming a semi circle around a pretty bay. The wind was east, and it was so cool as not to appear very inviting. We found ourselves in comfortable apartments at the Crown Hotel. As the Railway trip had been slow and dusty, I went with Brooks to try for a salt water bath. We found nothing practicable except a warm bath, a thing which I took, faute de mieux. In order to accomplish this we were obliged to take a walk that embraced a good deal of the town. But it was so cold in the evening we did not venture on the public parade.
It was clear and very cool when I sallied out once more with Brooks to try our fortune for a cold seabath. The result found that on Sunday no bath of any public kind is provided for. Ablution is not among religious rites in England, if it be elsewhere. After a long stroll we came back as we went. After breakfast, we went on an expedition of another kind. This was to attend Divine service at the old Church of St Mary’s, not far from the castle, or rather what remains of it. The crowd was so considerable that I succeeded in gaining seats only by a few to the urger. The interior has been rebuilt as far as possible retaining what was left from the violence of the civil wars in Charles’s time. This consisted of a part of the wave, with a number of the old Roman short columns. The effect of the whole, with its dense mass of well dressed worshippers was much more cheerful than in common in the midst of cold and damp store walls. The service much as usual. The exception was that one of the choristers was taken out in a fit. There was chanting as in a chapel or cathedral. When the service was over we walked up to the castle. Nothing remains of the old nook but the outer wall, and parts of one or two towers. It is however occupied by a part of a regiment of infantry who live in barracks of brick of modern work. The site is high and commanding. Like most of the old strong holds of feudalism, it was crushed in the uprising of Puritanism against old abuses in church and state. In the afternoon we all walked to the beach, which is hard sand daily washed by the tide. There were many people out, and the scene and pretty, though the air was scarcely general. Evening quietly at home. I read some of Mr Senior’s book of biographies.
424 Monday 3d. Scarborough CFA AM
In the course of the night the temperature had suddenly changed with the wind, so that the day was positively warm. Again I went with Brooks to the beach, and now we found the competition for the carts active enough. The process continued until quite into the afternoon. The women go out in dresses, but the men are naked. They are not very far apart, but yet there is decency and propriety observed among all who keep well to themselves. The water is good, but so cold that I could not stay more than two or three minutes. There was little surf, as it was calm. After breakfast we all went down to the spa, where was a band of music and a gay crowd. This is the most of a public watering place that I have seen in England. I strolled along the smooth beach, very different from Eastborne, to Conchain bay, almost two miles. The fancy is to go pebble hunting as some agates and carnelians have been picked up. It is amusing to see the quantities of people armed with little wooden shovels and small buckets, in quest of these stones. The whole lent of the walk under the cliff is picturesque. But we found neither agates nor carnelians. The fine exercise was our best gain. We got back in season to escape drenching in a thunder shower. After it was over, all the party took a long drive in the vicinity, through Ayton and Hackness. It is rural and picturesque. In the evening with Mary to the Spa—a crowd of persons assembled around a band of music which played popular ones for two hours. Such is Scarborough in July and August, the favorite resort of the well to do people of the middling classes in Yorkshire. I found not a single person of my acquaintance among the mass. But I was amused with the spectacle, as I always am when myself unknown in the midst of it. Returned to our lodgings rather fatigued by my several adventures of the day.

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In the midst of heavy rain I went with Brooks to take our last seabath at this place. There was no press, so that we had it pretty much to ourselves. The surf was a little heavier, and the cold rather less. After breakfast we set off by railway to York where we met with Henry just come from London with my Despatches and other letters as the rain held up we took advantage of the interval before the departure of the next train to go and view the much famed minister. The most marked characteristic of this edifice consists in its elegance of windows, and the free use made of the boldest printed arches. The exterior is imposing, but not to me more than the font of Peterborough or Wells. I should say the chief skill displayed is in the management of light, which at once gives relief to the ornamental tracery visible every where. The Chapter House is remarkable as dispensing with the supporting column in the centre commonly used in other cases. It is a great experiment, but in order to gain it much increased must be giving to the flying buttresses, on the outside. There are many monuments of archbishops, but none of much interested. They are not defaced so much as common. This was owing to the care of Sir Thomas Fairfax whose influence checked the puritan hostility. York is famous as the scene of many of the events in that great struggle. The field of Marston Moor is close by. We went from here to look at the remains of St Leonard’s Hospital and of St Mary’s Abbey. I also followed the course of the old Roman wall as far as Micklegate bar, a curious specimen of old feudal days. Who is there that is not glad to be rid of them; and yet the remnants interest us as pieces of a different world. Having thus improved our time we took the railway train to Durham which we reached in season to visit its cathedral. Its position is decidedly fine. It looms up fine and bold above the town that lies packed along the sides of ravine made by the river. The interior is equally peculiar and imposing. The nave lies between rows of heavy Norman arches formed of columns short and thick only two of which are alike. The effect is massiveness. At the end is a singular excrescence called the Galilee, the only thing of the kind I have yet met with. The windows are fine, especially that of the five sisters—but in this there is no comparison with York. There are fine cloisters. Here was the final resting place of Mr Cuthbert, whose remains travelled so far and wide before they got to it. Here lie the bones of venerable Bede. These names bring us well back into the middle ages, and all the surroundings go to make us feel it. Here was a shrine erect to Cuthbert, where people worshipped almost as if he were himself the Deity. Such was the faith of which this great edifice constitutes a durable monument. After examining this, we next turned our attention to the college, which occupies a position nearly as commanding as the cathedral. I tis now a place of education with about sixty students. The rooms are old and quaint, with some curious carved panels and some portraits of interest. The kitchen and refectory are edifying. Having thus examined these interesting relics we returned to the Country Inn, where we dined and lodged.
Up a little before breakfast to make a survey of the town. It is a cathedral town like Wells, but seems less stagnant. In the square was a statue of Neptune or a Triton indicative of a fountain or well, and an equestrian figure in bronze to represent the late Londonderry as a cavalry officer. It struck me as very heavy. After this we took our leave of Durham, and made our way along the east coast to Berwick and then to Edinburgh. The country is pretty but in no way remarkable. Some of the points passed recalled several of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, and one of the fight of Preston pans. At Edinburgh we found a little difficulty for rooms, in consequence of the expected arrival of the Prince of Wales tomorrow. At last we got indifferent ones at Ramplin’s, the place where we I stopped when here before. We had only time to go up to the Calton hill and look at the view. It was marked by the same characteristic of smoky indistinctness that I observed in my former visit. After dinner, observing there was a theatre in the rear of the house, I went in with Brooks. The attendance was thing and the little farces very ordinary. I left before the third began.
The morning was lovely. I was up early and went out to hunt for a bath. After a long walk I found a very good swimming bath, which I enjoyed almost alone. The arrangement better than any I have ever seen of this kind. Mrs Adams was quite unwell all night, and so much dissatisfied with the accommodations that we decided to change our quarters to the Caledonian. In the mean time I went with the children to see the castle, which occupies so imposing a point in the landscape of the place. Here were shown to us the Regalia of the old Kingdom which are not much. What was of more interest was the little closet rather than a room in which Mary was confined, and bore James the first of England. Her suite seems to have consisted only of this little room and one a little more ample. She had retired to his place from Holy rood for greater security, and in this respect she was doubtless wise; but a more gloomy seclusion could scarcely have been chosen to usher into the world the new successor to a fated race. I can remember in history no example of a royal family which has for so many generations been marked with misfortune. The Greek traditions only furnish something like it. Mary seemed to carry the curse with her all her life for destruction attended almost every one she trucked. Her first, second and third husbands, her secretary, and most of her advisers punished before she was herself brought to the block. And this was royalty, to bring forth a child in a closet lighted by a single narrow window, looking far more like a prison than a palace. With such associations in his mind, I cannot wonder that James should have rejoiced in his transfer southward. There is nothing else worth seeing but the view. In the court a regiment of Highlander was under drill, many of them fine looking, tall men. In the afternoon, Mrs Adams being still unwell so that she could not go out, we took a carriage to visit the palace of Holy rood. Here are shown the chambers of Mary in which David Rizzio was murdered, and these of her husband underneath. Indeed the stains of the blood shed three hundred years ago are alleged to be visible on that floor. Here again the scene is a closet hardly large enough to hold the number of persons alleged to have been present and witnesses. The barbarous and brutal nature of the whole affair is illustrative of the manners and habits of the day. That the murder was actually committed I have no doubt—but as to the details so minutely described of time and of all the indelible stains, my faith is weak. The ruins of the Holy Chapel are interesting as they show greater advancement in this art than in most others at the early period assigned for its construction. The rest of the palace is modern and is not shown. From here we drove around Arthur’s seat and Salisbury crags, returning by way of the Canongate. This is the old town, and it has a character about it which is not found in London, or elsewhere in England. The enormous height of the buildings, and the numerous inlets packed with human beings, and called closes plainly mark a state of society in which the strong hand was the chief source of law. Over all this neighborhood glooms the castle, of feudal times. In the midst of the miseries brought on in my own country by the hand of violence, I yet thank my stars that I was
not an actor in those days. We got home to find Mrs Adams better, and enjoyed a quiet evening.

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The weather was less promising today. We had fixed upon it for an excursion to Melrose Abbey and Abottsford, so that we did not choose to retreat. Accordingly we all went but Henry who been formerly. The railway carriage brought us about forty miles to Melrose, where we took a carriage for Abbotsford, four miles, stopping on the way to see the Ruins of the Abbey. They much exceeded my expectation both in regard to completeness and to the preservation of the details. In substance, all these old Abbeys are much alike. But there is a difference in the elegance of the details. I have nowhere in England seen such exquisite tracery. The stone itself seems of much better quality, in many parts showing little or no change by wear. The photograph shows but one side, and not the most graceful. After half an hour passed here we went on to Abbotsford, the house Sir Walter Scott fashioned for himself in the days when his literary success had turned his head. He paid dearly for the folly in his last years, and he leaves the place during the season of sight seeing. I have no admiration for Scott. He was a Tory in politics, and falsified all the history that he touched— He magnified a past age for merits which it did not possess, and infected youth with the spirit of admiration for persons who are not deserving of it. Yet he has done for Scotland what Homer did for the plains of Troy. He has invested it with a practical and romantic charm which actually belong neither to the country nor to the people. His Highland heroes were actually a set of cruel, barbarous, and thievish adventurers, dirty in their habits and vulgar in manners. Yet he has made Scotland what it never was before his time a spot for pilgrims to visit in search of the many spots to which his pen has given a mystic charm. This house is his monument which multitudes from all lands, flock to view every year. Every thing is left pretty much as it was at his death. It has become a museum rather than a residence. We saw his books, the presents made him in his lifetime, his curiosities, and even his last clothes, and then took our leave. Another drive of five miles took us to Dryborough in the ruins of which Abbey he was buried. This is evidently the remnant of a much larger establishment than Melrose. I was less struck with it, and the visible approach of rain made me anxious to get away. Neither was my fear illfounded. For the drops began to fall before we could cross the steam on the other side of which we had left the carriage, and it continued to drive hard until we reached the first railway station at Newton. It then cleared and we returned without further incident to a late dinner at home.

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Friday 7th
7 August 1863

Sunday 9th
9 August 1863

430 Saturday 8th Stirling CFA AM

Edinburgh is by all odds the most imposing city in this kingdom It has many things dicerning of observation which a traveller might spend some days upon. But as my time is necessarily limited, we determined on learning it today. The Prince of Wales had gone through yesterday much to the distress of myriads of the people whose attentions to him had been materially abridged by the rain. After breakfast Mrs Adams went with the children to see Holy rood, which she missed on Thursday, and then we took the Railway train to Sterling. A brief stay to visit the castle, another grand and imposing position. The only historical incident assassinated with it is a cold blooded murder committed by James the second upon Douglas, in gross violation of a safe conduct he had himself given him to secure an interview. It is in pleasant little episodes like these that Scottish history abounds After visiting the room where the crime was committed, we went out to see the more cheering sight of the country around, from the battlements. Within sight is the field of Bannockburn which has turned rather a poor creature into a hero. Robert Bruce is one of the idols of Scotland. Bruce was in some qualified sense a hero in his later and best days; when he vindicated the cause of Scotland against English usurpation. But his age was barbarous, and his notions of political morality partook of the time in which he lived. After some waiting, a train of carriages came and took us over to Callander the terminus of the rail, from which an omnibus transported us five miles farther to the Trosachs. This drive opens to the Highlands, and its numerous sheets of water. Here is the country made familiar to all readers of the Lady of the Lake. Lochs venachar and Achray, and the mountain Ben venue. Here we fall into the great stream of Tourist travel at this season. Fortunately we had engaged our rooms, so that we found ourselves comfortably housed in the Hotel, whilst numbers were turned away or fared the best they could.

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I read over Scott’s poem to refresh my memory. It is a charming fiction the scene of which is happily selected in this wilderness. It has opened the country to the Tourist. In the morning I walked on a good road for a mile and a quarter to the Loch Katrine. The centre of the picture is Ben Venue, a old assemblage of round headed elevations clothed with deep green color, and imposing from every point of view. Without being very high, the irregularity of the surface interspersed with water makes a pretty and picturesque country bordering on grandeur. Returned in season to attend Divine service at a very small church a short distance from the Hotel. The attendance was good, though largely composed of the tourist visitors. The service was the simple one of the Scotch as well as our Puritan church. The preacher was young, and his discourse was plain and practical. He announced that at six o’clock he should conduct the series at a designated place in Gaelic. This is generally spoken in the Highland even after more than two centuries of English rule. Such is the tenacity of national habit. After service we tried a walk in the woods and around Loch Achray, which fronts the Hotel, bu the flies and little midges were intolerable and drove us home. At four o’clock we followed the Sunday practice here of dinint at the ordinary, which gave us the opportunity to see the other inmates of the House. They looked like respectable citizens of Glasgow or Edinburg or Manchester on an excursion with their children. I found nothing inviting to closer acquaintance.
432 Monday 10th Glasgow CFA AM
I called Brooks at an early hour and we went and took a bath in the waters of Loch Achray. They are rather cold but clear and bracing. After breakfast we left this point for Loch Katrine there to take a Steamer to Inversnaid. It began to rain and when it held up, to blow with some fury. This, I am told, is better luck than average. However picturesque a place may be, this attendant of bad weather spoils the enjoyment. We saw the place which Scott selects for the retreat of Ellen and her father, Douglas. It is called Ellen’s Isle and will do for a fiction. Then we passed around the other side of Ben venue, which is the striking thing of all. There is another prominence called Ben An, but it looked more commonplace. arrived at Inversnaid there was a rush for the seats in the vehicles to take us five miles to Loch Lowend. The consequence was that all were taken before we got there. As I was not disposed to enter into any struggle I waited quietly for the Innkeeper to devise a plan of conveyance. He did so by accommodating us in two dog carts, and leaving the servants to come in the next trip. The horses were good and we enjoyed the drive better than if in a crowd. At the other end which rejoiced in a deeply guttural name we embarked in a steamer on Loch Lowend to pass to Balloch at the Souther extreme. This scenery is much praised, and like all such things it falls below the expectation. Ben Lowend was in a cloud and resolutely declined to show himself. Moreover the wind was high so that there was not much comfort. I like Lake George better, or Lake Champlain. At Ballock we took the train to Glasgow, and established ourselves comfortably at the Queen’s Hotel. The news of a telegram to me from London startled me at first, but it turned not only an assurance from Mr Moran that there was nothing. I sallied out at once with the children to see the Cathedral. It is an imposing edifice, but much less ornamented inside or out than usual. The effect of the nave and choir thrown into one is fine. There are crypts far more spacious and striking than any I have yet seen. It has been thoroughly restored, and it now serves for the use of the Scotch Church. There is a good chapter House, but no cloisters. In the evening I strolled with Brooks into the main thoroughfares. They were filled with common looking people standing about. Glasgow is a great hive of industry. The operations however look needy and shabby. It is a very thriving place, but I should not care to dwell in it.

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433 Tuesday 11th Invergarry CFA AM
We were up and off betimes to the Steamer. Iona which carried us down the Clyde and then along the west coast of Scotland winding in and around the islands which keep off the wash of the sea. There was a crowd, and it blew hard, but we were told that this was a favorable thing, for it promised clear weather. We met on board Mr and Mrs Cardwell and Mr Law who became companions for the day. The coast and islands are very pretty. At Ardishaig we parted with some of the company but there were enough left. Here is the Crinan canal which avoids an outer passage. It is about eight or nine miles long. As the single boat dragged by horses appeared uncomfortably full, Mr Cardwell, Mr Law and I agreed to walk the distance. We had scarcely gone a mile when the boat passed us. Mr Law then suggested the idea that with three horses on a trot it might leave us behind. Mr Cardwell pleaded the delay of several lochs, but Law was incredulous. The two very soon took the lead of me. Then began a spectacle on the tow path of the canal which greatly amused me. The point was to over take the brat whilst at the lochs four miles from the starting point. Mr Cardwell soon broke in a steady run. Mr Law came next on a high trot with arms going and coat pockets behind sharply agitated. Next followed I at a respectable distance at a rate of four miles the hour, and lastly came a gamekeeper with three dogs in leash, who soon fell away behind. As the land was flat and every one was distinctly visible, the scene much resembled a race ground with four competitors. As I neared the loch Mr Cardwell came back to announce the uselessness of the effort. There were five more lochs to pass which would take an hour and a half of delay. Though much used to walking now, I should not have cared to finish the task at the same rate. As it was we went on leisurely and together, arriving at the Steamer on the other side five or ten minutes in advance. Here we went for a time into more open water but the wind was not in the direction to make it rough. We passed along the Sound of Mull from Oban stopping at various points to land parties to Tourists. As we went the highlands of Glenere opened out to us, looking gloomy at the act which is associated with the name. You can scarcely move in Scotland without stumbling over the memory of a massacre or a murder. It was very dark before we got to Bannavie. Then came a scramble for the coaches and for lodgings at the Hotel. The nimbleness of my son Henry effected the last point for us, but it was a very tight fit every way.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
434 Wednesday 12th Invergarry CFA AM
Up early with alight breakfast to be off in a small Steamer which passes up the Caledonain canal. We yet had our acquaintances with us, bound for the Isle of Shye. Ben Nevis one of the highest mountains in Scotland was directly in front us, with traces of snow still visible in the hollows. This canal is made simply by an artificial connection of several lochs extending in one line as far as Inverness. We had to continue only so far as Laggan Lochs, where we found Miss Lampson and Mr Peabody waiting to receive us. A drive of four miles brought us to Invergarry, the place which they occupy and to which they invited us. I ought to mention that Henry and Brooks left us at Bannavie to try their fortune in a visit to Skye. I found many letters awaiting me which it took some time to read. But the news, I was thankful, was good. After a good breakfast, Mr Lampson took us a drive to see the falls of the Garry. The country is highly picturesque. The house is situated in the valley made by the loch. On one side of it a brawling mountain stream pours its waters into the loch. Some distance to the right is a finely outlined mountain called Ben Teeth. There is hill and vale, wood, heather and water every where. The Garry falls are pretty and bold with rather a large volume of water for these regions. At dinner we met our company. Mr Alex Duncan, Sir Adam Hay and Mr Somerby. Mr Lampson who had been out shooting was there of course. This is the first day of grouse shooting. The success had been good but not great. In the evening, there was a whist table. I was much urged to play, but begged off on account of my fatigue and drowsiness. Glad to get to bed.

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435 Thursday 13th Invergarry CFA AM
A superb day, clear and cool. I spent the morning in writing letters to my sons. I desire never to miss a week, as they, and more particularly Charles is in my mind all the time. After luncheon, Mr Peabody invited me to join him on the water to fish. The object assigned was to catch Salmon. Two men rowed the boat at a steady rate, and we sat in the stern with three rods between us laid down with the lines trolling. No salmon would come. It was nevertheless pleasant to bask in the sun, and look at the lights and shadows on the distant mountain as well as the gorge nearer by. Presently I caught a trout and a couple of pike of perhaps four pounds each. They exercised me at my reel, a practice long since abandoned. Mr Peabody seemed far more interested in my success than I was myself. We got home late— But dinner waits for sportsmen, as they all are here. Mr Duncan had come in early with a slight injury to his hand. Evening, Whist into which I was obliged to go. These people all play with eagerness and skill. It looks like a business. I also like good playing but without labor. We broke up at about midnight.

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436 Friday 14th Invergarry CFA AM
Variable and sultry. Mr Peabody gave me some American papers to read. Then a visit from Mr Edward Ellice and his sister. Mrs Finch, who came to invite us over to Glen Quoich. Mrs Lampson had luncheon al fresco. Mr Ellice talked as fast as ever, occasionally running full bult into American affairs. I keep profound silence and he goes off on something else. If I visit him, one thing must be guarded against, and that is, any collision like that which took place at his own house before. He lingered long, talking all the time. After he had gone Mrs Lampson drove Mrs Adams and myself about six miles in the direction of another fall. Here I got out of the carriage and they left me. I followed the road to a bridge, but the view disappointed me. I then walked home about seven miles, in a light rain. The sportsmen had not drove much. They try for deer but without success. In the evening there was Whist as usual. I played for a while, and then gave my place to Mr Duncan.
436 Saturday 15th Glen Quoich CFA AM
Sir Adam Hay is a very well bred man. His son is married to Mr Duncan’s daughter, with whom I dined during the season. Mr Duncan is a Scotchman who went young to America and married an heiress, since when he has been gradually drawing back home again. All the gentlemen are sportsmen, in the season. They live for nothing else. I could scarcely put up with such a life. Yet it is the English habit, therefore every English gentleman feels bound to follow suit. We stacked early to go to Glen Quoich. At an intermediate house of his at Ardechy, Mr Ellice and Mrs Finch received and took charge of us. The site is pretty, on a height directly facing Loch Garry. Here we had a very nice luncheon served, but it came on to rain. As a consequence the rest of the way to Glen Quoich we had a driving rain in front, which wet Mrs Adams who was in a barouche with Mr Ellice, much more than it did us who retrained the covered carriage. Of course the opportunity to enjoy the scenery was lost. We had nothing left but to prepare for dinner and to meet the other guests. These proved to be Lady Wharnecliffe and her daughter, Miss Benverie, Lady Harriet Sinclair, and a clergyman by the name of Moore. Mr Somerby also came with us. Adding to these, Mr Ellice, his son and his Wife with her sister, Miss Rose Balfour, it made fourteen at table. In the evening we had a little music and conversation, but no resort to Whist.
The barometer gave indications which proved accurate of rain and mist, notwithstanding the sun shone when I awoke. There was a fine rainbow in the morning which seldom fails to verify the proverb. Of course we were somewhat confined to the house, but the time did not hang heavy. Mr Ellice has a good collection of books, and Mrs Ellice, many volumes of sketches of her own or of others which are interesting. She is a very modest retiring but accomplished woman. There was a short service in the dining room, by Mr Moore, at which we all attended. As it held up after luncheon, I took a walk with the younger Ellice and Mr Moore. about four miles to some falls which are very pretty. The entire surrounding of the house are wild and romantic enough; in this respect incomparably superior to Invergarry. The drawback is a greater tendency to humidity. Evening some conversation with Mr Ellice. He is often tempted into talking about America, but I meet him there with profound silence. This is my only safeguard against the danger which I experienced in my visit to him in London in company with Mr Evarts. This answers the purpose, as he really bears no ill will. I then get him talking on English politics past and present, where he is always shrewd and amusing. A steady adherent in parliament of the whip party of the Foxite school, his long experience has given him a fund of anecdotes as to events and to the leading men which it is pleasant to hear him given. His son is by no means his equal.

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438 Monday 17th Glen Quoich CFA AM
It would be difficult to exceed the earnestness of Mr Ellice’s hospitality towards us. He had anxiously watched the heavens to see if they would be propitious to an expedition planned by him to Loch Home and thence on a boat on a water party. At first the signs were rather promising, so that two carriages started, containing Mrs Adams, Mary and myself—Mr Ellice senior, Mrs Ellice, Lady Harriet Sinclair, Miss Wortley and Mr Somerby. The distance is seven miles, through a very striking, romantic gorge. We kept ascending four miles and a half, and then came a rapid descent of two miles and a half to the level of the sea. Here was a little inlet between the mountain, quiet, lonely and secluded which looked very fit for the resort of adventurers or smugglers. This peculiar configuration seemed to explain the reasons of the extraordinary wetness of the region. Here on one side is evaporation from salt water the temperature of which depends on the action of warm currents from the gulf stream. On the land side, on the contrary is the lake water, the temperature of which depends on a wholly different class of causes. The evaporation thus going on unequally forms clouds which gather above the height of the separating gorge, and the precipitation in the form of rain naturally follows every concession of differing temperatures. Be this as it may, when we reached the bay, the promise of fine weather was at an end. We contented ourselves with a luncheon at the house and with the view of a draught of a net for fish. I decided to walk back, a feat I did not accomplish with a good share of wetting through the gorge. But it held up as I neared home, I regret that I have not been able to see this fine, wild place under the auspices of sunlight and fine weather. But such are the chances of travel. In general, we have not had cause to complain. The younger Mr Ellice who had been out in quest of deer came in—we through—and poor Mr Moore who had gone on a search after gruse gave an amusingly grievous account of his mishaps. A comfortable dinner was no bad solace to our woes, and a little music from the ladies in the evening completely established good humor.439

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439 Tuesday 18th Inverness CFA AM

These figures remind me that I am this day fifty six years old. This is well on the way to the end. I no longer face the sun in my march. It is now throwing my shadow before me towards my grave, at every step. Well, I feel very indifferently about it now from what I did a few years since. The ambition I had to make myself a position not unworthy of my name and race has been gratified. All the common conditions of man’s life have been fulfilled. My children may now rise to take my place. What ever may be the remnant of my existence will be in excess of the ordinary requisite of a career. I have the deepest cause to be grateful to the Divine providence for the support given me thus far, in spite of my errors and failings many and grave. Let me pray that it be still extended to me for the rest of the way, and that I may have the will to do my duty still in the full measure of my little ability, so far as I may be permitted to go. This morning we were up and off at an early hour. Taking a kindly leave of our hosts we drove pretty fast in order to get to Invergarry in time to put me on board of the Steamer going to Inverness. My play time is out and I must go to London. Never before shall I have been absent from my official labors so long. As we passed the half way house, we found the boys who got back last evening from Skye. At Invergarry I had time only to greet our friends before I was called to get into a boat to intercept the Steamer. Mr Duncan was going too, so that we kept company. The day proved fine. The captain learning who I was hung out a great flag of the United States at the stern. I thanked him for the compliment, which must have cost him an effort, as he afterwards incidentally betrayed his leanings towards the rebel cause. He was however courteous to me throughout. Mr Duncan and I walked the interval of the lochs from Fort Augustus. Our fellow passengers all tourists from the South of Scotland and Manchester. As the fall of Foyer’s, a delay of an hour was made to enable us to go to see it. I went. The fall is pretty high with a fair Volume of Water, about as it would be at Catskill after the spring thaw. We then went on. Dinner was called 440 and I had eaten nothing since my light and early breakfast. I determined to take it. It was not finished before Mr Duncan came to let me know that some accident had befallen the machinery, and we are at a stand still. This was at a distance of ten miles from Inverness. The prospect of assistance to get us out of our trouble not being very bright Mr Duncan proposed to me to get the captain to lead us in a boat, and then to walk. To this I consented. The Captain was very courteous, and the distance being small we were ashore and on the road in five minutes. His servants remained in charge of his luggage and my trunk. The day had become clear and warm. The road was very fine, bording the loch Lochy nearly all the way and I had no impediment but a light surtout on my arm and an umbrella. Mr Duncan had counted on finding a vehicle on the way, to take us in, but the region is little inhabited or travelled. The first four miles we did on an average rate of eighteen minutes per mile, and the whole distance we accomplished in about three hours an a half. Considering that I was not fresh, having walked at least four miles previously in the day, I think...
this is pretty well for 56. Mr Duncan is a sportsman and hence used to active exercise. We went to the Station Hotel, and obtained lodgings and dinner before our fellow passengers arrived. Vehicles had been sent and brought them back. I was rather fatigued, so instead of looking at Inverness, I went to bed to be ready for an early start in the morning.
19 August 1863

Wednesday 19th London CFA AM

Mr Duncan is one of the active kind, so that he took charge of our movement and got me after a light breakfast to the train which started at 6.40 in the morning. Thus we passed to Aberdeen. So far was new ground to me. From Aberdeen I was on the same I had traversed two years ago. At Stanley, just before reaching Perth, Mr Duncan got out, to go to his place in the neighborhood. His friendly officers had smoother all my way for me. I had but a single other companion in the carriage, apparently a young Englishman going to London as I was. We went on without incident through the night.
441 Thursday 20th London CFA AM
At 4.35 in the morning we had reached London, and I was in my house before five o’clock. Although I had given notice, the domestics were taken by surprise and every thing was in confusion. The cleaning ordered by Mrs Adams during our absence was not complete so that it was not without difficulty I made out to get into my chamber and into a unmade bed, in order to sleep a few hours. I am not a bad traveller in a carriage, but there is a sense of relief in getting rid of theligatures of clothes. On my return to my labors I found the customary accumulation of objects first to examine and afterwards to answer. Despatches from Washington and letters from my sons. This left me no leisure even for the America Newspapers. Not having any interruptions I made rapid progress in drafting replies to the Despatches of two weeks. But I hardly saved time enough for a walk. Striking is the change in London Streets since I left, at least in this end of it. No crowd, little bustle. No equipages, very few well dressed men. The houses most them carefully shut up. Yet the effect of it on me was pleasant rather than otherwise. It seemed to show repose. No visiting, no court, no receptions, no Parliament, no foreign office. My cares were confined to my own line of duties which occasion no nervous irritability. I am released from the task of subduing my feelings to the level of an unsympathizing social circle. My evening was passed in working up the arrears of this Diary caused by an absence nearly three weeks—and I went to bed comfortable and serene.

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Friday 21st London CFA AM

My record begins to fall away again. I was busy in writing my letters to John and Charles, and disposing of much of external correspondence. Mr Field came in to see me, and to talk a little politics. The news by the Scotia arrived whilst he was with me, but it contained little of substance. Mr Walker likewise called, with a third pamphlet, a copy of which he gave me. Mr Whiting also came. This gentleman is now Solicitor of the War Department. He has been sent out to take the place of Mr Evarts, and as the newspapers declare to be an adviser to me in questions of international law. Ever since I have been here the government has been sending out agent after agent to do something. The inference of most people would be that I am, as the Duke of Dorset once was in Paris, only the nominal Minister, with informal subordinates to do the work. That this is not the intention of the government I fully believe. Their action has nevertheless hurt my position here. Perhaps I am not wise to show so little sensibility to it. In other circumstances perhaps I might. As it is I think I am serving my country better by taking that course. My personal grievances are nothign, whilst I believe myself better able to manage this critical mission than any body the President would be likely to substitute. I received Mr Whiting politely, explained the condition of the legal question, and intimated that in fact the absence of all leading men from London left nothing to be done. He soon got talking upon home politics, enlarged upon the state of the Cabinet and on the views of the President on the emancipation question. He disclosed his fear lest the pressure of the people disposed to return to the Union should induce him to retreat from the principle of the proclamation. He cautiously disclosed his apprehension of the influence of Mr Seward in that direction. He reported some kind things said of me by the President in his presence, and seemed to solicit some form of action by me or his mind respecting this matter. I replied that the subject had been much in my thoughts. Down to a late period there seemed no danger of any Slaveholding overtures to reconciliation likely to produce difficulty. The late accounts of discouragement since the fall of Vicksburgh threw more doubt upon it. Yet I did not foresee it as likely. My trust was that Mr Jefferson Davis’s influence would continue strong enough to keep matters in statu gros for some time to come. Meanwhile the emancipation and arming of the negroes would go on to such an extent as to render retreat impossible. This was the best practical solution of the problem that I could think of. If however matters should take a different turn, and I could do the least thing to stiffen the President in upholding the Proclamation I should cheerfully attempt it. It was easy for me to introduce my views in a Despatch, in reference to the state of opinion here. He insinuated that were I to write it, such a paper would never reach the President’s eye, if it did not suit Mr Seward that he should see. All this betrays to me the traces of party feeling underneath. Mr Whiting suggested my writing a letter to him, which he would take care should be thoroughly examined by the President. This is a roundabout preceding bordering on intrigue. I will have nothing to do with it. I said no more however to him. Again a short walk,
and evening devoted to the Diary.

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443 Saturday 22d. London CFA AM
The letters and newspapers from America came today absorbing the customary amount of time of time. I was likewise engaged in preparing notes to Lord Russell on several subjects that required attention. Visits also from Mr Collins who came about his telegraph project from Russia to America via Behring’s Straits. I told him that Mr Seward had instructed me to give him all facilities in my power, which I was prepared to do. But at this season all official people were out of town. He said she should try to see Lord Palmerston. I pointed in London. He said he should wait over the vacation. Mr Walker came in again. He seemed full of a project of conducting a great newspaper in New York. I told him my experience of editing a daily newspaper. Hard labor, no pay and a considerable loss of money. At his age or mine nothing but the absence of any other resource ought to induce a man to such an undertaking. Late in the day I got away from my table into the open air. Called to return Mr Whitings’s visit. Saw him and his Wife and daughter. He said he had seen Mr Evans who had persuaded him to delay his journey to the continent in the hope he might use some influence to detain the Iron clad fitting out at Liverpool. I assented, not wishing to offend his amour propre. It seems flat to come out on a special mission and find nothing to do. Returned home by way of Hyde Park which looked very seedy, excepting in the line of the flower beds. Sir Charles Lyell also called to see me. Evening still on Diary.444
444 Sunday 23d. London CFA AM
Attended Divine service at the church of St James’s in Piccadilly. This one of the great number planned by Sir Christopher Wren. It has in the exterior nothing to mark it. The tower and steeple are poor, thin and mean, whilst the body is as common-place as a factory. Inside however the aspect changes. The arrangement is regular and simply but elegant. Well lighted on three sides by the favor of the situation, the galleries both north and south do not cumbrous, and the Corinthian Columns which support an arching roof remove all appearance of angularity and baldness. There is in addition some very rich and ornamental moulding in the ceiling. Behind the altar is some carving in wood by Grinling Gibbons of a most exquisite kind, and looking as perfect as when first put on. Sir Christopher himself alludes to this interior as the best thing he was capable of for the accommodation of a large number. I think it is as fine as any thing I have seen in London, and it fills my idea of the true place for Christian social worship. The Gothic is only suited to the Catholic idea of blind adoration conducted with pomp and show. Perhaps the finest interior I know is that in Brattle Square in Boston. The objection is that the fine columns rather obstruct the unity of the view, and the light from the windows which are too small is scanty. The services as usual. The sermon on the letter that killeth and the spirit that giveth life a little above the average. The remainder of my day in quiet at home. Prepared my forms of Despatches for next week; took a long walk into Kensington Gardens and in the evening, worked vigorously and successfully in bring up the arrears in this record occasioned by my absence since the month began.
23 August 1863

The day was fine. I completed the Despatches for the week and a letter to Charles with the last of Sir Edward Cust’s volumes on the wars of the last century, which seem to have pleased him. I long for the close of the war on his account, satisfied that he is wasting his powers in an inferior position. Went to the city to transact business with the Messrs Baring, and to procure more supplies of money for the excursion. The expense attending journeys in England is on a stupendous scale. On my return, I had visits from Mr Beyard Taylor, who is on his way home. He talked much of Mr Cassius Clay, and of the absurdities he committed in Russia. Contrary to the common opinion he arms that his return to Russia was by no means acceptable to the government. He expressed surprise at the appointment of his through the influence of Mr Seward, I must confess that this also astonished me. In some respects Mr Seward’s ways are past finding out. I gave him however the explanation as it was given to me indirectly from Mr Clay himself, I suspect Mr Taylor believes the motive was to keep him out. Possibly this may be true, though I doubt it. It is impossible to determine the question without a knowledge of Mr Lincoln’s tendencies on the occasion. He may have had some blockhead when it was indispensable to keep out at any hazard. After Mr Bayard I had the agent of Mr Hath who came to get assistance to recover silver bars plundered by one of the rebel pirates out of an American ship. This is an English house and the silver is insured in London, which facts render my agency in the matter a work of supererogation. Nevertheless I have a letter to Mr Dayton to help him trace this silver in France to which country it has been spirited away. After dinner I made up my preparations and started in the night train for Scotland, by way of the Northwestern railroad.
The only persons in my company in the carriage were a gentleman and lady who made themselves very comfortable, and slept soundly until nearly five, when they reached their point of departure from the train at Oxenholm. All I learned from them was that they were returning home from a visit to the continent. I went on alone until after one o’clock when I reached Perth. No signs there of the family, though I had sent them word by telegraph as desired. Deeming it possible they might yet come in from Dunkeld, I concluded to dress myself and wait until the arrival of the next train at four o’clock. In the mean while I breakfasted and took a view of the place. It is prettily situated on the banks of the Tay, but has nothing else to recommend it. The streets are narrow and dirty and the houses mean. They have two open spaces called the North and the South Inch, but neither is kept in good order. Cows expatiate free and laundry women use it as drying ground. Having seen all I wished from the bridge the only point of attraction I returned to the Station to await the train. Instead of the family appeared the servant, who had come to make enquiries at the post Office. My telegram had not reached them and they were in confusion. I at once started in the returning train and found them all safe and sound at the Athole arms at Dunkeld. Here is really a picturesque situation and a charming neighborhood. I went out to take a glance at it but was soon driven home by a shower.
446 Wednesday 26th Glasgow CFA AM
As this is one of the most noted spots in the Highlands I was somewhat inclined to remain ever, and visit the neighborhood. But the aspect of the sky this morning seemed so unpromising that I decided to move towards Perth where the programme for the future was to be fixed by the nature of the reply of the Duchess of Argyll to my note proposing a visit to Inverary, which was to be found at that place. Previous to our departure however, I went to visit the grounds of the Duke of Athole which are open to the public. A guide conducted me to the ruins of the Cathedral which are rather interesting, and thence along the banks of the river for a distance limited only by my want of time to pass in seeing them. This makes but a very small part of the immense domain of this nobleman extending northward and westward over miles of solitude, where deer and grouse are made to take the place of men. The natural beauties of this valley are great and they have been heightened by art. The trees are large and old; which is rather an exception in the highlands. The Duke himself is fast going to a region far beyond the limit of his domain, where the professions of this world will not avail him to maintain his state. His life appears to have been a blank. After this visit we went on to Perth— A letter was there received from the Duchess which decided us to go on to Inverary. The first step however was to go to Glasgow. So we took the train at two o’clock and went on. We passed through Stirling once more, making the fourth time I have seen the striking position of that castle. At Glasgow we resumed our rooms at the Queen’s Hotel. I accompanied Mrs Adams to the Cathedral, as she had not seen it on our last visit. The uses made of the spacious crypts and Chapels underground in Catholic days rather puzzle me. I have seen none like them anywhere else. This is almost the only thing to be seen at this place as an antiquity. The town is populous and full of industry but the operations look poor and dirty and careless. As a whole, the Scotch poor look to me rather more repulsive than the Irish, of whom we see so many at home. Quiet evening.

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Drizzling rain as we departed from Glasgow. Our party divided here, one part consisting of myself with Mrs Adams and Mary on our way to Inverary. The two boys going off to Edinburgh, Rosslyn and Kelso. Our course was back to Ballock by rail, and thence by Steamer on Loch Lomond to Tarbet where we stopped for the night. This is a very pretty site on a little bend of the west side of the Lake, and immediately opposite Ben Lomond, the peach of which was visible for a little while after we got there. The wet was such however that we could make but feeble ventures out of doors. This is a great drawback to the enjoyment of the scenery of this country the great prevalence of fog and mist and rain. We had to comfort ourselves with our books. I have taken to a review of the history of Scotland in Sir Walter Scott’s account of it. It is a dismal record of barbarity, of intervurie wars, of crime and vice. I see little to redeem it from wholesale condemnation.
447 Friday 28th Inverary CFA AM
The morning looked propitious and I seized the opportunity to walk a couple of miles along the border of the Lake. The view up towards the North is fine, in some respects resembling the Highlands on the Hudson, though not so striking. The cap was in the peak of Ben Lomond, and presently the Mists began to creep downwards thus indicating what we might expect. I hurried home, and very soon we got ready to proceed on our expedition across the mountains to Inverary. We were in post coach, and it was lucky that we were: For as we reached the heavy ascent of four miles after passing arrojar the floods came down very much in the way they did at Glen Quoich during my walk from Loch Hume. The whole pass is fine and wild, could we have had a chance to see it, but the mists and the rain shut off much of the view. Descending on the other side to the banks of Loch Fyre, the heavy rain had ceased; and there was only mist. The distance across is about four and twenty miles which we accomplished in less than five hours. Both the roads and the horses are good in these regions, arrived at the castle, we found the Duke and Duchess ready to receive us, in the bosom of their family. Nobody here but his sister Lady Emma Campbell and the numerous children. This was very agreeable to me who am wary of the formalities of the London season transplanted to usual abodes. We had a pleasant and quiet dinner. In the evening a little conversation with the Duke about the fitting out of the Iron clad vessels. He said that he had received a letter from Midsummer, dwelling very strongly on the danger of war from this source. I said that I felt the same apprehension. He wanted to know something of the French claim. I replied that I had exposed the nature of the pretence. The Duke is not very strong, and thus even when well disposed, he indulges in doubts which show how hesitatingly his mind accepts mundane conclusions. The ministry dislikes to assume a responsibility which may make it the object of popular attack at home. It thus hazards the evils of war upon a doubt. He seemed a little impressed with my earnestness. I told him I had instructions on the subject far more stringent than I had yet been disposed to execute. My own inclination had been to make as little of the difficulty as I could. But I could not fail to regard the question as grave and critical. He sat in the evening at his desk and wrote quite a letter, but whether on this subject, I could only infer.449

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To our great regret the Duchess left us in order to obey a sudden call on her from her mother, the Duchess of Sutherland, who is seriously ill at Stafford House in London. He would have retired too, but the Duchess enjoined it upon us to remain with the Duke, who was likewise to receive Lord and Lady Grey on Tuesday. I decided to remain over Sunday and no longer, I am sorry for her absence, as there is an ease and kindness about her manners which impart confidence and good will. The Duke is likewise courteous and pleasant but he is more nervous and abrupt. His sister Lady Emma is as simple as either of them but she has much of the national fixedness about her manners. They were all very civil to us however. The Duke took us a drive along his Estate to visit the falls and give me a chance to throw a fly for a Salmon which I did after a fashion and without success. He made out no better himself—neither would the fish attempt to leap the fall, as he wished us to see. We then drove to a small lake where we were put into a boat and the fishing was renewed. Not much success around that effort. He caught but two trout quite small. He then gave me the rod to troll with a fly. This brought in a pretty good sized trout, weighing perhaps a pound. The day turned out fine, though threatening at times. The drive through the grounds was very pleasant. After luncheon, we all went in the carriage about seven miles along the border of Loch Fyne. There we met the Duke’s boat with five men who rowed us half the way back to enable us to catch the fish of the saltwater. Our efforts were not rewarded with success however. But the trip in the boat gave us an excellent opportunity to observe the pretty scenery of the Loch, and especially towards the upper or monthly end. As the rowing made slow work, we landed about two thirds of the way back and returned in the carriage to the castle. Thus the day passed. Dinner followed, and in the evening a quiet circle and conversation before the fire. For there is a fire every night in the sitting room.
450 Sunday 30th Inverary Castle CFA AM
A very lovely day, which was highly fortunate for us in the enjoyment of our stay at this place. The castle is a bad modern imitation of the old feudal style, built in the middle of the last century, but its interior arrangements is elegant and seems comfortable. The scenery of Loch Fyne is attractive from this point at least during the best season. The drawbacks to a residence are a great preponderance of wet and gloomy weather. We attended Divine service in a church at the small village of Inverary near by. A very plain building after the Scotch Presbyterian manner which nearly approaches our won at home. The usual service, with a sermon of some length by a young man, much above the average style. His text was upon the joy over one sinner that repenteth. He at once threw together the three figures in the Scriptures of the Prodigal son, the single piece of money and the lost sheep, all meaning the same thing and drew from them his conclusions in regard to the nature and value of a victory over the worse passions of our nature as enhancing the moral value of a religious life. This doctrine may be true, but it must be subjected to many limitations to deprive it of its danger to the young mind. The attendance was good for the size of the place, and the people looked substantial and respectable. The Duke told me that precisely behind this room was another of the same kind in which the service were in Gaelic. In the afternoon we went out to look at the gardens and then to the fall we visited yesterday to see if we could be more fortunate in regard to the Salmon. After some delay, one tried to get up the fall and was thrown back. Presently another attempted it and succeeded. It is a curious spectacle. The remarkable thing was that both made the effort at a place where the Duke had said more could succeed, and were attempted it where he said the ascent was most commonly made. The probability is that the heavy rains of late had given too much body to the current. Ordinarily this process is frequently visible. The salmon rushes tho the highest attainable point in order to spawn; and then makes its way back again to the sea. Leaving the Duke and Mrs Adams at this point to return I went on a walk which I found carved the precise extent of the drive of yesterday. As the dinner hour was approaching, I feared to trust myself to any roads which might lead me astray at least for some time. The whole region is wild and here and there we find deer and rabbits crossing the path. On my return dinner followed and the usual evening.
31 August 1863

451 Monday 31st Carlisle CFA AM
We were called early to be ready for our departure. The morning was clear and bright, and the whole place looked lovely. The Duke and Lady Emma were both up at our breakfast, and saw us off half an hour later. We drove down to a wharf and entered a small Steamer which crosses Loch Fyne to St Catherine’s on the opposite side. Here we took a public coach to drive about eighteen miles by the way of Loch Eck to a place called Kilman. I mounted with Mary to the coachman’s seat from which we had a fine opportunity to witness the scenery. It was the usual ascent over a chain of hills and then the descent to the next Loch, but it was not so mild and desolate as usual, whilst the bright sun gave a genial character to the landscape which much heightened the enjoyment. At last we arrived at Killman, where a small Steamer took us up on its way to Glasgow. Stopping at various landings the multitude of passengers became uncomfortable until we were relieved at Greenock. In the meantime the clouds had gathered and by the time we reached Glasgow it was raining. We had all of us had quite as much of this place as we desired, so that our stay was limited to the hour of departure of the earliest train to Carlisle. This was four o’clock, and by eight we arrived at the County Hotel and took up our quarters for the night. Thus we bid good bye to Scotland, probably not to see it again. All my questions of pictures of it have been modified by my visit. I cannot say I have been in the least attracted towards it. Half of it is fit only for the habitation of the beasts and the birds. The other half has nothing especial to recommend it either in climate, fertility, beauty or the habits of the population, which are generally filthy enough.

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I had expected to find this a coal begrimed place like Glasgow, and Preston and Birmingham, but on examining it this morning I was agreeably disappointed. It looks neat and quiet though thrifty. We visited the old Cathedral which has been almost now made into a parish church, since the diocese has been abandoned. The choir is still fine, but the nave has been sacrificed. Dr Paley is buried here, an easy and clear writer without being a profound one. I do not find traces of any other noted person. We missed seeing the castle. Our course was by train to Penwith, and thence by posting to Keswick, in all about thirty six miles. It was cloudy, but the rain held up until we reached our destination. This is what is called the English Lake country. I was disappointed in the scenery on the way but the entrance into Keswick is very pretty. Here we met my sons Henry and Brooks who had left us at Glasgow five days ago. They had engaged lodgings for us at Portinscal two miles beyond, on Durwentwater, where we found ourselves comfortably all united at dinner. The clouds had gathered again and it rained.

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Wednesday 2.d London CFA AM

During the night I heard the fall of the rain so steadily that I made up my mind for an unfavorable day. The region is famous for constant wet, and it looked like it until breakfast time. Then the clouds began to break away so that we were enabled to go down and take a boat to view the beauties of Derwent water. Henry and Brooks rowed us out to a small island from which we could witness the whole of the striking panorama of the Lake. On the one side the pretty little village of Keswick backed by the character of Skiddow— On the other the conglomeration of high lands forming a gorge of a neat picturesque description, I confess I liked it better than most of Scotland. It is not so desolate and repulsive. There is a genial smile of culture that enlivens the rudeness, and makes it sympathetic with humanity. All the dimensions are however small. Our little trip marked as it was by the sunlight was charming, and gave us encouragement for the rest of the day. At one o’clock, we started in an open vehicle to pass across the Windermere. Our course lay through the highlands to the Valley of St John, then by Thirlemere and Helvellyn to Grasemere and then along by Rydal and Ambleside to the last point, or at least to the Lowood Hotel, close upon the Lake, about twenty miles. The weather proved very fine and I must say I have seldom had more unmixed enjoyment in the scenes of nature than during this entire trip. In my own country we have the advantage of the sky and the grandeur of the outlines, which I do not find here. On the other hand here is none of the flatness and dank green vapidity of the south of England, or the poverty and rude desolation of the north of Scotland. There is a share of loftiness in Helvellyn and Skiddow, whilst at their feet the earth looks as if it was glad. Whilst the myriads of fine white threads of water coursing down the furrowed ridges of the elevations go to make the pretty streets of silver that set off whilst they relieve the uniformity of the verdure that overspreads the valleys. I was sorry when we found ourselves at the Hotel—and still more so on learning for the first time that the requisite accommodations for our party were out to be had. What to do was the question. The accounts from the neighborhood were not encouraging. Every houses was overflowing. After consultation it was decided to take the rooms to be had and divide them among the party. Whilst I would start at once, instead of in the morning as I had intended, on my return to London. I had time to take a grand view of the pretty lake, and then to dine, after which I mounted the box of an Omnibus and drove through a very pretty country to Burness. Here again I was transported to the station of the Railway at Windermere. At half past eight o’clock I took the train to oxenholm where I was transfered to another carriage to go to London. My first intention had been to stop for the night at Lancaster. But on reflection it seemed quite as easy to pass it in travelling, and so get the benefit of the whole day for work tomorrow.

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454 Thursday 3d. London CFA AM
At six o’clock of the morning of this the thirty fourth anniversary of my Wedding day I was in London and at my own door soon afterwards. On the whole it was lucky I came. For though there was no extraordinary pressure of business, the question of the outfit of Mr Lairds Iron clads had come to a point requiring measures to be taken by me at once. After long wavering and hesitation there are signs that the ministry will not adopt any preventative policy. Their moral feebleness culminates in cowardice which acts like the greatest daring. It precipitates a conflict. My duty is therefore a difficult one. Without indulging in menace I must be faithful to my country in giving warning of its sense of injury. Nothing must be left undone that shall appear likely to avert the danger. To that end I addressed a note to Lord Russell at once. The remainder of my time was devoted to the drafting of the ordinary Despatches of the week; and to reading up the arrears of news from America. On the whole, it is very encouraging. The attack on Charleston is going on with great vigour, and the cries of the Richmond press indicate success. Barring the conduct of foreign powers, I should say that the rebellion would collapse before New Year. But the pestilent malignity of the English and the insidious craft of Napoleon are not yet exhausted. I had visits from Mr Robert M Mason and Mr Robert J. Walker. The first is here only for a day or two, and returns to the continent. The second told me that his son in New Orleans writes to him predicting the adoptive of a free constitution of government in Louisiana in a month or two. This would be an event indeed. God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform. In the evening, I devoted myself again to the labour of bringing up the arrears of this Diary.
A large part of the morning was spent in my customary way of writing to my sons. A notice from Mr Dudley however, that the war vessel was about to depart compelled me to address another and a stranger note of solemn protest against the permission of this proceeding by the government. I feared however that it would be of little avail. And my prognostication proved but too true; for I received at four o’clock a note announcing that the Government could find no evidence upon which to proceed in stopping the vessel. This affected me deeply. I clearly foresee that a collision must now come out of it. I must not however do any thing to accelerate it, and yet must maintain the hour of my country with proper spirit. The issue must be properly made up before the world on its merits. The prospect is dark for poor America. Her trials are not yet over. Luckily the difficulties do not all come together. A telegram received tonight announces the destruction of Fort Sumpter, and the shelling of that pestilent nest of heresy. charleston. This will produce a great effect in Europe. It may go so far as to save us from imminent danger pressing both here and in France. I trust in a higher power which is working out its ends by ways that I cannot fathom. I had a visit from Colonel Bigelow Laurence who is on his way to America, but I fear I was not in a mood easy talk. In the evening, after my usual walk and solitary dinner I succeeded in bringing up the remaining arrears of this record.
455 Saturday 5th London CFA AM
My thoughts turned strongly upon the present crisis, and the difficulty of my task. My conclusion was that another note must be addressed to Lord Russell today. So I drew one which I intended Only to gain time previous to the inevitable result. I have not disclosed to Lord Russell those portions of my instructions which describe the policy to be adopted by the government at home in the case, because that course seemed to me likely to cut off all prospect of escape. Contenting myself with intimating the existence of there I decide upon awaiting farther directions. This will give a month. After I had sent the note I received me from His Lordship, in answer to my two previous ones of Thursday and Friday, saying that the subject of them was receiving the earnest and anxious consideration of the government. There is then one chance left and but one, I sent off a copy of this note to catch the Steamer, in order to neutralize the effect of the earlier one at least for the moment. I did not send a copy of my latest notice, but rather prepared to wait for specific direction. as long as possible. In the mean time if the Iron clad goes out, it will take a month or more for her to go over and get her ornament and be ready for an attack. So that the excitement in America will not reach here for six weeks. In that interval something may happen to save us from this fearful addition to the public calamities. I cannot help thinking that the Ministry here were not quite prepared for the direct issue which was thus been made. The very fact that it comes at a moment when they are all dispersed, and nothing but ordinary business is transacted shows it. This perhaps the most unlucky part of it. For Lord Palmerston may, if he chooses, take advantage of the circumstance to precipitate the object he may have in view. I do not believe he wants a war, but if he should find himself cornered, he will not scruple at it to save himself by an appeal to the pride of the British people. Of his bad disposition towards America I have no doubt. Considering all these various chances, I confess my hope of tiding over this difficulty is not bright. I had visits from Governor Wright of Indiana and Mr Hoyt, as well as Mr R. J. Walker. Also wrote two or three letters. In the evening came the letters and papers from home. Afterwards the family arrived from their journey. At the same time Mr Dudley came in from Liverpool to consult me about farther measures in regard to those War vessels. He suggested the expediency of getting an opinion from Mr Lush on a case presented with the same evidence that has been sent to the foreign office. I explained to him the precise situation of the question with teh government here. Such a step as he suggested might be well enough to put into the record which would be ultimately made up between the countries, but I had no idea it would in the least avail to affect the immediate result. I should counsel the measure as a part of a policy in advance of the rupture which now looked more than probable. He remarked that as it was late he would wait until tomorrow to show me the papers he had, before deciding what course to take. The newspapers were so attractive that I read them for some time, in spite of the trial to my eyes.457
457 Sunday 6th London CFA AM

Fine but cooler. I went with my son Brooks on a pilgrimage to church in the city. This time, it was to St Peter’s cornhill. On entering, I perceived at once that the interior was unmistakeable Sir Christopher’s. The distribution much in his usual manner with rather awkward columns supporting a series of arches without any galleries, excepting over the door of entrance. There was much less ornament than usual. Some carving on wood along the top of the panel behind the altar. Between the chancel and the nave was a woodscreen, made of dark wood, supporting in the center, images of the Lion and the Unicord, the royal drums which never look to me the right thing inside of a church. The services were read by the Incumbent who preached a sermon with much more substance in it than is common. His topic was the Roman Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. With the customary self complacency of this church he assumed that it was the right mean between one extreme in the Romans and the other in the Dissenters. Unfortunately, that mean is a compromise which carried the seed of its own destruction. The attendance very small. At home, I called to see Governor Wright and Mr Hoyt—and then went with Brooks to the Zoological gardens. We were very much amused at the exploits of a little spider monkey whose feats on the slack rope are extraordinary. Mr Dudley dined with us. He showed me his papers. An opinion given by his counsel Mr Squarrey seemed to me very good. That prepared for Mr Lush was not quite so fortunate. On the whole I fear not much is to be gained from it. Yet on the principle of omitting nothing in the nature of evidence for the record. I advised him to go on. Mr Dudley seems much concerned at the progress of these formidable vessels. He lives almost by the pursuit of these investigations into the labors of the rebels. He showed us a photograph he had caused to be made of the iron clad Steamer, and he explained the whole of its construction. It certainly is too dangerous a vessel to come from the harbors of a nation professing to be friendly. He said that he had furnished all the particulars of her construction to the various departments of the government so as to put them on their guard but he much doubted whether there was a single harbour of any depth of water in America into which she could not penetrate to do mischief. This is rather a gloomy picture. I do not view it in quite such dark colours. Vessels of this sort rarely turn out quite as perfect as anticipated. He left me saying that he would call again in the morning after seeing Mr Lush’s clock.

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Sunday 6th
6 September 1863

Monday 7th London CFA AM

Clear with a high wind. The Times has a leader this morning which rather shows a disposition to stop these vessels. It may be inferred that there is a pause of deliberation at the possible consequences of raising such an issue as this before the world. I was engaged in answering several letters which have been on my table for some time I had visits from several Americans desirous to see me and all more or less anxious about the difficulty. On my customary walk I stopped in to see Mr Bates. He had his daughter and Miss Weston with her niece at the time, but I seized an opportunity whilst we were about to hint to him the critical nature of the position we were in, and to urge some pressure from the commercial interest to prevent the hanger. He intimated that the consequence as inevitable. He though it far wiser to forbear. War would be playing the game of the rebels. The better way would be to go on crushing the rebellion, and afterwards bide our time, which would surely come round. The obstacle to this, I observed, was that nations were moved by their feelings quite as much as by their reason. Besides which these my movements which took place here are our most serious obstacles in the way of the very object for which he counselled forbearance, crushing the rebellion. The intelligence today of the complete destruction of Fort Sumter and of the bombardment of Charleston seems encouraging. We had today to dine with us Governor Wright of Indiana and Mr Hoyt. They have been to Hamburg as commissions to the Exhibition of Industry. Wright is a self made western politician with strong democratic tendencies gratified by a good disposition. They left at eleven.
459 Tuesday 8th London CFA AM
In the Morning Post there was a short article announcing that the government had decided on detaining the Vessels, in order to give them an opportunity to try the merits in Court. It had an official aspect, and yet I could scarcely put faith in it while I had no notice myself. Later in the day however, a brief notification came from Lord Russell to the effect that orders had been given to prevent their departure. I know not that even in the Trent case I felt a greater relief. After the very unequivocal character of the announcement made on the 5th I had scarcely expected so sudden a revolution. The government has singularly interpolated any two notes between theirs in a way to raise an inevitable conjecture that they were the actual cause. I shall not venture to claim any such victory. Non noblis will be my motto. I am profoundly thankful to the Divine Being who turned the hearts of the rulers at the critical moment. I do hope it will be the last occasion upon which the harmony of the two nations will be in danger, at least whilst I remain on duty. Busy writing letters home. At home one o’clock I had a visit from a gentleman by the name of Blake, member of Parliament from Waterford, in company establishing the Galway line of Steamers to America, which needed further assistance to keep it up. He was about to go out to make application to the United States government for aid and his object was to ask me to write a line of announcement. I told him that I had no authority to give any opinion on the merits of the question, but that I would cheerfully give him a letter. He expressed himself much obliged and took his leave. I finished a draught of a Despatch to send in the middle of the week to Mr Seward, communicating the important news. Had a visit from Mr I. L. Gardner of Boston who has come with his wife and daughter to travel over Europe for the fourth or fifth time. Walk in the afternoon with my son Brooks in Hyde Park which looked quiet enough. In the evening we were alone and reading.
9 September 1863

460 Wednesday 9th London CFA AM

Warmer, with a sharp thunder storm at night. I continued my letters to correspondents in America. Mr William Evans was here in the morning, full of a project of an answer to Lord Russell’s letter to the Union and Emancipation memorial. I very broadly intimated to him that such a step was at present unnecessary, but he could with difficulty be made to believe the truth. In the afternoon I walked to see Mr J. A Lowell and his family, and his family, at Maurigys Hotel, and Mr and Mrs J. L Gardner at the Grosvenor. The first party are going home whilst the second are just coming from there. At Boston we have had a visiting acquaintance but no intimacy. Their political tendencies have generally been on the opposite side to mine. But in my official situation I do not recognize such distinctions, especially at this time when a common danger ought to unite us all. This consumed much time. Evening quiet in the family.

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Thursday 10th London CFA AM
The air was cool and the feeling autumnal. The preparation of Despatches was not so much work as usual. The public seems still unapprized of the action of the government in respect to the war vessels and inclined to doubt the fact. It does appear certain that no attachment has been laid upon them. Yet a leader in the Times apparently not knowing the decision works in reality for the preparation of the public mind to that end. I had visits from Mr Forster who is passing through town on his way home from France. He seemed anxious to know the facts, and I told him. He said the position of the Emperor was very equivocal. I replied that if we could succeed in keeping things steady here, I should not fear much from a collision with France. He seemed glad to hear the result of the action of government. Mr Field came to take leave. The contract for the telegraphic cable was signed and he had no more to do here. Mr Hopkins is on his way from South America to the United States. Originally sent a diplomatic agent to Paraguay he contrived to make a quarrel, after which he settled there and now goes back in a consular capacity to represent his adopted country in the land he left. Long walk in the course of which I met Mr Morse and had some talk with him about the remaining vessel at Glasgow. There is difficulty here about getting evidence. I suggested a course of proceeding which might attain the object in another way. He seemed to think it might be worth trying. In the evening we went to spend the evening with Mr and Mrs Lowell. Mr and Mrs Gardner were there also. They are related. Home at half past ten.
Cooler again. I this day brought up all arrears of my correspondence, and sent to the United States the largest private mail that I recollect. The Post of this morning repeats its statement that the vessels are stopped, but states that it has been done by notice to the owner, Mr Laird, that proof of their destination must be given before they can depart. On the whole the declarations made by Lord Russell in his speech at the Baxter park are more satisfactory than the givings out of the press. The latter have the savuer of Lord Palmerston’s malevolent caution. The American newspapers reached me today. The telegraph has anticipated the news. But the details tend to confirm the impression that the war is waning fast. Should Charleston surrender or be destroyed I think it probable that the internal discontent with the rebel government will be encouraged to develop itself with power. The rumor that they mean to arm and free the whole slave population is only a proof of despair. Such a proceeding would materially facilitate the solution of the grand problem of the war. In the evening, Mr and Mrs Lowell and Mr & Mrs Gardner came in and took tea.

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Saturday 12th Windsor CFA AM

My arrearage of miscellaneous correspondence was taken up and steadily labored on until two o'clock, when for a wonder I found myself with nothing to do. My private files, my accounts and bills were all made up, so that I sat down to read a rather amusing volume of Mr Hackett the actor, which he sent to me because of it containing topics of several of my father's little essays on Shakespeare's characters in Othello and Hamlet. At five we I went with Mrs Adams and Mary by invitation to spend Sunday at New Lodge, with Mr Bates, at his daughter's Mrs Van de Weyer. Little company at the house. Mr Clarke a son of Sir James Clarke, and a Mr Ruthern to dinner.462
462 Sunday 13th Windsor CFA AM
It is nearly ten months since we came to this place before. It looks better than it did then, as
the season is more genial. Mrs Bates who was present at that time, has since deceased, and
we are now invited mainly as company for Mr Bates who finds his home lonely and desolate,
and comes here among his daughter’s children to spend his Sabbath. The society is not
congenial to him, for M Van de Weyer’s sphere is a much wider one, and the company is
young and a little boisterous. Their conversation too is all of court circle and fashionably
acquaintance about which he cares little. I rather pity him in his old age. He has had what is
called success in life. He has rolled up an enormous fortune, and has established his daughter
in a high position, married to a minister barring a peculiar relation between his sovereign and
the Queen through the family connection of the late Prince consort. All this gratifies his pride
and his ambition—but he pays for this in the penalty of social isolation. The family treat him
with respect and consideration, but his thoughts can never be their thoughts. His only
occupation, but his thoughts can never be their thoughts. His only occupation is his
commercial business which he clings to on week days. On Sunday there is no such resource.
A portion of us attended Divine service at Bray, a turn about four rules from New Lodge. The
church is small and old, though lately repaired very extensively. I presume this to be the parish
which had a vicar so famed as a political rat. The services were this day performed by a very
young person, the incumbent being absent. The attendance was full. I walked home, and did
not this time miss my way as I did from Windsor last year. The country is very flat and
uninteresting. After luncheon I again strolled and with Mr Bates who went out to look at the
ground he is acquiring by degrees, but he soon gave out. He is no walker. In the evening we
had a little conversation. Mr Clarke is an intelligent and modest gentleman whose life was
ruined by an accident which disabled him from activity. Mrs Van de Weyer talked of the Royal
family, and her attention, of private theatre play bills.

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I never feel at home in this house, and yet the family are very kind and polite, and they begged me so earnestly to come back again this afternoon to join a party to go on the river Thames, that I yielded my inclination to stay in London. Up early to start with Mr Bates at half past eight, reached my own house at ten o’clock, where I found the Steamer’s letters. Only a single Despatch, and that a very general one. Not many private letters. A single note form the Consul at Liverpool announcing that the iron clad was about to go on a trial trip. The Post had an article apparently signifying an intent to take off the restriction, whilst the Times the News and the Star had official notices of a contrary character. These symptoms of fluctuation gave me much uneasiness, but it was partially quieted by a later telegram from Liverpool announcing that the Vessel had gone into Birkenhead to lay up. So I returned to Windsor at three. My direction was to go to Maidenhead and thence to the Thames where I met the party. The ladies were in a boat round by four young men. I joined Mr Van de Weyer, who was in a flat point, moved across the Stream fishing for gudgeons. We changed our places repeatedly, but with no great success. I am not fortunate in this kind of adventure the present year. But we enjoyed the soft atmosphere and the banks of the River here dotted with pretty cottages, and far more picturesque than it is below. At six o’clock we came ashore took tea with the ladies and young party at Skindles, after which we all drove home. At dinner I found Mr Clarke had gone. Mr Bates had come from town, and the young men consisting of Mr Ruthun, Lord Neavry and his brother.
15 September 1863

463 Friday 15.th London CFA AM
We left New Lodge, having experienced the kindest and most friendly reception from our hosts. I am slightly at a loss to understand to what we owe this, as we can do little for them here, where any thing American is scarcely a recommendation in good society. Neither can I imagine any personal affinity to any of us. The two reason is doubtless a desire to please Mr Bates who really does like us because we are Americans. This is in real truth giving them credit for their filial regard. Mr Van de Weyer is a self made man, having sprung from a plebeian family in Belgium, and risin upon the outbreak of the revolution of 1830. In the outside world he is shrewd and cold, but in his own family circle, genial, and affectionate. On my reaching home I found a new note from Lord Russell in reply to mine of the 5th, which will renew my labors. I had hoped that the controversy had ceased. But I am not likely to have much rest whilst I remain at this difficult post. My reliance must be on support from above. I had visits from Mr Harvey, the Minister at Lisbon, from Mr Moncure Conway who has returned to this region, and from a Mr Newman, who tells me he is the son of the lady whose marriage my mother attended in 1820, when she took me with her to Baltimore. He is now past middle age, and no longer lives in that city. His mother and his sisters are at Newport and he at New York. Quiet evening at home.
464 Wednesday 16th London CFA AM
Fine weather. Engaged pretty much all day in the preparation of my reply to Lord Russell. It is necessarily long and perhaps controversial. My only lesson must be patience to steer clear of the many dangers that surround my path and average to do my whole duty to my country. I had visits from two American youths just from College, who are on a trip our Europe, and from Mr Sanford who is as ubiquitous as ever. He thinks there is much cause of apprehension from Napoleon’s policy which is now developing itself through the agency of Mexico. Perhaps we have this additional trial in reserve for us. We had to dine with us today Mr Harry, Mr and Mrs Gardner, Mr Twisleton, Miss Gardner and Mr Burgess. Mr Lowell and his family had been asked and accepted. But they have received the news of the death of a grand child, which has turned their pleasure into mourning. Mr Burgess is a young american at Oxford. Another one, Mr Hazeltine, also at Oxford had been invited, but would not come. Mr Twisleton is a man of sense and education, just now recovering from the loss of his Wife, when we saw in apparent health when we first came to England.465

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17 September 1863

465 Thursday 17th London CFA AM
I finished my long note to Lord Russell, caused it to be copied and sent it in the course of the day. I likewise sent a reply to another note. The usual Despatches were also made up for the bag, although there were none of material importance. A visit from Mr Lowell and his daughters who are off tomorrow. Long and quiet week and evening at home. The American newspapers came but they had less than average news. What there was of it was however favorable.
18 September 1863

465 Friday 18th London CFA AM

Uncomfortable most of the day by reason of some error in diet which warns me that I am yet bound to take heed to infirm digestion. I wrote my private letters to my sons and others, accompanied all my work by three o’clock. For some reason or other I felt a little depressed in mind, so that I devoted myself to a long walk, passing in my way over Primrose hill. The air was mild and the day lovely. Nobody to see me for a wonder. Quiet evening.

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465 Saturday 19th London CFA AM
The news of this morning once more indicates progress in America in almost every direction. The great struggle on Morris Island has been terminated, so now will come the conflict within the very harbour of Charleston. On the other field it is reported that at last the whole of the valley of East Tennessee has been occupied, thus cutting off the remaining western line of railway communication from the rebels. Thus on both sides the tendency to a termination of the struggle is visible. I confess I long for it, and yet am not sure that the real moment to make an enduring pacification is yet in sight. As it was a fine day and I had not much to do, I resumed my last year's occupation of hurting for a country house for the autumn months. I went to West Drayton, to see a place called Drayton Hall. On the whole it embraced more of the requisites for me than any thing I have yet seen. The main objection is the vicinity which is flat, and perhaps not perfectly wholesome. Still it looked very attractive. Home at four, by Great Western, and the Metropolitan from Paddington to Portland road a portion of which I had never passed through before, Mr Nurman called and a Mr De cirn from Austrailia.

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466 Sunday 20th London CFA AM

Heavy rain in the night, but it cleared towards noon. I went to the city to Church, and stopped at St Bennett’s at the corner of Grace church and Fenchurch Streets. This I knew at once to be Sir Christopher Wren’s, by his favorite device of the round window above. It is the smallest and plainest of any I have seen. The roof is carved in his usual manner, the arches springing from what appears to be the engaged capital of a column, without any thing below it but the bare wall. I could not exactly see the merit of this. Well lighted at Wren’s churches always are. The wood plain and dark. Hardly room for a hundred people. I counted but five worshippers apart from the charity children. Much display of the crown and royal arms as usual. The head of the Church, represented by such men as George the fourth and second, and Charles the second. The services as usual. Sermon from the text The harvest is gathered, but applied by the preacher litterally to the crops of the season, and then the rest of the text metaphorically to the preparation of sinners for repentance. At home I had a visit from Mr Twisleton who is a pleasant, sensible man. Mr R. J. Walker and Mr Newman drive with us. The former a little prosy, and stayed rather late. The bag brought me a large number of Despatches.
466 Monday 21st London CFA AM
Only a single letter today. One from my son John but it covered another from his brother Charles to him which made me feel very proud of him. He has had the strong testimony of all his superior officers to his claims for promotion, but he has liberally waved them in favor of the person who has treated him with the greatest harshness whilst he was under his command. Concurrently with this he declined an offer of a commission of Lieut. Colonel in a New Jersey cavalry Regiment, because he preferred to remain with Massachusetts. In both instances he decided as I would have had him. Would that this war were closed and he safe to do himself credit on a wider field! But this is impatience. I must train myself to submit to present anxieties, trusting that Heaven may lead him hereafter as heretofore safe through the immediate trial. The newspapers from America were very interesting. The decline of the rebel courage is growing more and more visible especially in the southwest were they seem to stand nowhere. Without some aid promptly given from abroad they must shortly succumb. The danger that this may happen before th emancipation question shall be settled still remains considerable. It is not impossible that the plan to arm and employ the slaves may be adopted first by themselves under a promise of freedom. This would effectually dispose of the matter. I know not but it may be the only way to overcome the obstacles that would otherwise be grave and permanent. I had some arrears of letters to make up Mr Harvey called and we talked a good deal, as also Mr Joseph Lyman who has completed his business and is about to return to America next week. Wrote to Mr Dayton and Mr Bigelow at Paris. In the evening Mr Parkes came in, quite full of the death of his friend and patron Mr Ellice, at Ardochy where he received us at luncheon on the 15th of last month. I little thought when he came down in his dressing gown to see us off on the 18th, that it was my last parting, and that a short month would see him in his grave. He is one of the few left of the great party of Whig reform, which practically changed the government of England. He claimed to know much of America but never could grasp the depth and breadth of the question involved in the present struggle. His views were never philosophical. Ellice was no exception. Mr Packes found it difficult to restrain his grief. He prepared the biography of him in this morning’s Times.
467 Tuesday 22d. London CFA AM
This is my son John’s birth day, and he is thirty years old. As I myself advance toward the end
My thoughts turn with more and more interest and tenderness towards my children. John is
now established in life with a Wife and two children of his won. Heaven has been merciful and
bountiful to me. Let me rejoice with trembling. I had visitors all the morning. Mr Parkes come in
to remind me of a mysterious outgoing of his, last night, which the newspapers of this morning
have explained by a notice that Mr Mason had signified yesterday to Lord Russell his intention
to shake the dust off his feet from this inhospitable land, and to retire to Paris where
Mr Slidell is better treated. This looks to me like a very foolish move, for it has a tendency to
soften the animosity that is growing up among us. It has the aspect of a triumph on my part,
which they might as well have avoided to give Messr H. W. Beecher and his companion whose
name I have forgotten came in whilst Mr Parkes was talking and they remained some time.
After them was Mr J. Randolph Clay, paying a visit of civility. By reason of these interruptions I
found it difficult to finish a letter to Edward Brooks—and I had to give up a trip I proposed to
Hastings to look for a house in that direction. The ladies prefer a short sojourn at the seaside.
Walk and quiet evening. I am reading aloud the Lady of the Lake to the family.
468 Wednesday 23d. London CFA AM
The weather is now as variable as the spring. Showers and sunshine alternate through the day. Morning, replies to letters and receiving visits. A gentleman from Boston who has been living in the West, and who was for a long time as Medical doctor in the sanitary commission connected with the army of General Grant. He injured his health so much that he was obliged to resort to a voyage to the Azores. Here he found some warm baths which had been of great service to him. Mr Moncure D. Conway called to see me as I had requested. My object was to communicate to him a message from the Government in reply to his application made some time ago to be pardoned for his absurd overtures to Mr Mason. I was directed to say to him that inasmuch as he had so frankly acknowledged his error there was no disposition to pursue the matter. He seemed greatly relieved. He then told me something of his life and family. His father, he says, is now living in Richmond. His mother and sister are in the north. They get letters from him constantly they know not by what channel. Some of these had been sent to the Secretary of War. Mr and Mrs Clay called also. She is a Scotch woman. The days are shortening fast. My walk again runs into the dark. I went today through Regent Street to the Strand, thence to Farringdon and Holborn home. Evening, finished the Lady of the Lake to the ladies.

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There is now a period of apparent repose which is suspicious. I found on reviewing topics for Despatches this week, that they were more scarce than usual. The American newspapers came today. They are full of the details of the late successes which are deeply interesting. The long desired rescue of Eastern Tennessee has taken place by means of a series of skilful manoeuvres by General Rosecranz. The success at Charleston in taking Morris Island simplifies the blockade of the place, if it does not effect its complete capture. The most singular event is the delivery of an address at New York, by my old friend Sumner. He, being Chairman of the Committee of Foreign relations in the Senate undertakes to make a severe public examination of the conduct of England and France. His speech is very long, elaborate and powerful. It lacks the element of discretion, the chief deficiency in his character. I know not how it may affect matters here. If the government do not sanction it they can easily through Mr Seward and Lord Lyons cause it so to be understood here. So, on the whole, I do not apprehend much from that some unless the government sustain it, which I do not believe. A long walk, and quiet evening.
I made an unpleasant discovery today. Charles Light whom Mr Dallas handed over to me as Messenger of the Legation, and who likewise acts as Butler in my household is detected in appropriating to his own purposes money paid to him for the tradesmen. I have been long dissatisfied with him, and gave him warning of it a couple of weeks since, but I had no idea of his having gone thus far. He left the house this morning, and did not come back again. How far this has been carried I am left in the dark about. I wrote my letters pretty early in the day and then went out with Mrs Adams to pay a visit to Mr and Mrs Randolph Clay. She only was at home. She is a Scotch woman of the name of Crawford and very artificial in manner. Afterwards I walked for an hour in the Regent’s park with Mrs Adams who is trying to recover her habits of exercise, lost after her illness on our return from Niagara falls many years ago. Evening quietly at home, reading a volume of letters of Algernon Sydney, John Locke and others of not much interest.
470 Saturday 26th London CFA AM
The man Light did not come home, so this morning I directed his papers to be seized and brought to me. They detected him in an extent of fraud for which I was not at all prepared. It seems that he has not only forged the signature to some receipts, but he has kept back money to pay bills for a long time back, so that I can scarcely tell where I stand. Luckily for me I have never trusted him with the payment of heavy accounts, so that it will not be as heavy a loss as it might. The curious part of it is that from fear of detection he has been in the habit of intercepting many notes and letters of mine, which he suspected to contain bills. I found several, which had they reached me would have betrayed him. Of course this matter occupied my mind quite fully all day. I went to the city, to start some enquiries for a successor. Called on Mr Bates and Mr Morgan. The latter was gone to Switzerland. This is a new species of trial to me, for in my married life of thirty four years I have never to my knowledge been defrauded in this way. Took a walk with Mrs Adams at five. In the evening the mail bag arrived from America with newspapers and letters.

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Saturday 26th
26 September 1863

470 Sunday 27th London CFA AM
Cool morning. I went to church with Brooks, who was at home in the city. This time we went to St Swithin’s, in Cannon Street, where the London Stone marks the front towards the Street. It is a small interior, almost square I should think, but different in structure in many respects. The entrance is in a corner, the altar is on the side, and the pulpit and desk directly in front of the windows. The gallery is opposite the altar, and the organ is in front of the pulpit. The ceiling is curious and original but handsome. And here Sir Christopher slips in the inevitable round windows. The services as usual, and the attendance of adults perhaps thirty. Quiet day at home, reading the details of the American news. Took a walk with Brooks towards evening and stopped in at the Zoological gardens. There is a young elephant with is quite interesting. We were amused at the evolutions on the slack rope of the spider monkey, which are wonderful. Quiet evening at home.471

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Rainy morning, but it cleared afterwards. I was much engaged in the examination of the papers of my butler for the purpose of ascertaining so far as I could the extent of his roguery. I already trace misappropriation of money to the extent of a hundred and fifty pounds, and I much fear the end is not yet. It is some time I entirely lost my confidence in his veracity. And at the beginning of the month I put him on his good behavior for three months. My situation here has seemed to me so precarious that I was anxious to keep along as well as I might. The consequence has been such an encroachment on my indulgence as to lead to the present difficulty. Now I think a radical change must take place in the household. Late as it is in the term, I must undertake it. Little else was done. I took a walk, calling on my way at Mr H. W. Beecher's but found him out, and Mr Butler Duncan likewise. Quiet evening at home.
The weather is extraordinarily fine. Very fortunately for me I have not so much of public business as usual, so that I can turn my attention more to setting my house in order. I analyzed the accounts of money today, and found the deficiency in payments less than I had estimated, but the breach of trust more. The forgery of the receipts for the Legation of two Quarters of Mr Reuter’s Telegrams remains the great crime. The loss is lessened by the offsets the government obtain from his Wages and other accounts due him. I immediately set about the payment of such of the accounts as seemed to demand attention at once. Not disposed to trust any body but my son, he and I went about it. Visits from Mr Harvey, and Colonel Harrison Ritchie who has just arrived from Boston. I received rather a sharp note from Lord Russell which required a moderating answer. Mr Sumner’s speech has had a least one good effect in drawing out of his Lordship a pretty fair reply. The attack from America enables him to get on a high tone of retort which will give him popular strength to sustain his position. Walk with my daughter around the Regent’s park. In the evening, I read a portion of Boswell’s Johnson containing the account of their visit to Inverary, to the ladies.
This morning I went with my son Henry to the Wine cellar to compare my stock with my book. The result of the search was to discover a deficiency of all my Port, Sherry and Madeira, including nearly the whole of a quarter cask which I had not supposed touched, all but one bottle of French brandy, and a considerable share of Whiskey, just purchased. The Flemish and French wines had been spared, owing I suppose to their not being so agreeable. A visit to the pantry showed a corresponding share of destruction in Mrs Adams’s best glass, and thus it runs to the end of the chapter. This the boasted perfection of the English service. So far as I can see, the system is a nursery of dishonesty. This fellow has turned out a liar, a thief, a swindler and a forger, besides amusing himself with intercepting letters. I was so much engaged in this work that I accomplished only two or three notes and other formal business. Evening walk called to see Mr Harvery. Quiet evening at home.
Busy in preparing forms of Despatches for the week, and in bringing up my private accounts for the past month. The man Charles Light came in to see me at my appointment, and I questioned him sufficiently to make him confess all the various offences which his papers had exposed, after which I dismissed him with a warning that justice might be hanging over his head. I had a visit from Mr Bille, the Danish Minister, who came to say that war seemed imminent between his country and Germany and that under those circumstances his masters was desirous, if possible, of procuring the two iron clad steamers preparing for the rebels by Mr Laird, could they be obtained. The answer of Mr Laird had been rather conditional upon the chance of changing the decision of this Government to retain them. Whenever I could let him know that this was fixed, he should renew his proposal. I said that I would do my best, so soon as Lord Russell should come to town, to find out the animus of the government. If it would speak firmly, I promised to let him know. Col Harrison Ritchie and his Wife dined with us, and spent the evening.
Friday 2nd. London CFA AM
This morning I notified another of the servants of my intention to make a change in consequence of his intemperate habits. This makes the last of the inside domestics who came to me, on my arrival, from Mr Dallas. Perhaps I should have done better to have settled this sooner. My reluctance grew out of the precarious nature of my situation. As it is, the nature of this change depresses my spirits. The news from America by the Scotia too was not cheering. It announced the first reverse which had happened in the Southwest and the first defeat of General Rosecranz. This if correctly reported will contribute materially to prolong the war. As the later reports are more favorable, we must wait for the next news before we can judge what effect it will have on results. I went to the city for the purpose of transacting business with Messr Baring, and one my way called on Mr Morse to see about the business of the prosecution for counterfeiting Treasury notes. Made him another payment towards the expenses of the suit. Home by half past ten. Wrote a letter to Mr Everett, besides the usual ones to my sons. Walk afterwards, in the course of which I called to see Mr and Mrs Ritchie, and sat with them a little while. Evening at home. Read to the family the first three acts of Macbeth.
The investigations respecting the transactions of the man Light still occupy me. But nothing more occurs of a startling character. I now discover only evidence of his neglect of duty and retention of various things which were destined for different individuals. All the family left London at two o’clock for Hastings, where they propose to spend some time. I remain alone to guard the house in its present disorganized state. The Despatches and newspapers from America arrived and absorbed me much. The later reports from Genl Rosecranz give a different color to the battle, making it without essential results. We now mus await later intelligence to decide the point. Took a long walk, going about paying bills myself as that is the only safe way. In the evening a visit from Mr George Harrington who is just out in the Scotia from America and who brought me two confidential Despatches from the government. He explained to me the circumstances attending this last news. It seems that Mr Dana of the Tribune who is now talked of as taking a post in the War Department, and is in the Western country sent a telegram to the President on the 20th announcing the total defect of Rosecranz. His distress at this I might imagine. Four hours later Mr Dana sent another rectifying the first; but the impression had been made, and was not fairly corrected until Rosecranz’s own message of the 21st came to assure him of his safety at Chattanooga, and his ability to hold the position until reinforced. Mr Harrington had himself seen that message. We then talked a good deal about public affairs. He had come out by the direction of his physicians, who were greatly apprehensive of the effect of overwork upon his brain. The excitement attending this struggle has had this result with several of the government Officers. After he went, I read my Despatches. Only one of them was important. And that is in a high degree curious as connected with the history of the stoppage of the iron clad vessels. Lord Russell’s note to me announcing the decision of the government to be to permit them to go was dated on the 1st of September, but did not reach me until four o’clock of the 4th. I had written a strong note on the 3rd and a protest on the 4th, before receiving it. In consequence I wrote another and a still more stringent one on the 5th going as far as I dared in signifying the consequences that might ensue even to the taking up my connections. My note had been gone perhaps an hour, when I received a brief note saying that the subject was still under the anxious and earnest consideration of the government. This is the picture as it appears on the English side of the canvass. Now comes the American side. A memorandum is sent to me of the substance of a conversation with Mr Stuart, the Secretary of Lord Lyons, held immediately after the arrival of the Steamer which sailed on the 5th the very day in question. Mr Stuart tells Mr Seward that an order had been sent on the 5th to stop the Steamers, and that it was done prior to the receipt of my note of the 5th. Now we know that that note actually was crossing the other note which announced that the subject was yet under anxious and earnest consideration. We also know that whilst in the name of Lord Russell it could not have been written by him, for he
had never stirred from Scotland. Both that note and the later decision must have come from Lord Palmerston who was here. My conclusion is that the decision was taken after the reception of my letter of the 5th, and in consequence of its tone. But Lord Palmerston anxious to cut off any such inference waited until the next Tuesday to announce the decision to me here, whilst he sent to Lord Lyons a direction confidentially to notify Mr Seward of the decision, by that very steamer, because “he might have received by it different and more alarming intelligence” In other words he alludes the language of my note of the 5th to Lord Russell which refers the whole case back to my government for instructions. It was to anticipate the effect of this at Washington that he made the decision, and communicated it at once, not to me, as was most proper under any other circumstances than the presence of my letter, but to Washington. With a man of Lord Palmerston’s character there was one single word in my note of the 5th, which must have jarred on his pride as an Englishman most severely. That word was “impotence” as applied to the British government. May it not be that he meant to prove that word falsely used by men, and hence assumed the responsibility of action in the absence of Lord Russell? I scarcely dare to flatter myself that I actually saved the peace of the two nations in this critical moment, yet it looks a good deal like it. My note left this house soon after two o’clock P.M. Lord Russell’s was here at about 3 P.M. How long could “the anxious and earnest consideration” have continued before my note arrived? Yet if it did arrive before it ceased, was it not of great importance to Lord Palmerston and the pride of the British people that no such inference of intimidation should be drawn. Hence all this round about way of doing the thing by confidential assurance to Mr Seward so as to stave off all danger of implications from failing to give me the same information. Verily, his Lordship is an acute manager. I spent an hour or more looking over the pages of Mr Phillimore’s book on International law.
476 Sunday 4th London CFA AM

Cloudy, warm day. Went into the City to church. This time I visited All Hallows in Bread Street. Here was John Milton born, and at this Church, though not now the same edifice, was he baptized. England has no greater name. A little marble tablet on the corner of the street has inscribed on it the well known lines of Dryden, “Three poets in different ages born” &c The old building was destroyed in the great fire, and this one was build by Sir Christopher Wren. It differs in many respects from his usual plans. There is no round window, and little ornament in the interior. The light is given by several long windows on one side, that on Watling Street. The pulpit is affixed to that side, between two of the windows. There is a gallery over the entrance, and on the side opposite to the pulpit is a projection like a gallery but extending only the length of a pew or so. Otherwise the arrangement is simple. A light cornice makes a parallelogram in the railing which is supported by arches springing from a capital, projecting from the dead wall, but without a column. Could it have been that he expected something like pilasters to have been painted on the walls? As it is, I do not like the effect. The interior is in excellent order and the dark and rich oak panelling and pulpit with the neutral tint of the walls gives a quiet and respectable air that is attractive. The services were much as usual. The text of the Sermon “To him that overcometh &c” was better than the commentary. I counted only sixteen worshippers. Such is the consequence of tenacious adherence to established things. What answered for two centuries ago is wholly out of place now. Here is an ecclesiastical machinery in the city which seems at a great expense for the benefit of no one but the officials. I notice that the banns of matrimony are never called at these churches, for there are no young people. There are perhaps ten churches within a radius of one quarter of a mile, where one would accommodate the attendance upon all— On the other hand in the newer parts of the town the attendance is too great for the churches. In America we accommodate ourselves pretty fast to these changes. Here the service will probably continue to be read to empty walls for two centuries more, and every body will wonder why the Church477 with all its rich endowments does no more good. I got home almost as soon as I should have done from the Chapel in little Portland Street. I called to see Mr and Mrs Harrington as Edwards’s Hotel. Mr Harvey whom I met coming to see me went with me. She was Miss Scott, the niece of Mr Seaton at Washington. From thence I went to see Mr Bates and Mr R J. Walker. Found neither of them at home. Called also to enquire of the health of Lord Lyndhurst who has come to town very ill. The medical report not favorable. Then a walk and home to my solitary dinner. Cheered in the evening by a telegram in a steamer one day later, which gives confirmation to our impressions in favor of Rosecranz. On the 23d. General Thomas’s division had come in very well and he had not been attacked in his intrenchments. I have faith in the dogged tenacity of Rosecranz. The other news was good too.
Monday 5th London CFA AM

Cloudy with rain. The autumnal weather begins to make itself perceptible and the day grows dark at five. Much occupied in disposing of matters connected with the dismissal of Light. I examine all the closets and hiding places, and find the same general result everywhere. The reform is my household came not a bit too early. Only two or three persons to see me. Mr Collins who is in pursuit of his enterprise of a telegraph by way of Russia and Behring's Straits, and Mr Vesey and another consul. The former going home. A long walk and quiet evening. Read a good deal of Phillimore's first volume of International Law.

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Tuesday 6th Hastings CFA AM
A very fine day. Received a note from Mrs Adams at Hastings begging me to go down to decide upon a question of a house or lodgings. My morning was consumed in an attempt to examine and compare the catalogue of books with the volumes now deposited in the loft of the stable behind the house. I found them so covered with dirt and blackened with soot as to be really of little value. We did little more than to spread them out and look them over. The puzzle yet is what to do with them. The position of a Minister here is such as to make it impossible to give them space in his house. A visit from Colonel Ritchie and a Captain Hoadley who accompanies him on his business. At four o’clock I started from the Victoria Station in the train for Hastings Only one English couple in the same carriage, in no way remarkable. Arrived at twenty minutes past seven, and found Mrs Adams and Mary quietly established at the Queen’s Hotel. Henry had crossed me on his way to London. The air singularly soft and sultry here. Talked on the proposed arrangements.

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Rather a high wind from the Southeast, and a surf which repelled me from trying a bath in a machine. Took a cold one in the house instead. After breakfast walked with my daughter along the whole length of the parade to see houses. Visited a number of them and on our way back looked at some lodgings in Warrior Square. Caught in the rain on our way home which we weathered by taking a vehicle and having the aid of Mr Parker's umbrella, when he met us. Not being satisfied as to the stabling I again went time without succeeding to find the agent. He afterwards came to my lodgings and I settled on taking one of his houses. No 96 Marina for a month certain. I make this arrangement for the pleasure of my family, but anticipating for myself little but added care and anxiety both for myself and the place in London. I have felt a little unwell for some days, and unaccountably depressed. Read some of Mr Massey’s History of England.
Heavy rain and thunder shower in the night, but it was clear and warm in the morning. After breakfast I walked to the Station and took the train at nine o clock for London. The trip without incident, and I got home before twelve, to resume work and the composition of Despatches. They were short however this week, as at present there is a lull in the relations. The newspapers arrived from America. They are not quite so reassuring as I had hoped. Although General Rosecranz has fortified himself for the present, there is yet much doubt hanging over the progress of the division of Burnside to relieve him, as well as the other reinforcements that may be needed. The Government has a great responsibility resting upon it, if it suffers that Officer to come to harm. I think it will act up to the emergency. If it should, I do not doubt the issue. At three o'clock I had a deputation from the Emigration Society at Derby. Two men, one of whom was Mr Brown the Secretary. Their object was to represent the situation of numbers of people to me and to ask whether I could propose any facilities to emigration. According to their account the condition of the laboring class is melancholy. Their wages barely suffice to pay their way, and support their families, and nothing is left for the future. Brown said he was at wages of ten shillings a week as a bookbinder. He had children to bring up and educate, and he barely paid his way. What a prospect for the future. It was for these reasons there was a great demand to go to the United States. The only obstacle was the cost of transfer. The laboring class had no money laid up. If any assistance could be given either by the American government or by enterprising merchants there was no doubt in his mind from the extensive correspondence of their society that a great exodus would follow. I explained to Mr Brown the reasons why the government could take no part. They were partly political and partly economical. But if they would put their views in writing and send them to me, I would forward them to some individuals of high character, who from their extensive connections would soon be able to tell whether any thing could be done. They seemed thankful for this courtesy and promised to send me such a statement. Brown talked much and with good sense of the condition of the industrious poor in England. He says most of them are unhappy and wish to get away. Such is the happy and merry England of which we hear in poetry and romances. The very rich and the very poor are content with their lot. All between is a rolling and uneasy mass, glad to get away if only suitable opportunity present itself. It is well for the aristocratic element that much of it does go. If it remained there would before long be a reckoning. I worked until five o'clock, when I went out to take a long walk. Henry remained tonight at my desire in order to direct the emigration of the Servants which takes place tomorrow. After a quiet dinner, I read and wrote letters.

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Morning cloudy with light rain, but it cleared again at night. I was busy in completing my letters home. Obliged to break off in the midst of it to go down to the City and get some cash with which to despatch the Servants under Henry’s superintendence to St Leonard’s. Incidentally I disposed of the matter of the contingent fund, and paid personally to Mr Reuter, the two quarters which Charles Light had appropriated and forged receipts for. I left my house at 11.15 and got back at five minutes before one, which is pretty well for the Metropolitan Railway. At half past one they all went, and I was left alone with two servants in the house for the Legation and myself. Having finished my letters for the bag I went out on a walk. Called to see Mr Whiting, and Mr Ritchie. Both of them were out. In the evening I continued Dr Phillimore, and read a little of Sir Emerson Tennent natural history of Ceylon.
10 October 1863

Weather mild and fine. I was busy all the morning making out my Quarterly returns to the government. This is always a difficult operation from the necessity of changing the currency, and of a calculation of time which is apt to disagree with the results at the Treasury in frivolous amounts, which nevertheless create as much trouble as if they were millions. I did little else. A visit from Mr C. A. Murray, to get me to take an acknowledgement of a deed. He is the gentleman who married Miss Wadsworth, and is now British Minister at Dresden. Brooks came in from Twickenham, and went on to join the family at St Leonard’s. Evening alone. Read Dr Phillimore’s International law and a little of Tennents Ceylon as an entremets. The news from America ambiguous and still keeps us in suspense. I am afraid it indicate another year of war.

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Friday 11th

London CFA AM

A pleasant feeling air. I went to Church in the city, starting early enough to get well down to All Hallows the great in Upper Thames Street. This again is one of Wren’s places, and a very favorable specimen for the scale. Outside the edifice has little attraction. A plain square tenor and a side without ornament, much the worse for smoke and storm. Inside the arrangement is simple but inviting. Here the pulpit and desk are placed against the north or Street wall, not lighted except by small windows under the roof, which do not effect the eyes at all. The long windows are on the south side, and shed cheerfulness over the whole area. A single large round window over the altar. The ceiling carried out much in the manner of the church in Bread Street, with the exception that the pilaster are brought down and give the proper effect. The most marked feature is a fine screen of carved wood, light and elegant. The Pulpit is also of oak, carved quite elaborately. At the altar are two statues of Moses and Aaron which are rather de trop. Take it altogether, it comes very near to my idea of a church for social worship. I should remove the tall fences of the pews, which would through the auditors more into a mass. The attendance was very fair. The Clergymen read exceedingly well. His sermon on Faith not above the average mediocrity. On the whole my worship today did me good, and my mind was uncommonly quiet and science. Afternoon took a walk and went into the Zoological gardens for a few minutes. Dined quietly with Mr Bates. Nobody there but Mr and Mrs Goodwin, who keep his establishment. Walked home at ten o’clock. I received my Despatches which were quite pacific.
481 Monday 12th St Leonards CFA AM
The morning papers announce the death of Lord Lyndhurst. This makes the fourth person of note who has passed away within a short time. The others were Lord Clyde, Edward Ellice and Whately, the Archbishop of Dublin. In the post was a biography of Lyndhust, very well written but tolerably caustic. In truth, his history has nothing very elevated about it. An acute reasoning lawyer he made his way up the ladder by his cool judgment and knowledge how to profit by circumstances. American born, and the son of an American refugees he overcame all the difficulties of want of connection and of property, and became towards the last the Oracle of the Tory Aristocracy. His latest years were his best. To me he has always been very courteous, and begged me to go and see him much oftener than I chose to go accept. He retained his mental faculties extraordinarily though the gout had long paralyzed his powers of motion. He was essentially an adventurer in life, as have been many of the men who have mounted the woolsack, but he succeeded better than most of them in making his position improve as he lived along. He does not leave an equal in his particular line, behind him. Lord Brougham always partakes of the Mountebank, which he never did. The mail brought me letters and papers which I read much of the morning, but they were not so satisfactory as usual. Visits from Mr Collins and one or two others. Having done my best to bring up all the arrears of business, at four o’clock I started from the Victoria station for St Leonards. I reached our new abode, No 96. Marina, without incident, and found the family well and quietly established there. Henry returned to take my place in town.
482 Tuesday 13th St Leonards CFA AM
Rose a little earlier than common for the sake of giving to take a bath in the surf. It is stimulating to the skin, if not agreeable. The older I grow the more am I a believer in water as a safeguard to health. The day proved warm and fine, and was passed in a great measure out of doors. I wrote a letter to Mr Everett which I sent to London to be copied. In the morning with the ladies, and after luncheon, took a long stroll through Hastings about to Fairleigh. Quiet evening at home. I read more of Mr Massey’s history of the last century in England. It gives a picture far from flattering.
482 Wednesday 14th St Leonards CFA AM
The wind was high all day, and the surf was rather strong, but I encountered it. Only a few besides myself. It gives me a nice appetite for breakfast. Afterwards I retire to a quiet little backroom where I write without interruption. I accomplished a letter to Mr Evarts and one to my son John, before I went to walk with my daughter. We went as far up as Hastings, called to see Mrs Parker where we found Mrs Adams who walked back with us. She is rapidly gaining in muscular force. After luncheon, I took a walk in the direction north from St Leonard’s. It is not so pretty as the vicinity of Hastings. With the exception of a few small cultivated and ornamented pieces of ground, the country is bare and looks a little bleak. We find the house suits us quite nicely, and the privacy is as entire as we could wish. Evening, continued Mr Massey’s history.483
483 Thursday 15th St Leonards CFA AM
The sea looked rather rough but I posited in my bath, though I was satisfied with a few rollers. The sky was cloudy all day, and for a short-time it rained, just before dark. I received from London papers which enabled me to draw my Despatches and send them to be copied in season to dispense with going personally today. Also wrote my private letters to my sons. Afterwards went out on the parade with my daughter. We get to Hastings and executed some commissions there, but were intercepted by the rain and drove home. In the evening I continued Massey’s History. I met this gentleman last year at a dinner at Mr Moffat’s, and was pleased with his manners and conversation. His book has the merit of frankness and candor, but it has not much more. On the revolutionary struggle he is fair, though he fails to penetrate its full meaning.
483 Friday 16th London CFA AM

Up at six o'clock and out to take a bath long before he man who moves the machines was on the spot with his horse. I got through however in season for an early breakfast and departure in the nine o'clock train for London. On getting home I found myself enveloped as usual in a mass of arrears which I at once addressed myself to the task of reducing. Two or three visitors also consumed time, Sir Henry Holland, who is just from America, had seen my son Charles only three weeks ago, and had heard very favorable reports of him at head-quarters. He has been much pleased with his tour and has become reconciled to Mr Seward. A person by the name of Jones came to talk to me about the doings of Mr Howell, who has failed to fulfil his contracts made here. He evidently desired to sound me as to the extent of sanction given by the government to his action. I assured him there was none. Mr Jones complains of having been ruined by relying too much on his good faith. He seemed to me rather a weak man who had been tempted to go beyond his depth as a broker for Mr Howell, who has deserted him. In point of fact Howell and General Lerman assumed an undertaking much beyond their strength or capacity, The managed it very ill, fell into the hands of enemies, and escaped only with loss of character. They gave me trouble enough, but I fancy suffered quite as much themselves from their mismanagement of my letter. We succeeded in getting off the mailbag in good season. Henry went to St Leonard’s, and I had a quiet evening at home. Read Phillimore’s International Law.

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The tenor of the news from America is rather discouraging. I suppose we must expect this after a reverse like that in Georgia. As yet however we have lost no ground. It remains to be seen whether the government has energy and power enough to save any loss hereafter. Much depends upon it. My morning was passed in writing letters and notes of various kinds, the arrears of the week. Afternoon called on Mrs Singleton in whose behalf the Duke of Argyll wrote to me. She has a wild son in America, who enlisted in the cavalry for three years. She wishes to get his release. More than two years of his turn has expired, and I doubt whether the release can be had much before the end of the third; but I offered to send on her representation to the Department. She thanked me very profusely. Called on Mr Collins to apologize for having forgotten to write a line to Mr Milner Gibson for him as I promised last week. I brought it with me. He said it was in season, as she could not have used it. Indeed his application is taking a new turn towards the Hudson’s Bay company, which renders it wholly unnecessary. From thence I went to see Mr Steroms about some autographs of General Washington which had been sent to me from Baltimore. He said he had heard of three other persons who had received them from the same source. He wished them sold at five points ten each. They might fetch five shillings if not in too great number. They consisted of obsolete checks on the Branch Bank of Baltimore. I thanked him for the information, as it enabled me to answer the writer. Dined with Mr and Mrs Bentson The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Ritchie, Mr Laugel, Miss Weston and Miss Chapman Mr Reade, the uralist, two Messrs Lehrman, brothers of Mrs Bentson, and Dr and Madame de Mussy. The dinner was luxurious as usual, but rather dull. It being a fine night, I walked all the way home.
18 October 1863
485 Sunday 18th London CFA AM
Mild day. I find myself not yet quite able to get through a luxurious dinner with impunity. With all my caution I was uncomfortable until sun-down. In the morning I went to the City, and attended Divine service in the Church of St Mildred in Bread Street. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren’s designs, and though having his marked architectural character, varies in some particulars from most of his works. There are no round windows here, nor is there so much light as he commonly obtains. This may be owing to the fact that the organ observes one of three large windows relied upon to light the whole interior. The finest feature is the ceiling, which springs lightly from the walls and is rich with carving. Close by the side of it affixed to the wall are the Royal arms and the initials C. R. Thus we are reminded that this edifice was constructed at the time when that immaculate specimen of piety, Charles the second, was the head of the Church. The service was well read to about twenty worshippers, after which a sermon on the text, “Give us this day our daily bread.” The only ideas were that the word “bread” conveyed a general petition for all needful assistance, and that this petition did not imply any neglect of the greater need of a spiritual life. On my return home I found my Despatches and the American newspapers from Washington, which so far as they went were reassuring, I took a walk, westward of the Regent’s Park, and to my surprise found myself at Hampstead before I turned to come back. Quiet evening. Read a little of Dr Phillimore’s International Law in the evening

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The weather continues very mild for so advanced a period in the Autumn. I received letters by this Mail and the New York newspapers. My son John sent me one from Charles which described another severe exposure that made me shudder at the same time that I was grateful for his escape. I had a visit from young Mr Emmons who has just come from Paris to meet two of his brothers arrived from America in the present Steamer. Dr Waddington also called to get a subscription to his pilgrim church, which he made out to do. I prepared for the week’s mail by writing replies to two or three letters I have had on hand. At three I started to walk to the Station of the South Eastern railway at London Bridge. Fearing that I had not allowed myself time enough to take the train at 4.20, I hurried myself unduly, the effect of which was to get me there too soon by a quarter of an hour. The trip to St Leonard’s through Tunbridge Wells is rather prettier than by the Brighton line. We went without incident, and I got to my house just in season to see Henry and Mr Moran before they started. Quiet evening, continuing Massey’s history.
The morning looked rather threatening, but I preserved in taking my bath in the sea. The surf did not appear high, and yet I was dashed about by it in a rougher way that I have experienced before. Nevertheless I think that it does me good. After breakfast I began to work on a note to Lord Russell, under instructions just received by the last Steamer. It is one of the difficult kind of papers which I have been compelled to present ever since I have been here. It relates to the claims growing out of the depredations of the Alabama, the presentation of which became so annoying to the government here that Lord Russell became testy and urged that it should cease. I consented to wait until I could learn what my government desired in the premises. The Secretary has at last sent an answer carefully drawn which I can direct to make the basis of my reply. I drew the form today. After luncheon over to drive with Mrs Adams, with Mary accompanying on horseback. I meant to go to Sedlescombe, but as it began to look more threatening we turned off by way of Westfield and Hastings home. In the evening, read the remainder of Mr Seward’s speech. It is long, elaborate, and in portions of it very heavy. I doubt the discretion of it much. On the other hand there are portions of it which are very strong as against the course of Great Britain, and I think unanswerable. It has not had much effect here for it has not been reprinted. Lord Russell’s notice in his speech was not what made it known the most.
The surf was less this morning; and though it seemed to look like rain, it finally cleared a summerlike day. The sun was so warm I was glad to get on the shady side of the Street. Wrote several letters home, one of the Thomas Frothingham and one to Mr Dana. Then to walk along the esplanade to Hastings with my daughter. After luncheon a longer walk on the heights above where the view towards Beechey Head is charming. Got home late when I found Mr and Mrs Harrison Ritchie had come to spend a few days with us. Quiet evening.
21 October 1863

487 Thursday 22d. St Leonards CFA AM
The sea was calm, so that instead of surf I was compelled to swim for my amusement. The water was however considerably colder. Busy in writing until four o’clock. The freedom from interruption which I enjoy in this operation is one of the most curious contrasts to my London life. Mrs Adams with the Richie to visit Battle Abbey. After my work was over I strolled over to the cliffs to the eastward of the castle, over looking the sea towards Dover. I also followed the road under the cliff on which the castle stands, as far as it went. Here I found two or three of the most picturesque situations I have seen in England. In this particular the curiously irregular ground on which Hastings stands is highly favorable. A windmill with a cluster of small dwellings on one elevation, with the ruins of the castle on a background of soft gold cloud and a setting sun, with a motionless sheet of water on the east, and myriads of vessels with sails set dotting the surface had a marvellous soothing influence on my spirit until I tore myself away to return by the way of the esplanade, under the rays of a clear and bright moon. Quiet evening in conversation. Mr Ritchie related to me some particulars of the history and doings of General Butler in Louisiana which by means do credit to our national character. The man, like many other brought forward in thee war, only devleopes the dishonesty which was within him long before. He likewise entertains a low opinion of General Bank’s military qualities which have been so much lauded, though he esteems him as an administrative Officer very highly.488
488 Friday 23d. London CFA AM
Clear morning. Early breakfast and went to town. Found myself as usual engaged in all sorts of business. Finished up my letters and Despatches which took most of the day or what was left of it. Dismissed my servant Henry Herds being the last of the series inside of my house which I had from Mr Dallas. I hope hereafter at least to regulate my household to my taste. Henry went down to St Leonard’s. I called to see Mr and Mrs Johnson Livingston at Edwards’s Hotel. They brought letters to me from America, but in my present denuded state at home I can do nothing for them Then a walk and home. Evening engaged on my Diary and Phillimore.

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488 Saturday 24th St Leonards CFA AM
Foggy and dull. My state of depression of spirits is becoming chronic. This way of living does not suit me, and the condition of public as well as of my private affairs at home is not satisfactory. Perhaps as the season runs to its end I shall revive again. Here my situation is certainly less precarious than it was. There certainly is more inclination to let matters go without meddling. But much depends on the military news, which just now is stationary. Had a visit from Mr Walker who tells me that the division in the cabinet is very divided on the question of policy in regard to the Slave States. Mr Chase and Mr Stanton take sides with Sumner who proposed to annul the State governments. Mr Seward and Mr Blair are for restoring them on conditions. The President advocates the latter policy. It seems to me that to treat the rebellion as one of States is at once to justify the right of succession. And to assume the right of annulling a State is to destroy the structure of government, which is made to rest on the people as the morning principle of State authority. I cannot see my way to the radical fancies of Mr Sumner. Our divergency when it took place, was a real one, resting on ideas. called to see Mr and Mrs Ritchie. They had just got home. Dined at a restaurant and then went to the Haymarket Theatre to see Mr and Mrs Wigan. The piece was Finesse a poor thing by Lady Gifford. Their performance made it all that it could be. Afterwards Charles 12th which did not strike me much.489

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489 Sunday 25th London CFA AM
Tolerably clear. I went to the city by the Metropolitan railway as usual, and attended service at the Church of St Lawrence, Jewry. This is the largest of the many edifices planned by Wren after the fire of London, and with the exception of St Stephens Wallbrook is I think the finest. The same general features carried out more perfectly with an abundance of ornament that imparts a richness wanting in other cases. The pulpit is placed between the windows as at St Swithin, but the small gallery is opposite, whilst a fine spacious organ fills up that opposite to the altar. This and the pulpit are of wood richly carved, and the pilasters with entablature as well as the ceiling are carried out with abundant ornament. The services were much in the usual way. The Clergyman preached a sermon on prayer, developing some of the difficulties with its efficacy, but not meeting them. The great obstacle to all progress in such discussions is the inability of private man to comprehend the extent of the power of God. I can believe prayer to be efficacious without in any way conceiving the how, the when or the where the result may be brought about. There may have been fifty worshippers, besides the charity children. I notice that in these city churches, the banns of matrimony are seldom declared, a pretty good sign of the absence of young people. In the afternoon I walked on to Kensington gate to see Mr and Mrs Morse. He is just recovering from one of his attacks, which come more frequently. I advised him to change the air, and work less. He said he though of giving to the Isle of Wight. He seems to me in a critical state. On my return home to dinner I found the telegram, announcing the result of the elections and the retreat of General Meade. The same is decidedly favorable, whilst I was rather prepared for the latter. The verdict of Ohio against that pestilent traitor Vallandigham will do much to maintain the character of the people. I am still proud of their pertinacity in upholding the great principles at stake in this contest. Much as it may cost the country, the alternative is only still more to be dreaded. The arrogance of slave mongering rule must be broken or there will be never be peace. Quiet evening, reading Dr Phillimore.
Monday 26th St Leonards CFA AM
Cloudy but mild. The american mails came in just after I had finished one sheet of a long business letter to my son John. I was interested in the newspapers. Visits from Mr Ritchie and Mr Sanford. The latter told me that the French government had decided to stop the war vessels built for the rebels there. This is well. A large ornament of funds is thus swallowed up without any resulting advantage in the war. The Despatches arrived just in season for me to get down the city to draw some funds and reach the train from London Bridge to St Leonard’s at 4.20’. Arrived without incident, and found the family quiet and comfortable.
490 Tuesday 27th St Leonards CFA AM
Clear and so calm that there was no surf at my bath. As a consequence I was compelled to swim in order to resist the chill of the water. The reaction on coming out was however very perfect. In my quiet little room I pursued my occupation of writing until noon, when I went out to walk with Mary. After luncheon she went on horseback with Henry. It had grown thick but I accompanied Mrs Adams in the carriage on a drive to Sedlescombe, a village about seven miles distant. It is a curious specimen of the old English settlement. Nothing looks dilapidated however. The people are not rich, but they are not wretched as you find them in the great turns in the manufacturing Districts. Quiet evening, reading Jesse’s account of London.
490 Wednesday 29th St Leonards CFA AM
There was a light surf today which much enhanced the satisfaction in the bath. Henry left us for London. I worked upon my letters for the bag; prepared my Despatches which are not much this time, and read a large part of a pamphlet on neutral relations which Mr Charles G Loring has made of a series of papers printed in the Boston Advertiser. The argument seems to me conclusive, in almost every part. The policy of Great Britain has been cold, selfish and short sighted. As relates to America however this is not any change of the course of a country. After luncheon I took a walk with my daughter, back through the gate of St Leonard’s and Hollington across to Hastings returning by the esplanade. Weather threatening. Evening at home.
continued Mr Jesse’s book.491
491 Thursday 29th St Leonards CFA AM

It is difficult to imagine a sharper contrast between the life here and that in London. I read no newspapers with the exception perhaps the Star. Neither have I a single interruption of any kind. The effect on my nerves is great. I become at once serene as if perfectly free from care—and what occupation I have is just enough to save me from ennui. In two hours I am in another atmosphere where I at once jump into the irritation of the conflict that comes to me through the newspapers from home, and the other variety which springs from the agitation of the subject here. The wind was high and the surf was great so that I did not bathe. But after my work was done I could not resist the temptation to walk the esplanade and watch the grand rollers as they came in and break in one sheet of foam. They do not compare in magnitude with those of our coast at Nantucket or Nahant. But those can seldom be seen with any share of personal comfort in a heavy gale. Here the atmosphere is sufficiently mild not to detract from the enjoyment. All the surf comes in most powerfully with a southerly wind which comes from the tropics, and only parts with a share of its calorics as it passes over the water. Notwithstanding occasional showers I made out nearly my average amount of exercise before night. Finished the first volume of Jesse.

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491 Friday 30th London CFA AM
The aspect of the sky was remarkably wild this morning, neither did it portend variably. The
day was tempestuous both in wind and rain. I went to London in the train at nine o’clock and
reached my house al little before noon. There was not the usual amount of arrearage. I
finished up all the Despatches and private letters in good season. I found one here from my
son Charles dated the 5th of the month, giving the usual account of work and labor. Henry
went to St Leonard’s at three in the midst of the heaviest rain. I had time to read files of the
American newspapers which seem in general to be encouraging. The advance of General Lee
seems to have resulted in no essential gain, though it looks imposing to the English people
who like to magnify it. A visit from Mr Ritchie, who professes to visit Paris tomorrow. I took a
walk, and in the evening sat alone in my room reading, and making up the arrears of this
Diary.

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This is to me, as it is to many good housewives, cleaning up day for the week. I drew up three notes to Lord Russell, in reply to as many from him, and wrote one or two to consuls, and other persons. A visit from Mr Archibald, brother of the British Consul at New York, apparently of civility. Mr R. J Walker was likewise here, much elated by the result of the elections in America, which appear decision of the policy of the country during the rest of this Presidential term. After that I imagine things will have gone too far to change. Afternoon I went out on an investigation of historical antiquity. As I had pursued the examination of churches so much, I thought I could take this opportunity to try taverns. So I went and ordered a dinner at the Mitre in Fleet Street. This is the place to which Dr Johnson used to resort, and where Boswell relates that the plan of the trip to the Hebrides was arranged. It is a very small and mean room with a few tables separated from each other by partitions and curtains. There is an open fireplace on the right of which is a corner which Johnson is said to have been in the habit of occupying. There is a bust of the Dr on a bracket overhanging it. It is a type of the Dr's character and habits which were essentially vulgar, that he should incline to such a resort. I got a fair dinner at a rather high price. The literary men of the last age were mostly in circumstances which made the society of a small town a great recreation. The present age does better for them. It has invented club houses. From here I went to the Polytechnic in Regent street to witness the entertainment there. It consists principally of dioptric effects produced by concentrating rays of light on a single object, which is thus made to appear out of a film or curtain. This has made much noise of late as it is called evoking ghosts. Two or three illustrations of stories of Dickens and Walter Scott were made. But the ghosts were such decided examples of flesh and blood as to make no illusion. All that could be said was that it was neatly done. I remember when a boy seeing the phantasmagoria which imposed on my imagination then far more. There was a representation of seems in the opera of Faust afterwards with dissolving views. place excessively crowed.
493 Sunday 1st London CFA AM
Attended Service in the City at St Albans’s, Wood Street. This church dates from a very early period, but the edifice has been twice rebuilt. It is from Wren’s designs, but in every respect different from his customary manner. It is Gothic, a style which he appears so little to have fancied that I cannot help thinking he must have followed the desire of others to copy the older model. I should have been glad to see it even in the that shape, as it is described in Brayley’s London, with its wainscotting of oak, and high pews, and pulpit with carved soundery bound. But all this is gone. Every thing is Gothic modernized, to me a most incongruous idea. I took no more satisfaction in it than I should in the Episcopal church at Quincy, with the single exception of the hour glass attached to the pulpit, which is preserved. I have seen this nowhere else. It is at once typical and hortatory. The service was in some respects peculiar. For the first time since I have attended morning ministrations, the Litany was omitted, and the substitute prayers given. Another peculiarity was that the congregation consisted almost entirely of young people and they sang the chants and hymns well, without charity children. I heard no banns declared however. Attendance fair. It was All saints day, and the preacher gave a sermon appropriate to the occasion part of which he read, and part improvised. It was not remarkable for any thing except its very christian and liberal spirit. He absolutely went the length of declaring his belief that salvation did not depend on faith in any particular creed. This is getting on in England. The old bigotry which expelled two thousand of the best men in the church from their pulpits as unworthy of Christian confidence, because they could not subscribe to a system is after the lapse of two centuries wearing array. I liked his earnestness and his candor. Home where I had a succession of visits. Mr S. B. Ruggles on his way home from Berlin He talked largely of his action there, and of his purposes here. Had been to Russia on a singular project of fanning the establishment of a Greek church in San Francisco. His account of the development of the emancipation policy in that country was deeply interesting to me. He says that the serfs are so eager for instruction that it is very difficult for the government to expand its system to an adequate degree. Already ten thousand schools have been organized, and now the want is felt of capable teachers. He likewise told me of his interior with the Archbishop of Moscow, and his plea of harmony in the interchange of christian offices between the sects, which made the water come into my eyes. That is the kind of Christianity for me. I think it is coming, but like all great movements, slowly. He asked me many questions about the state of the established church here, which I answered to the best of my ability. He expressed a wish to see some of the dignitaries, and I promised him letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. Next came Mr Parkes, who had his usual amount of gossip. Among other things he talked of the late story running the rounds the clubs, of a suit in Doctor’s commons for Divorce, which involves no less a person than Lord Palmerston as the correspondent. His Lordship is now too far advanced in life to make such a story likely. In earlier days nothing would have
been more likely. Whilst he was sitting with me, Mr Bright came in with his son. We had a pleasant chat of an hour or more on the present state of opinion here, and the prospect for the future. He asked me some questions respecting my mode of proceeding about the Ironclad vessels of Mr Laird, and I told him frankly the truth. He said he did not doubt Parliament would pass any restrictive measure the Ministry would propose, in support of the enlistment law. He also thought that Baron Pollock’s law in the case of the Alexander would be overruled on the appeal. I replied that in such case I should have no further apprehension of the danger of war with this country. Mr Bright is an honest and therefore a strong man with his powers of debate. I like him better than any man I have met in this country. He showed me a letter he had received from Mr Cobden, containing a copy of a note from Mr Crampton to Mr Marcy begging that no Russian privateers might be allured to victual in America pending that war. He thought it might now be retorted by me. I said the answer would be that the rebel vessels were not privateers. Quiet evening. The bag came, but nothing of importance.
Cloudy and rainy. The mail brought me letter and newspapers from America. The most incomprehensible event is the removal of General Rosecranz from his command. Of the courses for this act, very little clue is given, though I cannot believe that they could have been trifling to induce the government to make a change. I was very busy in disposing of the unsettled matters of last week. Mr Ritchie came in to tell me that he was going over to the continent, which rendered him unable to accept Mrs Adams’s further invitation to St Leonard’s. I went down myself at half past three to the Victoria Station. The trip was without incident. I reached home to dinner and a quiet evening.
495 Tuesday 3d St Leonards CFA AM
The aspect of the sea was as wild and tempestuous as last week. The bathing seems abandoned and the machines are carried away for the winter. Employed myself at home in write a letter to my son John, and in incidental matters of household duty. Walked out however, and found the parade very much deserted. The surf quite grand. Went all the way to Hastings and back in the rain—The return however is the toilsome portion when in the face of a violent wind. Evening, read the third volume of Mr Massey’s History of England.

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Henry went up to London this morning. I read Mr Sumner’s article in the Atlantic Monthly, which contains his notion of the settlement of the rebellion. It is radically unsound and if likely to conciliate the popular will, would be fatal to the form of our Government. It has never been the characteristic of Mr Sumner to establish any measure of his own contrivance. I doubt whether he will do better with this. The country is practical, even in its wildest movements. I cannot but foresee however that if called home before long, I may be thrown into opposition to him in Massachusetts, unless indeed I retire from public life altogether. I wrote my Despatches and sent the draught by post to Mr Moran. By reason of the accident which prevented the Africa from getting over. less business came out for me than usual, so that I had leisure, more than common. Windy as ever. Walk at Halton, coming out on the hill near the castle. More of Mr Massey.
The storm abated a little in the morning, but the wind rose again and blew hard at night. It has now lasted ten days, and has been unusually severe along the whole southern and western coast. I had only some short letters to write for the mail, so that my leisure was spent in reading a portion of Leigh Hunt’s Autobiography. There is very little substance in the first part, but he has made his narrative pleasing by the simple charm of style. Afternoon I took a long walk to the west by Boxhill, and then to the north through Hollington home. A portion of this I remember to have taken a year ago. It is neither so cheerful nor so picturesque as the region about Hastings. Evening quiet, reading Massey whose third volume I am finishing. There was a procession with an enormous figure of Guy Fawkes passed by the house according to the custom, but the wind was rather adverse to the torches. The Anticatholic prejudice is still kept up by it, which considering the political danger of some of the papal doctrines is not perhaps amiss. The practice now is to seize the opportunity to direct this passion against obnoxious living persons in foreign countries. Last year General Butler came in for a share. This year it goes to the Russians.

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496 Friday 6th St Leonard’s—London CFA AM

CFA’s text

p early and in a fine clear and calm day left St Leonard’s to return to London. For a wonder the carriage was entirely full. I seldom find that this makes conversation. I never talk myself, being not anxious to develope opinions on American affairs, which are almost sure to be touched upon, if any thing is. At home I found some arrears of work to bring up. The opening of the case of the Alexandra by a movement to carry it up to the Exchequer chamber has presented new features that require reporting. So far as they relate to doctrine, they show a change on the right side. The government also is manifesting far more energy. Henry returned to St Leonard’s, and I was left quite alone. Occupation relieves the tedium, but I cannot say that I ever fancied absolute solitude. Read more of Dr Phillimore who is rather dull.

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496 Saturday 7th London CFA AM
Clouds again and rain. Occupied in despatching arrears of all sorts. A singular visit from a woman who sent in her card as Madame Helping. She fatigued me much with a long story of herself. She is German transplanted to America; has married twice already, and comes out now, partly for her health, and partly to console a frenchman who had taken orders, but who nevertheless had been anxious to embrace protestantism and to marry her previous to her second marriage. She intimated that she consented on the performance of the condition, but as that was not forthcoming, she did not wait. She is however still interested in his conversion, and her object in seeing me was to know if I could aid him in getting an establishment here, should he conclude to come. All this seemed to me wild enough in a woman on a solitary expedition, so that I contented myself with fair words. How various are the forms of the human race. No two of them are alike in their intellectual any more than in their physical structure, and yet the generic resemblance is complete. This is one of the wonders of creation that we do not often hear spoken of, and yet that deserves remembrance as much as any. At three I decided to go to the city to draw from my Bankers today, more especially as Monday is Lord Mayor’s day. After this was effected. I rambled about for some time to identify places which I propose to visit particularly hereafter. I found St Helens Church and place, and St Mary Axe. Also St Botolph’s and Alderman’s walk, and Devonshire Square. All this part of London carries one back a little distance beyond our date at home. Walked home, stopping at Dolly’s in Paternoster Row for a dinner. It is a curious place situated on an alley running from the Row to Holburn or rather the street running into it. The room is small, but much larger than the Mitre’s. I found but one table occupied. A full length picture of Garrick, and heads of Dr Johnson and Goldsmith and others, in all colors hung about. The original Mrs Dolly, a pretty picture likewise hung there. Several generations have passed since she flourished. The dinner was fair but not extraordinary; and the whole had a common not to say vulgar look, which seems general in the city. From here I walked on until I got to the Olympic, a little Theatre in Wyck Street. A small, dirty, shabby interior which nevertheless was fitted with a Royal box, indicating that the royal family came occasionally The piece was called the Ticket of leave man. It is strongly English throughout, and presents some of its forms of society in a striking light. A youth from Lancashire with a small property is drawn in to dissipation by bad associates, until he becomes penniless, and helpless. He is then supplied with bank notes on loan, which on his attempting to pass them prove counterfeit, and he is seized, tried and condemned. Not wicked at heart, he has formed relations with a poor but virtuous girl which give him motives to reform. He behaves so well in prison that he obtains an abridgment of his sentence, which goes by the name of a ticket of leave. He tries to reestablish himself, but every where he finds himself hunted down by his old associates, who find means to expose his prison history. At last they bring him down to despair, and then they tempt him with a plan of partnership in a burglary. He
falls into it, but with the design of saving his benefactors, against whom the scheme was planned. The burglars are taken, but in the process the ticket of leave man is wounded, and the curtain falls. There is a moral in the piece which is not often the case in these times. The difficulty of recovering from the effect of a prison conviction is very serious. It complicates itself with the fact that sincere repentance cannot be readily distinguished from the pretence. In this case, the sufferer is made the innocent victim of his bad associates. This adds an element of improbability which to me diminishes rather than heightens the interest in the victim. A really innocent man will seldom fail, with proper energy, to awaken the sympathy of some prisons, in spite of his prison life. It is the man who has once fallen by the influence of bad company, but who has yet in him the power of recovery, if encourage, and not crushed that is the object of the greatest pity. Be this as it may, the piece as it is, is very effective. The acting was generally very good. There was a little farce called the confidence man, which I recollect to have seen before—rather poor. I got home shortly after midnight. I walked all the way, though not without some mistrust of the region through which I was to pass. The night in London throws vice into the streets in its most vivid forms. The rogues and the harlots, the drunken and the profligate reign supreme within the sphere prescribed by the policies who interfere only to preserve the peace. By keeping in the great thoroughfares, one may be safe.

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Sunday 8th London CFA AM

Windy with drizzle and rain. The streets so muddy that I decided not to go the city, but rather to attend at the Chapel in Portland Street. Mr Martineau officiated, but the numbers were not large. His sermon was upon the parables as a mode of teaching. The same characteristics of refined speculation rather dimming than sharpening the impression on the memory in listening that I have always observed. On the whole I have been so little satisfied with my experience, as well as with Mr Martineau’s apparent indifference in the great struggle we are waging with wrong in America that I gave notice today of the termination of my occupation of my pew at Christmas. It has been with some regret that since I have been here, I have not found any religious teaching with which I could sympathize. Mr Martineau is liable to the objection so often made to the Unitarians at home, of cold, abstract speculation. His talk is to the reason and the fancy; he never stir the heart or the conscience. Why are there not in the pulpit men who devote themselves to the study of their fellow creatures not less than to book? Since I have been in England, my worship, which has on the whole increased in fervor and earnestness, has been almost entirely conducted through some of the fine prayers of the Church and the hymns. The personal service of the Clergyman has been nothing. There was no arrival from America today. I had visits from young Mr Palmer, who called to see the family, and rather fell on me by mistake. He is however educated and intelligent, so that I was pleased to see him. After him came Henry T. Parker in quest of American news. When he left I went out to return a visit of the Minister of the Argentine government in South America, and to see Sir Henry Holland who has been suffering from a severe attack of illness. He said he was better, though he looks rather feeble. I also saw Lady Holland and the girls. Then home, to my solitary dinner and evening. Continued Dr Phillimore.

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499 Monday 9th St Leonard’s CFA AM
There seemed to be so little prospect of the arrival of the Steamer that the question arose whether, if I waited for it it would be worth my while to go to St Leonard’s at all. I do not relish my solitary life enough to be reconciled to the idea, so after completing all the arrears I had on hand, I decided to start as usual at four. The only visit I had today was from Mr Hoe, who came about the application of a person to him to be permitted to present the plan of a gun to the United States. This devotion to an idea in our struggle is not uncommon among the lower class of people in England, whilst in the higher ones few conceive it. There was news from America, but not by the regular Steamer. It was unfavorable so far as it went. At the proper time I walked to the Station and made my passage without incident. The night was clear but cold. Found the family quiet and comfortable as usual.

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Cloudy morning with rain, but it cleared afterwards. Not having my customary work, I confined myself to the task of answering two letters on my files, and reading a little of Leigh Hunt. Much interested in this writer’s nothings. I relish them better than the more vaunted style of Charles Lambe. After dinner a long walk on the other side of Hastings, as far as the cricket ground on the cliff. It was muddy and uncomfortable and I was rather late getting home. In the evening, read Mr Massey’s fourth volume. It is rather less interesting than the prior part of the work.
In this quiet retirement, there is little to record. It is surprising to me how much I enjoy it. The absence of all cause of anxiety or irritation public or domestic constitutes the great contrast to London life. I drew a Despatch or two and sent them to London. Took a drive to Bexhill and Sidley's green with Mrs Adams; Mary accompanied us on horseback. It is quite a pretty region. Evening, more of Mr Massey.

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The receipt of further intelligence from London caused by the delay of the Despatches from America made rather more work today, so that I did not get through with my private letters. Also I went with Mrs Adams and my daughter to return a visit to Madame Musuras the Wife of the Turkish Ambassador. After luncheon, I started for a walk. My object was to go to Bexhill by one road, in the expectation of return by another. On my arrival there I found there was no other, so I had to retrace my steps. The loneliness of the roads after dark surprises me much. Evening, more of Mr Massey.
A bright, clear morning, the first I have seen here for some time. Off at nine o’clock for London.

As we passed in the train I noticed the country quite white with frost, and even the formation of spicula of ice in the still water. At the Legation I was a little hurried to get my private letters ready. Received the telegram from America quite early in the day, though it contained no very important intelligence. My anxiety about my son however throws a shade of apprehension upon all these arrivals. I thank Heaven he yet remains unhurt. Henry returned to St Leonard’s.

Walk in the evening. The days grow so short as to bring me once more to that necessity. Worked on the arrears of my Diary, and read some of Dr Phillimore.

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Not a great while after breakfast the mails, and afterwards the bag with the Despatches came, thus clearing away all my reasons for continuing in town. I therefore disposed of all my business, and went down to the train which leaves the Victoria Station at four. The trip was without incident, and I a little surprised the family with my presence. Quiet evening. read a little of Mr Massey. The chief peculiarity of this writer is the great freedom of his criticism on English royalty and its Institutions.
Mild, fine day. Attended Divine service with Mrs Adams at Christ Church. This is a new edifice after the Gothic style, but with free seats. They were all filled. The service performed by a young man, who intoned a portion of it in the High Church style. His discourse was upon the story of the woman healed of a long disease by the Savior. It did not seem a happy selection, or particularly well treated. The litany was again omitted, but for what reason I did not understand. In the evening, took a walk first to Hastings and then into cross roads which brought me to a place called the cemetery, opposite to which I found a new pathway, back to Hastings. My desire is never to retrace my path. I accomplished it this day. But cross ways do not seem to be common here to make such wandering safe. Got home pretty late. Evening quiet, reading Mr Massey’s book which is a little bordering on the tedious.
Sunday 15th
15 November 1863

502 Monday 16th St Leonard’s CFA AM
Having to attend a meeting of Trustees of Mr Peabody’s fund in London I went up for the day, stopping at the terminus near London Bridge. From thence I called on th Messr Baring in Bishopsgate Street to transact business. Walked from there to the Board of Trade, where I met Lord Stanley, Sir Emerson Tennent and Mr Lampson of the Peabody Trustees. The object was to examine some new offers of land to erect buildings on. Two or three seemed eligible, and one was adopted. The moment of the endowment has now been nearly drawn from Mr Peabody; a portion has been used in purcasing the lot and building an edifice to use of the same kind as suitable sites may be obtained. An adjournment was made for a week. This gave me time for a flying visit to my house, and then back to the Victoria Station to take the four o’clock train. Quiet evening. Read aloud a few of Longfellows new poems.
Misty and variable. Wrote several notes and one letter, and regaled myself with more of the biography of Leigh Hunt, which continues as sprightly as ever. The public news has been important, as the King of Denmark has rather suddenly died, thus opening up more difficulties in the way of peace in Europe. The effect is very favorable to the cessation of agitation about America. It was so wet in the roads that I confined myself to the furthest extent of the pavements in Hastings and back, making about three miles. Finished the fourth volume of Mr Massey, which is not however as much as he proposes to accomplish. It does not appear to add much to what we know of the times, though the spirit is on the whole fair and reasonable.
502 Wednesday 18th St Leonard’s CFA AM
The mornings are clear, but before noon there comes a thing coating of vapor afloat not very high which observes the sun until evening, when it becomes clear again. The news from America is rather favorable again today. I trust that we are at last getting over the effects of the last reverse with less serious loss than ever experienced before. The elections continue to show decisive results in favor of the policy of the war and of the Administration. The smooths the declining road to the close of the term. Wrote the remainder of my Despatches, and sent them to London. Drove with Mrs Adams to Crowhurst and home by the Battle road. The country is singularly diversified with hillocks which render the driving uncomfortable, and severe for the horses; the rising and falling make a continuous labor. This is particularly the case with this drive. But Crowhurst rather pays for the trouble, by its picturesque clustering of cottages under the hill, and its old church and Yew trees in the valley. It has few traces of modern innovation. I am not sure that the picture is cheerful, but it is genuine and thoroughly rural. Quiet evening. Continued and finished Jessie’s Account of interesting portions of London.

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Henry returned to town this morning. I felt quite poorly all day with an attack on my bowels, very unusual since I have been in England. It is a little singular that Mrs Adams was similarly but more severely affected early in the week. Can it be that there is some local cause. I wrote my private letters for the mail tomorrow and had some leisure, which I spent reading Leigh Hunt’s book. It is rare one finds a thing so pleasant. He was a specimen of a class of men in England—the literary Editor. A set of people who assume to know a great deal about every thing, and play the whip over people of far greater attainments, and higher qualifications to teach. There is a candor about Hunt’s admission that disavows one in his case. But the race is yet flourishing, preserving all the disposition to domineer without possessing any of the compensating qualities. I confined myself to a moderate walk to the London road in old Hastings, and then a cross cut path over the highest bills in the rear until I struck into the road to the gate of St Leonard’s. This is the first time I have effected that circuit. Evening, amused myself looking over the plates and biographical notices in Grainger’s so called History of England. There is much that is curious to be picked up in such a book.
504 Friday 20th London CFA AM
A clear and lovely morning. I left the place with regret to go up to London. Most of the way I was alone in the carriage, so I beguiled the way with a newspaper. At home, found enough to do. The Court of Exchequer is now hearing the motion for a new trial, on the ground of misdirection of the Judge, who insists upon it that he made no such direction as that imputed to him. That the public and the Jury equally went astray is indisputable. The chief Judge is over eighty years old. Which party is likely to be correct is not likely to be disputed long. But that will not alter the absurdity of the legal position. I wait to see what the issue will be, with some curiosity. After the bag was off I read the American newspapers which encouraged me. A walk and quiet evening, all alone. Read a chapter of Phillimore, and wrote arrears of Diary.
504 Saturday 21st London CFA AM
Mild and fine, but there was a hard spring shower towards dark. Finished up arrears which were not great, and rather dawdled away the morning. No news from the other side yet. I await it with some anxiety. Towards dark I went out and paid visits to Mr and Mrs John Bigelow who are here from Paris. He gave me some account of the state of things there which is encouraging to us. The present threatening aspect of things in Europe is soothing the temper towards us surprisingly. I have never felt so serene before. But after all, it is the war that makes or mars the harmony. A moderate share of success just now would make us very safe, for a year. Thence to see Col Ritchie for a short time. Dined at the Blue posts, an establishment of no great antiquity, but which gives a cleaner and a nicer dinner than any of the older ones I have visited. Thence to the Haymarket to see Mr Matthews in some of his comic parts. The first play was entitled Silken Fetters, a piece with little merit either in tone or in plot. Matthews played Mr Codicil, the lawyer in a manner which would forfeit a profession all man all his eminence. He made him a simpleton. These came a burlesque of the ancient Greek Tragedy and the Story of Medea, which was only not flat by being too absurd. I wondered at the patience that endured it to the end. Then came, cool as a cucumber. Equally poor. I am clear that Matthews has no true comic humor at all.505
505 Sunday 22d London CFA AM
A mild, springlike day. Went by the railway to the City, to attend service at Great St Helen's. This is really an old church and a curious one. The external architecture is in no way remarkable. The interior is interesting from the number of its monuments erected however in honor of no particularly distinguished persons. A large portion of the surface is given to them. The pews are disposed in two lines under the two divisions of the roof, a common feature of old churches. The pulpit is attached to the South side, midway, whilst the altar as usual is at the east end. On the doorway at the west end was the organ, and ranged about it were the charity children male and female—the latter in their quaint cap & dress. When they rose and sung one of the hymns in the service, the sunlight streaming in from a side window, the picture was worthy of a painter’s study. During the service I perceived a closet on one side fitted with shelves on which were ranged in order small loaves of white bread. I waited to see what this meant. After service, a ring of poor women was made each with a bag, and these loaves were distributed by the Beadle. Some of the monuments were of the fifteenth century. I rather liked the service in this antique spot around which the inundation of traffic was swept leaving it as a memorial of a different age. After service was over I walked down to the Station of the London and Blackwall Railway, near Fenchurch Street, and took my ticket for Richmond. It is rather a roundabout way to get there, but that was a recommendation to me to whom much of the region to be traversed was new. We went through Stepney, Bow, Victoria Park, Hackney, Kingsland, Islington, Camden where we changed carriages, and then went on through Highgate, Hampstead, Kensal Green Hammersmith, Kew, Chiswick to Richmond. In other words, this is a circuit from the East to the North and thence to the West of the city. My object was to call and see Lord Russell at Pembroke Lodge. I got to the Station at about three, and my walk from there though the Park took me half an hour more. I found Lady Russell at home, who received me very cordially. She had with her Mr Layard, and a clergyman and his Wife whom I did not know. Lord Russell was at the moment engaged with Sir Henry Balwer, in his room, but506 they joined us soon. His Lordship was very cordial and presented me to Sir Henry, who reminded me of his residence in America as Minister. Sir Charles Wyke also came in, so that we made a pretty lively set. I snatched a few moments of silence to speak to His Lordship on the two points which I had in my mind when making this excursion. These were, to deliver the complimentary message about Mr Steward, lately the Secretary of Legation at Washington His Lordship seemed quite gratified And to propose a mode of settling the difficulty respecting the occupation of the island of Sombrero. This he requested me to make a minute of, and send it to him in writing. This being arranged, we talked generally about Mr Hawthorn's new book, and the play of the “Ticket of Leave” man, until I found it time to take my leave, on doing so His Lordship said he was always here on this day and would be glad to see me. This was significant as the newspapers will have it that he has resigned. The probability is
that there has been some difference in the cabinet about the acceptance of Napoleon’s proposal of a congress. It is very questionable how long this combination with last Lord Palmerston’s position has been lately a little compromised by a scandal created out of a petition for divorce of a husband against his wife for adultery with him. Considering that the old man is now in his eightieth year, this is a little strong. He defies it boldly, and calls it a scheme to extort money. But his character in early life was not good, and many here pretend that he has bought off the suit with a round sum. The Queen who is strict in upholding the morals of the court, is well known to have been long averse to Lord Palmerston, and still more to his wife, whose career a Lady Cooper was not run without reproach. For this and other reasons, it would not surprise me to see a catastrophe during the next session of Parliament, a new Ministry and a dissolution. However I might have viewed this at any former period I must say that since the more decided action taken against the rebel movements here, I am not disposed to wish any change. Lord Russell is certainly more courteous than ever before, and his policy grows more rather than less conciliatory. My term is running out with him, and though 507 by no means acquitting him of both rudeness and meanness in his treatment of me in the case of the letter given to Howell and Lerman, I can not to begin anew with a stranger. I walked back to the Star and garter, where I dined. The site is pretty and the dinner was good, though very dear. A considerable number of parties in the room, all of whom seemed to be on a pleasure trip for the day. I returned by the South Western Road to the Waterloo Bridge, and walked from there home. Quiet evening.

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Sunday 22d
22 November 1863

507 Monday 23d. St Leonards CFA AM
The Steamer arrived from America brought letters this morning, but the bag was delayed. I was interested in the newspapers. Had a visit from Mr Collins who is pushing his project of a telegraphic line via Behring’s Straits. He reported to me his conversation with the Duke of Newcastle, who seemed to suspect him to be a mere spectator on what rights he might pick up. To dispel this illusion he asked my aid under the instructions I had from Government. I promised him I would address to him a note which would set this matter right wherever he would show it. I was obliged to hurry away to get down to the Board of Trade in season for the meeting of the Peabody Trustees at 2. o’clock. Sir Emerson Tennent was gone, under a pending onset of the gout. So that Lord Stanley, Mr Lampson and I were just enough to make a quorum. There was little to do beyond ratifying the purchase of another lot; and considering the valuation of rents on the new building in Commercial Street which is approaching completion. An adjournment at half past 3 o’clock gave me time to get to the Victoria Station to take the train to St Leonard’s at four. I reached three without incident, and dined with the family quietly as usual.

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507 Tuesday 24th St Leonards CFA AM
The first thing to be done was to consider the termination of our stay. Mrs Adams is becoming a little uneasy at her absence from London whilst the children naturally wish to remain as long as possible. After consideration, we fixed Thursday the 10th of next month as the day of removal. I spent my morning, writing to John and Charles. This is in anticipation of a change in my usual day for returning to London. Took a long walk in the evening. The days are now shortening with great rapidity.
508 Wednesday 25th St Leonards CFA AM
Very mild summerlike weather. The Despatches from home are few this week and require little notice, so that I easily disposed of the answers. But another matter was on my mind of a more troublesome description. Mr R. J. Walker and some other Americans in London have consulted together, and arranged a celebration of the day appointed by the President for a general thanksgiving. This takes place tomorrow—An invitation has been extended to me, and of course that implies a speech. I am expected to respond to the toast of the President of the United States, Although myself extremely doubtful of the propriety of a Minister’s speaking much even among his friends, I could not either the dinner or the speech without giving rise to insidious conjectures as to the cause of my refusal. So I concluded the perform the part at my own risk. Then comes the labor of preparation, which is always painful to me, because I cannot write any of it. My walk this evening was lonely on the parade after dark meditating and arranging my materials.
508 Thursday 26th London CFA AM

Started for town in the train at 9’40’, which takes three hours and twenty minutes to go. I lost nothing by the delay, as I found myself completely alone in my carriage, and was enabled to meditate my speech more thoroughly than commonly happens. In general I seldom get more than half way, and leave the end to take care of itself. Scarcely an hour and a half was left me at home, and part of that was taken up by a visit from Colonel Ritchie The designated hour of assembling was three o’clock, but it was much later before the whole company had gathered. There might have been a hundred person of whom I knew not more than perhaps a dozen. Mr Walker was the presiding officer, and not very familiar with his duty. The arrangements were however simple and effective. As I shall ship in the programme between these pages it will dispense with description. The proclamation which is very good, and which therefore never emanated from Mr Lincoln’s pen was tolerably read. The prayer was made by Mr I Sella Martin, the colored preacher, and was generally impressive. The hymn which was furnished anonymously and does not amount to much was sung; All these before going to dinner.509

The entertainment itself was very good in quality and well served. I sat on the right of the President, and Captain Hadley of the army sat next to me. After the serving was completed Mr Walker made a long address, which I perceived he read from a printed paper in his hand. It was not wanting in force and would have been more effective if it had been delivered with less strain on the voice, and vehemence of manner. It is wonderful how a stay in England calms down the strain of exaggeration customary in America. For myself, though not esteemed prone to it there, I constantly feel how much I have toned down since I came here. The next thing was the toast to the President, to which it was for me to respond. Mr Walker insisted upon making a preface bringing up my father and grandfather in a way which I was once so persecuted with in America, but which now only makes me smile. When he had finished I began. The press here had sneered at the notion of a thanksgiving in the midst of a desolating civil war. I thought it a good opportunity, whilst avoiding the topic of victories over our fellow countrymen which necessarily take a shade of sadness, to explain more exclusively the causes of rejoicing we had in the restoration of a healthy national solidity in the government since the announcement of the President’s term. I went over each particular in turn. The result is to give much credit to Mr Lincoln as an organizing mind, perhaps more than individually he may deserve. But with us the President as the responsible head takes the whole credit of successful efforts. It certainly looks now as if he would close his term with the honor of having raised up and confirmed the government, which at his accession had been shaken all to peices. And this a raw, inexperienced hand has done in the face of difficulties that might well appall the most practised statesman! What a curious thing to History! The real men in this struggle have been Messr Seward and Chase. Yet the will of the President has not been without its effect even though not always judiciously exerted. My Speech through somewhat
longer that usual was well received. Soon afterwards I went home for the purpose of correcting the reporter’s notes. How much I found to abridge and to improve! Did not finish until near midnight.510

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510 Friday 27th St Leonards CFA AM
As my son proposed to remain in town for a day or two, and as my work was pretty well brought up I determined to return to St Leonard’s in the evening. This was very nearly defeated by visits, one from Colonel Ritchie, who announced his departure for Paris, and one from Mr Bigelow, who has come over in order to please his Wife how prefers English Aceoncheers. The latter staid so late that I was compelled to have recourse to the quick driving of a hansom to gain the Station in season. Found the family not expecting me and therefore the more pleased. After dinner, I began reading aloud to them Mr Hawthorne’s new book about England.
510 Saturday 28th St Leonards CFA AM
This was more of a leisure morning than customary at St Leonard’s, and the first of the kind I have had here. I amused myself reading Leigh Hunt’s Autobiography. But at noon Henry made his appearance from London with letters which were rather in the nature of a hint that I had passed the limit of my weekly allowance at the seaside. The escape of a Steamer purchased by the rebels from the Royal dockyards at Sheerness brings with it the duty of making a representation to the government. I concluded that I would not go back for it, but I drew a form and sent Henry back with it. He brought other papers which gave me subjects to think on. The period of calm in this Legation cannot endure a great while. This is one of the instances of fraud and trickery which these rebels resort to here in the very teeth of this government, but which they do not resent as they would if we were to attempt it. There is moreover strong ground for believing that much connivance and even positive aid has been given by the people belonging to the royal gard. We must bear it, I suppose; but we can scarcely be expected to forget it. Walk, and reading Hawthorn in the evening. His style is easy and simple, carrying with it some satire and yet sufficiently mixed with kindness of hear to qualify its sharpness. The impressions of English life and society are not unfavorable on the whole, though in some particulars the accuracy of the picture is calculate deeply to wound the British sensibilities. A critical notice of the book which appeared in the Times a few days since betrayed the vexation given by the very patronising air of commendation which it affected. The only objection I find to it is the sameness of the manner of treating every thing.511

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511 Sunday 29th St Leonard’s CFA AM
The air was quite cool this morning, yet I perceived no frost. With Mrs Adams I attended services in the Congregational form at the Assembly room, north of the Victoria Hotel. It is a fair sized, handsome room. Chains were placed close to each other and in rows the whole length of the hall. Most of them were occupied. The alternation to our simple forms is refreshing. I know not who the clergyman was, but his service and his sermon was apropos to the baptism of an infant of his own which was to take place afterwards. He drew a picture of Christ interposing against the exclusion of little children, and of the effect produced on the different classes of people present by this act. We remained with a portion of the hearers to witness the christening which was performed by the maternal grandfather, a Clergyman from Edinburgh. He made rather a long preface dwelling with true Calvinistic rigidity upon the natural depravity of infants. That ever father and mothers with hearts should bow to a doctrine so appalling, whether looked at in reference to the Deity on the one side, or their child on the other! Took a walk with my daughter the whole length of the esplanade to its end in Hastings. In the evening, Mr Hawthorn.

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511 Monday 30th St Leonard’s CFA AM
The post brought me letters from London which made it necessary at once to write replies, and kept me busy. In the evening Henry came down so that we had the mails from America. The political and military news is not important. But there is a great variety of questions opened in the Despatches, which gave me much to think of. Indeed this very last week at this place differs from its predecessors in the great increase of care, which has not burdened me heretofore. There is a man by the name of Richmond who has thought fit to fall into bad company and got tried and convicted of a criminal offence. His friends in Roxbury are all up in arms about it, and have sent me a heap of letters urging me to get him out. What can I do? I could not help thinking of Mr Hawthorn’s anecdote in his book, of the Doctor of Divinity in Liverpool who lost his sanctity so suddenly on reaching this country.
511 Tuesday December 1st St Leonard’s CFA AM
The weather changes again to cold, windy and wet. I remained very busy and quiet in my room writing. A little period of indulgence I set apart, for refreshing my recollection of known incidents in the Life of Shakespeare and the date of composition of his plays.512 This was started by reading Hawthorn’s account of his visit to Stratford on Avon. How delightful it is to turn thus to a subject of pure literature, far away from the passionate contentions of living men! In the evening, I continue Hawthorn’s book aloud.
The barometer had a sudden and great fall, which showed itself betimes in a high wind and heavy rain. My letters and Despatches took up my time. A walk in the evening confined to the parade and the sidewalk in Hastings. Wrote to Mr Moran to apply for me for a conference with Lords Russell. I have been prepared for a call to go to London in advance of the regular day, but as yet nothing turns up to demand it. Wrote to John and Charles. The former in his last letter proposes to get leave for the his brother for two months and to come out to see us. I had suggested the same thing in a letter to Charles himself a week or two since. But a sudden damp always comes over me whenever I venture to think of the future with this unhappy war hanging over us. Thus far he has been mercifully preserved to us. But the Potomac campaign is not yet over. The accounts come to us more ambiguously too as to the result in the Southwest. Much depends upon it. If propitious, it will be a long step to the end. If adverse, we must prepare for another year. Read more of Hawthorn.
512 Thursday 3d. St Leonard's CFA AM
The call to London did not come, so in spite of the greatest heap of letters on my table that has ever been upon it in one week I remained in peace. The weather boisterous and variable, so as to make exercise difficult excepting on the pavements. I noticed the setting of the sun before four o'clock. read nearly all the remainder of Leigh Hunt. And in the evening continued Hawthorn.
Thursday 3d.
3 December 1863

I have now been a clear week at St Leonard’s. It is the last. We propose to return to town on Thursday. It was a lovely morning. Henry and I took the train at nine and I got to Portland place at noon. There was plenty to do, and the latest files of American newspapers to tempt a division. The Despatches were all drawn up, signed and sealed in season. A visit from Mr Bigelow. His Wife is confined. The accounts from home excited my anxiety as we are evidently on the eve of critical events. The rebel press is now kept from despair by the hope of a great turn of fortune in Tennessee. Just now the position of General Burnside looks critical, so that it may come to them. If it should the military sagacity of General Grant will have been much compromised. He has had warning enough, and has been furnished with resources enough to secure a different issue. Went out and dined at the Blackpot tavern. It gives the neatest and best plain dinners I have seen here. Evening at home, working upon the arrears of this Diary.

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513 Saturday 5th London CFA AM

Some arrears of correspondence took up much of my time. The Consuls once more draw pretty largely upon it. At three I had an engagement at the Foreign Office by appointment; so I walked down to Whitehall. Lord Russell received me very civilly. My object was to communicate to him a Despatch from Mr Seward proposing some new action in the way of prevention of the abuses of neutrality which have been practised in this war. He suggests either legislation, or a treaty stipulation or else the withdrawal by Great Britain of its recognition of belligerency. This was designed as a confidential communication of his Lordship should prefer it in that form. He said that he could neither give an individual nor an official opinion on this proposal just now. The government was awaiting the issue of the lawsuit to understand the extent of its powers under the existing law. The questions had been argued with great ability on both sides. it was for the Court to give judgment. I said that could come soon then, for I understood there would be a decision on Thursday. He replied that this was a mistake. Sir George Grey had told him this morning that the Judges were divided, two and two. Consequently they had concluded to put off any declaration for some time. So that perhaps a way might be discovered to reconcile the differences, before then. I then referred to the handsome conduct of the Governor General of Canada and Lord Lyons in the warning us of the plot of the rebels to attack Johnson’s Island, which had put a stop to an excitement that might otherwise have been very dangerous. I threw out the idea of the possibility of adopting some such legislative measure to check these border hazards as that accepted by us in 1838. Mr Seward had sent me a copy of the act, which at his request I gave him for examination. We then talked more freely of the nature of this policy of the rebels, systematically abusing the neutral position of a country, which admitted and characterized as a wholly new feature in the history of a nation. I alluded to the late escape of the vessel at Sheerness as a singular proof of the audacity of these people. He seemed to assent, and added that the Admiralty had sold the vessel as one of four decayed ones no longer wanted. It has been brought for nine thousand pounds by a man who was often a purchaser in the same way. Hence there was no suspicion of bad faith, until quite lately. Cause had then arisen for doubt of the intentions in fitting it up, whereupon orders had been sent to detain her. This led to the sudden departure of the Vessel. I remarked that my information went to the extent of implicating parties in the government employ. He said that the workmen who had been carried off in her had all been dismissed. He did not know of any connivance. I did however, and intimated so, at the same time adding that I could not betray my authority. His Lordship then seemed to muse for a moment, and opened the pamphlet copy of the Diary of an Officers of the Alabama, which I had sent him, to the page which alleged connivance of the same kind at the time of her escape. I remarked upon the coincidence in that testimony with the statement in the Deposition of Yonge. I clearly perceived that he was dissatisfied with the position of Britain on this case,
and yet puzzled how to amend it. He went so far as to concede that as an Englishman he considered the interests of the country on the ocean as much exposed by tolerating such practices. I took advantage of this admission to point out the fact that America was swarming with energetic and desperate men who would like nothing better than to have their hands untied, so as to be able to serve the cause of any belligerent that might turn up. The true cause of all the embarrassment is to be found in that precipitate step of recognition of these parties as belligerents, which greeted me on my first reaching these shores. With these as a fulcrum all the rest has followed. I alluded to it only through the passage I read of Mr Seward’s Despatch. I did however more directly point out the motive which animated all these proceedings, which was to involve the two countries in a war. He assented at once and added the remark that he feared there were Englishmen too animated with the same motive. To which I joined that luckily the countries were so widely separated by the ocean that we could hope to defeat such schemes. Were we separated by the ocean that we could hope to defeat such schemes. Were we separated only as France is, a war would have been inevitable. Much other talk of the same kind followed, and I took my leave. It is on the whole the most satisfactory interview I have ever had. There was little or no constraint on his part, and an appearance of reliance on a good understanding which if it can be kept up will make the remainder of my mission comparatively easy. I left it about four o’clock and walked home. As I was passing along the lower end of Trafalgar Square, my eyes fell upon a poster of a newspaper on which was printed in large letters, Great Federal Victory. Defeat of General Bragg at Chattanooga. Loss of forty guns and five thousand prisoners. These things do not somehow elate me. They have the effect only of soothing my nerves into perfect calm. I did not buy a paper, neither did I walk very faster to get home on the contrary! moved more deliberately. Henry had opened the telegram just before he left for St Leonard’s. It was a confirmation of the abridgement in the poster. Thus the problem of the possession of Tennessee seems to be solved, and one more of Jefferson Davis’s predictions falls into the lost limbo of vanities. Dined with Sir William and Lady Ouseley, by invitation. Miss Lampson was there spending the day, and Mr Bankhead and Sir Henry Bulwer were the only guests. Three old diplomats with one new one. Two who have retired on their pensions and the other two who are still at work. Mr Bankhead was Secretary of Legation and Sir W G Ouseley Attaché to Sir Charles Vaughn at Washington nearly forty years ago, when I was a youth in the Presidential mansion with my father. Sir Henry Bulwer was Minister at Washington about twelve years ago under the Presidency of General Taylor, where he concluded the Treaty known by his name. Thus for once I fell into company with three Englishmen all whom could talk of America from personal knowledge, and with clear ideas. Thus we got on very well. I was more impressed with Sir Henry’s ability in conversation than with that of any person I have met since I have been here.516

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They day was darkish but it cleared up after the rainy. Went into the city as usual, and worshipped at St Andrew’s, Undershaft, or as it is sometimes called St Mary Axe. This has the aspect of an old edifice, though carefully repaired. It is in the simplest form of Gothic, with a nave and two side aisles, separated by thin clusters of pillars forming pointed arches. The roof is flat and ribbed with ornamental gilding. The eastern side has a window of stained glass, containing poor figures of five sovereigns of England from Elizabeth to Charles the second inclusive. The first instance of the sort I have met with. The effect is much improved by the monuments, a remark I cannot always make. The next curious is that of Star, a figure sitting with a book before him and a pen in his hand. It is the size of life, made of clay, once painted, but now of the natural color. The service as usual. The sermon touched on the delicate and disputed question in the church of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. The argument not forcible, and the conclusion that it is best left alone. Home where I employed myself in making up my correspondence. There have accumulated so many letters to prepare that I was obliged to abandon my project of returning to St Leonard’s this evening. In expectation of this I had failed to order dinner at home. So I went out to take a walk and search for some odd place. After a good deal of hesitation I hit upon the Cock Tavern in Fleet Street, said to be noted for its beef steaks and porter. At the door stood the figure of a Cock girt and well done. The room was long and narrow, partitioned off in boxes separated by curtains, as is usual with oyster houses at home. They were all filled with people apparently of the middle classes of young men. Silence is general. Nothing ordered but beef steaks or perhaps pork and beer. I trick the same but was unlucky in having as poor and hard beef as I have met with in England. In all respects the place seemed inferior. Nothing comparable to the Blue Posts. I rose and went home congratulating myself that these adventures were about to end. What a blessing is a comfortable home. Returned to m house to work. A visit from Mr Lampson who was driven off by the arrival of my bag from America, which however for once contained no Despatches.
The mail brought letters and newspapers in which I was deeply interested. They confirm the telegraphic report, though they leave uncertain the degree to which advantage had been taken of the victory. And the position of General Burnside remains critical. I am not uneasy about it however, excepting insofar as he may not prove equal to the occasion. His opponent Longstreet, is one of the best of the rebel division commanders. We shall see how he acquits himself in an independent situation. I scarcely venture to imagine what the moral effect of this discomfiture will be. My earnest aspirations are for a termination of the struggle just so soon as it will have effected the great end which will compensate all its cost. This must accelerate it. Having despatched all the pressing work, I walked down to the Victoria Station and took my way to St Leonard’s. Alone in the carriage from Hayward’s Heath. Found the family as usual.

Continued Mr Hawthorn’s book after dinner.
8 December 1863

517 Tuesday 8th St Leonards CFA AM

A blustering, rather unpleasant morning. The mail brought me news confirming the thorough defeat of General Bragg. So we may rely upon the acquisition of the district of Eastern Tennessee, and the application of another restriction upon the rebel boundaries. I wrote a draught of a confidential Despatch to Mr Seward giving an account of my conference of last Saturday, though by no means reporting the whole conversation. I also read the rest of Leigh Hunts Autobiography. It is a little drawn out towards the end, but is on the whole an addition to literature. The amiable temper in which it is written constitutes its greatest charm. My walk in the evening extended to the Turnpike gate out of the London road in Hastings. I likewise made a return and take leave visit to Mr Tilson Marsh, the Clergyman of the Parish, who has rather labored to make my acquaintance. In the evening, finished Mr Hawthorn’s book. The closing sketch of a dinner with a Lord Mayor is one of his best.
517 Wednesday 9th St Leonards CFA AM
Windy with heavy rain. Busy in settling up all accounts in anticipation of our removal tomorrow. Likewise wrote letters to John and Charles. My last hours in this place are calm and serene as the first. I have enjoyed them much, as an interval of repose in this very troubled sojourn in Great Britain. In spite of the rain I persisted in my regular walk on the pave.
518 Thursday 10th St Leonard's—London CFA AM
The morning proved clear and fine, so that we made all our arrangements with great facility and at noon took leave of our pleasant house and of the place. Although the season has not been particularly favorable, the recollection of the two months remains uniformly sunny. I have not fully analyzed the cause of the difference in the feelings created in the respective places of abode, but that they are palpably opposite is undeniable. No sooner had I reached my room than I found myself pressed on all sides with cares and anxieties. The most immediate was the receipt of a report of my speech of the 26th ulto, from Mr. Walker, which appears not to have been taken from my revised copy printed in the Times, but from the notes of another reporter. It was sent for my correction, by the intervention of the secretaries, which was lucky. I found it needed a prodigious deal of alteration. What Mr. Walker's notion could have been it is difficult to explain. The Times took no notice of his speech, whilst it printed mine. This is easily explained without any reference to the merits of the parties or their composition. It is my official position that gives interest here to whatever I may say. Mr. Walker however may not choose to appreciate that. He certainly would have gone on to publish his pamphlet to suit himself had not others intervened. Besides this there was a quantity of public business that needed attention, which kept me busy until a late hour.

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Although the Despatches to be sent are not numerous, they are accompanied by papers so voluminous as to make the labour of copying very heavy to the Secretaries. After getting through with them, I turned my attention to other subjects of a pressing character. The most singular one is the case of a man by the name of Richmond, who came from Roxbury in Massachusetts to England, and who has made out to get himself convicted as a thief and sent to Wandsworth prison for a year. Mr Huseshn, a fellow townsman of his has been sent out by the city authorities who take a deep interest in his case to give him what aid he may. He came to see me about it, and I agreed to make a representation to the Foreign Office about it. The real truth seems to be that he lost his balance on arriving in a new country, and full into the snare of a woman who by her larcenies practised at the crystal palace made out to involve him in the suspicion of guilt, as receiver of pilfered goods. Yet this is a man of sixty, of irreproachable life in America with a grown up family, and held in so high esteem519 that men like Dr Putnam and Dr Bartlett write to me in his behalf. Many other smaller incidents also concurred to absorb my time, and to receive the species of nervous anxiety which I feel when in London, but did not feel at St Leonard's. Corrected my speech and sent it to Mr Walker. I now take my exercise after dark as usual in the short days. Evening quiet at home. Read a little to the family.

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The arrears having multiplied a good deal. I set out to work to reduce them; and by steady labor until two, I made out to dispose of most of the material questions. The news from America is on the whole favorable; though our anxiety at the renewal of the campaign is received, on account of Charles in Virginia. The campaign can scarcely be expected to last much longer, but it bids fair to be severe and full of danger. Drove out in the carriage with Mrs Adams to pay some visits. One to the new French minister, M de la Tour d'Auverque, and one to Sir Henry Bulwer. Likewise, returns to Lord and Lady Russell and Count and Countess Bernstorff. Walked home home from Chesham place and then round the Regent’s park. In the evening, Mr Morse and Mr Moran came in and talked about the evidence which is now coming in plenty as to the doings at Sheerness. The newspapers from America came in and I spent some hours reading the details. The operations in the Southwest look very well.
The weather is fine for the season, so that we get a few hours of sunlight such as it is. I went into the city to church, finding myself this time in St Mary, Abchurch. This is another of Sir Christopher Wren’s. The exterior is not remarkable, but the interior has the grace and elegance which marks his style. It is nearly square, with only a single gallery at the west end. The ceiling is concave, and domelike, painted by Sir James Thornhill, but now so darkened by smoke and time as to be scarcely visible. But the chief elegance in the dark wood of the altar, pulpit, panels and pews, and the profusion of earning by the famous Grenling Gibbons. The attendance did not exceed fifty, mostly children. The sermon appropriate to ember week, the season of admission to the service of the church. Afternoon Walk to see Mr Bates who is unwell. He was lying down and could not see me. Walk and home. Mr Somerby dined here.
Sunday 13th
13 December 1863

By sedulous labour I succeeded in getting my table pretty well cleared of the remaining papers by two o'clock. After this went down into the city to make some examination of the shops for Christmas presents. I intended to have made some visits but only made out to return that of Mr Scovel, at Morley’s. Quiet evening. Began reading for the amusement of the ladies, Mr Thackeray’s novel of Vanity Fair.
520 Tuesday 15th London CFA AM
Having cleared up my table of the papers which were in it, I seized a little leisure to go to the City and get some money. Found the Barings and Mr Sturgis but not Mr Bates. Having accomplished my business I was at home by two o’clock. Then out in the carriage with Mrs Adams to examine Christmas presents. Thence to return a visit to Mr and Mrs Bigelow, who were not at home. Next to Mr Bates whom I saw. He was sitting alone upstairs in the midst of his elegant things, looking disconsolate enough. I could not help thinking after all how little such matters avail to smooth the loneliness of declining years. He complained of some difficulty in breathing, which was quite audible. Thence to see Sir William and Lady Ouseley. She only was at home, and had two ladies paying a visit, and the grandchildren down which was rather awkward to me who have been so long out of these ways. Home. Evening, a little of Vanity Fair.
Quiet day in work, but plenty of visitors. Mr Huston came about the case of Mr Richmond. He had seen the Judge, who had come to the conclusion to report favorably upon his case. I told him what I had done. No reply had yet come to me, but I did not much doubt the point would be gained. I expressed a hope that Mr Richmond would return home as soon as he got his freedom, which Mr H said was already agreed upon. Though he seems innocent of the offence for which he was tried, I cannot quite acquit him of another and much more serious one, which is not commonly attended with any penalty in the Court here. Dr Max Schlesinger called by appointment, having received a line of introduction from Mr Motley. His object was to obtain from me any information respecting American affairs that might be useful to supply to the German newspapers with which he is connected. I told him I could cheerfully give him any when I found what might be material. Mr Smith, the Consul at Dundee called. One of the very grotesque appointments of the Resident. The news from America is that the President is ill with the small pox which naturally creates uneasiness, though at present it comes only in the form of a report. A long walk in the evening. Began to read a chapter from Vanity Fair to the family when we were interrupted by a visit form Mr Ehringer.
521 Thursday 17th London CFA AM
The American newspapers came in this morning and interested me deeply as usual. After I became engaged in writing and working so steadily that I wondered at the sudden darkness which had come on when it proved to be half past four o’clock. We had dinner at five in order that I might go with my son Henry to witness the performance of Terence’s play of the Adelphi by the boys of the Westminster school. It is just a year since I went to see the Andria in company with Sir Robert Phillimore, the Lord Chancellor and Mr Moreira. I had not the benefit of so much pleasant company this year. We got there too early, and among the guests whose number was not large I found only the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr Milman whom I know. We went in as usual and took our seats. Every thing around looked just the same. The Prologue was tolerably done—Mainly a round of the loss of Westminster alumni during the year and the translation of Dean Trench, with an appropriate conclusion to the Archbishop, himself a boy who had once acted in the school, as Simo in the Andria. The performance was fair but not remarkable. The best part was perhaps that of Micio. Sostrata though small was good. On the other hand Dernea was only middling. Soschinus and Lyrus and Sannio either hard or over acted. There were emendations of the piece to make it more moral. Sannio was converted from leno into mercator and the psaltria was made into a freewoman and married to Ctesipho. All of which is directly in the teeth of Terence’s Prologue, which claims that particular portion of his play as its distinctive merit. This change, Mr Mure told me, was made in deference to the moral scruples of many. Some even objected to seeing the boys dressed as women. And this in a city which permits thousands of women to roam the streets all night soliciting men and boys with the most shameless effrontery: Which moreover tolerates newspapers that daily publish reports of actions of the most profligate nature committed daily in every point of the kingdom.522 Verily this is straining at a great and swallowing a cancel. The piece in itself is poor in plot. Its main interest is in the contrast of the two brothers and the effects of their opposite modes of education. There are fine passages of reflection, all of that tender and humanizing spirit which mark the taste of the poet. For in these he probably did no more than select from his Greek models. On the whole I think the Andria much the most complete drama for the stage. Yet there is enough of movement and humor in this to have made it popular. I am glad I saw it. After the play, there was an epilogue hitting off the city foibles, which was enough to raise a laugh. We returned to the Head master’s house where some refreshments were offered, and then drove home.

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Friday 18th London CFA AM
A busy day writing with only a single interruption. Sir Henry Holland came in to say a word about the President. He alluded to the controversy which has lately been going on between Mr Cobden and the Times, echoing the opinion of the Clubs which of course is adverse to the radical doctrines of him and Mr Bright. Nothing that I see here gives me more astonishment than the influence of that press on the educated and intelligent classes of the English. Mr Cobden though he has not managed his share of the controversy with skill is unquestionably right, and rests on an undeniably just position. The Times is equally regardless of morals or consistency in its proceedings. Its objects are all temporary, to be gained by the readiest means without reference to their nature. Not a single aspiration is every betrayed in it. And yet the moral and religious Englishman is not ashamed to submit his opinions to its guidance, and to submit under its decisions as if they had the infallibility claimed for the Pope of Rome. Its treatment of Messr Cobden and Bright is of the de haut on bas style, the mixture of insolence and knavery of a pampered upper servant in an aristocratic household. This may do for a time, but it cannot last. It takes not less than thirty years in this country for a sound principle to grow into a tree and yield fruit. Messr Cobden and Bright are now sowing seeds for the profit of another generation. The Times may strive to exterminate it by denouncing those who show the courage to labour in the work, but the effort will not accomplish the purpose. It may discredit the agents for a time, just as we were all discredited in America, when in 1846 we undertook to stem the torrent of pro-Slavery servility. Nearly twenty years have elapsed, and how are matters reversed! So has it always been in the great movements of the world started in pure and stable moral foundations. The edifice of English society rests upon great moral incongruities which will not fail in time to shake it down. Sir Henry and I could not agree. After finishing my private letters home, I found it already dark—But I took a long walk. Evening, and a little of Vanity Fair.
523 Saturday 19th London CFA AM
Mild, fine day. Having finished up my correspondence. I went out rather early for the purpose of examining a collection of coins which is to be sold next week. I did not go through with it, being engaged to meet the ladies in Berners Street, to a private view of two full length portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales just completed by a Danish artist, Mr Jensen. The draperies are good, but the faces seemed to me feebly done. From thence to Pall mall to a private view of the sketches of Jerusalem and its neighborhood by a german artist, Mr Carl Werner. It had become so dark however when I was engaged in looking at them that I had to leave them. There is an interest to me in these scenes, and in the idea of the devotion paid to them by so large a part of the Christian world of which we in the West hardly know any thing. Home by way of Hyde Park. Evening, reading aloud from Vanity Fair. Thackeray is a keen painter of manners, always rather more skilful in the shades than in the light of the picture of life.
523 Sunday 20th London CFA AM
Chilly and cloudy. Attended Divine Service at the chapel in Little Portland place which we propose now to leave, after attending it two years. Mr Martineau preached a sermon on the life of Jesus Christ. It seemed to me to put out his humanitarian notions more absolutely than I had ever noticed them before. He intimated that the Savior indulged his own conviction that he was speaking from the father very much as Mahomet or the veriest Visionary might honestly do. I can by no means be reconciled to such a doctrine. I firmly believe that Jesus spake and never man spake and acted as never man acted. In all the records of the past I find nothing which however good does not carry with it the mark of human infirmity. It is not then possible for me to believe that when Jesus made declarations so strong and clear of his special agency, he was not fortified by an inspiration from Heaven of which he was himself conscious, to tell the truth. I failed to follow the mysticism which ended by endeavoring to bring his theory into some sort of metaphorical harmony with the doctrine of the Trinity. This is a difficulty I have always experienced with Mr Martineau. He is metaphysical and hard and cold. The English church is remarkable for generally preaching nothing. Mr Martineau is always meditative and sometimes logical but he has no practical power. I scarcely knew where I may better myself, but I feel that further attendance here is of no use. A very quiet day. No visit but one from the Peruvian Minister. The news from America is on the whole very favorable. The abstract of the message of the President quite satisfactory. I read a good deal of the last number of the Quarterly Review. Especially an article on the lives of three Bishops of the English Church. It lays open clearly enough the strife that rages within. Evening, a little more of Vanity Fair.
Monday 21st London CFA AM
The American mail and newspapers came in this morning, and interested us very much. The intelligence was on the whole quite cheering. The Congress has been organized without any difficulty, and the President's message is firm and yet conciliatory in tone. There seems now to be a reasonable prospect of an easy passage through the remainder of this term of the Presidency. The indications of exhaustion and discouragement are so marked among the rebels that even a pacification may not be very far from us. The symptoms of discontent thicken among those who have been kept down the strong hand. Indeed they seem so alarming to the authority of Jefferson Davis as to produce an intimation in the Official newspapers that the rebel Congress may be swept away, if it prove refractory. A little more of success on our part would complete the business. It may be however that the proper time has not yet arrived. Slavery though shaken is not utterly overthrown. Perhaps it is a part of the Divine dispensation that the hearts of these people remain hardened until the great end of emancipation be fully accomplished. We must await the development with patience. A cheerful letter from my son John, but not a word from Charles, whose regiment has again been in action, and a good deal more cut up. Thus far he has been preserved, but I confess I tremble on the receipt of any mail. I had no visits. Walk and in the evening, a little more of the satire of Vanity Fair.

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525 Tuesday 22d. London CFA AM
Clouds which were dispersed by a high wind, and gave an unusually clear but rather cold day. I had visits from Mr Lucas, the Editor of the Star and Mr R. J. Walker. The former came to talk about matters at home. The impression is gaining that we are on the eve of some settlement. I think not. Time can only bring it. The message of Jefferson Davis indicate despair and desperation. Mr Walker came to say that the report of the proceedings on Thanksgiving day was now printed in the revised form, and he should send me copies. This being Christmas week I prepared my Despatches in advance. Brooks returned for the vacation. He has improved very much during the last term, and is highly commended for his deportment as well as for his progress. A long walk with him. Evening, reading Vanity Fair.
525 Wednesday 23d. London CFA AM
Despite the predictions of the weather wise, the temperature threatening frost yesterday at noon relaxed again in the night. I went down today, and attended the last of the three days sale of coins. It embraced only the English series, and some books. With a single exception I obtained all the coins I wanted at a reasonable rate. I was however obliged to take with them some which I did not want. This is made necessary here by the practice of playing into the hands of the dealers. There was the usual attendance, and the competition in some things was very sharp, among the brethren. My presence is always an astonishment to them. On my way home I called to return the visit of the Peruvian Minister. We had Colonel and Mrs Ritchie to dine with us and they spent the evening.
Pretty hard at work all the morning in preparation for the despatch of the bag one day in advance, on account of Christmas coming tomorrow. We had agreed to spend it at Mr Sturgis’s at Walton, as we have done each of the preceding ones. The ladies were ready and went at half past three o’clock, but I could not get my labour accomplished until later. A visit from Mr McCullagh Torrens likewise detained me. I walked to the Station in the Waterston road, and likewise walked from the Walton Station to Mount Felix. Here I found the ladies and Brooks already established. The family of Mr Sturgis as usual. The inevitable Colonel Hawley, and Major Russell Sturgis, the eldest son by a former marriage, who has come with three little children on a visit of a few months. He is a widower, and has served for nine months in the war. The only other strangers are Miss Rose and a youth named Forbes. Of course the disdain predominated. I had some conversation with Major Sturgis about his experience in North Carolina. But he had not much to report, as the rebels never had stood much. He spoke of the adverse sentiment here and of the satisfaction it gave him to talk with me. Doubtless an allusion to his father’s extraordinary course. Were there no other reason than this, I could never feel at home within these walls. Mr Sturgis gave me a very unfavourable account of the condition of Mr Bates. I feared as much from his difficulty of breathing when I saw him last.
526 Friday 25th Walton CFA AM

The morning was beautifully clear, and as I sat in my dressing room looking out on the green lawn made resplendent with the slanting rays of the sun, I could hardly imagine that it could be winter. Singularly enough my three Christmas visits here have been marked by this same characteristic, lonely weather, so that I may perhaps always so associate it in my mind. The children assembled and received their presents before breakfast, which was at ten o’clock. We then went to church. Mr Sturgis and a portion of the young going to the old place where I have attended heretofore, and Mrs Sturgis with the Major and two of her older boys, Col Hawley and myself to a new edifice just opened in Oatland park. It is a neat building in humble imitation of the Gothic, all the fashion just now, but which I look upon as an anachronism. The service as usual, excepting only the detestable Athanasian creed, which was repeated zealously by the people as if it was sense, and charity and love. Col Hawley and I walked both ways. After luncheon, I sallied out on a longer trip. The sky had become overcast, so that I did not see the sun set clear as on my former occasions, neither did I follow exactly the same road. The bridge over the river which was in ruins before has been rebuilt, so I crossed it and followed the bank up in search of another bridge to return. But from accidentally missing the point at Weybridge I actually went all the way to Chertsey. The country is flat and uninteresting but yet very rural. The river winds a great deal, making the distance longer. But the air was soft and balmy, and as the shades of evening fell the clouds gradually faded away. Crossing at Chertsey, I then with some doubts made my successfully to Weybridge and thence to Walton. From the time taken and my fatigue it must have been a walk of near ten miles. Yet I enjoyed it even more than those of former years; for my thoughts are as serene, and yet without the background of care in London. The change in the political sky both at home and here leaves me with a thankful heart to enjoy in silence and meditation the quiet of nature. The Scotia brought her news this morning—the main feature of it being negative. The only item of interest was that General Meade was freely granting furloughs to his officers and men. In that case, possibly our hope to see Charles here may be gratified. If we could hope to see the end of the war with him safe, the chief anxiety of my life and motive for remaining here would be removed. I confess I long for repose in my own home, before I am called from the world. After dinner, we had dancing for the children, and the lottery for sugar plums, and the pies to draw presents from, until I though Mrs Sturgis must give up from fatigue. The children from all the neighborhood came in—neither did the last one go much before midnight. The mistake of Mrs Sturgis is that she orders it. To bed, quite tired.
26 December 1863

527 Saturday 26th. London CFA AM

I left Mount Felix after breakfast, taking leave of all the inmates, as well as all my own family.
Got to town before noon, walked to the city where I found only Mr Baring Young out of the
partners, got some money and then by the Metropolitan Railway home, which I reached at
one. The American despatches letters and papers had all arrived. Much of my time consumed
in reading them, but of news there was less than usual. To me the528 interesting thing was a
letter from Charles at Warrenton on the 22d of last month, not very late news to be sure, but
not the less prized. He is still of opinion that nothing can be done on the Rappahannock, so
that now Meade seems to be fixed there for the winter, I hope he may be induced to come
away. As I got nothing from John, my inference is that he has started on his trip to Washington.
The public news is favorable so far as it goes. The Scotia made the shortest passage yet.
Towards dark I walked to Morley’s, to pay a visit to Mr Judd, the minister to Russia, who is on
his way back. Conversation about public affairs with he speaks of in a highly favorable state.
The public mind calm and confident. The sentiment in favor of the President’s reelection quite
unequivocal. A little movement among Mr Chase’s friends which would scarcely come to any
ingthing. I asked him about the Union Leagues, and their late demonstration as reported. He said
it was a very formidable organization which had spread like magic. One branch of it was secret
and might some day do harm. I remarked on the reported dictation to the President, which I
hoped he would treat as it deserved. He had heard nothing of it before he left Washington, and
did not credit it. Quiet evening at home.

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528 Saturday 27th London CFA AM
Having decided to abandon our attendance at Mr Martineau’s chapel, I went out today to see how it would answer to go to the chapel in the Vere Street. There is no Unitarian church in the neighborhood, and I had heard something of Mr Maurice as being of the liberal school of churchmen, under whom we might possibly be content to sit. It is rather a larger interior and fully attended. The Sermon was fair. It was upon St John the Evangelist whose day it was in the calendar. The main argument was aimed at some late exposition of the character of John which represented him as shaping his action towards the Savior as to recommend himself at the expense of the other Apostles. Not knowing the reference I did not gather so much of the point. The preacher however was clear and vigorous beyond the average of his class. I know no whether it was Mr Maurice. I took a walk towards evening calling to see Mr Thompson Hankey, and afterwards to Mr Bates’s. Neither of them was at home. Few people are in London at this season who can get into the country. The account of Mr Bates was, that he was better yesterday. Quiet the rest of the day and evening—Reading Leigh Hunt’s sketch of the town, which disappoints me. It is mostly taken from Brayely and Malcolm with only slight improvement. The event of the week has been the sudden death of Mr Thackeray, the novelist, whose book Vanity Fair I have been lately reading aloud to the family. This is one more deducted from the already meagre list of literary celebrities in England. Bulwer and Dickens, with perhaps Tennyson as a poet and three or four historians complete the number. Lord Brougham is among the past.
529 Monday 28th London CFA AM
A fog rather thick for a time. I notice however that at night it generally becomes clear. Time spent in disposing of the business brought by the Steamer, and in my own accounts which I bought down to the close of the year. In spite of the heavy extraordinary charges incurred in the journey to Scotland in August, the residence at St Leonard’s in October and November and the frauds of Charles Light, I do not perceive that the average expense of the half year exceeds that of either of its predecessors. Visits from Mr Walker who came charged with information which he thought of importance as to the contracts of Jefferson Davis to build six Steamers in France, and from Mr Ritchie who came from Walton and was returning. I suggested to Mr Walker the expediency of communicating on the subject with Mr Dayton. His informant he made a secret of, but from his description I inferred it must be either Pliny Miles. Walker himself is a little restless. Sent out here by Mr Chase for purposes not very clearly defined he seems not to relish being quiet though he is distinctly enjoined to take no public character. He has given me no trouble, but I see that he is not at his ease. Very quiet in other respects, as the number of americans who call on me has of late greatly fallen off. In the evening took a long walk through Regent Street, the Haymarket, the Strand, Fleet Street to Farringdon and Holburn and Oxford Streets. Read a good deal of Hunt’s London.
530 Tuesday 29th London CFA AM
Quiet and uneventful day. I passed part of it in the pleasant occupation of reviewing my purchases of English coins since I have been here, and unifying them by comparison with the representation in the work of Snelling which I was lucky enough to purchase the other day. What a peaceful and elegant pursuit this is. After I get out of my public life, what a resource it will e should I survive for any time! My collection is already sufficiently large to occupy me for a long while in doing what I have never yet had the leisure to do, studying it by the light of history and chronology. Much have I caught since I came here, where the means of study are so ample, but unfortunately here I have not the time to devote to it. A year or two more may bring me quiet. My country may not want my poor services beyond that time. I shrink from the duty of acting in perturbed times unless the call be imperative. Walk in the evening by Hyde Park and the Edgeware Road home. Evening, reading, Phillimore and Hunt.

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My solitary life is hardly diversified enough just now to elicit much recording. I received a letter from my son John on business matters the reverse of cheerful. I fear that he has assumed a task to which he is not suited. Not one of my children has the faculty of dealing with money questions which has carried me so safely thus far in life. John has every disposition to labor that I can desire. But this is the second time in three years that he finds himself in difficulties from errors in foresight. I wrote a reply at once, and also some letters to other persons which Henry came in from Walton very opportunity to copy. He went back to dinner. I had a visit from Mr Scott Russell who came to signify confidentially to me that if two of the largest sized guns of Sir William Armstrong’s make were wanted, they could perhaps be had. I said that I could not act in the matter, but I would put him in communication with Col’ Ritchie who might perhaps arrange the matter. After this was arranged Mr Russel entered into the matter of our affairs, and expressed his strong interest in the arrival at some form of settlement. He said that he was well acquainted with excellent men of each side, who were in the habit of meeting on Sundays at his house in the country as on common ground. There they talked constantly and freely on the practicability of a settlement. He asked me whether I thought there was any such feeling of hate among the population of the North as to render reconciliation out of the question. I replied that so far from it the main thing to be apprehended from any opening of the kind would be too eager a rush towards it. The great point to gain by the war was emancipation. It would not be wise to approach the question of restorative until that was put out of doubt. Mr Russell remarked that the condition of affairs was so dreadful in the south, and was viewed as so desperate, that he had good reason for supposing some disposition to exist favorable to some graduated form of emancipation. If that was so, I replied that the greatest obstacle to reconciliation was in the way of removal. I think I could answer for all the rest. Our people, nine tenths of them had no passion in the matter. They would hail a restoration with enthusiasm. Mr Russell asked my opinion of the probable way that it could be initiated. I said by the people acting in the States to overrule their leaders, at Richmond. He intimated the leaders would not be averse to act themselves. The lesson had been frightfully severe and most of them felt themselves subdued by it. I answered that I could not see any safe way of dealing with the quasi government. To recognize it would be a most dangerous precedent. We could see no legitimate source of power there. The case was otherwise with the States. Through the distinctive organizations something might be done. He repeated that the central power was well inclined. He intimated that he had better means of knowing the actual state of things there than he thought I could have. To the world, they still held up a bold front, but within was despair. Whom he could refer to as giving him this information I can only vaguely conjecture. His affinities would lead him among the tribe of military and naval agents like Bullock, Sinclair, Maury, Huse and the rest. Be this as it may, the conversation which extended to many other

details too long to set down is not without a certain share of interest. It discloses symptoms of that state of mind which if once arrived at among the Southern people would speedily bring on a complete prostration. Unless some extraordinary piece of good fortune should intervene their combination will suffer shipwreck even before it will be quite for an advantage to have it. For on many accounts it would be better for us to pass well through the Presidential election before grappling with the difficulties of restoration. After all the course of events is in higher hands than ours. Thus far they have gone not as we expected or hoped, but still showing us that our wisdom is but vanity in the face of the Divine dispensation. Let us continue to work according to our best light, and pray the blessing of the Lord on the issue. Towards dusk I took my usual walk, calling on my way upon Col Ritchie to tell him about the offer of the guns and to ask him to see Mr Russell. He agreed to do so. Quiet evening above at home, reading Mr Hunt's London.

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A dark morning with drizzle and rain towards night. The newspapers all contain a review of the events of the year, written according to the predictions of each. It has been an eventful one to us in America. The effect is to establish our superiority as a power beyond all reasonable doubt. Severe as the struggle has been the issue of the forcible recovery of the navigation of the Mississippi, of the conflict on our own ground at Gettysburg and in the possession of the Tennessee Valley, is decisive. The so called Confederacy is now reduced to three States and half which could not stand up long, if left entirely to themselves. Such is the issue of the third campaign. The effort of some of the English pass to get round this is amusing. The reasoning has ceased to provoke me. My time was much occupied in my customary weekly duty of writing. I had a visit from one of the partners of the legal firm of Fladgate, Clarke and Finch. The purpose was to confer with me in regard to the question made upon a remaining seem of five thousand pounds which has fallen in by the death of an annuitant, to the bequest made to the United States by the late Mr Smithson. The only obstacle to the payment is raised by the collector of internal533 revenue who after a series of delays and prevarication has finally decided to attempt to intercept the money by bringing a suit for unpaid legacy duties on the Estate of Smithson’s brother settled by him about forty years ago. This gentleman who had been requested by Professor Henry to consult me now came to submit the facts more fully than the papers had done which he had already furnished.

I said to him that to me the whole proceeding looked unworthy of this nation. But if it was to go on I did not perceive that the United could resist it with any self respect. The money had been given to them as Trustees for great public objects. If it was decided to belong them, they would do their duty by it. If on the contrary it was not their’s, they would by no means be eager to obtain it. There was no other course than to await with patience the decree of the Court. The gentleman concurred with me in my view, and said he should so report to Professor Henry. I had also a visit from Mr Richmond who has received a free pardon from the Queen, and is about to return home. He is a plain looking man with a tolerably amiable countenance. He came to ask about the best mode of recovering the money taken from him by the Judge. I advised him to go to the consul and make a case on paper, which I would present to the government. The tendency of Americans to develope their frail tendency in a foreign country is admirably hit off by Mr Hawthorn in his latest work. I urged him immediate return home, and promised to see his money taken care of if restored. Long walk, and quiet solitary evening.

And so the year 1863 ran to its end. A year to me and mine of uninterrupted prosperity—in which my dear boy about whom we all live in anxiety has by the blessing of God escaped in safety from many perils dire, and all the rest of us have with the single exception of Louisa lately been favoured with health. In the midst of the distresses of the times I can only acknowledge my unworthiness of the bounties showered on me and my constant prayers that I may make myself in ever a small degree less undeserving of these manifold mercies.
535 Friday 1st London CFA AM
In my young days this Anniversary used to be an occasion of exhilaration and amusement. Now it bring with it perhaps a shade of sadness. Especially in my solitude, with my thoughts turned toward my children at home, and the perpetual anxiety associated with each, I confess to a little depression of spirits. This was not mended by the receipt of a letter from Louisa to her mother written from a bed of sickness, in a rather suffering vein. She has been ill for weeks and is now only gradually mending. This life is so full of vicissitude that it becomes no one to be confident. My share of happiness has been disproportionate, which makes it still more my duty to be cheerful. I wrote my private letters homes. A visit of compliment from Mr Edge—and of enquiry from Mr Ritchie. He had called to see Mr Russell and failed to find him. He came to enquire mainly about means to pay for the cannon, should he take them. I pointed out an easy method of arrangement. In the evening a walk. Fine, though so cold as for the first time to make hard ice. Henry returned from Walton and dined with me. The American newspapers came in and I was busy reading them until late. The American newspapers came in and I was busy reading them until late. They indicate one difficulty which I regret to see. A tendency to differences among the Officers in the Army occasioned by the structures of General Halleck on their conduct.
Cold, frosty morning, but clear. The family all came in from Walton. I wish it was to stay, but there are projected absences for nearly all the month. Singularly enough there was no arrearage to make up. The popular interest in our affairs has been diverted by Christmas and by the condition of Denmark and Germany, so that I get comparatively few letters. I am afraid I dawdled away the day. The expense of the telegrams from America is so heavy on the contingent fund that I have discontinued them from New Year. I feel rather relieved at the prospect of opening no more of the yellow covers. I never did so without emotion. No visits. A longish walk in the evening busy in trying to execute a small commission for Edward Brooks. I also called at the Vere Street Chapel to see about the hiring of a pew. One was offered to me for trial tomorrow. Evening, read a little of Vanity Fair.
536 Sunday 3d. London CFA AM
Quite a cold day, with a sharp east wind driving the smoke into the west end of the town. I went with Mrs Adams to the Chapel in Vere Street to try the new pew. It has two disadvantages — One of being so far behind the desk that the service is not always audible, though the sermon being better enunciated was. The topic of the discourse was the example of Christ, and the argument against discouragement from supposing imitation not attainable. It was plain and clear and strong. I gathered it well. The other disadvantage was the state of the air which was so peculiar as to cause more or less general coughing all through the service. Visit from Mr Parkers who talked much as usual. Walk and all upon Mr Bates who has returned from new Lodge slightly better. His trouble which he calls asthmatic, but which appears to me to be dropsy, is not removed. He seemed however in better spirits, and at one time lively. As his brother came in to give him a medicine I observed that it was probably a new thing for him to be dealing in such prescriptions He said, yes. But he was milling to take any thing to get well. I much fear he is beyond the help of drugs. Evening at home. I read a little of Vanity Fair.
Sunday 3d.
3 January 1864

As the steamer is late this week, I find myself more than commonly at leisure. So I attended to my year's accounts, and went to the city to complete the Quarterly returns of the contingent fund, the most troublesome of all. As I went into the counting room I found nobody by Mr Baring young, and he was engaged in conversation with a person who I soon saw was an American. He was enquiring about the practicality of investing in Venezuelan bonds. Soon after he left Mr Young told me that it was a Mr Peytno. He himself incidentally said he was from the confederate portion. His manner seemed to me much subdued. Walk in the evening to the Palace Hotel to see Mr Peabody, wh is just coming out of a fit of the gout. He told me that the Steamer had arrived, without important news. We had to dinner Col’ and Mrs Ritchie, and Mr Browning. The latter is talkative and amusing. He gave us some insight into the peculiarities of Mr Thackeray, which made him so little liked in private life. He certainly was very much of a book. But that is not so very uncommon in English society, that it should be especially marked against him.

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Wednesday 6th Ampthill CFA AM

A sharp frost heralding a brilliant morning. This old house is not well fitted for such weather. To make it worse Lord Wensleydale had a fancy to make us breakfast in his new room. Pleasant as this might have been in summer or autumn, it did not answer well just at this crisis. There was a huge fire burning that looked like a furnace and scorched any body near it, but it quickly lost its radiating force when dispelled over the remoter points. After the meal was over, the younger men went out to try the shooting, whilst the ladies amused themselves with books and drawings. I went out on a walk, with Lord Wensleydale, who insisted on going a mile towards Ampthill. He is in his eighty second year, and suffers from gout. Lord Alwyne also accompanied us. On our way his Lordship took us into a schoolhouse for the young of Ampthill. It is all on one floor, intended for both sexes, but separated by a curtain. The place was neat and comfortable, but does not compare with any of our latest forms of schoolroom in America. The children were not in just at the time. I looked at some of the copy books, which are fair. The house is new, but left in an unpolished shape. His Lordship stopped at Ampthill, but we prosecuted our excursion. The day was exhilarating, the air cool but calm, and the temperature bracing and agreeable. By the desire of His Lordship, we stopped to look at the Union workhouse, which was on our way. I had never seen an English one, and was rather curious about it. The building is comparatively new. It is designed for the poor of nineteen parishes in the vicinity, and at present has seventy eight inmates. This does not show much poverty on the Duke of Bedford’s domain. We went over all parts of it. The arrangement is simple, but the place is carefully and neatly kept. The people do not look happy or contented. Most of the men are doing nothing. Not many females. Several of them were idiots and one more insane. On the whole the sight was painful, and yet I know not why it should be. These are the drift word of the social world which must be laid up, in a harmless form or it falls quickly into vice and crime. The bedding was abundant and clean. The rooms warm and dry. The great difficulty is to keep the people clean. The overseer seemed a mild and reasonable man. I wrote a line in his book commending what I saw. We then went on making perhaps three miles. I should have preferred a longer stroll, but I would not force my companion to accompany him. On my return, I found the letters from America had come. A long one from Charles giving his usual narrative of hairbreadth escapes and privations. Neither he nor John say anything of his coming over on leave. Dinner much as usual, with the addition of two more guests. Mr Smith and Mr Flower, young men. There was to be a ball at Bedford. Mrs Adams went with Mary, Lady Alwyne and Miss Campbell. Whilst the four young men went also. Lord Wensleydale had his usual table at Whist. He had tasked himself too hard by his walk, and complained much of cold. We retired at midnight. I wrote a letter to John Mrs Adams returned at about three o’clock.
538 Thursday 7th Ampthill CFA AM
The cold is quite sharp, and in this ancient house not a little uncomfortable. By some means or other I have got a cold, a thing very new to me since I have been in England. My morning was passed in uniting draughts to Despatches. The substance of Mr Seward’s only having reached me last evening. In order to write I was obliged to draw a little table close to the prejudice, to keep the flexibility of my hands. The sky was overcast all day, and the temperature a little higher, but the chill had penetrated more completely into the interior, in spite of all measures artificially to warm it. At no time has the glass fallen below ten degrees, which in Boston we should not esteem very severe. But our houses are better guarded, at least in turn. After luncheon, I went out alone, and having no fear of troubling any body, struck off boldly on a road which brought me at last to the little town of Steppingley—a curious old place which looked antiquated in all excepting the church. This did not look in keeping. The boys were all out on every piece of frozen water to be found, sleding or skating. The whole country is covered with frost, very much as it looks in America after an inch of snow. There was little or no wind, and the walking was excellent. It was coming on dark so fast that I pursued the road to Millbrook only in part, thus executing perhaps five miles of my expedition. The solitude of the country roads at night always makes me a little uneasy. A robbery could be so practicable. At home such a thought rarely occurred to me. Here I always think of it. In the evening, Lord Wensleydale had his whist table, with the same party, excepting that Mr Howard changed places with Mr Mildmay. The luck of the three evenings averaged fair all round. Mrs Mildmay is a woman of the world, and has seen a good deal of it. Her conversation is cultivated and shrewd. She amused me much at dinner with her account of meeting General and Mrs Eaton at Cadiz, when he was minister to Spain. It was not a flattering chapter in our Diplomatic history, and she had punctuated it entirely. So I was reduced to admitting and evading the truth. Considering every thing, the wonder is that our diplomacy is good as it is. We separated at midnight, and I parted with all, as I return to town in the morning.

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My cold gave me a rather comfortless night. But I was up in season, and after a breakfast alone started for the Station at Ampthill, where I took the train. The Station master put me in a carriage by myself, and thus I went all the way to London. The air was milder and the sky tinged only with light clouds at Ampthill, but when we came within ten miles of the metropolis, the fog began to shew itself. In the city the shops were many of them lighted up. It was a cold, smoke fog of the most uncomfortable sort. The house too was cheerless and uncomfortable. However I was soon busy with writing and reading that I paid little attention to the outside. Henry was at home, and Brooks came from Walton to luncheon. My walk was not long as the smoke fog irritated my throat. Quiet evening—Read the American newspapers.
540 Saturday 9th London CFA AM
My cold made me uncomfortable this morning. The news from America is to the end of the year, and is not important. Here we have the intelligence of the birth of a Prince, in the lineal succession to the throne. An event for this country. Who would now be ready to draw his Horoscope? I had some more newspapers to read and incidental business to do. The family returned from Ampthill quite pleased with their visit. The weather had moderated and I took a long walk with Brooks. In the evening, read a little of Vanity Fair as well as my cold would permit me. The bag from America came at midnight. A long letter from Charles expressing a great desire to come here, if he can get leave. It then rests with John and the government. I see no reason why he should not have permission. Yet I dare not indulge in any hope of success.
Sunday 10th London CFA AM
Cold rather relieved, but makes me uncomfortable and irritable. Attended Divine service with Henry and Brooks, at the Chapel in the Vine Street. It was very cold and dense, and withal so full of smoke as to keep the people coughing more or less the whole time. Mr Maurice performed the whole service, which was appropriate to the Epiphany. His sermon was likewise occasional—But my mind was not fixed to it. I spent some time today in running over a memorial book to her mother by Miss Susan Quincy, lent to me by Miss Somerby. Though there is much that is trifling and without interest to strangers, I find some of the letters of Mr Quincy and his Wife which are of a high order in the class of such productions between man and wife. I read the whole through before I went to bed. It is not published. I a little wonder she did not send one to me. We had to dinner Col and Mrs Ritchie, and afterwards Mr Evarts came in, just arrived by the Australasian. He has returned for consultation in the legal proceedings to be conducted both here and in France against the rebel vessels. His report of matters at home is encouraging. The spirit of the country is firm and confident. It has settled down into a conviction the struggle can terminate only in one way. The government will probably be sustained, and continued exactly as it is after the election. I might be called upon to remain here four years more. I said little in reply to this because the occasion required none. Neither do I at all believe the the necessity will exist. God forbid that it should. The termination of the war is the mark to which I look, for release.

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541 Monday 11th London CFA AM
A mild, clear pleasant day. Letters and newspapers from America absorbed an hour or two of the morning. Then to the City, to see Messr Baring, first in order to procure a letter of credit for Mrs Adams at Paris, and next to make an arrangement about the proposed purchase of guns for Massachusetts, initiated by Mr Scott Russell. All this was done, and I came home in season to go out with Mrs Adams and Mr Evarts, to make a call upon Mr Mercier who has just come from America with his Wife on leave of absence. It seemed to be the wish of Mr Seward that I should do this civility, and so I did it. But I have not a particle of faith in him, or his muster. We also called to leave our names at Marlborough House and see the bulletin which is favorable. Thence to other places. Finally I got out and went to see M. Bille, the Danish Minister. He was suffering from a cold much as I have been. I told him that I had come to express my sympathy with him in his national difficulties, having myself had sufficient experience of the kind. I said that I thought the policy of England thus far had been any thing but friendly. It has obtained sacrifices which had only placed Denmark in a false position. He assented. I asked him if there would be war. He said Denmark would rather fight at once than wait for the decision of a conference which might be against her, when she would only do the same at a disadvantage. He spoke of the decision in the Alexandra case made this morning, and alluded to the Iron clad at Glasgow, which I should be glad to learn had been purchased for his government. I said this was a great relief off my mind. We were going on to talk more freely, when the Swedish Minister was announced. After some general talk, perceiving that they had special subjects I took my leave. It is a period of great anxiety with both these powers, threatened as they are by the violence of the Germans. Home. Quiet evening— Read a little of Vanity Fair for the family. Brooks was out at the Theatre with the Sturgises.
Up an hour earlier for the convenience of Mrs Adams and Mary, who were to start at a quarter to ten for Paris. This season ever since the beginning of August has been remarkable for the mobility of the family. They have been at home about eight weeks in six months. I am reconciled to it because it gives them health and pleasure, in a foreign land in which there are not many attractions in residence. My duty however is residence in London. I have already varied from it as much as I think proper. After they had gone, I had a succession of visits of long duration. Mr Dudley from Liverpool came first. He brought with him some papers which he gave me for use with Lord Russell. He talked of the policy of the government with his usual nervous distrust. He has no confidence in anything. This is partly owing to his situation in such a place as Liverpool, and partly to his temperament. I did my best to encourage him. Next came Mr Morse who brought the account at last for the prosecution against the forgers of the government notes. I paid over the balance due and thus disposed of that business. He stayed talking of other things a good deal. Next came Mr Evarts who sat for two hours going over all the events of the last autumn connected with the policy of Great Britain. I explained to him the narrow escape in September, and the change of tone ever since. Whilst he was here Col’ Ritchie come in and brought his estimates of the amount that would be required for the purchase of the Armstrong cannon. I agreed to them, and he proposed to draw up a letter to Messr Baring & Co for their information, and shew it to me tomorrow. He thought he would go back to America as nothing more could be done here, and he could make the whole affair far more clear to authorities at home. I thought he might. All this left me without time to perfect a note to Lord Russell require a good deal of care. Just as I was stepping out of my front door, on my customary walk at dusk, Mr Scott Russell came in. Finding me going out he said he should prefer to join me in my walk. Recurring at once to our conversation of the 30th of last month, he said his object was to talk further with me on the same subject. He began by telling me that he was in a position to know the mind of Mr Jefferson Davis as well as I might be likely to know that of President Lincoln. He had come to find out from me whether there would be any probability of arriving at some settlement, if terms could be made on the main points of difficulty. He addressed himself to me because, from what I had said before, he had been led to suppose that like himself I was not insisting upon subjection which would never bring about union, but sought a reconciliation which could only come from agreement. In order to arrive at that, it was necessary to test opinion about details on other subjects than the Slavery question. Assuming that he was prepared to propose on that, certain terms, was I in a situation to represent the opinion of the government on other matters; for instance in the disposal to be made of the southern debt? I replied, by no means. The possibility of a negotiation was an idea just opening on my mind. I had never gone beyond the notion that emancipation was to be the sine quâ non of any pacification. On the secondary question of money I not only had no
conception of what was thought at Washington, but I had formed no opinion of my own. Yet, said he, you must see that to the confederates who have embarked their all in their cause, it is a serious consideration, if they are to lose as well their remaining property as their slaves. The alternative is utter destruction. He presumed I did not want that. Could I not give my own views of the probability of doing something here? I answered that I could only speak vaguely from my impression of the substance of Mr Menninger’s last report. On one point I was already very clear. To treat concerning the immense mass of depreciated paper now afloat in the Southern States would be entirely out of the question. It was not worth more than five cents in the dollar. The recovery of any of it seemed to me as desperate as it had been in the case of the continental issues in the American Revolution. The case might admit of more question as relating to the funded debt. I would not affirm that this would be equally beyond the pale of negotiation, thought I could as little vouch that it would not. He asked me if after looking at Mr Menninger’s report I should not be able to go farther. I said, I would look at it, but after all this must be a purely tentative process. I did not know any thing at all of the opinions of the government on the matter. I desired it to be understood that I did not even undertake to assume that it would listen to any negotiation at all with the authorities at Richmond. I should have to begin by sounding them on that point. Here it was that the slave question became paramount. Could any thing be done about that? He thought it was possible, but not through immediate emancipation. That was regarded as in no way practical or expedient. Mr Russell then alluded to the manner in which he remembered the thing to have been brought about in the West Indies. It was by intermediate steps. He was prepared to suggest such. For example, a complete prohibition of the right to alienate slaves by purchase. I admitted that if faithfully executed this might be effectual in part. But it should be associated with the specification of some date, after which all children should be free from birth. He assented to this amendment. Upon which I remarked that the admission of two such principles might indeed from the basics of some ultimate agreement on that point. If not precisely what was desirable, it might lead to something that would be. With such a departure I did not know but what the experiment of a negotiation might be worth beginning. Assuming this to be so, Mr Russell next desired to know by what means I thought it could be initiated. He felt afraid of committing the friends for whom had ventured to act, to their own injury if nothing should come of it. His object was peace and reconciliation between parties to both of whom he was friendly. I replied that I knew of only one road, and that a slow one to travel. I must begin by enquiring of my government whether it was disposed to take the first step. I saw many difficulties and obstacles in the way of any recognition of the authority at Richmond. But no man desired the restoration of peace and harmony more than I. The war had always been deplored as the offspring of the insanity of those parties who were now suffering most severely from the consequences. I had never felt vindictive even under the greatest provocations from the slaughter of so many innocent and excellent parties to the war. If any opening however small could be made towards a cessation of it I should not decline to try at a beginning. Mr R said that if the principles could one be mutually agreed on, he would take the responsibility of sending a special messenger to Richmond, and he hoped an armistice might follow, during which the details if the arrangement might be perfected. I replied that this seemed like looking a long way ahead. I yet stuck at the beginning. Mr R then sounded the possibility, or the expediency of reciting to the friendly mediation of any of the Foreign powers at some stage or other, to facilitate the work. To which I again remarked that I could not travel so fast. All that I could promise now was to put out a feeler at Washington. I should do so by reporting the substance of this conversation, without implicating him by name, or any body whom he might represent. I disclaimed any intention or wish to take an ungenerous advantage of such an overture; neither did I believe that the government would think of it. I had avoided asking him any questions purposely. In case nothing came of, the whole of our conferences might then be as if they had never taken place. Mr R then asked how long it would be before I could get a reply to my enquiry. I said about five weeks was the nearest interval. We then separated at the South end of Portland place. We
had been all the time walking in the dark either there or in the Regent’s Park as far as York Gate and back. I have recorded this conversation thus fully because I consider it very curious if not important. Who it is that prompts Mr Russell is the question? Just yet, I do not care to solve it. I went home and had to dinner Mr Dudley, Mr Evarts and his son, a boy of about the age of Brooks, whom he has brought out with him. The conversation mainly turned upon the alleged predilections of the English to the Slaveholders. Mr Dudley who lives in the best, who lives in the hot bed of succession at Liverpool sees every body elsewhere the same colour. I am thankful that my temperament sans me from such visions. They left me towards ten o’clock.

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546 Wednesday 13th London CFA AM

Clouds and fog making out streets. It was difficult to see to unite, but I was busily employed in disposing of arrears of correspondence. I also finished my note to Lord Russell. The only doubt was as to the genuine character of the paper called the report of Mr Mallory of the naval operations of the rebels. As this makes the true basis of the representation it is somewhat essential that it should not be spurious. Visits from Mr Dudley who had with him a gentleman, whose name I did not catch. He is here on some negotiations for American rail ways. Colonel Ritchie also came in and read a form of a letter to Messr Baring, to explain the nature of the object for which the loan might be wanted. I thought it very good and promised to confirm it. Mr Milner Gibson and here also. He is about to make his annual speech to his constituents as Ashton under Lyne, and as usual he was hungry documents, relating to America. I promised to look him up what I could. Early dinner to accommodate Brooks who went to the Theatre. Walk around the outer line of the Regent’s Park. In the evening, busy making up the long record in this Diary of the conversation of Tuesday. This I propose to have transcribed and to send it to Washington.

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Thick fog, and clouds for most of the day. My time much occupied in preparing my correspondence of the week. Mr Evarts came in and I conferred with him on the genuine or spurious nature of Mr Malloy’s report. He seemed so uncertain that I decided to withhold my note to Lord Russell until after the arrival of the Steamer. Col’ Ritchie came in to show me the answer of Messr Baring to his application, which was satisfactory. He said they desired me to confirm it, which I agreed to do. My cold still hangs about me a little troublesome. Wrote a note to Mrs Adams at Paris, and walked around the Regent’s Park. In the evening, after a solitary dinner. I amused myself with reading General Halleck’s report of the operations during the past year. It is perspicuous and satisfactory.
Continued fog during the day, calling for lamp or candle light occasionally. Very much occupied writing letters home. This kept me at my table pretty late. There is almost always something to do. Yet I cannot but observe a considerable change in the nature of my work. There is much less of embarrassment from the inexperience of the Consuls. Most of them have fallen into their places and acquit themselves now respectably enough. The number of applications for service in America has greatly fallen off. So with letters of enquiry. Most of the work is now caused by the labors of the rebels in continuing their enlistment, and outfits. I completed today the settlement of the expense for the forgery prosecutions. And I sent a confidential letter to Mr Seward and an abstract from my Diary containing the record of my conversation with Mr Scott Russell. The more I reflect upon this, the more singular it seems. That Mr Russell firmly believes himself to be possessed of the views of the Rulers at Richmond is certain. That his informants give him a most deplorable account of their condition, his direct and incidental admissions equally conspire to prove. Yet this would seem to be a most circuitous and awkward way of setting about terms, when so many easy ones are close at hand. Another idea suggests itself to me that it may be a trick to operate upon the electives this year. An armistice and a negotiation might serve to put us into confusion, and promote the success of a candidate disposed to yield too much for our own security. These people are crafty and treacherous, though I think better of Davis in this particular than of most of the rest. On my part I see infinite caution is needed to avoid doing harm in meaning to do good. I do long so much to terminate this lamentable struggle, that short of sacrificing the great objects of it, I would be willing to do a great deal. Walked round the Regent’s Park, on the outer circle. Dined by invitation with the Lord Chancellor. Company composed almost wholly of lawyers not one of whom I knew. Mr Villiers was the only Cabinet Minster. Judge Shea, the new member of the Bench, remarkable as the first Roman Catholic appointed for a very long time back. He is popular with the Bar, which gives courage to the Ministry to take the step. Dr Travers Twiss, the Oxford Professor of International law. Mr Montague Chambers, Mr Huddleston, and many other Queen's counsel. On the whole an intelligent and gentlemanly set of persons. The dinner at our end especially and lively and amusing. Lord Westbury did not talk so much for effect as usual. Home by eleven.

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548 Saturday 16th London CFA AM
A rather better day. Indeed the sun made out to conquer a cloud for ten minutes. Busy on the
arrears of correspondence which I succeeded in bring up four o’clock. Colonel Ritchie and Mr
Evarts both called. The first to bring me the papers connected with the purchase of the
Armstrong guns through Mr Russell. The second to speak of the telegram from Mr Dudley to
him as well as myself about the threatened sale of the China fleet which is returning re infecta,
from the flowery land, and which some anonymous alarmist insists the rebels are about to buy
at Bombay. We agreed that little could be done by us if it was true, of which as yet we had no
evidence. The ship would not be much value to the rebels if they brought them. Short walk as I
dined early, to enable the boys to go to the play. Brooks has a schoolmate by the name of

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Continued rain and fog. Attended a chapel in the neighborhood as the weather was by no means favorable to more distant enterprises. It was the same place where I last year went to hear a French service, during the time of the exhibition. Now it was conducted by a mild quiet man to a flock filling perhaps half the seats. The sermon was upon the crucifixion of the Savior as the type of goodness to man. As an example he urged the duty of exertion upon all of us with some force. In this connection a little volume lately issued about the Sanity commission supplies an admirable example of what generosity and heroism can do in a crisis like the present. I have read it with a good deal of emotion. My usual walk, calling on my way to see Mr Bates. He seemed encouraged about himself from the fact that he could lie down last night and sleep. But it did not appear to me that there was any permanent improvement. He talked a little, but on the whole languidly. Home by the way of Hyde Park where the fog was thick and the place very solitary. Last year, at this time or nearly was the panic about the garotte. Dined by invitation, with Mr and Mrs Sturgis, at the house they have taken for a couple of months in Carlton Terrace. Nobody there but Col and Mrs Ritchie. A quiet little party of five; much better than the long and formal banquets. Mrs Sturgis seemed quiet unwell. Home at eleven.

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549 Monday 18th London CFA AM
The fog was so thick all day, that from time to time I was driven to have recourse to candles. Much of the morning devoted to a file of American newspapers which were due last week. The news from the South is what I seek. It shows a deplorable state of things. How long can it last so? That is the question. Will the revulsion come to disarm the conspirators government, or will that be strong enough to guide it? I cannot see far before me; neither can I pronounce a preference. The slave question is the test. Whoever settles that rightly is my choice. Visits from Messr Evarts and R. J. Walker. Conversation about the course of the government here in prosecuting persons for a violation of the enlistment law. It is gradually working along to the right position, in the face of dangers covering on the European side. From a leader evidently with an official respect, that appeared in the Morning Post, I should think war was imminent in Germany. A long walk in the drizzle. A visit from Mr Morse, who brought me more letters to look at which appear to indicate sudden hopes in the rebels from the recognition of the Pope of Rome. What a moral may be drawn from this stupendous fraud and treason. Not a single sound principle to build upon, because robbery is at the very root of all. Robbery of the rights of a race. We all dined at home today—that is I, with Henry, Brooks, and young Forbes.

afterwards I finished the account of the Sanitary commission, and the Mail from America by the steamer came in. The newspapers though not containing much kept me up till late. I expected the Despatch bag but i did not come.

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549 Tuesday 19th London CFA AM
The bag came and brought us cheerful news on the whole. Louisa at last writes that she is better and John thinks he shall be able to get Charles out here. He was about to start for Washington the day after New Year. Both my sons left me to join their mother at Paris. I am gradually getting used to this solitude. Occupation is the only thing that makes it tolerable. I had Mr Evarts in, and conversed with upon the general policy to be pursued here. He goes over to Paris tomorrow. There is now more uneasiness about France than about England. I never had any confidence in the Emperor. A perjured usurper is capable of any thing. My own idea of policy would have been to be rather summary with him. Mr Seward always leave a little more to the550 flexible. Perhaps in the present emergency he may be right. I am glad I am not in his place. Went out in the carriage to pay visits to the Lord Chancellor, after his dinner, to Mr Duncan in return, and to Mr Senior, who I learn has been ill. I found him looking a little shaken. Mrs S said he had been very ill, but now she wanted company to enliven him. Half a dozen visitors came while I was there. Singularly enough a large proportion of the person whom I first became acquainted with on arriving, were much advanced in life, and they are gradually dropping off. I now make comparatively few new ones. Walked home. At my door found a man waiting for me to say that he knew thirty men were going from here to France, who had been enlisted for the Florida at Brest. One of them was ready to testify to the fact. I referred him to the consul, who would take the necessary steps to get his evidence in the morning. Dined by invitation at Mr Homer’s. A small company consisting of Mrs Laugel, a lady I did not know, and his two daughters, Sir Henry Dunbury, who married a daughter but who was not there, Mr Edward Romilly, a gentleman whom I saw at the Chancellor’s, but whose name I missed. A small but rather pleasant party. Mr Homer seems to be a very worthy old gentleman and a good friend of America. There was some company afterwards. Home at ten or so.
550 Wednesday 20th London CFA AM

Busy in making up my Quarterly Account to government, which always gives me a prodigious deal of trouble. In the midst of it came interruptions in plenty. Mr David A Burr brought me a letter of introduction from my son John. He is from Washington and comes out on business. Mr E Haskett Derby and his son, just arrived in the Asia, which met with a very rough passage. He comes for his health, and is accompanied by his son, to take care of him. He does look changed indeed from what he was when occupying the room opposite to mine in Hollis building, at Cambridge. Perhaps I looked quite as much so to him. A man by the name of More with a friend of his came and asked a confidential interview. The object proved to be to disclose a project for the United States to buy a large quantity of the bonds of the rebel Cotton loan, and buy three steamers for the purpose of running the blockade and getting out cotton to sell at a great price. This was to be done through the medium of some London house. I could hardly control my countenance whilst listening to this, as it was gravely announced as the most effective way to destroy the South. How remarkably does a great event like this in America develop all the latent eccentricity of the human brain. The number of persons who have come to me or written to suggest summary modes of finishing the war has been marvellous. But this one seems to me to stand above them all. Walked out and on my way called to take leave of Coll and Mrs Ritchie who propose to return home on Saturday. I shall be sorry to have them go. On the whole the number of pleasant countrymen whom I find here passing to and fro is not very large. In the evening read an article in the Edinburgh review on the slave question in America, very much at war with any that have preceded it in that publication. I think the town is a little changed here. Mr Morse came in to talk of the reports of his spies of the movements of the rebels in France. He fears an attempt to capture the Kearsarge, by the Florida and other vessels fitting out there. He wished to know what I advised. I said that the commander of the Kearsarge ought to be apprised of these schemes and put on his guard. He would be able to judge whether Keararge would be to send a person to the Consul at Havre. One of the men would go from here. Of course I advised it, although I doubt the utility of such trouble and expense for what might be done better in the ordinary way. But it will not do to take the responsibility of what might have been presented, if a measure proposed for that end had been adopted. There is much in a war that must be trusted to the guidance of a power that works out its ends by means we poor mortals can neither control nor even comprehend.
551 Thursday 21st London CFA AM
On the whole a tolerable pleasant day. Not much interrupted, and as a consequence I made out to finish my forms of Despatches for the week in good season. Col Ritchie and Mr Scott Russell came in to discuss some rearrangement of the terms of payment for the guns to be furnished by the Armstrong Company. This is rather annoying, as Coll Ritchie is on the point of leaving London to return home. After some consultation Mr Russell agreed to stand as strong as possible for the original contract, but if the work was likely to be affected by this difference, then that I would accommodate the payments as well as I could. This is a kind of business to which I very unwillingly lend myself. This case is however much less exceptionable than the first I was drawn into the Colonel Fremont. How much I congratulate myself that I had the wisdom to draw myself out of it so soon. Walk. Dined at Mr Senior’s. A small party, consisting of Dr and Madame de Mussy, Mr Spring Rice, Captain Blakely and Mr Romilly. Pleasant enough. Home early. Read a file of American newspapers to the 9th

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552 Friday 22d. London CFA AM
Cloudy again Busy in writing my private letters which were limited to my sons. For although I hope Charles may be on the way I do not remit my regular practice until I am sure of it. I had other letters on my table which should have been answered, but I must await the return of Henry, as these are recorded. I had asked Lord Russell for a conference so he appointed it at four o’clock today. After a delay of half an hour in company with Mr Tricompi in the antichamber, I saw him. My errand however was about small matters. There was a petition to the Queen from some citizens of Boston praying that some notice might be taken of Dr Morton, which has been on my table for some time. It is none of my business to be the medium of such a communication, and it is moreover very awkward to prefer any requests whatever of a personal kind from strangers. I started the case very frankly, and he took it in very good part.
He suggested that I should write him an unofficial note and send it with the papers, which eh could had over to Sir George Grey. I acceded to the plan at once, and promised to write the note. I next referred to a complaint which I had been directed to make against the son of the Consul at San Juan in Porto Rico. My difficulty had been that his name was not given in the Despatch on the subject, neither could I find by application to the official list that there was any consul at all at that place. His Lordship did not seem to know much about it, but he called up me of the Under Secretaries, Mr Murray, who seemed quiet as much at a loss. But he went off to look, and presently returned saying that there were but three British consuls in Porto Rico, and neither of them was stationed at San Juan. This was just as much as I had already discovered at home. But it excused me from pursuing553 the subject. Of course, I said, if there was no consul at San Juan, there could be no son to complain of. Thus we got pretty good natured, and I ventured to touch on a more serious topic. This was the intimation I had been directed to give of the probability of a rescinding of the reciprocity Treaty if something effective was not done in the way of checking these audacious enterprises of the rebels from British territory as a base. In the very formal note which I had written closely upon the instructions given me, i had ventured to omit all reference to this matter. On paper it looked to me much like saying if you do not behave yourself better, well cut off your sugar plums. I though I could manage it better in conversation, in which no record remains, for third parties to more mischief with. I spoke of the feeling in American growing out of these projects, alluded to the passage in the report of Mr Mallory which bold avowed sending them and then said that the first effect of it was what he mush have seen in the latest intelligence from there, a manifestation in Congress of a disposition to break up the reciprocity Treaty. I did not think the government inclined to distrust the arrangement. In many respects it was a good one. But the occasion might suddenly arise when the popular feeling might control all opposition. He knew what that was in Parliament, as well as we. From this I went on to under my ground. I remarked that the time seemed approaching when it would because they duty of my government to direct its attention
very much to the labor of reconstruction. On many accounts it was desirable that its relations with Foreign powers should be firmly fixed. On this question of tolerating these reckless adventurers now turned all the discontent there was in England. Since active step seemed all that was necessary to make things safe. At present, we thought that England appeared too much in the light of giving to these reckless people all the advantages of a recognition of them as belligerents, whilst it forelored to call them to any responsibility for their outrageous abuse of their privileges. His Lordship replied that they did not seem to think themselves favored. Mr Jefferson Davis and the Herald here had charged him with being partial to us. I said Yes. Nothing would satisfy them but recognition. Their object was to blow up a war. It was this last that made me so anxious to disappoint them. I then enlarged upon the evidence that was continually flowing to me of the practices of these people. They were unremitting in their efforts to supply the vessels on the other side of the channel with every thing, men, arms, powder, stores, with which to go out and attack us. Surely such conduct as this ought not to be tolerated. His Lordship then went so far as to admit that he had proposed to the Cabinet to send out a vessel with an Officer who should go to Richmond and make a representation in regard to this conduct. But it had not been deemed advisable, for it might have led to consequences, and appearing to take a side. I replied that this was what ought to be done. It would have the proper effect both with them and with us. Soon afterwards I took my leave. I report these conversations more at large here, because I have ceased to put them into my Despatches. They are evidently friendly and not official, so that I will not subject his Lordship to the risk of seeing them return in print. Home where I dined and spent the evening alone. Read the Edinburgh review for a wonder.
Saturday 23d. London CFA AM

A very quiet, uninterrupted day, which I devoted almost entirely to finishing up my arrears, not very great, bringing up my private accounts which took some time, and lastly to an attempt to reduce my collection of English coins to some kind of order. From my forgetfulness of what I have I find I have purchased at different times as many as three Angels of the six or seventh Henry exactly alike. This mere waste, for they are expensive. Since I have been here my collection is so much improved in this particular that it merits a separate Catalogue. I propose to devote to his work what little leisure I may have. Only a single visit this day. Mr William Blake formerly of Boston, now of New York. He reminded me that the last time he saw me was the day before I made my last speech in the House of Representatives. We went over that period and all its romantic dangers, a portion of the secret history of which will be found in this Diary. The weather improved today and was almost without fog, though it clouded up towards night. Dinner and evening alone. Read a little more of the last number of the Edinburgh review. It has an article upon Milman and Stanley and the church which interested me. But there is no genius or brilliancy in the writing.

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555 Sunday 24th London CFA AM
A really fine clear day. The bag from America came this morning and brought me letters from both of my sons. That from Charles is dated New Year’s day and deals much in anticipation of his trip to this side. But John’s which is eleven days later describes his efforts to get his leave of absence all of which were damped by a fit of caprice in the Secretary of War. This had made a necessary another process which he was yet conducting at Washington, at the time of writing. I confess that I felt so disappointed as to be depressed during the remainder of the day. It is not common for me to attempt to wrestle with the vicissitudes of life. Knowing how uncertain the future is I have ever labored to school myself to count upon nothing. I have erred here. it is not for me to pretend to judge of what is to be. I should like to see my son again, but if it is not to be, I must acquiesce and be resigned. I was so engaged in reading the news that I lost my trip to the city— So I went to St Paul’s chapel in Regent Street. A plain, ugly interior, very base but fully attended. The Preacher discussed upon not being weary in well doing. He made one remark which seemed to merit attention. It was upon what he alleged was the common neglect by parent of the welfare of their children. Of course, he meant the spiritual welfare. Perhaps this may be so. I have more than once examined myself on this matter, and have doubted whether I have done all that I should. It is difficult to hit the right medium between over officious zeal and indifference. I have trusted to the effect of example and such early teaching as I used to give them on Sundays I fear it was not enough. For my children though not irreverent are not all I could wish them to be in this regard. I must try and find them a pew at some church, since I was so hasty in giving up that at Mr Martineau’s. The news from America is fair. Congress is restless and blustering as usual, but not inclined to do evil. Spent the day at home quiet and without interruption of any kind. Long walk— Then to dine by invitation with Mr and Mrs Sturgis. Colonel Hawley and Mr T. Baring the only company. Home before eleven.

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The reception of the American newspapers gave me some reading for the morning. They confirm my impression that the preparation for renewing the war in the spring is bringing more strongly into view the disparity between the forces engaged. Nothing but foreign aid will do to revive the rebel confidence in the issue. The aspect of affairs in Europe which betokens war more than ever this morning is not calculated to this end. I prepared a form of note to be sent to Lord Russell embodying the substance of my instructions received by the last Steamer. Mr Seward presses me to urge this government to take action at a time when it is itself slowly moving out of its shell. The question is whether urging will accelerate or retard the motion. The guest object is to keep the place. After what we have gone through it would be a pity at this late date to be playing the game of our enemy. I must try to shape all this in such manner as to meet the object without hazarding too much. No visits or interruptions. A letter from Mrs Adams at Paris to say she will not return before Thursday. I have not yet quite recovered from the disappointment of yesterday. And now await the next Steamer with more of fear than hope.

Evening dinner alone. Read Dr Twiss on public law.
556 Tuesday 26th London CFA AM
A very fine day. Finding my business pretty nearly concluded for the time, I devoted the greater part of the morning to the examination and study of the English coinage, connected with the acquisitions I have made since my residence was made here. This is now easy through the purchase I made of Snelling’s work at the last sale. I now think of preparing a catalogue of this division of my collection, to fill up space hours of my time with. My first object is to methodize what I have so far as I can do it by the aid of the imperfect bits I brought with me in my general book. For a wonder I had no interruption after the morning when Mr Cyrus W Field came in to see me, just over in the Persia, about the Telegraph, which I fancy goes rather badly. Lonely walk. Dined by invitation with Mr and Mrs Romilly. The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Laugel, Mr and Mrs Mallet, Mr and Lady Georgiana Romilly, and Sir Henry Holland. It was rather pleasant than otherwise; but not so much so as the one last year, when Mrs Kemble Butler furnished so much amusement. Home by eleven.
Fine day. The sun begins to shine in cheerfully by the south window at breakfast time. I was very quiet all day, having only a single visitor, a Dr Quimby from New York who brought me a letter from Mr Humphrey of Brookline. I made use of the leisure to write several letters which have been postponed for some weeks. I then read an article in the last number of the Quarterly Review on the Danish question. It is clear, strong and convincing. My sympathy is certainly on that side. The prospect of war appears to grow stronger every day. Lord Palmerston as usual is not to be outdone by the opposition. He may perhaps turn all his sharp comers by means of this expedient. War is always popular here at first. If he seizes the opportunity to dissolve Parliament on that issue, he may get one that will serve for the rest of his career. Mean while the disposition to tamper with America declines. We shall be likely to run our course out for ourselves. The affairs of Europe perhaps task the abilities of the best of them. Quiet walk and evening at home.
Variable day with something of a wind which made me think of the travellers who were to cross the channel today. I had a visit only from Mr. Weston who has just come over from America. He finds his Uncle Mr. Bates much better than he expected. So I went round by his house in my evening walk to call upon him. He certainly has revived quite remarkably. He now walks about freely, his legs and feet are almost natural size, and he breathes more easily. Of course his spirits are better. My work in writing Despatches kept me busy all the morning—and in the evening the party came home all safe and sound and we are more dined sociably at one board. I hope now we may return a little to regular life. The American newspaper came to night and I read as much as my eyes would let me.
557 Friday 29th London CFA AM

The weather is becoming clear and cooler—fine for the season. I had only a single visit from a Mr Byrd, an American from my old District, who came to beg a small contribution to bury another American who has lately died here in distress. There are many such poor creatures who drift here on adventures more or less hopeless. I wrote my usual private letters but did not get through until late. I then walked round the Regent’s Park. In the evening, as Lady Russell had called to invite us, I went with Henry to pay a visit at her reception—Most of the Corps Diplomatique, and a few others. Quite amused by falling into a discussion between the Russian and the Turkish Envoys about the differences that mark the separation between the Romish and the Greek Churches. M Musunes is a Greek, although he represents Turkey. He said they denied the authority of the Pope, and yet they acknowledged no superiority in the Patriarch excepting merely that of precedence. I spoke of the claim of the Pope to hold the keys of Heaven, which Baron Cetto entirely disavowed. I could only appeal to the papal coins in which the keys make a significant symbol. He denied that the Pope held any authority but that of absolution, which he had only in common with every priest. My policy here is always to listen than to talk so I drew back and amused myself with Mr Musunes’s earnestness. Lady Russell rather took me aback by saying first to me, You know, I suppose, that we are out of place. It seemed so gravely and quietly uttered that I thinking at first it might be earnest replied, “You don’t say so.” “Yes,” she went on, “two or three persons had told her that very evening that The Queen had had a sharp quarrel with my Lord, after which he had resigned and Lord Derby had been sent for to Osborne.” Seeing her drift now I answered that I had seen some such rumor mentioned in the newspapers, but as I never put any trust in what I saw there with no authorized name, I had not thought of it a second time. She said it was that if it was true, My Lord had kept it very close from her. The story has been very formally denied. Yet the fact is certain that the Queen is strongly on the German side in the Danish question, and therefore quite averse to the policy of ministers to support Denmark. It is also true that Lord and Lady Derby have been invited and have just been to Osborne what is more remarkable is that Sir Henry Holland who called in today, and who always heretofore has laughed at any idea of displacing Lord Palmerston, seemed inclined to believe that a change would take place during the approaching session. This is doubtless what he gathers in the higher circles. M de Bille the Danish Minister told me tonight that he had no doubt of a war. The Austro German force would attack them. He seemed to think they could offer no effective resistance except by sea.
559 Saturday 30th London CFA AM
Fine but cold. I went out first to look up a pew in the Church at the foot of the place, but could find none that would answer. The truth is that I am a little troubled on this score, as I now have lost mine at Mr Martineau’s, and elsewhere in the vicinity I see nothing to get. Thence to Messrs Sotheby’s to look at a collection of English coins which is to be said next week. I seize such an opportunity in order to make myself acquainted with rare coins. This is a fine collection of English silver. I studied for some hours, until it became too cold to be comfortable. In the evening, I went by invitation, with Mrs Adams and Henry to Lady Palmerston’s. Quite an assemblage. Lord and Lady Russell very conspicuous. I went to make my bow to Lord Palmerston. “How d’ye do, Adams.” He asked if I had any late news, and how long it would be to the election of President. I thought he was slightly “distract.” Strangely enough, it seemed to me as if I knew almost every body in the room. The meeting passed as cordial and kindly all round after the absence of the summer, as if it meant something. I suppose as they think American matters are more promising, that the representative is entitled to more cordial treatment. This however is the circle in which I have always been more at home. The coldness is for the most part among the tories, none of whom were present here.

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As the day was fine I went with Brooks to the city and attended Divine service at St Michael’s Wood Street. This is another of Wren’s churches, but one of the simplest form and entirely modernized. A plain rectangle with a deep gallery over the door where the organ is placed. The roof supported by capitals without columns which I never like. Light on the east and south side, in abundance, although the interior was illuminated with gas light. The wood work had been dark oak pannels but it had been stained light and spoiled. No great attendance, but much elaborate singing. The preacher’s text was on the fall of Adam, but he seemed to yield to modern geology the belief that death was known among animals before the creation of man. He therefore inferred that the penalty paid by Adam was of the spiritual part. This is the Church where James the 4th of Scotland was said to have been buried. The rest of the day as usual.
The American mail by the Africa came in this morning and brought letters from John and Charles, not very encouraging to our hopes of seeing the latter. Yet he still persists in the belief that he shall get his leave and come away. I confess to my great doubt whether it will be practicable, and make up my mind not to expect it. The newspapers continue to give large extracts from the Southern press showing an extremely desperate state of things there. It would seem as if the question of their ability to continue large armies in the field were involved. Whilst in the midst of this perusal, Mr Scott Russell was announced. He came to report what was the decision of the Elswick Company as to the terms of payment. They had agreed to stand by the original contract. From this he soon launched into the other subject which had been so fully discussed on our former meeting on the 12th of last month. He asked me whether I had thought more of the pecuniary question then brought to my notice. I said, Yes. I had read Mr Menninger’s report. It had not however materially varied from my notion of it then expressed. With respect to the great mass of the floating paper which had become depreciated to nothing, it was out of the question to consider it a moment. There was however a funded debt amounting to perhaps four hundred millions, which might be made an exception, not if regarded as a debt made to carry on a rebellion, but in connection with the project of emancipation. That which could not be conceded in the one case, might be admitted in the other. And as it was much likely that the whole of this fund was the contribution of the slaveholders, the assumption of it might be the means of saving to them something from the general wreck. On his part Mr Russell said he had been striving to do something by way of advancing results. In answer to some preliminary remarks of mine upon the embarrassment the government must be placed in for want of confidence in which any overture from that source at Richmond would be made, he begged to explain to me precisely how the case now stood. He went back to the beginning which he said came from the conversation held at his house at Sydenham, with one particular person, whom he described as a Southern man who had married a Wife in the north. From the representations made of the unfortunate condition of the slave states, he Mr R. had of his own head suggested the expediency of making some attempt at reconciliation, and had offered to act a part in it. This at first had been met with objections and difficulties. Yet he had preserved, and the issue had been what I already knew. He would now go on to tell me how far I could judge of the good faith of the venture on this side. This person had taken the trouble to consult with every man in any way connected with the south in England. He had gained their concurrence. Not content with this Mr R had urged him to go over to France where were much the greater number of these people. Accordingly he had been over and brought back with him the general assent of these two. The next stop would be to mature the plan in a written form and present it with the responsibility of names— And if found satisfactory, the same person was ready to take it at
once to the authorities at Richmond, and to those in the various States, where he should make it his business to secure an equally generally assent. Upon this I observed to him that although such proceeding gave earnest of sincerity here, yet that it must be obvious to him I could proceed only according to the extent to which my government would go—And this could not be learned for a fortnight yet. The interval might be passed in preparation, but there could be no certainly that my government would listen to it a moment. He said he was aware of that. Still he hoped for the best. I had incidentally alluded to the possibility that the Administration might regard the danger of disturbing the election as very serious. He admitted the force of that consideration in carrying on a war. But the whole process was necessarily so slow that a position issue would hardly be watched before the election should be over. He hoped that an armistice could be obtained, during which work could be matured soon after the election, and then the restoration could be made by the incoming administration. I made no objection to this, though clearly impractical view because I saw no good in discussing the matter at this stage. There was likewise much talk upon the subject of emancipation, whether immediate or graduated, which I do not commit to paper for the same reason. To tell the truth I am not very sanguine of any absolute result from this venture. It may however lead to some path that in the end would prove practicable. Mr R said that if his friend were to go back on his errand, the difficulty might arise of his losing the already favored channel of communication through me, and being unable to make another at home. Did I suppose that the government would arrange one there? I replied, that where there was a will, it generally proved itself able to strike out a way. I had no doubt, of the satisfactory settlement of mere detail, the very moment that the great principles upon which the restoration was to take place should be agreed on. All I could do at this moment be to wait. In two of three weeks it might be that I should know more. If so, I would let him known. He then took his leave, having spent two or three hours in this colloquy, which really brought us no nearer. I was disappointed in getting to a sale of coins which I meant to attend. Brooks returned to school at Twickenham. My usual walk and quiet evening. Read a little of Vanity Fair.
562 Tuesday 2d. London CFA AM
Chilly, cloudy day. Attended the second day’s sale of Mr Christmas’s coins. The usual attendance. The prices generally quite high. I made some purchases, but not any bargains. The English series naturally attracts a wider list of competitors. Meanwhile I am gaining much knowledge as I go on. As I walked home I found myself growing stiff in the back, having evidently taken some cold in sitting in that cheerless place. Nevertheless I took a walk round the Regents Park. Dined by invitation with Lord Chief Justice and Lady Turner who live in the ascent not far from us. The company so far as I know it consisted of Sir Robert and Lady Phillimore, Mr and Mrs Charles Turner, Mr Headlam, M P. Count Strelitsky, Miss Campbell, and several others unknown. The Chief Justice of the Common Peas appears to be a very worthy excellent man, one of the friendly kind in this country, The amusing person is the Count, who appears to have a general circulation in society for no particular reason excepting his sprightliness. After dinner, I had some talk with Sir Robert Phillimore upon the legal points in our national relations.563

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Wednesday 3d. London CFA AM

I found myself so stiff in my back and loins as to utterly disable me from farther attendance at the coin sale. Indeed I could not move without pain. Busy reading the new batch of American papers. They show things in the south coming rapidly to a head. I hold it quite doubtful whether they will be able to enter the field once more. Visits from several American as compliments. Henry showed me an extract from his sister Louisa’s letter to him just received, saying that Charles’s furlough for ninety days had been secured. In such case we may fairly expect him over. This brightened me up. Besides which the intelligence of an actual outbreak of hostilities in Denmark seems to make us secure from annoyance during the present Parliament. Indeed the aspect of affairs in Europe is very threatening. Employed myself in numismatic researches. Walk with my daughter around the Park—and evening, read Vanity Fair to the family.

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563 Thursday 4th London CFA AM
Very awkward and clumsy with no little pain in morning. Nevertheless I performed my customary amount of work early in the day, so that I might be prepared to go out with Mrs Adams and Mary to witness the opening of Parliament. It was at one time expected that the Queen would do it this year in person, but it appears she cannot brace her mind to any effort not associated with some memorial of her husband. This peculiarity is beginning to excite some uneasiness. This makes it so doubtful whether we shall have it in our power to see the ceremony in its splendor, that we determined at all events not to lose the chance of seeing the common form of opening by commission. So we went to the House of Lords at two o’clock. Mr Moran procured as seats in the Diplomatic Gallery, where we saw it all. It is comical rather than imposing. At a quarter past two, the Commissioners consisting of the Lord Chancellor with full grey wig, and four others, the Duke of Argyll, Lord St Germain’s, Lord Harris, and Lord Stanley of Alderley, all in red gowns and cocked hats, came in and seated themselves in a row close together on the woolsack in front of the throne. In the body of the House sat perhaps three Bishops in lawn sleeves, and two Lords in common attire. The benches were otherwise empty, excepting where occupied by ladies who came from curiosity, as we did. The Chancellor began by announcing his commission and directing the commons to be notified. In a few minutes they came in considerable numbers headed by the speaker in his Wig and black gown. The Clerk then read the Queen’s commission in a low tone, so that no body heard. This drove the Chancellor proceeded to read the speech in his peculiar clear, precisely articulated way, with a voice aigne doux as the French say. There was even less than usual in it. No allusion at all to America, and in regard to Denmark, the only noticeable thing was the recital of the names of all the parties to the Treaty of 1852, and the remark that the Queen would act in the interest of Peace. It was all over in twenty minutes, and every body dispersed. Never having been in this part of the building before we spent half an hour or so in examining the room and the Library. All is as handsome as wealth can make it. The objection is that it is prodigious and gloomy. The Librarian showed us the original of the death warrant of Charles the first with all the signatures. It is somewhat worn, but the signatures of Cromwell, and Ireton and Harrison are well preserved. This memorial is about the only curiosity. As there was sometime before the meeting of the Lords for business, we returned home until five. Mr Moran did not then accompany us and my son Henry took his place. At five the Chancellor quietly took his seat on the woolsack and read once more the speech. The Marquis of Sligo then rose to more the address. He was in a Scotch uniform, as was likewise Lord Abercrombie, the seconder. The custom is to give this as an exercise to young men, to try their powers. Not much could be said in these cases. The man spoke so low and fast that it was impossible to follow. Lord Abercrombie was clear and brief. We should scarcely find such boy’s play in our Senate. Then came Lord Derby, the orator of the Lords. His style is simple, light and easy. His
matter pungent rather than substantial. A sharp attack on the foreign policy of Lord Russell, which he characterized by the words meddle and muddle. At the same time he carefully avoided to commit himself against any position of action. The darts he threw were light and feathery only piercing the surface of the skin. I had heard so much of Lord Derby, that I confess he fell below my expectation. At such a moment, something more might have come from a great leader, than seemed hard wit, and ill tempered sarcasms. Instead of towering as a Statesman he preferred to dwindle into the small partisan of the outs trying to eject the ins. Lord Russell answered him in the heavy dull style peculiar to him. The first part was scarcely effective, but when he got to the Danish question, upon which he had prepared himself with more care, the plain earnest, gravity of his manner strongly marking his sense of the serious condition to this people, flitting before peace and war, As an answer which certainly, overweighed his rival. By this time it was nearly nine o’clock, and we had to go home to dinner. Indeed with their two speeches the interest was gone. Lord Grey who followed retained but a few. Then attendance tonight was unusually general, embracing among other the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. I have thus seen at last the Lords’ house. It seems to me that little permanent interest could be taken in such a body. For it wants the vitality of a real power. The little it retains comes from the new blood infused into it from the schools of life. With the exception of Lord Derby, I think there is not a nobleman sitting by virtue of lineal descent of any great length of time, at all distinguished from the present generation. Yet this is the aristocracy held forth as one of the great safeguards of the British constitution! Certainly in point of capacity it bears no comparison to our Senate, even in its present diminished reputation. Late dinner and short evening.

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Friday 5th London CFA AM

I had but a single private letter to write home today. Concluding from Louisa’s intelligence that Charles is probably on his way out, I omitted my customary one to him. I cannot help feeling that he may come in the Scotia expected here at least by telegraph today. The public is much relieved by the tone of the speech of Lord Palmerston in the Commons last evening. He assumed the Prussian note which Lord Russell read aloud in his speech to be a clear adhesion to the Treaty of 1852. Lord Russell on the contrary treated it as ambiguous and unsatisfactory. Here is an illustration of the difference in the moral sense of these two men. The question addressed to Count Bismarck was clear and simple. The answer admits, it is true, some obligation to the Treaty; but it clogs it with so much566 of condition and circumlocution, that the result is left obviously uncertain and unsatisfactory. It happens to suit Lord Palmerston’s interest to accept this just now even though by doing so he withdraws from Denmark all the support thus far extended to her. Had the case been with America, what amount of indignation and ridicule would have been spared to show our absence of good faith, all of which Lord Palmerston would have been prompt to countenance. The upshot of yesterday’s discussion is that the Ministry is without a policy, whilst Germany is dismembering one of the old kingdoms of the north. And England which has been counselling the Danes to make every sacrifice to unreasonable demands and atrocious violations of Treaty obligations, now politely turns it back upon them, and accepts from the perpetrators, just what circumlocution they are pleased to pass off upon him for truth. Surely this is not a very favored position for the fast anchored isle. I went out early, and called to see Mr Bates. He said he was better and had slept in bed for some night. But he looked jaded and dispirited. His most ominous symptoms have indeed disappeared, but I see no recovery yet. It seemed to me that he was himself coming to the conception of the issue. For I noticed that his talk was mainly upon pecuniary arrangements. From here I went to Sir William Ouseley’s. He is evidently yielding also, but much more gradually. His conversation is always mild and kindly and pleasing. His active life is obviously over, yet he retains a serenity even in the distress and trial which has crushed him, that is singularly attractive. In the evening, I went with Mrs Adams and Mary Lady Russell’s reception. There were more people than last week, but I was not so much amused. Mr Arthur Kinnaird asked me how I liked the course of Lord Palmerston in avoiding all notice of America. I replied that it suited me exactly. What I had always wanted was that the whole of our troubles should be left to us to manage. If we could gain this point, we should settle them before a great while. In point of fact the Danish complication has driven American questions entirely off the field. Home by midnight.567
567 Saturday 6th London CFA AM

The Scotia has arrived, but brings me no arrival of my son. I had hoped it so much that I confess the disappointment pressed me a little. My own condition is not yet by any means restored. Though the extent of the pain is reduced, I am yet very far from flexible, in my muscles. Morning spent in writing notes in answer to sunday letters that have accumulated, upon me within a few days. This is apparently doing nothing, and yet it absorbs a great deal of my time. A visit from Mr Forster, who came to make enquiries about our affairs. He talked of the proceedings in Parliament and the German war likewise. I said that as things now looked we were quite comfortable—and described the state of my negotiations. I alluded to the critical state of matters on the 5th of September. He then said I had been mistaken in supposing the answer to my note to have come from Lord Palmerston. It was sent by telegraph from Lord Russell. This may be, but Palmerston was here and undoubtedly privy to it. As also to the mysterious message through Mr Stewart to Mr Seward at Washington. The weather grew pretty cool. We, that is I and the two ladies down out to Richmond Green to dinner at Mr and Mrs Laugel’s. A small company consisting of the Duke and Duchess D’Annale, Lady Waldegrave and her husband, Mr Fortescue, and Sir Charles and Lady Lyell. rather lively and informal. The Duke greeted me at once, though I had never seen him before. He is quiet above the average of royal personages. Adversity has done much of the Orleans family. Lady Waldegrave is likewise a person of some note whom I have never seen before. She is the professor of Strawberry Hill, though her second husband, Lord Waldegrave. This gentleman is her fourth husband. We returned home very comfortable and found the Despatch bag arrived, but not a line from any body.
Sunday 7th London CFA AM

Clear, but a light snow falls every night, a symptom of Artic weather. I went to the City to church, but was so late that I went into the first edifice I met. It turned out to be that of St John Zachary. This interior reminded me at the first glance of St Stephens, Walbrook. Though not Sir Christopher Wren’s, it is plainly an adaptation of his idea. It is neat and cheerful, well lighted on three ides, and convenient for a small parish. The attendance quite good. N.B. I was mistaken. It is his. The Church is St Anne’s, Aldersgate, to which St John, Zachary was joined. 13 Feby 1865.568 The services much as usual. At home, visits from Mr T Baring, Mr Palmer, and Mr Parkes. I then went out, called at Sir Charles Lyell’s to ask about Mr Homer her father, who is quite ill. Then a long walk. We had to dinner Mr and Mrs Harrington and his daughter, and Mr Parkes—They are on their way to America. He has been quite ill in Italy, and looks far from well at present.

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568 Monday 8th London CFA AM
The mail brought us newspapers but no letters. It is not often John misses a Steamer but so it happens, now when we feel it most. There was not much in the news, but its drift is still confirmatory of former impression. I grew firmer in opinion that the war must come to an end pretty soon. A visit from Mr Smith, a member of Parliament, who came to get some information to answer some remarks in a newspaper by a Mr McHenry an American affairs. They are full of imprudent falsehoods. But their very audacity is what makes them difficult to answer. It is not easy to keep around one at all time the proofs that the moon and the planets revolve around the sun. If any one should deny it before the inhabitants of Colhin China, the charm is that this arrival would gain belief before the apparatus of reasoning to prove an affirmative could be got going. I did what I could for Mr Smith. Mr Dudley came to report the issue of the appeal in the Alexandra case. Four Judges of one court against it, three of the other for it. All these things on points of law. A curious illustration of the ponderous machinery of English justice. The effect upon the position of the government is comical. They fail in getting a knowledge of the true meaning of their own law. And their duty to a neutral nation continues the same. Strange is the whole history of this year! I went out with Mrs Adams to pay visits—at the Duchess of Argyll’s and Southerland’s, the Speaker’s, the Duchess of Cambridge’s and her son’s, and Lady Palmerston’s. Cards every where. I then left the carriage in Picadilly to call upon Mr R J Walker who was said to have been very unwell. I fond him up and better. He told me a curious rumor that had come to him, of an intention of the rebels to join the Archduke Maximilian in his movement to Mexico. Guinn to be made a Duke and Morehead a Marquis! Quiet evening, reading Vanity Fair.569

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569 Tuesday 9th London CFA AM
A little snow falls every night now, and the days are cold for this climate. It looks more like winter than I have seen it. The news from Denmark is unfavorable to that country. I fear she is to be sacrificed to the jealousies of Germany. Yet the effect is to stir up all the passions of Europe. A quiet day, which I devoted to my accounts, and partly to my studies of coins. At the late sale, I purchased some curious ones through Mr Court. One which I take to be the earliest currency coined in North America. Even before the pine tree of Massachusetts. A walk, and then to Lady Russell’s to dinner, with Mrs Adams and Mary. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Grey, Dean Stanley and his bride, Lady Bloomfield, Mr Frende, the historian Mr Arthur Russell, Major Blackett, and a Mr Stepford. It was rather pleasant than otherwise, though I was not very favorably placed. Lord Russell seemed quite in a lively mood. He told me he had been replying in the Lords to Lord Derby’s attack upon him on American affairs. The other night his Lordship having seen in a newspaper Mr Seward’s instructions to me of the 11th of July last pounced upon one passage of them which is certainly pretty threatening and demanded to know if the ministry had put up with such a tone. Lord Russell replied this evening by saying that no such paper as that described had ever been addressed a letter to Lord Russell, anticipating all parts of these instructions excepting the questionable threats. When therefore these arrived, I deemed it superfluous to go over the ground again, and particularly hazardous to put in the offers in portion. It looked to me like war. So even in the critical moment of the fourth of September, I preferred the course of waiting for new instructions to putting it in. In my belief it would have raised a needless barrier to later movements in reconciliation. Mr Seward himself approved my course in a later Despatch. To the outer world, this does not appear. The conclusion will be that I declined to show the instructions. If by that, it be understood that I presented a quarrel, I ask for nothing more in my Diplomacy. The Danish matter was thought to look badly tonight. The Germans seem determined to obtain scrutiny for all their demands.570
570 Wednesday 10th London CFA AM

A cold, smoke fog early, but it afterwards cleared though still freezing. A leisure day which I spent partly in writing up this Diary, occasionally falling into arrears, and partly in my numismatic studies. These are a pleasant relaxation from other cares. A long walk and a quiet evening. Read Vanity Fair to the family. On the whole a very masterly sketch of the follies and vices and foibles and virtues of London society. The characters are sharply defined, and the satire spread almost equally over all.
570 Thursday 11th London CFA AM

The regular recurrence of this day’s work brought me fewer Despatches than usual to answer, but still I had many new subjects to treat. I have looked over the publication of papers by Mr Seward. On the whole the book is more creditable than the last. Yet I cannot help feeling that there is that little weakness visible in him which tempts him to expose to the world his productions and his skill in managing the intricacies of Diplomacy, much too extensively either for his own good or that of his country. The great defect of Mr Seward is his want of refinement of feeling, and perhaps a little tendency to what the French call arrières pensées in his conduct. He has not suffered this to warp his really great ideas of policy through the tremendous trial, but occasionally he has belittled the details. Mr Evarts came in and talked an hour. He is just from Paris. He thinks the French government well disposed, and that it will before long adopt a new policy towards the rebels. Their tricky proceedings in the ports begin to fatigue them. Well, they may. Mr Sanford came in afterwards and spent a couple of hours. He is going back to the United States. He thinks better of French policy, but ill of the influence exerted by M Mercier. I suggested the possibility of a substitution of some really well disposed man. He said something of the kind was suggested at Paris. Mrs Mercier was very homesick in America and he would be glad to change if he could. I thought it would be a great step, as I was convinced he had been an enemy from the first. In the evening, I with the ladies attended Mrs Gladstone’s reception. Lord Stanhope told me that Lord Derby had been paying me a high compliment in the Lords. I said I supposed it was about the suppression of the Despatching containing the instructions.571 He replied affirmatively. I added that I could claim little merit from my act, inasmuch as I had already anticipated them in my letter, so far as the reasoning went. The other portion did not seem essential enough to require a new note. On the whole my course was singularly fortunate. Or rather I prefer to believe there is a Divinity that shapes our ends. Ever since I came here, it has seemed to me as if I was only acting as an humble instrument to do the will of a superior power. My mind has always been clear and calm in the midst of all the difficulties that have surrounded me. This is not my will, O Lord, nor my work. Let me only strive with proper humility to do thy bidding.

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571 Friday 12.th London CFA AM
A change of weather to wet and warm. My work was light and yet it took me much of more successful in ferreting out the facts than on the first night. His compliment to me as having benefited both countries by assuming the grave responsibility of suppressing a despatch is a little beyond the reality. At the same time he dwells upon the series of counts in the early part of September, and describes them as a diplomatic triumph which they truly were. Lord Russell’s reply was not quite ingenerous. He now maintains that his answer on the 1st of September was not final. The language of that note will speak for itself. To affirm that the change in the evidence within three days was such as to make a complete revolution in the tone is scarcely consistent with probability. Yet if he can make any use of such a flimsy pretence to protect himself from attack, I am content. Lord Russell is honest and true which Lord Palmerston is not. At the same time he is timid which makes him occasionally resort to shall contrivances of indirection, such as Lord Palmerston would scarcely think of the latter has audacity enough to carry off his violations of truth. Towards evening Mr Evarts came in and kept me in conversation for an hour or more. We talked somewhat of the published correspondence, and of the French portion of it. Likewise of the legal operations which are going on. He staid so light that for the second time this week my walk was shortened. Evening we did not go to Lady Russell’s, but I read part of Vanity Fair.

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572 Saturday 13th London CFA AM

The America newspapers to the 30th Ulto came this morning. I read them very patiently but found less than usual to interest me. Perhaps the most amusing incident was the reported difference of opinion between Mr Wendell Phillips and Mr Garrison, at a public meeting in Boston on the merits of the President. Phillips is a great speaker and a keen satirist, but he is not and never will be a practical statesman. Wrote up my answers to arrears of notes, and then went to attend a meeting of the Trustees of the Peabody fund at Sir Emerson Tennent’s at the Board of Trade. We were there more than two hours. We elected Mr Soucyb, Clerk. It now turns out that we have engaged for five lots of land one in Spitalfields upon which an edifice has been erected. One in Chelsea, one in Shadwell one in Bermondsey, and one in Islington. This with the buildings is now ready to be let, and will probably yield a moderate rent. We shall soon proceed to another at Chelsea, and so on. But I am not clear how far the whole plan may be founded in error. To let a thing for less than it is worth may be a benefit to the few who obtain the bargains, but it will not affect the condition of the poor who remain outside the charmed circle. After we adjourned Lord Stanley briefly remarked to me that he hoped I would not mistake the isolated sentiments of country gentlemen for the matured judgment of the conservative party. This was apropos to the wild remarks made by some of that class in the Commons. On my side I said a word or two in reference to his fathers speech so far as it related to the supposed Despatch. I explained precisely how it was in the hope that he might correct the impression if he chose There is a prevailing idea of an impending change in the Ministry, which makes this possibly material. I took quite a long walk afterwards, to find out the situation of Essex Street in order to judge of the distance from home to church. Thence to the Tavistock Hotel to call upon Mr Pell. He left yesterday for Paris. In the evening went with my Wife and daughter to the regular weekly reception at Lady Palmerston’s It was much larger than the last, but not by any means so easy and lively.573
573 14 February 1864
Sunday 14th London CFA AM
Clear and fine. Not having succeeded in finding a Church, I took my son Brooks who was at home this week into the City, where we stopped into St Nicholas Cole Abbey in the old Fish Street. This one of Wren’s plainest designs— a rectangle, the walls adorned only with fluted pilasters that terminate in composite capitals that support an entablature with a flat ceiling divided into panels. On the west end only is a gallery with three open arches making a good effect. The pews and wainscot were of oak, perfectly plain. Light on three sides by plain glazed windows. Few monuments, all on the south wall. The service was good, and the hymns better than usual. The sermon rather below the average. This makes the twenty fifth of Wren’s Churches that I have visited, including probably all his best designs. The remaining ones are comparatively without interest. Home to luncheon, after which I took Brooks, and his friend Evarts to the Zoological gardens. The animals not lively, probably owing to the season. My little marvel, the small monkey was not in sportive mood. We had to dinner today, Mr and Mrs H. T. Parker Mr Evarts and his son, and a Mr Phillips, a classmate of Henry. Afterwards, visits from Mr Forster and young Mr Stanley. They remained until nearly midnight. I have proposed to Mrs Adams, that she should have her house open without any ceremony for this evening. This is an experiment, as it is plain that any attempt like that of last season could not succeed. Mr Forster seems anxious to lift up Lord Russell a little. He intimates that the Ministry may not continue. How this might affect us is a question.
573 Monday 15th London CFA AM
There being no news of the Canada at breakfast, I began to be a little uneasy about my son. But at one o’clock a telegram was received from Queenstown announcing that she had reached there at about eight in the morning. Henry made arrangements to go down to Liverpool in the afternoon train to meet him on his arrival, in the morning. My time passed rapidly tough I could scarcely define the way. In fact even when I feel as if I had nothing to do, I have only to look at my table to perceive little notes enough to answer for some hours. A visit from Mr Marshall who desired admission to the House of Lords which574 I gave him. Very good news too from Cape Town, the consul there sending me an account of the capture of the Tuscaloosa and her retention by the authorities to be returned to her answer. This is another just act on the part of the government which has a tendency to soften and reconcile the two countries. Undoubtedly there is a class which would be glad to entangle us, but I think it is losing hold. Went out in the carriage with Mrs Adams, and paid a visit to the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland. From the corner of St James Street I walked home by way of Hyde park, the Edgeware road, St John’s road and the regents Park. Evening, read Vanity Fair to the Ladies.
The Despatches and newspapers came in the early, and Henry and Charles in the after part of the day. I return thanks to God that I have seen him once in health and strength; would that I could permit myself to hope that he would not be again summoned to the war. But there seems just now little prospect of so early a termination. Much as the rebels are depressed by their painful and hopeless condition, they are not yet so far subdued in their pride as to be willing to cry for mercy. Mr. Seward has sent me an answer to the ventures of Mr. Scott Russell which though not absolutely forbidding is I fear rather discouraging. I shall take early measures to communicate with him. On the whole the news is satisfactory from America. Charles dined and spent the evening with us quietly. He seems to have been received with the greatest possible kindness by everybody in Boston, and to have had an unexpected honor from the Governor in a public reception. It is a great source of satisfaction to me that he should have acquitted himself creditably in his undertaking. Our family has not been of the warrior class, neither do I much fancy the honors that come from the knowledge of the arts of destruction. I have further to note today the report of another debate in the Lords last night, in the course of which Lord Russell further defended himself from the charge of yielding to intimidation. He read my softening reply to him of the and complimented me much on my pacific disposition—in which Lord Derby joined.
575 Wednesday 17th London CFA AM

The mornings are clear, but the days variable, rainy and uncomfortable. I had my customary quantity of small work today before luncheon— Then I went to the house of the late Lord Lyndhurst to have a private view of things which are all to be sold off without exception. My principal object was to see the pictures of his father the painter. It happened to be very dark just then, so that I scarcely judge of the merits of any of them. Neither have they been in any way done up to look their best. One little picture of three children of George the third struck me the most. The man who suffered by the shock was scarcely visible. The portraits of the artist’s family ought to go to the Greenes in America. The death of Major Reison is perhaps the best thing he ever did but it is too large for any common private house. I should like one of these as a memorial of the old man and of his son, but I fear that the prices customary in this country are above my level. The other furniture in the house is poor and shabby. The house itself is a very curious one—all show rooms, adapted to the compound wants of an artist and of a Lord Chancellor. I and Mrs Adams with Mary dined with Sir Robert her son, Sir Stephen Glynne, her brother, Lord and Lady Dilamae, Lord Harris. Mr Gladstone was to have been there, but a telegram from the Queen summoning him forthwith to come to Osborne had intervened. There was some speculation as to the cause of this. The behavior of the Queen in secluding herself so far from London is causing more and more dissatisfaction. The Ministry begin to murmur aloud about the inconvenience to the despatch of business. From there we went to a reception at Lady Waldegrave’s. This is the first invitation sent to us from her. She is a remarkable example of the success of a woman who came up without advantages of any kind in society. The daughter of Braham, the singer whom I recollect as wandering about America, in quest of a living by his voice, after it had been thoroughly used up at home, she has by a succession of four marriages, attained rank, wealth and social influence, so that she is now at the head of a house, to which the highest nobility are glad to be invited.576

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The weather is now displaying a conflict of the seasons. Sun and clouds, snow and thaw, with bright clear nights. Busy in writing the customary drafts of Despatches. Interrupted by visits from Mr Cyrus Field, and Captain C. H. Marshall—Likewise a Mr Brown with letters from Mr Everett. Somehow or other my day was thus consumed—In my walk, I called to see Mr Bates. He looked much better, but nevertheless said that it was his bad day. In the evening, we went to a reception at Mrs Gladstone’s. Quite small, but composed of persons with most of when I was acquainted—so that I was enabled to present Charles to many people, and thus at once break the ice crust, which constitutes the great difficulty in society. Here I saw but did not make the acquaintance of Tennyson, the poet. He is rather a rough, repulsive looking person who seldom issues from his lair in the isle of Wight to confront the artificial society of the metropolis.
576 Friday 19th London CFA AM
Light clouds kept scattering flurries of snow about the land all day, so that the aspect of the city was more wintry than I have ever seen it. Since Charles’s arrival on this side my labor of private correspondence is reduced much. But today there were several applications remaining unanswered from America which gave me enough to do. One or two visits likewise absorbed a part of my time. We, that is, all but Henry who declined, dined with Mr and Mrs Morgan. The company consisted of Justice Byles of the common pleas, Mr and Mrs Sturgis, Captain and Mrs Tinker, Mr Ehringer, Mr Ginnel, Mr Evarts. There were two guests, at the House, Mr and Mrs F. Peabody, to whom the dinner was given. It was an elegant entertainment as is always the case here. But I am never comfortable about it for Mr Morgan so frequently reports to me annoying things that I have got to regard him as a bird of evil omen. He began by announcing the panic at Bull run. Afterwards he had a story about the taking of the Vanderbilt. To night it was a report that the Emperor Napoleon was about to recognize. He may be legal; but he is not beyond lukewarm. We went from here to Lord Russells, which was quite full, with heavy acquaintances. Thence to Lord de Grey’s, where was also a crowd. It seemed to me as if I knew almost every one. Arthur Kinnaird intimated to me to night that French cooperation in the Danish matters had been restored.577
The state of my mind is now somewhat peculiar. With much fewer causes of real anxiety than I have ever had since I came here, it seems as if cares oppressed me of a vague and indefinite nature more than ever. Not much work today so I went out to examine once more the effects of the late Lord Lyndhurst. There is a good deal of valuable plate, but on the whole nothing except the little picture that I should care to possess. On my return I found Mr Scott Russell had called. He promised to come again at half past four, when I saw him. I read to him very carefully and slowly the letter of Mr Seward. He seemed a good deal impressed by it. He said that it was quite as favorable as he expected. But it had raised his opinion of the President from the simple and truthful earnestness displayed in it. I pointed out to him the extent to which it varied the topics of our past conversation. Mr Russell said that he was not discouraged from proceeding farther. The only difference was that he should change the form of his propositions. I replied by observing that as matters now stood, the first step must be taken by him. I could only suggest to him that two points must be settled before my government could go further. First, they should have some assurances of the responsible character of the parties behind him. Secondly, their project whatever it might be should take some consistency on paper. I was convinced that the only practicable way to reach a result would be through voluntary withdrawal of the several States. They had reserved a right to do this when they entered the new association. Their retreat would at once dissolve the bond and dissipate the organization founded on it. Mr Russell said that his friend had already all the authority which the combined assent of the confederate people in Europe could confer. But his friend would be ready at any moment to go to America and make his application to the respective States. Pending this, and the refusal of any armistice, I could not expect any attempt to dissolve the only organization which could act in their defence. The first thing to be done was to be sketch some outline of proposals. He was sensible of the necessity of doing so immediately. He intimated that he had already been at this work. But it must now be adapted to the new light afforded by the answer. I offered to supply him with the chief topics of Mr Seward’s letter. He said that if I meant him to use them with other parties, he thought it would be better not to have them. Perhaps they might compromise me. I explained that what I meant was not to furnish extracts totidem rebis, for such use as he referred to, but to give him the ideas in an abstract form for his special use in attempting to adapt his own to them. He said in that shape he should like them. He should endeavour to be ready with the result by the end of next week. He then took his leave. We all dined at home Four of us went to Lady Palmerston’s. A large assemblage with a much smaller proportion of my acquaintance. Lord Palmerston seems to hold up very well. He is less broken than he looked a year ago. He is now in his eightieth year. At one time I thought it would be better for our interest in America that he should go out. Of late, I have changed my mind. The Ministry have now gone as far as any Ministry would be likely to do.
With tolerable good future we may be able to go safely through the crisis with them. As I was going, I passed Mr Villiers, and spoke in a light jesting way of the rumor that France had proposed to restore the intents cordiale, under the condition that it should comprehend recognition in America. He replied that they were now further from the idea. Theistone was lower than that of the public. Home at midnight.
578 Sunday 21st London CFA AM
I asked Mr Calvert last evening for some tickets of admission to the service at the Temple Church. He was kind enough to give me three for the afternoon. In the morning the bag came from America with a large bundle of Despatches. Many occasion work, but none are very important. The newspapers not interesting. Yet the Southern news remains unchanged. I perceive no symptoms of real encouragement, but a convulsive attempt at revival which can end only in complete prostration. My object in going to the Temple was only to give Charles an opportunity to see it. The service is much of it chanted which I like. But the darkness of the interior is not to my taste. The old Templars were doubtless used to the forms of the Gothic and fitted into it. Such is not the case with us, in this generation. The nine recumbent forms of the knights are the image of another age. They are worth all the rest of the edifice put together.579 We had to dine, Lord Houghton, Mr L Stanley, Mr Browning and Mr Ehringer. And in the evening, several other persons came in to see Mrs Adams.
579 Monday 22d. London CFA AM

Cloudy but yet freezing cold. I sat down for the purpose of working very hard, but the interruptions were such that I effected little. Mr Evarts came in to talk of the state of the Alexandra case and of the conversations he had had with Mr Vernon Harecourt and Sir Fitzroy Kelly about the Alabama. The power thinks this Government should prohibit her from coming into British ports. Mr Evarts urges it strongly. They say that no representation to that effect had ever been made by our government. This is the most extraordinary position of all. We protest against the emission to detain this vessel, and claim damages for every outrage She has committed on the ocean since. She is injured in an action with one of our vessels and take refuge in the port of Kingston in Jamaica, where is repaired and supplied. We call their attention to this act, and they affect to consider that the vessel has changed her character, and is converted into a belligerent. Thus the question is decided, and we are precluded from repeating a remonstrance in any future case. Yet now, forsooth, that the consequences of this decision are becoming grave, and there is an inclination to rescind it, they wait to have the step suggested to them even though their yielding to it be susceptible of a false interpretation which would not rob teh cut of half its merit. I remarked to Mr Evarts that I should be willing in conversation with Lord Russell to them it out as a suggestion rather than to commit the matter to writing. The anxiety about the claims in this case of the Alabama is amusing. They want them withdrawn. I fancy it will be some time before they gain their object. That they are weary of the situation in which they find themselves is certain. How to get out of it is another matter. Before Mr Evarts had got through a fog came on so dark that we could neither write no read. This lasted so long as pretty much to spoil work the rest of the day. I went out and took a long walk. Brooks returned to Twickenham. The children dined out at Mrs Sturgis’s Quiet evening at home—in which I made up the arrears of my Diary.

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580 Tuesday 23d. London CFA AM
Light snow and general appearance of winter. I completed my ordinary work at an early hour, and went down to Sotheby’s rooms, to look at a collection of coins about to be sold at that place on Thursday and Friday, the two worst days of the week for me. On my return I found that Mr Scott Russell had been already twice here, and would call again. Accordingly he came in shortly. His object was to show me a proposal which he intimated had been already drawn up prior to the receipt of my reply from Mr Seward, but which had been since submitted to his friend from the Southern States, and had received his modifications. He now offered me a copy, to read, and to make my suggestions in addition. We then proceeded to read the articles seriatim and the proposed additions and modifications of the other party, to which I made comments of assent or otherwise; after which we again read over the articles, in order to get my suggestions. The first laid down the broad principle emancipation. The next applied it so far as to do away with the sale of human beings. The third provided a species of serfdom for a limited period to the classes within a certain age. The fourth, declared all children born absolutely free. There came the money questions. The funded debt and the cotton loan were to be recognized. Relief from taxation for the debt incurred by the United States was to be given. The slaveholders were to be compensated by the creation of a stock to pay for their loss by emancipation at £25 a head. Mortgages of plantations and slaves were not to be foreclosed by reason of the diminished security in the loss of slaves. The amendments proposed on the other hand were that the States were to return with a disavowal of the right of secession. The confiscations were to be rescinded. The amnesty to be extended. On my side I suggested that my directions were explicit to recognize no debt whatever incurred in carrying on the war. These provisions must be therefore expunged. With regard to the graduated features of the labor system I could only consent to accept it as a proposal to be submitted, without in any way expressing any opinion as to its adoption. As to its relief from taxation I could not see how legislation could be made other than uniform over the whole country. It might indeed be that in reviewing the commodities subject to tax, some consideration could be had of the depressed condition of the Southern people and their transition state from slave to free labor, by bearing lightly upon those products which are peculiar to their section, such as cotton and tobacco and sugar. It seemed to me that a proper regard to the restoration of their ability to meet taxation in other forms would prompt this policy, on mere economical grounds. In reference to the liability for debts previously contracted, there might two questions raised. One involving creditors within the Slave States. The other, those living abroad. As to the former the legislation of the respective States might interpose with effect. As to the latter the case was more difficult. I could not but remember the state of feeling which had followed the Treat of 1783, by virtue of which the English creditors before the war were entitled to prosecute their claims against a wretchedly impoverished people. I could readily perceive how difficult a
reconciliation might be made now by the premature prosecution of claims for old debts by the creditors of the north. Yet though believing some interposition to give delay quite expedient, I was not prepared to specify any practicable mode to apply it. On the other points I had no remarks to offer. The payment proposed for the slaves would probably meet with much resistance from a portion of the north. It might be that such a step would need greater powers than those vested by the Constitution. In my opinion, it is cheaper to agree to it if practicable, than to carry on another year of war. I did not say this however to him. Having in this manner gone over the whole ground, Mr Russell said he should take his paper home and remodel it so far as to incorporate the respective suggestions of the two parties, as nearly as they could be reconciled. He should then present it anew for their approbation, after which, should they acquiesce he should address an identical note to each, for the purpose of more precisely defining the extent to which that assent was to be understood as affecting the proceeding prior to the submission of the plan to the principals. Mr Russell then went on the other point—the authority of his southern adviser. He had this to say, that he was attached to the personal staff of Jefferson Davis, and to his knowledge, was possessed of his entire confidence. He had come here to take charge of the duties originally confided to Mr Mason, though, owing to the circumstances attending that gentleman’s withdrawal, he had never seen Lord Russell. He was farther justified by the entire approval of all the parties connected with Richmond, both here and in Paris. If any project was agreed on, this gentleman could be ready to go out at once to the South, to submit it not merely to Mr Davis, but to the authorities of the respective States. He could go with the warmest letters of approval from all these parties. He intimated that he was a Massachusetts man, and ha a wife now there with whom he still corresponded on the most affectionate terms, though she had entirely broken off from him on this political issue. He therefore might be supposed to have private as well as public motives for bringing about a reconciliation. If I could be satisfied in these respects, would it be practicable to facilitate his access to the South? He would go to Halifax in the next Onward Steamer. From thence could he get from me a pass through the lines? I replied that I should be obliged to reflect upon that before I gave an answer. Laughing, I added that I had already got into a scrape by giving one note, which made me very cautious about repeating it. This made him laugh too—and so we parted. I went with Mrs Adams to dine with Mr and Mrs Lampson. The company consisted of Mr Mrs and Miss Jackson, Mrs and Miss Potter, Mr and Mrs Martefiore and Mr Somerby. Mr Henry Lampson and his Wife and Miss Bethune made up the list. We got away in good season and came directly home.

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582 Wednesday 24th London CFA AM

The north east wind still prevails, making us uncomfortable more than cold. As I wished to go to a coin sale tomorrow, I anticipated my usual time for writing Despatches by preparing almost all of them this morning. This and the reading of the newspapers from America absorbed the day. The more I read, the more I am convinced that the struggle cannot be sustained in the south much longer. Loud as they as talk of persevering, it is plain that they see before them no palpable advantage to be gained. The difficulty now is to backward. Whether Mr Scott Russell will prove the adventurous guide remains to be seen. On reflection I have come to the conclusion that the man behind him is Mr Calet Huse, a man who has been principal agent here in making contracts and forwarding arms and munitions of war to the rebels. He is a Massachusetts man, more shame for him. Let this very fact may perhaps justify a doubt whether he may not be used as a tool by more cunning and profligate schemers, ultimately to583 to disavowed and denounced if convenient. I find that I must proceed with care. Dined by invitation with the Lord Chancellor again. The company consisted of Mr Bille, the Danish and M Van de Weyer the Belgian Minister, Chief Baron Pollock, Mr Evarts, Lord Shaftsbury, Sir James Nild, Mr Vernon Harcourt, and some others whom I did not know. I forgot to mention Sir Henry Holland. The Chancellor is talkative and gracious at his own table, and the consequence is a much more general and instructive conversation than I have found elsewhere. I sat next to Lord Shaftsbury, a gentleman of note as a head of religious and philanthropic movements. He has been very sky of me, because he found the convenient not to get implicated in any Antislavery movement that might embarrass the policy of his chief, Lord Palmerston. The Church has thus been kept free from any dangerous emotion. Soon after ten we rose from table. I asked the Lord Chancellor about the prospect of the Alexandra case coming up on appeal. He said he had done all in his power to accelerate it. But there was some underling at work to put it off, so that he feared now it would not come up until May. The ladies and Charles were in the carriage and I drove with them to the reception at Lady Waldegrave’s. It was only moderately full, but I found many acquaintances. The Ministers exulting in the issue of the conflict last night in the House of Commons. The opposition made another stand on the question of the detention of rams. I fear they make rather a strong case against the Administration, but they put their power to so dangerous a use that it roused Thomas Baring who tumbled down their castle of cards. My name comes much into question, but strangely enough, it is exalted in order the more to depress Lord Russell’s. The division should a majority for ministers for twenty five— From here we went to the Admiralty where the Duchess of Somerset was receiving. We were so late that the numbers were a good deal reduced. I met here Mess Melner Gibson and Villiers. The latter construes the last nights movement as a regularly prepared attack of Lord Derby. Hence the satisfaction at its failure. I think it indicates a degree of strength that may contain them before long.584

584 Thursday 25th London CFA AM
After despatching my regular work I went down to attend the sale of coins at Sotheby’s. The assemblage was small as the collection was not particularly choice. The customary dealers with the exception of my friend Mr Court, and only two or three amateurs. These are generally the occasions for purchasing at a more reasonable rate. Though somewhat mixed, there were a good many nice things. I was obliged to return before the close, in order to complete the regular work, after a conference with Lord Russell at half past three. I had intended to go into some discussion of the general relations between the countries, but I found his time so shortened by other engagements, that I was forced to go through my various topics quickly. There were four Despatches from Mr Seward which dictated instructions. The material one was in relation to the Alabama and its effects of her cruising. I alluded to the doctrine of Mr Vernon Harcourt in his articles of Historians in the Times, which tended to abandon the propriety of receiving that vessel in British ports. Likewise to intimations that had been made to me through Mr Evarts, that the government needed a remonstrance from us. I explained my reason for silence to be that I had construed the act of receiving the Alabama at Kingston in Jamaica, as settling the question. From that moment I had regarded the British government as having taken the responsibility for the consequences of recognizing her as an Insurgent vessel.. His Lordship replied that I had judged rightly. The government had though the vessel sufficiently commissioned, and it was ready to assume the responsibility therefor. I subjoined, that in addition to this, it has seemed to me, on any supposition of a disposition of this British government to act in a restrictive manner, it would be far wiser to await it quietly as a spontaneous act, then by interposition to give a reason for assuming a state of intimidation His Lordship assented readily. But he added that the opinion of the cabinet was unchanged. I found on the whole, that his Lordship was not disposed to make any concessions. The late trials of the friendly party in the House of Commons have alarmed all government officers. I found I could do little today, so I made the best of the time to dispose of the other matters in my charge. These were the compliment to Sir Frederick Bruce for his conduct in China respecting the expedition of Captn Sherward Osborne, and the reciprocity Treaty. It was plain that His Lordship was meditating upon the deputation he was expecting to receive, so I gave way, promising myself to go more at large into the matter at some future opportunity. Walked home. Quiet dinner and evening. Charles had gone to Oxford We concluded not to go to Mrs Gladstone’s, though it is her last evening.

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585 Friday 26th London CFA AM
Dark, cheerless weather but growing milder. My work was so well advanced that I got through in season to attend the coin sale of an hour or more. The number of buyers reduced relatively to the dealers. And the sale was all their own way. I purchased only what I wanted and came away. My rule is not to expend beyond a certain sum at every sale. But I am inclined to think the best bargains are made in the least pretentious sales. Got home by four o’clock and despatched all my letters including my secret papers. Mr Russell has not brought me his revise in season for this steamer. I got a note from him appointing his day for Tuesday. Evening again quiet. We did not go to Lady Russell’s. Charles got home from Oxford at eleven tonight.
Weather warm again. Day spent rather in luxury, in examining and comparing my purchases of coins the other day. This is the pleasantest of my occupations. I am gradually finding the advantage of my expanded field of observation. I had a visit from Mr Evarts and Mr Bowles, a young man who has come from Paris with the object of organizing a breach of the sanitary commission. He talked with some sense and more enthusiasm of what could be done in London. I did not discourage him, but rather offered to second him in his labours in any way in my power. He asked for letters to the principal Americans and I promised to give them. We discussed much on general politics besides. Afterwards a longish walk around the Regents Park, to the Edgeware Road and back by the new road. Dined with Mrs Adams at Lord Cranworth's. The company consisted of Sir Henry and Lady and Miss Holland, Dean Milman and Mrs Milman, Mr Evarts, Mr Calvert and three or four more whom I did not know. It was exceedingly easy and pleasant. Lord and Lady Cranworth are both of them very agreeable people. We got home at eleven.
Rainy morning with streets in the dirtiest condition. I remained at home and occupied myself in making up arrears of Diary and in writing one or two letters until it was time to go to afternoon service. I then sallied out with no very definite destination. At last I concluded upon trying my chance at St Peter’s Westminster. But as I passed through the house guards, and looked across at Whitehall the sight of numbers entering the open door reminded me that it has always been my wish to go there. So I crossed the street and dropped into the current. It was plain that there was some unusual attraction. Luckily a lady invited me into a pew, but a great number were standing in the alleys through the service. The preacher proved to be Mr Charles Kingsley who made a charity sermon for the benefit of St George’s Hospital Thus I attained several objects. One of them the wish to see the famous banquetting hall planned by Inigo Jones. It is handsome, though now shorn of its natural effect by the division of the floor into pews. There is not much ornament except in the ceiling where have been placed in the panels the paintings made for them by Rubens. The subject is the Apotheosis of James I, better suited to a festive room than a chapel. Over the entrance door is a bust of him likewise. The height of the ceiling, over fifty feet makes it difficult to distinguish much of the pictures. In an atmosphere like that of London no picture stands much chance of preserving its prior shades of color. The service was read by the usual clergyman. Mr Kingsley preached a plain common sense sermon from Matthew 9.35. which speaks of Jesus as going about “healing any disease among the people.” He spoke of the use of this charity, of the necessity of creating a class devoted to this duty of healing, of the value of hospitals generally and St George’s in particular. This led him naturally to the demands on this charity, and the strain made on its resources by the numbers whom it received. The crowd was great, and the collection liberal. We dined quietly and in the evening had only a few visitors. Mr Ehringer, Mr Lampson, Col Chester and Mr Phillips. It is fortunate that Mrs Adams assumed so moderate a footing for her reception.
587 Monday 29th London CFA AM

One of the dark, foggy days which mark this place. There was about a period of fifteen minutes, towards five o'clock when it much resembled a state of night. I had another visit from Mr Bowles giving me the result of his applications thus far. He seemed to be very much encouraged. He had got a meeting called at the London Tavern, and asked me if I would attend it. I replied that I would go very cheerfully if deemed advisable—but that my own judgment dictated retirement on the part of government Officers. He seemed to contemplate an organization which might be turned to other uses—a plan of much more questionable utility.

Walk in the midst of the rain around the Regent’s Park. We had to dinner Captain Douglas Galton, Colonel and Mrs Lowry, Mr Palmer and Mr and Mrs Sturgis. Rather lively and they remained until after eleven.

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Tuesday March 1st London CFA AM
It was a wettish atmosphere with very muddy streets, but I was obliged to go to the City to see the Barings, and get money for the monthly settlement. This answered two or three hours, and on my return I found the Mail and newspapers from America. Charles went off on my return I found the Mail and newspapers from America. Charles went off on a visit to Lord Gallway’s in Yorkshire, at the invitation of Lord Houghton. Mr Evarts came in and made one of his dreary visits. He has decidedly too much spare time on his hands. A long letter to me from my son John containing the materials for much reflection. I had another visit from Mr Scott Russell, who at last brought his matured plan. On reading it over I perceived the modifications nearly all favorable. One clause retaining the cotton loan I objected to, and it was agreed to be erased. Another providing a strong law against the levy of debts for ten years seemed to require an amendment of the Constitution which is cumbrous. It was modified to contain a proviso as far as the constitution would permit. With this change it seemed to me that the principle of a complete restoration of the Union was fully contained in this paper. I know not what its fate may be, but if carried out in good faith I should entertain no doubt of arriving at a more stable condition by means of it, than we have ever yet enjoyed. Mr Russell said that he should now proceed to make the final draught of the paper, after which he should address an identical not to each party explaining the origin and purpose of this transacting and defining the precise limit of the responsibility of each. His southern friend might be ready to start in the Steamer of Saturday. If not, he would go the next week. Mr Russell then returned to the question of passage for him through the United States. I seized the moment to explain my remaining difficulty. It was now absolutely indispensable to know the extent to which the person could be regarded as a representative man. All our trouble would be thrown away if it should turn out that he had no authority. Mr R then went over the statement he had made at our last meeting. He said the gentleman had been in close personal relations with Mr Davis. Some of his letters he had himself seen. He belonged to the Staff and was employed in confidential duties. In this way he had been over here to make a faithful report of the prospects of aid from this government and that of France. It has been suspected that the representatives of others who had been sent out earlier were rather too high colored. The object was to obtain either confirmation or a correction of them. The issue of his observation had led to a general recall of all the agents, who with one or two exceptions were about to return. I then asked if the project of the gentleman was known to Mr Slidell and Mr Mason. He could not say about Mr Mason. But as to the other the conditions had been shown to him, and had met with his approval. They had also been submitted to most of the leading men in Paris, and to the chief mercantile men in Liverpool—who all assented to it. He could have nothing more decided on this side of the water. Presuming that this was sufficient the next thing I must know was what he wanted me to do to severe the transit of this person. Mr R. suggested a certificate or a reference in case he
should be arrested. I replied that in order to do this I must know his name. If I required it, he said he should give it. The person was named Yeatman. He had belonged to a respectable and wealthy family in the South, but had married and been for a time settled in Massachusetts. Thus it appears that in my conjecture about Mr Huse, I was mistaken. I asked if he was not the son of Mr John Bell, former known as the Under Yeatman. He seemed to think it was so, but did not speak certainly. So far then the mysterious veil is raised. But the great doubt about authority remains. In any event I am quite as likely to be disavowed as he. The process is purely a tentative one on both sides. On reflection I added that I would give him a reference to Mr Seward in case of obstruction on one condition—and that was that he was not the bearer of any papers or information or letters that would furnish any advantage to the insurgents at Richmond. I asked this only as a protection to myself. Mr R said he had not thought of that before, but he saw the importance. He would consult his friend on that point. Soon afterwards he left me, promising to bring his corrected papers at an early moment. We dined early, for the sake of going to the Princess Theatre to see a representation of the Comedy of Errors. This is an attraction and abridgement of Shakespeare’s play into a few scenes. The Dromios were played by two brothers who resembled each other quite closely enough for the effect. But they wanted repose and a keen sense of the humour of the situation. I well remember the performance of the whole play many years ago in Boston, when Mr Hacket imitated so happy the manner of Mr Barnes, and both threw out so much of the comic of the situations as to make it a charming treat. As it was, the piece was not without its attractions. There was another piece called Paul’s return full of long sentimental speeches and cold in action. Home at eleven.

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589 Wednesday 2d. London CFA AM
A rather better day. Visits from Mr Vesey who came at breakfast. He was directly from Washington, charged with a verbal message to me from Mr Seward. He read it from a paper in his hand, which contained the substance of the communication, and which he left with me. I then had a Mr Wheatley who seemed inclined to make a long stay. Luckily for me, another gentleman came into ask questions and solicit information as to the sights of London. By this time I was called to dress for the Levee of the Prince attendant, in the room of his mother. The customary collection of persons. The corps Diplomatique in great force. I met with several acquaintances, and among others Lord Clarendon and Lord Cranworth, both of whom spoke to me of General Banks’s proclamation about labour, in Louisiana. The Times of this morning had perverted its spirit as it always does every thing inn which America is concerned. Lord Cranworth however approved of the provisions. The usual ceremony in which the Prince and Duke of Cambridge shook hands with me. Home soon afterwards. The remainder of the day puttered away with the exception of a long walk. Mr Hunnewell, a son of Mr Hollis Hunnewell of Boston dined with us.


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On examination of the regular line of Despatches to be replied to this week I found that they would not require more than a formal acknowledgement. This came as a great relief for the amount of extra confidential writing looked appalling. I prepared a letter to Mr Seward reporting the substance of my conversation of Tuesday. My interruptions however were by no means few. Mr Bright came in, whom I had not seen for some time. We talked much of the state of things here and in America. He asked me what I thought of the prospect of the war. I answered that I was getting very sanguine as to its early termination. He spoke of Mr Lawley’s reports from Richmond as of the most decided character. I said Yes. I was well aware of it. Mr Lawley had evidently been a willing instrument to subserve a purpose here. He then went on to speak of a visit he had received from a Mr Yeatinan. He did not know who he was. The view he had taken was different. He said the Souther people were as if under the pressure of an exhausted receiver. He though their destruction inevitable under a continuation of the war. He hoped that he (Mr B) might be induced to suggest to the people of the worth the wisdom of desisting from complete subjugation. I presume this is to be the same gentleman whom Mr Scott Russell represents. The drift is plain, to work out some aid in the north to his success in his project. Mr Forster came in soon afterwards and wanted to enquire as to the foundation of some allegations in the speech of Lord Clavickard as the shake of American Consuls in enlistment in Ireland. I told him that he could not be too positive in disavowing or denying the truth of all such statements. He said that Mr Shaw Lefever, a new member was about to make a speech tomorrow night in the subject of the outfit of vessels, and he wished to give him correct information. They had not been long gone, when Mr Scott Russell came in with his revised proposal and a draught of a letter which is to accompany it. I read them over and signified my acquiescent in them both. He then went off with the understanding that he was to bring them to me tomorrow in season to go to America in my bag tomorrow. I then hurried to the Foreign Office to see Lord Russell. Read to him a portion of Mr Seward’s Despatch to me recapitulating very skillfully the growing difficulties of our condition. Then I went on with the substance of the verbal communication through Mr Vessey. His Lordship had been prepared for this overture by a long and strictly confidential Despatch from Lord Lyons, which he took out of his box and looked early in the war. Much consultation had been had upon it. The difficulty lay in the fact that the United States was abolishing ports of entry over which it had not in fact the control. Should British Vessels attempt to enter notwithstanding, as he thought it not unlikely that some would, another and a new question would ensue upon the attempt to seize or to prevent them. As it is, the validity of the blockade has been conceded. The right of capture, in case of an attempted violation had been thoroughly recognized. It seemed to him better not to unsettle these established ideas an substitute a new and untried one. I saw that he was looking at the condition of Parliament and
of his own friends which is not propitious to the success of novel experiments, and therefore confined myself to argument that would end in nothing. The motives for the proposition were explained, at the same time that I suggested as an equivalent measure, the raising of the blockade of the whole coast with the exception of those ports which it was intended to shut up. He made no objection to this, but showed little interest in the change. I said I would report what had been said, with the understanding that the whole was confidential, and no record was to go in the archives, on either side. I seized the opportunity to speak of an application for the recognition of a consul which had been long made, and no answer yet given. He took a memorandum of it—and then referred to the case of Mr Cantwell at Dublin. On enquiry it had been represented that the house of this person was the headquarters of all the discontented ill affected Irish. The report of Sir George Grey had therefore been unfavorable. He mentioned it to me in order that I might communicate the matter privately to Mr Seward, if I liked. I promised to do so. This answer has not surprised me. The appointment was very ill judged. Whether prompted by the President’s moral obtuseness in the selection of men, or by Mr Seward’s foible in regard to the Irish population, I do not venture to decide. The Irish consulates have been a fruitful source of error from the first. Lord Russell moreover asked me to mention that they had received accounts of an organization in Ireland for the accomplishment of some unknown object, in which men were mustered in companies and regiments as if for military discipline. This was said to be prompted by persons coming from America. He did not intend to convey the smallest idea that the government knew any thing of this. All that he desired was that so far as they could, they would check and discourage it. I promised to write. Thus it appears that these people who find it consistent with their ideas of neutrality to tolerate all sorts of combinations of people here to carry on war over the ocean against us and our commerce, and to aid the rebels in every way possible, are not slow in calling for censure and restitution upon proceedings of less practically injurious, from America towards them. Having spent an hour with his Lordship I drove home in season only for a short walk, as we were to go out to dinner. Mrs Adams and I went to Mr and Mrs Harcourt Vernon. I remember when he was in America in company with his father who was I believe Archbishop of York. He is now old and rather effete. Of the guests I knew very few. Sir Minto Farquhar was presented to me whom I found a moderate conservative. He told me of a division that had taken place in the House which was carried by the Ministry only by one vote. The opposition certainly show an invigoration which betokens some trouble. My neighbor on my right was Mr Wynne whom I have met somewhere before. A considerable proportion of them were of the Tory side which always accounts for my want of acquaintance. We got home by eleven o’clock. Charles got home from Yorkshire.
593 Friday 5th London CFA AM

Before I had done breakfast Mr Bowles was here about starting the organization of his plan. They had had their meeting yesterday and had organized the Committee. The difficulty now was to make them stand. He urged upon me to see Mr Bates as soon as possible. I said I would try as soon as I got therefore my work today. It was unusually heavy however, for I was obliged to prepare four confidential letters to Mr Seward giving my reports of various proceedings, besides writing a long reply to John’s last to me, and one or two other letters to America. In point of fact I got through barely in season for the departure of the bag. Mr Scott Russell brought me the paper of agreements signed by himself alone, together with his explanatory letter in duplicate also signed by him. I sealed and sent them with a brief letter of my own. Mr Yeatman leaves next week with his copy. Thus is the matter brought to a close. Mr Russell reaffirmed the fact that Messr Mason and Slidell approved of this arrangement, as did every body of that faith on this side of the water. I sincerely believe that it contains the germ of a restoration of the Union, which nothing but the wilful passions of the contending parties can prevent from reaching a state of fructification. I am glad that I have been the humble instrument under the providence of God; to contribute in giving its shape. Throughout this painful trial it has been my good fortune to have been penetrated by no vindictive passion. Mad as have been the actors who raised the strife, I have only felt regret that they should have drawn upon themselves so severe a retribution. The moment has come when the slave question is to be settled forever. I have been the first person to draw a confession of the fact from by those who entered the struggle to maintain and perpetuate it. Let me be humble grateful that I have been of some utility in my day and generation. The question now passes out of my hands into others vested with the actual power to act for evil or for good. May they be prompted by a higher power to serve the highest ends of humanity and the true happiness of my country. I was detained at work until nearly six o’clock so that very customary exercise was abridged. All the family but Henry went to dine by invitation with Mr and Mrs Washington Jackson. As usual I knew few of the company. 594 Mr and Miss Bille, and Lady Pomfret were all, and the latter was made for the occasion as I took her down to table. Yet we had a rather more lively time at our end of it then has been usual at this house. They are Americans of very dubious fidelity, transplanted here and yet retaining their property over there. He is a dull, uninteresting old man of eighty. She is rather more pleasing. I found Mr Bille a little more excited against Lord Russell, and affecting to believe in a general commotion in Europe. The position of Great Britain towards Denmark is certainly discreditable. Advising her to sacrifices and yet never giving support when the issue of her advice proves to be disastrous. Protesting against the policy of the German States whilst backing her bold language by no corresponding acts. On the whole I prefer even our position of distraction and civil war to hers of enervated prosperity. We went from here to Lord Russell’s where there was a reception. Met Mr Evarts
and Mr Milner Gibson there. They both spoke well of the speech of Mr Shaw Lefevre in the House this evening.
Saturday 5th London CFA AM

I forgot to mention in my record of yesterday that in the course of my short walk I called on Mr Bates. He spoke incidentally of the matter of the Sanitary Commission which enabled me to put in a word in favor of the organization proposed here. He seemed very much opposed to soliciting any aid from the English. I said that no such step had been contemplated. If it has been, I should not have approved it. If Englishmen were disposed to offer voluntary assistance, it might be gratefully received, but soliciting it was entirely out of the question. This seemed to soothe him. He seems tolerably morning. I had this morning a visit from Mr Bowles to report progress, and to shew me the list of persons engaged in his plan. It embraces nearly every American in London. Worked on arrears of my Diary which of late has become painfully expanded. I hope that this peculiarity is now over. Mr Evans and his son were at luncheon and spent much time. Charles and Henry went into the city. I stole an hour or so for my numismatic studies I am now for the first time attending to the weight of coins, having obtained some good scales. The weather chilly with rain. Walked around the outer line of the regent’s Park. Dined with Mrs Adams and Mary at Sir William and Lady Clay’s. Another company of whom I knew nothing. My next neighbor at table was a Miss Smith, a respectable looking old and very plain lady, the daughter of Horace Smith of the rejected Addressed. Next to her was an intelligent lively person whose name I caught as Henley. Though presented to some of the rest I lost their names. Miss Smith however was very talkative so that the dinner was better than usual. I was presented to Lord and Lady Belper, who were very civil. Sir William Clay, like Harcourt Vernon was dropped out of this Parliament, and evidently they feel the want of the amusement. Charles had dined at Mr Cardwell’s in the same square, so we all went form here to the reception at Lady Palmerston’s. In spite of the weather, it was very full. The crowd had little of interest however. We did not get home until one o’clock.
595 Sunday 6th London CFA AM
We were up a little late this morning, so that I remained at home engaged in writing until afternoon when I walked down to Westminster and attended Divine service at St Margaret’s Church. The weather was chilly and blustering. There was a small attendance. This Church is full of associations especially with the civil war. Here Sir Walter Raleigh is buried—and here has been no signs of this honor. It has been altered, and repaired so often that it has little of the appearance of age. The division of the pews is modern, and the deep and low galleries all round give an effect of barrenness very unpleasant. There is a stained glass window of much reputation, but I was too far off to be able to appreciate its merits. The colors are deep and rich. After the customary service I returned home by the way of St James’s and Hyde Park to an early dinner at home. Mr Evarts and his son dined with us preparatory to their departure with my sons for France. They went off at about eight o’clock. Mrs Adams had only a few persons. Mr C W Field—Mr Bowles, and Mr Lampson with his daughter and Miss Bethune. He talked much about the organization for the sanitary commission.596

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Monday 7th, London CFA AM

The day was blustering and wet. I was quiet and amused my share of leisure by continuing my labour and steady of my coins. I am preparing a catalogue of the British collection in a separate form. It is slow work, but instructive. Two or three visits. One from the Consul at St Petersburg, Mr Phelps, who is on his way home on leave. The officers of the Government are certainly of the moveable kind. My son Brooks came home from school at Twickenham, at my desire, the scarlet fear having broken out there. Quiet evening at home.

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596 Tuesday 8th London CFA AM
Alternations of snow and rain and sunshine making it uncomfortable out of doors. The letters
and newspapers came from America, and employed me much of the morning. I am conscious
however at this time of a momentary reaction of a singular nature. The strain caused by my
son’s presence in the army being taken off, and that produced by the negotiation through Mr
Russell having ceased, it seems as if I had nothing at hand to fill the void. The American
papers show the decline of interest in the progress of the war, and a growing excitement in
domestic politics. At this distance all that we can do is patiently await the issue of events. My
relaxation consists in the study of numismatics. I have now produced a set of money scales in
which I am studying the weight of the respective coins—a department of investigation never
touched by me before. Yet it is essential to a comprehension of the history of courage of the
precious metals, especially, as well as of the genuineness of particular coins, in antiquity. Mr
Bowles called to take his leave. He reports that Mr Bates has consented to take the lead in the
sanitary commission organization, and all the rest will probably follow. He has managed with
some adroitness the discordant elements of the American society here. Walk with Brooks and
visit Messr Hunt and Roshell’s to see the Welsh present of Jewels to the Princess of Wales. It
was a bracelet and stomacher made of diamonds and emeralds, not an agreeable combination
to the eye, and as it seemed to me heavy and tasteless. The person in attendance showed us
some of his other ornaments of the same description which were much more elegant. Some of
them costing six to eight thousand pounds—the caprices of superfluous wealth. Evening, a
reception at Lady Shaw LeFevre’s not large, but embracing several of my acquaintance.$97
Continuance of exceedingly disagreeable weather. Prepared some notes to Lord Russell and continued my numismatic researches. The English coinage prior to the civil war is much more interesting than it has been since. The inscriptions mean something, and they are varied with the sovereign and the denomination of coin. And though the mechanical execution of the ship or of the combat of St Michael and the Dragon is not very superior, it yet is the type of an age of more genuine earnestness than the present. The shield of the nation is fastened to a mast terminating in a cross, then combining the three leading ideas—which is much finer than the escutcheon surrounded by laurels of the present day. Long walk—Dined with Mrs Adams at Mrs Hawkey’s. A pleasant company of whom I knew Sir Charles Wyke and Miss Campbell and Mr Arthur Russell. There was also a son of Sir William Hayter. These dinners are always easy and social. From here we went to a musical party at Mrs Darby Griffith. Not large but a little stiff and awkward. Mrs Griffith plays on the harp very well, but such assemblages as these are never propitious to music. The company should be regularly seated and fixed so as to shut off conversation. Home by midnight.
The debate in the House of Lords indicates a strong feeling among the aristocracy against the present outrageous policy of Germany towards Denmark. Thus far the course of the Ministry has only indicated a disposition to meddle without an intention to apply power enough to direct. Feebleness and vacillation of purpose necessarily ensue from an organization dependent on a parliamentary majority which can never be relied on. Great Britain is now without a single friend among the nations of the world. Just so was it on the breaking out of our revolution in 1774. She has alienated us sharply from jealousy, without in any way conciliating the revolt. She has irritated Germany without conciliating Denmark, or Sweden. We are however by no means so much the object of attention, which is a great relief. My drafts of Despatches were much sooner accomplished than usual. I dined with Mrs Adams at Mrs Sturgis’s. Sir Erskine and Lady Perry, Mr and Mrs Spenser Ponsouby, Sir Henry and Lady Fletcher and Mr Elliot and Mr York. Rather dull. Home early.
598 Friday 11th London CFA AM
Some work is despatching private letters, but I got through early on the whole. My sons got back from Paris, after having experience a very rough passage across the channel. The wind has been blowing very heavily for some days, and the weather generally as uncomfortable as possible. Went out with Mrs Adams to pay a visit at Buckingham palace to the King of the Belgians, and to Mr Senior, who is fast declining. Also a visit to the daughters of poor Mr Home, who is at last dead— He sickened a few days after I dined with him, in January, and has been going ever since. From Mr Senior’s I walked home, stopping to leave a card at Edward Ellice’s. Found posters in the doors advertising a sale of the house on the 14th of April. Dined at home—but in the evening went with son Henry to Lady Russell’s perception. My principal object was to speak to Lord Russell about a Despatch relating to the squadron on the coast of Africa to suppress the slave trade. The Secretary of the Navy is now prepared to send the vessels, but he is embarrassed by the Queen’s proclamation prohibiting supplies in English harbours. His Lordship said he had heard of this from Lord Lyons. He thought a comedy could be applied by making exceptions. Having accomplished my object I returned home.
Friday 11th
11 March 1864

A fine, cheerful, clear day. My Diary is apt to fall into arrears now, so that I am obliged to devote some of my morning to making it up. At half past one dressed and started in the carriage with Mr Moran and my son Charles, to attend the second levee of the season, held by the Prince of Wales. The numbers were very considerable, but the higher class not much there. A new regulation of the Queen, dispensing with attendance more than once in a season has rather created indifference. The corps Diplomatique generally there. The exception the Baron de Cetto, when King is just deceased. We got through, and home pretty early. The Prince and the Duke of Cambridge shook hands with me. The day is so far broken up by this idle ceremony, that little more was accomplished, but a long walk. I dined with Mrs Adams at Mr and Mrs Cardwell’s. A pleasant company nearly all of whom I knew. Lord and Lady Stanhope, Lord and Lady Loraine, Mr Fortescue and Lady Waldegrave, Sir Roundell and Lady Laura Palmer, Mr Vernon Harcourt and two others—one of whom I understood was Sir Michael Shaw Stuart. I sat between Mrs Cardwell and Lady Waldegrave. The last named is a curious instance of the freaks of chance even in the midst of an aristocracy. Yet she does her part as well as if she had been born to it. She talked with me as if she well comprehended the value of the society of which she is now a reigning favorite. She spoke of their feeling to America, which I had said, had given me much uneasiness when I first came. It was without cause. Although they made much noise, they had no control over events. The real power was in other questions. We left early to go to Lady Palmerston’s. A large assemblage with not so many of the acquaintance as usual. We got home after midnight.

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Sunday 13th London CFA AM

A clear morning. Went to Church in the City, with Brooks. We this day took St Botolph's, Bishopsgate. A large edifice, well filled with worshippers, but on the whole not interesting. It was rebuilt about a century and a half since in a respectable style but not striking. The Ionic columns are good. The service as usual, with the exception of the sermon, which was made to help a charity of a Lying in Hospital. There is a painted window in the end representing the transfiguration apparently, in a singular style of colour. One of the squares of glass had evidently been put in to replace the original. Being of a much darker shade of coloring the effect is that of a bad patch. The circumstance most curious of all attaches to the name and its peculiar connection with the gates on the old city. A Church of St Botolph is found at Adgate, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and Billingsgate—but no where else. The notion that the name of Boston is a corruption of Botolph's town is also found to prevail. After dinner I went with Charles and Mary to the Zoological Gardens. But the wind had become very chilly, and the animals were dull and torpid. On my return home I found a telegram from Mr Seward in cipher. It roused my anxiety, but there was nobody at home to point out where they key was in the Legation. I much feared that it might contain some preparation for softening disastrous events in the Southwest. I was unable to find the necessary paper though I searched all parts of the office. Henry did not return until seven o'clock, and it was eight before he succeeded in finding the key and deciphering the paper. It turned out to be next to nothing; a simple notice that something would be done to relieve Lord Russell from the pressure of the opposition, caused by the publication of the correspondence. We had to dinner Mr John Bright, Mr C. W. Field and Mr Weston. After which came Mr Lampson and his daughter and one or two others. Mr Lampson came to talk about the effort to make an organization to aid the Sanitary Commission. He found that Messr Sturgis, Morgan and Duncan had expressed dissatisfaction with the way in which their names had been used, and their determination to withdraw entirely. Mr Bates was true and decided, but seemed hesitating about the amount of his subscription. I said that the intelligence did not surprise me; nor was I unprepared for the failure of the undertaking. All that I hoped to be done was that the action of these parties should be clearly understood in America. This was not a political question. It was a great act of national humanity. Any American that was dead to it must have abjured all his nationality. It was not for me to find fault with him. The fact only should be made known in America in cases where there was a liability to a delusion. Mr Lampson said he hoped yet to be able to do something—but he feared it would not be much. The truth is that a life in Europe very generally takes the look of our Institutions out of my countrymen. They sink into mere Chinese mandarin figures ready to bow on every occasion at the truck of a titled donkey. I am glad to except my friend Bates from this censure. For though very impressionable to rank and station he nevertheless retains a strong pride for his native land, and in the simplicity of his ancient and homely birth place.
600 Monday 14th London CFA AM
The military news from America is not favorable to our progress, but in other respects is favorable enough. The fact that a failure to advance is construed against us only shows how much progress we have made since last year. The weakness of the rebels in not being able to take any advantage is a sufficient proof of their general condition. This is not the construction given here. The sympathy of the higher class always betrays itself at the smallest glimpse of success. Some day or other the retribution will come. Morning occupied by the preparation of an answer to Lord Russell’s note to me the other day taking exception to mine on the abuse of the British flag by the rebels in evening their own vessels to run the blockade. Many of Lord Russell’s notes are prepared for home consumption—and this one of those. He could not have misunderstood my meaning. But it was easy to misconstrue it so as to raise up a man of straw, and then claim the credit of knocking it down. Then a walk, on my return from which I found my Despatches and letters. Four of us dined with Lord and Lady Belper. This is a new creation of a wealthy manufacturer of the name of Strutt, in Derlyshins He inherited his property from his father, as he seems to have been educated at Cambridge. There were, whom I knew, Captain Douglas Galton and his Wife, Lady Charlotte Denison, Mr Trevelyan, Sir David Dundas and Mr T. Baring. The dinner was rather pleasant than otherwise. Afterwards there was a reception which was less entertaining. These are voluntary new acquaintances, and seem courteous and intelligent.

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Not long after breakfast I went out with my son Charles. My first object was to go to the house of Messr Baring, to draw some money, and to ask them to engage a room for him in the Steamer of the 26th. For he must return, and with our anxiety to us. It seems scarcely a moment since he came. Having accomplished this, we walked to the tower, a place which I have never visited since I came. Found there are of the Madagascar minister, and a number of others making the usual party of twelve. They show the armory in the White tower which was built by William the first, ad the royal Jewels. The first is a species of museum of all the shocking and instruments of destruction devised by man during the last thousand years. The barbarous part of our nature laid open. Instruments of torture too, numerous and fearful, now laid aside in the progress of civilization. What interested me was the room in which Sir Walter Raleigh spent so many years of captivity prior to his final execution. And the Beauchamp Tower where prisoners of State have left cut into the stone, sad memorials of their dreary sojourn. It is to be hoped that we have turned over a brighter leaf of the world in this respect. Doubtless there will yet be struggles and conspiracies—indeed where is a more lamentable case than that going on now at home? Yet even in that is perceptible the increased humanity of the age. For purely political offences have not thus far met with any harsher penalty then that incurred by many in the battle field. Severe indeed has that been but not wantonly inflicted. The spot where the wives of Henry the 8th and Lady Jane Grey were executed is also marked by a stone. The water gate through which the prisoners were brought from the river is now closed, and the river shut out. On the whole the aspect is very gloomy. The room where the young princes were suffocated is not shown. It is all bad enough. Human passions raging for the possession of a short lived power, which two often leaves not a trace of good behind. Having moralized thus, we issued from the portal, and directed our cause next to the Thames Tunnell. A wonder of art that has led to no useful end. We walked through the arches under the bed of the river to the other side and back. Perhaps there might have been twenty people there—in addition to a few wretched looking people who had stalls set up to see knickknacks and refreshments. Their importunity showed well enough the scarcity of custom. It is to all appearance solid. Some signs of dump, but none of leakage. As a thoroughfare it failed from the want of funds to complete the grades of approach to it on each side of the river. There is now a project of running an underground railway through it. But I should fear the effect of a continuous jar upon the solidity of the brickwork. As one of the curiosities of the world I am glad I have seen it. But it is misplaced industry, and an enormous waste of wealth. We took boat to get to Charing cross, but a heavy shower came on making it uncomfortable, and we stopped at the Temple stairs, where I walked home, having made something of a day of it. I dined with Mrs Adams and Mary at Dean Milman’s with a very small party. Lord and Lady Belham, Sir Thomas and Lady Colebrooke, Sir James and Lady Colville and Mr Browning. It
was very genial and social. The Dean is an excellent man besides being a scholar and a wit. Lady Colebrook I have met a dinner before somewhere but I had forgotten her. Lady Belham reminded me of our dinner at Sir Thomas’s Cochran’s. She has lost the stiffness she had then.
I had a brief visit from Mr Bowles, who has returned from Paris apparently for the purpose of trying to set up once more the rickety organization of the sanitary commission. He said that Mr Lampson was now encouraged to go on, and behind the recalcitrant people would come in so that they might do nicely. I said I hoped for the best, but my confidence was not strong. He said the Paris committee was zealous and active. They had set him back to communicate their opinions and expectations. Wrote some letters home in advance of the customary time, as there seems more work than common. The great world is much stirred with the gossip respecting an incident that took place at the Christening of the young prince on the 10th at Marlborough House. After the ceremony came a Banquet at which several toasts were drunk. When it came to that of the Princess’s father, the King of Denmark, it seems that Count Benstorf remained sitting and covering his glass with his hand. The incident was noticed by one of the Prince’s sisters and caused some feeling. The next sentiment was to the Queen. Upon which Count B. remarked to the Princess Mary of Cambridge who was next to him, that that was a toast which all could drink. That evening the Princess of Wales on their return from table turned her back upon him, and the Prince wrote him a note demanding an explanation. This is said to have drawn from him a lame apology disavowing offence and laying his abstaining from wine to illness and the effect of a dose of opium. Flimsy as the excuse was, it could not be refused. But as the sympathy runs high for the Danes Count Berstorff’s position is not enviable. There are other stories afloat about discussing in the royal family, and difficulties between the Prince and his mother that do not seem so authentic. Mrs Adams and I dined with Lady Waldegrave and Mr C. Fortescue. A large company of whom I knew the Duke d’Aurnale, Lord and Lady Clanricard, Lord and Lady Castlerosse, Mr and Mrs Harcourt Vernon, Mr and Mrs Law, Lord and Lady Besborough, Lord and Lady Sydney, Lord Besborough, Lord and Lady Sydney, Lord Abingdon, Sir David Dundas and Baron Beck Fries. I sat between Lady Clanricard and Lady Castlerosse. The former is the sole surviving child of George Canning, and a very intelligent and informed woman. I do not like the expression of her face better than that of her husband, who took down Mrs Adams, as the Duchess of Somerset was taken by Mr Fortescue. Mr Love amused me a good deal with her talk. She is not much relished here, but I think her much better than some whose higher breeding makes them more artificial. She said they were much elated by the result of a division in the House. A few evenings since things had looked pretty dark, but they would now get along. All which shows how feeble is the ministerial stand. The lion of the evening reception was Mr Stansfeld, who has been marked out by the French government as a person connected with Mazini in instigating some Italians to dancing party at Lady Palmerston’s, to which my wife and daughter were not invited. This is a spice of the old feeling. Mr Speaker Denison spoke to me of Mr Roebuck’s insolence of the other night, much as he did on the former occasion. He regretted that no power existed to stop
it as a violation of International courtesy.

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Many brief Despatches to be written today, and one or two long ones but the whole was accomplished in pretty good season, so that I went out and took a pretty long walk. My mind a little depressed by the sense of the approaching departure of Charles. His future is a matter of interest to me—for if the war is approaching its termination, as I believe, he will soon be called upon to take up with some other occupation. I fear that his new habits acquired in the careless, improvident condition of a soldier may seriously impede his return to the ordinary path of life. His intellectual cultivation has been suspended and his literary and political associations broken up. With this he has increased the defects of temper and manners which always stood in the way of his advancement at home. I regret these symptoms, as they are obstacles to the attainment of the position which his really noble qualities entitle him to reach. We had company at home today. The archbishop of Canterbury and his daughter Miss Lengley, a very pretty girl and Duchess of Argyll. Lord and Lady Lyveden, Lord Chief Justice and Lady Turner with a daughter, Sir Roundell and Lady Palmer, Mr and Mrs Sturgis, Mr T. Baring and Mr Browning. Sir Roundell and Mr Baring were compelled to return to the House early, as the contention is now going on very sharply between the parties, and they expect divisions tonight.
18 March 1864

605 Friday 18th London CFA AM

The days are getting fine though the easterly winds make the air chilly. I was very busy in writing my private letters home. These to my son John are particularly important now as I am engaged in some critical dispositions of property to be completed towards the end of next month. The divisions last night are very close. The parties now adjourn for the Easter holidays—a brief truce—but it is very apparent that on their return there will be a renewal of the combat. The expectation is general, that a dissolution will follow a defeat of the affairs will have got so far advanced by the time a change happens, that we shall be safe to Lady Russell’s last reception. It was the dullest of all. I found very few of my acquaintance and was glad to get home. Lord Russell spoke to me of an attack by Lord Clanricard for the enlistments at Queenstown in the Kearsarge. He seemed himself to be somewhat puzzled about the evidence, and said he should like them more clearly explained. I said I would give him all the satisfaction in my power. In truth, it was a piece of folly, much owing to a rather incompetent commander.

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19 March 1864

605 Saturday 19th London CFA AM

A clear, fine day. Had a visit from young Mr Shaw Lefevre who came to make some investigations of our American State papers. He made a good speech in the House of Commons the other day on our affairs, and seems inclined to seek more information. I together with Mrs Adams and Mary and Charles went to the Drawing room held for the Queen by the Princess of Wales. The Corps Diplomatique was in great force, but the general attendance was not great. The presentation lasted only forty five minutes and we were at home by half past three. At this rate, such ceremonies would not come to much. 606 On my return I went with my son Brooks to the flower show at teh Botanic gardens. Not a very large attendance, and the display of flowers consisted only of hyacinths, and a few azaleas and camellias— But it was quiet and aided by the fine day as well as a band of music was cheering. I and Mrs Adams dined with Lord and Lady Lyveden. The company consisted of the Duke of St Alban’s, Mr Mrs and Miss Sheriden Sir David Dundas, Mr and Mrs Frederick Peel, Mr Beaumont, and one or two more. It was lively and pleasant enough. Home at eleven.

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As it was a fine day I went with my son Brooks into the city to church. My design was to go to St Catharine, Cree—but by some confusion in my mind I fell upon St Catherine Coleman. This edifice was not answered in the fire, but it’s reconstruction dates from about the same time as that of St Botolph. It is very plain, without caring, stained glass or a sign of the royal arms or authority. The only marked feature was the dark oaken panels and pews with the same simple gravity carried out in the pulpit. The service much as usual. On the whole, the two latest of my city visits have not compensated me. I fear I have exhausted all the most curious buildings. At home devoted myself to making up the arrears of this Diary, which have been accumulating under the constant demands of society on my evenings. The last week has been one continuous strain altogether unexampled so early in the year. Parliament has now adjourned for Easter, so that we shall have a fortnight quiet. A walk with Brooks afterwards. In the evening we had Mr Morse and his daughter, Mr Lampson, Mr Palmer, Mr Weston and Mr Somerby. Mr Lampson seemed to be in good spirits about the project of the subscription to the Sanitary commission. Some of the hesitating had manifested a desire to return. He alluded more particularly to Mr Morgan. He showed me a note which he proposed to address earnestness he made a good report. But I fear Mr Bates will scarcely survive to execute his purpose. Mr Morse gave me a long account of his operations on the Rappahanock, which he keeps very safe at Calais.
Diary of Charles Francis Adams - Massachusetts Historical Society

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Transcriptions
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Diary of Charles Francis Adams, 1864
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Sunday 20th
20 March 1864

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Tuesday 22d.
22 March 1864

21 March 1864
607 Monday 21st London CFA AM
My morning was much interrupted by visits. Dr Black came to talk to me about plans of
emigration. The subject has long engaged his attention, and he had initiated some system to
facilitate information several years since. The difficulty in America had been to find persons to
cooperate who had no porjects of land interest connected with their labors. I told him what I
had done with the Society at Derby, and the organization in Boston. He said that the main
thing was to embody in a convenient form, information which could be depended on as true
and to circulate it among people of small property. Whilst he was talking, Mr Scott Russell
came in. His object was to let me know the progress made by Mr Yeatman. He had not been
able yet to get away, but he was going on Saturday. Meanwhile the papers had been taken in
by one of his friends last week. He had in the interval received a reply from Richmond to his
first communications respecting the project as formed upon my instructions from Washington. I
said that this was important—for after the receipt by the President of my final papers, it was
plain that no step could be taken until the prospect of acceptance on the other side could be
clearly seen. Mr R assented to this view. It was to that end he had come to say that Mr
Yeatman had been notified by Mr Davis, that there were no positive objections to any of the
features of the project—Furthermore of the respective States. The Richmond Enquirer would
be at his service, and every effort made to gain him a hearing by the Governor of Georgia, Mr
Brown. Last of all, Mr Davis would not himself stand in the way of the project, but would
acquiesce in the sacrifice, if necessary, of himself. At once I observed, that if this was the
case, the whole affair immediately assumed in my eyes infinitely greater proportions. Of course
I should make a report to Washington. The effect must be to shift the responsibility of declining
such an overture on the government there. The rubbish being all clearly away, the next step in
the path would be to establish a line of communication. Mr R, said that that was what his friend
had been trying to arrange. It was indispensable for each side to keep clear of the suspicion of
playing false to its own friends. He had been asked to suggest some Englishman who could go
and act as the bearer of communications. He knew of none608 competent to so delicate a
duty. Mr Yeatman had mentioned a Mr Bonaparte at Baltimore, whom the government had
already permitted to go forward and back between the places. I presume this to be my old
college acquaintance. I suggested Judge Wayne or Judge Catron of the Supreme Court as
persons through whom the messages might by conveyed to Mr Seward. I knew nothing of the
estimation in which they were held in the South—but they belonged to it, had the strongest
interest to bring about a reconciliation, and had in no way appeared offensively during the
struggle. He took down their names—and said he would see me again about it before the end
of the week. I remarked that my son was about to go in this same Steamer. He might see and
communicate with Mr Yeatman on board, if desirable. As he would return to his duty in the
army, through Washington. I though of making him the bearer of my report in writing, as well
https://www.masshist.org/publications/cfa-civil-war/index.php/view/DCA64d081 (1 of 2) [4/21/2020 11:35:02 AM]


as of much more to communicate verbally to Mr Seward. My notion was that where the will existed, the medium of expression could not long be wanting. These proceedings could not go much further without risk of paralyzing the military operations. If this were to happen equally to both sides, no great harm would come of it. Mr R said that on the weaker part would fall the greatest danger. In the mean time much exertion must be made. There would be a strong minority at least, in the South to be overcome. On the other hand, there would be an equally strong resistance in the North. Time would be necessary for removing these obstructions. I assented, remarking at the same time that I did not see how that was likely to be given. For the very suggestion would start the whole country from end to end, and thus put at hazard every existing arrangement. This would inevitably put a damper on all military operations. For in view of a possible restoration it would be criminal to persevere in shedding blood. He assented to this, and left me, promising to return on Wednesday. I felt for some time afterwards as if I could not grasp the importance of what was going on around me. Possibly the salvation of a great country, and the happiness of uncounted millions of the human race is hanging on the delicate thread which has been woven by our few fingers in my little room. Will it snap and all come to nothing? That is a question long to remain torturing us with suspense. It may be that the action of the government will fail in guiding the movement safely and we shall be played into worse confusion than ever for the experiment. My own opinion is that it has but one course to take. Should the reflex of the National sentiment to take a clear direction towards reconciliation, it should embark at once on the voyage and the steer firmly to the goal. In view of the coming Presidential election there is no safety in taking an issue for the continuance of an unnecessary war. May God so dispose the minds of our chiefs that we may be enabled to crown a fearful strife with a glorious moral result. With emancipation secured, the cost of the blood and treasure expended to gain it will not have been too heavy. I took a long walk musing on these ideas, and heeding little the placards of unfavorable news from America which I saw be so preponderant in the field as to remove the desire to conciliate the other by sacrifice. I called to see Mr Bates, but he was lying down. I saw Mr Van de Weyer, and gathered from his manner that the physicians gave little hope. I have myself had more since I first saw him in December. Yet he may rally again many times. I also left my card on the Duke of New Castle who was taken with a fit on Saturday. The report was that he had slept and was Mrs Mildmay, the lady whom we saw at Ampthill. A small house and therefore a small table. Sir Erskine and Lady Perry, Mr Wortley, Mr Peel, and a young man whose name I lost. Rather a lively party in the course of which the political state of things was much discussed. The probability of a change of Ministry at Easter seemed to conceded all round. Young Peel whose father expects to go to the War Office seemed to entertain no doubt of it. He said that a full count of the Commons gave but tree majority to Ministers. The only question was whether Palmerston would dissolve Parliament. He thought not. For in any event they would carry a majority. I came not prepared to believe this of the old minister. If he can make a good issue he will go to the people. We shall soon know.
610 Tuesday 22d. London CFA AM
Cloudy and chilly east wind. The American mail came and absorbed as much as usual. I did not like the tone of the press, although it would not be easy to pick out what cause there was. Perhaps I might find it in the factious tone of the Senate, much the most dangerous body in America, as I think. The tendency is to assume the direction of the war and to make and remake Military chiefs is one of the greatest foibles of legislators, and very frequently least to that species of collision which upsets representative governments. On the whole we have escaped thus far well enough. If we can pass through the next election safely we may weather the danger altogether. Having read my letters and the newspapers, and worked a little on numismatics, I sat down to the labor of bringing up my arrears of Diary. By a strong effort the feat was accomplished before I went to bed. I took a walk. At dinner we had Mr and Mrs T. Hughes, M and Madame Laugel, and Messr Wilson and Moran. Rather lively—and they staid until eleven. But I am thoroughly tired of company, and glad to have a respite for some time.

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The spring is advancing by slow steps and with a generally chilling air. This morning we had a thick fog for some hours that would not discredit November. I had a good deal to do to write private letters and to get the public ones ready. I was much engaged in my business directions to my son, preparatory to a critical operation in my affairs just a month from this. Thus my day was absorbed. Then a walk and a meditation. We all dined at home, after which I had a long conversation with Charles. I put him in possession of the whole negotiation from the first day, the 30th December of last year. I continued him as to his deportment towards Mr Yeatman, in case he should prove to be on board; and then explained what the state of things was here at this moment, so that he should give it to Mr Seward. Of course, if Judge Wayne should prove acceptable as a medium, it would be necessary to apprize him of the fact and get his assent in season to receive Mr Elliston understandingly. If otherwise, some method should be adopted of warning Mr Elliston of the change. I should be obliged to trust much to his discretion in this delicate duty. Some conversation followed about his own position, and the possibly effort upon it of a peace. I readily perceive that he is without a plan. His situation in his regiment does not please him, and yet he is bound to remain in it by the understanding under which his men reenlisted. He evidently has hopes of some change in events which will place him more to his liking. It is rather important on his account as well as for my two younger children that I should return to Boston next year. Perhaps this opening may lean to that count. For after all danger of further complications here is over I have no object to remain. We talked until after midnight.
612 Friday 25th London CFA AM

Good Friday is observed here very generally. My work for the week having been completed I had a holiday—The American newspapers to the 12th came in, but furnished less material of interest than common. The most important items were the issue of the New Hampshire election which nearly clearly establishes the preponderance of the administration, and the retirement of Mr. Chase from the false position of a candidate for the Presidency. That particular foible of his I perceived cropping out at least sixteen years ago, when no one else suspected it. His retreat is evidently reluctant, and compelled by the decision of the majority of the party in the Ohio Legislature which has declared in favor of the President. It is well that it should be so, for the ministry ought not to be broken up in this critical season. I spent some time in the study of the British coinage and the formation of a catalogue. My acquaintance with the subject is steadily improving. I now weight every coin, besides noting all the other characteristics. The differences are sometimes rather surprising. A long walk with son Brooks whose fresh reading of history makes me brisk up my recollections. How much I have forgotten during the last ten years; ever since my mind was fixed upon the investigations connected with my great labor in editing John Adams, and latterly in politics! I ought not to forget the relevance of age. We dined together quietly and a little less than cheerfully, conscious that shortly afterwards, the parting was to come. Charles and Henry left us for Liverpool, where the former embarks in the Persia tomorrow morning. His visit of five weeks and three days has been a time of constant sunshine to us. I am grateful to the Divine being for the mercy, and in separating again I pray only for his continued protection. Finished this evening, Mr. Ticknor’s Life of W. H. Prescott. An elaborate memorial of an amiable and honorable life. As a historian I fear that time will not confirm the judgment of his contemporaries. But as a man and an author who never made an enemy, he will remain with a record that all followers may profitably study. There is a curious letter in it to Charles Sumner on his famous fourth of July address, which is perhaps the acutest piece of judgment to be found in all his composition.
613 Saturday 26th London CFA AM

A clear morning but it soon clouded and finally rained. My son sails from Liverpool today. I missed him a good deal, and felt otherwise rather dull. There being little business and no interruption from visits, I spent some hours upon my new catalogue of British coins. Weighed all the twenty four penny pieces of Henry of third, which I had purchased. Strictly speaking they should each contain twenty four grains. I find the lightest to be about eighteen, and the heaviest only, to be twenty four. All the rest lie between I ought to except one which goes to thirty—a circumstance for which I cannot account. On the whole, considering the constant loss of coins by clipping and wear, it is surprising they average so well. Modern coins generally lose weight fast. I brought up this Diary once more, and also my accounts for the quarter. My correspondence having already been made up I felt unusually clear of the world. A longish walk in the rain with my son Brooks, in the course of which I stopped at Mr Sterne’s to enquire about some place to buy stamps, and incidentally to see if I could recover a printed copy of my valedictory to my constituents. This I was lucky enough to do. Evening at home reading Sir Emerson Tennent on guns.

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614 Sunday 27th London CFA AM

I found myself again suffering from a severe cold in my head. This is the third I have had since January came in. It is so many years that I have been clear of them, which I have attributed mainly to cold water bathing, that I am a little disturbed by this change. The day was chilly but clear. The water was frozen in a thin sheet in some pools under my window. I went with Brooks to the city, and this time we took the church of St Vedost in Foster lane. This is one of Sir Christopher's planning, and the effect on entering is extremely pleasing. On the whole I knew of no church that has given me an impression of warmth and cheerfulness more than this. It is a parallelogram, broken honour by a range of stone columns on the south side, thus giving three aisles. The light from the north side is abundant, not to speak of the windows at the east in which are modern stained glass paintings of the transfiguration, and of the angel appearing to Mary. The ceiling is simple, and yet not bald, being enriched with a heavy cornice. The altar is rich with awnings in wood, light and elegant, yet grave and suitable. The pews and panels and pulpit of dark oak, adorned with carving. Perhaps the greatest defect is a heavy sounding board, close over the pulpit which would have been better away. The service was much as usual, excepting the portion appropriate to Easter. This includes the Athanasian Creed, that farrago of impiety and nonsense. The preacher made an exhortation suitable to the season, to induce his parishioners to partake of the communion and to contribute to the poor box. At the same time he alluded to the fact that in this most comely and inviting church, there were few hearers and no poor. In point of fact there were not more than forty people, a very small charity school, and no seats in the head aisle as is common elsewhere, for the accommodation of the needy. Yet I perceived a considerable array of leaves of bread evidently intended for distribution after service. What a pity that such a fit edifice should be so entirely thrown away! We returned home, and enjoyed a very quiet day. No visits but from Sir William and Lady Ouseley. Had a pleasant walk afterwards. In the evening, we had visits from Mr Ehringer, Mr Somerby and Mr Edge.

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615 Monday 28th London CFA AM

A gusty, variable, uncomfortable day. Continued my catalogue of numismatic, a pleasant enough way of passing the holiday of Easter Monday. Yet I was made very uncomfortable by my catarrh. Profound quiet now reigns in Society, a very striking contrast both with what preceded and what is likely to come after. The American news came, and in the evening the letters and papers but not the bag. I had a despatch in cipher by telegraph, which did not disturb me so much as the former one. I took it for granted that it was not material, and when I got it deciphered, found my judgment correct. Mr Seward does not comprehend the precise state of things here, and hence he expects more from agitation than he will be likely to get. This Ministry stands upon no basis broad enough to make engagements with foreign nations. Neither is it likely that any can take its place with more support prior to an appeal to the country, which must inevitably come before long. Mrs Adams got a letter from Charles dated Queenstown yesterday morning at nine. He intimates that he had seen nothing of Mr Yeatman.

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Another day of sunshine, wind, snow and rain clearing off pretty cold. As the Despatch Agent notified me that an extra bag would be sent to America tomorrow, I seized the opportunity to write one or two private letters and a couple to Mr Seward, in answer to one received this morning. Mr S acknowledges the receipt of my confidential inclosures sent to him on the 25th of last month, but postpones any notice of them until the next which was therein announced as about to contain the paper agreed upon should come to hand. This last was sent on the 5th of March, so that it must have been on the eve of arrival at the latest dates. I scarcely know what to expect. For it is plain that as yet on neither side is there the appearance of any relenting. The President is calling for two hundred thousand more men as if he had faith as yet in nothing but force. At the same time I am sending out Mr Elliston, having paid his passage today, by the Steamer of the 2d. of April. I must have patience. It is now just three months since this movement was inaugurated. How far has it got? Only to the point of opening a communication between the real parties. At this rate it will be autumn before they arrive at a result. Next week we shall receive some clue to the policy of the government, which in my opinion has the thing in its hand. The responsibility is prodigious. Went out with Brooks to get some collections of stamps for postage, such as were sent for by John for the use of the Misses Pleasanton. Afterwards a walk round the Regent’s park. Quiet evening, reading Sir Emerson Tennent on guns.
616 Wednesday 30th London CFA AM
Weather milder after the fall of snow during the night which covered all the housetops at sunrise. The American newspapers came in after breakfast, but they contain little that is new. Only two addresses from Governor Brown of Georgia and Governor Vance of North Carolina, both of them giving indications of a wish to come to some terms of pacification. If such should be their final decision the question will be settled, for neither Virginia nor South Carolina can stand out without them. Yet from the prevailing tone I can scarcely credit they can come round all at once. My mind glows more and more uneasy about it every day. By the same papers I perceive that the Arabia arrived out about the 17th so that the government will give me notice of its action by the next arrival. I wrote a letter to Mr Underwood in reply to one from his respecting a summons to appear in court as a witness in the case of the Pompero. These troublesome cases are always coming up to disturb the harmony between the two nations.
Walk towards evening, but the light now extends until nearly seven o’clock. Quietly at home, reading Sir Emerson Tennent on guns.

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Wednesday 30th
30 March 1864

The day of routine for the preparation of Despatches. There were none that cost labour, and yet the aggregate in number was considerable. It was one of my days rather of depression without exactly knowing any cause for it. Had a visit from Captain Winslow and two of his Officers. They have come into the Victorian Dark here with their vessel for repairs, and have given no notice. This is a little embarrassing, particularly as the Kearsarge is the vessel against which a complaint has been entered. I have however sent in an application for it today. In the evening I received a request of explanation of the facts reposted in the trial at Queenstown—an intimation which I understood. In the afternoon I walked down to pay a couple of visits. One to Mr Holden, a gentleman at whose house in Milwaukee I was received when on my electioneering journey with Mr Seward in the Autumn of 1860. He is here with all his family, but at present laid up with boils. He says he went through here in August whilst I was in Scotland. They have been on the continent this winter, and are now on their way home. The other was a return to Mr Sherwood, who has been with his Wife spending the winter at Malvern with his Wife. Quiet evening at home. Played Whist with the children.
Blustering winds and sudden showers begin the month. I was occupied in writing private letters home, resuming my correspondence with Charles as well as John, and writing a letter to Mr Sumner. This has been made necessary by a visit from M van de Weyer the other day, charged with a request from his Master, Leopold, the King of Belgium, that I could be the medium of expressing his gratification at the complimentary manner in which he Mr S. Had referred to him in a late debate in the Senate on the Stadt dues. I assented of course. This task is a delicate one as I desire to use friendly terms without incurring the hazard of a renewal of intimacy. His long friendship is one of the incidents I recollect with pleasure. It was carried on however until the moment when it was in danger of being handsome to both. Even if I had a right, I have no inclination to lay up offence for me some portions of his conduct during the later portion of my stay in America. But I never was more clear in any conviction, than in that of the expediency of never trying to restore the old relation. My wish is for the future to rank him among the ordinary number of my acquaintance. Precisely on this footing I tried to write this letter. After work was over I went out to walk, and paid a visit to Mr Bates. Found him suffering under sharp twinges of the gout. He seemed disposed to endure the pain philosophically in consideration of the general notion that it is apt to merge in itself other and more dangerous tendencies. Perhaps it may be so in his case. We had to dine with us, Mrs Curtis and Miss Gray. Coll Curtis was not well enough to come. Captain Winslow of the Kearsarge, his surgeon, Dr Brown, and his paymaster. J Adams Shaw made up the company. The officers made themselves pleasant enough, but it is very clear to me that the conduct of the commander does not altogether satisfy his officers under him. There are suspicions of his fidelity, inasmuch as he is from the south and has been a slaveholder. I do not so much believe in that as in his disinclination to active exertion, a trait not infrequently betraying itself in our naval men during the present war. It is rather a singular circumstance that whoever comes troubles me more than the does the rebels. Captain Winslow follows in the steps of captain craven and Captain Marchand. I am at this moment engaged in a justification of him to Lord Russell for the careless transaction at Queenstown. I have sometimes regretted that we have not had a more active and numerous squadron in these waters, but on reflecting upon the operations of the few that came I am not sure that the country’s interest is not better served without them.

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Rather undisturbed this morning, which gave me a good opportunity to complete my draft of a note on the establishments at Queenstown. It appears that this business was gotten up by the rebels and Mr Mason through their sympathizer, the Earl of Donoughmore. In view of this it becomes my duty to put an extinguisher upon all hopes of difficulty from this source. I had barely time to complete it before the hour assigned for an interview with Lord Russell—The object of this was to read to him two Despatches lately received from Mr Seward. One related to the passage of his instructions to me of the 11th of July last which has made so much noise, and which had been the cause of an attack upon the Ministry by Lord Derby. It seemed to me a little awkward, and unsound in the logic, but as it was meant to fortify Lord Russell, and as my discretion to vary from my line of instructions must not be too often stretched. I concluded to read it bodily. His Lordship made the single remark that by this act of bringing the paper to his attention, Mr Seward seemed to make it necessary for him to express an opinion of it. When it had been referred to by Lord Derby, his answer had been that offence was quite sufficient as a separation. I gave my explanation of the matter which is a simpler and more natural one. If Mr Seward thought necessary to publish the instruction at was never used. This would have saved the appearance of fanfaronade, after the importance of the act had ceased, and England could not call us to account for it—The other Despatch was a recapitulation of the various causes of difference between us, and the steadily growing irritation caused by the interposition of British subjects every where against us. It demanded nothing but it distinctly intimated the nature of the feelings which would become deeply settled in the popular heart, in America. Lord Russell seemed inclined to disclaim the imputation of inertia which seemed to be conveyed. He went back to the Alexandra, and the Iron clads and the persecution with all its varying fortunes. They were yet in the midst of these things so long as they were unsettled, nothing more could be done. This implied, rather are now without adequate support in Parliament. A dissolution is absolutely necessary to change the state of things which paralyzes the government. A new Parliament will either be ready to uphold this Ministry or to demand a new one. We must wait until the new power arrives. Very possibly when it comes, it may not suit us. Lord Russell is always so reasonable and friendly that I scarcely expect to gain by a change. I walked home, stopping on my way at the German gallery in Bond Street, where was a private view of a large number of water colour drawings by Simpson, of scenes in India, Thibet and Cashmere. They are interesting as they bring to the eye the seats of an ancient and peculiar civilization The ever revolving drama of life leaves behind it in widely different spots memorials of its passage, all bearing the common mark of human industry, but in no two places precisely the same. In all man’s labors, the same diversity prevails that is found in the individual of the species. Oriental, African, European and American movements all bear a general resemblance, and at the same kind a distinctive
peculiarity. India is full of the traces of great antiquity, which is not the antiquity of China, or of Egypt or of Palestine or of Greece. These pictures make me wonder, but they do not attract me. The scenery is picturesque but not inviting. Least of all the sketch of the far famed vale of Cashmere, which looks like one of our flat swamps. Home and quiet evening.

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620 Sunday 3d. London CFA AM

The bag came early after breakfast, and I opened it with interest because I expected a reply to my missive of the 5th of March that contained the basis of reconciliation. I received an acknowledgement saying that the time had not arrived to consider it, that some portions of it were inadmissible, but that the President desired greatly to terminate the struggle and would wait until propositions should be made. In a private note Mr Seward expressed some doubt of the authority and influence of Mr Yeatman. On the whole the result was discouraging, though I scarcely see how the government could act otherwise. It is not for them to stir whilst there is so little certainly of the reception of the proposal at Richmond. It was rather the manner than the substance that affected me. Perhaps the negotiation is not very welcome as endangering a policy during the critical period of the election. Respecting Mr Yeatman’s influence, it is very fair to have doubts. I knew nothing of him excepting from his own reports to Mr Russell. He may be mistaken as to the extent of the support which he has had on this side, and of that promised him on the other side of the water. We must wait three weeks more to clear up all this. My son and he are probably now rapidly approaching the land to which they bear an arrangement to bring the parties into a direct relation. This will form the great touchstone. Meanwhile the slaughter must go on as if neither party cared for the lives of their fellow creatures. The other news was of very little interest. I did not go to Church until afternoon. Then my intention was to visit one of the high Church edifices, but I found the hours were later. I went to that in Margaret Street, and to Wells Street, and to what is called the Catholic Apostolic Church in Gordon Square. This latter is a fine interior in the gothic style, with an open chair and nave that produces a very fine effect. It is the scene of all Edward Irving’s eccentrics. Finding no service at any of these places, I and my son Brooks took refuge in the nearest church to which a bell invited us. It proved to be that of St John the Evangelist in Charlotte Street. A plain interior in the Gothic style simple and hard. A small attendance, which is usual in the afternoon. The Clergyman read the service well, and preached a familiar sermon or rather extemporaneous commentary on a Chapter of an Epistle of Paul. It was clear, practical and full of good sense. I like it better than the usual homily. A walk and a visit to the Zoological gardens, after which I came home. Weather rainy and cheerless. Evening, visits from Mr C W. Field, Mr Sherwood, and a Dr Eaton, who brought me a note of introduction from Mr Holden.

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621 Monday 4th London CFA AM

A charming spring day, being one of very few experienced this season I received the newspapers and letters from America. The former were of little interest. A letter from my son John more cheerful than common. Prepared a note to Lord Russell on Mr Mallory’s report, which turns out spurious after all. This is as singular as any portion of the transaction Mr Beach, the Editor and proprietor of the New York Inn says he wrote it in order to get the credit of being the best purveyor of news from Richmond. A reason neither natural nor honest, since the paper had earned that reputation already. My inference is that the reports of Mr Mallory have been seen by people at Richmond, though never published to the world. The substance of this one was remembered and sent on. But the editor being pressed to declare his authority was driven either the betray the source of his information or to assume the whole responsibility for it. Whether this be right or wrong my duty to disavow it is the same. A visit from Mr Lord the Consul at Manchester whom I have never before seen. He told me something of the growth of the business in his consulate under the new law. He appears an intelligent man. I went into the city to complete my contingent fund accounts for the quarter, and to draw funds. On my return I found Mr Marshall, the consul at Leeds with two of his Deputies against whom some complaints have been made. He told me the whole story, defended the Deputies and wished me to undertake an examination, which I declined unless ordered from Washington. My advice to him was to await the issue of his defence already forwarded. Long walk round the Regent’s park. Quiet evening, at Whist, with the children.
622 Tuesday 5th London CFA AM
Steady rain all day with occasional fog so thick as to prevent work. Some work to do in writing replies to Lord Russell, to the captain of the Steamer Kearsarge, and adjusting the accounts of the week. A short time devoted to numismatics. I had a visit from Mr Scott Russell who came apparently to signify to me that the guns of the Elswick company were pretty nearly ready for delivery. He soon asked me whether I had any accounts on the great subject. I read to him parts of Mr Seward’s letter, and especially the compliment to himself. He construed the substance pretty much as I did, as superlative caution in a critical period. He told me that Mr Yeatman had not gone in the steamer as he intended, but had preferred to take his chance in a fast blockade runner that had gone out at the same time. This had been a precaution against my suspicion of influence. I said I thought it wise. I suspect it was my son’s presence that frightened him away. Mr Russell seemed slightly disturbed by the doubt expressed of Mr Yeatman’s influence, but he lauded his good faith and repeated the statement formally made of the hearty concurrence in his views of all the other people who might be supposed to have more influence at Richmond than he. This time he was more positive in regard to the active sympathy of Mr Mason. This of itself is to me a most significant indication of the state of feeling in the South. If he has been able to bring down his pride and self reliance to consent to these terms, it may fairly be inferred that the spirit of most of the rebels is broken. I remarked that the government was restrained by the fear of the good faith of the leaders. There was a great temptation to play false in order to overturn the Administration of the President. I was sorry to say so, but the whole conduct of the rebels from the outset had been so full of trick that I had lost my confidence in them. I instanced the action of the three commissioners, Yancey, Rost and Mann, when they first came out and saw Lord Russell. They told him that slavery was not the cause of the war, but the tariff was. This was certainly a willful falsehood merely to attain a momentary object. Mr R said that I did not say half as much ill of the professional politicians of the south, as Mr Yeatman did. He would only engage that if any fraud were meditated, he should hear of it, and I should know it. he thought however the South had already suffered too much to be willing to hazard what might be left of chance of recovery. He said Mr Elliston had gone in the steamer of Saturday as agreed. We then got talking of the Times and of its effect on English opinion, which is not material to set down. I had a walk, and in the evening played Whist with the children.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
It had been announced a few days ago that the Queen would hold this day what is called a Court, to see the Corps Diplomatique. Last evening at about eleven I got a note from the Lord Chamberlain signifying that the Queen was slightly indisposed and hence the Court would be put off until Saturday. This morning, there appears in the Times a notice very evidently official that the Queen cannot do all that is expected from her in running the customary State ceremonials. It is scarcely to be doubted that her mind is a little moved from its balance, and that this disturbs the regular action of the State machinery. I was much engaged today in writing letters. One to Mr Underwood, the Consul at Glasgow who is meditating some very absurd action—Lehaise, a circular to the few Irish Consuls to guard them against running at the enlistment of Irishmen under the plea of emigration. A little of men's matestro after which I went out and took a long walk. Mrs Adams with Mary and I dined Mrs Darby Griffith. A large company of whom I knew very few. M and Madame and Miss Musurus. Lord Thurlow, Lord Wicklow and Lord Twinkleston were all with whom I made acquaintance. The second reminded me of meeting him at Mr Senior's, the third at Lady Georgiana Fane. I had forgotten both. The dinner was dull. There was a reception afterwards. Mrs Griffith always sits down in the easiest way and plays on the harp for the amusement of her guests. A mistake, I think, for those who have dined at least. The mode of entertaining is always ponderous in this country because the people are not at home in society. Music in oppression to them, and yet the alternative is to shake hands and to talk about the weather. We left early to go to Mr Gladstone's, where was a pretty full assembly. I there learned that the Lords Court of Appeal had given its decision in the case of the Alexandra, denying the Appeal. The Government is then thrown out and the vessel is released with costs. A curious illustration of the absurdity of the law, as preserved in this land. A foolish old Judge of eighty two charges a jury so strongly in one sense that they bring in a verdict forthwith, as they suppose him to mean. Six months afterwards the government officers propose to carry the case up on a hill of exceptions against his ruling, and he declines to sign it because he aves that he ruled exactly as they said he did not. Hence there was no appeal in this way. To remedy this a special rule is made to meet the case, and thus get it up to the higher court. As soon as it gets up an objection is made to the right to make such a rule. The Judges divide in opinion, but a majority sustain the objection. The crown appeals once more from this decision. The House of Lords divide again, but a majority deny the appeal. Thus though the ordeal of all the Courts passes a question in safety originally decided by a Judge who makes a Jury to understand the law precisely the contrary to what he says he meant. Glorious perfection of human reason, immortalized by Coke and idolized by the worshippers of tradition and safe precedents! From there to Lady Waldegrave's. Met there Lord Wensleydale who seemed mortified at the decision from which he had himself formally dissented. Home after midnight.
625 Thursday 7th London CFA AM

The resignation of the Duke of Newcastle as Colonial Secretary transfers for Mr Cardwell to that Office and places Lord Clarendon in the Cabinet as Mr Cardwell’s successor. The wonder is that the latter accepted such a post after having held so many high ones. I was called to my table pretty early, and to work on my draughts of Despatches from ten o’clock until have past five with very brief intermissions. I do not recollect ever to have had more topics to treat upon. The debates in Parliament on the enlistments in the Kearsarge and the division in the Alexandra have both came in to create labour. Every thing contributes to show the bad temper that exists here, and the desire to find an occasion for difficult. I have endured this insolent assumption for three years, and I pray God may grant me patience to go on in endurance the rest of my term—But I pray that circumstances may so prosper us as to enable me to get relief with safety to the country before long. Visits from Mr Squarry, the lawyer at Liverpool and from M Gutierrez, the South American who came in but for a moment. Walk, and evening with the family at cards.

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625 Friday 8th London CFA AM
Captain Winslow seems resolved to make me more work. I find today that he has been publishing a letter to Lord Clanricarde in his own defence, besides which he is discussing with me his right to enter and stay in British ports without obtaining permission for repairs. This gave me new work for home. Mr Moran thinks this the hardest week of all since I came here. I was also occupied in writing to John and Charles. We got through by five o'clock. I received today a curious letter from Mr Motley at Vienna. He had just read the Diplomatic correspondence for Great Britain, and he sends me the only eulogy I have ever received for my share of it. Indeed he makes up in large measure for any want elsewhere. I have tried to do my duty irrespective of praise or blame. The former is apt to spoil, the latter to sour one. I am content with neither. Took a walk in the Regent’s Park. The early trees are beginning to show their leaves. Walked around Primrose Hill and Chalk farm. Quiet evening at home. Played at Whist with the children, which I find rather a relief—The Steamers from America are late, this week.
626 Saturday 9th London CFA AM
A mild, pleasant day. My attention devoted to the arrears of letter writing, which commonly follow on a busy week of general Despatches. This embraced notes to four Consuls. Soon after ten o'clock I dressed myself in my masquerade dress, including the small clothes which I flattered myself last year I should never use again and I went with Mrs Adams to wait upon the Queen at Buckingham Palace. We found pretty nearly all the Corps assembled, excluding the Secretaries, under the first counsellor of the four ambassadors. All in full dress, but in mourning. There was evident doubt and uncertainty as to the arrangements of this so-called “Court”—a thing altogether now. Sir Edward Cust, who always means well but really knows little, came round to prepare us for the ceremonial, which would consist in each party advancing in his order, with his Wife, if married, and bowing to the Queen, there to be slow if she should incline to say any thing, and finally to turn to the right and take our stations. All this was in the central room on the Westerly side of the palace. The north door finally opened and Mr and Madame Musuras with his Secretary and daughter took the lead. As we filed in I glanced at the Queen, and was struck by the vivid red color spread all over the head and face and neck, indicating an excessive flush. In spite of Sir Edward Cust’s attempts at delay, the file passed quickly, only now and then receiving an interlocutory remark. By the time it was over the color had gone from the Queen, and she stood much as usual, but with much expression. She had a white crape band over her head by no means becoming her sallow skin. Mrs Adams was on my right. She curtseyed and moved on; I bowed, during which I heard her murmuring very rapidly between her teeth the words “hope you have good accounts,” in such a manner that I was doubtful of their purport until after I had passed on. I bowed to King Leopold of Belgium who stood on her right, and to the two Princesses Helena and Louise on her left, after which I took my place as directed. Thus passed the whole corps, finishing with the men from Madagascar. The question then arose, What next? The Lord Chamberlain settled that by stepping forward and answering to Mr Musurus that it was over. Of course, the next business was to get out. Mr and Mrs M again led the way by a distant bow and moving out to the door. Nothing more ludicrous. We all followed rather miscellaneously to mark our leave to the Queen though almost at the full length of the room. Thus we at last found ourselves back in the Anteroom. All that was left was to take the carriages and drive home. The whole affair had an awkwardness only expelled by its want of meaning. If meant a s a compliment to the representatives of Foreign nations, it was one paid at their expense, for very certainly their comfort or convenience had not been consulted in it. It scarcely seems worth the while to exhort the Queen to such efforts, when they so evidently betray the constraint under which they are made. We were a few minutes over an hour absent from my house. Walk and quiet dinner at home. In the evening I went alone to Lady Palmerston’s usual reception. In such cases I walk once through the rooms, recognize my acquaintance right and left, how to
Lord and Lady Palmerston, and return home. This took tonight about thirty minutes.
627 Sunday 10th London CFA AM
A really fine mild morning, but as with us in America the East wind came in to chill the air by noon. I went to church in the city, at St Catherine Cree, which I succeeded in finding this time. This was one of the buildings not burned down in the great fire, but it has been so often repaired and charged as materially to alter its character. It originally was manifestly Gothic, and consisted of a simple interior with a body and two aisles—a high and rather flat roof on the centre, falling square so as to give clerestory windows and then spreading equally to the walls of the building. Originally the supports were doubtless the clusters of pillars and the lancet arch—but then had been removed and in their place was the round Roman Arch and Corinthian columns. This admixture of styles would probably drive a martinet into fits, but I confess I rather liked the effect. There were very few worshippers The services good; the sermon on the text “God is love” treated in a mediocre manner. Holbrin is buried here. But the most interesting historical association with it is that here it was Archbishop Laud attempted to introduce his forms and observances which brought upon him the bitter resistance of the Puritans until he paid for it with his blood. There was a very dark stained glass windows over the altar, and large windows on the sides given an abundance of light. The panels and pews and pulpit all of dark oak, giving reckless and gravity to the whole. I though it well worth visiting. After my return home. I decided to drive out to Pembroke Lodge to see Lord Russell, as he asked me to do yesterday at the Court. Mrs Adams accompanied me. We got there at about four. Found nobody there visiting but Sir Charles Wyke. Many however came in afterwards, of whom were Count Apponyi and his Wife & son, Mr Bille, and his Danish colleagues at the proposed conference: Baron and Baroness Blome, Count Wachtmeister, Mr Sabenoff and others. My object was only to ask Lord Russell about the case of Mr Canterwell, the person appointed Consul for Dublin. In accordance with my version of the understanding is an last conversation I had written privately to Mr Seward of the objection of the Government to him. I had received a private answer to the effect that if his Lordship would say however informally that he should prefer some one else, Mr Seward would agree to nominate any one whom I might select and he approve. Meanwhile things might remain in their present way. I gave the message and also explained that Mr Cantwell had written to me reminding me of an early promise to let him know the answer, and at the same time informing me that Sir Somebody O Loughlin, an Irish member had called at the foreign office to ask about the Exequatur, and had been told it had been refused, and the reasons for the act given to me. Naturally he had written to known why I had failed in my promise. Lord Russell said that the report unfavorable to Mr Cantwell came from the home office I might understand that it was decisive. I said I should then so consider it, but that I was not remedy to nominate a successor. If it were agreeable to let the present temporary Officer Mr West, remain for a time, I should be glad. He assented to this, and so the subject dropped I barely touched on the case of the
Kearsarge, and the effect of his latest papers sent to me last night in discrediting all its nature. His Lordship expressed a poor opinion of the depositions, but he intimated that a know of persons in the House of Lords, consisting of Lord Derby Lord Donoughmore and others seemed to act as agents for the confederates, in plying him with attacks which he was obliged to transfer to me to get explained. I have always supposed that much of the labor that falls upon me is traceable to the party strategy of the Tories against him. I barely touched the old point of Mr Seward, the opening of the ports but I saw at once that it was too heavy a load for this ministry: and I said no more. We then walked out about the place over which all were scattered. The attitude of the respective representative of the belligerents seemed so awkward that we determined not to stop for two but drive directly home. After dinner, the usual Sunday evening visits. Mr Holton, my Wisconsin host, Mr and Mrs Sterns and Mr Palmer.
629 Monday 11th London CFA AM

The steamers from America are very late. Three of them are overdue. The day was summer like, and the whole city under excitement about the reception of Garibaldi. For my part I remained quietly at home engaged upon another letter to Lord Russell on the case of the Kearsarge. A visit from Mr Morse who seldom appears, when he once gets seated, the very busy man he is. There was likewise some of the usual writing to Consuls. In my walk, I noticed a perceptible diminution of the customary pressure in the great thoroughfares of Oxford and Regent Streets—only to be accounted for by the rush to meet Garibaldi. Those who saw it affirm that no similar reception has befallen any one—not even the famous one of the Princess of Wales last year. Brooks returned to school at Twickenham. The other members of the family all dined with Mr and Mrs Lampson. The company consisted of Mr and Mrs Duncan, Mr Morgan, and four other persons not known to me. These dinners are rather dull, it must be confessed. We got home at eleven.

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629 Tuesday 12th London CFA AM
The spring is really appearing—but the Steamers are still behind. I succeeded to day in bring up all my arrears of letters. And then went out with Mrs Adams to make some visits which have been some of them long due. First however I called and left my card at Stafford House on Garibaldi. He is the guest of the Duke of Sutherland, no very pleasant morsel for the aristocracy generally. Thence to call on Mr and Mrs Foster. Found her only at home. Talked mainly of Garibaldi, whom Mr F had been to see at the Isle of Wight. Thence to see Mr Senior, who has rallied very much of late, and likes to see visitors. We talked pretty readily and showed no symptoms of disease excepting perhaps some flush on the cheeks. He talked of Mexico, and the departure of the Emperor Maximilian. He believed the Austrian family had always been averse to it. I said Yes, But that he himself had from the first been taken by it. Mr S said the plan was not a new one. It originated with a Mexican whose name be mentioned. He had met with him in Paris, and had received his account of it which he had written down. He would shew it to me if I liked. On my expressing curiosity he went into the next room and brought me a book, which proved to be his Diary of last year in Paris. Here was the narration of Don Gutierrez de Estrada, which traced his intrigues in this direction all the way back to 1836. He had failed in his first project of setting up the Archduke Frederick of Austria, by reason of the mistakes of Louis Phillipe that led to his down fall. The next attempt made under Santa Anna had been defeated by his fall and by the war with the United States. It was only after the breaking out of the division in 1861 that his hopes revived. He had then set about the work of proposing to Maximilian, who had consented if he could be secure of the support of a French army. All this was curious and interesting. Mr Senior offered to lend me the book, which offer I accepted, and soon afterwards took my leave. From here I went with Mrs Adams to Lady Hatherton, and thence walked home. Evening quiet at home.

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Wednesday 13th London CFA AM

Clear with a cold East wind. The Arabia has arrived at last, but with little news. I had some leisure after finishing up all my arrears, and devoted it to my Catalogue of British coins. I weighed all the specimens, which is gradually fixing in my mind the theory of the coinage. Long walk to find Mr S. C Brown, who brought me a letter from Mr Butler. But by some mistake of mine I did not find the right lodgings. Read today the Diary of Mr Senior, which is very interesting on many accounts. The intrigue with France that brought Maximillian to Mexico, the dislike of leading Frenchmen to United States, the general desire to have our disruption completed by a combination of England and France, and the confidence in the Spring that the result was sure, are all portrayed distinctly enough. The arch enemy is however Napoleon, whose treachery has been only exceeded by his camaraderie. In the evening Mr 631 Evarts and his son came in, and the mails from America likewise. We all went to Stafford House to a reception in honor Garibaldi. There were perhaps three hundred persons, many of them the Ministry and the high nobility of the liberal school. I was presented at Garibaldi by the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. He is a man of middle height, of mild and pleasing to America, and in my turn I alluded to his reception and the gratification he must feel in this well merited compliment. There was an ease an freedom from all sorts of exaggeration or pretension that was remarkable. Natural manners which if prompted by a Christian temper are always the best. He seemed feeble and walked a little lame. It was curious to see this plain citizen in the splendid palace receiving the voluntary homage of rank, and wealth and pride for his devotion to an abstract idea. From here we went to Lady Salisbury’s, where I found many of the Corps Diplomatique who with the exception of Mr Musurus were not at Stafford House. The real feeling of the higher classes was made sufficiently palpable by the bitterness with which they alluded to him. Several asked me if he had worn a red shirt; if he could, talk, or behave like a gentleman. It was very clear that this popular demonstration was not at all welcome. We did not get home until near one.
631 Thursday 14th London CFA AM
Clear but with a chilly wind. The American mail came just in season to acknowledge it. Mr Seward sends me a copy of a letter received from Yeatman dated the 12th of March. He was then intending to go through the loyal States. Mr Seward’s tone is not discouraging. Engaged in preparing draughts of Despatches. The press of business is still considerable. Nevertheless I finished Mr Senior’s volume. It is nearly all of it interesting, but towards the end there are reports of the conversation of J. M. Forbes and of Mr Evarts which I hope are not correct. Yet I fear from Mr McCullagh Torrens once dropped to me that he has not been discreet. There is more or less of disappointment visible in him for the failure to get into the Senate. He and his son dined here and spent most of the evening. He talks of returning home; which I think as well on the whole. For he is not earning the head the Government gives him.

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Thursday 14th
14 April 1864

632 Friday 15th London CFA AM
A summer’s morning. Very busy writing my private letters. Obliged to snatch a couple of hours to go to the city. My work was disposed of by five o’clock. But the sense of relief which I used to have is not so sensibly felt now. The perpetual recurrence of labour makes it monotonous. I took a walk through the Park and up Primrose hill to observe the progress of the season. The vegetation is advancing, but it seems behind hand as compound with last year. Dined by invitation with Mr Cyrus W. Field at the Palace Hotel. He had a company of our sixty people, consisting mainly of people connected with the Atlantic Telegraph I knew perhaps twenty or thirty of them. Sat on the right of Mr Field and next to Mr Bright. The dinner was well enough, but after it was over Mr Field insisted upon speaking. So he called upon me, and Mr Bright. Mr Evarts and others, who had no alternative, but to talk nonsense about the telegraph. I think I shall insist upon declining every invitation to dinner whilst I remain in England that implies a necessity to speak in public. I have already done so in many cases. I walked home at eleven o’clock. The ladies at Mrs Hankey’s

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I was left with some accumulation of business with Lord Russell this morning, so I sat down and worked at several notes to him, which I have been postponing in order to obtain some necessary papers to fortify them. In the present state of things between the countries it is idle to expect more action from this government. All that we can do is to sustain our positions. After luncheon I went out with Mrs Adams and Mary to a private view of the gallery of French and Flemish pictures—and to another of English Water colours. The first collection was not nearly so good as last year. Two historical pictures of Gallais, and two of sheep by Weboclhurn are all that attracted me. Of the water colours I found many. This is the particular style in which the English excel. Long walk afterwards. Dined with Mrs Adams and Mary at Mr & Mrs Laurie’s. These are the parents of Charles’s friend Colonel Laurie who dined with us. The company but little known to me. The Lord Mayor, Laurence and his sister, Colonel John Burgoyne, an old and eminent officer of Engineers, and several others. A very elegant entertainment. I found the Mayor and his sister pleasant and my courteous.633

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A clear, fine spring day. I went to the city and attended service in the Church of St Michael Bassishaw. Immediately upon entering I saw that it was of Wren’s designing. It is however rather more regular in design than common with him. The general shape is like of Catherine Cree, where I went last week. This is Grecian throughout. The columns are fully carried up, and there is an arched ceiling above, relieved by rich ornament. The broad and side aisles nearly regular. One gallery over the west door. Wood panels but with little carving. Windows on both sides. Great attention always paid to light which is rational and sensible. We value this so little in America, that we make cellars of our churches! Was there ever any thing so absurd as the alteration of Chauncey place! The service much as usual. After luncheon, I walked with Mrs Adams into the park and to the Zoological gardens. Large numbers of people moving about; many waiting at every turn expecting to catch a glance of Garibaldi. In the evening, visits from Mr C. W. Field and Mr Somerby.
633 Monday 18.th London CFA AM
Lovely, spring weather. The Newspapers from America arrived. They did not report as I had hoped the arrival of the Persia in New York. Accounts by the previous Steamer had been brought to the 25th of March, which is the day before her sailing from Liverpool. The only items of interest are the result of the Connecticut election which is quite decisive, and the passage of a resolution by a unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, declining to recognize Maximilian, as a Monarch in Mexico. Of the causes which have led to this demonstration I am utterly unable to form an opinion. I shall await the next letters with no small uneasiness. There were many Despatches, the most material of which was the announcement that we have eight hundred thousand men under arm. I hope it may not turn our heads. Went with the ladies to see at the Jewellers the gold box given by the City with its freedom to Garibaldi, who makes a furore wherever he goes. Then to Cremorne to see a dog show. Twelve hundred of all breeds, from the longest to the smallest. Curious but painful from the incessant barking and yelping. Walked around the gardens which are full of palte brand and glass for night effect. Quiet evening at home.

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634 Tuesday. 19th London CFA AM
Summer emerges all of a sudden. Finished up my Quarterly account, and sundry small details. Visits from Mr Cantwell, of Dublin, who came to know of the result of the application for his Exequatur. I told him precisely how the case stood. Lord Russell had requested a different selection, and I had made that report to the Department. Meanwhile it was agreed that the present arrangement should continue. Mr Cantwell intimated that the objection to him had been investigated by Mr West, now acting as Consuls which is not unlikely. At the same time the appointment was now a fit me. Nothing will cure the President and Mr Seward of the itch to send Irish refugees as Consuls in Ireland. Yet they would be much offended if the British Government are to select Mr Soulé as consul for Mr Orleans. Mr Cleveland likewise called. He has resigned his post at Cardiff and returns home. The wonder is he should ever have taken it. The idea of a Consulship seems to have unsettled the visits of myriads of people at the outset of this Administration—and the President who really knew as little about it as any one used it as a sort of mentor indiscriminately to pay off political accounts. Day and evening otherwise quiet.

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Beautiful day. It is Hawthorn who remarks that here and there you find a single day of exquisite temperature in this Country. Work as usual. A long walk through the Strand, where were the traces of Garibaldi’s visit to the city to go through the ceremony of receiving the freedom. The British and Italian colors were still hanging from many windows. Home by way of Holburn rather fatigued. Visit from Mr Evarts who expressed his intention to return home on Saturday. I cannot see that he does much good. In the evening, we went first to the Geographical Society’s meeting, at which Sir Roderick Murchison received as President. It was at Willis’s rooms where once were held the assemblies so noted under the name of Almack’s. They are still kept up but the prestige has gone out of them. There is no more said about them in society than there is of the Edinburgh and Quarterly review. The assemblage was large and miscellaneous. We left it early to go to Mrs Gladstone’s to meet Garibaldi. But the crowd was such, I did not get near him. I found the time of good society changed at this house. They now went to get him to go. From here Mrs Adams and Henry went to Lord Salisbury’s. I and Mary to Mrs Edward Romilly’s.

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An easterly wind qualified the atmosphere of yesterday. I was much engaged in my business of preparing draughts of despatches. Only one or two visits. Although it can scarcely be said that questions increase between the two countries, it is equally certain that correspondence does not diminish. I have grown weary of this constant interchange of words that produce no result. Walk down to Sotheby’s rooms to look at a collection of coins to be sold soon. In generally they were poor— But a portion is very good. Long walk home. We had company to dinner. The Bishop of London and Mrs Tait, Dean Milman, his Wife and son, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, Mr and Mrs Edward Romilly, Mr, Mrs and Miss Lampson, Mr & Mrs Duncan, Mr Morgan, Sir Robert Phillimore, his Wife and daughter. A curious and rare circumstance was that every body accepted who was invited. Mr Cardwell however was detained at the House of Commons. The dinner was pleasant at the ends of the table. But I have my doubts whether such large entertainments with mixed companies can ever be otherwise than formal, and dull to the majority.
635 Friday 22d. London CFA AM
Late yesterday Mrs Morse called to invite me to breakfast this morning. Through an Italian instructor of her daughter, connected with Garibaldi an invitation had been accepted by him for nine o’clock, and she was endeavouring to collect the Americans for the occasion. The morning was fine, and I drove there in season. The usual assemblage about the door even at an early hour indicated the close watch kept by the populace on this proceedings. There were but a small number present, but they embraced pretty much all the Americans in London. Garibaldi came a few minutes after his hour, attended by three or four of his Italian friends. He seemed fatigued, but quiet and easy as usual. He spoke of his visit to New York in 1849–50 and his return to Boston in 1834, and reaffirmed his being a naturalized citizen. He also spoke of his interest in the slave question, and his willingness to have gone to America, if he could have been of any service in the field. But the advancement of General Grant seemed to him likely to accomplish the object of the war. He complained a little of swimming in the head, the consequence of the great pressure of the successive popular demonstrations. This is the assigned course for his sudden departure today. But as there has been much question made respecting this, and a rumor has been generally spread that this decision had been prompted by the Ministry, in consequence of the dissatisfaction of Napoleon, I enquired of one of the suite whether there was any foundation for it. He replied that as it respected France it was not true. But intimations had been received that the proceedings of the conference on the Danish war were stopped by the refusal of the German sovereigns to send their delegates whilst Garibaldi was here—So this had had its effect. Mr Gladstone has then in his possessions in the cannons of his exclusive devotion to the welfare of the guest, been playing the Jesuit, according to his wont. And the Germans have been following up their game of delays and equivocations with less and less of a pretence of disguise. After a regular presentation of Americans Garibaldi left at about ten, and I immediately returned home where I completed my private letters in season for a drive with Mrs Adams, to return some formal visits. Quiet evening at home.
636 Saturday 23d. London CFA AM

Three hundred years ago this day, William Shakespeare was born. Great efforts have been made to celebrate the anniversary with splendor, but without much success. I was invited to act as Vice President at Stratford on Avon, and to attend the banquet at which Lord Carlisle is to preside. On the whole, I have concluded that my wisest course is to avoid prominence during the critical period of our affairs. Hence I declined. My day was passed very quietly in attending to my private accounts, and a little to numismatics. Then to a private view of the Exhibition of the old Society of painters in Water colours. There is great perfection here to a certain point, and in a limited range. But I see very little success in the higher department delineating action or passion. Beauty of scenery and of still life, in abundance. But no genius like that which has made Italy and oil painting so wonderfully associated. Evening, all of us to Lady Palmerston’s reception. Not very large, and of little interest. The German Ambassadors not present. Does this mean any thing? We have now an arrival from America announcing that the Persia reached New York on the 6th. Nothing however direct from Charles.

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Clear, with a cool East wind. Morning quiet at home. It appears that yesterday was a very large meeting of people on Primrose hill to consult upon the departure of Garibaldi, which was very summarily put an end to by the police. This is the boasted freedom of England. Nothing has so clearly shown the uneasy condition of the body politic that this affair. The earnest and frequent explanations in Parliament, and letters in the newspapers to convince the people of the truth of a statement, which is after all partially disbelieved by every body establish the fact that hypocrisy is one of the necessity which attend the present condition of the aristocracy.

Walked out with my son Brooks, and attended afternoon service at St John’s word chapel on the other side of the Park. It is large but wholly uninteresting. There was no organ, and the hymns were sung by a choir of females, without any accompaniment. The evening service was performed, but no sermon. We afterwards went into the Zoological gardens. Mr Evarts and his son dined with us—and in the evening, we had Mr Weston and Mr Parkes.

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637 Monday 25th London CFA AM
As there was not much to do, I went out to attend a coin sale at Messr Sotheby’s. The collection sold is a very miscellaneous one, apparently made by a man having little judgment, and less knowledge. As a consequence most of it is huddled up in large lots only likely to be bought by dealers, no other persons attending. There was however quite a large and excellent collection of English gold, which deserved a better fate than its met with. Nobody was present but the usual set, and they had it all their own way. I was tempted to buy, and lost not a single object which I had marked, besides buying several which I had not intended. I have seen no better things sold on previous occasions for nearly double on the average. Several brought barely the intrinsic value. Of all descriptions of property coins, which would seem to have the most fixed rate, sell most unequally. On my return home I got my Despatches. Charles had been to Washington. Mr Seward is still incredulous of the authority of Wrightman, and distrustful of the notions of Davis. Yet he interposes no barrier. He asserts to the selection of Judge Wayne, according to the arrangement made here, and approves of my payment of Elliston’s passage. The channel is thus established, and my duty completely done. We shall wait now the development of the plan. Late in the evening, I got a letter from Charles giving his report of the interview. On the whole, the accounts more cheerful from home. My Wife’s birthday. 56.638

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638 Tuesday 26th London CFA AM

The air is chilly. Went to the city to transact some business, and walked all the way home, calling on my way at the sales room to pay for the purchases of yesterday. The same collection of persons present and buying coins, not relieved this time by a single exception. The remnant of the catalogue was not indeed worth much. Then home. Afterwards went in the carriage with the ladies and returned the visits of the Marquis of Tweedale and Baron von Beust, the foreign minister of Saxony, and the delegate of the German Diet to the conference, which has at last assembled. It has not yet however done any thing. The German policy will be delay. Quiet evening at home.

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Wednesday 27th London CFA AM

Chilly, raw and uncomfortable. Wrote several letters, and particularly one to Mr Everett. Had a visit from Mr Evarts and Mr Montgomery Gibbs, who wanted a letter to Mr Milner Gibson. Down to Prince’s road. Nothing till to find Mr Francis M Johnson who has come with his Wife and family from Quincy to spend a year or two. Since I left, he has been in the State Senate, besides acting as my successor in the Mount Wollaston Bank. I only found his Wife at home, who looks as if she would rather be in Quincy. Walked home; a matter of four miles. Dined out, with Mrs Adams and Mary, at Mr Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the grandson of the dramatist. Present, Lord and Lady Lyveden, Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, Mr and Mrs Low, Mr Milner Gibson, Mr Hayward, Mr Delane of the Times and one or two more whom I did not know. I sat next to Hayward, who as usual was full of gossip. He had seen Lady Palmerston and Mr Stuart, the proterolist of the conference. His inference was that that celebrated assemblage would come to nothing. They had met only once, had talked of the proposal of an armistice, and had referred to their respective governments for instructions. The adjournment had been sine die. The German game is well played. That of the English, wretchedly. We went from here to Lady Derby’s first assembly. Crowded as usual and dull. We walked through the rooms as rapidly as possible in order to go to Lady Waldegrave’s, where was the customary crowd. As my good friend Dean Milman remarks, there is little satisfaction in these ceremonies, the whole duty being confined to shaking hands and passing on. Home at half past twelve.

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28 April 1864

638 Thursday 28th London CFA AM
Still chilly and unpleasant. My customary duty of writing draughts of Despatches which kept me busy most of the day. The news from America not quite satisfactory, and a tendency visible in Parliament to show spite whenever a chance offers. I had a pleasant visit from Professor Goldwin Smith who has done us much service in writing strongly and clearly several times in the course of our troubles. He is one of a number who have of late made the University noted for a liberal and reforming spirit that bids fair to bring round great changes of opinion both in church and State. It is impossible, in spite of the present moment of apparent reaction not to see the steady growth and progress of republican opinions in both. This threatens the integrity of the Church, first of all in this respect resembling the movement of opinion on the slave question in America. Walk. Dinner at home, but in the evening with my daughter and Henry to a reception at Lady Stanley’s of Alderley. Much talk of a burlesque of the conference which appeared in the morning Post as taken from the Owl, an unknown Journal. It was very droll, and in style become very unusual here. Hayward says the thing is a bubble, and very quietly assumes the Danish nation substantially wiped out as a political element. Such is the Epicurean philosophy of Lord Palmerston!

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Friday 29th London CFA AM

A change to spring again. Read the files of American papers, which are uninteresting since they lose the southern news. The supply has been stopped from Richmond, Wrote to my two sons at home, and disposed of several incidental letters. A visit from Sir Charles Wyke who talked as usual about Mexico. He is utterly incredulous of the representations which came from that country in the interest of the French: The accounts that came from there are so conflicting that it is impossible to rely upon them. He said that a French republican who had been long in Mexico was now here and desired to see me. I said I should be glad to see him. Quiet walk round and through the Park. The foliage is now bursting forth. Dined with Mrs Adams at the Consul’s Mr Muse’s. Mr Evarts, Mr Montgomery Gibbs, Mr and Mrs H. T. Parker and ourselves made the party. It was rather lively and pleasant. I pitied Parker a little all whose feelings and prejudices must have undergone a rasping through the whole dinner. Mr Bright, the only Englishman at table was not calculated to encourage him in any of his Angleman crotchets. From here we went to a reception at Lady Stanhope’s, where we saw the Suarez world.

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Returning spring. I was engaged in miscellaneous work, disposing of arrears of all kinds. Brought up my accounts, and this Diary. Devoted a short time also to the labour of my Catalogue of my English cabinet, which received a considerable accession on Monday. A singular visit from General Lerman who has returned from Mexico, and brought with him a Mr John L Greene, furnished with a letter of introduction by Mr Wiley Edwards. He brought me likewise a letter from Senor Lerdo de Tejada, the Minister of Juarez, recommending him and asking me to befriend him as much as I could. In point of fact Mr Greene has made another contract to furnish arms, and wants me to aid him to carry it out. To that end he visited at my recommending the bonds which had been given him to get converted here. I have never become so fully possessed of the policy of the government at Washington, that any step of this kind would be simply a work of supererogation. So I declined in as friendly a manner as possible. General Lerman showed me the successive telegraphic messages sent to him by the Archduke Maximilian’s secretary, Dupont, asking him to see him, and likewise a letter distinctly recognizing the position of Juarez, disavowing any intention to establish himself against the will of the people, and urging a union of policy between then. He said he had seen the Archduke repeatedly, but that he gave him no encouragement in the success of his enterprise. He thinks Maximilian honest in his purpose, and indisposed to attempt to force himself upon the nation. He feels quite sure that after a short experiment he will find it too hard, and give it up. So will not his archprompter, unless he gets so far involved elsewhere that he must do so. A walk and quiet evening at home. The news by the Persia, indicates a reverse of General Banks. Not having faith in his Military capacity, this does not surprise me. But is so long since we have been subjected to this kind of intelligence that I have become impatient under it. Perhaps it may be as well that our heads should not be turned. There were one or two receptions for the evening but I concluded not to go, to subject myself needlessly to a repetition of the subdues satisfaction of people in any thing that disturbs our calculations.
On this day, three years from my departure from Boston on this mission, I open another book, having filled the large one which I had caused to be made inconveniently heavy in the expectation that I might comprise within the space, a record of my whole residence in England or at least the remainder from the date of its commencement. So it was notable. Even this volume, of smaller dimensions may be required for that purpose. I commence it with more of fear that hope. For the prospect is not bright of my immediate release. The Despatches from America came after breakfast. They contain less than usual of any kind. But the general news is unsatisfactory. And there is evidently a preparation for another conflict of arms which may seriously complicate whatever prospect there may be of a settlement. I went into the city to church, with no definite destination. Brought up at Allhallows in the Wall. This is an old church built on the line of the ancient wall, but reconstructed about a century since as it had become dilapidated. It is rather like a Chapel than a Church; plain on three sides, with a gallery over the entrance, to hold an organ and choir. On two sides are Ionic pilasters to break the surface, and to appear to support an arched ceiling, ornamented with heavy mouldings, and coloured blue. On the east end, is worked a semicircular opening the same curved style, to admit the altar, and let into the wall is a picture of Paul restored to sight by Anaias, copied by Dance from the original by P de Cortona. The attendance was small and poor looking. The services performed by an old and mild looking person, who read them well. Sermon not much. There is a tablet to Belve the translator of Herodotus, and the archdeacon, Nares, was his successor in the living. The interior looked shabby and neglected, a rare thing in these days of restoration. Afternoon a walk with Mary in the Park and to the Zoological gardens, where were crowds drawn out by the fine weather. In the evening, we had visits from Mr Goodrich on a visit from Brussels, Mr Parkes, and Mr and Mrs H. T. Parker.
The letters and papers came this morning. Nothing from Charles, but John incidentally says that he has not left his regiment, but that his squadron has been detailed to special duty as the body guard of the Commander, General Meade. This would seem to be better than picket duty among a wild and desperate population. On the whole the aspect rather encourage me so far as I can judge matters in the South are taking the course I anticipated. The openings to a pacification are becoming visible. Yet the preparation for a final conflict are manifestly going on much faster than the other. I had visits. One from Mr Stone, a consul on his way to Singapore. The other, my old acquaintance Thaddeus Hyatt, who is returning from his place at La Rochelle. He looks and talks more rationally than he did when I last saw him in the very dirty jail at Washington. He is tired of Europe, and is going home to make his will. A little time in numismatics. Then a walk among the flesh leaving trees of the park. We had company to dinner. Messrs Bright, Lefevre, Evarts, C W. Field and A. Evarts, Gibbs, and Walker, the Editor of the news. The conversation lasted until nearly eleven. Both Evarts and Field are about to return home of Saturday.
2 Tuesday 3d. London CFA AM
Breakfasted at Edwards’s Hotel with Mr Evarts, in company with Messrs Gibbs, Bright, Cobden, Foster, Evans and Cyrus W. Field. Some conversation upon American affairs, but more about the condition of Ireland. There is a little uneasiness growing up about the German question, and the newspapers give out sounds of war. But although the situation of England is very mortifying I doubt whether there is any party leader equal to the responsibility of such a policy. There are hints from several quarters of a yielding of Lord Palmerston’s vigor, but nothing certain. The German tone and conduct are firm. Very little sign of giving way. The complaint is of Napoleon who is playing false. Suddenly when England rouses herself to a notion of action she finds that she has no friendly nation to rely upon, to cooperate with her. Not much was said about this, inasmuch as the liberals always lose ground during a period of war. Home before noon, in order to prepare for the Drawing room, which was held at two. Only Mrs Adams and Mr Moran attended me. The company was not much more full than on the last occasion. The Corps Diplomatique was much enlarged by the presence of the members of the conference which adjourned over for it. The various members appeared more ill at ease than I ever noticed before. The recognitions were formal and as if mechanical. The Princess received, with only the Duchess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz and her sister the Princess Mary of Cambridge3 The royal family have all gone to Osborne. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge shook hands with me as usual. Very few Ministers present. Lady Palmerston with all her diamonds as usual. I found nobody disposed to talk with me. Evan Bille, the Danish Envoy was monosyllabic. He intimated but little hope. Glad to get home before four o’clock.

Long walk. Dined with Captain Douglas Galton. Mrs Adams, the Marquis of Hartington, Sir Harry and Lady Verney, Mr Thomas Baring, Sir Roderick Murchison, Mr and Mrs Hankey and Lady Noel, the grand daughter of Lord Byron, the poet, with Lady Eastlake made the company. It was social and pleasant. Lord Hartington is the person who went to America last year and distinguished himself by insulting the natural feeling at a ball in New York by consenting at the invitation of a lady to wear the rebel colors at his button hole. He pleaded innocence of intention it is true. But this is a feeble apology in high party times for a man who has otherwise acknowledged his sympathy with those people. This is the heir to one of the great Dukedoms. What would be thought of an American guilty of a similar piece of rudeness here? He has always been shy of me, though he was one of the first men I met in England. His brother, Lord Frederick Cavendish is a good friend of ours, and has always been very courteous.
3 Wednesday 4th London CFA AM

Rainy and chilly. Henry informed me that Mr Dayton had arrived at Edwards’s Hotel from Paris last evening, so as soon as I could get through the business on my table I walked down to see him. I found he had gone out with Mr Evarts, so I repeated my visit a little later in the day. He looks worn and dull, but not so ill as from the accounts I had expected. In fact he takes no exercise, and when not harassed by public cares finds his relaxation in repose and smoking tobacco. This easily accounts for his condition. We talked somewhat on public affairs in France. He receives assurances in the sincerity of which he has no faith. He thinks the Rapahannock is permanently detained, and perhaps the iron clads stopped, but has very little hope of preventing the four gunboats from going. Some discussion of the situation of the Georgia, which has boldly steamed up to Liverpool, and has been received as if she had never committed any offence. I said that my fear was that the government had in some way or other disclosed its indisposition to take notice of it. Their condition was almost pitiable. And now they were in the most imminent danger of being plunged into a war in the north, without any party in the Commons adequate to sustain them. Mr Dayton though even this better than the specious professions and real malignity of the French sovereign. Returned home to dress for dinner at the new Solicitor General’s, Sir Robert Collier. The company consists in addition to my wife and daughter, of Mr and Mrs Hutt, Lady Arabella Noel, Lord Henley, Mr Shaw Lefevre, Mr Bonham Carter, Mrs Jenkins, Mr and Mrs Moffat, and two others not known. As Lady Collier was too ill to come down, Miss Collier did the honors quietly and well. On my other side was Lady Noel who expressed great satisfaction in talking with me, but who really was pretty well engrossed by her neighbor on the other side. We went from here to a reception at Lady Waldegrave’s which was very crowded. Not at home until half past twelve.

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4 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
My day for Despatches, but luckily the week was light for once. For I had a steady stream of person to see me. The most interesting was the Prince of Joinville who came to ask me to forward to Mr Seward a packet entertaining an explanation of the reasons that had led him to withdraw his son from our navy in order to put him into that of Portugal. He went from that into a general survey of the state of Europe, and the position of the various powers. Of Napoleon, the great enemy of their family he spoke cautiously and moderately. But he considered the moment critical, and a war almost inevitable. England could scarcely keep out of it, after which the Emperor would make the best of his time to go to the Rhine. The course of affairs had been thus for irritating and mortifying to this Kingdom, but after all it had more power and resources than any other country. Under present circumstances he thought it to be his son’s duty to be nearer to the scene of action in which he was most interested. I agreed to transmit his letter, and he took his leave. Soon afterwards Mr Dayton and Mr Evarts came in. We talked of Mexico, and the plans of Maximilian, as well as those of those of the Emperor. He construes this policy, precisely as I did, as the index of hostility to us. I then told him of Mr Senior’s report of his conversation with M Drouyn de l’Huis last season, and of the pretence put forward that the intention had been to erect a barrier against the growth and spread of slavery. He seemed interested in my account, but equally disbelieved in the sincerity of the talk. Mr Evarts came to take luncheon and bid Goodbye. He goes to America on Saturday. He spoke of Mr Foster’s intention to more the case of the Georgia in Parliament. I doubted whether good would come of it, but had given him all the information in my hands, on his application either that day or this morning. On the whole, I have seldom had more constant interruptions. Nevertheless I got a fair walk. Dined quietly at home. Afterwards to Her Majesty’s opera to witness the performance of the Merry Wives of Windsor in an Italian libretto. The music by Nicolai, a German composer. It is a pretty thing, with some pleasing airs but nothing striking. The orchestra is excellent, and the company sings well, but without either spirit or humour. I do not feel the singing of Titiens nor greatly admire the character of her voice. As to Falstaff, he was as dull as he looked heavy. The close of the first act, a duet in the second, and a solo by the tenor appeared to me the best things. The scenery was lovely—and there was a species of ballet between the acts. Home at midnight. Mary was with me.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
5 Friday 6th London CFA AM

I had several visits of persons whom I felt obliged to see, notwithstanding it is my day for writing home. Mr S G. Ward from Boston, and two young men. Mr Bowditch in spite of the very high rate of exchange. Most of these, however, are wealthy people. I was thus delayed in my work until a rather late hour. After which instead of a long walk, called to see Mr Dayton. He seemed to be better. There is much increase of agitation here within a day or two. The conference is universally abandoned as a mortifying failure. But the war feeling is not yet up. The Ministry is probably not united, and the Queen differs from the Prince. The probability is that next week may give us events of importance. Quiet evening at home. Mrs Adams and Mary attended a ball at Lady de Grey’s.

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Busy clearing up arrears until noon, when I got ready to attend the Prince of Wales’s levee. Mr Moran accompanied me. It was not very full. The Corps Diplomatique pretty full. Much whispering among the representatives at the conference who were evidently hard at work patching the rents in advance of Monday. Mr Bille intimated to me that the affair would be long drawn out. I infer that Great Britain will manage a complete sacrifice of its protégé. I got home before three. The weather very fine, so I went out. First to see Mr Dayton, but did not find him. Secondly, to the private view of Thomas’s picture of the Prince’s wedding. In composition it approximates the reality. The only material change I noted, was the transfer to the left of the brides’ maids in order to get them out of the line of the chief figures. Many of the portraits are good likenesses. The royal family and the high ladies with a due share of flattery. The execution good so far as it had been carried, but several heads are not finished. After all the subject has little of latitude for a painter, especially on a reduced scale. Firth’s will be larger, but perhaps it may not be the better for that. From here I went down to return the visits of Messrs Bowditch and Pancoast, at the Grosvenor Hotel, and thence home. I dined with Mrs Adams at Mr Frederick Peel’s. This is the second son of Sir Robert Peel, and is married to the daughter of John Shelley, who was the brother of Shelley, the poet. He is now in office under Mr Gladstone, as Financial agent of the Treasury. The company so far as I knew it consisted of Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Sir Roundell and Lady Laura Palmer, Sir David Dundas, Mr T. Baring, Lord Henley, Sir Richard and Lady Airy, Kinglake’s hero of the battle of Alma. There were many more. It was rather lively. From thence we went to Lady Palmerston’s. The customary reception, but with not quite crowd. Lord Palmerston not yet well enough to appear. Her Ladyship however avers that he is perfectly well.
Saturday 7th
7 May 1864

The day was cold and rainy. I went with my son Brooks to the city to church. We dropped into St Augustine’s close by St Paul’s. This is a small composition at Sir Christopher Wren’s and marked by some of the his characteristics. Instead however of the usual abundant supply of side light, this necessary element is furnished by large openings worked in the circular arch of the ceiling running over the centre aisle. This is so contrary to all my notions of his style, that I infer it have been, like the side galleries, a modern invention. These changes however, differ essentially, inasmuch as one is an improvement, whilst the other is a defect. The arrangement is simple; two rows of Ionic columns, from which spring arches in each direction. In centre forming the favorite semi circle over the aisle, on the sides making a pointed arch. One defect of the columns is that they are set up on tall and thin bases which rise above the level of the pews. The effect is nevertheless rather pretty. The space behind the altar is supported by four small corinthian columns of great beauty, a mixture of orders visible in the outside of St Paul’s. Over the altar is a paining of a large cross, which is an improvement upon the royal arms, stated in the books to have been there formerly. There is a good deal of ornament in painting and gilding which does much to set off the whole. To my surprise I discovered that Mr Milman, the son of my friend the Dean was the Rector. The service was much after Cathedral fashion. Most of it charted by a small choir of men and boys. Attendance good, but all young people. The sermon preached by a young man, on the duty of labour, in the work of Christ. He alluded to the shocking condition of the population in the City, and the necessity of working to improve their moral and religious condition of the population in the City, and the necessity of working to improve their moral and religious condition. I presume there is no less Christian mass of human beings in any large turn in Christendom, than the lowest class here. Sincere and honest efforts are now making to improve it. There was a collection afterwards. It is not unusual to find in these collections counterfeit half-crowns. Such is the testimony given by the Clergy in a late lawsuit. We got home in season for me to fulfil my engagement to take Mr Dayton to Pembroke Lodge to see Lord Russell. The chilly, drizzly weather spoilt the excursion. We found the family alone, but soon after came in Mr Bille and his usual train, Count and Countess Bernstorff, and Mr Wachtmeister, as well as Mr Stanley. We remained an hour. I spoke to Lord Russell about Mr Teran who had called to see me with General Lerman, and had asked me to get him an interview if possible. He is one of the Ministers of Juarez, and is trying to procure a delay in the recognition of Maximilian, by Spain and Great Britain. Lord Russell told me they had agreed to recognize as soon as Maximilian should get into possession in Mexico. This is one of the follies of this Ministry, to conciliate Napoleon. Whatever may be in the future of that country, it is not in this man to give the needed stability. There appeared a little more of courtesy in the relations between the Danes and the Prussians, but I though I detested that the latter felt as if playing the winning cards. We got home shortly.
before dinner. We had to dine Mr Dayton, Mr Bright and Mr Gibbs. In the evening about a
dozen people came in so that it was more sociable. The American news by the Asia still
detailing little reverses and defeats. These are the invariable attendants of our spring, whilst
Parliament sits. What has become of the immense force which the government tells me of?
Especially how is it that with six hundred or more vessels, we are always at fault for the right
one to repel the attack of one? It is the navy that disappoints me most.
8 Monday 9th London CFA AM
Chilly with clouds and rain. I received my letters and Dispatches. The former being me intelligence of the completion of a transaction of a private nature to which I have long been looking with anxiety. This is the final payment of the sum required by my purchase and building on the Melvden Estate in Boston. Looking back at it I am astonished at my ever having embarked in such an undertaking. I am still surprised that in spite of the failure of all my calculations, consequent upon the breaking out of the war, and the removal of a superintendence of it both of myself and my son Charles, I have at last reached the point of clearing it from every incumbrance. I am no completely out of debt, and the amount of my liabilities as Trustee have been so much reduced as to render them no longer burdensome. The remaining property to secure the interest of the two surviving sisters of my mother in the sums vested in them by their brother, is quite solid. My bond to the children of my niece cannot be taken up during the life of their grandmother. To meet that I have set aside a sufficient amount of securities to satisfy the demand, should it occur at any moment. There might be a possible loss on the sudden conversion of them, which I should be obliged to make good. This is a trifling matter. My Estate therefore which on the breaking out of these troubles was embarrassed with debt and liabilities to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars and more, is now so nearly cleared as to render it perfectly easy to administer upon in case any thing happens to me. Thus one weight is taken off my mind. The public matters remain. The accounts are by no means equally clear in this case. There is a reverse by the incapacity of General Banks which for the third time on this part clouds the prospect. This is not however irreparable or even material in the general account. The great issue is that now making by General Grant about which we must soon know. Our past experience of the fortune of war is not such as to make me confident of the result in any one case, though it makes with equal reliance the general result certain. The condition of the currency and of our future means is a better cause for uneasiness. I trust that the initiative made here through Mr Scott Russell may yet show its fruits. Not a hint of it’s progress is yet received. General Lerman called to know what answer there was to Mr Teran. I told him what Lord Russell had said. He expressed himself much obliged. He alluded to the latest news he had received from Mexico, which was that Vidarre had been compelled to quit Monterey and go into Texas for protection. Juarez was gaining authority and strength. The want of arms was the great difficulty. Almost every one of the South American States had furnished some, and more were to go from New York as well as from here. The prospect for Maximillian was therefore not propitious. This matter has so intimate a connection with our own struggle that we can not decide upon the issue of it just yet. I wrote a note to Lord Russell on the case of the Georgia, which is again grossly violating the neutrality of this country. A walk and meditation. We had company to meet Mr Dayton. Lord and Lady Wenselydale, Mr Villiers, Mr Milner Gibson, Mr Bille and his sister, Sir Henry and
Lady Holland, Sir William and Lady Ouseley, Mr and Mrs Duncan, of Mississippi, Mr Ward. This had been collected very suddenly, but it was quite successful. Mr Bille gave us the news that a suspension of hostilities for a month had been agreed upon today—and Mr Villiers reported a naval Victory of the Danes.
Monday 9th
9 May 1864

My morning much taken up with visits. Mr Dudley reports the issue of the application for the men who seized the Joseph L Gerity. The Court allows the habeas corpus which at once brings the question out of the Treaty up to them. The practical effect of such a decision is to make the Treaty will whenever the party professed to be seized has interest enough to organize resistance in the courts. Coll T Bigelow Lawrence and a Mr Brooks from Boston also called. The number of American who are coming over increases rapidly. Mr A Evans came in to urge me to make representations to the government of the effect of the action of the New York legislature in refusing to pay interest in coin, on the public debt. The Times has made use of this to discredit all the United States obligations. I scarcely know whether it be worth while to take so much trouble to be always pacifying the fears of the English. To pay creditors faithfully is the duty of debtors. But when the government undermines the obligation by removing the only permanent standard, how are individuals to define the extent of the engagement. If my neighbor pays me his debt in paper which I depend upon to pay my creditor with, what am I to do if it prove worth only half as much in the gold he requires? It is plain that the whole thing rests upon a false basis, and the innocent intermediate suffers at both ends. I told Mr Evans I would write on the necessity of sustaining credit. In my opinion the whole system on which we have gone is false, and the only true remedy is to recall the paper, at every hazard. Walk and returned the visit of Mr Hall. Went also to see a new application of photography which is very curious. The result is to present a figure in a crystal cube which stands out with almost the prominence of those in a stereoscope. Quiet dinner. In the evening we went to a reception of Count Apponyi. He had been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg and the Duke of Cambridge at dinner, after which came general company. We remained but a short time, and then to the St James’s Hotel to take up Mrs Duncan. But as she had been taken ill we proceeded to Lady de Grey’s to a ball. I remained about half an hour and walked home, leaving the ladies, who did not get away until two o’clock.11
11 Wednesday 11th London CFA AM
The usual line of occupation, varied by a visit to the city on business with Messr Baring. I drew some money and returned home. Spent a little while in making my Catalogue, but it is rather a slow business. I weigh every coin with care. There is a loss in three cases out of four from the standard, but less, considering the length of time than I should have expected. Walk in the Park afterwards. Evening with Mrs Adams and Mary to Buckingham Palace to a Concert. The company brilliantly dressed, looked remarkably well. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Cambridge and her two daughters with the Duke her son constituted the royal party. The Corps Diplomatique in full force occupying much more space than the accommodation given afforded them. As a consequence, many of the Juniors were obliged to stand, the only people in the room who did. On the whole this was the prettiest picture of a Court assemblage that I have seen. The music as in the programme. I liked best the air from Gluck’s Amida and the Duet by Rossini. Between the parts the royal family and Court went into supper. The usual lows and smiles and grimaces, and the customary presentations to the Princess. I felt as if I ought to go through this, so I made a sign to Lord Sydney and walked up. She asked me two or three of the commonest questions and then we board. Such is court life. I could under no possible circumstances become reconciled to it. Then we went back, and head the second part. I noticed that Count Bernstorff did not go in at all, and left before we got back. As did all the Germans but Count Apponyi. Their position here is worse now than even mine has been. We got home at about one o’clock.
The topics that spring up now are so numerous that I find myself more busy than ever on this day of the week writing Despatches. The situation of Europe is becoming daily more difficult. Were they less so in America, I should relish nothing better than to dwell upon them; but as it is the work they would make in addition is too much. Independently of the Danish complications, the situation of parties in this country is becoming more interesting. Mr Gladstone has just made a speech in the Commons, which foreshadows a new era in party politics. He has enunciated a proposition in the right of suffrage, sound in itself, which is finally recognized will materially alter the Constitution of England. It is the key note of a new party which may struggle long but will ultimately carry the day. The immediate affect will be to accelerate the downfall of this ministry, which, as it is, hangs on the life of Palmerston. A tory government must succeed, the attendant of which will be the revival of the popular party. It was quite late before I got through. My mind much depressed today by the receipt of a letter of my daughter Louisa to her Mother last night, which gives a sad account of a third severe illness within six months. I much fear that she is not understood by her physicians or else she has an organic disease beyond their skill. If she continues at Newport I see no prospect of a change for the better. If on the other hand, she attempt to proceed on her voyage, her strength may prove unequal to the trial. At this distance the suspense and the idea of her loneliness are extremely trying. We dined quietly at home. In the evening we all went to the South Kensington Museum, where Lord Granville gave an entertainment to the Prince and Princess of Wales. As the evening was clear and mild the effect was much more pleasant than I have ever experienced before. We got there punctually at half past nine but the royal guests did not arrive for an hour. We wandered about looking at the improvements and as usual recognizing the company. On the whole the spectacle was pretty, but it was rather long. At last they came up into the reception room where were the usual bows and smiles, and talks about nothing. I noticed that most of the German diplomats were absent. The relations with the Princess are not pleasant. We got away at about midnight, with great ease and comfort.
13 May 1864

12 Friday 13th London CFA AM
Another day given up to steady writing. A visit from Mr Foster who came to make some last enquiries about the facts relating to the case of the Georgia, respecting which Mr Baring was to make his speech in this evening. He is sanguine that something may be done. I have little reliance in the vigor of this ministry. Kept writing until half past five o’clock when the man came to close the bag. These two days have been pretty laborious. I went into the park and strolled for an hour. The foliage is just coming out in great beauty. As I look at it I think of the trees I left at home. This day commences the fourth year of my residence here. It has not been a pleasant one, neither is it so yet. So, long as the war rages with uncertain result, it will not be. The moment that change comes I shall seek to be released. In consequence of a silly report of a rumor which appeared in Mackay’s letter to the Times printed yesterday, a dozen persons addressed me last night as if I was on the point of being made President. This does not contribute to my comfort here. I infer on the point of being made President. This does not contribute to my comfort here. I have had as much of the agitation in six years as I want. Nothing but a positive call of duty could change my determination. Quiet evening, for a wonder.

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Charles Francis Adams, Sr.: The Civil War Diaries (Unverified Transcriptions)
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13 Saturday 14th London CFA AM

Received this morning a note from Mr Scott Russell to inform me that he had heard from Mr Yeatman. A very brief note, but the purport of it that his project had failed, partly he says owing to Mr Jefferson Davis, and partly to the personal and private interests of individuals. He should however write more fully; meanwhile Mr Russell requests me to make no mention of it. It never seemed to me natural to attribute to Jefferson Davis so much heroism as the former report implied. It is plain that the hope of ultimate success has not yet died out, and that the war must go on. I regret it, for the sake of us all; and am all afloat again as to the future. This was the day of another Drawing room. I went with Mrs Adams and Mr Moran. Colonel Bigelow joined us, and was presented. The assemblage about as great as in former ones this season, but composed of persons less known to me. Few ministers or their wives. Captain Pigeard, a naval officer of the French legation was presented to me. He has just came from a mission of examination into the naval and military condition of the United States. Had been anywhere and come home under a strong conviction that the struggle could end only in the subjugation of the rebels. They move now straining every nerve. This might give them occasional successes, but they could not affect the ultimate result. Much of his impressions had been received from the conversation of old French residents of Louisiana, who had heretofore sympathized with the insurgents. I said that this had always been my conviction. They would not hope to restore themselves. On their present position they could effect nothing but delay. Captain Pigeard intimated that his report would rectify many erroneous impressions in France. There was a Russian woman, Madame de Rinski Karahoff, presented, remarkable for the costliness of her national dress. Covered with gold lace and satin and jewels to an extent which looked positively laborious. Her face was of the Calmme Tartar description, with little of power, but not without beauty. I was glad to see this national specimen. We got away in an hour. I went afterwards in the carriage to see Mr Senior, and return to him his volume of Diary. Found him in his summer house, with a gentleman whose name I gathered to be Bemurs. He seemed much revived and sprightly. Much conversation on American and English matters. The only remark that struck me was that the favorable impression towards the rebels was changing into prejudice against them on account of their conduct. In this opinion both joined. I expressed my surprise and some doubt. It is however a fact that the interest in our struggle is declining. Walked home through Kensington gardens. The day lovely and the foliage in its most charming state. Were I near enough I should delight much in these charming walks. Quiet evening, after this fatiguing week. Played whist with the children.

Cite web page as:
A summer’s day, with the glass over 70°—rather sultry than hot. I went with Brooks who was in town again this week to the city to church. We strayed into a building which proved to be St Bennets, Paul’s Wharf, one of Sir Christopher’s designing as I saw immediately. It is curiously but not badly contrived. On the south or street side, one very large windows which let in abundance of light, thus remedying the difficulty occasioned by the closing of the three other sides. The care that this architect always bestows on this subject is one of his most remarkable attributes. The gallery runs only on two sides, but is large and deep. The pulpit between the windows near the corner, much as in St Swithins. Pilasters all round, I think, corinthian, support a plain ceiling with a light decorated moulding. Pews oak, and panneled sides with some carving. On the whole risk and respectable. About fifty present. The services for Whitsunday including the detestable athanasian creed. There was a curious moral monument or two, but I could not examine them, as the Communion was to follow the service. Inigo Jones was buried her, but the fire swept off his tablet. After luncheon I walked out and paid a visit to Mr Schleiden and Mr W. Stuart, the British Secretary of Legation at Washington. We had to dine with us Dr and Mrs Pancoast and Mr Milnes Gaskell. Afterwards Mrs Parkes and a nephew, a Mr Wainwright, as well as Mr Bigelow Laurence and Miss Chapman came in.
The morning brought me a great bundle of Despatches, besides private letters. The most material related to the fortune of Mr Yeatman. It seems that it was not Mr Jefferson Davis as I understood Mr Scott Russell’s note, but Mr Lincoln that was referred to. Instead of acting as he gave me to understand he should, he turns up at Philadelphia, from which he writes letters to Judge Wayne proposing to negotiate with him apparently de novo. The government on learning this immediately sent him an order to depart in six days. The correspondence has been sent to me, with an intimation that the judgment formed originally of Mr Yeatman is completely verified. The gentleman comes out in this Steamer, re infecta, and rather put backward than formed by his agency. I suppose I shall hear from Mr Russell, the other side of the story. At the same time I think the conduct of the government indicates the prevalence of personal quite as much as political apprehensions. I do not perceive that any effort was made to disavow the extent of his authority. On the contrary the assumption that he was vested with authority was the cause of the alarm. The other Despatches that came are animated with such thorough a confidence in the issue on the field, that I judge they believe more in that than in the negotiation. Perhaps this may be right. But how many innocent and valuable are to be forfeited, which might have been saved.

We have not a word about Louisa; but Charles writes in good spirits, phased with the change in his situation. He says nothing is known at head quarters of what is about to be done. The newspapers are equally misinformed, which I consider a good sign. General Grant is no boaster. Mr Dana writes me from Washington. He thinks Mr Lincoln will be renominated and elected in spite of all defects. I think so too, but fear these defects much more in the second term than the first term. The sense of common danger makes us all tolerate things now, which would lead to serious divisions once it was taken off. My day otherwise quiet, as it is a holiday. Received a visit from Sir James Brook, well known as the Rajah of Savannah. He came to speak of an incident that had come to his knowledge, which might interest me. A naval friend of his at Greenock had written to him to mention that he had been requested by the Borneo company Agent to look at an extraordinary war vessel that was fitting out there, and given an opinion about her proper armament. As Sir James could not conceive what was the need of such a vessel in Borneo, he had been led by his grateful sense of services rendered to him by the United States when he was in trouble, to come and ask me if I was aware of any proceeding for the rebels, under this cover. I replied that a vessel called the Hawk had been under my observation. I would make further enquiry about her, and let him know the result. He gave me the address of the Borneo company agency. A very charming walk in the Park, as the day was delightful. Quiet evening. Whist with the children.
Another bright and very warm day. I thought I would take advantage of it to execute one of the expeditions I have been postponing ever since I came. This was to visit the gallery of pictures at Dulwich. At an early hour I started, but without any accurate notion of my course, the consequence of which was that I walked about from place to place until I accomplished as great a distance as it would have been if I had gone strait to the place. It was two o’clock when I finally took the train at Victoria Station. Although not more than five miles in a direct course, it took thirty five minutes to get to the place by rail. I then walked perhaps a half a mile to the College. The road was perfectly charming. Quiet, moral, shady, with fine trees putting out their fresh green foliage, the horse chestnuts, the lilacs, the hawthorn, and the laburnum all in brilliant flower, the birds in numbers in full song. This gave me the only full idea I have ever obtained of the poetry of English Country, as it has been described by its enthusiasts, before coal smoke, and railways, and manufacturing, and wealth hard came in to detract from the coloring of the picture. Dulwich College is a very quiet spot. The gallery an excrescence caused by the testamentary legacy of an individual, is composed of three hundred and sixty six pictures of various degrees of merit, contained in a small edifice constructed for the purpose of holding them. I noticed particularly four pictures by Murillo, as many by Albert Cuyp, and several by Van Dyke, one by Hobbema, three or four by David Teniers, one or two of Claude, and a flower piece of Van Huysum, the most perfect thing of the kind I ever saw. There are others well worthy of study. With those by Rembrandt, Rubues and the higher class of Italian Painters I was not much impressed. After an hour and a half spent in this way I strolled back to the Station, and thence home to London. Three of us dined with Mr and Mrs Bentson. The company consisted of Messr Dickens and Wilkie Collins, Dr and Madame de Mussy, Miss Senior, Mr and Mrs Lehman Mr and Mrs Halle and other whom I did not know. There was a reception and music afterwards. Mr B. always entertains like a prince. But I became weary with the length of them.
Received a visit this morning from Mr Scott Russell. He had misunderstood Mr Yeatman’s note as I did; but had since received a letter from him which he had brought with him, and proceeded to read to me. It consisted of a recital of his adventures from the time he left here. His change of intention to go in a blockade runner the Let her B’ because she was to stop at Bermuda, and his final departure to New York. After this the narrative substantially coincided with that contained in Mr Seward’s papers. There were sharp complaints of rough usage, and of mortifications, not unnatural and perhaps in a small degree well founded. On my side I then read the whole series of papers which had come to me, and pointed out the successive errors which Mr Yeatman had unremitted. His first had been in writing directly to Mr Seward. His second, in writing as he did repeatedly to Judge Wayne. His third in not going directly as he intended and had given me to understand he should do, to the rebel States. The main purpose of this was to yet his support clearly determined before he proceeded to make overtures to Washington. Overlooking this important step of evidence to occurrence the prevailing distrust of his authority, Instead of this he Mr Yeatman, had opened a correspondence with Judge Wayne, as if about to open negotiations in the United States as an agent of the Confederate government. In point of fact Judge Wayne had never been named by me excepting in the light of mere medium of communication, to save any direct relation between the parties. There were some incidental allusions to myself in Mr Yeatman’s letters which were full of error but I passed these over as of less importance. The sum of it all was that his indiscretion and precipitation had fully verified the judgment that had been passed upon him by Mr Seward. Mr Russell admitted these errors most fully. Yet believing Mr Yeatman’s honesty of intention he sympathized with him in his failure more than I could. I though moreover that he felt as if he had been treated more sharply than was called for by personally animated with a desire to conciliate. In this I am not sure I should widely differ. The President and his chief advisers are not without the spirit of the serpent mixed in with their wisdom Their moral is high without being lofty. Throughout all this dreadful struggle there has not been visible any of that sense of Christian charity grieving for the errors and offences which call for the correcting hand of justice mitigating the severity of the infliction with as much of gentleness of mercy as the emergency could gratify. This would have been the heroic policy which would have smoothed the path to reconciliation, or, in case of the worst would have exalted the righteous government at the expense of the successful wrongdoer. And brought him perhaps ultimately back repentant. Mr Lincoln is not on that level. He is honest, but trite and commonplace; well intentioned but not great. We must be thankful that we got even him in such a narrow chance as we have been in the habit of running for available candidates for the Presidency. Mr Russell agreed with me in the opinion that Mr Yeatman’s usefulness in this line was over. It only remained to consider whether any thing to think it over, and examine Mr Yeatman’s letters to
him. He had gone to Edinburgh to restore himself from the effect of his voyage; and his mortification. From this subject, Mr Russell turned to that of the contract for guns made by Mr Ritchie. Much of the work had been executed, and the Elswick company were desirous of receiving a partial payment. The draughts which I held in my hands with the acceptances of Messrs Barings would be due tomorrow. What disposition would I incline to make of the money? I said that with respect to a payment on account I should be willing to pass over to him, as the person to whom they were payable, a proportion of the notes tomorrow. With regard to the remainder I should like first of all to see and consult with Messrs Baring as to their disposition to pay or otherwise. We agreed that he should call for an answer tomorrow. I went at once to the city to see Messrs Baring about the matter. It was finally settled with them that I should retain any of the notes I did not want to pay over at once, as long as I thought proper. The retention would make no difference. So I returned forthwith. The day was very warm, and the sun really oppressive. Wrote a letter to Mr Dana and one to T. B. Frothingham. After which I went out again and rambled over the Regent’s Park. What a blessed thing to the poor children of this overgrown metropolis. Quiet evening at home.20

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
20 Thursday 19th London CFA AM
My public Despatches for the week are neither numerous nor important. The lull in affairs caused by the Whitsuntide holidays gives a respite. But I had other incidental matters which more than made up the deficiency. Especially was this the case in regard to the repost to be made to Coll Ritchie of the state of his contract. Mr Scott Russell called and I gave him my answer to the proposal of yesterday. He then assigned over to me the bill of Messr Armstrong and Co, so far as they had changed of their work, and I surrendered the him for the eight notes left in my hands, being in amounts a sum falling about ten per cent short of the foot of their account. We passed the requisite vouchers on each side. Afterwards I drew up my report to Mr Ritchie. I likewise wrote to my son John today, reserving tomorrow to write a reply to Mr Seward’s confidential communications. To the preparation of this it seemed essential to me that I should have more decisive information as to the actual extent of Mr Yeatman’s authority. He has so singularly misrepresented the share I had in our previous action, in his letters to Mr Seward, that I may fairly infer he may have done at least as much in his references to Jefferson Davis, Mr Mason and Mr Slidell. Mr Russell repeated very precisely what he had told me before, and said he would take pains further to verify it. But he added that he thought a summary or recapitulation of the facts attending the whole transaction, pointing out the exact derivative from it caused by the action of Mr Yeatman, was due to both of us. He proposed to bring it to me tomorrow in season for my Despatches home. I had some other visits from Americans afterwards, and went out in the carriage with Mrs Adams to call upon several of them. Found no one at home. This is the most fatiguing and disagreeable of all my duties. On my return I got out and walked to Edwards’s Hotel, where I did see Mrs Borland at Boston. Mr B was out. The number of persons who came out, undeterred by the rise of the Exchange is marvellous. Quiet evening.
The clear sky and heated atmosphere, great for this latitude at this season came to an end this evening with a thunder storm of some sharpness. I labored all day in preparing the remainder of my 21 week’s budget. Mr Scott Russell came as he promised, but he was not prepared with his summary. He wished first of all to fix upon the variations in the statements of fact on each side. To that end he asked me to go over again the series of papers sent by Mr Seward. I did so in the order of the dates. He took notes of the language used by him, as well as of that of Mr Yeatman in the copies of his letters to him. He said he should be unable to prepare his paper this week, but he would be ready early in the next. I therefore wrote a letter to Mr Seward on the subject, without it. I further reminded Mr Russell of the expediency of still further verifying Mr Yeatman’s authority. The labor today was fatiguing—increased perhaps by the weather. The American newspapers likewise came in, bringing intelligence of the commencement of hostilities on the Rappahanock. All the various movements began simultaneously, and had proceeded safely so far as reported. But this was only the first day. The most encouraging symptom is the fall in the nominal rate of gold. But all our experience forbids our indulging sanguine hopes. The result is with a higher power which out of evil educes good. A long and refreshing walk over and beyond Primrose hill. Young Mr Dayton dined with us. In the evening with the ladies to a grand ball, at the Prince de la Tour d’Auvergne’s the French Ambassador’s his first general entertainment. It was very handsome, very crowded and to me very dull. Home by two o’clock.
Cloudy and chilly—rather a refreshing change. My day much broken up. Wrote a note to the Count de Paris. Madame Laugel came the other day informally to signify that he would be glad to ask me to his wedding as well on my own account as to show his regard to the United States. But that he was embarrassed in making a distinction outside of his family relatives that might be invidious to representatives of other courts here. He hoped this difficulty might be avoided if I could consent to appear simply as a private friend, without any official character. I asked Madame Laugel to give my very best respects to the Court and to say that I felt the compliment he was disposed to pay to me, as well as to my country. But that it seemed to me scarcely possible for me whilst a representation of it to divest myself at pleasure of that character, especially in the presence of ministers from other courts and in the case of a ceremony necessarily of a public nature, more or less. Under these circumstances it seemed more prudent both as it respected him and myself not to run the hazard of any complications or misunderstandings, which might call for explanations. Five of the ministers will certainly attend as such. How and where would they provide for me. If as a minister likewise, the Count is in trouble with the distinction made with others not invited. If as a private man, the inference may be drawn that I consent to sacrifice the dignity of my country for the sake of getting to a quasi royal marriage. I did not give all this as fully as I have written it. A long visit from Mr Pike, who is here on his annual visit from the Hague. He talked much of Mr Chase, and his mistakes about the currency. He thinks he made his system in view of a Presidential nomination. And having now lost it, he is in danger of ruin as a public man from the consequences of its inevitable failure. I never have doubted his system to be wrong, but have been disposed to be charitable in consideration of the terrible difficulties with which he is surrounded. Mr Foster came in also to enquire about the news. There is an arrival four or five hours later which speaks of unofficial accounts of Grant’s success. I told him that I had been taught by experience not to exult too soon. Yet it was very certain that the confidence in the Government in the issue had never been so firm. Went with Mrs Adams, Mary and Mrs Borland, to the flower show of the Botanic Society in the regents Park. It was very fine, particularly in the azaleas and Geraniums. A very large assembly but not many whom I knew. On my return I went to see Mr Harry Ingersoll of Philadelphia. He talked of his Uncle. Mr Joseph Ingersoll, who was my predecessor here. I never had any fancy for the race that came from the stamp act agent previous to the revolution. He said he heard a great deal about the “cantankerous” conduct of the Queen. I replied by a general remark upon the disorganized condition of the entire government. In the evening, we were again quiet and above. This has been on the whole a week of comfortable repose.
23 Sunday 22d. London CFA AM
A very fine day. I went accompanied by Henry, to church in the City. This time it was at St Antholin’s in Budge row, one of Sir Christopher’s designs. The interior is more neglected than any I have yet seen. It is peculiar in having an oval shaped dome supported by corinthian columns arranged in the same form, and set up on pedestals higher even than those noticed at St Augustine’s. A gallery only on the west side, with projections to break the angles. The internal woodwork plain. Much light as usual, not merely on three sides, but from the favorite circular window worked out arrived the dome. Service for Trinity Sunday, including the Athanasian creed, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The preacher alluded to the late movements in the church calling in question the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures and charming a rational construction of language, and run over the ordinary adjustments on the opposite side, in a very compact, clear and forcible manner. But I can see in the position of the English church no foundation for the position of this preacher. It was the assumption of a right to reason which justified the secession from Romanism which insisted upon absolute faith. To deny it now in turn can only be consistently done by returning to the original church. Quiet day. I read a portion of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews. This reading has impressed me with it more than ever before. The style is freer, bolder, more connected and logical and compact than any of the others. There is a strain of eloquence running through it too which is different from the rest of the Scriptures, that is, less the offspring of emotion that of pure reason. Walked around the Regent’s Park. The crowd within it very great. The air delicious, and the verdure and foliage and blossom superb. We had company to dinner. Mr and Mrs Borland, Sir George Young, Mr Palmer, Mr and Miss Dayton, Miss Morgan. The latter brought from her father telegraphic intelligence from America, as usual materially impairing the favorable character of the last news. Singularly uniform has been that tendency in that quarter; so that he comes to be associated in my mind with evil. After dinner, we had Mr and Mrs Pike, and Mr Peabody. They seemed to like to stay so well that it was nearly twelve before the last of them left the House.24

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24 Monday 23d London CFA AM
The telegraph brought us this morning the details of which Mr Morgan had sent last night the substance. In the evening I got the Despatches and the newspapers. They very materially modify the sanguine nature of my hopes. The result though on the whole, it may be regarded as favorable, has been gained with great difficulty, and is not after all decisive. The campaign is not to be carried on with the disposition of forces upon which alone, any firm reliance can be placed. I suppose that the army of the rebels must be less than in preceding years, but I know that arms is not materially greater. Hence the issue is yet left to accident and the trial of skill, rather than any moral certainty. We must therefore await the course of events just as we have done heretofore, trusting in the general result from the experience of the past, rather than to any speedy determination of it. I had a curious visit this morning from a Dane, Baron C. Dirkinch-Holenfeld. He comes with a letter of introduction from Mr Marsh, the consul at Alton. His object to solicit some sort of interposition in behalf of Denmark, which was now struggling for existence. His plan was to get the British government to place a military force at Copenhagen with a fleet in the Baltic apparently to resist the progress of the Germans, but really to encourage the Danish King to dismiss his ministers and in effect to change his government. He is evidently one of the aristocracy, who would not grieve if the end of the war should be to impair the vigor of the popular principle. This is in reality the object of the Prussian government likewise. It was amusing that he should hit upon me as an agent. As he did not disclose the true motives of his policy I did not let him see I penetrated them. I rested myself on the rule of neutrality in European affairs enjoined upon me by my Government. He disavowed all wish that I should act officially. All he hoped was that I might in conversation, let drop the scheme he suggested, either to Lord Russell or Lord Palmerston, without in any way committing my official character. It a little amused me to think of my operating on Lord Palmerston. I replied by expressing my deep interest in the situation of Denmark, and my desire to be of service to it wherever I could. But as between the Germans and the Danes, both of whom had been friendly to us in our difficulties, and many of the former were fighting in our ranks, I felt that I could not venture on any step whatever. He then asked me whether I knew of any person though when Lord Palmerston could be approached. I mentioned Lord Shaftsbury; at the same time disclaiming any but the most general information on the subject. He then left. In speaking about this visit to M. Bille in the evening, I found him very unequivocal in his designation of the character of the man. Went out to pay some visits. Found nobody at home, but Mr Teran. He told me the result of the conference I had procured for him with Lord Russell. He said he found him much occupied with the Danish matter in which it was manifest that the cooperation of the Emperor was essential. It was clear to him that no obstruction to his wishes in Mexico would be permitted to stand in the way. His Lordship had told him that it was the rule of the government to recognize that authority in a state which was established de facto
in the capital. Hence so soon as Maximilian should enter into possession of the city, he would
be acknowledged. How much light this lets in upon the expectations of the rebel emissaries at
the time of the attempt on Washington previous to my arrival, I now clearly feel. Hence the
boastful announcement that I should not be received. This is indeed the Ministry of feeble
things in England. They are sacrificing Mexico after the fashion of their betrayal of Denmark
with a kiss, all because the Emperor points. In the evening, with Mrs Adams and Mary to the
second Concert at Buckingham Palace. We had the privilege of the private entice tonight
which made matters easier. The programme I insert. Patti sang the air from Verdi quiet well
though I do not estimate her at the level which fashion gives her. The Chorus from the
Precursa was good. The customary march to supper, into which the practice of pushing in
against the rule is becoming quite common with the nobility. The Prince went round and spoke
to all the corps. Among others to me. He asked if I was at the Literary Fund dinner where he
presided the other day. I said I had declined to go. If I had been sure that he would preside, I
should have gone.26 He nodded in acknowledgement of the compliment. He then enquired
about the coming election of President, and who was to be the person. I said that so far as I
was able to judge, Mr Lincoln was likely to be reelected. He expressed surprise and asked if
that was permitted—a very good measure of his knowledge of our history. After a pretty long
sojourn we returned in a struggling way to the concert room. Many of the diplomats slipped off,
so that our benches which had been crowded were now thin. We got home at half past one.

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I had one or two rather long visits. One from a Mr Yarnall who brought me a letter from Mr W. E Forster, singularly enough, as he comes from Philadelphia. He wished to get access to the police and prison sources for investigating crime. After consultation with Mr Moran, I gave him a note to Sir Richard Mayne. Then drove out with Mrs Adams, and Mary to pay visits at Richmond and Twickenham to the Duke and the Duchess de Chartres, and the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale. The former have done us the favor to invite us to a ball in honor of the marriage of the Count de Paris, but they have not asked Mary, as we learn, because she had left no card at the house. As the invitation is of little worth to us except as a compliment, without Mary, and as the family have always shown good will to the United States, we thought it better to go and inscribe our names. We found the Duchess d'Annale at home, and as vapid through not so stiff as before. This business of associating with Royalty is not to my taste, either in the ante or the post Regal condition. On the way home at the bridge we met Brooks who happened to be there with his boat. Dined with Lord Russell on the grand occasion of the Queen’s birth-day. All the heads of the Corps Diplomatique, the members of the conference, and the ex-empoye’s of the service. Sat between Count Visthurn and M. Bille. The former very sharp on British ignorance of all outside of their own interests. The latter better natured but evidently having little hope for his country. I spoke with Mr Stewart also, who has been Secretary under Lord Lyons, but is now protowhist in the conference. He said he should not return to Washington. From here27 in full dress to Mrs Gladstone’s as requested. On this anniversary all the great offices of these State Banquets. The custom has been to go afterwards to Lady Palmerston’s. This is not departed from without a cause, Mr Hayward the other day assigned it to be that His Lordship would be too much fatigued by standing as he always would insist upon doing. Talked with Mr Villiers and Mr Gibson. The former asked me about a rumor of news from America that General Grant had been defeated. Mr Cardwell had seen posters put out to that effect, whilst on his way here, I expressed my disbelief in the possibility of any reception of later intelligence, and all who spoke to me agreed in thinking it a trick to sell newspapers. This is an old trouble with me at this season of the year in society. I am always conscious that the greater number of those about me are willing believers in every such talk. And although not myself crediting it, I felt a possibility that by a very rapid passage, a steamer might have arrived with the time of sailing, the 14th. However I manifested this uneasiness, and distinctly gave it as my opinion that the next news would announce General Lee’s retreat from his present position to one near Richmond. This is the fourth year that I have to hear this sort of trial. I trust it may be final one. Home before midnight. The usual illumination.
25 May 1864

27 Wednesday 25th London CFA AM

Waked up an hour earlier than usual, and thought of the report of last night and of the probabilities of its resting on some foundation. On coming to breakfast I found that it rested on a miserable postcript of the correspondent of the Standard, to a letter dated two days earlier that our preceding information came down to. This is the stuff that is made important simply by those who open willing ears. Having some business to transact with Messrs Baring, I went at noon to the city to see them. Saw Messrs Sturgis and Baring Young. They told me that the Steamer had now arrived in reality, and bringing very different information from that expected so eagerly last evening. General Grant had struck another heavy blow at Lee, who had evacuated Spotsylvania and gone South towards Richmond, with serious losses in cannon and prisoners.28 I was not far wrong in my anticipation to Messrs Milner Gibson and Villiers. There was other intelligence of the movements of the subsidiary corps of Butler and Sigel which needs later confirmation. The general result was decidedly favorable. Thus far Grant has manifested the same power which has carried him through before. The relative effect upon the two armies is above a revolution. Whilst our own attains confidence which its former experiences under a succession of commanders had lost, the other becomes shaken in its old and habitual reliance upon Lee. On this ground the latter has never before been compelled to give way. The issue, we must await with patience. I walked from here to the Board of Trade, calling on my way to look at some coins to be sold at Sotheby’s, this week. There was a meeting of Trustees of the Peabody fund at half past two. All present but Mr Morgan, who had gone with a party to the Derby races. The purpose of the meeting was to initiate another construction, on land purchased at Islington. This is a larger undertaking than the last, and contemplated four buildings on a quadrangle. There was much discussion on the disposal to be made of the open space in the centre, but it ended in the assumption on the disposal to be made of the open space in the centre, but it ended in the assumption of the architect’s project, and an order to notify builders to make tenders. At this trade, our capital will hardly hold out to cover the Estates already purchased. Thence home. Went with Mrs Adams and Mary to Fulham to dine with the Bishop of London and Mrs Tait. A large company of whom I knew only Lord and Lady Motengle and Mr Merivale. There were besides Lord Elvery and his Wife or sister, I could not make out which; and Colonel and Lady Louisa Pennant. The rest I did not catch. I omitted Count Bernstorff who of course sat at the head of the table. The Bishop and his Wife are excellent people. We left at half past ten, bring Mr Merivale with us to a reception at Lady Waldegrave’s. Two subjects of conversation predominating here The issue of the race at the Derby in favor of an unexpected victor, and the american news. As earnest as most people are to infer on small evidence great success to the rebels, they are as anxious to disbelieve what is alleged of gains to us. So it was visibly in the crowd tonight.29

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26 May 1864

29 Thursday 26th London CFA AM

I received a note from the Count de Paris so kindly and earnestly requesting me to reconsider my decision and removing the obstacles to my acceptance so much that I can do no otherwise than go. My morning busy with Despatches. They were less numerous and important than they have been. The sale of the rams to the government had cleared that difficulty from my path. If the war were only over I should be easy, and prepare to wind up my mission with credit. Went out to make some purchases, and to call upon Mrs Pendleton and her daughter who brought a letter from Mr Kennedy. They are on the point of going away, being evidently not pleased with London. Were at the Derby yesterday, which they did not relish. There was a son who had been in the army, but was just married and coming on a tour. Dined with Mr and Mrs Charles Turner. Mrs Adams went but Mary declined. The company consisted of Mr Hargreave, Lady Alderson and her daughter, Mr Cardwell, Mr Weston, Mr Campbell, and others I did not know. Rather dull. We went from here to a reception at Mrs Morse’s. A fair collection of Americans. We got home at about midnight.

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29 Friday 27th London CFA AM
The newspapers brought details of the news we have had, which show our success to have been more brilliant than we had supposed. The fearful carnage however is one of the dreadful drawbacks on exultation. When will it end? The prospect looks dark just now. At noon we got accounts by the Scotia of some reverses to make up a balance. So that our exultation must be constantly kept within bounds. I wrote my customary letters. Called on M Van de Weyer to ask about details as to the ceremony at Kingston and Claremont on Monday. It will be a hard day, as there is to be a ball at Ham in the evening. A visit from Mr Bright, who came to say something on behalf of a man by name McHugh who has been in prison in America for his dealing with the rebels. I intimated my conviction that the government entertained no desire to keep any one confined who had not done something very flagrant to deserve it. Wrote to my two sons, but was compelled to postpone other letters. This likewise rather shortened my walk. We had a quiet dinner and evening at home a great luxury in the midst of the season. I am thoroughly weary of the recurrence of this round of forms, among a society in which there is little sympathy or good will. Yet there are two long months to the end.
Though the Scotia was in so early yesterday, I did not get my letters and papers until the latter part of the day. The Despatches are interesting and encouraging. Here, there is a pretence of a rumor flying about that the advance of General Grant is to be given up. There, the statement is that an additional reinforcement of thirty thousand men has been sent to him, and he will advance directly. Such are the conflicts of sympathies with the respective sides. I prepared a note to Lord Russell on enlistments, and made up arrears both in my accounts and my Diary—Then to a sale at Sotheby’s of coins. The customary set of dealers with the omission of several of the principal ones. The collection was not a very good one, but it sold very low—in may cases, hardly the value of the silver. There was also a remarkable admixture of false coins which rendered purchasing to an inexperienced eye dangerous. Nevertheless I ventured upon a number of the lots, upon examination of which on my return I was very well satisfied with. The ladies and Henry went to see a review of a large body of volunteers on Hyde Park, by the Prince of Wales. Evening, went with Mary and Henry to Lady Palmerston’s. A moderate assemblage and heard nothing. Much excitement in New York, occasioned by the publication of a paper purporting to be a proclamation by the President announcing Grant’s campaign as closed. Mr Seward sent me a telegram, and the Collector and Postmaster of New York letters with the contradictions. If intended for any purpose on this side, it failed completely.
Saturday 28th
28 May 1864

There was a heavy shower in the morning but it cleared later in the day. Went to the City to Church; to St Olave's in Hart Street, which escaped the great fire. Its antiquity has however been much interfered with by the repairs, made so fully even so late as last year. The interior is plain. The roof supported by printed arches and clustered columns of Purbeck marble, in the Gothic style. The east window and altar apparently reversed. The monuments are the ancient and characteristic feature, more quaint than elegant. The woodwork dark from age but very little adorned. Here is buried Pepys, Secretary to the navy who describes with characteristic simplicity what happened one Sunday almost two centuries since, on a fast day, when instead of the service, the news of a naval victory over the Dutch was filling the heads of worshippers. The people all stared to see him whisper it to Sir John Mennis, comptroller of the navy and Lady Pen. Presently Sir William Batten sent in a note to Lady Ford, which was passed pew to pew. The tablets record where these worthies are laid, but the glory of all this official and titled distinction has departed. The attendance was fair, but evidently not of that class. Two centuries have swept all this at least two or three miles westward. And nothing remains but the images of the departed, and Pepys's quaint and amusing Diary. It is these little things however that give to the City its distinguishing interest. The service as usual. The Sermon on the question of miracles. A very feeble production calculated to make strong reasoners unbelievers. If the best argument in the support of them is to be drawn from the prophecy of Daniel of the four beasts as verified by the four monarchies of antiquity, it would not be difficult to make any writer of imagination capable of a miracle. Yet I presume the preacher will do no harm in that circle of auditors. Returned home. Found Mr Parkes, and afterwards Mr T. Hughes. A long walk, and a quiet evening. Mr Edge was the only visitor. It is plain that this form of society is not attractive to the Americans. In point of fact, there are not enough to establish any of any kind.

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Sunday 29th
29 May 1864

30 Monday 30th London CFA AM

Up early in order to get off in season to attend the Wedding ceremony of the Count de Paris, which I finally accepted. I took post horses and the open carriage, and had on the whole a pleasant though a cool drive through Brempton, Fulham, Wandsworth, Putney to Kingston. The country about the latter place is pretty. Reached there rather early, but found the little catholic chapel already half filled with invited persons. Presently there came in successively the representations of Austria and Prussia, of Belgium, Saxony, Bavaria, Portugal and Spain. Mr Lisbon came from Brazil. My place was rather adroitly arranged so as to give me my official precedence over the English, and yet not raise a question with Mr Cernyn who is in fact my junior. Lord and Lady Russell, Lord and Lady Clannricarde, Lord and Lady Foley, Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley and two daughters, Lord Lunderman's, Lady Waldegrave and Mr Fortescue filled the seats in the body of the church so far as I knew them. The wives of the Ministers are invited, but Mrs Adams was not. Presently came in all the difficult branches of this numerous family. D'Annale, Nemurs, Montpensier, Joinville, with the Duke de Chartres, and all the Juniors. The Count de Paris led in the old Queen Marie Amelie, the Widow of Louis Philippe. Although over eighty two, she is still quite vigorous in mind and body. Lastly came in again the Count de Paris, and his bride and cousin, the daughter of Montpensier. The Ceremony was performed by a number of Priests—the main point consisting of a French translation of the ring and the mass was performed as well as a communion service, only partaken of by the Highest priest. Genuflexions and raising of the arms &c in abundance, but only or two short prayers read. This lasted for a half an hour or more. No music but a voluntary on the organ. It gave me a rather sad impression to perceive all this careful preservation of the forms of royalty, with the substance gone. All the party then proceeded in carriages to Claremont, about five miles. The houses along the road, many of them lined with flags of various nations among which I noticed our own. The people all the way along appeared heartily friendly to the family. At Claremont the rooms were soon filled, principally by French people who have come to attend this ceremony. But there were also here the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Alice, and all the Cambridge family. The Count de Paris received me with great cordiality, expressing his pleasure at my having accepted his invitation. He then presented me to the Bride, to whom I said a few words of congratulations. I also saw the Prince de Joinville, and was presented to the Duke de Montpensier.33 I also knew the Duke d'Aunnale, and was presented to the Duke de Chartres. This embraces all the chiefs of the family but Nemours. There was a crowd outside, and a procession of children of the schools which came to the front, and the Count and his Wife went out, where he addressed them a few words. We then went to breakfast in a tent prettily got up in the rear of the house, for the occasion. There was an attempt at arrangement, but beyond the royal people, it appeared to break down—so we got seats at the table as we could, I fell in between Lady...
Foley, and a French lady whom I did not know. There might have been perhaps two hundred persons seated. A great many gentlemen and some ladies were provided for at a buffet. A déjeuner à la fourchette light but good. The old Queen close it by saying a few words and proposing a sentiment, which was returned by the Prince of Wales, in honor of the couple. The Prince then led her out, most of us rising and forming the usual lines. The Prince stopped her in presence of Lord Russell to whom she said a few words, and then he came to me. Here he said to her, This is Mr Adams. She immediately spoke in French but in so low a voice that I could catch only expressions of good will, and a closing regret at the war, and a hope that it might soon end, to which I only bowed, and echoed the hope. We then returned to the Salon, took a look at the bijoux presented to the bride and departed. All this spectacle is in curious contrast to that which I witness at Windsor last year. It carries its moral with it. The Orleans family is now only a shadow of the past, but as it now stands. I honor it much more than I should have done in the day of its glory. Louis Philippe and his children are worthy of the position they ought to hold in France, intellectually, socially and politically. Looking back to his Ancestry, I cannot say the same either of Egalité or the profligate regent. Their situation here must be in many respects a painful one. The necessity of preserving the royal position, without any occupation, or admixture of engagements to prevent them from seizing the first opportunity to reestablish themselves in France, entails an isolation and a state of suspended vitality that must be depressing. One of the bad consequences in the necessity of intermarriage of cousins, a process which will inevitably lower in time the physical and intellectual condition of the race. I left Claremont at a quarter to three and was at home by half past four. After dinner, went with all the family to Morgan House at Haven to attend the ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, on this occasion. Found there the royal purple in abundance just as at Claremont. There was a tent here much of the same sort, for dancing, and another for supper. The company more purely French than before. It was curious to notice the contrast which this offered to English Society. There was life and expression in the enjoyment of dancing. A positive hilarity which extend itself to the English portion of the royalties, and broke up the formalities completely. One of the Quadrilles especially could scarcely have been done with more thorough jollity in a moral festival on a village green. The Prince of Wales does much to produce this. Yet he is neither boisterous nor vulgar. Externally he preserves the conventional usages of rank as well as if he was more solemn. At supper I sat between Lady Harriet Fletcher whom I was assigned to, through I never laid eyes on her before and a French lady settled here whom I did not know, but who proved much the most pleasant of the two. She told me much of the family and the occasion. She pointed out many of the people here from Franche, who had been attached to in its prosperity. She commented upon the absence of Mr Guizot, and intimated that it had been felt. We left the table before midnight and returned to the dancing. Mary had a good many partners, and was therefore rather desirous to stay. I did not wonder at it, as it was so different form the usual ceremonial observances of English balls. The whole air and trumure of men and women in France is social. Without knowing any of the men present I saw at a glance that they were of the highest class. That is what I never notice in this society. All are awkward and angular and ordinary. We did not get home until three o’clock, when it was broad daylight.
35 Tuesday 31st London CFA AM
The fatigue of riding sixty miles yesterday, and of standing so much, made me steady quiet a little during the day, which was cold and rainy. I had however several visits of interest. One from Mr Lloyd Aspinwall, who sent me the telegram from Crookhaven and also a letter with other telegrams from Mr Stanton down to the latest date. Another from Mr E. H. Lefevre, a French gentleman being a resident of Mexico, who brought me a note from Sir Charles Wyke. He gave me his impression of the state of things, and the latest information which he had. He spoke of a French rumor that Juarez had enlisted a body of thousand men from the United States. Other accounts had reduced it to a hundred. He characterized this as very grave. He had written articles for the Daily News and the Examiner, for the purpose of disseminating correct information; and he now came only to ask that he might be allowed to call from time to time either to impart or to obtain facts. I said I should be happy to see him. He alluded to his residence at New Orleans and his acquaintance with Pierre Soulé, whom he had since seen at the Havannah. He had heard him talk of the rebellion which he had never approved—and complain of his own fate in having his property in New Orleans confiscated, whilst Slidell and others had taken good care to transfer theirs to Europe in time, otherwise to cover it. Messrs Sanz and Gutierrez, South America ministers also called to speak of an extraordinary act of hostility on the part of Spain in seizing the Chincha islands, news of which had just arrived. It does seem as if our unfortunate rebellion had initiated a sort of Saturnalia among European powers. Spain set the example in seizing Dominica. France followed suit in Mexico, and new Spain has recollected that it never acknowledged the independence of Pene, and trumps up a claim for satisfaction which it proceeds at once to make good by force. Cowardly and rapacious, the time must come when these pretensions at least in America must be once for all put down. What is called the Monroe doctrine was a wise and far seeing policy, which through in abeyance by reason of the insanity of the slaveholders, must be presently36 insisted upon, or there will be no personal safety in the Western hemisphere Mr Sanz seemed to desire me to proceed at once in some form of remonstrance here. I could not make out what, as he talks only very bad French. Mr Gutierrez explained as well as he could. I said that no action of mine could be of use that did not rest upon instructions. It was these that gave weight to representations. I had not yet received any. I thought it not unlikely that some information might reach me by the next Steamer. If it should I might then find myself in a situation to give an answer. Mr Sanz on going away came back alone to say something about a special agent going from here for the purpose of purchasing some vessels of war in New York, and sounded me about my disposition to give him some letter of recommendation. I had such an experience in the case of General Lerman, that the idea of a letter gives me at once a disagreeable association of ideas. I asked him to put his wish in writing, and I would consider of it. I agreed to see him again on Thursday. Last of all came Mr Scott Russell. He read to me a draught of a
letter to Mr Yeatman explaining the present position of the question, and precisely how it has been left by the government at Washington. I assented to the correctness of the representative of my papers. He read to me a letter from Yeatman at Edinburgh which reports Mr Jefferson Davis. On reading the plan, it would appear that he gave it as his opinion that the people of the South were generally weary of the war, and would gladly accept their plans in settlement of the matter. I again pointed out to Mr Russell the necessity of getting information how this really was. Mr Yeatman had not given us any light upon what became of the plan as sent out in advance to Richmond, and in what condition the question had been placed in Richmond. All idea of further acting through him must be framed upon the probability of results to be reached there. Mr Russell had suggested the expediency of sending him out at once and directly to that place. I said that this would scarcely be advisable unless there was strong reason to presume some favorable issue. Even if he were to go, in the actual condition of the case, it would be idle to expect any good from Mr Yeatman as a pacificator. He could only labor to get some substitute. To this Mr Russell assented. He thought Mr Y might be made of use to put the thing in a good train. At present he had written that he was trying to make something out of some lectures in Scotland, to subsist him until he should get a remittance from Richmond.

Such are the straits to which these poor people are reduced! He intimated that we might advance him some means to help him go. I said I would, provided I could learn exactly have the prospect was. Surely he must have kept Mr Davis informed of all his adventures. If so, it was due to us, that we should be exactly apprised of the views at this time taken of his adventures. I was fearful of some deception, or delusion which might lead us astray. The missing link in our chain was the mount of authority. It was to find that he first went out. His great mistake in opening a discussion before ever he had tried, but spoilt his plan. I should be glad if he could now return his steps. The duty devolved on him now to show that he could. I hoped he might have some means at hand. Mr Russell seemed to thank that owing to the knowledge of his intention to leave England, probably no advices had been sent to him. At any rate he should try to ascertain, and let me know the result of his inquiries. My hopes were strong when he went. They are now very weak. Stiff if the bread prove to have been really thrown upon the waters, perhaps we may yet find it after many days. The end is full worth any amount of effort to scarce. Had it pleased God to furor the messenger the many thousands of lives sacrificed during the past month might have been saved. It is moot for me to question the decrees of the Divine providence ever from the darkest evil educating good. After a quiet dinner at home, we all attended a reception at the Duke of Durnshire’s. It was much less crowded than on former occasions, and therefore a good deal pleasanter. The ordinary crowd of a London rout. Home at midnight.

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The morning broken up by the necessity of making ready to attend the Levee held by the Prince of Wales. Mr Moran accompanied me. Less excitement than usual in the neighborhood, and a smaller attendance of Officials inside. I passed in the customary order, shook hands with the Prince and the Duke of Cambridge, and most of the members of the Corps. The greater part of the presentations were Officers. So we got back in forty minutes. Visits at home from Mr T G Appleton and Mr and Mrs Lloyd Aspinwall. Walk afterwards—and then to dinner at Mr W. E Forester’s, with Mrs Adams. The company consisted of Mr and Miss Arnold, the mother and sister of Mrs Forster, Mr and Mrs Dillwyn, Mr Baxter, and some others unknown. It was rather pleasant. Hence to a small reception at Mrs Sheridan’s. Nobody there that I knew but Mr Calvert. Thence to Lady Derby’s, where was a great crush. We were nearly an hour getting to the door—and a quarter of an hour getting up the staircase. By that time it was so late that we found the rooms empty. This is the satisfaction of a London route.
38 Thursday 3d. London CFA AM
The recurrence of this day of the week brings its average of labor, whether the Despatches from home be numerous or not. These are occasionally letters to be written officially to other persons, as well as the confidential correspondence. This day I drew up a report of my last conference with Mr Scott Russell, relating to the position of Mr Yeatman. My hopes in that quarter have gone down to nothing. Meanwhile the fighting is going on with great severity and with various success. The accounts come colored by the malignity of the correspondence of the Times, in such a way as to keep up the hopes of the sympathizers here. We had a dinner at home today. Sir Emerson, Lady and Miss Tennent, Mr Mrs & Miss Morgan, Col and Mrs Pakenham, Mr and Mrs Atkinson, Mr Schleiden, Sir Charles Wyke, Mr Appleton, Mr Weston, Mr Arthur Russell and Miss Dayton. For a wonder, Mr Morgan did not tell me any discouraging news. The telegraph had come too early this time. He goes to America tomorrow not to return for a couple of months. The company went off late.39

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
39 Friday 3d. London CFA AM

My private correspondence kept me engaged nearly all day, but I no longer experience the relief formerly felt when the hour came that the work is over. There is a weariness attendant upon the whole situation during the season that appears to bring with little hope of alleviation but in a cessation of the whole duty. The prospect of that is growing more distant, and my spirits proportionally lower. Mr Scott Russell called to see me today and left with me a copy of his letter to Mr Yeatman. He also read to me one from him in a measure trying to excuse himself from the errors he committed. Mr Russell proposed our assuming the expense of sending him back to Richmond. But I called his attention to the fact that no notice had been taken of my demand for evidence of any support whatever to his project. He now appeared to be wholly insulated both here and at home. What then become of all the assurances of cooperation and support which he had given us? the only link to connect the whole chain was not yet wanting. Whilst it continued to be so, I did not see how I could undertake the responsibility of sending him on another fool’s errand. Mr Seward had repeated many times his belief that Mr Yeatman had no real support at Richmond. How then could I go on in trusting him without some further expense than I now had for my faith. Believing Mr Y perfectly honest, I could not but fear that he had deluded himself. If he could do any thing to remove this impression, nothing would yield me more pleasure than to rid him. As it was I must remain stationary. I could not review the reproach of credulity from my government. Mr Russell admitted the force of my argument, but seemed inclined to think better of the prospect, We parted without settling on any thing. Unless some body else of more positive character undertakes the enterprise I fear it is past praying for. After a quiet dinner at home, I went with the two ladies to a concert at Lady Waldegrave’s. The music was very good, but it was marred as all such entertainment is marred in private houses by too large an invitation of guests. Those who fail to get seats get to chatting outside, which spoils the pleasure of those who wish to hear.40

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
3 June 1864

Saturday 4th London CFA AM
The newspapers came from America this morning, and absorbed some time. They give full accounts of the war in Virginia, and leave us in suspense. The most material information relates to the movements of General Sherman which thus far have been rapid and successful. The inference is that the rebel force has mostly been drawn to Richmond. Mr F M Johnson and his son came to see me. He wanted a passport for the latter whom he is about to send to school at Frankfort. I then went out with the ladies to see the private view of the Exhibition at the British Institution. The collection is not so fine as in previous years, but still contains many good things. Some fine Van Dykes a couple of landscapes by Hobbema, one or the of Cruyp, and a number by Romney and Gainsborough which seem to me far superior to the modern school of English painting. On the whole this show pleases me best of all that are made at this season. From thence to see Dr and Mrs Clark from Boston who are the Westminster palace Hotel. Long walk home through Hyde Park which was very full. Evening quietly at home. Whilst with the children.

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A clear and fine day. I attended Divine service at St Clave’s, Old Jewry. This is one of Wren’s churches, but I think one of the least interesting— The shape a plain rectangle, with a gallery that looks heavy on the West end. The Walls plain, bare and dirty. The sides and pews paneled in dark oak. The windows numerous on three sides but yielding less light, partly because placed very high, and partly because obstructed by edifices too near to them. The attendance very small. The preacher took for his text the passage from the parable of the feast— “And they began with one consent to make excuse,” a fine topic but not treated remarkable. The fall is easy into the merest common-place. Afternoon a walk with Brooks to the Zoological gardens. The pleasant day had its effect upon the beasts, who seemed to enjoy the water. The bath of the great elephant in company with the small one was amusing. On our return, I found encouraging news from home. In the evening, a visit from Mr and Mrs Parkes, and two friends.
A lovely day, with not overmuch to do. A visit from Mr Clement Esdaile, who came for the purpose of asking my interest with the government to get him permission to pass the blockade for the sake of getting his sister away from South Carolina. Two years ago I had a similar request from his family, who then desired to send out a brother in law to communicate the news to her of several domestic bereavements that had befallen them. The privilege was obtained, and accordingly a clergymen of the Established church went out and spent six months in travelling through the South, the result of which he published in a Volume full of sympathy with slavery and slaveholdings after his return. It now appears that the sister has lost her husband, and is very anxious to get away from the favored land of Dixie, leaving the slaves and property to shift for themselves. I remarked to Mr Esdaile that the course of Mr Malet had not been calculated to conciliate any further good will to such an object. He admitted that, and gave it as a reason why he had now determined not to devolve the task on any one else. I gave him little encouragement, but agreed to forward to Mr Seward any letter embracing his application that he chose to write. He said that this was all he could ask. The Despatches came during the day, and the mail in the evening. A long letter from Charles dated the 19th of May, at Spottsylvania Court House, the day before the advance of which we get the news by this Steamer. It is very interesting, as it describes the conduct of the commanding Generals during the critical struggle in the Wilderness. The intelligence is very favorable so far as it goes. But the issue is as yet as uncertain as ever. The movement of General Sherman is perhaps most important as bearing upon the possible termination of the war. But for the unfortunate blunder of Mr Yeatman, the restoration might not have been working its way to the light. After luncheon the ladies, including Miss Dayton who comes to spend a few days, accompanied me to the Botanic gardens where was a great show of the Rhododendron and Azalea plants, all described as coming from America. The assemblage of people not so great as on the general displays, but quite enough for comfort. For a wonder the day was delicious, so that I enjoyed the relaxation much. The ladies then went to the houses of Parliament, which gave us a very late dinner.42
42 Tuesday 7th London CFA AM
Another fine, summer's day. After doing some arrears of letter writing, I had a little leisure which I devoted to the persecution of my Catalogue of British coins. It is now nearly completed, so far as is practicable on this side of the ocean. My collections here have been so considerable in all branches that I much regret the imperfection of my old Catalogues, as well as of my memory as to what I have at home. In the evening to Lady Johnson's in Belgrave Square, where was a performance by Levassor, of his little comic sketches. As usual more company than seats, and consequently an entry full of talkers. We stayed only through the first part. Two of the four pieces I had witnessed last year. The French have great skill in these little nothings which enliven an hour at small cost.
42 Wednesday 8th London CFA AM
Fine day. Wrote some letters, among others one to Mr Palfrey. After luncheon went to the Exhibition of the royal Academy, where I spent three hours running over the pictures. As a general thing I was disappointed. The English school does not improve. They are not running into two channels. One of the hard, ungainly, angular preraphaelitism, and the other the silly domestic sentimentalism of smirking mothers and dramatic dull children still another fancy is nursed from Tennison’s poetry which in him sounds pretty but in them degenerates into mawkish affectation. The Portraits generally bad. Two pictures of Faed in his peculiar line of Scotch low life have character and tone. One pained by a Norwedgian of a death in a brawl is vigorous, but disagreeable. A large piece by Leighton of Dante expelled from Florence has good parts—one however approaching to the grotesque. Sir Edwin Landseer has a large painting of two white bears playing among the relics of Franklin’s party in the arctic regions. Strong, but cheerless and very unsatisfactory to look at. A couple of smaller ones of his very good. Millais has three in his minor style which is admirable. The sculpture was some of ti better than usual. In the evening we went to Lady Wensleydale’s reception. Rather more full than her ordinary ones. We remained about half an hour.43
43 Thursday 9th London CFA AM
The day of recurrence of Despatches to be written, and as usual I find more work than I expected. Although it does not now seem as if many questions remained open, still the duty of keeping up information in respect to the course of events here is constant. I regret being obliged to report the state of feeling not improving. In proportion as the accounts of our military movements look favorable, the disappointment of the higher classes is more marked. At this season of the year it requires much prudence and self control to remain externally insensible to this. I took a walk, and left a card on Mr Kingsland, an american, who brought a letter to me. He like every body else among the strangers was gone to ascot. Racing seems the ruling passion of men and women. These are the lady races, of the high fashion. Miss Dayton went with a party of Americans. Mrs A and I dined with Sir John and Lady Shaw Lefevre. Lord Kingsown, Admiral and Lady Denman, and some young people unknown. A young man on my left who incidentally disclosed that the he was a Secretary to Mr Gladstone, talked very intelligently and well. Young Mr Lefevre who has lately come into Parliament is among our best friends From here we went with the children who called for us in the carriage to a reception at Mr Morse's, the consul's. About the same number, Americans and English, as before.

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43 Friday 10th London CFA AM
Reading the last files of American newspapers I am filled with admiration at the amounts of the energy and bravery of our troops. There are three several reports from different regions all bearing the same unequivocal testimony. One is the report of Commodore Porter, respecting the extraordinary manner in which his vessels caught by the low water in Red river, above the falls at Alexandria, and in imminent danger of loss, had been saved by the inventive skill and cooperating industry of Banks’s army, so damming the river as to force a passage. Another is the narrative of General Sherman’s force concerning the great natural and artificial obstacles to their progress in Georgia. The third is the account of the spirited advance of our troops across the North aura and seizure of the ground on the south side of that river. These simultaneous movements at such a distance apart from each other unite in showing44 in the fourth year of the war, a spirit that must command success. Stubborn as has proved the resistance, the physical power is not sufficient to maintain it. I wrote my private letters; getting through them in season to go out and pay a visit to Mr Sanz, the Peruvian Minister. After hunting him through the successive abodes, I failed to find him at home. In the evening, I went with Mrs Adams and Mary to a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, held by the Prince and Princess on behalf of the Queen. The Court was quite large, and the Corps Diplomatique in attendance in full dress. A very large number of guests filling up the greater part of the music hall, now used for dancing. Directly in front of the Dais where the royal family and guests sat a larger a square and surface was kept open for them to dance. Our place was on the left side as at Concerts and standing in rear of our ladies who had seats. Thus we saw the dancing very well. At the other part of the hall, was the appearance of a small opening which indicated that perhaps a couple of dozen of the guests of both sexes might be struggling for a little of the same amusement. The dresses were showy and gay. At midnight we went to supper where the customary amount of civilities was enacted. Low curtseys and profound bows acknowledging a gracious notice of one commonplace sentence. Such is court life! The crush and struggle wen we came out and the general company rushed in to take our places in the supper room were scarcely consistent with the boasted refinement of high life. Indeed it may be certainly be said that all minutia of arrangements are neglected at this court. We got home at two.

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Had a visit from Mr Bright who came with a Mr McKenna, the editor of a paper at Belfast, that has been quite friendly, for the purpose of obtaining my aid with the government at home to procure the release of a man named McHugh, who was taken and put in prison for giving aid and comfort to the rebels. I have no great sympathy with these English people who meddle with our affairs, but agreed to forward a representation with a moral engagement on the part of the man’s friends that he would trouble us no more. At two I went by appointment to see Lord Russell at the Foreign office. He kept me waiting until after three, and then shortened the interview by pleading a Cabinet meeting. I told him my errand however, which was to speak of the attack of Spain upon Peru. This had roused much feeling in America. Mr Seward had directed me to speak of it and to express a hope that Lord Russell as a common friend to both countries might endeavour to bring about a better state of things. His Lordship said he certainly was friendly, and for that reason regretted the proceeding. As yet the Spanish Minister here Mr Corwyn, had only requested a suspension of judgment until further intelligence should be obtained as to the actual facts. He disavowed on the part of his government any desire to repossess itself of territory on the continent. There might be an occupation of the Chincha islands for some time to come. Lord Russell then added that the British government had no inclination to favor these movements by others; as it had shown at the time when the Spanish government had proposed a candidate for a King in Mexico. under the expectation that England might do so too. His Lordship intimated that this expedition to Peru had been initiated by the preceding Ministry, and the present one was embarrassed by it. I asked him if there was any truth in the stories I had seen in the newspapers, that Spain had recalled the commander of the Squadron who had seized the islands, and had addressed explanatory notes to England, France and the United States. He replied, that he knew nothing of such. The remarks of the Minister in the Cortez were all that he had seen. On the whole, I inferred from his conversation, that whilst he did not believe Spain to be intending this outrage, he was nevertheless not altogether sure that he was right. In any event, the only to do at present was to wait. As I went out, I spoke to him about the Alexandra and the Hawk, both of which vessels were fitting out. He replied as he always has done by talking of the necessity of gaining evidence. I admitted that I had none. The Consuls could not obtain any, as the rebels had been made much more cautious by their past experience. He said they would do what they could, but it was very plain to me that that meant nothing at all. I then drove home, and was kept at work in preparing reports to Mr Seward on this conference and the case of Mr McHugh drove nearly to the close of the Mail at six o’clock. Mrs Adams and I dined with Mr and Mrs Milner Gibson. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Rick, For ought I know he may be only a Baronet. Mr Villiers. Sir E Lytton Bulwer, Mr and Mrs Higgins and Mrs Ford. I almost forgot Mr Goschen, the member for London. The most amusing of these was Sir E Lytton Bulwer. He talked rather for effect, but
his conversation was amusing and not uninstructive. He and his brother are the best table company I have met in England. Sir David Dundas and Mr Villiers perhaps came next. From here, we went with the young ladies to the reception at Lady Palmerston’s. Rather longer than usual. The American news of Grants having again turned Lee, and got near to Richmond had sobered people, so that I saw the subject was not agitated. I asked Milner Gibson how matters stood about the Cabinet. He thought they would stand, but evidently spoke doubtfully, and intimated that differences existed. In the evening I met Mr Hayward, who though nothing would come of the Conference, but that the fortnight’s extension of the truce had saved the Ministry. He would wager three to one on their continuing. The motion of want of confidence is talked of for next week.

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12 June 1864

46 Sunday 12th London CFA AM
Went to church in the City at St Andrew’s by the Wardrobe, Blackfriars. This is one of Sir Christophers designing, and resembles in from some of those at the West end, rather than in the city. No architectural columns, but galleries supported by square beams, and the curved ceiling that gives lightness to and elegance to the upper region. Large windows on three sides, that ever the altar being filled with a representation in stained glass of a battle, which neither in subject, treatment or colour gives pleasure. It is mentioned as presented by a city dignitary, in 1862. Far better without it. The dark oak panneling and the pew and pulpit were in good keeping. An attendance of perhaps sixty people. Service as usual. Sermon the charity of a childrens Sunday School. Sensible and moderate. On coming out, I strolled over Blackfriars bridge to see the work going on there. On one side is the iron railway bridge which is opening to the Farringdon Street Station. On the other the old bridge which is crumbling so that they are about to rebuild. Between the two is the temporary wooden construction which is to save in the interval. Nothing impresses one so much with the notion of the wealth of this country as the sight of these ponderous enterprises treated as a matter of every day life. After luncheon, with the young ladies to the zoological gardens, where was much company. In the Regents park, the crowd was great listening to the band playing. My Despatches came just before dinner. numerous as usual, but encouraging. We had company to dinner, Mr and Mrs Aspinwall, Mr Bright, and Mr Trevelyan. In the evening, Miss Charlotte Cushman, Mr Weston, Mr Ehringer and a Mr Davidson from New York.
47 Monday 13.th London CFA AM
Cloudy until cleared by a very heavy thunder shower. I had a succession of visits, mostly from Americans who appear to be coming over in shoals. Mr Lockwood, two young men Messrs Charles Mason and Dewrance from Rhode Island, and Mr R M Mason. Mr E Ellice also came to get a verification of some signature of his to be sent to America. I had not seen him since my visit to Glen Quoich last year. His father and his Wife are gone, and he is alone in the world. He proposes to leave every thing here and go to Italy to spend some time with relations. He reminded me much of his father today. Read the files of the American newspapers with great interest. They leave off at a very interesting moment. The armies were confronting each other, with one or two of our division in possession of an advance that involves battle or retreat. Thus far General has added to his reputation. Yet the fortune of war makes me indisposed to be confident— I content myself with being hopeful. Walk, and paid visits to M Gutierrez, Mr Kingsland and Mr Bates. Saw only the last who is steadily improving. Quiet dinner at home. In the evening with all the family but Henry to a reception at Lady Henniker’s. The crowd far beyond the capacity of the house. The greatest pressure up the stairs, I ever saw here. We escaped by means of a dark and narrow back stair case.

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This was a broken day, as it always the case with those in which we have duties at court. We attended the last Drawing room of the season, and not improbably the last in my term of service. We had to present Colonel and Mrs Aspinwall, Miss Wilson, the niece of the Secretary, and Miss Viall, a young lady from Rhode Island. The beauty of Mr Aspinwall elicited much remark. There is a prevailing impression here respecting the superiority of American women in this respect, which perhaps contributes to the prevailing dislike of us in the higher classes. Certainly the display on the present occasion was by no means favorable to the English, for I scarcely saw a tolerable specimen. The Prince shook hands with me, as usual. We were detained only an hour. On my return I found visitors, Mr T G Appleton and Mr Kingsland. Quiet walk afterwards to Primrose hill. In the evening to a concert at Countess Bernstorff's. A brilliant spectacle of ladies seated, and gentlemen standing, subject to the customary accompaniment of buzzing conversation in the entry. Under these difficulties musical parties in private houses are a farce. There was also a general restlessness caused by the frequent exit of people going elsewhere. Whilst I was standing, doing my best to listen I accidentally overheard a person behind me say to his neighbor in a tone of satisfaction that the American news just received was to the effect that "General Grant had made an attack on Lee's whole line and had been beaten, and that the other man, Sherman, had been beaten with a loss of seven thousand men." This turned out not to be true. I might to be sufficiently used to such stories to pay little heed to them. But in just such a situation where no means are at hand to verify the report, and when it is impossible to maintain that they may not be correct, the annoyance of the situation in the midst of people perceptibly exulting in your supposed calamity is considerable. Externally however I went on, as if nothing had happened. When we reached the last but one of the pieces in the first part, Mrs Adams who was sitting far in the front gave the sign to move and we took our leave. The three ladies then went to a ball at Miss Coutts's. I drove home, and at once o'clock, went to bed. My son Henry being in the vein of party going, undertook the labor of visiting five places during the evening, and executed it. Such is London Society!
49 Wednesday 15th London CFA AM
The morning papers certain the accounts from America, which instead of being unfavorable, so far as they go indicate a most steady perseverance in the movement of the two great armies. So my anonymous friend in his remarks last night only showed his teeth. I went into the City to visit the Barings on one of my customary errands. In coming home fell into a heavy shower from which I sought protection in a shop. Spent an hour or two of leisure in pursuing numismatics. Then a walk, in the course of which I stepped in to a Jeweller’s, and purchased some diamonds for Mrs Adams. With Mrs Adams I went to dine with Mr and Mrs Pender. Of the company I knew only Sir Emerson, Lady and Miss Tennent. I caught also the names of Lord Morley and his Wife, son and daughter. Rather dull. Mr Pender is a wealthy, self made merchant, who is ambitious of shining in society. He had succeeded in getting into Parliament, and now he is establishing a house. He has just purchased the late Mr Edward Ellice’s. Just as I was going downstairs one of the gentlemen whose name was unknown to me came forward and expressed his great desire to acknowledge the effects I had made to keep the peace between the two countries. I thanked him for his great civility, and we returned home.

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49 Thursday 16th London CFA AM
A rather quiet day devoted to the preparation of Despatches. I likewise had visits from Mr George D Phelps who brought me strong letters, Mr Forbes from India, Mr Beehwith and Mr Sanford. The latter has just arrived from America, and brings the latest accounts. They are encouraging. I had previously been reading the files of newspapers. But even the best is said. What an awful scourge is war, and how mad are men to engage in it! Yet the more I see of the Southern character, the more I am convinced that it must be humbled to ensure us any safety for the future. The domineering spirit of the slave master glares out from every loophole. The pressure upon him never was so intense as at present. In the evening I went above to Mrs Moffat’s where was a meeting of the Society of the Fine Arts, and an exhibition of silver and china curious works. rather interesting. Walked him in the bright moonlight.50
Wrote my private letters remembering this anniversary, and hopeful that it may again be noted for a step in advance to the full establishment of free Institutions in America. In other respects it was an extraordinarily quiet day, leaving nothing to record. A long walk and an evening at home.
50 Saturday 18th London CFA AM
After making up the arrears of the week I fixed upon this leisure day to execute a duty perhaps too long deferred, that of paying a visit of respect to the old Queen and the other members of the royal exiled family at Claremont. My son Henry accompanied me. We went to the Station of the South Western Railway, and thence to Esher. Here we tried a vehicle and drove to Claremont, which looked pleasant in the summer’s day, and in profound repose somewhat contrasted with the bustling of a few weeks since. I left my name with all the family, seeing only the Prince de Joinville, who talked with as much interest of our affairs as ever. Then back to Esher where we waited for a train forty five minutes over due. This brought us back to London so late, that on my way home I thought I could do no better with my remnant of the day than to stop in and make my annual review of the pictures in the National Gallery. There are a few new ones of the early schools. But the old ones I see with increased delight. I wonder that I do not visit them more. What a contrast with the feeble mannerism of the neighboring royal academy. I speak however only of the master pieces. There is much trash here as in every gallery. In the evening, all to a reception at Lady Palmerston’s. Most of the talk about the narrow escape of the Ministry on a division in the commons last night. They can trust only in their luck to get through. The America news parading a great defeat of General Grant made less sensation. As usual this magnified the truth, which only amounted to a failure of an assault on Lee’s lines. I asked Count Wachtmeister how they went on at the conference today. His answer was "very bad." How I was to construe this remained the question. The impression grows stronger that nothing will be done, and Great Britain will drift into war. It may be so, but I still doubt.51

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51 Sunday 19th London CFA AM
To Church in the City, where I drifted into what proved to be St Botolph’s. Aldersgate. This was not one of the many edifices which suffered in the fire, but it subsequently became so dilapidated, that in 1790 it was rebuilt. The exterior is nothing, but inside it has a cheerful and rather elegant look. The galleries are hardly elevated enough from the level of the pews and on one side there is no light, and which clearly marks the absence of Sir Christopher. From the gallery to the ceiling spring Corinthian columns which support an arched ceiling quite tastefully decorated. At the east end in a semicircular opening for the altar, ever which are three windows of stained glass. The centre represents the agony in the garden, in a manner which aided by sunlight is very effective. Windows in the form of a part of an ellipse are let into the arch of the ceiling, so that there is light enough, if properly dispersed. The attendance fair. The sermon an occasional one, arising from the Bishop of London’s letter soliciting the aid of all the Churches to his grand plan of raising a hundred thousand pounds annually for ten years to build more Churches for the poor of London. It was simple, clear and judicious. I could not help thinking however that at least thirty of the endowments within the city which at present provide buildings that have no worshippers, could with proper energy be made to supply a large part of this want. The English fixedness to old ways is the only obstacle. There were however banns of marriage for two couples read out here today. After luncheon, drove out with Henry, Mary and Miss Dayton to Kew Gardens, which are looking very attractive just now. It is a great place of popular resort on Sunday. We wandered about the grounds for two hours, getting back just before dinner. I found a telegram from Mr Dayont awaiting me, which announced that the Steamer Kearsarge had this morning destroyed the Alabama in an action off Cherburg, lasting an hour and a half. This incident will have a moral effect far out of proportion to its intrinsic importance. I trust it removes one cause of cumulative difficulty with this country. We had to dinner Messr Sanford, Beckwith and Kingsland, Mrs Bishop, Mr Wilson and his niece Miss Wilson and Mr Charles Hales. Also Miss Cushman and others in the evening. All of them delighted with the news.

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Sunday 19th
19 June 1864

Monday 20th London CFA AM
The mail from America brought interesting letters. One from Charles which is very cheering. Although the struggle at Richmond is severe, I do not yet see cause why it should not in the end be successful. The newspapers however contain details of slaughter which is very sad. How much longer is it to go on? I had visits from Mr Sanford and Mr Charles Hales as well as some others. The excitement about the naval battle of yesterday is considerable. The pirate was no match for our vessel in gunnery. But the sympathy here is enlisted for the rogue and not the honest party. Miss Dayton left us today, to our regret. Mrs Adams and I dined with Mr Thomas Baring. Lord and Lady Grey, Lord and Lady Cranworth, Sir Edmund and Lady Head, Mr and Mrs Bingham Mildmay and Sir William Alexander made the company. The house and entertainment are the most attractive in London. The gallery contains many fascinating pictures. Afterwards with the children to Lady Lyveden’s, and afterwards to Miss Coutts’s. I enquired both of Mr Hayward and Mr Bille as to the prospects of the Conference, in its last meeting on Wednesday. Both declared it far from bright. The Prussians elated by success went the sympathy of the Queen. I still think they will not persevere.
52 Tuesday 21st London CFA AM
Rather a quiet day. I prepared letters to Captain Winslow to congratulate him upon his success, and to Mr Seward to report the intelligence. The newspapers are now full of it, but all of them deceiving their information from rebel sources. It is amusing to notice the development made of the temper here. Although the precedent of this vessel’s course is one of the most dangerous possible to this people, yet they overlook it all in their mortification at our success. Some day, they may have occasion to repent at leisure. There is some talk of elevating Captain Semmes into a hero. The effect such a proceeding will have in America may be imagined. I wish the war were ended, before this mutual invitation gets beyond control.

Took my regular walk, stopping at the Bath Hotel to see Mr Watts, a Philadelphia gentleman who is there. A visit from Lady Howard de Walden about signals at sea. She appears to be an inventor. I promised to consider her ease. Evening quiet at home.53
53 Wednesday 22d. London CFA AM
The morning broken up by the necessity of attending the last levee of the season, which was held by the Prince of Wales. Much as usual. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge shook hands with me. I presented Mr Charles Hale. The attendance of distinguished people rather small. I noticed the same industry and absorption among the members of the Corps Diplomatique with Lords Russell and Clarendon which has been visible on these occasions since the conference met. It is understood that they reassemble at three o'clock, in order to arrive at some final conclusion. Returned home in half an hour. Then a walk to Wood’s Hotel. Furnival’s Inn to pay a visit to Messr Phelps and Bellows. I had today visits from Messr Williams from Boston Quiet evening at home.
The morning newspapers announced that the conference yesterday discovered that nothing come of it. As the Times contained an intimation that the Ministers might explain matters, I decided, after the customary preparation of Despatches was over, to go to the House of Commons to hear any debate that might follow. On entering I found the body of the House densely packed with members, who had overflowed into the gallery reinforced by many Lords. I had difficulty in finding a seat until Lord Stanhope made room for me. The interest was great. But after passing through several minor matters, it turned out that in answer to a question from Mr D'Israeli, Lord Palmerston stated that the Conference would meet once more tomorrow. It would not therefore be until Monday that he in this House and Lord Russell in the other would be prepared to lay the papers before them, and make a statement. So my expedition was lost.

After an early dinner, all the family got ready and drove to Strawberry Hill to a ball given to Lady Waldegrave. This relic of Horace Walpole is now in the hands of the daughter of a Jewish Opera singer. Such are the vicissitudes in life even in aristocratic hotbeds. Walpole made it an anomalous architectural museum. It has now been so altered and amended and cleared of its curiosities as to be more attractive to the youthful than to elderly people. There was a display of coloured lights on the lawns and in the bushes, and much elegance in the interior. A large collection of guests considering the distance. I knew but few however. Some questions to me about the Kearsarge, and a little conversation about the Danish matter. The latter is absorbing every thing else. Intimations that Mr Gladstone will resign in case a war policy should be adopted. The situation is certainly critical. We did not get home until three o'clock.
54 Friday 24th London CFA AM
Finished up my private letters rather sooner than common. I have now received from Captain Winslow, his account of the action of Sunday. It certainly indicates a formed purpose on the part of the owner of the Yacht Deerhound to aid and abet the escape of Semmes and the rest of his crew, after they had surrendered themselves and their ship. This strong tendency of the English to intermeddle with us is going on to show itself more and more. Were it not for the European complications I should fear it might before long bring on a war. I have no desire to contribute to such a result. But it appears to me that some warming must be given to this government, if for no other reason, to foreclose the argument for doing nothing in season for the want of it. Of course I can go no farther than to make a representation, and wait special instructions. After mature reflection, I have concluded to write a note to Lord Russell, to send tomorrow. Evening, all of us to a ball at the Duke of Devonshire’s, given to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Very brilliant. The house is more gorgeously ornamented in the Walls and ceilings than any I know, but it is defective in the arrangement. There is no common point of entrance to the respective great rooms. I had a brief talk with the Duke, for the first time. I enquired for his son Frederick, the lately married. He said he had only passed through town to go to the continent for a few weeks. He had hesitated on account of the possibility of a dissolution. But in that event, he could be quickly recalled by telegraph. He is to run for Parliament for one of the ridings in Yorkshire. From this it is very plain that such an event is thought likely. Afterwards I met Arthur Russell. He said55 that matters looked badly. Bu the Ministry would not propose any war policy. If they should, at least forty or fifty of their side would leave them. On the other hand, if they adhered to a moderate course, although in argument the opposition would carry every thing before them, they might be sustained in the vote by a majority of eight or ten. Such is the best England can do in a moment of crisis! This is a mere continuance of the same cause of drivelling feebleness which has brought Denmark to the condition she now is in. The lesson of the division of Poland seems to have been utterly lost to this generation of imbeciles. It is perhaps as well for us, however, that these counsels should prevail. Mr Russell also said that there was to be an assemblage of the opposition at Lord Salisbury’s on Tuesday to consult upon their action. In point of fact Lord Derby feels his own incapacity to take the reins of government, and very discreetly discourteously exertion. We did not get home until after two o’clock. I noted the absence of most of the German members of the Diplomatic corps. This is Brooks’s birth day. 16.
55 Saturday 25th London CFA AM
Drew up my note to Lord Russell and then went to the City for the purpose of seeing Mr Morse and drawing some money. The former was ill at home so that I could not accomplish any errand. Walked back by way of Sotheby’s auction rooms for the purpose of examining a collection of English coins to be sold next week. They are well worthy of examination, as no expense seems to have been spared in obtaining them. Here is the gold penny of Henry the 3d, the Quarter florin of Edward 3d, the Oxford Crown of Charles 1st and the petition and reddite crowns of Charles 2d. All these are wholly outside of the limit of my ambition, but I was glad to be able to say that I had seen and handled such rarities. The whole collection furnishes an example of the fastidious taste of the wealthy English in selections. There is hardly a coin that is not fine—and very few that are not rare. Without expecting to buy much myself in the competition which I foresee, it much improves my acquaintance with the whole subject to inspect such collections. Got home at five o’clock.56 Went out to dinner at Mr Moffat’s. The company so far as I knew it consisted of Baron Bentinck, the Netherland Minister, Mr and Mrs Goschen, Col’ Seymour, Mr and Mrs Milner Gibson. Nothing beyond the ordinary. From thence to the Dean of Westminster’s. Mr Stanley. A small company. I questioned Lord Houghton about the state of things. He seemed to think there would be no war policy, and the cabinet would be sustained. I infer the adoptive of half way measures that will satisfy nobody.

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56 Sunday 26th London CFA AM
Went with Brooks who is at home this Sunday to the city to church. It was this time to St Mary, Aldermary. One of Sir Christopher's, but not in his favorite style. He never fancied the Gothic fully enough to master its details. He was compelled in this instance to follow the will of the person who contributed the funds for the erection. His passion for light is wholly at war with that style. He had it here evidently on three sides. But a late renovation has made many changes, and especially blocked up all of one side, and substituting coves in the ceiling over that aisle, with glass. It is a spacious and handsome interior, the ceiling unsupported by thin columns four together, and the pointed arch. The walls are panneled with oak for eight feet and there is some carving on the pulpit and pews. We said in the comfortable old square pew to the desk The person officiating looked young. His sermon below the average, and so short that we got to my house by railway as soon as the people got out from the neighboring Church. Quiet afternoon. The bag came towards seven o'clock, with several letters from Charles, which are highly interesting. He has much faith in General Grant. The accounts however leave him in a very critical movements, for the issue of which I am somewhat anxious. If Lee does not take advantage of it for a desperate blow to save himself, I shall infer that his forces are running down in numbers too fast too risk it. We were quiet at dinner, but in the evening, we had Mr and Mrs Bates, Mr Somerby and Mr Parkes. The latter quiet as intolerable as usual. He is one type of the Englishman which likes to say illrelishing things. Another is the bully, which he is not. Mr Pruyn also came in.

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57 Monday 27th London CFA AM

The mail and newspapers came in, which somewhat occupied us. At noon I went down to attend the coin sale of Captain Murchison. The usual set of dealers, with the addition of two or three gentlemen who made a great difference in operations. The gold penny of Henry the 3d brought a hundred and forty pounds, and the quarter florin of Edward the 3d, one hundred and seventy pounds. It strikes me that this is making a mere fancy of numismatics. The truth is that a number of wealthy people with much leisure here compete with each other to see which shall have the rarest and the most beautiful specimens. I purchased a few of the commoner lots, which evidently stirred the temper of one of these gentlemen, who not knowing me wondered who Mr Adams was that laid the cheap ones. They did not seem to me relatively cheap, to other sales that I have attended. This is however a wonderful English series, and I should be glad to buy more, were the times propitious. We dined at Lord and Lady Wensleydale’s. Company the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Lord and Lady, Dufferin, Lord and Lady Allwyn Compton, Mr and Mrs Lawther, Mr Trevelyan, Mr Charles Howard and his son George, and one more whom I did not know. Rather lively. The announcement was made of the engagement of Mr George who is not yet of age, to the youngest daughter of Lady Stanley of Alderley. She and her daughters came in after dinner. We left this early to attend a reception at the Archbishop of Canterbury’s at Lambeth. A great crowd, but I knew only four persons. From here we went to a ball at the Admiralty, where there was a likewise a crowd. As Mary was unwell with a cold and remained at home, we got away by midnight. The ministers have made their exposition in Parliament, and the issue is to do nothing. There is a delay in the debate. But the feeling of mortification at the situation in which Great Britain has been placed is very general. A Ministry of good intentions, which interferes to give advice, now and then coaxing, or threatening, but never ready to act brings us back to the days of Henry Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle.58

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58 Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
After despatching a couple of letters to Mr Seward for an extra bag to go today for the Etna, I attended the second day’s sale of Murchison’s coins. They appeared to me to average higher than yesterday, taking out the two heaviest cases as exceptional. I bought but little. The competition seemed to rise beyond the dealers, several of whom gave up attendance. The sale continues three days longer, but I cannot pursue it. It takes up too much of my time. On these two first of the week I can spare it. Mrs Adams and I dined with Mr and Mrs Reeve. Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady Wensleydale, Lord Kingsdown, Mr and Mrs Fronde, Madame Mobel, Sir Lawrence Peel and one or two more. Rather pleasant. No conversation upon politics. Things are in too critical a state to permit of free talk before foreigners. The government is not stronger for the display of its hand. Perpetual negation will not do in times of trouble. Lord Russell’s allusion to the danger of a misunderstanding with America as an argument for peace is felt more than it is relished. A few days will now decide what is to come. No evening party, so we returned home.
Made up the details of my correspondence today. The number of notes called for my enquiries of every kind is always rather oppressive, although I devolve a great portion upon my son, or the second Secretary, Mr Moran. A short time of leisure I was given to numismatics when I suddenly recollected that a meeting of the Peabody Trustees was to be held at four o’clock. I got to Sir Emerson Tennent’s Office at the board of Trade just in season. The object was to open the proposals for the new buildings at Islington. This was done, and the lowest was accepted, after which the contract was signed as well as the sheets of the plans. All present but Mr Morgan, gone to America. This makes the second of the edifices and will absorb about one third of the duration. Home to leave the news from America, which places General Grant clear with his whole army on the south side of James River. There seems now to be some chance of his success. There is a rumor that Petersburg had been taken, but it looks unconfirmed. On my return I dressed early in my uniform to go and dine with Sir Roundell and Lady Laura Palmer. This arrangement had been made necessary by a change of the day fixed for the State Ball. Lady Palmer had sent out invitations when the ball had been appointed for the 27th. On its change she had the choice of losing her company or asking an earlier hour, and a condition that those going might be in uniform and thus ready to go at once to the ball. The company consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll Lady Richetts, Sir Robert Phillimore, Mr and Mrs Gladstone, Mr and Mrs Brand, Mr Waldegrave the brother of Lady Laura and his Wife, and a sister whose name I did not catch. There the brother of Lady Laura and his Wife, and a sister whose name I did not catch. There were others utterly unknown. As usual in such a case everything went wrong. Some of the party were detained in the House of Commons, and came an hour late. The party was likewise a little jumbled so that we were not at our ease. It was therefore a less pleasant occasion than when the lawyers abound. I left the table to go to the ball. Though much after the hour, the attendance was yet small. When the Princess came in, the crowd followed in the wake. The usual nods and smiles and curtsies. But the seats for the corps had been curtailed that all the men were compelled to stand. The pressure on the outside was so great that many of the ladies invaded the seats. As usual our business seemed to be to see the host and his relatives dance. This may do for once, but a repetition is slightly monotonous. We went into supper crowded up so much that it was with difficulty I saved myself from exclusion. On the return of the Court to the ball-room, we in common with nearly the whole corps took our leave. I can imagine nothing more uncomfortable for them than on occasion of this kind. The idea of trying to make a quest at home never seems to enter into the contemplation of an Englishman. He may come, but if he does, he must learn to shift for himself. I bore the matter with indifference, as I am supposing that it will be the last occasion upon which I shall be under the necessity of wearing my uniform, or attending upon royalty. The labor is tedious and fruitless at least to us republican, Not much
chance for politics. We got away after midnight, I rejoiced in getting home and to bed.
60 Thursday 30th London CFA AM
Not a laborious day. Having sent a couple of Despatches in the middle of the week little was left for the end. I had visits however from several persons. For young men from New York, and Professor J. P Cook from Cambridge. Also a Dr Fore from Cincinnati. who told me he had come originally from Kentucky. Sir Henry Holland likewise came in for a short time. He incidentally alluded to a letter from a Mr Weed mentioning that he had urged upon the President to place me in the Treasury, in lieu of Mr Chase. I had heard the same thing through a letter to Mr Parkes. I am guarded against this by many obstacles, the first of which I believe to be the President’s disinclination. I had no desire to remain here much longer—but I should prefer that to going to Washington in any capacity. Walk to return some visits, and thence into the park and Kensington gardens, which looked very charming. It is the finest spot in London—but the progress of population is taking from it the freshness which it must have had a century ago. Quiet evening at home.

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The preparation of my Quarterly accounts and of my letters to my sons absorbed my morning, so that I did not get out until quite late. The arrival of the Steamer from Boston does not confine the accounts of the capture of Petersburg, but on the contrary announces a failure to carry the inner line of intrenchments, attended with heavy loss. Such are the alternations of the campaign! Nevertheless the general result is steady gain of ground. The content for the possession of Richmond looks more in earnest than ever before. And though Lee defends himself well, it is the defence of intrenchments, which marks a decline of his confidence in his strength. Whilst I long for the end of the war, I see no occasion to change my opinion of its nature. Mrs Adams Mary and I dined with the Duke of Devonshire. The company consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, a sister of Lord Spencer, Lord and Lady Taunton, Lord Richard Grosvenor, which made up about all I knew. Lady Louisa Cavendish is a very modest, unassuming person who does the honors simply and without pretension. It was a little curious that Lord Hartington and Edward, the youngest son should dine out. For the first, I can readily account.
The Despatches letters and newspapers came this morning. A telegram from Mr Seward was announced yesterday, but it proved to contain nothing. This is the third instance of a very useless expense of this kind. My time very much taken up in closing up my private accounts for the year, but a trial balance— And as usual, I succeeded only in approximating a correct result. Only in one instance during many years did I ever have it exactly at once. But the smallest error gives as much trouble as the largest. Had a visit from Mr Wheeler, an officer of the Kearsarge, who gave me his account of the battle. He commanded one of the eleven inch guns which decided the matter so quickly he affirmed that Fulham came with his boat and surrendered, asking leave to go and pick up the men of the sinking vessel. But that instead of returning he filled his boat and made off to the Deerhound, where they all remained, and cut the boat adrift. The feeling towards the Commander Winslow, and the first Officer, Thornton, continues much as before. Mr W. told me that the Niagara and the Sacramento had both came into the channel. So that the prospect of attacking the Kearsarge again is rather dim. The boasted confederate navy is now reduced to a single rather indifferent gunboat. The ladies and I dined with Mr and Mrs Wirans. These are people from Baltimore, who by virtue of an exceedingly lucrative contract to build a railway for the Russian government have accumulated a large fortune, and live on the a great scale of expense. Although they have been here even before our arrival, this is the first time of their making any advance to us. A large company of whom I made out only a Mrs Duncan, Mr Lewis, member of Mary lebone, Mr Whistler and Mr Moran. The dinner was all that money could make it. It only wanted the case, simplicity and quiet which pervaded that of yesterday. It lasted until half past eleven, when we had as much as we could do to get to Lady Palmerston’s reception. It was not very large, but I found a member of people that I knew. All in suspense about the issue of the struggle in the commons next week. I find that the expectations of the ministry of a majority, which beginning at seven had gradually risen to twenty five have now suddenly fallen to two. The interest among them will be absorbing until the thing is settled.
Weather variable, with two or three heavy showers, hail and one clap of thunder. Henry accompanied me to Church in the city. We went to St Mary Wentworth, which is not me of Sir Christopher's plans. It was erected about a century and a half since by one of his scholars, Hawksmorr, and has been a subject of both praise and censure. It is called heavy and prison like, which in this situation it certainly does appear. But in an open green space and free from smoke and dirt I am apt to think that its fine proportions might redeem it. The interior is pretty and banish, if I may use the term to denote a very important attraction to social worship in a church. The scholar, however, neglected his master's great rule of light, for his sides are dead walls, and the windows are segments of a circle worked in under the central dome. This is supported by three corinthian columns placed at the angles of a square—a heavy gallery being brought forward to the line between them on three sides. The effect is on the whole pleasant, though architecturally the clubbing together of three large columns to do the work proper for one does not seem defensible. Not so did Sir Christopher do in his pretty interior of St Stephens, Wallbrook. The attendance very fair, and the singing above the average. The sermon rather below it. The rest of the day spent in quiet. I paid a visit to Mr Bates, who is not so well again. The disease is not removed. In the evening, only a single visitor.
Monday 4th London CFA AM

The fourth anniversary of this day passed in this country. It finds us yet plunged in difficulties consequent upon the attempt of a portion of our country to resist the progress of the principles, a declaration of which the world makes it memorable among men. Last year great steps were made in advance. May the people this year crown the work! I remained very quietly at home, engaged in the work left incomplete on Saturday. Perseverance crowned my labors at last. I have now the satisfaction to find myself retired from all the complications that ensued from the break out of the rebellion. My estate is clear of every incumbrance. The only difficulty now grows out of the depreciation of the currency which diminishes the resources that are transmitted from home in a very serious degree, and threatens worse. So long as the war shall last, there is no making any calculation at all. We dined early in order to make arrangements for a reception in the evening. All the Americans known to be in London were invited to come in. We had in fact about a hundred and thirty. There was a supper and some music from Miss Reed and Mr Dempster—The house was not cleared until long after midnight. I think this much the best way of celebrating the day in this country. A public dinner and high flown speeches, reported in the newspapers, far upon the sensitive nature of John Bull, who never has, and never will entirely forgive our success in setting up for ourselves against his authority.

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A rather quiet morning devoted to the completion of my customary annual settlement of my books. One curious result, I notice, which is the almost uniform similarity of the expenditure for my establishment during the three years since I have been established in London. It regularly exceeds my salary in the sum of about five thousand dollars. A visit from young Mr G. Bancroft who came to tell me a painful story of his difference with his father, the historian, and his desire to try and go home with his family to be reconciled. He married in France and lived there much against his father’s will, but so far as I have leavened, his life and character have been blameless. His object was to ask me to lend him the necessary funds for his passage. He has a property from his mother, barely sufficient I fancy for his support. Feeling much sympathy for him I gave him a note to Mr Sturgis, stating his case and agreeing to guaranty any advance. The state of my own account would not warrant my doing it myself. Drove out in the carriage and returned several visits, after which I walked to the House of Commons, to listen to the debate now going on upon the motion of want of confidence. It opened yesterday with a direct issue between Messr D’Israeli and Gladstone—which was followed by telling speeches from General Peel and Lord Stanley. I found Mr Cobden speaking in his forcible, impressive way, evidently holding the attention of a crowded house. He was followed by Mr Forster. These are what are called independent members. In other words, they exercise the privilege of freely condemning the ministers whilst, they do not disguise their determination to adhere to them as against the other side. Lord Robert Cecil and Mr Liddel followed in opposition, which cleared the house for dinner. Lord Harry Vane and Mr Whalley spoke to empty benches. Then came the reflux when Mr Roebuck and Mr Horseman and more independent speeches. After which Mr Seymour Fitzgerald replied for the opposition. Throughout this exhibition one thing was apparent There was no real question at stake. The only thing which could have given grandeur to the conflict was absent. The issue of peace of war. Mr Cobden affirmed that there were not five members of the House who would advocate the latter, and nobody ventured to doubt it. Thus it happened that from a true battle field this became only a gladiatorial show. No mercy was given to the Ministry on any side. The tone of condemnation was vehement and general. Yet I inferred that in the end they would be sustained by a majority however narrow. The base of the opposition is too negative to furnish the confidence that assures success. Mr Cobden and Mr Forster both though the Ministry would escape, but by a very small preponderance. The former told me that Lord Palmerston and a majority had, down to the Saturday closing the conference, very decidedly favored sending a fleet to the Baltic, and a considerable force. To that end the usual manipulation of the press had been made. Thus every body outside had been prepare to hear of war excepting the members of the House, who had convinced themselves that among the body of their constituents no such idea would be accepted. Hence when Mr Brand, the whipper in came to sound the opinion of the ministerialists, eh found it
such as to make it necessary at once to apprize the ministry that nothing could be done in that way. Hence the change of policy and the general abandonment of Denmark on both sides. The probability was now that the Cabinet would be saved. There was still some recalcitrance among a few, but they were holding out only to secure their favorite personal objects. Perhaps a peerage, or office, or something of that kind. At the same time, the debate itself would be so very damaging, that a dissolution could scarcely be avoided sooner or later. It seems to me as if this must be the end of the immediate contest, whichever way it may turn. But after that is over, I can scarcely understand how Lord Russell can remain in Office with credit or honor. Not a vice has yet been lifted in his defence. One singular feature of the debate is the cautious avoidance of every allusion to America. The only instance was by Mr Liddell, of the tory side, and was not uncomplimentary. For it attributed to Mr Seward's straightforward declarations of the American policy, the only case of faithful adherence by Lord Russell to the true idea of nonintervention. I walked home at a quarter past twelve.
65 Wednesday 6th London CFA AM
There is an interval of quiet just now which leaves some time on my hands in the early part of the week. The telegraphic intelligence from America looked unfavorable but the newspapers which came quickly to hand modified its effect. At the same time it is clear that the next Steamer is likely to bring important results. General Grant is developing his plans in a manner to force an issue. I devoted a little while to my Catalogue of English coins, which is gradually approaching completion. Afterward a long walk, executing some commissions on my way. In the evening at a reception at Lady Belper’s. Found many people whom I knew, and had some talk about public affairs. The impression seemed to be that the government had suffered in last night’s debate, and the majority if any, would be insignificant. My present notion is that a dissolution is inevitable. It might be better for us that it should be put off another year. But in the present state of opinion, and in the face of continental embarrassments perhaps it may make little difference.

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Wednesday 6th
6 July 1864

Quiet day, devoted in part to my coin catalogue. There were visitors however who absorbed a
great deal of time. I likewise made up the details of my account books for the last financial
year. In regard to young Mr Bancroft, who came to tell me his painful private history and to ask
of me some little assistance, I got a note from Mr Sturgis saying that he had been
accommodated. Quiet walk and evening— The temperature was so soft that after driving in the
carriage with Mrs Adams to pay some visits, I got out and walked over Westminster Bridge and
back by the Waterloo. I observed the progress of the embankment on the north side. It is a
great work, and the wonder is that it had not been thought of long ago. The river is becoming so
much of a nuisance in the summer season that it is expedient on all accounts to keep the
banks well covered and under the operation of strong currents. On my return I was attracted to
a crowd in the Strand who were looking at the ruins of the Savoy Chapel which had just been
consumed by fire. I attended service there two or more years ago. Fires are very destructive in
this place.

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The Scotia was reported this morning, and a telegraph from Mr Kuhn at Queenstown saying that they had reached that place all well. Thank God for this mercy, Her illness, and suffering when at sea had made us anxious. The public news indicates no progress. The rebel forces stand at bay in their last strongholds. The most serious evil in the rapid depreciation of paper.

My business was light and early finished for home. Went to the House of Commons to witness the close of the great struggle for power between the parties. This morning’s Times had calculated a probable majority of four for the ministry in a full count of all the members. I found the chamber very much crowded, and listening with deep attention to Mr Bernal Osborne, who was making one of the independent kind of speeches, more or less reflecting the peculiar caprices of the individual, instead of looking at great purposes. The hits were neat and telling, especially in regard to the delineation of party combinations, but they were evidently more sparks extinguished immediately. He was followed by Mr Whiteside with a good lawyer’s argument ad hominem. Then came four or five others in series without much force, during the interval of empty benches, and dinner. After the house filled the animation returned. Mr Spencer Walpole made what on the whole seemed to me the best matured address that I had heard. Then came Lord Palmerston to a densely packed auditory. He is not a good speaker. His manner is hesitating, his logic defective, his philosophy frivolous, and yet he seems to possess much of that peculiar gift which Burke has so happily ascribed to Charles Townshend, that of hitting the House between wind and water. His mind is typical of John Bull. Hence the only real source of his power as a public man. I never listen to him without a feeling a little akin to contempt, and yet I cannot doubt that he makes the only real leader now to be found in English politics. He spoke manifestly with some labour, and when he finished he was escorted into the lobby, as if somewhat exhausted. Mr D’Israeli briefly replied to some of the attacks that had been made upon him during the four nights, and closed the discussion. The division followed. According to custom, we were all cleared out of the galleries, and I did not return to hear the announcement in form. The Ministry preponderated by a vote of 313 to 295, an eighteen majority. Had the scale turned the other way, the scene would have been worth staying to see. The effect of so large a vote will probably be to tide the Cabinet over another year, with substantially the same negative policy it has heretofore adhered to. An opposition will not overcome it, so long as it shall have nothing better to hold out to the people. Lord Palmerston may die a minister if he likes. This whole affair amounted to nothing more than a gladiatorial show. The one side justifying themselves for having had no systematic policy in a case of flagrant wrong committed in despite of them— The other affecting to condemn what is showed no inclination to remedy. Nothing could be more hollow and unsubstantial than this display. It was clear enough that all felt it so. I do not know how a result could be more favorable to our present situation in the United States. The only thing that was not attached in
the debate so far as the foreign policy is concerned was that respecting America. It is therefore altogether likely that whilst I remain, I shall be able to maintain the same footing with the Ministry that I have already gained, and that without much trouble. Home at about 3. o’clock.
68 Saturday 9th London CFA AM

A broken, uncomfortable kind of day. The newspapers and despatches not entirely satisfactory without at the same time being absolutely discouraging. A letter from Charles of the 19th and 20th of last month indicating some fatigue and over exertion by General Grant. I am now inclined to believe the attack must go into length. Visits from one or two persons, and several notes written in arrears. Afterward a walk with Brooks who came home from school. We had to dinner today Lord and Lady Belper and Miss Strutt, Mr and Mrs Peel, Sir Robert and Lady Collier and Miss Collier, Mr Mrs and Miss Story, Sir John and Miss Shaw-Lefevre, Mr and Mrs Sheridan, Baron Bentinck, Mr Laugel, and Mr Mather. In the midst of dinner, Mr and Mrs Kuhn arrived from Liverpool, though I did not see them until the company left the table. As Lady Palmerston had a reception, I went with my son Henry. A great crowd, full of congratulations. His Lordship received mine with complacency, but I could easily see the lady to be the most elated. The result was certainly unexpected. It seems to have been owing to a defection of seven of the opposition who voted for ministers, and to the absence of others neutralized by the supposed interference of the Pope with the Irish Catholics, eighteen of whom when over to the opposition. This defection was however less extensive than was at one time anticipated I learn that under this charged aspect of affairs there will be no dissolution this year—perhaps none until October of next year when the Parliament itself will be nearly at its end. Palmerston himself will scarcely run farther, at least as a premier.
68 Sunday 10th London CFA AM
A summer’s day. We were quite lively at home with the addition of another member of the family. Louisa still bears the marks in her countenance of her severe illness. But her health appears to be coming back steadily. She is as impetuous and mercurial as ever. Went to church in the city, accompanied by my son Brooks. This time it was at St Mildred’s in the Poultry. This is another of Sir Christopher’s designs, of the simplest kind. The Walls are plain, from which the roof rises in a curve, to a quadrangular centre somewhat ornamented. On the westerly end are two Ionic columns sustaining the angles of the roof, the effect of which is broken by the advance of the gallery and organ. The pulpits, pews and sides made of oak, some portion of the first, carved. These are placed on either side of the great east window and altar, against the wall. Abundance of light on the north and east. The effect was not however at all genial or homish. This was not improved by the fact of the presence of only ten worshippers including ourselves. The service as usual. The Sermon upon the much discussed point of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, the present crux of the Established Church. After dinner, with Mr Kuhn and Mary to the Zoological gardens. We had to dine with us Mrs Wadsworth and Miss Austin—and in the evening Mrs Rithcie, and Miss Motley— Also two gentlemen, who had been passengers in the Scotia Mess Barbey and Tailer. Mr Wood who returns to Copenhagen and Mr Edge. They did not leave until quite late.
Warmish day. Very quiet at home, with some leisure on my hands which I spent on my Catalogue of coins. This gives me a familiarity with the whole of English numismatics I have never had before. They are very interesting. One visit today, which was a singular one. A card was sent who after a course of treachery at Washington, has come out here, and published an account of it which carries it over evidence of justification of the treatment by the government of which he complains. I learn that she is much received and befriended by the bitter enemies of the government here. Under these circumstances an application to me rather excited my surprise. It turned out that she had volunteered to solicit my interposition with Captain Winslow in favor of one of the officers of the Alabama who had been taken prisoner in the action. His name was Wilson, and he was desirous of going home on his parole. Captain Winslow had permitted him to come here with an engagement to return to him tonight. He had however given him reason to suppose that a line from me would be decisive. Mrs Greenhow then enlarged upon the manner in which Semmes had conducted himself under similar circumstances, and intimated that the liberality would be felt and appreciated. I replied by enquiring why the young man had not come in person. I had been already apprized of his case by Mr Smith, an officer of the Kearsarge, and had supposed he would apply. I could exercise no authority over Captain Winslow. All that I could do at best would be to write my opinion of the case—and even that I could not do without some means of judgment founded on communication with the individual interested. Mrs Greenhow said she had not seen him and did not know precisely where he was; but she would endeavor to let him know my desire. I thought I perceived a little inclination to extend the conversation, but I gave no encouragement to it, so that she rose to leave. I then enquired about the health of her daughter. Mrs Morse, who has come out with quite strong letters to me, as being the Wife of a loyal Officer, and as having been sent for change of air, because threatened with consumption. She showed a little emotion at this and replied that her condition was very alarming. At which I expressed much concern. Thus ended the Conference. I believe this to be the first instance in which any individual marked in the advocacy of the rebellion has ever volunteered communication with me, in person. This woman was in such low esteem at Washington, before the war, that it was a serious question with Mrs Adams whether we should accept an invitation from her to dinner. A question only settled by consultation with Mrs Judge Wayne, an authority in such matters, who decided for it on the ground that, not being residents, the act implied no continuance of social relations. Since then she has been treacherous, bitter and malignant to the last degree. Under such circumstances it seems the part of prudence to avoid her intervention. Considering what she was, it struck me that her manner was much subdued. But that may be owing to her daughter’s condition. She certainly conducted herself with great propriety. In the evening, a visit from young Dayton who came over to get a key to the cipher used with the
government. They could not find any in the Legation at Paris, and hence were puzzled about a Despatch. I went with my Wife and daughter to a ball at Lady Spencer’s. Not very large, and with a smaller proportion than usual of acquaintance. Nothing new. Home before two o’clock.71
Quiet day with so little to do that I made a good deal of progress in my Catalogue of coins. In consequence of my progress in purchases the labor becomes increased. A few more days of equal leisure will bring me up. Few interruptions. The season is drawing to its close with great rapidity. Yet my spirits do not rise so much as in former cases. The reason is undoubtedly my disappointment in the prospect of a termination of the war, and with it of my mission here. There was a telegraphic rumor today by a Steamer one day later, that Mr Chase had assigned. My daughter spoke of it as a rumor when she left, which was not credited. I have a very slight apprehension that this will stimulate Mr Weed’s industry to procure my nomination, which does not increase my liveliness. Long walk, and quiet evening at home. Mr Kuhn and Henry went to Walton to spend the night at Mount Felix.
A very pleasant day. The lull of all business is such that I have too much time to think of my private affairs. The condition of my daughter Louisa is by no means satisfactory to me, and my own is creating some anxiety by a return of symptoms of five or six years ago. Continued my work on the Catalogue. I had a visit from Mr Wilson, the person for whom Mrs Greenhow intruded. He is a stunt, dark complexioned, rather heavy looking young man, not unlike many of the Southern people. His story was soon told. He was out of health and spirits, anxious to go to America and ready to pledge himself not to serve against the United States, unless regularly exchanged. I asked him some questions about his conduct in the action which had been mentioned to me as honorable. He simply said that when in command of a boat containing some of the wounded, he had directed them to be taken to the Kearsarge, and not to the Deerhound. I said that Mr Smith and Mr Preble had spoken favorably to me of his deportment. I should not pretend to any authority over Captain Winslow—but I would write him a note to express my concurrence in any judgment which he might incline to adopt in the case. He took the note, thanked me for my attention, whatever the result might be, and went his way. I afterwards took a walk and called to see Mr and Mrs Butterworth at Edward’s Hotel. They brought a letter to me from Mr Everett, but I have been unable to do anything for them. In the evening, with Mr Kuhn to the gardens of the Horticultural Society, where was an assemblage to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales. The card was from the Duke of Buccleuch as President—But no arrangements had been made to receive the guests, so we wandered about in the crowd, finding few acquaintances, and these as much befogged as ourselves. The Duke received, without apparently knowing any body. The conservatory was lined with green plants climbing and turning around the pillars, but in no way reflecting the light of the gas jets from above. Presently the Prince and Princess came, making their way in the land formed for their passage along the central way, until they ascended a flight of steps and disappeared. It was by this time a quarter after eleven, and we were bound to join the ladies at Lady Wensleydale’s before midnight. The carriage was however so much delayed that we got there precisely as every body was leaving. So the whole affair was eminently unsatisfactory. With the exception of Lord Granville’s fête for the Prince, I have never known one of these occasions which was tolerable. This however from the entire absence of attention was the worst of all.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
The preparation of my Despatches was not a work of much labour this week. Indeed at present there is quiet between the two governments. It is long since I have been compelled to be argumentative. There came a singular rumor from the island of Jersey, of an action between the Steamers Kearsarge and the Florida, fought yesterday, in which the former was disabled. Of course there was subdued exultation in certain circles here. I happened to receive from Captain Winslow a letter written from Dow yesterday, which found at last that the story could not be true of that vessel. After the experience of the Alabama, it is scarcely likely that the Florida would venture on such a selume. Received a note from Mr Wilson, the Secretary of Legation, apprising me of his determination to resign his post. This opens a cause of some anxiety. Immediately I wrote to Mr Seward expressing my opinion as to the sort of selection to be made. I printed out Mr Moran as fit for promotion in one sense. But this would make the vacancy a still more serious question. My sons would not be benefited by any such situation. But if they do not desire it, where will be an eligible selection? I fear the taste of the President or of the Secretary. Happily we are approaching the close of our term, so that to me the matter may account to less than to my successor. Walk, stopping on my way to see two of Mr Story’s Statues on exhibition in Oxford Street. The Sappho and the Judith. The more I see of sculpture the less I rely upon my own taste. The first of these is an easy, rather flaring and graceful figure with a face not remarkable for beauty or power. The second has more or less of physical strain in the position, which will not in the long run gratify the spectator’s eye. The manipulation is good in both. There were bust of Sir Lancelot and Guinever which I rather liked. Quiet evening—a visit from Mr Taylor.
My letters were finished early. I had visits from three more of the captured Officers of the Alabama, encouraged by the parole granted to Mr Wilson, to come and ask the same as a favor of me. I signified to them distinctly that Captain Winslow must assume the entire responsibility in these cases. I had only expressed my readiness to concur in his judgment should he decide to favor Mr Wilson. I see that the Captain desires to shift the burden upon me, which will not do. In the afternoon I accompanied Mr Kuhn to the Parliament house. Our purpose was to visit the House of Commons, but finding it had adjourned for a recess, I took him into the House of Lords. We found Lord Houghton speaking on the late act of the Convocation in voting a condemnation of the book called Essays and reviews, a piece of ecclesiastical presumption instigated by the Bishop of Oxford, the head of the high church party. Lord Westbury followed in one of his smooth spoken, sharp cutting speeches, intimating in pretty broad terms that the convocation had incurred the hazard of penalties of the premunire. The archbishop Lengley defended himself by urging that they had previously asked the advice of the crown lawyers, and had been asked—after which they had consulted two other professional men who had given them a clear opinion in favor of the course that had been taken. The Bishop of London followed, regretting the embarrassment occasioned by the refusal of the crown to advise Convocation, and deprecating the policy that had been adopted as tending to widen rather than to heal difference in the church. This prelate is well known to be at the head of the broad and liberal section. Then came the Bishop of Oxford, who justified and defended himself and the censure of the convocation with much ingenuity, not failing to show his great indignation at the attack of the Lord Chancellor. Indeed his remarks went quite as far as the decorum of his position and the dignity of the body would permit. The Chancellor replied in a rather subdued manner, confining himself to the personal charges of misrepresentation made by the last speaker. Here the matter dropped and we went home. It is seldom in that body that so good an opportunity offers to hear a debate. The bench of Bishops contains many of the best speakers. The Bishop of Oxford is perhaps the first among them, though I have never seen any production of his that gives him the smallest claim to a durable reputation. Quiet evening.

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74 Saturday 16th London CFA AM

We had to breakfast this morning Mr and Mrs Cobden, Mr and Mrs J. C Bates, Mr Browning, making it with ourselves twelve at table. It was pleasant enough, but absorbed so much time that I found myself hurried for the rest of the day. The story of the seafight proves to be a canard, and our English friends must wait a little longer to heal their wounded pride. I had a visit from Baron Gerolt, who has just arrived from Washington. He professes to think the struggle practically decided. On the other hand, the Africa brings accounts of the appearance of Early’s division at Harper’s ferry, threatening a raid into Pennsylvania, and something of a panic in consequence. We must wait to learn how far this may prove successful as a diversion. The other news is favorable—for General Sherman has pressed his opponent back from his intrenchments over the Chattahoochie, and will now be soon on his line to Atalanta Whilst General Grant appears to be steadily executing his plan of insulating Richmond by destroying all its railway communications with the south. My examination of the America files confirms my confidence in our power to persevere. General Grant is not the man who wants the will to do so. In the afternoon I walked down to look at another collection of the coins of General Drummond, being the closing sale of the season. It was so late however that I could go over only a portion of it. Whilst there, my attention was called to an array of books to be sold among which for the first time, perfect copies were shown to me of the first three folio editions of Shakespeare’s plays. Also the first edition of the poem of Tarqueira and Lucrece in duodecimo. These are rarities which will bring enormous prices from the wealthy competitors of this country. Quiet evening at home.

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75 Sunday 17th London CFA AM

Just as I was making ready to go to Church the Despatch bag came and the contents had me busy until too late to go. The general tenor is encouraging, though there is always enough of mixture of either fortune in the details to continue the anxiety. The appointment of Mr Fessenden to the Treasury is on the whole an advantage. He will have a difficult task, but he has an advantage in his previous familiarity with the subjects through his position in the Senate which may smooth his road for him. After luncheon, I drove with Mrs Adams, Mr Kuhn and Louisa to Pembroke Lodge, to visit Lord and Lady Russell. Many persons there. Lady Russell intimated that she had been wondering at our long absence. They were kind and pleasant as usual. Lord Russell mentioned the receipt of a despatch from Lord Lyons speaking of the report of two French Officers who had just come from a visit of examination of the Army of the Potomac and who were surprised at its fine condition after so much of rough service. This was evidently in kindness. Baron Brunnow was there, as also Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Lord and Lady Dufferia, and many young gentlemen. He took tea and returned, but on our way a light shunt overtook us, which rendered it necessary to stop at a public house on the way, and change our arrangements. The carriage has full protection for two persons, so Mrs Adams and Louisa after the night of the shower was over went on. We drove to the Barnes Station in a huid carriage and home by railways. In the evening visits from Mr Parkes and Mr Tailer.

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A recurrence of a sharp attack of rheumatism like that in January made me very uncomfortable all day. The American letters likewise brought intelligence of the death of my Wife’s sister Mrs Frothingham, which though not unexpected, gave me a sad feeling. She has always been one of our nearest and best friends, and her loss at our time of life can never be replaced. Her illness began just as we were about to leave America. When she came here on her way to Madeira I scarcely imagined she would hold out so long. Yet on the announcement I still felt rather surprised. Old Mr Quincy too has at last left us. A man of blameless life and useful energy in his sphere. I shall feel his absence too should I return to Quincy. The day was passed quietly—I went to Sotheby’s and examined the remainder of the coins of General Drummond. Quiet evening.
76 Tuesday 19th London CFA AM

A very sultry day. At an early hour I went to the city to get some money at the house of the Barings, and from thence to the sale of the Drummond collection of coins. The usual presence of dealers, with Mr Addington, who did not bid at all. This simple fact had a great effect on the sale—so that many of the same coins sold at Murchison’s, went for much less money. The heat of the weather and the lateness of the season may have done something to the same result. Walk home rather fatigued and remained quiet, the rest of the evening. The late loss of Mrs Frothingham renders us all disinclined to frequent places of gaiety. My spirits all day rather depressed.
76 Wednesday 20th London CFA AM

The heat and draught continues. The effect is to make the grass as brown as it is with us in August, and the leaves are prematurely dropping from the trees. Abandoned the attempt further to attend the coin sale, though it may be the last opportunity I shall have during my stay here. A few orders I left with Mr Cart. Continued my work on my Catalogue, which is constantly extended by my new purchases. My English series has been very much enlarged during the present season and is now satisfactory. The American news today still helps us in a little anxiety about the extent of the expedition to Maryland. It is reported as having occupied Fredericktown, and being about to advance. The question of the effectiveness of the diversion remains yet unsettled. There are not many indications of panic. In other respects, the accounts are favorable. General Grant will soon make a demonstration, if not interfered with. General Lee has taken an enormous risk upon himself. Fortune may favour him again as she has several times before, but the chances are rather against him. Little or no business—and quiet evening.

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21 July 1864

77 Thursday 21st London CFA AM
The day was cooler, and there was a light shower towards night. My Despatches were not long nor numerous, so that I completed my work before luncheon. Went in the carriage with Mr Kuhn. Louisa and Henry to Argyll Lodge, at Campden Hill, to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess. Found only her, as the Duke was off to Osborn. Evening at home. A game of whist with the children.

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The private letters did not occupy much time. A visit from Captain Britton, who had not much to report. Went with Mr Kuhn to the House of Commons to hear Mr Cobden speak on a motion respecting the mode of obtaining military armaments and stores. Not more than sixty or seventy members present, and nobody in the gallery. What a contrast to my last visit. Mr Cobden spoke clearly and pointedly on a dry subject. He is the impersonation of the practical school of modern England. He argued his question in a purely commercial way. If that were the only sense in which nations might be expected to act with effect on great emergencies, perhaps he would be right. Our late experience however proves that they may at times be put to great straits by being compelled to depend suddenly on mere private enterprise. I was compelled to return early in order to meet at dinner Bishop McIlvaine and his son. He is now in Europe on a trip for the health of his daughter. He is as calm and benignant as ever. We await the next arrival with some uneasiness, as one day’s later news leaves the state of the raid into Maryland as somewhat threatening.
23 July 1864

78 Saturday 23d. Norman Court CFA AM

Another warm day. Busy in finishing up the arrears of correspondence which will take place, and going out to settle up some accounts incurred during the season. Spirits rather depressed, as the prospect of an extension of the war grows more and more indefinite. At half past two, started with Mr and Mrs Kuhn and Louisa to take the train at the Waterloo Station, to go to Norman Court, where Mr Baring had invited us to spend a couple of days. Mrs Adams declined to go, as there was to be an assemblage. A good deal of confusion at the Station, and delay on the road, so that we did not reach our destination until nearly seven. Found the place much as we left it two years since excepting that the glossy green verdure was all off the lawns and the fields. We found Mr Baring, Mr and Mrs Thomson Hankey and Mr Shaw Lefevre. Captain Douglas Galton and his Wife we met in the train coming down with us. This was the party evidently selected with reference to us, and with great judgment. We had a pleasant dinner. Mrs Galton gives us some good music, and afterwards a game of Whist.

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Sultry day, but it is refreshing to look on the quiet beauty of this place far away from the smoke and dirt of London. We attended Divine service in the little church, as before, and the preacher attempted the text of the “still small voice” with the customary luck. The commander of the day passed in conversation, sitting under the trees in the open air, or in a rather long stroll about the grounds. In the evening the casual amusement in country houses, of ghost stories and conundrums. On the whole I enjoyed this relaxation. But I should have done so far more, if I had not recollected too distinctly the circumstances which attended my last visit, and associated them with those the present time. It was then that the accounts came of the most disastrous period of the war the defeat of General Pope, and the first invasion of Maryland. Singularly enough the third invasion is now in process of execution; and thought it is now in much less force, and with far less cause for apprehension, yet the means to resist it are far less directly at hand, unless a draft be made on General Grants force, which would be much to be regretted. Quiet night.
79 Monday 25th Norman Court CFA AM
A damp, cloudy day with gentle rain towards night. A portion of our party left us in the morning to return to town—so that we had only Mr and Mrs Hankey remaining. This is one of the incidents of a visit in the country which is not pleasing. There is always a feeling of a bleak remaining, that is, if the set prove agreeable. The news from America came also, and thought not pleasant, indicated the raid to be over without more effects than temporary damage. So I felt more easy in my mind, and broke an unpleasant association of ideas. My morning passed rather quickly—for I got hold of one of the volumes of a large collection of autograph letters accompanied by prints of noted Englishmen of the last century. Some of the most so is one from Lord Bute on or about the time of his retreat from power. In the afternoon took a walk which was a little shortened by the rain. Evening, whist. This mode of life is pleasant for a time, but it does not occupy my mind enough. The feeling of occupation is what has kept me up through all my trials since I have been here. I could not remain as some americans do without any pursuit but that of amusement.

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79 Tuesday 26th London CFA AM

In the midst of the luxury of this establishment my nights have been unusually sleepless. They averaged hardly four hours. The early morning was lovely, and as I looked out of my window the prospect was calm and genial. The landscape is pleasant, wanting only water to make it charming. Up and dressed early in order to town with Mr Baring, in the first train. Left the children to come at a later hour. At home by noon, and as usual found an accumulation of matter for my attention, on my table. The mail from America had come, but no Despatch bag—probably on account of the interruption to the railway communication by the raid, at the moment of departure At two o’clock I had an appointment with Mr Erickson a surgeon, for the purpose of running a small even from my head, the increase of which threatened to be inconvenient in time. He effected it with my slight pain. Several years since Dr Henry J Bigelow had done the same thing for me, but with more sharpness and bloodshed This is the third instance in my life time. The cause of these exerescences is a mystery to the profession. My father had them, and at his death of them had grown to a considerable size. I had a succession of visits. Mr Hudson, who had been Consul at Buenos Ayres, Mr Heade, an artist wanting aid, Mr Turnstall, a southern man desiring to be released from his parole given not to return to the United States, and Mr Scott Russell. The latter had not much to say. He reported that Mr Yeatman had got his remittances and was about returning home. Perhaps he sounded me gently as to the possibility of his going out in person to forward the old plan. If so, I must have failed to second it. In point of fact the intervention of Englishmen is to be deprecated. In the midst of all this, the children came back from Normal Court, and information was brought that Mary was suffering rather alarmingly. We had some difficulty in getting Medical advice at once. Her symptoms indicated congestion of the lungs, so that our uneasiness at so sudden and unusual an attack was great. At last we got our neighbor Mr Headland, a medical practitioner rather than a physician, but a very judicious man. He did not disguise the serious nature of the attack, but he prescribed for it and promised to come in again at night. Of course, my mind was not in a state to think of much else. But the ugly symptoms did not increase, and by bed time I thought I perceived that they were less threatening. Her mother spent the night in her room.
80 Wednesday 27th London CFA AM
Mary was much relieved this morning and improved during the day. But the attach has been serious, and yet causes anxiety. Sir Henry Holland called today at the desire of Mr Headland, and entirely approved his treatment. Mr Erickson came also to see me, but I was scarcely sensible of any inconvenience from the operation. He advised my not going out in sun today, so I remained at home, I think the very first time since I came to England. I devoted myself to the work of disposing of the matters that had accumulated in the absence—likewise to the preparation of my Quarterly account with the government, which is always a troublesome thing to get right. Then to the bringing up of my own accounts to the close of the month. All these matters having been disposed of, I spent a couple of hours on my Catalogue of English coins. Mr Curt made a few more purchases for me at General Drummond’s sale, which may be my last opportunity of that kind. Evening quiet at home.
81 Thursday 28th London CFA AM
Many continues to improve, but her physician is not yet free from uneasiness. Yet I am thankful to the Divine mercy that no drawback has thus far taken place. My work of preparing Despatches was very light, there being no bag this week. But before four o'clock it came by a later Steamer and brought many things of consequence, which occupied me a good deal. I took my walk however with Brooks around the Regent’s park. My wound is healing rapidly and well. It is a relief to my mind to have the matter no longer to think of. I dined with Mr Sanz, the Peruvian Minister at Maurigy’s Hotel. The company consisted of Sir Edward Cust, Mr Martin, the Minister of Central America, Mr Sampson the money writer for the London Times, and Consul for somewhere, and a number of others whose names I did not know. Of course conversation with Spaniard’s is not easy—However Mr Sanz is always civil and courteous, so that I accept his ventures in the most friendly spirit. Home by half past ten.

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The physicians report Mary as quite relieved of her alarming symptoms. The arrival of the Despatches threw an unusual proportion of work upon this day—so that I was at my table pretty steadily from ten until nearly five o’clock. Mr Erickson came to see me about the dressing to my head and pronounced me well. Certainly, considering the size of the incision I could not have imagined an easier operation. Walk and quiet evening. Parliament up—
For the fourth time in my mission we now pass from the season of Parliament to that of repose. The anxiety about the agitation of the American question by the numerous and not uninfluential sympathizers with the rebels is over for one year. I can not look back to my first season without having to feel grateful at the course which things have taken, and at the relief which has been extended to me through so long and so trying a period. I now trust that we may ready a favorable termination of the strife at so early a moment as to release me from a continuance at this post, before another season. Mary is getting better rapidly, though I fear she will be left a little delicate. I had some visits and after luncheon went out Mr Kuhn, to the gallery of the British Institution, order to let him see the pictures before it should close. On my return I finished up making my entries for the Quarterly returns sent by my son—Quiet evening.

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82 Sunday 31st London CFA AM
Warm day— The extraordinary drought continues. It threatens to shorten the grain crops, and to destroy the spring sowing of turnips. and other roots. I went to the city and attended service at the Church of St Margaret, Lothbury. This is one more of Sir Christopher’s plans. I recognized it readily from the row of round windows on the north side. The construction is simple, a rectangle, without columns— Pilasters of the Corinthian order on the walls, a curved ceiling, and gallery on the east side, as well as over the door. Pews, Altar, pulpit and wainscot of oak. Large windows on the south and one over the altar. For a wonder the attendance pretty full. Sermon fair— At home I found the Speaker paying a take leave visit. After luncheon, accompanied Mr and Mrs Kuhn to the Zoological gardens, and reviewed the beasts. The warm weather forced many into the water. Two young rhinoceroses and an Auran Outang the novelties. The last is a curious type of approximation to man. A meditative countenance almost denoting reason, with all the habits of a mere animal. From here we took a short drive around Highgate and Hampstead, home. Little show of English verdure now. Quiet evening. Visit from Mr Jenkins.83
The morning brought the Despatches and the letters. When these come together and the newspapers too, it causes some little excitement. The most remarkable part of the intelligence is the attempt to open a negotiation for peace by some leading rebels on the Canada frontier. It is the first symptom of returning reason. The project attributed to them is evidently modified from that found here by Mr Russell. From the names of the men, Messr C C Clay, Jeff Thompson and George N Saunders, I scarcely expect good faith. other people must interpose before the thing can take root. I was engaged in preparing my Despatches of the week in anticipation of my going away on Wednesday. The Dr is so strenuous about getting Mary away, that I have decided to leave rather sooner than I intended. A visit from Mr Burch, the Consul at Cardiff. Evidently a raw hand. A long walk with Mr Kuhn around St James’s Park, to Pimlico, Belgravia and through Hyde Park home. The town is already cleared of its fashionables. On our way we learned by the posters of reported successes of General Sherman. I cannot help trusting that the end is now approaching. But there must be many intervening steps. A letter from Charles today mentions his being ill of the malaria of the country, but better. I have much feared this for him. Quiet evening.
Busy as possible in disposing of all the work of the week, in advance including the usual letters to my son John, and a note or two to Lord Russell. There is one however which I leave undone, that requires much attention and care. In the afternoon a walk calling on my way to visit Sir Charles Lyell and the Minister of Central America. Neither was at home. London has now pretty nearly assumed its torpid appearance, at least at the West end. Such is the gregarious character of the nation that few are willing to incur the suspicion of desiring to remain after the fashion has departed. Yet to me it is usually a period of the most pleasant relief and satisfaction. Were my family contented I would cheerfully remain, at least during the warm weather. The autumn is less agreeable. My daughter’s condition however is imperative this year.84
As all the members of the family, including the two invalids, proposed this year to start at once, there was unusual bustle of preparation. I confess to a little anxiety on my private account, for Mary’s condition especially, but as it regards public matters I never had so little. The mission is almost ready to take care of itself. We started at about noon. Seven of our party, and three servants. Took the train on the Great Western railway to Swindon, and from thence on a local road to Chettenham, where we got ourselves very comfortably established at the Queen’s Hotel. The Valley in which this place reposes is a picturesque and fruitful rural region. It is carved the range of the Cotswold hills which makes it warm in winter— At this season, perhaps the objection to it is that the air is not sufficiently bracing. As a watering place, the fashion seems rather to be leaving it. In the evening there was a band of music in a large inclosure called the Montpelier gardens. But there were not exceeding a couple of hundred persons present. At this very spacious and well conducted Hotel, there is scarcely a person but ourselves.
84 Thursday 4th Chettenham CFA AM
Day sultry. Wrote a letter to Charles, and then walked about to examine the town. First to the Royal Wells, where I drank a glass of the water. It appears to be simply saline. Thence to the Pittville gardens, which are prettily laid out. Nobody in them but a few girls amusing themselves in playing Croquet. Certainly there is little of life or movement. Yet the number of houses seem to increase, and there is no sign of decay or dilapidation. I am told that it has become a favorite residence in winter for invalids and persons of moderate fortune, pretty much after the fashion of Bath. It has a very attractive look, and is rated as very healthy. There is a large and popular public school, and I believe an ecclesiastical foundation. I thought the air rather relaxing—and certainly Mary did not appear to improve so much as I had wished, or expected. The country seems to be composed of chalk, and under the drought the dust it makes is unpleasant. In the evening, some of us went to the Montpelier gardens and heard the band. Perhaps three hundred present.85
85 Friday 5th Shrewsbury CFA AM
Very warm day. Before leaving Chettenham I took a walk in another direction, and saw Thirlestaine House, the residence of the late Lord Northwick, who built it at great expense and filled it with treasures of art, including a very fine cabinet of coins, all which has been disposed since his death, leaving the shell only. Such are the fancies of rich men without families! From here I fell into a region abounding in pretty luxurious looking Villas, looking very attractive in the midst of their shrubbery under a searching sun. This is much the best part of Chettenham, and accounts for the partiality for the place. At eleven, we took leave for Birmingham intending to make our way by the rail to Llangollen by evening. But a mistake made in the train to Wolverhampton caused a failure of the connection, so that we were compelled to pass by the way of Stafford to Shrewsbury, where we stopped for the night at the Raven. The confusion at the Station at Birmingham was such that our blunder was pardonable. Of all things I have ever seen the country from there to Wolverhampton presents an aspect the most repulsive. Yet this is one of the sources of England’s great wealth! Shrewsbury is a curious old town, retaining a little of the air of the middle ages, so that I was not sorry for the opportunity to stop and see it. The house is quaint and good.

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85 Saturday 6th Shrewsbury—Llangollen CFA AM

Took a walk in the morning for the purpose of examining the town. It was Market day and a part of the main street was lined with women selling from baskets, live chickens, ducks and rabbits. The houses are crowded together as in all old European towns. A number of them are of the old form, projecting over the way, with the wooden frame visible, the bricks and stucco filled in. All of these I noticed to be kept in perfect repair and freshened as if a matter of pride. There is unquestionably much poverty in this country, but it does not show itself in dilapidation. I saw but one house with a roof half gone. From the castle now converted into a private dwelling I perceived the peculiarity of a site in a circle of the river Severn leaving but a narrow peninsula. On the whole it was not difficult to go back to the days of Henry the fourth and Hotspur, and imagine the life of the lower classes, as it went on in such a place. Very certainly there may have been a superiority in the picturesque, whilst in fact the happiness and comfort and freedom from personal apprehension in this day give cheering indications of the advance of the welfare of mankind. At eleven we took our departure in the train which carried us in a couple of hours into Wales, and to the town of Llangollen. The situation on the banks of the Dee is pretty. But the town consisting of rough, low stone houses crammed together without regard to order or convenience is ugly enough. We found comfortable accommodations at the Hand Hotel. I received my letters from London—and then sallied out to explore. Though little inclined to step ascents at my age, and the heat was considerable, I was led from step to step until I found myself so near the top that I finally accomplished the object in one of the heights behind the house. As usual in such cases, it did not compensate me. The Valle crucis which lay below me is pretty, but nothing more. The range of hills opposite is bleak and bare, having the merit neither of coloring nor of fine outline. The most curious object perhaps in a single comical height standing a little in front, the top of which, surmounted by the ruins of what appears to have been a castle appeared a little below the level of my vision. This addition throws the imagination back at once to render forms of society, and the days of Glendover and of the Edwards. Here comes in the difference between pure nature as seen in America, and the adjunct of human action as found in the association of the old world. I do not find that there is any precise history attached to this point. Crow castle was a ruin in the sixteenth century. It may have been destroyed by Edward 1st two centuries earlier.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
Sunday 7th Llangollen CFA AM

Our hotel adjoins the Church of St Collen, and our sitting room opens on one side to the river Dee, and on the other to the yard, filled as usual in this kingdoms with the remains of myriads of the race. There are however very few inscriptions that survive two centuries of exposure. This I have observed almost every where. Six generations appear completely to displace all preceding ones. I87 attended Divine service in the morning. It was performed in English, the Welsh king reserved for the other part of the day. The attendance very full, and very substantial looking— A part of it composed of the tourists who travel over Wales at this season. The interior looked antique and respectable. The peculiar feature was that the rafters and ceiling of oak were much carved, with figures of Angels standing on the projections of the beams. The service ended with a collection. Afterwards I took a walk down the Valley towards Chirk, and afterwards accompanied the ladies who went on donkeys to the top of another hill, next adjoining that I visited yesterday. It was neither so steep nor so long, and it had a better view of the upper part of the Valley, which is rural and picturesque. Evening quiet at our Quarters.

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87 Monday 8th Llangollen—Bala CFA AM
This morning we leave the railway at Llangollen, and take to posting through the country. We had much the same sort of omnibus which we used in Somersetshire two years ago, in going from Dunster to Lynton. Our party is now larger, but we all mount on the top of the coach, and put the servants inside. Thus we drove today from our starting point to Bala twenty two miles in little more than two hours over a very fine road just moistened by a shower in the night. We followed the pretty valley formed by the river Dee to Corwen the home of the Welsh hero, Owen Glendower. From Corwen, which, like all Welsh towns, disfigures rather than heightens the view we entered upon the higher mountain scenery. Arran, and Cader Idris became visible as we proceeded, besides many other elevations of less note. Positively, they are not of great height—but they are sufficiently so to make very picturesque combinations. We reached Bala in time for luncheon. The place consists of one street of ordinary houses, with a rather old and musty hotel. Afterwards we went out to the lake, a beautiful sheet of water. The day was brilliantly fine—such as we have in America, when the sun gilds every thing it touches, whilst it makes deep and defined shadows over mountain and water. I made up my mind to walk to the upper end, said to be a distance of four miles. It was a beautiful road the whole way, a perfect luxury of a stroll both ways. I desired to walk around the lake, but having no certainly how far the road might diverge, and finding the time falling short, I returned just in season for dinner. Mary seemed for the first time today to be decidedly gaining.88
88 Tuesday 9th Bala—Dolgelly CFA AM
The day broke with heavy rain, so that the prospect indicated detention in these rather contracted quarters. For an examination of the vehicles at the Lion, it appeared that there were none but open ones which it would not have been safe to take Mary in. The doubts remained until noon, when the clouds began to break—and as the weatherwise at the Inn pronounced this a sign that the wet was over, the vehicles for ourselves and the luggage were ordered out, for us to go to Dolgelley, a distance of seventeen miles. The day turned out fine, and we had a charming drive. We followed the road along the margin of the lake which I took yesterday, until we came to a valley at its head where the character of the scenery changed to a rough, and barren flat between the rugged mountains bearing the name of Arran. Soon we opened up the sight of Snowden, the highest and the finest of the peaks. Nearer and more imposing at this point however and Cader Idris, along which we came to the valley and stream on which stands the ugly town of Dolgelley. Establishing ourselves at a good hotel, the Golden Lion, I first got my letters from London, and then went out on a walk to examine the vicinage. The site is very picturesque. It lies in a valley formed by the confluence of two streams the Aran and Wnion, which takes place only a mile or two above tide water. There is a stone bridge, upon which looking downwards is perhaps the finest pastoral landscape. Above the town, is a road leading through a mountainous region barren in itself, but giving fine combinations of outline and contrast. The clouds were again rolling up heavy masses as if threatening once more to condense into rain, but I noticed that they went well over the heights leaving no mists. Quiet evening. My letters from London indicate so little to do that I shall not go back this week.

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The clouds disappeared, gradually giving way to a most beautiful day. I finished my private letters to be sent to America, and enclosed them to Mr Moran in London. We then made a party to drive over to Barmouth, ten miles, in an open carriage. The road is along the valley of the Mawdach, which opens as the river flows into the sea. It is one of the most picturesque regions we have yet seen. I was not so favorably impressed with Barmouth itself, which lies directly against a rock, huddled together with little regard to position. We wandered over the sand beach which was bare but soft, and not attractive. I have nowhere seen anything of this kind here, at all equal to Nahant or Nantasket. We took luncheon at the Hotel and returned. I got out with Brooks and we walked the last half of the way. The sun was slanting its rays, thus bringing out many varieties of color in the opposite mountains. This and walk at Bala were the purest enjoyment possible.
We left Dolgelly in another very fine day, posting after the usual manner, but with rather a longer distance in view. The first stage was to a place called Tan y Bulch—the second to Bedgellert, making about thirty two miles. Each portion had its distinct beauty. The earlier one passed through a valley rising by degrees until it crossed a barren region with a fine view of a range of elevation of which Arverings was the highest. We then turned off to another valley leaving Festiniog to the right, and through a private road belonging to the proprietress of the Estate, Mrs Oakley. She appears to permit this for the sake of assisting the hotel of the Oakley arms, established by her at the entrance to her mansion. She further allows the tenant to give permits to those stopping at her house, to go over her grounds. Whilst the horses were changed, I took advantage of this and went up to the house. The situation is exceedingly pretty, and art has done much to heighten the effects still more. The mansion overlooks a gorge of a valley, which of all of it wears the aspect of a private estate. There is abundance of fine wood, and of shrubbery with all the customary appendages of a wealthy abode. We took luncheon at the house— and every thing looked so nice I regretted for a moment I had not known of it before ordering my rooms at Bedgellert. A day or two could have been pleasantly passed here. The second stage carried us to Port Mudoe and then round through a most attractive valley, with the peak of Snowden constantly in view. At last, we reached the pass of Aberglaslyn, where a stone bridge crosses the stream, where I got down and walked a mile and a half to the Hotel, the Goat, at Bedgellert. This is esteemed one of the gems of Welsh scenery, and I think justly. To me thus far the whole effect is much more attractive than any other I have observed on this island. To be sure, the astounding weather has a great deal to do with it. We got ourselves rather comfortably established in the evening.
90 Friday 12th Bedgellert CFA AM
I was told that there was good bathing in the river. So I went out with Brooks before breakfast to find the place. After a good deal of groping, we came to a pool formed by an outlet from the shallow stream which seemed to answer the purpose. It was small, uneven at the bottom and above all the temperature was very cold. So we contented ourselves with a single plunge. After breakfast we went out to view the neighborhood. Followed a road which disappointed us. I mounted a high point, but it presented only one picturesque point. The fact is that the beauty is all concentrated here in the road by which we entered yesterday. Afterwards we all went a drive to Nantle, a place twelve miles off to get to which we surmounted a high elevation that brought us through a pass to our destination. It was wild, and rugged and barren enough. The best thing about it was the view of Snowden as we saw it looking back through the pass. Nantle itself was dreary as possible. It is a point at which extensive quarries of slate are worked. Whilst we waited to rest the horses, we examined the mode in which the work is done. The material has already been taken out to such a depth, that the process of lifting is now performed by machinery worked by water wheels, or by a steam engine. A very large proportioning proves to be refuse, which is carried out and piled up in enormous heaps on the ground in every direction. Much the same is done at the granite quarries in Quincy, but there the color is not so dingy, neither are the fragments so much resembling dirty rubbish. I watched the process of splitting the slates and of cutting them into the form needed for roofing houses, which was ingenious and very rapid. The development of this slate business is one of the sources of the prosperity of Wales, and of the fortunes of the proprietors. But it stamps on the surface sterility wherever it goes. The return was pleasanter than the going, as the sun was not so searching, and the breeze had risen fresh. We dined at the Table d'Hôte and had a quiet evening.
September 13th Llanberis CFA AM
I tried with Brooks to find a better bathing place in vain, so we used to the old one. Shortly after breakfast we took our departure from Bedgelert, in the usual way. The posting was short, about fourteen miles, to Llanberis, but through a most interesting region. We went nearly round Snowden, by a very gradual ascent, passing successively two lovely lakes, until we reached a very high elevation at a place with a singular Welsh name. From thence we began our descent through what is known as the pass of Llanberis, a wild and striking scene, much resembling what we in America denominate a notch, until we reached the hotel situated between two small lakes. Here we established ourselves very comfortably. I walked out to examine the ruins of Dolbadarn castle, a picturesque relic standing in a height near the house. Evidently one of the earlier of forts indicating a rude and disturbed social state. Then I ascended a neighboring height to see a fall of water, small in volume, but rather pretty. The long absence of vain makes the mountain streams less imposing but it does not on the whole diminish their beauty. I sat by this at a point somewhat above the stream, wrapped up in that kind of listless reverie, which contains at my age about as much of negative happiness as is given to sinful man on this habitation. Quiet evening.
The boys ascended Snowden early this morning but with no satisfactory result, as the haze obscured the view. I rather eschew such ascents in a deliberate way. They seldom compensate for the labor. I preferred a bath in the Lake, though the place was not convenient. It is remarkable that at places of popular resort like this, so little attention should be paid to this, especially when provision could be so easily made. Attended Divine service in a little Church hard by. It was a dissenting Chapel used by the Welsh for worship in their own language. In the season of visitors here an arrangement is made for a service in English. Accordingly as I walked up a few minutes before eleven, I heard through the open door the preacher closing his sermon in Welsh soon after which the congregation came out to give place to us. The place was small and plain. Perhaps thirty present. A respectable looking man, evidently a stranger led the service after the simple congregational manner, which I like more and more as I grow out of the vanities of life. His sermon familiar and commonplace. As the day was warm I remained quiet at home until towards evening, when I went with Mrs Adams to see the Falls. Here we met with Mr Twisleton and Mrs S. Parkman who prove to be at our Hotel.

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Monday 15th Llanberis CFA AM

The place is so pleasantly situated that the family incline to spend an extra day or two. This morning we took an open vehicle and drove to Carnarvon, which we prefer to visit, rather than to stop at as we intended. Here we found letters from London. The only thing to see was the Castle, which lies on the water side, its exterior almost completely preserved. It is obviously a different work from such structures as Crow and Dolbadarn. The tradition is that Edward the first built it, and his Wife was confined in it one year afterwards in order to conciliate the Welsh by the idea of having the child who proved to be Edward the second, a native of Wales. In point of fact the building took many years, as nobody who examines it can fail to perceive. It is certainly very imposing, and gives a better idea than I have ever had of the mode of life of the higher class of that time. At best, it must have been rough and inconvenient enough. The stairs are all narrow and winding, and they lead to passages close and dark. Even in the best of rooms in the towers, the light in cloudy weather must have been scanty. The dining hall must have been in the court, but it seldom is to be found remaining. It is difficult to imagine a garrison life more dull and fatiguing. Adjoining the castle is still found a continuous wall flanked by towers which ran around the old limits of the town. I followed it some distance, and understood how the burgher had need of protection to make his fate tolerable to him among the prowling wolves that harried the face of the land. Perhaps this pile of the first Edward was in reality the avant courier of the profound repose of the present day. For after all the liberty of Wales as a separate kingdom is a figment as compared with its actual condition as a constituent part of a great State. Carnarvon in other respects is a mean and ugly town like all others in Wales. The country around it is flat and uninteresting. We drove back to Llanberis with a coachman as tipsy as possible. Mr Kuhn kept guard over him, and I got out and walked the last half of the way, which is very pretty. In the evening, visits from Mr Twisleton, and Mrs Parkman, who goes to America on Saturday. Also Sir Robert Collier, the Solicitor General, who is here on a sketching tour, as he is something of an artist.
92 Tuesday 16th Llanberis CFA AM
I wandered in quest of another place for a bath, and after some labor in descending found a
very sequestered nook, where the water deepened quickly, but on the whole it did not pay for
the toil in getting down and back again. At breakfast we got some American news of a
failure of General Grant of Petersburg with heavy loss. This was the more provoking as the
accounts of last evening, of the success in springing his mine had led us to hope a bitter
issue. It had the effect of depressing one all day, particularly as it came attended with rumors
of a renewal of the raid into Maryland, and of an interview between the President and General
Grant which was supposed at New York to imply retreat from Richmond. This would indeed be
disastrous—and though I do not believe it, the very possibility annoyed me. Sir Robert Collier
invited us down to see his sketches—They are very pretty. I walked over the bridge and
gradually ascended to the top of the opposite height. It was very warm, and the view gave me
no variety of effects. The truth is that in mountain scenery, a pass between heights soon tries.
It gives but two roads and these both of one character. The family desired to remain, so I
assented. But in my opinion we should have lost nothing by going. On my return to the hotel, I
read through a volume of Archbishop Whately’s remains, or fragmentary Essays. They
disappoint me throughout. Refining rather than philosophical. Another visit to the Falls with my
Wife. In the evening, returned the visit of Sir Robert Collier. He had two other artists with him,
Mr Eastlake, and somebody else.

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93 Wednesday 17th Bangor—London CFA AM
The hot weather gave way this morning, so that it was under a cold and sharp mind that I took my last bath in Lake at Lanberis. It was however the best of them all. Soon after breakfast we took our departure, in our usual fashion of posting, fifteen miles to Bangor. So far as it led on the road to Canrarvon, it was very dusty and uncomfortable, but from the point of divergence it became pleasant again. The Country is no longer striking but it is rural and pretty. At Bangor, we got lodgings at the Penrhyn Arms, after which I went out at once to see all that I could of it. The Cathedral is low and meagre, though it dates from very early. The country was poor, and wild, and all the structures were made strong and simple. From thence I walked with Brooks to see the bridges over the Menai Straits. One of these is a suspension with a very wide spring and at a great height from the water. It was esteemed a great wander until eclipsed by its neighbor, a tubular bridge devised by the engineer R. Stephenson, to establish the railway communication with Ireland, through Holyhead. Of the two the first still maintains supremacy as a picturesque object, whilst large vessels float under it like small ones. The other is perhaps the greatest feat of engineering in modern times. We returned to the Hotel in season for dinner, immediately after which I drove to the Station, and started for London.
94 Thursday 18th London CFA AM
My companions in the night train were not interesting. The only one who diverted me was a youth loaded with two miniature vessels fully rigged, and a hamper, the contents of which betrayed itself at dawn by a feeble crow. I was at my door at about six o’clock, and spent this my birth day in resolutely devoting myself to arrears of work. There was much to do as well in answering Despatches as in writing notes to Lord Russell, and to numbers of individuals. The principal point of news from home is the appointment of Mr Moran, as Secretary in the room of Mr Wilson, who has returned home. Towards evening I took a long and solitary walk. The west end is now pretty nearly deserted, and Hyde Park no longer flourishes with its myriads of equipages and pedestrians— Yet to my taste this is no drawback— I dined alone, and worked hard all the evening. On these successive anniversaries, the reflection presses on me with increasing force, that I am nearing the end of my race. God has been very bountiful to me and has protected me and mind through a period now equalling an ordinary generation. As I look to the condition of my country, my hopes yet continue that we may see our way to an early restoration of peace and prosperity—though I cannot deny to myself that my fears of a less favorable issue are increasing. The desire to be relieve from this unpleasant mission is growing, though I shall not seek it until I find that my country is ready to grant it.
Continued my labors on my private letters assiduously. And went to Messrs Barings in the city to transact some business and get funds. Casually Mr Sturgis apprised me of the fact that I had received a degree at Harvard College, of Doctor of Laws. Subsequently I found a notice of it at home in the Daily Advertiser of Boston. It is a little singular that I should have had no intelligence whatever of this either from the Faculty itself, or from private hand. In itself the incident is not material. Yet I confess I am glad to have a record in the catalogue of that Institution, of the fact that its highest honor has been award to three generations of the family in succession. I had a visit from Mr Crewdy who is going to the United States, and wishes letters. At the solicitation of Mr Thomas Hughes, a good friend of America, I gave him one to Mr Seward. Mr Henry T. Parker came in about the pamphlets of Mr Bemis, which have somehow or other missed their way to London. The work having been all done, and the bag despatched, I decided not to await the arrival of the Steamer. So after dinner I went to the North Western Station and took the train to Conway.
95 Saturday 20th Conway CFA AM

At four o’clock of a brilliant moonlight morning I found myself in the narrow streets of Conway, the only passenger guided by a solitary guard to the principal Inn of the place. My son Henry had sent me a telegram from there, without designating the situation. I found the family here but I went to bed for a few hours without disturbing them. After breakfast I went out to see the castle, the great object of curiosity. This place preserves its ancient character very much, as the limits of the castellated walls yet fully define its extent. They form a triangle, filled in a hollow between two hills, of which the apex runs upwards, and the castle is at the lower angle, close on the River Conway. As usual the houses are huddled up and ugly in themselves, but as seen from a distance the effect is highly picturesque. The Castle is in sufficiently good condition to give an admirable idea of the inner arrangements. In this respect it is more perfect than Carnarvon. What is commonly designated as the banqueting room remains, and appears to me to have been three rooms. After a pretty thorough exploration, and a luncheon, all but Mrs Adams and Louisa took the railway to Llanwrst from whence we took a vehicle for a drive of five miles to Bettys y Coed. This is a valley of the most attractive kind. The day was lovely, and we strolled about to see the stream and the bridge from different points. We felt a great desire to come here, but found the hotels crowded to excess. On our way home however we made enquiries at Llanwrst, with a view to come next week. The situation of the house at Conway is so unattractive, that although in other respects it is neat and comfortable, we incline to remove. We received the news from America, by the Scotia, which is very favorable, which made us enjoy the trip still more.

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Saturday 20th
20 August 1864

The day being fine I started after breakfast with Brooks, and we walked to Llandudno three miles off. It had rained in the night, so that the road was rather wet. This is nothing but a creation for the convenience of idlers in the summer season. A small day, flanked on each end by a high promontory furnishes a beach for bathers, whilst the residences are constructed in a single row directly in front. There is a proximity to the bathing, especially of the naked men on the right side, which is rather more startling than common, even in England, where much liberty is permitted. I am not however aware that any bad consequences to morals have followed. Female misconduct in the middle and higher classes is exceptional, and less flagrant when it occurs than it used to be. We went to the Great Omne’s Head where the marine view is fine, following the path until we came to the Church of St Tudno, which is on the height, and thence we crossed over to the turn again. We had tried to get lodgings here for next week but found it impossible. I drove home with Mr Kuhn and Mary who had come from Conway at a later hour. Returned just in time to attend the English service at the church, an old and curious edifice. Attendance very full. I like the evening service much better than that of the morning. It is more broad and less doctrinal. The sermon was an appeal for contribution to a missionary society. It was a singular case of narrow exposition of charity. The ground taken that the object was to aid the English emigrants belonging to the English church. I did not feel prompted to contribute any thing to such an address. Last Sunday, I gave the modest solicitation of the Dissenters at Llanberis, half a crown. To day, I almost grudged a single shilling. The Episcopal Church is gradually getting better of its bigotry and pride—but the process is slow. In the evening I took a pretty walk with Mrs Adams.

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97 Monday 22d Conway—Llanwrst CFA AM
Mr Kuhn arranged for me a little expedition by boat from here to Beaumaris, whilst the family transferred themselves to Llanwrst. We started at about eleven, but the boat was rather heavy and the wind light, so that with the use of our sails and three oars we were yet more than three hours making fifteen miles. The trip was however easy and pleasant. It gave us a fine view of the river and bay with the Great Omne’s head on one side and striking promontory of Penmannaur on the other side. We landed at Beaumaris and visited the ruins of the Castle, which are exceeding pretty. They are not on the great scale of Carnarvon and Conway, but made a compact and rather elegant structure. It would seem as if at a former time the water must have come to the walls. Otherwise it would have been very open to attack on the land side. The place has all the ornament and relief which care and the training of ivy can give it. Finding that a return by water would bring us home very late, we crossed over to Bangor left the boat, and took the train to Conway. Here we stopped at the Post Office to get the letters from London, which caused our losing the connection with Llanwrst. And as waiting for the next train would make us very late, we hired an open vehicle and drove over, arriving there at a quarter to eight, just as the family were seated at dinner. We went up on the opposite side of the river to that on which the railroad runs—and admired very much the beauty of the Valley.
97 Tuesday 23d Llanrwst—Rhyl CFA AM
The effect of the American Despatches has been rather to depress me as Mr Seward for the first time intimates the existence of internal dangers which may change the issue of the Election. In that case peace may be obtained at the expense of all the objects of the war. I went out, crossed the river and rambled along the bank nearly all the way to Bettes y Coed. It was a lovely, genial day and the scenery of this valley served as a perpetual enchantment to beguile the way. I have seen nothing in its rural, peaceful character that has charmed me more. It is to be sure all of the sunny side of Wales, that has been turned to us during our whole trip. When I got back to the Eagle Hotel, it was time to move. I seized a leisure moment to drop into the Church, which is curious and ancient. here was the remainder of a stone recumbent warrior, and of two coffins covering Welsh chieftains of a thousand years ago; Also some brasses of the family of Nynne which appears to be one of the oldest in Wales. Lord Lilloughly d’Eresby, the present head lives on an Estate below this place called Gwydir. We passed it in yesterday’s drive. It was Market day, and the little narrow streets were crowded with people talking Welsh, and dickering about small wares. We took the train at Llanrwst for Conway, and thence to Rhyll, where we found comfortable accomodations at the Parade Hotel.

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The change in temperature which began on the last day at Llanberis has been growing more marked until it is really cold. This takes off something from the attraction of so pure a watering place as Rhyl. Apart from the sand beach and salt water bathing, there is nothing to recommend it. The tide recedes so very far out that even this luxury can be had only a small part of the time. I was obliged this morning to have recourse to a bath within a house. Afterwards, I went on the parade and rambled along the beach at high tide for a long distance eastward. There is a fascination in the movement of water for which I am puzzled to account. It absorbs at the same time that it distracts the mind. I am not aware that I was thinking particularly of it whilst I am sure that I am not thinking of any other subject. My return was not effected without a little wetting from a passing shower. At the Hotel, I found a telegram from Mr Moran announcing that the Steamer Georgia had been captured by the Niagara, whilst on her way to Lisbon. As this was done at my suggestion we shall see with some interest how it is taken.
Rhyl is not a resort of fashion. The people whom I met on the back seem to be well to do persons from the middle classes in the manufacturing and commercial region of Liverpool and Manchester. The Landlord of this Hotel, who is a German seems so much elated by my presence that his attentions are almost oppressive. I was busy all the morning in writing letters and Despatches. As Mr Moran writes that there is no pressure, I have decided not to return to London this week. Among other things I was obliged to write to Mr Seward, an apology for my son Henry, who declines to accept the offers of the post of assistant Secretary made by the advancement of Mr Moran. I cannot object to this decision of his, although to me personally it would have been a convenience to get rid of an appointment outside of the family. My term however is now drawing so near to its close that the matter has little intrinsic importance. After getting through with my work I joined the family in a drive through Rhuddlan, and St Asaph to Denhigh. This is a very pretty tract of Country known as the Vale of Cloyd. Though not by an means equal either to the Maudach or the Conway, I prefer it to that of Llangollen. We stopped at St Asaph to see the Cathedral. A neat, plain law building of much antiquity, but carefully restored and kept in perfect repair. Our main object however was to visit the ruins of the castle of Denhigh. The site is high and imposing, which marks the edifice as originally of Welsh construction. Edward built all his castles on the water side. It was probably a small nest of safety, but after the conquest, it came into the hands of a de Lacy, who enlarged it to the scale of the other castles of that date. It must have been formidable but it did not escape the hands of the general destroyer of these edifices, the republican commander, Mylton. It was however much dilapidated even before that time. At present it is difficult to make out the circuit or the different towers. We found it used as a place of amusement for parties on picnic excursions. The view from the highest point is very pretty. The return drive was pretty by another and a very pretty road.
99 Friday 26th Rhyl CFA AM
The tide permitted a surf bath this morning, but the wind was wrong and I had nothing but a little paddling in very shallow water. Yet it was bracing. After breakfast I took a walk in company with Mr Kuhn to see the castle at Rhuddlan. Until we reached this point, the country was flat and uninteresting. The castle is one of the smaller class. It was faced with red stone which has worn away, thus showing its antiquity. It stands on a relatively high point, from which the land slopes rapidly down to the edge of a small stream. There was a wall and a moat with a square guard tower making the angle towards the river. Its origin and history are little known, but its fate is clear. The redoubtable General Mytton deprived it of its fangs. I walked back but finding my face to have suffered to a most unusual degree by the effect of the sun and air of some days past, I declined to go out again. Had a visit from Mr H A Hayward who is here moralizing. He had no news however. That which came from America today was however very favorable. We certainly have distinguished naval officer in Farragut. The evening was calm and clear and very lovely.
Another bath, equally calm, but the water was deep enough. by changing my position more to the east. After breakfast we packed up to leave this place, not without much regret among the ladies. They have much enjoyed the donkey riding, the clear and bracing air, and the excellent accommodations of the Hotel—the best we have met with in Wales. At noon we took the train to Chester, thus closing a most agreeable tour in North Wales. We have been favored by fine weather throughout—and the condition of the invalids improved daily as we went. For all this I have abundant cause to be grateful. Our trip to Chester was not made directly. We first took the train through Rhuddlan, St Asaph, Denligh and Ruthin. Here was an interval of ten miles to Mold, where the rail began again. I walked nearly half the distance, with my son Brooks. A coach with the rest of the party then overtook us, and landed us at Mold two hours in advance of the departure of the next train. We wandered into the Church of St Mary, an old and curious structure, the interior of which has however been reserved so freshly, that nothing but the monuments would betray its age. To me the renovation is of no interest. The yard outside is crowded with grave stones, none of them dating back so far as two centuries. It was market day, and the town looked active and full. It is as ugly as most of the Welsh towns. We went on from Mold to Chester without incident. I hastened immediately to go out and take a survey of the place. It is very curious, but more busy and mercurial than I anticipated.
28 August 1864

The weather has become warm again, with a southerly wind, and today it rained for two or three hours. I attended Divine service with Brooks, at the Cathedral. The Attendance was very full. The interior is fine without being as lofty and impressive as others. The usual service, and a sermon by the Canon, Mr McNiel, which was more remarkable for the manner of delivery than for the matter. The subject, the familiar one of the law and grace. The argument that there was no medium between the two. To adopt the law was infallible destruction as the sinful nature of man rendered his performance of the conditions wholly impossible. He must fail and suffer the penalty of failure. The alternative was to accept the offer of grace given through the act of the Savior, and throw ones self implicitly on the mercy of God. The reasoning is as old as the Church. But the manner of presenting it was simple, clear, forcible and at the close eloquent and impressive. I have not often had occasion to say as much of any preacher of the Anglican church. The presence of the man which was dignified contributed to heighten the effect. In the afternoon I drove with my wife in a carriage to show her all the principal points of the old town. We went to each of the gates, and observed the curious old fashioned dwellings —after which we left the carriage and walked about half the way around the city on the old wall. At one of the angles we came to a tower on which is an inscription to the effect that about 219 years ago Charles the first from this point saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor. Yet the English now shrug their shoulders in affected horror at our civil war! On the whole the place may be said to be unique even in Europe—but, as a residence, it scarcely could be regarded by the most ardent antiquarian as attractive.

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It looked cloudy and threatening in the morning but cleared off at last very fine. We visited the Cathedral again for the sake of seeing it as an edifice. On my addressing one of the vergers he asked me if I would like to see something in addition. On my assenting he led us into a chapel made by partitioning off one portion of the transept which is much larger than that on the other side of the Nave. Here we found the Bishop engaged in the service of confirmation of a youth of about eighteen. Nobody present but the members of his family, and a few spectators like ourselves. After the customary prayers, he made a brief address which for simplicity, affectionate earnestness, and fitness for the occasion, was admirable. He is not a comely person, perhaps a little ordinary in his appearance, and somewhat advanced in life, all which served perhaps to heighten the effect. He alluded to the boy’s being about to go to a land far way, but he did not specify. This being over in about fifteen minutes, we resumed the object which brought us. There is much that is curious in this edifice which was once the Monastery of Saint Werburgh—that is about a thousand years ago. Here is fine Chapter House, old and interesting cloisters, a singular crypt or cellar, a interesting court and a monument or two. The crumbling of the red stone of which the exterior is built imparts more dignity to it than if it were smooth and polished. From here we went to St John’s, now a parish church for within the limits of the old edifice, a portion of the coins of which yet remain. After luncheon I walked with Brooks to Eton Hall, whilst the others drove in a carriage. We made a detour which extended the way. This is the place of the Marquis of Westminster, on which he has expended a great sum in rebuilding the mansion. The interior is certainly very handsome and it is adorned with works of art as well as every luxury. To me the most attractive portion was the library, through it betrayed no signs of that sort of use for which alone such a place is worth having. The family are here but little, which is commonly the case with such ponderous magnificence. I was much disappointed by the exterior, which is neither massive, nor elegant. Drove home with the ladies.
We left Chester this morning, and in about three hours found ourselves placed at the Regent’s Hotel at Leamington, the last point of our tour. On our visit to this region three years ago we had chosen for our headquarters the adjoining place of Warwick, which was a mistake. For though pleasant to visit, this is the est for head-quarters. There is something very attractive in its streets and walks. Although in many respects it resembles Cheltenham, it has so much the aspect of listless inaction about it. i went out on a stroll with my son Brooks. We went into the Jephson Gardens, very prettily laid down for the amusement of women and men who have nothing to do. The former much predominated. Some were playing croquet— One was practising archery with some success. The aggregate number of persons was not great. The gardens bound on the little river Leam, which owing to the excessive drought is now but a runlet. I was again a little anxious about Mary, who appeared to have a little cold. And as we approach London I feel conscious of a pressure on my spirits at the resumption of my routine of labour.
The post brought the American letters. My son John’s is more croaking than usual even for him. He says that the Administration will not be continued, which is likewise intimated from other sources. The talk of pacification is increasing. To me this is of interest only on the public account—for I am thoroughly wary of this position. Mr Lincoln has not certainly been all that we could wish as a President, but he has proved much better than I feared. We shall soon know who his competitor is to be, and whether he is likely to be an better. I took a plunge bath in the great reservoir, which was hardly cold enough. The day cleared beautifully, and I walked to Warwick, the rest of the party on horseback or in carriages. We visited the castle again, and I was more stuck with its beauty and elegance than when I saw it first three years ago. Ever work of art almost is a gem—and the surroundings are so charming. How much more attractive than Eaton Hall. I admired the Raphael more this time, though the Madonna is certainly below the mark. Yet even here the family remain little. After a visit to a curious Antiquarian establishment full of rarities of Virtu, I returned in the carriage with the ladies. I was glad that this second visit had not impaired the pleasant associations connected with the first.
Up early on this magnificent morning to take the first train for London. Thus I finish the fourth and I think the last of the systematic excursions we have made in this Island. On the whole we have seen a great proportion of all that is worth seeing. To me they have been uniformly agreeable. We have always been favored by weather, but never so much as this time. I shall think of Wales as a land of sunshine and blue sky whilst many travellers remember it only as dark and gloomy with clouds and rain, I reached Portland place by noon, and immediately found myself in the usual vortex of Despatches and letters. At once I addressed myself to the work, and before night drew all my Despatches for the week, and some other notes. Besides which, in the evening I made great progress in the arrears of this Diary consequent upon the journey. There is nothing like solitude to show the results of continuous labor. I had a visit from Mr Scott Russell, who came to procure a further payment on the contract with Mr Armstrong. I surrendered to him all the remaining notes left in despite with me by Coll Ritchie, with the exception of one, No 5 for £1800 which I retain as security for the little left yet unfinished. After the business was transacted, I casually enquired if he had heard from his friend Yeatman. He said No. He was still at Paris. From which it is plain to me that the intimacy is at an end. And Yeatman has discovered that he exceeded his commission.
104 Friday 2d. London CFA AM
Singularly enough both times I have returned here, on the next day I have suffered from a head ache, a thing become very unusual with me. It impairs my energies a little. I continued my work nevertheless and accomplished my private letters as well as some arrears. Had a visit from a man by the name of Pundt, an assistant Engineer on board the Alabama, who was taken prisoner, and set at large on his parole, by Captain Winslow. By an accident he failed to join the ship in time, so he has reported himself to me. It is a difficult to know what to do with him under such circumstances. He proposed to give his written promise not to take up arms until regularly exchanged. I asked him to send me such a paper and I would consider of it. I likewise had a visit from Mr Otterbrug acting Consul in Mexico who brought me a note from Mr Corwin. I finished my labors in season to go out and try to find a country house, which the family seem to desire. It revived a little. In the evenings, I finished my arrears of Diary.
105 Saturday 3d. London CFA AM

A fine clear morning, with a light shower afterwards. I worked again today in preparing the note to Lord Russell, which has been so long on my mind. As I proceeded the difficulties seemed to diminish all along until I finished the draught. The American news came, as usual of a mixed and indecisive nature, but on the whole good. The most singular sign however is of a sudden reflux of the popular tide which marks fatigue at the war and a desire for its termination. All accounts agree in saying that the President is deserted and his re-election in great danger. Should matters take that turn, we shall probably lose all the objects of the war, and leave the direction of affairs in the hands of the opposite party, for a term at least. This will simplify my own position essentially. My return to private life could reasonably be counted on, after six months. It may be well to be making my preparations by degrees. The family returned to dinner. In the evening we had the Despatches and the newspapers from America. Among the papers, I found at last a letter from the President of Harvard College, and my diploma, sent in a most flattering manner.

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105 Sunday 4th London CFA AM

Although I forgot it in the record, we did not forget at table yesterday the fact that we had been
married thirty five years. I have always esteemed as Old Cromwall did, my lucky day, for it
gave a turn to my life which prevented my sinking into sluggishness and speculative seclusion.
A generation has passed in the interval, and our children are coming into or places. I dare not
reflect upon the undue share of prosperity which has blessed us. unworthy as we are before
God. I attended Divine service this morning in the City at the Church of St Catherine in
Coleman Street. Some of the prayers always go to my heart, but more than ever, since the
clouds have gathered so thickly over our beloved country. I cannot drive out of my mind the
anxious phrase of Jefferson, that he trembled for his country when he reflected that God is
just. And so it is with me, when I consider how great are my shortcomings. The services were
by no means so impressive as those of last Sunday. The Clergyman’s sermon was a feeble
commentary on the 103d psalm. This another of Sir Christopher’s erections and on the outside
it remains much in the state he planned it. But the interior has been evidently renewed, and not
in his style. The ceiling is all new, and a low and heavy wooden gallery has been carried
across the windows nearly to the ends of the area. In spite of this change however, the effect
of the interior was to my eye attractive and cheerful. The very large windows on both sides
gave abundance of light, and directly above the altar in front was a stained glass window,
having a copy of the picture of the descent from the cross by Rubens, which is in the Cathedral
at Antwerp The sunlight threw out the colors, perhaps a little too brilliantly, but yet not
ineffectively. Over the entrance door is a singular stone bas relief representing the
resurrection. The attendance was above the average, and the people substantial. After
luncheon, we with Mr and Mrs Kuhn and Mary to the gardens at Kew. A great many people
there, but the air was soft, and we had a pleasant stroll through the flower beds, and
shrubbery. Home before six — Quiet evening.

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106 Monday 5th London CFA AM
Usual work answering various letters which keep crowding upon me. A visit from Mr Morse with whom I had conversation about the evidence in the case of the Deerhound, and its interference in the action between the Kearsarge and the Alabama. He referred to some deposition taken under his direction and offered to send copies. Which offer I accepted as available in giving strength to the Despatch I am preparing for Lord Russell. This has given me not a little anxiety. For although the argument appears to be all of it in our favor the weak position of this ministry only renders it more restive under pressure. We have got along so far without any positive collision, and I should be glad to go now to the end of my time, without me. A visit from Sir Henry Holland, when I took occasion to consult once more as to the condition of Mary, who is yet suffering from a constant catarrhal affection, which makes us more or less uneasy. He thought it not serious and prescribed some remedies for it, as not in any way connected with the lungs. Afterwards a long walk and home. Evening, we had Whist.
Sultry and cloudy. Continued working on my arrears of private correspondence of which there is apparently no end. Visits from Mr Comfort, Consul at Amerna, and Mr Pierpont, who brought me a letter from Mr Evarts. Both talked American politics, which look at this moment darker than at any period of the war. Not in the military part of it, which is comparatively easy, but in the political agitation which threatens a change of government, and the total loss of all the objects of the struggle. Both seemed staunch and loyal, but the latter very doubtful of the issue of the election. In company with Mr Kuhn and Henry, I went out to Ealing to see a house which is to be let. The prejudice against a residence in town is such, and the physicians dissuade it so much, especially in Mary’s case that I have concluded to leave it as soon as possible. The place is situated on Hanger’s hill, and is in every respect the most eligible which I have yet met with. The only question is as to the bottom which is clay, and therefore damp. Perhaps there is another about the price. Ealing is associated with all my early notions of this country, and with persons nearly all of whom have passed away. But it is not this part of it. Little Ealing his on the opposite or Bruntford side. We returned so that we landed from the train at Portland road. Nothing could be more convenient. We had news from America—the chief of which points to General McClellan as the rival candidate for the Presidency. But it is not decisive. In the evening we had another party at Whist.
Wednesday 7th London CFA AM
Mary is not making favorable progress. We were today made much anxious about her, and Sir Henry Holland was again consulted. He prescribed for her, but gave it as his opinion that her difficulty was somewhat asthmatic. I was busy as usual in writing letters. Modified my note to Lord Russell by comparison with some more evidence furnished by Mr Morse, and send it. I should be glad to think it my last argumentative paper officially addressed to this government. A visit from Mr Edge to beg money which I could not accord to him. A long walk. But the weather is so oppressive that I took no great comfort in it. The feeling of depression which I have now had for some time, was much aggravated by the situation of Mary.
Mary had a bad, restless night, and gave us all a distressing day. We sent for Sir Henry Holland who was on his way out of town and thus left us wholly without advice. He still thought her symptoms asthmatic, and prescribed for her. He recommended such physicians as he believed to be in town. I selected and sent for Dr Hawkins, who came and gave his opinion. But at dinner time she had paroxysms which alarmed us extremely. We sent again Dr Hawkins, and as he was so far off, we called in the son of our neighbor, Dr Headland. They agreed in the opinion that the lungs were not affected, but the bronchial tubes and clogged. They prescribed again, and during the night there was no recurrence of the spasms. It was my usual day to prepare draughts of Despatches. They were not of any material consequence, which was perhaps fortunate in my distracted state of mind to walk with Mr Kuhn, in the course of which I tried to hunt up more houses—but found only one, the same which I came so near taking two years ago. Caldecot Lodge at Bushey. It may however be expedient on account of Mary, to change our whole plan. This must be taken into consideration.
The night passed without any recurrence of the trouble, and in the course of the day the medical men reported a gradual but slow alleviation of the symptoms. I felt grateful for the change, and at the same time anxious. For this is of a class of complaints to which in my family I have been but little accustomed. Indeed as a general rule my family has among its blessings enjoyed a great share of general health. What I apprehend the most in the present instance is susceptibility in the future. My day much occupied with the preparation of many private letters for the bag to go home. The labor of bringing up arrears caused by my journey has continued through a week. It was in substance accomplished today. A long and solitary walk again. My spirits are much depressed—and I am conscious of an utter loss of any interest I have ever had in all that is around me. The solitude is oppressive, even with my family about me, which was never the case before. It is high time for me—to quit this post. Mr Heade the artist came in for an hour, in the evening. Read a little of Pepys’s Diary. A more honest one than most persons would be ready to keep.
109 Saturday 10th London CFA AM
Mary is now relieved from absolute oppression, and resumes her natural state. But the organs are not yet restored, and she has no appetite. The weather has improved, and I begin to hope for a favorable change. My day was rather wasted in long visits from different persons. Mr Lucas, the Editor of the Star came to ask questions about our affairs at home. I talked to him probably, and not disguising the critical nature of the trial through which we are passing. It is no longer military. The struggle is at home, with the more ignoble elements of our own society. Mr E B Elliot likewise came to talk of the meeting of the British Association next week, and to sound me concerning the fitness of taking part in any discussion of the war. I intimated my opinion clearly enough. Mr Elliot has published a curious and interesting paper on the sanitary condition of the army during the earlier period of the war. Mr W. P. Mangum is from North Carolina, for loyal man who has been serving as Consul in China, but is now returning home. He was likewise anxious to be informed of the state of things at home. I pity all this class of persons very much. It would be the depth of injustice for us to desert them. After these long conference I had time only for a walk which I took over Primrose Hill. Evening, Pepys, in which I am making great progress.
109 Sunday 11th London CFA AM
Mary gains perceptibly, but is left with a cough and no appetite. Cooler day, and a very clear atmosphere in the morning. I attended Divine service in the City at the Church of St 110 Mary’s, Aldemanbury. This is one of the many planned by Sir Chistophers, but the spirit of improvement has passed over it, so far as materially to transform it’s interior. Only the general outline remains. As now seen, it is perfectly simple, without galleries, with light on three sides. The nave divided from the aisles by six columns of the corinthian or composite order on each side, from which rises a curved ceiling with ornamental pannels. All the old oaken work is taken away, and in the room of them low open rows of benches and a tiled floor, with a low stone pulpit. A reredos and a reader’s desk. The altar, a table covered with red velvet and gold fringe. Pretty enough to look at, but cold and comfortless compared to Wren’s original style, or perhaps that of his day. For I am not sure that he was not against any pews at all. The service conducted with a chair of men and boys, with an organ in the Chancel. The sermon more dull than usual. Having learned to expect little from it, my interest is concentrated upon the fine prayers, which never were exceeded, some of them psalms, and the hymns when judiciously selected which was not the case today. I believe I have now seen all the City Churches that merit attraction. There are perhaps a dozen more which I may visit or not, as may be convenient. This experience has been interesting to me on my accounts. It has given me an inner view of what city life was some centuries ago, passing through its gradation of faith, from genuine Romanism, though Anglicanism of various temperature down to the present state of elaborate external zeal and actual internal nothingness. The tabernacle is fair and well sustained, but the people to use it are few. It is different elsewhere. After luncheon, went to walk. Returned the visit of Mr Mangum and Mr Carpenter. Towards evening, Messr Parker and Moran came in with news from America, that looks quite favorable. General Sherman is said to have occupied Atalanta and Fort Morgan below Mobile has been surrendered. This is material. I trust it may be fully verified. The relative importance of it is quite as great as the absolute gain. Evening very quiet— Mr Jenkins, an acquaintance of Louisa, came in, for a brief visit.
Mary was up for some hours today, and seemed improving. She will however read much care, and will be cause of anxiety for some time. The American news bears out the impression received last night. It looks favorably for the government in spite of the nomination of General McClellan at Chicago, which was effected by skilful manipulation. The base is so rotten that only a chapter of favorable accidents will avail to hold it together until the election. A visit from Mr Pike, the Minister at the Hague, who has come over to consult upon the disposition of the Vessels of War in these waters, agreeably to directions from Washington. I gave him my opinion against increasing the number, but in favor of retaining what are now here, rather as a moral power than has having any practical objects. Having some leisure, I resumed my catalogue of coins, which is nearly completed. Brooks came back from Walton. Evening, a game of Whist.
Cloudy and dubious weather. The physicians still report Mary as mending. My time taken up in finishing up all arrears prior to my departure for the fulfilment of my promise to go to Bath, to attend the opening of the meeting of the British association, at which Sir Charles Lyell is to make the address on the assumption of the place of Presiding officer. Not having been able to secure lodgings in season, I made up my mind to go to Clifton, the place adjoining Bristol, and sufficiently near to Bath, by railway for all practical purposes. As my daughter Louisa seemed to be rather failing in her process of recovery, in the air of London, I invited her and her husband to join me. So we went together at two o'clock by the train from Paddington Station. It was very full, and fell behind time, so that instead of reaching Bristol at a quarter to six, it did not get there until half past—and it was nearly eight before we arrived at the Clifton Down Hotel. We had little left to do but to dine rather late, and take a brief stroll on the height in point, to catch a glimpse of the scene by moonlight.
The morning opened dark and with a boisterous wind driving the clouds fast before it. I walked not before breakfast to look at the town. It is very prettily situated on an elevation, around which the little river arm winds at a distance of three hundred or more feet beneath. Over this a suspension bridge has been thrown, which gives an additional effect of height. After breakfast we decided to go by railway to Bath, in order that I might report myself, and obtain some idea of the course I was expected to take. Mr Kuhn and Louisa accompanied me for the purpose of seeing the place. But unfortunately it began to rain hard just as we got there, and continued to do so more and more heavily whilst we stayed. We drove to the pump room, where was the process of organization. There was an array of Secretaries to which we were to report. Meeting with Sir Roderick Murchison I asked his aid to guide me to information. He took me to the Secretary, Mr Moore, who seemed well disposed, but rather puzzled what to advise. He said something about the Mayor’s having enquired after me, and having provided accommodations for me. When I told him that it was not what I wanted as I had gone to Clifton, he seemed relieved. What I did want was to know what I was to do in order get a place to hear Sir Charles Lyell’s address in the evening. He said that there were no places reserved anywhere. My course would be to apply to be made an associate of the British Institution for the occasion for which I should be obliged to pay a pound, and then to get my seat as soon as I could at the Theatre. It seemed to me rather singular that I should have been formally invited by the Mayor of Bath, on the suggestion of Sir Charles Lyell to such one entertainment as this. But I had no help for it, So I paid my pound, took my ticket and programmes, and arranged to go back to Clifton with my children to dinner, to return in the evening. Mr Moran gave me an invitation to see his collection of fossils, close by. We went in a heavy shower, and found it choice and very curious. Some specimens of fish not unlike our present flat species, were very perfect. From hence we returned to Clifton, having pretty much failed in every object of the expedition. The rain which had baffled us now ceased, and the evening was clear and fine. For this I was thankful, as otherwise I fear even my regard for Sir Charles Lyell would have scarcely carried me through the rest of my task. After dinner was over I drove back to the Station, three miles and returned to Bath just in time to hasten to the Theatre and secure my seat. In the general melée I found every thing taken until I ascended to the highest gallery usually described in former days as the abode of the gods. Here I got a good place among very respectable company of men and women, in which I both saw and heard very well. On the stage, where I should have been, were seated the general Committee of the association, and the officers including the President, Sir William Armstrong, and his successor, Sir Charles Lyell, as well as the worthy Mayor. At eight o’clock the simple ceremony of changing the Office was accomplished in a few words from Sir William Armstrong, and Sir Charles began upon his Address. His voice was clear and his articulation distinct so that I lost scarcely a word.
Beginning with a reference to the hot well at this place he drew a parallel with the emission of fire and cinders from volcanoes, tracing both to cognate causes in the bowels of the earth. This led him on by degrees, to an exposition of his bolder theory of the antiquity of the creation. But before he had finished I was warned of the necessity of meeting the return to Bath. In a very bright moonlight I walked back to the Station, and got home to my lodgings at the Clifton Down Hotel by a quarter to eleven. Thus terminated this extraordinary adventure. It presents me out of many singular illustrations of the peculiar manner of the English people. That there was no intentional neglect of courtesy was very plain, for I found the next morning that the Mayor had made a friendly allusion to me as on the platform, and the newspapers all reported me as actually there. And this allusion was favorably received by the audience. Whilst therefore I have no desire to take offence at such singular inattention to the rules of courtesy and hospitality to an invited guest, I am equally determined to avoid so far as may be in my power all occasions in which I may be liable to become a victim to it.114

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114 Thursday 15th London CFA AM

After my experience of yesterday I felt myself absolved from all necessity to go farther in acknowledgment of the kindness of Sir Charless Lyell. So I decided to devote my morning to the observation of objects at Clifton and Bristol, and return to London by the train in the afternoon. The day proved fine, and we enjoyed the view of the Gorge of the avon both up and down, after which we strolled along the shady walks of the public grounds. There is a great appearance of comfort and luxury in the dwellings, most of them removed from the road, and shining with a luxury of parterre, which is the marking ornament of this nation. The frequent rains have brought up the grass so that the scenery looks naturally of this nation. The frequent rains have brought up the grass so that the scenery looks natural once more. Having gone through as much as we had time for, our next object was to walk to the Station at Bristol, stopping on our road to examine the Cathedral and the Church of St Mary Radcliffe. The exterior aspect of the former is less imposing than usual, which is partly owing to th want of elevation of the tower, and partly to the facts that the whole of the nave was either pulled down or never built. What is left however is a choir of unusual length, with two aisles of equal height, and an arrangement of arches, both graceful and impressive. There is a chapter house of peculiarly norman architecture, which to my eye is curious rather than beautiful. Also cloisters on two sides of the square. There are some old monuments, and other new ones of interest. One to Bishop Butler. One to Robert Southey—and an epitaph by Mason to his Wife, which the book says was partly composed by Gray. I do not see his hand in it. On the whole, we were paid for our trouble. Bristol is no longer a separate Diocese. It is added to Gloucester. St Mary Radcliffe is on the whole finer than the Cathedral in its present condition. Parts of it are of very antique date, but the process of renovation is stripping it of all harmony. There is a Lady Chapel, and a Porch which are curious. The spot is made notorious by the forgery of the boy Chatterton, to whom there is a monument in the yard. Having observed all this, we took up our march to the Station, from whence to London without incident. We got home to dinner and found the family including Mary in cheerful condition. For which I desire to be grateful.115
Variable weather, with showers which are rapidly bringing up the verdure. I worked with much assiduity in preparing both public and private letters. At the same time I had visits from several persons. Mr Forster came in to ask about our affairs, and also about our paying him a visit presently. Count Lavradio, the Portuguese Minister to speak of the capture of the Georgia, which he admitted was perfectly legal. All that he had to say was that the coals which were on board belonged to his government, and he hoped that the cost of them would be reimbursed. I said that I did not doubt it. The Georgia had been taken from no desire to incommode the government of Portugal. Had she been actually purchased in my belief no objection would have been raised. But as she was only hired for three months, there was no security in suffering her to run upon the ocean. I expressed my regret to leave that the money for the charter party had been advanced. The Count said yes. But the consideration having failed, that payment would be recovered. Mr E I Fisher also came to ask some questions about the organization of the Sanitary commission here. I said that in my own opinion there was none. He evidently wishes to retain the semblance of one, and to get me to advise him to do so. I avoided the expression of any opinion. Sir Henry Holland and Dr Hawkins both spoke favorably of Mary’s improvement, and gave cautious opinions about her removal to any other place. Walk—and quiet evening at home.
Friday 16th
16 September 1864

We had today full confirmation of the news of last week from America. General Sherman has completed his brilliant campaign by the capture of Atlanta. This success will do much to change the tone of the public sentiment, and to rally it to the support of the only policy that can be depended upon to give us any fruits from the fearful struggle. On this point the symptoms are favorable. I was busy writing until luncheon, after which I went out with Mrs Adams and Louisa to pay a visit to Dean Milman and his Wife at Addiscombe. The drive which was longer than necessary by reason of our ignorance of the way, was nevertheless pleasant and pretty. We went over the bridge at Westminster, through Clapham, Balham, Mitcham and Croyden. These are suburbs incomparably prettier than any thing on the north side. On return by way of Steatham showed likewise a very attractive range of country villas. At Addiscombe we found Mrs Milman, a little unwell with a cold. The Dean was out driving, but soon came home. The place is very pretty. It belongs to the present Lady Ashburton, as part of her dower. She is however engaged in building for herself another, and lets this in the mean time. We caught a shower or two on our way home— In the evening, the American papers and letters.

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116 Sunday 18th London CFA AM

A fine day almost without a shower. I went to the city intending to worship at a Church of St Dinis in Line Street. But on getting to the spot I found it closed, and as the hour was late, I had recourse to the nearest I could find. This proved to be St Peter le poor in Old Bread Street—a modern erection without any interest either inside or out. A small attendance; but a well read service. The sermon upon the young man who could not obey the injunction to part with his riches. Nothing remarkable. After luncheon to the zoological gardens with Mr and Mrs Kuhn. We were so much interested in the monkey house that we spent most of our time there. The Oran Outang and a species of large baboon were both remarkable. Evening quiet at home. The American papers very interesting this week.
116 Monday 19th London CFA AM

Quiet, pleasant day, without much incident. Mary came downstairs for the first time today. The Physician recommend it to her to take the air tomorrow. My time taken up in casual correspondence which appears to increase upon me, whereas the public business perceptibly declines. Went out early to see about the house at Ealing, the house agent for which is in Bond Street. From thence I took a long and pleasant walk to the gardens at Kensington. The verdure is now completely restored. A visit from Mr George B. Chase, of Boston who afterwards dined with us, in company with Mr and Mrs Grinwald and his sister, Miss Gunnell, and Mr Jenkins. In the evening, I continue Pepys.
116 Tuesday 20th London CFA AM
Rather a day of leisure, and therefore filled up with visits. Mr Evans came in to sound my opinions of our prospect at home. I told him how materially improved they seemed to me since the exposition made by the Chicago Convention, and the late town in military affairs. We should however be able to judge still better by the result of the election in Maine which took place on the 12th. Mr Evans showed uneasiness at the rumors of compromise of the slave question, by the Administration—which I endeavored to dispel. Mr Quallett, agent for the Ealing House came and I made him an offer for it, which he said he would refer at once to his principal. Mr Pike came in and we had a long talk about the state of affairs. He is likewise hopeful in all respects, excepting the financial. After him Mr Ingersoll called, a person of a different stamp, with whom nothing could be said but upon the commonest subjects. After a walk, we had an early dinner, for the purpose of going to see a little entertainment after the fashion of those of Mr Pevnssor, by a person who calls himself Arthur Sketchly. It is an attempt to take off the peculiarities of the English of middle life—and is on the whole amusing enough for once. It might have been made much more effective, by less precipitate elocution. Continued Pepys.
117 Wednesday 21st London CFA AM
After getting through the morning’s work, went with my daughter Louisa to the museum at South Kensington, to see the departments of fine work, and the gallery of English pictures. It is idle to go over much of this collection in a single day, so we confined ourselves to a portion containing Ang cento work, and the imitations in England of ancient porcelain and earthenware. The pictures are however much the most interesting. With many that are indifferent or bad, there are more which will remain as masterpieces on their particular style. This it should be remarked however is not the grand style of art. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Wilkie, Leslie, Landseer, Stanfield., Muheady, and the rest, more of them reach the higher emotions. They are English and being English they hit the level of the serial system to which they belong. After three hours of walking and standing in this extensive building we drove home. Dined with Mr and Mrs Thomson Hankey. Four of us, that is Mrs Adams, and Mr and Mrs Kuhn, with Mr Thomas Baring, and Messr Odo and Arthur Russell made the company, which was pleasant enough.118

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The day spent in the customary duty of preparing the week’s Despatches. Not much labor in them, but the accidental business coming from other subjects made up for it. Long walk—and in the evening the American newspapers. Mr W. W. Story was here at the Legation, and talked of General McClellan in a manner which convinced me that he had at heart a wish that he might succeed. He said something about the story of substituting me for the President, of which I spoke with suitable contempt. I expressed my belief that the President as presenting a principle and a policy was the strongest nomination that could be made. As things now stood, I thought his success most likely. McClellan had been placed in a false position, representing a sentiment which he had been driven to disavow. At this crisis I did not believe the people were prepared to put up with it. I saw that what I said was unwelcome, so I forbore. Quiet evening at home.
118 Friday 23d. London CFA AM
My life is becoming monotonous and eventless. This would be very satisfactory to me if it were not that in the family there is more of ailing and discomfort than has been experienced during all the other portion of our residence, put together. My private letters home were written and all put up in good season—so that I walked out with Mary, being her first experiment since her illness, for nearly and hour, in the gardens of the square. Afterwards, a longer walk alone. Quiet evening. Continued Pepys.
118 Saturday 24th London CFA AM
The family seem generally suffering with colds, and I have an affection of my left eye which is annoying, if not durable. A visit of compliment from M Gutierrez, the Minister from Honduras. He, like all the South Americans deplores the loss of power consequent upon our civil war. The interference of Spain and France ought to teach us a lesson, for long. Walk early for the purpose of visiting the House agent, about the Ealing house. There is a little stick about terms. I agreed to call and dispose of the matter on Monday. Evening, as Brooks was at home, we made up a party at Whist.119
119 Sunday 25th London CFA AM
Made another attempt to visit a church of Wren’s designing in the city, and this time I hit upon St James’s, Garlickhithe, or hill, which I see that Cunningham pronounces as the worst specimen of his abilities in London. Perhaps it may be so. The rows of columns are set back so as practically to support little, and to make no aisles. They are broken in the centre by openings without much object, and worst of all, they are mounted on high pedestals reaching above the tops of the pews, a fault which nothing but the shelter of the pews prevents from being glaring. The ceiling is however graceful and light. There is a recess behind the altar, in which is a very ordinary picture of the transfiguration. The attendance small. The sermon was from the famous text in Ezekial “can these bones live?” I have heard several discourses on that vision, but none which come up to my notion of what it might produce. Brooks was with me. On my return home, as Mrs Adams was ill with a cold, I went with Mary in the open carriage to take a drive. We went through the pretty region of Highgate and Hampstead. This over, I accompanied Louisa and Brooks on a visit to the Zoological gardens, where they amused themselves in feeding some of the beasts with nuts and bread. We had to dinner Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, with Mr Twisleton. And in the evening Miss Gunnell. The affection of my eye troubled me much all day.
119 Monday 26th London CFA AM
Mr T. Baring sent me word last evening of the death of Mr Bates, rather suddenly at the last, though I have seen it impending since Number last. He was one of the very few genuine, hearty Americans whom I have met here, that inspired in me some regard. Although transplanting himself to this side, and engrafting what is left of his family and fortune upon English stock, I saw clearly enough that all his cumulative possessions had not filled the void which expatriation had left in his heart. I shall miss him, though I really saw him but little. The American news of today was favorable especially the election returns from Maine, which indicate the continuance of the Administration. But for some reason or other there is a weight on my spirits which I cannot entirely throw off, and cannot account for. My eye was in such a state today as to render labor difficult. Called on the agent of the Ealing House, and found him yet unable to decide on terms. Made my last offer and agreed to receive the reply tomorrow at noon. Then a walk over to Kensington, which looks very pretty. The days are rapidly shortening. Quiet evening.

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My eye better, but much inflamed, and rather troublesome. Not a single Despatch this week. The newspapers less interesting than I expected. Lord Russell has at last written me a flippant unreasoning reply to mind on the case of the Deerhound, to which I replied today with great moderation, reforming the matter home for instructions. The difficulty with his Lordship is that he always writes with the arrière pensée, how he is to appear on his own dunghill. In a lesser degree the remark is likewise applicable to Mr Seward. Mr Quallett, the house agent came to see me at noon, and I finally closed with him for the house at Ealing. Mr Scott Russell also paid me a visit. He told me that he had reason to believe Yeatman to have gone some time ago to America in one of the blockade running steamers. He was certainly not at Paris. He inferred from what he saw in the papers that he was at work in the Richmond Enquirer. Mr Russell however had manifestly another object today. He had casually met with one of the Editors of the Times, he did not say which, and had an earnest conversation with him about the course of that paper in American affairs. From what he said he judged that the action was without system and with little basis of information.. And he evidently though that by some effort he might be able to bring about a change. I intimated to him my belief that the policy was adapted to the presumed notions of Lord Palmerston, and that all the mischief which it had produced in America was now irremediable. Nobody had regretted it more than I had, or believed it more false to the best interests of England. But so it was. Walk around the Regent’s Park. We had to dinner Mr G. B. Chase and two young ladies, Miss Grew and Miss Sturgis, the daughter of Henry. In the evening Mr and Mrs Abbott Lawrence.

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120 Wednesday 28th London CFA AM
The weather is uncommonly fine and the news from America is good. We have great cause to be grateful, and yet I do not think I ever experienced a more steady depression of spirits. This is undoubtedly to be traced to my anxiety about Mary, who does not yet recover her spirits or appetite. We now propose the experiment of a change of air. God grant it may meet our hopes. My day passed in preparing draughts of Despatches in advance. Visits from Mr Sohier from America, and a Mr Curtia with a letter from Mr S. B. Ruggles. Mr S. dined here.
121 Thursday 29th Ealing CFA AM
This was a day of some bustling and confusion, inasmuch as in addition to the inevitable
derangement of the household, consequent upon removal I was obliged to attend the funeral
of Mr Bates, fixed for twelve o’clock, as M Van de Weyer expressly called yesterday to
mention. It proved to be a perfect counterpart to that which I witnessed from the same house
little more than fifteen months ago. The persons present were scarcely more numerous. Messrs
T. Baring, and Baring Young, with Russell Sturgis of the partners. Messrs R M Mason, Abbot
Lawrence, J. C Bates, R Minturn, C. Eliot and two others whom I did not know. The mourners,
M Van de Weyer his two sons and son in law. The same ponderous funeral apparatus, the
same long and slow movement to Kendall Green, and the same formal service at the
interment. A life of nearly half a century spent in amassing a fortune of millions with the
retention of a blameless character terminates in England with a mark of respect from four
Englishmen, two of whom were associates in trade. This is because he was a native of a
foreign land and sympathized in heart with that which he had voluntarily renounced. His family
will now be engrafted upon English stock, and his wealth will go to those who will not object to
have his memory obliterated. The only monument he has made for himself will remain in
Boston, where Americans will not cease to be grateful to him for the beneficent endowment he
gave to the public library. I did not get home until nearly four, when I found almost all the family
gone. Mr Kuhn and Louisa remained to go in the carriage, and I was last to take the train at
Portland road to Ealing. Thus we all found ourselves reunited at Hanger Hill House, at a late
dinner, which proved however a very much more comfortable one than I ever experienced
before on a similar undertaking.

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121 Friday 30th Ealing CFA AM
We were favored in our removal by the weather, and Mary seemed not the worse for it today. I went to London with Henry for the purpose of completing the usual letters to be despatched by the bag to America. Henry remained in town in order to start early tomorrow for the north, where he pays a visit to his friend Gaskill. I had no interruptions and completed my labors in season to go back at fire. The rest of the family had arrived, with the exception of Mr Kuhn and Louisa who came shortly after in the carriage. We had a comfortable dinner and evening.

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This place looked charmingly, but I could not remain to enjoy it, as it seemed on the whole expedient that I should go to town to get the letters and papers from America. I found great numbers of Despatches and letters but none that would require much labor. The tone of Mr Seward is revived, and he now alludes to ventures from the Southern States in a manner that is encouraging. Returned to Ealing at noon, in order to get ready to start in company with Mrs Adams on our proposed visit to Lord and Lady Cranworth. Our first move was to reach the Victoria instead of the Paddington Station, which we did by a rather long detour by the West London railway, through Kensington and Chelsea. From Victoria we took a train to Bromley, where we met Lord Cranworth’s carriage which brought us four miles to his house, Holwood. Here we were kindly received by him and Lady Cranworth. We found only Lady Fanny Bailly and her children, and Miss Carr, an elder sister of Lady C. Hence we had a quiet and comfortable evening.
A clear and cool day. We attended Divine service at a very small church close by the limits of
Lord Cranworth’s grounds, belonging to the little village of Keston. Service as usual, but the
Sermon was preached by a stranger, and it was an appeal for aid to the missionary cause
considering the extremely small edifice and few attendants, the labor seemed to me rather in
vain. Afterwards we went to look at the grounds, which are remarkable for two things. First,
that they belonged to William Pitt, who has left traces of himself in the plantations of fine trees
that adorn them. Second, that they contain the remains of an extraordinary line of treble
fortifications the banks have been levelled, but the traces of them are left. These are called
Roman, because coins are sometimes dug up in them; but in reality there is no record of any
kind left to explain their true character. At present the rabbits are doing their best to change
their shape. This Estate is high and very finely diversified in hill and dale. But I have rarely
seen a more barren spot. It seems to be gravel on flint and chalk. There is a little coating of
short soft turf, good for sheep and nothing else. The rabbits are every where. There are about
three hundred and fifty acres, about one third of which is arable. Evening in quiet family circle.
123 Monday 3d. Holwood CFA AM

Lord Cranworth is now seventy four years old, though he does not look or move like it. He has passed through all the grades of the legal course until he attained the highest which he held for several years until the breakdown of the last Whig cabinet. He gives me the impression of mildness and purity of character, but not of extraordinary ability. Lord Cranworth is a pleasing unassuming woman who impresses me as having a large share of reserved force, and much cultivation of which she makes no display. Lady Fanny Bailly is one of the sisters of the late Lord Elgin, and of the Wife of Dean Stanley. Her husband who is now in Scotland, is in the Diplomatic service at one of the minor courts of Germany. Miss Carr is an old single lady, who has seen something of the world, has lived in Ceylon, and now contorts himself with the labor of petting a minute terrier dog of advanced age. This is our interior, which I relish much better than the formalities of usual country visits. After looking over an old folio history of their part of Kent, in order to get some notion of the lay of the land, I sallied out on a walk. The sky was bright as in America, with a high, cool wind from the east. Found my way over Keston common to Hayes, in order to visit the place where Lord Chatham lived and his great son was born. The house stands almost opposite to the church, in a very flat position and with an entrance door almost on a level with the grand. It has nothing to distinguish it from the many country houses one meets all about. Yet the mere fact that Chatham passed many days of joy and sorrow, of elation and of suffering in this scene stirs the imagination more than if it were a Prince’s Palace. He is one of a few very great men in England’s political history. An orator and Statesman combined, as nobody else has been, excepting his son. I do not include Lord Bolingbroke who was in fact a failure. Here Chatham planted two, but he had not the advantage of elevation to produce effects as his son had. Got home to luncheon.124 Lady Cranworth proposed an expedition to Lord Lydney’s at Frognell, but I declined to join it, as I preferred to accept Lord C’s invitation to see his farm. He took me to see his farm houses and cottages for his men. The latter he has scarcely finished. They are better than the Speaker’s, because larger upstairs. But they are not so spacious as the dwellings of our laboring people in the Country. The cows are Durham or Alderney. The pigs Berkshire and very good. But his main stay is the sheep, which are rather a burden in consequence of the drought and loss of the turnip crop. The buildings were not new nor particularly good. The crops were evidently short, as we could see by the stacks. This state of things with us would be ruinous. Here the relief is in the moderation of the winter season, which furnishes more or less of food out of doors. The ladies went to Frognell and Mrs Adams was interested in the curious details of the old place. At dinner today, were the Archbishop of Canterbury and his eldest daughter. Mr and Mrs Lublock, of the Banking house of that name, but he better known as a man of science, and a Mr Norman. These are all neighbors. After dinner, Miss Lengley and her father sang several English duets in a simple and agreeable manner.
124 Tuesday 4th Holwood CFA AM

The weather continues very bright but with a high Easterly wind. I sallied out on a new walk. This time I struck into a narrow road which led into one of those lanes or passage ways between private Estates which are peculiar to England. On each side are hedges which some breaking up the fields for the autumn sowing. Following a circuitous course I come out at last upon a road which brought me back upon that portion of Lord Cranworth's place diametrically opposite to that which I had started from. The peculiar characteristic of this walk is the solitude for miles—and yet we are only a dozen miles from London. After luncheon I joined Lady Cranworths in her party to visit Addington, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is about four miles from Holwood. The Archbishop had expected us at Luncheon, and was exceedingly courteous. He had with him two gentlemen Messr Lennard and Hammond who joined us in an excursion around the grounds. The house is spacious but scarcely above the grade of a gentleman's mansion in the country, of the better class. There is however an extensive and diversified tract of territory attached which is wild and picturesque. One cedar of great age and enormous extent the spreading limbs of which were held up by thirty or more strong props, is perhaps the most remarkable object. It is not the cedar of Lebanon, but is handsomer, as its branches are pendulous and not stiff. The land is far from rich, but it appears to sustain a good deal of oak and beech and birch and evergreen wood. From the elevations a wide reach of view is obtained, prominent in which stands the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Having passed through a portion of the region, we drove home. Lady Cranworth however let me out at a point called West Wickham, where on a portion of the estate of Mr Lennard are to be seen some very ancient oaktrees. I found my way to them. They stand among other trees, but so wide apart as not to mar their venerable character. The English oak is seldom remarkable for its great height. It seems rather to expend its forces in low lateral branches which it throws out strongly and in order to sustain them expend most of its vital energy in swelling their proportions near the trunk. The consequence is a knotty, gnarled, ponderous stem which after long exposure and damage from violent struggles with the wind takes that massive, irregular and ragged appearance that makes it so picturesque. There was one of these specimens in particular which was quite sublime. In its vigorous state of ruins with a girth of thirty or more feet, I could readily believe that it may have seen all the generations of men of whom we have any knowledge in this island, successively rise, flourish or fade, and pass away. It became dark, before I got out of the wood, and for a time I was dubious about my way home. I however struck out boldly across the lonely heath, and singularly enough made my way back with but me enquiring from the only man I met in two or three miles. At dinner there were Colonel Lennard and his Wife, a daughter of Henry Hallam, Mr Hammond, Mr Mrs and Miss Bonham Carter, and two younger Messr Lublock. The first named is pleasant and easy— He had been in America, and talked of his experience.
126 Wednesday 5th Ealing CFA AM

Our visit at this hospitable mansion terminated this morning. I shall remember it as among the pleasantest of my experiences of the kind. Lord Cranworth came up in the train at the same time. Mrs Adams went directly to Ealing, but I went to the Legation and looked over the letters received. I answered such as needed notice, and drew up some forms of Despatches to go on Friday. Numerous as were the missions from the Departments, they involve very little of labour. The period of controversy with this government has passed away, I hope, not to be resumed during my mission. At five, I returned to Ealing, and found the family comfortable and Mary apparently as well at least, as when we left her.

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The clear, cold weather continues. I regret my inability to enjoy it at Ealing, while I can, but circumstances make it impossible. The dull pressure upon my spirits continues. I went to London, where I was busy in accounts as well as in writing letters. To the City to see the Barings—The desk of the departed partner remains. I knew not if any difference will be made in the House, but it will not look the same again to me. T. Baring was not in. So I saw only Mr Sturgis, Mr Baring Young, and Edward Baring. Adjusted my accounts of the contingent found and got home in season to finish a letter to my son John. Then back to Ealing. Louisa and Mary down into town in the carriage—and when I saw the latter in the evening, she seemed to me not so well. This anxiety is harrowing—I have only to pray for support in these trials.
126 Friday 7th London CFA AM
The news from America again came very good. General Sheridan has had another success in the Valley of the Shenandoah, which appears to put a final stop to the plan of General Lee of threatening Washington. General Grant now will have free play against Richmond. The question is purely one of time. The value of early success is more political just now I went to London, finished up my work of the week, and made arrangements for my absence for some days. Consulted Dr Headland about my daughter Mary, and the expediency of taking her with us to Lady Belper’s. His report was favorable, which a little alleviated my anxiety. After executing some commissions went to Ealing at four o’clock. Quiet evening.127
We left this morning in some force, as Henry had concluded upon going with us also. This left only Mr Kuhn and Louisa at home. I went in by the train, whilst the family came in the Carriage. Our course was to the Great Northern railway at King’s cross, where we started at half past eleven by the Midland line to Kegworth on the edge of the Leicestershire. This brought us at half past three to Kingston Hall, the seat of Lord Belper. Here we found only the family, and a sister of Lady B, a Mrs Malthus with her husband, a Clergyman in some part of Surrey. The house and grounds are the creation of his Lordship in about twenty enormous fortunes out of their inventive powers applied to the cotton manufacture. He was himself educated at Cambridge, but he seems still to retain more of the family talent than of the scholar’s culture. As a public man his career has been honorable and useful, whilst in private life his character is very high in the neighborhood. We walked over the grounds— In the evening, a young man of the name of Romilly, a nephew of Lady Belper, joined the party. We had a sumptuous dinner and in the evening, Cards.

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We attended Divine service at a little church in the vicinity—a curious remnant of antiquity, a quarter part of which must originally have been taken up by a monument to one of the family of Balington, long possessed of local influence here, but now passed away. The canopy still remains complete, and is peculiar for its anagram of the name, in a row of children, each peeping out of a turn, making a species of architectural frieze. There has been an addition made to the edifice evidently for the use of the Lord’s family. Perhaps there were fifty people. Services by a German, who is officiating temporarily, as I understood. A rare thing in an English pulpit. His accent and intonation were perceptible, but his reading and unusually good. After luncheon we all took a long walk. Lord Belper led the way to a place called Thrompton, on a hill from the lower part of which had been excavations for gypsum. Here was a pretty view of the Trent and the Soar on the two sides, with a sketch of fine intenale. The evening was quietly passed in conversation.
128 Monday 10th Kingston CFA AM
Lady Belper is a very kind and amiable person who acquits herself most faithfully of the duties of her situation. She has several children, all but one at home. But I find little of marked character in them. I should doubt if the father would be replaced. The morning was spent in the library, which is filled with good editions of the best authors, and all the current literature of the day. I read an article in the Reme des deux Mondes on the two last years of the war which is fair and liberal. Also a portion of a late publication of the letters of Marie Antoinette, which is genuine, so as I proceeded, seem to me much to her credit. At noon came Archdeacon Fearon from the neighboring place of Loughborough. Lord Belper again took us a long walk, but the atmosphere was busy, and the country had no marked features. The draught has been severe here, and there are no turnips for the sheep. I am afraid that civility led his Lordship to unwanted exertion. My fancy is to be left alone in my exercise, so that I constrain no one. The arch deacon accompanied us, and he and Mr Malthus talked a little upon Church questions. I prefer in these cases to listen. They asked me some questions about Theodore Parker, however, which I answered fully. We had to dine Mrs Byron and her sister, with two gentlemen named Douglas, and a young man from Derby of the name of Smith. The husband of Mrs Byron, who is insane is the presumptive heir to the tile. After dinner, we had Whist, and a round game.

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11 October 1864

The news from America continues favorable, and the deprecation of the paper is rapidly diminishing. This morning, Mr and Mrs Malthus left us as well as the Archdeacon, leaving only Mr Smith here with ourselves. Lord Belper arranged a little extension to Newstead Abbey. We drove down to the station where we took the train to Nottingham. From that point we took carriages ten miles to our object. Here we were received with great civility by Mr and Mrs Webb, the present owners, who had been apprised of our coming. Newstead, long the gloomy retreat of an eccentric family became suddenly an object of interest to Europe and America as associated with the brilliant poetical faculties displayed by the latest owner of his line, Lord Byron. Originally a monkish retreat, it adapted itself but imperfectly to the conveniences of social and domestic life. All that has been told of its internal history while held by the Byrons is by no means creditable. Yet the edifice and the site, with its remnant of architectural ruin and the adjoining sheet of water, all of them gilded by the sunshine of the poets genius inspire the visitor with a degree of interest, scarcely created by ordinary scenery even of a more picturesque nature. The corkscrew stairs, narrow corridors and generally small bedrooms became magnified and adorned by the fancy, when connected with the fact that a poet however wayward lived and breathed in the atmosphere. The Estate was sold by him, and passed into the hands of Colonel Wildman, a West India planter, who spent the last twenty years of his life and an enormous sum of money, in restoring and improving and adorning it. It is said to have cost him in all a hundred and eighty thousand pounds. At his death, it passed into the hands of a new purchaser, Mr Webb, who has been continuing the work, with a heavy additional cutlery. Thus it is becoming a perfect museum of antiquities of all sorts. Armor, and bronzes, and china are added to the old oaken panneling, gothlin tapestry, pictures and furniture remaining here or collected elsewhere from former ages. The quaint cloisters are glazed, and warmed by pipes of hot water, whilst Chapel and banqueting room are restored with every elegance of roman cut, each of its respective uses. It is evidently one of those cases, not uncommon in this country, of the desire of occupation by those whom fortune dooms to idleness. All the interior and as much of the grounds as we had time for are shown to us, after which we were invited to a sumptuous luncheon in the great room. There were sixteen or eighteen at table, consisting mainly of relations of Mrs Webb— One exception was Dr Livingstone, the explorer of Africa, whom Mr Webb met with whilst on a hunting expedition there, and whom, he had invited to stay with him whilst writing his second work. Dr L took the opportunity to speak to me about a son of his, who has made his way somehow to America, and into the army. I promised to make some enquiries respecting him. On our return we observed many rabbits running about. The place is infested with them to a degree beyond even Holwood. We got back with precision to the railway and home, much pleased with the excursion. Mary and Mr Smith accompanied us, but Henry was too unwell to go. At dinner only
one new person, Mr Herrick, the owner of a neighboring Estate of Beaumanoir.
Wednesday 12th Kingston. Burley CFA AM

I was busy writing all the morning, until luncheon and it was time to take our departure from this place. Henry was still unwell, but we decided to leave Mary with him to return home tomorrow, whilst we persecuted our journey to Mr Forster’s in Yorkshire. Leaving the Station at Kegworth at half past two, we went on to apperley Bridge which we reached at about six. Here carriages were in waiting for us, and carried us on to his house at Burley. We found Mr and Mrs Forster quietly at home in their cheerful library, ready to give a cordial welcome. It is now two years almost to a day since I came here before. It looks much as it did, but when I compare my won situation, how different it seems. In England our battle which then looked so doubtful and dark has been found and won. Though not yet over in America, a few weeks more of success would complete it there. We had a late dinner, and Mr Forster had a pretty long and free political talk afterwards. He has been on the whole our firmest and staunchest friend.

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130 Thursday 13th Burley CFA AM

We have been singularly favored in weather, a most important element in the pleasure of these country visits. Today, Mr Foster was obliged to go to Bradford on business. The commercial panic consequent upon the termination of the cotton speculation is great enough to cause uneasiness among all those engaged in manufacturing. Although he has greatly prospered during the three years, and is in no personal danger, he naturally watches the market with care. Mrs Forster invited us to drive to Bolton Abbey. I had visited it when here before, but was very glad to go again. The only difference that I noted was the low stage of the water in the river, which was shown by the stepping stones across, now several inches above the surface, but at that time, so much under as to under crossing inadvisable. We drove along the bank of the river to the stride, the scene of Wadsworth’s poem, and then returned. I examined the ruin with more care this time. It is very fine. Were it not that the nave had been turned into a parish church, it would be as striking as almost any I have scene. The great eastern windows is very remarkable, as well as the front door. The high addition erected in front, which obscures it, can scarcely be explained. It is certainly no improved. Mrs Forster called at the parsonage to see the Clergyman, Mr Robinson, and ask him to dinner. He was kind enough to show us the interior of the Church which was bare enough, and also the principal rooms of the Lodge belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which he comes to inhabit for a few weeks of the year. They consist of a cheerless hall used as a billiard room, as well as for dining, and a rather pleasant reception room filled with old family pictures of the Canndishes and Cliffords. Certainly this is not like Chatsworth, or Devonshire House, or any of the other places to which he may resort if he pleases, yet perhaps there may be a relish in its simplicity, and repose in the midst of scenery prior than elsewhere, which would compensate for all other deficiencies. We got home soon after five o’clock. We met at dinner Mr Robinson, and two gentlemen from Bradford, Messrs Mitchell and Seymore, besides Mr Baines, the son of the member, who came over from Leeds. They seemed very intelligent, and all highly friendly to America. Mr Baines is the chief writer for the Leeds Mercury, which his father has long conducted. Mr Mitchell, who is a merchant of extensive connections told me that the whole trade with the United States is at a stand. No orders came out whatever, and what may remains due from there is in such rapid process of liquidation that there will be nothing left by the end of the year. A very curious sign of the times. Mr Baines remained over night.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
14 October 1864

131 Friday 14th Burley CFA AM

Another fine autumn day. Mr Forster had arranged for us a trip to visit the place of Lord de Grey, for the purpose of visiting Fountain’s Abbey. Accordingly we drove seven miles to Arthington, where we took a train going to Ripon, and from the station there it was about three miles to Studley Royal, where Lord de Grey resides. We saw the outside only of the cathedral at Ripon, our time falling short. It is not at all striking. But the examination of the grounds and the ruins was very interesting. The very fine woods composed of lofty breeches and evergreens spread over a diversified surface showed in their autumn tints a softness of colouring particularly suited to a first view of what is considered as the finest ruin in England. It certainly is the most extensive and the best preserved. There is an appearance of an enlargement of the choir at some period, probably in consequence of the increasing number of the monks.132 That it must have been one of the largest Monasteries in the kingdom is rendered certain by the great extent caused by the foundation walls. The guide reported it at twelve acres The ornamental work is by no means so elaborate as in some other cases, especially those in Scotland. The tower remains almost entire, as well as the nave of the main edifice, whilst some of the other buildings are also well preserved. The effect of the whole as placed in a smooth sharm green, surrounded by a semi circle of old trees, some of them years of unknown age and really beautiful. Certainly the persons who chose the sites for these establishments in England knew what they were about. The first impression always is of profound repose in the midst of the most beautiful associations with the idea of God’s mercy to man. The great fallacy underlying the system is that it sets up a negative as the great end of life. If all the human race were to retire into cloisters there to do nothing but pray to God unceasingly there would presently be no one left in the world to acknowledge his blessings or fulfil the great purposes of his creation. To say that practically this could never happen is no justification of the system. If it be a merit in some to seclude themselves thus, it ought to be equally so in all. These ruins are now more worthy of admiration than they ever were in their original perfect condition. They tell of a past age of defection civilization, when violence and fraud had sway, and the time and weak stood in need of refuge. I am very glad I have seen this place. We drove to the house and left cards for Lord de Grey, after which we crossed the park abounding in small deer, and returned to the station at Rison—Hence home as we came. At diner we had Mr Harris, a banker at Bradford, and Mr Foster’s partner, whose name I did not catch. Afterwards, cards.

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132 Saturday 15th Burley—Ealing CFA AM
A lovely morning as we prepared to take our departure from this place and from the kindest and best friends we have had in this island. Throughout these autumn visits, which I cannot but regard as probably among my last, we have been favored in a high degree in weather, and in the more social and personal relations in which we have been received. Heretofore the forms of London life and the consideration due to my official position have prevailed much too strongly for my taste. All this is now pretty much over. My work is done and I am looking for a release either by compulsion or by consent on the party of the government. Thus this is rather in the nature of a leavetaking, not painful yet not without a shade of sadness. We drove to Apperley Bridge and there took the regular train to London. The only incident was the delay which brought us to King’s cross nearly an hour behind time. It is quite clear that no dependence can be placed on the punctuality of the trains. As a consequence, my arranged was entirely spoiled. The carriage was however in readiness and we got home safe to a late dinner at Ealing.

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A mild, pleasant morning. I went out in search of Teryford Abbey where I was told there was service. The road is over the hill and won into a private inclosure by a most rural and pretty way. Here is a little stone edifice capable of containing perhaps forty persons. I think not more than half as many were present. The interior is neat but perfectly plain, with a few tablets and hatchments against the walls. The earliest which I could distinguish was of the seventeenth century, referring to a person named Myrtle. A young clergyman read the prayers and preached as usual. There is something very rural and pleasing in this. Here, only six miles from one of the largest human hives on the globe, is a region as quiet and secluded as if it were in the most remote quarters of the island. The road from this Church to my house is lived with oak and elm trees, and fields on both sides with sheep and cattle reposing. How much this adds to the composing effect of religions worship! I fear if I were fixed here long I might lose some of my eagerness to return home. Such a feeling London never could produce. After luncheon, I went out to take a long stroll, over the hills, and down the bye paths, through town of Ealing along a portion of the road I used to travel when a boy to Little Ealing. It looked much changed as far as the corner where I stopped, and came home by way of what is called Elm College over the common home. This my first day in my new abode I enjoyed from first to last. The pressure so long on my spirits seemed to lighten. For Mary appears to be gaining in appetite and strength, and Henry in pronounced improving. We received our mail from America too in the evening the accounts from which are cheering. May she pass through this trial as she has the others!
10 October 1864

17 October 1864

To town, where I found the usual accumulation of papers and newspapers which always gives me a certain share of disturbance. I worked very steadily to reduce them in order. Mr Morse called to give me an account of the assiduity of the rebels in making outfits, and of the reports of this, that and the other undertaking. I think it is all taking the shape of running the blockade with armed Steamers. Captain Semmes is reported to have sailed with his officers. I suspect he has been obliged to go. It may be that they will undertake privateering again, but I doubt whether the results have compensated for the heavy outlay. The only profitable thing is the supply of goods by running cotton through the blockade. This becoming now almost a vital necessity. A visit from Mr R. G Hasard of Rhode Island, who has written on finance and metaphysics. We had some talk about Mr Chase’s policy—and Mr Fessenden as well as the President. Neither of the two latter, he says, has any acquaintance at all with the subject! What a man of a Chief Magistrate, who on his accession had an idea either of foreign or financial matters! Yet in this is he worse than most Sovereigns? What does Victoria, or Alexander, or Francis II know more? My son Charles in his letter to me intimates the possibility that this may come upon me. I have not been without fears of it. Rather than meet such a fate I would consent to further exile here. I would almost feel a little less reluctance at a change of administration. But this I cannot say as a patriot. Small as is my confidence in the President’s qualifications for his post, he is true and honest and firm to great principles. I will not worry myself with needless apprehensions— The President never fancied me. My character would never suit him. Home at five, and quiet evening.
134 Thursday 18th Ealing CFA AM

The pleasant weather continues. I remained quietly at home, making up the arrears of the Diary, which will accumulate whenever I am absent. After luncheon I went out for a stroll, once more to hunt up the scenes of my boyhood. Passed Gannersbury park and struck into the road to Little Ealing at the corner where I left off on Sunday. From that point the changes were less. I well recollected the old palings, then the high brick walls and lastly the field adjoining the bridge that limits the grounds of Little Boston House. It looked exactly the same as ever. So it was with the place itself excepting that fifty years had made the trees taller and more to overshadow the road. One interpolation of a stable and house on the corner of the lane was a blemish in the landscape. I turned down the135 lane and walked through it, then to the left and then the right which carried me across a field to the bank of the canal when I used to fish. It was all just the same, excepting the presence of the ubiquitous railway track not far off. Nearly half a century since, and yet the bridge just here looks very short. The fish were leaping as of yore, and a canal boat made its way along exactly like that which went by when I ran away frightened at the size of the fish I had taken, leaving it on the pathway, and when I came back, my line was left, but the spoil was gone. To this day I have always longed to know what it could have been. After a long spell of musing I began to retrace my steps, towards the old lane. Here was a large house, and I asked a passing woman whose it was. She replied, General Clithere. It was Great Boston House then occupied by Colonel Clithere Could it be the same? His sister owned our place. It was much the same, perhaps modernized a little; certainly, very well preserved. My pilgrimage had been performed. I am almost the only survivor of those who occupied that dwelling in 1815–1817. Two of the servants still remain, very old people at Washington. Of my own family, not me. Such is life! The wheel revolves and only now and then turns up a case like this of mine. Evening quiet and at home. Miss Sturgis here in a visit. She played on the piano—and I read a part of the memoirs of a lady of quality.
A charming day of quiet day at home, without incident. I made up my arrears in this Diary and took another long walk by the road to Harrow which passes this place, then turning on the bank of the Canal I went on until I got nearly half way to London, thence home through Acton. It threatened rain, but the temperature was warm. Evening, continued Mr Hayward’s extracts from the Diary of a lady of Quality. It is hardly worth reading.
To town to prepare the usual Despatches of the week. The interest in affairs here has for the time at least ceased entirely. Yet there remains much ordinary detail that absorbs time. Wrote to my son Charles, and returned to Ealing by the train at five o’clock. The days have however become now so short that this visit takes up all the sunlight. Found Mr. E L Stanley at the house, just returned from America, who dined with us, and returned in the evening.

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Remained at home writing a letter to my son John, which I took to London with me at noon. The faculty of transit is a very great advantage to me. Visits from Sir Henry Holland who brought a letter for the bag—and from Mr Scott Russell, in regard to the information desired by Colonel Ritchie. Mr Armstrong’s contract for arms is now completed, and the question of shipment only remains. We agreed upon a mode, and I am to consult the house of Baring upon it. Mr Russell was rather inclined to talk upon other matters, but I had no time to spare. as I was obliged to write to Colonel Ritchie by the bag. He did say however that he had had a long conference with the director of the Times on the subject of the course of that paper towards America, and he appeared to flatter himself with the notion that the policy had since been modified. Even if this were so, of which I see no evidence, it is too late to correct the impression on the people of America. Home at five o’clock. Music in the evening, from Miss Sturgis.
136 Saturday 22d. Ealing CFA AM
Heavy showers with wind from the southward—Remained very quiet at home, in the small library that belongs to this house, which contains some curious and rare books. Among others, the fourth edition of Shakespeare’s plays, published in 1685. This contains even pieces attached to the end, which certainly have none of the Author’s flavor or force. After my other work was done, I read the London Prodigal, and about half of the Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street. Both of them worthless enough, but the second with more point than the first. The quiet of this day reminded me of those which I enjoyed a year ago at St Leonard’s. After luncheon, in spite of the showers, I went out and took a walk over Castle bar Hill and by a long and rather muddy private way round to the Harrow road and so back. Miss Sturgis left us to return to her father. Evening, read Pepys again, in continuation.
136 Sunday 23d. Ealing CFA AM

Cloudy and threatening rain. Attended Divine service at Old Ealing church, the same that I used to go to when at Dr Nicholas’s. I never thought it imposing, but certainly my old impression was above the actual reality before me. Perhaps a little may be owing to the boarding in of one end, where an extension is making of the chancel. The attendance was full, and the services up to the average. The school of Dr Nicholas being large, only a portion could go at a time, and I being among the smallest boys, generally went in the afternoon. My recollection of it all is therefore rather a cold and dull from. Indeed none of my old associations with that school are agreeable. It was the home that was pleasant and genial.

After luncheon, a long walk by the Harrow road and Treyford Abbey leading me out to the Canal which I followed to a second bridge above that reached before, and here I struck the road to Acton and eastward as before. The same solitude in this walk, which I have always noted as so remarkable every where out of the towns. Evening continued Pepys, who is certainly very amusing.

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One of the most charming days for temperature that I have known in England. As there was no particular call to London I did not go, but rather amused myself with desultory reading. Finished the Widow of Waltham Street, and gathered enough from the Yorkshire Tragedy, the fall of Thomas Cromwell and the other pieces to satisfy me of their character. How different were the best from the style of the great dramatist. Though in what is attributed to him as genuine, it cannot be denied that there is much dross. I never could believe in Pericles or in Titus Andronicus. After luncheon, another walk, following down of the many shady lanes in the neighborhood one of the nearest. After a long circuit through many gates, it brought me again out at Acton, but not more than a mile from home. Then I crossed the common to Ealing, and there followed another path which carried the far out to the westward. This was not however nearly so picturesque, as the road, about this place of Hanger Hill. Mr Russell Sturgis came out to dinner and spent the night. Mr Kuhn went off to Paris.
137 Tuesday 25th Ealing CFA AM

Cloudy. Mr Sturgis returned to town in the early train. There being no intelligence of the arrival of the Steamer until evening, I saw no occasion to more. So after the usual course of work I spent some hours in reading Lewis’s account of the English translations of the Bible. This was interesting to me, and likewise instructive. Thus, we more clearly trace the germs of the reformation. I also looked into Maitland’s History of London which is also curious in connection with my investigations of the Churches of that place. After luncheon, a long walk on the Harrow road through Penviale and Drayton Green back to Ealing. The American news when it did come, was not quite so decisive about the elections as I had hoped, but on the whole was not unfavorable. Evening, Madame Vendure was here. We had cards.

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Another day of quiet, comparable idleness at home. I spent the evening in a discursive examination of the books in the library, many of which are ancient and curious. Among other things I found the original edition of Dr Garden’s Eikon Basilike, and of Milton’s reply, bound together. But I am sensible of the fact that however this taste might do for me thirty years ago, I have other obligations now—so I must apply myself to a more immediately practical object.

Another long walk by Gunnersbury Park to another portion of Acton and back through Ealing. The evening come in early, and the thick weather which has held up so wonderfully now threatens sensibly. It is well that it does, for our well water gave out this day.
138 Thursday 27th Ealing CFA AM
A heavy rain in the night and thick to day. Went to town and found the week’s Despatches and letters just arrived. They were not very material, and did not call for many replies. Practically the difficult questions between the two countries no longer multiply. I also wrote to my son John an answer to his letter so as to lighten the work of tomorrow. The American news a little ambiguous as to the result of the Pennsylvania election. Here there is profound repose. The funeral of the Duke of Newcastle marks the fourth instance of vacancy in the cabinet as it stood when I came here, less than four years ago. This a change of a quarter part. Yet on the whole, there is little perceptible effect on its substance. The average of ability and capacity is sustained, at its original not very high level. Home in the dark—Found Mr Taylor here to dinner, and back to London in the evening.
Went to town again, and first to Messrs Barings in Bishopgate Street to make the enquiry I had promised to Mr Scott Russell that I would make about the shipment of the goods purchased of Mr Armstrong’s company. Saw Mr Sturgis who intimated a scruple of Mr Baring, in consequence of Lord Robert Cecil’s attack upon him, but he would consult him and let me know on his coming out in the evening. This he did, confirming his impression. At the Legation I early completed all the customary correspondence for the bag, and provided for my other letters due to persons here. By this I was enabled to return home at four o’clock, so as to avoid a walk in a muddy path in the dark. Mr Sturgis dined and spent the night. Cards in the evening.
29 October 1864

139 Saturday 29th Ealing CFA AM
Cloudy day with mist. At home engaged in analyzing my son John’s last Quarterly account
This is always rather a laborious process before being incorporated into my books. The
general result is not very encouraging, as much the greater part of the large receipts is
absorbed in taxes and the cost of conducting the farms. Read also a portion of a little volume
called Walingham’s manual about the history of which I should like more information. It is a
discourse somewhat after the fashion of Machiæl, but with better morals. After luncheon, a
walk to Brentford with the intent to pass Sion House, but found myself to my surprise
brought out at Boston House, and so home. Evening, Whist. News from America by the China
—more encouraging, but still indicating trouble and danger.
139 Sunday 30th Ealing CFA AM

Cloudy and chilly. Attended Divine service at a dissenting Chapel in the town. It is a new building, very plain and not in the best taste, as the interior is barnlike. The services good and simple. The sermon on the last verse of the eighty seventh psalm, “All my springs are in thee.” The guidance of the Deity the source of all true human merit both in act and thought. The subject is one of very great difficulty, and requires discriminating treatment, inasmuch as it allies itself with the thorny discussion of the Will. The attendance was good. Generally young persons, and women, very well dressed, as if of the substantial middling class. I regard this distinction in religious faith as one of the most significant facts in the structure of English society. It has a political meaning too, as a standing protest against dictation from the privileged classes. The sermon through neither well reasoned nor nicely put together was nevertheless far more adapted to the hearers than the bald and formal commonplace of the Establishment. After luncheon, I went with Mrs Adams to Pembroke Lodge, to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Russell. Found them at home, and spoke to him about one or two questions of little importance in my Despatches. He asked me to make a note of them, which I said I would. There were many visitors of the Diplomatic corps. He asked me to make a note of them, which I said I would. There were many visitors of Embassies, and Mr Edwards, about to start as British minister to Venezuela. We took leave at half past four. The drive is short and the road like a bowling green. On my return, Henry who had been to town brought me the Despatches and newspapers. The accounts are decidedly encouraging.
Went to London to prepare several notes to Lord Russell on small questions which have been delayed in expectation of my seeing him— Found my private letters and late files of newspapers awaiting me. The effect is to put a new face on the elections of October. There is now little doubt left of the issue in November. All we can hope is that it may be so unequivocal as to put at rest all possibility of questioning it in any form whatever. The death of Chief Justice Taney is also to be esteemed as fortunate. He never was otherwise than an upholder of a dangerous policy— His course on the fugitive slave law went far to precipitate the present struggle. It now remains to fill the vacancy. Would that I felt more confidence in the President’s sagacity! Old John Adams possessed it in a very remarkable degree. His initiate in two cases, that of George Washington, and of John Marshall did more to build up our Institutions than all the combined theories and writings of all his contemporaries. Seward or Chase would do. Perhaps Mr Evarts. I can think of no one else. There is some important military news by Cape race, two days later, which I wait to find confirmed before relying on it. On the whole, we have cause to be grateful for support through our great trials. May it be extended to us unto the end! Home to find the family returned from their excursion to Hampton Court. Evening, Whist.
At home all day. Read the American newspapers, and especially the report by Judge Holt, Judge Advocate General of the secret organization in the West, which has been in treasonable cooperation with the rebellion for the purpose of overturning the federal government. It is a marvel that the native vigor of the people has forced its way through all these formidable obstacles thus far. The power of the proslavery combination was great enough to justify in a measure the hopes of a triumph which had been formed by it. Furthermore this convinces me of the absolute impossibility of escape from this war, without utter defeat. Had the South been suffered to secede in peace, the secession of the west would have followed in time, and a new proslavery combination would have been formed with under resources than those of the present one. How much cause we have to be grateful for the defeat of all these schemes, I think of every day. A long walk to Harrow which I have not seen since my visit to it when Lord Palmerston in 1861 laid the foundation of the library. 

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141 Wednesday 2d. Ealing CFA AM
Cool but not unpleasant. At home all the morning, writing letters including a pretty long one to my son Charles. Also a draught of a note to Lord Russell. Madame Verdure who has been on a visit at Mary’s Usine left us today. After luncheon, walk over this to Castle bear hill thence to Drayton Green and across to Hanwell A very pretty road. In the latter place, the flatness is in a measure redeemed by the fine old wood, which makes the charm of English scenery. Quiet evening at home. The American news today confirms the doubted intelligence of Saturday. General Sheridan has been another battle in the valley, and this time over Longstreet.

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Thursday 3d. Ealing CFA AM

To London by train. The usual preparation of draughts for Despatches. This was done so soon that I had leisure for a visit to the Bishop of California who brought a letter to one from Dr H W. Bellows of New York. Found him at Edwards’s Hotel, with his Wife and an invalid son. He seems very intelligent and patriotic. He spoke of the success of Sheridan and of his general character from knowledge, he having a son in that army. She is the sister of Mr W. B. Lawrence, one of our most disaffected people. Thence to execute some commissions before returning. A brilliant starlight night. Found young Stanley at the house, who dined and returned by the latest train.

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Thursday 3d.
3 November 1864

141 Friday 4th Ealing CFA AM

To London by train. Glass at 32° with a white frost covering all the country. Finished the letters of the week—and then read the files of American newspapers. The victory of Sheridan is the most brilliant stroke of the war. The details are deeply interesting. There are likewise manifestation of a movement of opinion among the leading men in the south which await only the issue of the election to take shape. This event must therefore be awaited before it will be possible to calculate upon the future. The results from Pennsylvania are better than previous accounts gave reason to expect. Next Tuesday must decide. A visit from Mr Scott Russell who came to finish up the transaction respecting the contract of Col Ritchie. I handed over the last note, both his last invoice and reported the whole to Ritchie by this day’s bag. Home at five. Brilliant night. Mr Sturgis come and spent the night.

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Saturday 5th Ealing CFA AM

At home all day. A large part of my morning absorbed in a file of Charleston newspapers which Mr Wilson has sent me— Likewise letters of Messr W. W. Boyce and H. V Johnson of Georgia on the question of peace which seems to agitate the entire South. Mr Boyce has got so far as to affirm that not peace alone but reconciliation is indispensable to the future comfort of both sections. This is the dawn of common sense in the South. Neither of these gentlemen really approved of the war. The Richmond Enquirer calls for the armament of the slaves and emancipation as the reward of service. This is preparatory to that termination of the rebellion. Mr Yeatman is probably directing that press. Took a drive with Mrs Adams, passing through part of Hanwell and Isleworth, going into Osterley Park, and by Sion House to Brentford, where I got out of the carriage and walked home via Acton. The weather cold but very fine. A brilliant night. Quiet evening at home.

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<tr>
<td>5 November</td>
<td>Fine, clear cool morning. Henry accompanied me in attendance on Divine service at Treyford Abbey. The same small attendance, but I think a different Clergyman. Sermon much as usual. After luncheon, a walk to Acton by Gunnersbury, returning on the main road so far as the Elms, and then down the lane, roundabout home. The days have grown so shore that little else can be done by sunlight. I am rather wasting my time in studying the Carolina papers, but it is an absorbing topic, this war. And I cannot resist the desire to measure its continuance. Ensor, the messenger brought some papers from London, containing notice of a later arrival, but nothing new. Evening, read aloud a part of a small volume of miscellanies by J. R. Lavell, sparkling, and droll, in manner but rather superficial in thought.</td>
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<td>6 November</td>
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Monday 7th Ealing CFA AM

Cloudy and cold. The season is setting in rather more sharp than I have experienced it, and my mind becomes consequently rather anxious again about my daughter. As yet she goes on pretty well, but the tendency is not gone, and I dread any accidental cold that may set her back again. Morning spent at home, writing letters, and reading Pepys, who continues amusing. After luncheon, another walk over Castle bear hill, thence across the field, to the railway bridge to Drayton Green, thence along a straight road through a very flat manifesting plain to Little Ealing, and so back on the fields through Great Ealing home. The paths through fields are almost endless. I rarely try an old one twice. They must make serious drawbacks to the cultivation of lands. I note a good deal which seems to be left in pasture. Evening, quiet at home, reading more of J. R. Lavell.
8 November 1864

143 Tuesday 8th Ealing CFA AM
We have now reached the critical day of election at home. The crisis of the direct war with the rebels is reached. There are indications however of a possible outbreak among the disaffected in our own ranks which may complicate our difficulties still more. I can only trust that we may escape this, as we have so many other apprehended evils attending this period of great trial. In proportion as the preponderance over the rebels becomes more decided, we may possibly be better able to grapple with new difficulties. I went to London, to receive the letters and Despatches by the Europa. Nothing from John this week, but a short and cheerful letter from Charles. Nothing marked in the news. Evening, reading Lowell. Mr Kuhn got back from Paris this morning.

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143 Wednesday 9th Ealing CFA AM
Cold with east wind still prevailing. Remained home for the purpose of preparing the Despatches for the week, but more especially a note to Lord Russell closing the correspondence in regard to the case of the Alabama and the interposition of Mr Lancaster. It makes one more item in the fearful account of this country for the neglect of its neutral obligations. When our troubles pass away, this matter will remain on record for future retributions. The ordinary correspondence of the week is not much. Took a drive with Mrs Adams, paying a visit of return to Mr and Mrs Spencer Walpole, after which I got out of the carriage and walked through Acton and East Acton by Friar’s place and home. Mr Moran came out to dine and pass the night. Evening, Cards.
143 Thursday 10th Ealing CFA AM

Started with Mr Moran in the early train for London, and spent the day in steady work upon letters and other business to be disposed of in advance of a contemplated visit to Derbyshire tomorrow. The day was thick and gloomy, much after the approved idea of this part of the season. I felt also rather unwell from a slight headache and a cold on my chest which has come upon me rather unaccountably. The climate has been unfavorable to health during the entire year, which is shown by the singularly large increase in the weekly rates of mortality. How far the remarkable drought has to do with it is also a question. Returned at five, and quiet evening at home.
Friday 11th Chatworth CFA AM

To town by rail, whilst Mrs Adams and Mary came in the carriage, arriving at the house in town in the midst of a fog, rendering lights necessary to read the letters and papers arriving from America out of the common course. Among others, one from John which supplies the omission by the usual Steamer. We are now only a week to the elections, and thus far the military news is not unfavorable. We then went to the Station at King’s cross, to take the same train at half past eleven o’clock, which we took the other day. Here we met with M Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, and joined company with him, being bound the same way to the Duke of Devonshire’s at Chatsworth. Our trip was incident, to Derby, thence by rail to the Station at Rowsley. Here we found the Duke’s conveyance waiting to take us three miles to his house. We got there at about five, and were ushered into a room, where Lady Louisa Cavendish was seated at the head of a tea table, in a corner. On her right were arranged against the wall a row of five or six females of various ages, sitting straight and apparently awaiting with resignation our advent. Lady Louisa rose and received us, but her companions looked without making a sign. Shortly Lord Frederick Cavendish and the Duke came in to break the formality a little and we sat down also to partake of tea. The five or six females then rose and retired without recognition. Nothing can make the English people easy or capable of inspiring ease in their guests. Presently, we were ushered to our rooms, to prepare ourselves for dinner at about eight o’clock. On my way, I could only glance at the corridors, staircases, which looked enough to baffle all comprehension. At the designated hour we were ushered into a small room fitted with books, where twenty four persons were assembled. The Duke led in Mrs Adams, M. Van de Weyer as senior in date took Lady Louisa. The latter asked me to take Lady Fanny Howard. Not knowing an idea which of the six females whom I had seen, this might be, I was obliged to ask for information. The lady was however aware of her destination so that I soon got over that difficulty. It turned out that she was the Duke’s sister. The dinner was sumptuous. After it was over we returned to the drawing room, through a library nearly a hundred feet long. In the course of the evening, I made acquaintance with a number of the guests. We broke up at eleven.

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145 Saturday. 12th Chatworth CFA AM

Day overcast. I turned my attention first to the company I was with, and found it to consist principally of the family of the Duke himself. His daughter, his son Frederick and his Wife, his son Edward, his brother George and wife, his brother Richard and Wife, his sister Lady Howard and her husband, with all their children. Outside of these were Mrs Gladstone and her daughter Mademoiselle Denet the french lady whom I meet at supper at the ball of the Duke de Charter last season, and several of the Lascelles family. Mr Gladstone was expected but could not come. The first thing after breakfast was to look at the interior of the house itself. The State rooms, which are left unfurnished, excepting with articles of show that have been presented to previous Dukes, the library, the sculpture gallery the pictures and the sketches of great artists. Of course there was time only for a cursory glance at riches which could fully occupy many hours of profitable study. The rooms are moreover rather cold and forbid much delay. In the library however we looked over a few of the rarities in illuminated manuscripts and early printed books, the luxuries of bibliography. These however take me less than the useful books of which there is great store. I fear that nobody uses them. The British aristocracy is not scholarlike. Here and there is an exception, but the great majority have as M Van de Weyer says, for their main object, the desire to kill something. They race, they hunt, they shoot or they fish, or if not these, they do worse. The young men were all out after hares today. After luncheon, we went out to see the grounds. The great fountain was set agoing for our view. It rises over two hundred feet but owing to the leaden sky it lost its sparkling appearance. There is a wide tract of territory laid out in walks, with trees of many chimes set out to give it beauty and statues, and grottoes, and rocks and brooks and summer houses, in short all that art can do to polish nature. It must be beautiful in summer, but, alas, that is precisely the time when the owner is never here. He comes only for six weeks in the whole year, and that is at this period when the leaves are gone and the temperature is repellant. The motive of the selection is to gives his guests the occupation of killing something. Home to another grand dinner. Twenty eight at table, and all the state of London life. In the evening, a round game of cards for the young people. Rather dull conversation for us of the elder class.146
Saturday. 12th
12 November 1864

The cold east wind which has so long prevailed gave way today, to a driving rain from the
southward. After breakfast we were called to decide the question of Church attendance. I
made my own way quietly to the little village of Edenser, about a mile off, where is a small
edifice which the Duke attends in the morning. He came in afterward with five or six of the
ladies who drove down. The place might hold fifty people. Behind the altar is a very singular
monument to me of the former Dukes which I could but partially comprehend. In front was a
reliving figure in stone, under a glass case, and beside it the image of a skeleton only the ribs
of which were visible to me. Back of this was a very elaborate representation in porphyry, with
two standing figurines, and a representation of a suit of armour placed upright but without a
body in it. Of course I could made out no inscription. Altogether it seemed to me in the very
worst possible taste. I did not find the family much disposed to enlarge upon it, through I
learned that in the proposed redification of the Church, the whole of it is to be restored. I
walked home with His Grace, Lord Frederick and others. Towards night, the evening service
was held in the Chapel within the palace. This is an interior highly ornamented with paintings
on the walls and ceiling by Vernio, by carved woodwork, and by an altar in the same species of
marble or porphyry which made the monument of the church. The attendance of most of the
guests and the great retinue of the household made quite a number. The service by Mr Hall,
the same person who officiated at Edensor, and a choir of little boys from that village sang
without accompaniment. I liked it all, as I do every thing in this country which indicates the
religious tendency of the higher classes. It is the very best feature of English society in this
age. Another large and very elegant dinner with thirty at table. The room is certainly very fine,
and the sculptured figures which stand at each side of the two fireplaces mark it distinctly from
any other I ever saw. After dinner Sir Joseph Paxton was presented to me, and I had a good
deal of conversation with him. Like most self made men his main topic was himself, and I was
well disposed to humor him. He is certainly a remarkable person. He invited me to visit him
tomorrow.

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Monday 14th Chatworth CFA AM

A heavy rain in the night brought a partially clear day, so that we were enabled to go out after breakfast to visit Sir Joseph Paxton. Mademoiselle Danet accompanied Mrs Adams and me. We found him at home, at his house which really belongs to the Duke, but which he still occupies, although no longer his Agent. It shows his remarkable taste as a florist and decorator. He took us into the kitchen gardens where all fruits and flowers and vegetables and prepared for the Duke’s table throughout the year. Here were the grapes, the pines, and peaches. But in addition were the hot houses for the cultivation of exotics. When he came to that which was built expressly for the Victoria Regia, he explained his mode of overcoming the obstacles that others had experienced in bringing it to flavor. They had used water but without effect. By a careful study of the reports made by travellers of the habits of the planet he found that it lived in and about ruins not stagnant nor yet with any perceptible current. It occurred to him to try a plan greatly to agitate the water in the tank with a very small overshot wheel. This proved successful, and he soon took off the first flower that bloomed in England, and laid it before the Queen. He had another anecdote about the glass house which was built expressly for this plant. It had been designed by him just at the time when the project of the great edifice for the Exhibition of 1851 was in agitation. Advertisements inviting the offer of plans had been published, and the day for opening them had arrived, when the thought struck him as he was looking at the house for the Victoria just then completed, that it would be easy by a simple expansion of the proportions to supply a new and original edifice for this purpose. He acted upon it at once. A little delay was obtained from the Commissioners to enable him to carry out the details in conjunction with Stevenson, and the result was a proposal at much less cost than any other presented. Thus sprang up the famous Crystal Palace of 1851, which obtained for him his knighthood from the Queen, and what is far more material, gained him a worldwide reputation. Not long afterward he came into Parliament as member for Country, and has been ever since engaged in the most extensive undertakings here and abroad. The strain upon his faculties has proved rather severe, and he shews symptoms of overwork. But on the whole, he is one of the remarkable characters of the age. After seeing all that he had to show, we took a short term through other parts of the grounds and then back to the house. After luncheon we started upon a little trip to see Haddon Hall, an ancient residence of the romans, now belonging to the Duke of Rutland, but which he has deserted. It is four miles distant, but we were driven over there in great state in a launche with four horses and two gay postilions. Lady Frederick and Lady Louisa Cavendish accompanied us, as well as Sir Stephen Glynne and one of the young ladies in a pony carriage following us. Haddon dates very early, but it seems to have been added to bit by bit until it forms a Quadrangle with an inner and an outer court. Having been left without any efforts to renovate or improve it, we are enabled to get a good idea of the internal domestic economy of two or three or four centuries back. A large
dining hall differing from that at Penshurst in that it has a large fire place. A long gallery and reception room, with innumerable passage ways to bed rooms of all sorts, mostly small and low and dark and gloomy. Of the furniture nothing has been left but a green old bedstead that looks like a catalogue, and plenty of tapestry of the gobline sort, with colors mostly faded. Lattice windows all through. A small chapel with some old glass on which an inscription to a woman who died in 1427. The heiress of this family ran away from here with a Manners, whereby the Estate come in to the Rutland family. The site is picturesque, but on the whole I have not seen yet a more grie and doleful antique residence. The Duke keeps it from dilapidation, but that is all. I preferred to walk home, through the road and muddy and I did not get back until long after dark. We had the usual banquet. M de Van de Weyer returned home this morning. But his place was filled by a Mr Lascelles, the father of the young ladies, and a young Mr St Aubin made his appearance. In the evening a little dance was made up for the young people in one of the empty rooms and gallery, Mrs Gladstone and other ladies playing in turn on the piano. Thus closed the third and last day of our visit. Nothing could be more courteous and flattering to me than the attention that has been paid, I construe it not as to myself, but as an acknowledgement to me as the representative of my country, of the civilities paid there to his three sons.149
149 Thursday 15th Chatworth—Ealing CFA AM

Shortly after breakfast we took our leave. During my stay I have been favorably impressed the character of this family. There is an absence of all assumption which approaches almost to shyness in performing the duties of the position. Not a bit of cordiality of warmth. On the other hand, no air of superiority and condescension. It is impossible to find plainer manners. The Duke has capacity and education, but no faculty of using the power which they give. He is domestic and retiring. The hospitality which he practises is evidently the tribute he feels bound to pay to his rank and title. It does not spring from his taste which is of the simplest. His own private apartment is the plainest in the whole palace. His residence of six weeks at Chatsworth is the duty he owes to the possession of such an Estate. He rejoices when it is over. Just so is it with his residence in Devonshire season during the season. He prefers to live at his own first inherited homestead at Holhar, only with his own children around him. His constitutional shyness has prevented his taking my part in public life. But he is earnestly pushing forward his three sons, one of whom has now a subordinate place in the War office with a seat in Parliament, and the other two are canvassing for county seats in the next. The early death of his Wife made him educate them at home, contrary to the general custom. As a consequence he seems to have a well ordered family. Thus I respect the Duke much more than I do most of his rank, and I take leave of him with kind remembrances of his courtesy. We returned to London without incident, Sir Joseph Paxton who was going to Derby, scared us a nice carriage, and this time we were punctual to the minute at the King’s cross station. The carriage was waiting, and we drove at once to Hanger Hill where we found the family well as we left them. So far as I can tell, Mary about whom we were most anxious has not been affected by the risks attending the cold rooms and passages of the great place.

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To London in the usual train. Found matters somewhat accumulated, and set to work at once to put them in order. Examined the Despatches that had come in my absence, and prepared draught of the necessary replies. Had a visit from Mr W. Aspinwall and R B. Minturn. The steamer just from America seems to entertain no doubt of the election. He is a friend of General McClellan and thinks he would have succeeded has he adhered to the original form of his letter of acceptance. I do not believe a word of it. Military reverses and government mistakes, had they happened might have done it, even though burdened with the load of Pendleton the traitor and Augustus Belmont, the German Jew agent of the foreign stockbrokers, the Rothschilds. But in their sober senses the people will scarcely rewards a chieftain for failing in his undertakings A visit from Mr Edge who came again to borrow money. I was obliged to be plain with him and put an end to all his publishing fancies so far as I was concerned. Returned home at four o’clock. Quiet evening. Finished Mr Lowell’s book.

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150 Thursday 17th Ealing CFA AM
Remained at home and was engaged in preparing under instructions another very elaborate note to Lord Russell, about the difficulties in Canada. The rebels seem disposed to do all that is possible to involve the two countries. They may succeed yet, as the English lean far too much to their side. The morning and day light passed before I could get it done. The weather was very windy with rain. Nevertheless I went out and walked as far as the outside line of Acton toward London, and back. In the evening, read some of the Autobiography of General Scott.

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18 November 1864

150 Friday 18.th Ealing CFA AM
To town, where I completed the Despatches and wrote my private letters. Had a visit from Mr and Mrs Stratton, in other words the little dwarf known as Tom Thumb. He has contrived to find a mate not much bigger than himself and the result has been an infant which he brought with him It is not a pleasing spectacle though the parties are not devoid of ordinary intelligence. A sister of her’s was with them not much larger. He is said to be wealthy, from the proceeds of exhibition of himself He professes to come out only for a pleasure tour in Europe. With the part was a Secretary named Kellogg who is probably the manager for them. The General as they call him is now about twenty nine, but his face looks older. I had also a visit from a person by the name of All-ton from North Carolina, who has escaped from the South, and now desires to hear something of a halfbrother by the name of Burge, taken prisoner by us last winter and placed at Point Lookout. I told him my son was there, and I would write to him to enquire, which I did. He then got talking about the war, and deploring its continuance. Finally he appealed to me as the only per son who was in a situation to interpose and being the two parties to terms. Singularly enough he hit151 upon the leading provisions of my arrangement of last Spring through Mr Scott Russell I made no allusion to it however in what I said in reply. I contented myself with assurances of my desire to see a settlement and a disavowal of all belief in my power to act as he prepared. I remain convinced that the only practicable arrangement must take somewhat the shape which we gave to it; but with that my agency seems to be pretty much exhausted. The time has not yet come to expose it to the light. Home at five o’clock, which is now pretty dark.

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151 Saturday 19th Ealing CFA AM
Quiet day at home. Weather dark and cheerless. Busy all the daylight in finishing the long draught of a letter to Lord Russell, and in bringing a portion of the arrears of this Diary occasioned by my visit to Chatsworth. We are now waiting with such patience as we may command the news of the issue of the great election. The Steamer expected is not one of the fast ones, so that we heard nothing of it today. I took a walk down the Harrow road, which is on the whole the claim of this vicinity, round through Perivale to Castlebar hill and home. Quiet evening. Read some of the Autobiography of Scott. It will not add to his reputation. There is an open exhibition of foibles which detracts from the dignity of the hero. It is impossible to call him a great man whose mind is perpetually wallowing in the littleness of self conceit.

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Sunday 20th Ealing CFA AM
Chilly, drizzly day. Walked down to Treyford Abbey, and attended the services there. There was still a different Clergyman. Two persons attended whom I took to be Mr and Mrs Thomas Wood, the proprietors of the Estate, and the customary retainers. There is something singularly attractive to me in this little secluded nook, so well suited to religious meditation amidst the fields and old trees of a private Estate. It has been just so for centuries in spite of the fact that he possession has not been continuous in families. The tablets show four or five separate names, all different from each other and from that of the present owner. His father appears to have brought the Estate on which he and his brother have lived. The latter died in December last in this house of Hanger Hill. I have not envied anybody’s possessions since I have been in England but this. Continued my labors on my arrears which are rather considerable as I desire to make a full record of the visit to Chatsworth. Mrs Adams and Louisa went to London to see Mrs Francis Brooks, who is just arrived from Paris. Walk with Mary, and quiet evening.

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Diary of Charles Francis Adams, 1864

Sunday 20th
20 November 1864

On getting to the house in London by the usual train I heard the intelligence received by the Canada. The election has passed off without disturbance and the result is the reelection of the President by a most decisive and overwhelming vote. This has the country passed safely through the most grave of its trials since the first outbreak of the war. The people have wisely guarded against putting the Constitution to the service strain of a distracted election. The government is consolidated so far as they can make it so, and the policy is sustained, in all its ramifications of power. This is a result in which we may be permitted humbly to rejoice. No greater example of wisdom was ever shown by any nation however governed. I cannot think that the famous period to which we all are in the habit looking as the golden age of the republic has any thing to show more grand, more patriotic and more brave. I must now begin seriously to consider how this affects my own duties. Some action must be taken before long. Walked to Fenton’s to call on Mrs Brooks, but she was not at home. Little business excepting to complete arrears of small correspondence. A few visits of congratulation. Home as usual. In the evening, finished the first volume of General Scott. He has omitted all reference to the matter of General Jackson, and his quiescent of veracity with my father, about which he talked to me during the winter I was in Washington. His sketch of Jackson is the best thing in his book.

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Tuesday 22d. Ealing CFA AM

Remained at home, writing up arrears and also some letters. Took a walk to the railway station at Acton in the middle of the day for a business purpose, but his consumed a valuable quality of the small allowance of day light at this season. Mr Kuhn who went to London brought with him the letters and newspapers from America which were very interesting as giving the details of the election. We had to drive Mrs Francis Brooks, my wife’s niece and her eldest daughter. She is on her way home from Paris, where she has been spending a month with Mr & Mrs Edward Brooks.
152 Wednesday 23d. Ealing CFA AM
To town, in order to finish the collation of the copy of the note to Lord Russell which I sent to him this day. It is important for its tone, as well as for the formal notice which I am directed to give of the withdrawal of the engagement limiting the armed force on the northern lakes, made in the Treaty of peace in 1814. Latterly the one of the governments has been growing a little less friend. Certainly the failure on the part of Great Britain to maintain her neutrality is flagrant enough to justify war, if that were a useful remedy. The mischief is that to declare hostilities would only be playing into the rebel hands. Mrs Adams came in with Mary to be operated upon for a small wen like mine taken out some weeks ago, by the same surgeon, Erickson. I wrote today a confidential letter to Mr Seward, sounding him about the possibility of my being relieved in the Spring. I do this not without some little misgiving as to my own duty as well as the possibilities to which the proposition may lead. The responsibility attending this post declines steadily with the progress of the war. I now await the development of the feeling in the South consequent upon the very decisive character of the election. My question does not attack so that I were invited to them. This is like flying into the fire. My private address to Mr Seward will perhaps obtain for me some light to direct my steps in the right way. Home after dark. With Ms Adams I went to dine with Mr and Mrs Spencer Walpole, who live in this town. A small company of fourteen at table. I knew no one, but was presented to Mr and Mrs Dewent Coleridge, the son of the Poet, and a Mr Barbow, for a long time secretary to Lord Lyndhurst. There were besides a Mr and Mrs Peel, and several children. The entertainment was sociable and pleasant. Mr Walpole has always been very courteous to me, without so far as I know a single motive for civility. He is attached to the Conservative party in which we find but little sympathy. He is not among the rich, though belonging by connection to the old aristocracy. Over the fireplace was a full length picture of Sir Robert Walpole whose brother Thomas of Wolterton and his lineal ancestor. Mrs Walpole is a daughter of Spencer Percival, the prime minister of England who was shot by Bellingham in 1812. He lived in this town, as do all his daughters now, though not on the paternal Estate. Heavy rain on our return.
This being the day designated for a general thanksgiving at home, I decided so to observe it in this Legation, of course we could have none. But I remained at home, and continued writing my letters to private individuals at home. Walk to Hanwell and back. The day had been overcast, but as I went down the sun gradually descended like a huge copper ball from the cloud above to the horizon. It seemed to admit little or no light, to be magnified by refraction so as to give the appearance of nearness to the houses and land roundabout, and to be of a dully heavy red. I was much struck with it as indicating a peculiar condition of the atmosphere. On my return I noticed several flashes of lightning, very unusual for this time of year. Mr Palmer, a friend of Henry’s came and passed the night. We had later newspapers from America, confirming the previous intelligence. Brooks came over to celebrate the day.
Friday 25th Ealing CFA AM

A sharp frost evening all the county with its white coat like snow. The sky was clear for an hour but the evaporation soon made it thick and at night we had heavy showers. I went to town to finish up the letters of the week. Among others, sent that to Mr Seward. The idea of breaking up once more to return home involves such a season of discomfort that at my age it is not received cheerfully. On the other hand that of remaining another year is absolutely revolting. It seems as if the patience which I have so long and steadily inculcated upon myself has reached its last limit in this country. What with this, and the changes incident to the present unhappy contest, the darkness of the future sensibly impairs very mental elasticity. A few weeks will probably bring me to a more healthy state. I had a visit from Sir Frederick Bruce, who has been the British commissioner in China. He brought me a letter from Mr Burlingame, with whom he has been intimately acquainted for three years at Pekin. He speaks very highly of Mr B. This may be because he has exercised an influence over him so great as to secure his cooperation in a British policy. I am however rather inclined to think that the natural interests of the two countries dictate the same system, and that is a wise and just one to all parties. Burlingame has acquitted himself very creditably, so far as I know. He has exceeded the expectation I had formed of him. After Sir Frederick came a gentleman by the name of Whitehouse, a banker from New York, on a visit of civility. Returned home at five. At dinner my daughter Louisa was taken ill, and went to bed. I much fear that she has materially suffered in constitution from her same illness of last year. Mary too does not get well from her operation so fast I did from mine. So that on the whole our evening was pretty cheerless. I went on with the second volume of General Scott.
155 Saturday 26th Ealing CFA AM
The morning was brilliant, but there were heavy showers before night. At home all day with the exception of a walk to Acton and back by way of Gunnersbury. Louisa laid up with a very sharp headache, and Mary suffering from a swelling of the forehead below her wound. This makes me very anxious and unhappy. Read a part of Pepys, which I have been so long about that I make a strong effort to finish it. There is much that is interesting about it. The picture of the loose manners of the time not less than of his own interior character carries one through many unimportant and some trivial details. In the evening we had Mr Betzen to pass the sunday, and Brooks brought a schoolmate of his, young Forbes from Twickenham
155 Sunday 27th Ealing CFA AM
This morning it turned out that suppuration had taken place and although Mary was relieved by it, the necessity fo sending for Erickson was apparent. Accordingly the groom went in with a note, but he returned with the answer that he was out of town, not to be back until tomorrow. In view of this we sent to Brentford to a person recommended to us as Dr Cooper, who finally came. The swelling on the forehead was still considerable, and although he opened the round and recommended treatment to draw down the matter, his language was so vague and pedantic as rather to increase than relieve our uneasiness. Attended the service at Treyford Abbey, with Brooks and young Forbes. Ensor brought out the Despatches and letter from London. Letter from John and Charles speak of the latter as being really quite suffering from illness brought on by his residence at Point Lookout. Dr Bigelow had obtained him further leave for twenty days. This added to our home condition made me an anxious and unhappy day. It was somewhat aggravated too by the fact that we had more company than on any day since we have been here. Besides those in the house, Mr and Mrs I. Wister Jr of Philadelphia came to dinner. They are young people just married, and on a bridal tour. They returned at night. I took a long walk with Mr Benson, who takes great interest in our affairs. Henry is off on a visit to Mr Palmer.

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Sunday 27th
27 November 1864

Mary seemed to me better, though the inflammation had spread a little lower down in the face. I went to town in company with Mr Benson. A very stormy, dark day. Called to see Erickson who had just returned and was about to start for Ealing. Conversed with him about the case. He think it caused by predisposition. He promised to report on his return, which he did. The report was favorable. A little affection of erysipelas attended however with no unfavorable general symptoms. This was a great relief. I visited the rams of Messr Sothely, to look at a small collection of Greek coins. And returned at four o’clock to Ealing. Found Mary quite sprightly and certainly looking better. Quiet evening. Finished General Scott’s book. It has some few good things, but on the whole will lower the estimate to be made of the man.
156 Tuesday 29th Ealing CFA AM
Mary’s wound seems to be taking a favorable turn. The swelling has subsided and Dr Cooper who has here gave me a satisfactory report. I remained at home, writing letters and reading the files of American newspapers. The reports from the disaffected region interest me the most. Under an appearance of determination I think I discover uneasiness and despair. The question of emancipation is now fairly launched, which is a prodigious stop. It will however be some time yet before opinion will develope itsel— Much will depend also on the war. The day was beautiful. I walked to Turnham green and back— Young Mr Gaskell came out and dined and remained over.
156 Wednesday 30th Ealing CFA AM
Cloudy day ending in a heavy but short rain storm at night. Went to town and called to see Mr Erickson to report to him about Mary. He thought there was no occasion for his repeating his visit, but gave general directions about treatment, which I reported to Mary at night. But she was annoyed by his not coming in person. My main object in town was to attend the sale of Mr Merlin’s coins which I examined on Monday. The member was only large enough for one day, and it was more remarkable for the condition than the rarity of the specimens. Only five or six of the dealers present, and two or three collectors. Yet the prices were on the whole high. I made an average amount of purchases. This opportunity out of season is one which I had not anticipated. On my return to Portland place I found the grown had been in with a note for me, but had not left it, which gave me uneasiness. On my arrival at home however I found it only an enquiry by Mary. Found Mr Stanley here, but he returned before dinner. Mr Gaskill came out to dinner but returned at night. I had expected Mr W. E Forster, but he failed to come.157

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Having been notified yesterday that Mr T B. Potter would come today to present a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Union and Emancipation Society of Manchester, it is forwarded to the President, I went to town, and seized the opportunity to visit the Messrs Baring in the City to do some business. Mr Sturgis alluded to the rumor which has become current of my departure, and expressed complimentary regret. On my return Mr Potter came, and spent an hour in conversation. He has been a most efficient friend to America in organizing all the sentiment favorable to us at a time when the Ministry were by no means fixed in their policy. He is of the radical school in politics, and very justly connects the issue of our struggle with the chances of progress in this Kingdom. The instincts of the aristocracy have proved a way to guide them a similar conclusion without the need of reasoning. The remainder of my daylight was devoted to writing droughts of Despatches, and a note to Lord Russell who has tried his hand again at a throw in the case of the Alabama. I fancy he gains little by his motion. Home at four o’clock. I am led constantly to notice the difference between the foggy, misty atmosphere of London and the clear though humid temperature at Hanger Hill. A distance of not more than five miles. Quiet evening at home.
Cold morning with white frost over the whole surface of the country. To town where was mist and smoke. Finished up my private letters and tried to draw up my Quarterly account for the government, but found myself so soon immersed in doubts that I was compelled to lay it over until next week. Mr Evans came in to see me. He seemed uneasy about the rumor of my departure as well as the stories he gets from the other side. He likewise seems uneasy at the scheme proposed of trying another meeting in London, friendly to us. I endeavoured to reassure him, as I have done many times before. Men living under the line of shadow from the aristocracy and monied classes become more or less alarmed at all exceptional appearances. Received from Dr Beyland at Paris the sad news of the death of Mr Dayton, by apoplexy last evening. Although this is no cause for surprise, yet the announcement was startling. He has been long in political life, always creditably, and in this last position very acceptably. He was six months my senior in age. The loss will be serious to the country and very painful to his family. It may precipitate action on the whole question of places, at Washington. Home as usual.

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Saturday 3d. Ealing CFA AM

Mr Erickson the other day incidentally expressed a decided opinion that the health of my daughter Mary needed confirmation by a winter passed in a more genial climate. I have had similar thoughts passing in my own mind. On consultation with my Wife, we leave to an earlier departure than we had contemplated. If the government do not consent to relieve me than I must stay behind. In any event it is pretty clear that our present establishment must before long be broken up. This gives me an impression of impending change which depresses me. At home all day, suffering a little from a cold. I find myself more susceptible to those than ever before in this country. Wrote a note of condolence to Mrs Dayton, and others notes. Read also a file of the American papers, which impress me more and more with an impression of some change in the character of the war. Walk through the weather was not propitious. Evening, Brooks and young Forbes came to spend Sunday. Read aloud part of Dickens’s Christmas Story.

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3 December 1864

Saturday 3d.

Rather a gloomy sky, but it did not rain. Attended service at the Congregational Chapel. The services apparently somewhat adapted to late losses by dark in the parish. From the symptoms of personal emotion in the preacher I inferred that he might himself have been afflicted. The subject of his sermon was the death of Christ as opening the light of a future state to dying Christians. The attendance was not numerous, and the interior rather more repulsive than before. My usual walk. Towards evening down to London by invitation to dine with Baron Brunnow. Mrs Adams from her sensitiveness about not speaking French would not go, and Mary also declined. The company consisted of the Diplomatic corps—towit M. Madame and Miss Musurus with two sons, M and Madame Wachtmeister, and Baron Beck Freis, a new person, a Minister from Maximilian in Mexico, Court Faber, Count Wimpsen, and one or two more whom I did not know. Nineteen at able. The most truly elegant dinner I have seen in London. Much smaller in quantity, but each article exquisite in its kind. I sat between Madam Brunnow and Mademoiselle. By no means attractive, especially with my difficulty in calling up my French. We all left the table together, which I like. Afterwards, Madame Brunnow had a little game of lottery with cards, distributing to the lucky trifling trinkets, like boxes and penholders &ca. A great diversion to amuse grave diplomats. I never saw the thing before, but strange as it was I won two of the trifles out of the five in one game. Baron Brunnow took the occasion of my leaving to say very kind and flattering things with regard to his estimate of my service here, which I was rather surprised at, as he has always heretofore confined himself to courteous and formal civilities. I got back to Ealing by half past eleven.

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159 Monday 5th Ealing CFA AM
To London where I found the Despatches and private letters by the Africa. The accounts from Charles are still not wholly favorable. The military news is rather startling. General Sherman has struck at once into the vitals of the Slave States, and we now begin to hear of him only from the reports in the Richmond papers. It is a very bold stroke which depends for its success in the presumption of the thorough exhaustion of the able bodied men throughout the region. If the statement of their chief Jefferson Davis, are true, there cannot be many left. I was busy making up my regular Quarterly public account, for October last, and hunting up the source of a mistake in my draught on the Bankers, which I failed to find. The day was very fine. Home at five, where were only Mrs Adams and Mary. Mr and Mrs Kuhn and Henry and gone over to Mount Felix to spend a couple of days.

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Tuesday 6th Ealing CFA AM
A very quiet day at home. I preserved my customary line of occupations and wrote the larger part of a letter to my son John. Afterwards drove with Mrs Adams to Treyford Abbey to return a visit of the owners, Mr and Mrs Thomas Wood, after which a walk. Having finished Pepys at last. I now resumed Lord Russell’s Memoir of Lord William Russell. A beautiful day.
159 Wednesday 7th London CFA AM
Mrs Adams went to town leaving only myself and Mary at home. Answered letters in the morning— At Luncheon I perceived from Mary’s appearance that he suppuration was coming back again in the wound. Finding the trains did not serve I decided to walk into town to see the Surgeon. Mrs Adams passing me took me in the carriage half way, and at Notting Hill I got a hansom so that I was in town by five, Erickson was not at home. Finding Henry at Portland place I left him to see him and returned at six. He and Erickson came out to dinner. He now lanced the wound, and returned to town. Heavy storm.160
Wednesday 7th  
7 December 1864

Mary seemed relieved this morning, and I went to town and reported to Erickson. He said he should come out to dine tomorrow night. Busy at the usual work of despatches— And read a file of the latest American newspapers. They are encouraging, although much now depends upon the result of the extraordinary movement of General Sherman. Visits from Messr Hubbard, who brought me letters from America. Also from Mr Benzon, and afterward a personal visit of civility from the French ambassadors the Prince de la Tour d’Auvigne. Also from Mr Bergh, the late Secretary of Legation to Russia. He cannot bear the climate. He tells queer stories of the conduct of Mr Clay there. Home at five, and quiet evening.

8 December 1864

160 Thursday 8th Ealing CFA AM
Mary seemed relieved this morning, and I went to town and reported to Erickson. He said he should come out to dine tomorrow night. Busy at the usual work of despatches— And read a file of the latest American newspapers. They are encouraging, although much now depends upon the result of the extraordinary movement of General Sherman. Visits from Messr Hubbard, who brought me letters from America. Also from Mr Benzon, and afterward a personal visit of civility from the French ambassadors the Prince de la Tour d’Auvigne. Also from Mr Bergh, the late Secretary of Legation to Russia. He cannot bear the climate. He tells queer stories of the conduct of Mr Clay there. Home at five, and quiet evening.
Friday 9th Ealing CFA AM
A lovely morning with a white mantle of frost over the surface as I left the house to town. On my arrival at the Station in Portland road, we ascended the steps into a street enveloped in the thickest fog I have yet seen in London. The first thing I came across was an omnibus entangled with a heavy wagon, which the people were trying to get apart whilst anxiously watching the approach of vehicles on each side, and warning them with loud calls. For a minute or two I was at fault about crossing the only street between myself and my house. The fog appeared very low on the surface, for there was light enough overhead. At last I reached my room, but for some time afterwards I heard the warning cries of people in the street still continued. At noon, the sun was shining again. At Ealing, it was clear and fine all day. These fogs are confined to London, and are of varying density even in its difficult parts. I wrote the rest of my letters, and all the necessary papers for the outgoing steamer. Home at five, and walked form the station under a brilliant moon. Henry came out with Mr Erickson at six. He applied caustic to Mary’s wound, but pronounced very favorably on its condition. He dined here and returned at half past nine. Quiet evening— My spirits however not a little depressed in the prospect of the future, especially in the condition of both my daughters.

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Day at home, but after the morning hours wasted away in that comfortless sort of manner which attends an expected breaking up the family circle—Mr Kuhn and Louisa left us at seven to cross to the continent after a stay with us of exactly five months. During this period I have observed with great grief the change which three years have made in her condition. An unhealthy sort of existence at Newport terminating in a dreadful illness which has shattered her body and never to an extraordinary degree, now presents her only as the wreck of her former self. Superinduced upon this is the absence of occupations both of her husband and her self which drives them to resources that are fleeting and unsatisfactory in outer life. She feels herself as capable of being more and better than she is or will be, which makes her restless and disappointed. I deeply sympathize with her state of mind, and yet scarcely know how it could be amended. I can only trust her to the merciful and benevolent creator who may watch over her to educe from her present suffering, a more enduring good.

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On company with Mr Alward I attended the service at Treyford Abbey. This time we had one of the same persons whom I had seen officiate before. His sermon was an amplification of a figurative text of a besieged city. I did not think it particularly happy. Mr Moran and Mr Erickson came out at two, but returned before dinner. The latter made a favorable report of Mary’s condition, but he still dwells upon the reduced state of her system, and urged an early departure from here to give her the benefit of a mild climate for the winter. This will render an earlier breaking up of the family necessary than I had contemplated. I shall await with more anxiety the issue of my application to the government. The prospect of farther service at home is much less threatening than it was. I think I may securely count on the President’s disinclination. I took a walk down to the Station with the gentlemen and then to Acton. Spirits very dull. Read Lord Russell’s Life of Lord William.
161 Monday 12th Ealing CFA AM
To town with Mr Alward, Mary’s wound once more promised fairly. Found at the Legation the Despatches and letters. Also the newspapers. Charles does not yet improve much. The public affairs diminish in might here. But the war movements as far as they relate to General Sherman’s expedition are of the deepest interest. It is more and more certain that the tension upon the Slaveholding people is becoming absolutely intolerable. But there is no opening yet to restoration. The pride of the leaders is not sufficiently broken—neither will it be so long as any hope remains of keeping a strong force in the field. Here is the pinch. The desertion is constant and not to be prevented even by the violent measures which themselves result in loss. This however is a slow process. We must await results with patience. Had a visit from Mr Fletcher, who has come from Brazil, and gives me some information respecting the conduct of Mr Webb, the Minister at that court. This most unfortunate appointment is I fear due to Mr Seward and not to the President. At this crisis I have regarded the place as second only in importance to those of London and Paris. Mr Webb ought to be recalled forthwith. I fear he will not be. Home at five. A small family circle again. But Mary is decidedly better. And I read aloud a story from Dickens’s Christmas Tale.

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Tuesday 13th Ealing CFA AM
Dull day with fog and rain. At home engaged in writing, and reading the American papers. Also continued Lord John Russell’s book, which is very interesting. It is much the best specimen of his style that I have seen. Towards evening a muddy walk through Gunnersbury and Acton. The sun now sets at its earlies, 3.49. making the day light less than eight hours. Mr Erickson came out to see Mary, whom he reported favorably of. He returned at nine.
Cloudy and dull. At home writing letters, in answer to all sorts of enquiries made of me. Some of them are curious enough. For example, one man sends me a copy to Washington’s Farewell Address printed in 1800 at the end of which was written by some one the name of the signer. The question to me is whether this be a genuine Autograph; a question which might have been dispensed with had the writer thought of examining any book to know the date of Washington’s death. Another man thinks he has discovered two original portraits of Washington and his Wife, and wishes me to see and judge of them—And so on. Walk towards night around Ealing and Acton being the only dry circuit. Quiet evening—Read aloud part of Dickens’s Christmas Story.163
163 Thursday 15th London CFA AM
To Town when I was occupied in the usual way. The Despatches however were neither numerous nor material. At a quarter before three a large deputation from the Emancipation Society called on me for the purpose of presenting an Address to the President congratulating him upon his re-election and the continuance of his policy of Emancipation. It consisted largely of the Clergy including a very few of the Established Church. Mr Evans, the Chairman introduced the subject, and the reading of the address was followed by some remarks from Mr Baptist Noel, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr Massie, Dr Tomkins, Mr T Hughes and several others. In one point they all concurred, which was that the popular sense among the working classes was generally in favor of the United States. As this is a very delicate business I did not trust myself to the moment as I have always done in former instances—but read my answer from a paper. It appeared to be acceptable, and the gentlemen immediately withdrew. The whole proceeding is somewhat of an anomalous character. I have great doubt of its propriety. But in the precise condition of opinion here it is necessary to hazard something in order to maintain the popular organization which is our only bulwark against the hostility of the higher classes. The American connection is essential to the support of liberal principles here and throughout Europe. Home at five. It had turned quite cold and very dark for my walk home. Mr Thompson a young Englishman presented to me by Mr Everett came out by invitation to dine and stay over.
Cold and cloudy. Mr Thompson returned with us to town. I finished up my private letters for the week and went out to return a visit of Mr Vesey, the Consul at Aix La Chapelle. Did not find him at home. I had another deputation from a popular meeting in the South part of London at Lambeth to present a second Address. It consisted of working men probably connected with the ministration of the Revd Newman Hall, one of our most active friends. I replied to them very briefly repeating the substance of what I said yesterday. There is another demonstration of the kind threatened from the Trade’s Unions which I think it will be prudent to evade. After the deputation withdrew, I had a visit from Mr Lucas with Mr George Brown of Canada, the organizer of the new plan of federation in that region. He is very friendly, and has brought round a much improved state of feeling along that region. I talked with him rather freely on the importance of establishing the most intimate relations of trade and reciprocity. The new principle of federation if carried out will be productive in time of most important consequence to them and to us. Canada has not as yet produced a simple statesmen but this change will be very like to breed them. Home at five. Quiet evening. Finished Lord Russell.
Saturday 17th Ealing CFA AM
At home all day. It was quite cold a light snow was falling for a few hours. Employed myself for the most part on a numismatic catalogue which I had priced, and in the usual writing. Took a long walk on the Harrow Road to Perevale, Drayton Green and Ealing. The day of our departure is now at hand, so that I am doubtless making my farewell visits. The air though keen was bracing. Mrs Adams went to London, and brought home Brooks and the last America fies which I read in the evening. Mary continues improving.

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164 Sunday 18th Ealing CFA AM
Sharp frost with light snow falling until noon. Attended service at Treyford. The same person officiated the attendance rather smaller. The sermon from the text, “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” Simple and practical, with more of good sense than is common in the established church. I then bid Goodbye to this very secluded, attractive spot. Walk in the afternoon by Gunnersbury and Ealing Church. Quiet evening. This day, for the first time at Ealing I think, we have been entirely alone. Brooks here from school.

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164 Monday 19th Ealing CFA AM

As the Steamer arrived yesterday, I went to town to get my letters and Dispatches. The former brought more favorable accounts of Charles, which gave us much pleasure. There were a great many Despatches from the governments giving me much to do. Mrs Adams came in with Mary, to see Mr Erickson. She is improving, but not yet wholly restored in the round. A singular case. I went to Mr Sotheby’s rooms to look at a collection of coins for sale tomorrow. Generally rather indifferent, but with some good specimens. Such occasions generally furnish the best bargains. Home at five. The weather moderating and the snow yielding.

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164 Tuesday 20th Ealing CFA AM
The snow all gone and the day mild. To town where I attended to the work required by the Dispatches. Lord Lyons is returning, evidently to the great chagrin of Mr Seward. I much fear that he will be less disposed to consent to relieve me. The next week will bring me a reply to my application. I cannot look forward to the prospect of detention with composure.
Attended a portion of the coin sale at Sotheby’s, and made the purchases I desired. The attendance almost wholly of dealers who had it pretty much their own way. Home at five. Quiet evening. Read Professor Goldwin Smith. Lecture delivered at Boston. It is very keen and generally sagacious.

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Quiet day at home. Busy writing private letters home. Walk towards evening. Weather variable and unpleasant. Quiet evening.
Cold and cheerless. I came to London in the carriage at noon in company with Mrs Adams and Mary. The latter to visit Erickson, who finds the round still not entirely healed. He dressed it again and advised her to resume as much as possible her customary mode of life. I am more concerned for the condition of body that this betrays than for the thing itself. It also affects her spirits which reacts on her frame. Erickson evidently mistrusts the air of the house. If so, our removal will soon test that. I worked hard at Despatches, which through short were very numerous. In the evening, young Forbes came over from Twickenham, to join Brooks after the vacation. Home at five. Evening, Whist with the boys.
Friday 23d. Ealing CFA AM

Sharp cold again. To town to make up the customary private letters for the bag. Charles writes that he is much better as to decide to return to camp on the 12th. I fear he may have been driven to it and that he will only subject himself to a recurrence of his complaint. In this as in the other case I must trust in the protection of that Divine being who has hitherto been so bountiful in his mercies to me. Walked to Sotheby’s to obtain the coins purchased at the last sale, and to pay for them. The perpetual grey sky is not favorable to high spirits at this the darkest period of the year— And I cannot say that for some time past, I am in any danger to be tried by them. The future is discouraging enough at best. For the war seems still going on with little relaxation— The finances are more and more involved, and what is most trying to me, my own family bids fair to be more scattered than ever. Home at five. Evening, Whist with the boys.166
24 December 1864

166 Saturday 24th Ealing—Walton CFA AM
This morning we bid Goodbye to Hanger Hill. Our tarry has been one of pleasure and pain to such an extent that I confess to rather a predominating sense of relief on getting away. It would be even greater could I look forward to a quiet transfer to a home in London. This is however out of the question. It is now settled that the ladies are to go to Italy for the winter, and after that is pending the still indefinite continuance of myself in Europe. My sons with young Forbes made their way to the same destination by a circuit of railway from Acton; and I went to town, where I passed the day, and joined Mr Sturgis and the young party at the Station of the South Western railway at a little after five o’clock. The Servants however remain at Ealing until Tuesday. The day was cloudy and cold, with steady frost. The Steamer from America brings news on the whole favorable. I suppose it will give me an answer to my application for relief. Going to Walton however delays the reception of it. We found ourselves all assembled at dinner under Mr Sturgis’s hospitable roof. Nobody there excepting Colonel Hawley, and Miss Russell outside of the two families and Forbes. This owing to the severe illness of young Henry Sturgis who is prostrated though not in absolute danger. The evening was therefore very quiet.
166 Sunday 25th Walton CFA AM

The same cold grey clouds and sharp frosty weather which have prevailed for so many days. This is the fourth anniversary of Christmas that I have passed in this house. All the preceding ones have been warm sunny genial days cheering to the spirits and redolent of joy. All in the household too were full of health and spirits. This time the earth looked hard and tightly bound in ice, the sky was dull and gloomy, and inside the walls there were shadows of anxiety in both families for the physical condition of one member of each. Nevertheless, the usual presents made the hearts of the children glad and we afterwards went to the old church in some force. The service as usual disfigured by the substitution of the Athanasian for the Apostle’s creed. The Sermon on the text “Unto us a child is born” and with little force. In the afternoon I took a solitary walk as I have always done, but not this time to see the sun set in his glory. Took my course down the river and not up as before. This brought me below Sunbury, from whence I left the back of the Thames and returned by the high road—about six miles. This had the usual sumptuous banquet with the children at table excepting Henry. Nothing in the way of gastronomic surpasses this table. The wonder to me is how the family can preserve their health under such feasting. Owing to the condition of the invalid all the usual festivity was dispensed with, and we had a quiet evening.

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Another cold, grey day. As this had been made a holiday in London I concluded to remain over. Mr Sturgis however went to town for a few hours, and brought me out my letters. There had been a delay in the trip of the Canada, so that my application had not arrived at. The suspense must therefore hold over another week. My morning was spent looking over a new edition of Dante’s Inferno, with a French version and illustrations by Gustave Doré. They are interesting from the great use made of light and shade, producing more effects than outline, as in my own folio Italian copy at home. I followed the text with the occasional aid of the version, and gained a fairer notion of the grand and yet grotesque nature of this poem. The imagination running wild now soars to a lofty height and now sinks to the bathos of the repulsive and the ludicrous. The cast is given and gloomy. Towards evening I walked with my son Brooks round by Weybridge through the Park and back by the highway. Mr and Mrs Norris dined here. Colonel Hawley left in the morning. I saw young Henry today. He looks thin and wasted. His difficulty is an affection of the hip or loin brought on by a severe cold. It is likely to lay him up for a long while. A quiet evening for the children, and more of the ordinary amusements.
167 Tuesday 27th London CFA AM
Up early in order to return to town with Mr Sturgis in the morning train. The sky was clear and the sun bright with a cold bracing air. We drove in an open carriage to the Station which we reached just in time for the train. From the Watertloo Station I walked home to resume my old mode of life at Portland Place. The cold had penetrated it so thoroughly as to make it cheerless at first. I notice in myself this year an unusual sensivenes to cold, which is a serious matter in the prospect of a return to Massachusetts winters. Read the Despatches, and performed the customary amount of work. Walk in the evening, and quiet in my solitary room reading until bed-time.
The weather is relaxing and the chill of the vacant house is gradually passing off. Mrs Adams came in from Walton, leaving the children there. Her report concerning Mary is not yet as favorable as we may hope. The surgeon is evidently baffled. I went out and paid a visit to Lord Lyons who has just returned from America. He was not at home. On getting back I received the news from America of General Sherman’s having succeeded in establishing his connection with our naval force at Savannah, and of the defeat of General Hood by Thomas. These two events go far towards the close of the war. There was a report of the capture of Savannah which needs confirmation. A note from Lord Russell in answer to my application for an interview came fixing it at a quarter past four o’clock. So I went at once. My main object was to place to his hands some further evidence received from Washington of the proceedings of the rebel emissaries in Canada. Before I began on that subject however, I communicated to his Lordship the substance of Mr Seward’s message expressing regret that the departure of Lord Lyons, and of his hope that he might return. His Lordship said that he was much gratified by this message; that Lord Lyons had been obliged to leave on account of his health; had not until he found himself positively breaking down did he decide upon it. Of course his return must be made to depend on his prospect of recovery. I referred incidentally to the note which Mr Seward had addressed to him on leaving, which I presumed he had seen. He replied that he had seen Lord Lyons only once, and then he made no mention of it. Probably his modesty had prevented him from showing it. I asked if his Lordship would like a copy of it. Upon his answer in the affirmative, I promised to send him one. I then addressed myself to my main subject—spoke of the increasing complications in Canada, and of the number of Despatches I had lately received directing me to make representations about them. At first I had thought of committing them to paper and addressing notes to him. But inasmuch as I had already received so strong an assurance of the intention of Her Majesty’s government to do every thing in its power to prevent these abuses, it seemed to me that to multiply urgency afterwards might leave open a suspicion of doubting its good faith, which I was very far from seeking to do. I therefore preferred the course of presenting him with copies of all the papers accompanying my Despatches, which seem as cumulative proof of the fact that the rebel agents were actually employed by their principals at Richmond in concocting atrocious expeditions from Canada into the United States. His Lordship took the chief paper, which was the intercepted despatch from C. C. Clay Jr at S to Mr Benjamin at Richmond, giving a narrative of Young’s attempt on St Ablan’s, and urging it upon the authority there to make a claim for his release on the ground that he was holding a commission as an officer of the army and authorized to do the act, and read it slowly, now and then making a comment on a passage as he went. The chief one was that were the Richmond authority to do as the writer desired, the effect could be to admit the fact of its using a neutral territory as a basis for carrying on war, in the face of Her Majesty’s
proclamation forbidding all such enterprises. It was the opinion of the Law Officers of the crown that this was a high misdemeanor for which all parties engaged in it could be prosecuted & punished. His Lordship then explained the legal dilemma through which the parties in the St Alban’s raid were enabled to escape from the requisition under the Treaty. He said he regretted it But the Legislature of Canada was about to be called together, and it would undoubtedly supply the proper legislation to remedy this evil. The truth is that this supplies another instance of the loose, sluggish movement of this much overpraised system of government. All these difficulties might have been anticipated by a steady and prompt declaration of a repressive policy at the outset of the war. In such case no American would have thought of establishing himself in British territory for the purpose of making war on the United States. Instead of this, the first thing the Ministry do is to recognize these people as belli-170gerents, thus giving them a full entry into their territory—and the next is, to set their faces resolutely against believing that they could be guilty of violating their neutrality more than we did ourselves. The impartiality affected was so very rigid that it had the effect to encourage any species of hostile enterprise against us. It took more than two years and a very close approximation to a rupture of our relations to cure them of this illusion. But even then they were as far off ever from the necessary energy to put a stop to the evils they had thus been cherishing. And now that these appear in all their magnitude, threatening no little danger to their unprotected colony, they are just setting about an agitation of the question of prevention. I said nothing of this to His Lordship however—but confined myself to an allusion to the news received from America today of a stringent order from General Dix directing the pursuit of any of these plunderers without regard to the boundary lines. If this was correctly reported I could account of it only through the extent of the popular indignation on account of the release of these men. His Lordship remarked that this was a grave step and might lead to very painful complications. He could understand the pursuit of men over the boundary in the heat of passion, but a deliberate order of an officer to do the thing was a difficult affair. I said I knew General Dix too well to believe for a moment that he had any desire to magnify difficulties That he should have resort to such a measure could only spring from a consciousness of the force of the popular opinion which demanded protection against this abuse at any hazard. His Lordship referred to the remark often made, and latterly by the President, that the main object of all this was to bring about a rupture between the two countries. I assented, and added that in proportion as these people grew despairing of any other resource, they would more eagerly clutch at this. I then took my leave. He concluded by expressing a hope that as we had heretofore passed through so many troubles during this war, so we might safely get over this one. I walked home and spent a quiet evening with Mrs Adams.171

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171 Thursday 29th London CFA AM

Henry came in from Walton to remain a couple of days and go back. My time was passed in writing a report of yesterday’s conversation with Lord Russell, and my other customary Despatches. My little interruption from visitors. Indeed the member of Americans coming now is small. A Mr Howard from California came, on his way back. He reminded me of a former visit but I had forgotten it. Very joyful over the news, which produces much effect here—the more that the knowing ones had staked their reputation as oracles on the prediction that Sherman would never get through. How strange is the English character, and how different in many respects from what I had thought it! A compound of obtuseness and ill temper. Was it always so? Or is this the degeneracy of the commercial age? A walk as far as Kensington Palace gardens and back—and a quiet evening at home. I am now gradually sliding back into the routine of winter life in London, which to me would be comfortable enough, if my family could go on as heretofore. But this is out of the question. I must make up my mind to a different state of things during the rest of my term, be it long or short.

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171 Friday 30th London CFA AM
The usual work of private letters for home. Only one or two visits. One from Mr Evans who is made anxious by the news of the Canadian complication. The alarm affected the stocks a little yesterday. It has however thoroughly roused attention to the atrocity of the rebel operations, to which the people had been solidly indifferent down to this moment. The English characteristic is to hasten to the discovery of truth very slowly. I doubt if the governments of either country will care to play into the hands of the rebels. Colonel Shaffner came to ask me to get him an admission to Woolwick. he is an adventurer for government in the war. This shows only that he finds the strong side. There have been times when he sought to keep open his relations elsewhere. Henry returned to Walton this evening— I took a walk by Regent Street and Piccadilly to Hyde park, thence to the Marble Arch, and Oxford Street home. This is a renewal of old winter habits. Quiet evening with Mrs Adams at home. Read some of the reports of the Heads of Department at Washington.172

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Friday 30th
30 December 1864

172 Saturday 31st London CFA AM

A very quiet day without incident. My time consumed in writing a note or two and in a general survey of my private accounts for the last half year. They do not show any essential variation from the scale of the preceding years, notwithstanding the increased number of the family and the changes of the daughter’s illness. Not a single person to see me. A walk same as yesterday—and a quiet evening closed the year.

And an eventful year it has been as well to the Country as to me individually. We have passed in safety through a portentous period to the safety of the Government, and have carried forward the military operations to a point which permanently establishes the preponderance of power on its side. For all these mercies, it becomes us to be humbly thankful. On the other hand, although I and all the members of my family have been providentially spared to see the light of another year, it has not been without serious illness to several of them at different times. Especially the last six months have passed with constant anxiety about the condition of our dear Mary, which is alas! not yet over. We have remained in England a little too long for the younger members, whose systems do not seem to adapt themselves so well to the climate as those of their parents. Personally, my position remains greatly favored—fare more so than I merit. In worldly matters, the prosperity has continued unabated. One serious loss has happened in my Wife’s family circle, in the person of her sister Mrs Frothingham, the shock of which had however been much broken by the long preparation which her illness had made for it to our minds. It is the close of the third full year of my residence abroad, and reminds me forcibly of the study diminution of the remnant of my days which I could devote to my country at home. Here are no interests to animate my exertions. Let me be grateful for the fact that I may have been hitherto of some use in avoiding danger and in securing a good understanding at this event. If I can be instrumental in securing the peace of the two country es through this war, my time expended here will not have been wasted. With such reflections I finish the record of another year.173

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I begin this year with thanks to the Almighty giver of all good gifts for the many blessings it hath pleased him to bestow upon me, and an earnest prayer that it may please him to guide my feet safely through the obscurity that is before me. The condition of my own family created uneasiness from which I am striving to escape by sending a portion to a warmer climate, the effect of which will be to leave me alone here, if I am doomed to remain. at this post. On the other hand my son Charles’s health threatens me with another anxiety at home, and the sudden breaking out of a difficulty in Canada renders my stay almost a necessity. Thus uncertainty and doubt overhangs my mind so much that my spirits are at moments grievously oppressed. But I will try to go on and bear my burdens with trust and faith.

The first news of the morning was cheering. The accounts from America were confirmatory of our late intelligence with the exception of the capture of Savannah. There were details which show Sherman’s march to have been one of the most brilliant and successful movements in history. The victory of Thomas is also more decisive than had been represented. The rebellion staggers under these blows. I also received a note from Mr Erickson giving a rather strong favorable report of Mary’s condition. Her system is coming up, he things, under the effect of the change of air. Her wound is now decidedly healing. Let us be grateful. My heart was lighter all day. I went into the city to worship, resuming my visits to different Churches. This time it was St Michael’s, Queenhithe. The interior a plain, old fashioned design of Wren, with little or no ornament— A gallery opposite the altar, and high oaken pews of the ancient roomy sort. A little carved work around the doors, pulpit and panels. A great deal of light as usual with all Wren’s designs. On the whole, cheerful in all but the absence of worshippers. The attendance very small. A row of round windows above, with stained glass. The preacher discoursed of the new year as opening a way to repentance and amendment, but he was rapid in his delivery as if he felt conscious he was having few listening ears. In the evening, a walk, and after dinner visits from Mr Lampson and Mr Alward.
Monday 2d. Walton CFA AM

The morning passed with some rapidity, as I was engaged partly in my private affairs, and partly in a visit to Messr Barings, for the purpose of squaring my salary account, for the quarter. A visit from Captain Button, the Consul at Southampton. The American news again favorable, and most especially as to the withdrawal of the order of General Dix. As Mr and Mrs Sturgis had invited us to Walton to witness the attempt of the young people there to get up some theatricals, we went in the train at four o’clock, reaching Walton a little after five. The youth is still on his way back, and under the most favorable view, likely to remain so for months. He however looked to me rather better in face. There was a small assemblage of the neighbors, and one or two visitors in the house, to witness the performances. The programme embraced three pieces, the first the composition of Julian Sturgis, the second son. But as the time for acting drew night, the Auctions carriage fell, so that he decided at the last moment to withdraw it. The other two pieces were done with spirit and effect. I was somewhat concerned for my son Brooks, who attempted for the first time to appear—and his part was rather a prominent one. He acquitted himself on the whole better than I expected. Julian Sturgis was slightly boisterous, as also was young Forbes in the last piece, who failed to conceive the humor of his position. Yet as a whole, the thing passed off well enough to amuse us all and make us laugh. There was a supper afterwards, and we went to bed at midnight. Mary officiated as prompter, and looked rather fatigued afterwards.
174 Tuesday 3d. London CFA AM
Owing to the fatigue of last night, the party did not assemble to breakfast until half past ten. It was a chilly, grey morning, and I took a short stroll for an airing in the grounds in the interval. We had only time to breakfast before starting to return to London. We still leave the young people behind—Mary is not yet quiet over her wound, and she looks a little pale. The air may benefit her and Mrs Sturgis is kind enough to urge her remaining. Meanwhile all the arrangements must be made for the proposed journey. The Canada has arrived and in the course of the day I received all my Despatches. Mr Seward answers my application of the 24th November very vaguely, but promises something more definitive next week. Thus another week’s suspense is entailed upon me. Customary work. A visit from Mr Burch, the Consul at Cardiff and one in the evening, from Mr Alward.175
A mild, pleasant day. The hours fly and I can give little account of them. My mode of life is more unsatisfactory than it has been since I first left Quincy to enter into public service. The suspense about my continuance, the necessity of sending my family to the Continent, the consciousness that Henry is not doing the best for himself by remaining with me and the doubt about the proper disposition of Brooks, all combine to depress my spirits. In addition to this I am growing sensible of the fact that this low time is gradually affecting my own health. I have utterly lost interest in everything here. If I remain, it will probably be to spend my time in solitude. It is clear that Mary cannot thrive under this mode of life. Her mother must go with her wherever she goes. In all this my embarrassment and anxiety I have only one resource, which is trust in the goodness of the Divine Being, who has been ever so merciful to me. A few days more may give me some light and guidance. I received a little private note from Lord Russell last evening, intimating a wish that I should see him oftener, since Lord Lyons is out of the way. I think he grows better disposed. A visit from one Selby T Hopkins. This is one of a class of cases often occurring. An American from California, he takes it into his head to come to Europe partly for health, and partly to see what he can do in raising money. He brings a small sum with him, and falls into doubtful company in Liverpool, loses all he has, and is then wide afloat. He goes to the Consul or he comes to me. We give him a little money, and either he gets off home or he goes drifting God knows where. This man brought a letter from the Governor of California, to me. He seemed in great distress. I gave him a little money and advice. That is all I can do. Mr Julius Reuter was here again about his American telegraphic news. He wanted me to get him some official sources of authority. He had tried this before, some years ago, and I had sent his proposal forward to the government. But they never took it up. I offered to do so again. He has, I think, tried to be impartial, for which the Times has deserted him, and now another combination called the Associated Press is competing with him. My usual walk through Hyde Park; and a quiet evening at home.
176 Thursday 5th London CFA AM
Cloudy with rain. The customary preparation of Despatches. Also one or two visits from Americans. A Mr Briggs who brought me a letter, but wanted nothing. Mr Erickson came from Walton and reported Mary almost well of the wound, but under the effort of a slight cold caught on Monday. I a little feared it from the expense in her place of prompter at the play. His account of young Sturgis is not favorable today. Walk round the Regent's park. And quiet evening, part of which I now devote to my numismatics.
Henry who has been absent some days between Mr Baring’s at Norman Court and Walton, came up this morning from the latter place with a favorable report about Mary. I was busy in expediting my private letters, all of which were completed by four o’clock. A visit from Sir Henry Holland who brought me a present of his book of Essays. Walk around Hyde Park the usual way—and quiet evening.
176 Saturday 7th London CFA AM
Mild, pleasant day—Morning devoted to the preparation of my Quarterly public account, and also of my private books down to the new year. Then disposed of the arrears of correspondence, after which I spent some time in looking over a most interesting series of historical jettons struck in Holland during the sixteenth and seventeenth century, which I purchased at the last sale. I have not made a better acquisition to my collection at any time. What a wonderful struggle it was! A visit from Mr Hazard and conversation on finance. While he was here, received the news by the Cuba of the capture of Savannah which completes the brilliant operations of Sherman in Georgia for the last year. Starting from the north western corner in May, he has passed directly through the heart of the State, overbearing all resistance and come out at its principal fortified post on the sea, where he establishes himself and relieves us from the burden of one more point of blockade. There is also intelligence of the expedition to Wilmington which is better than I feared, but still indecisive. Another heavy blow at the rebellion, which is little able to stand under it. I trust that we may be saved another campaign. Walk by the way of Hyde Park which I now prefer to any other. Dined with Count and Countess Bernstorff, the Russian Ambassador Sir Erskine and Lady Perry, Mr Eliot, Sir Charles Wyke, Mr Rosencorne, and three more unknown to me. Singularly civil and complementary to me. Home at eleven.177

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Sunday 8th
London CFA AM

Mild. Attended Divine service at the Church in Vere Street, with Mrs Adams. This is the place to which I thought of going last year, but was deterred by the want of a good pew. This year I am in suspense as to my remaining here, so that I merely went convenience. I do not think the person officiating was Mr Maurice. His Sermon was upon the Epiphany and incidentally the right of private judgment in regard to the Scripture narrative, as distinguishing the English from the Roman Church. He referred to the Pope’s late Encyclical letter, which is to be sure a revival of the pretensions of the fifteenth Century. After Luncheon, when out in company with Mrs Adams to Pembroke Lodge to pay a visit to Lord and Lady Russell. A good deal of company. The Count Latur d’Auvergne and one of his Secretaries, Lord and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe and daughter, Mr and Mrs Corwyn, and the Marquis d’Azeglio. Lord Russell had little to say to me, in particular, notwithstanding his note. I perceived among the other company, that our late news had had its effect. Drove home to dinner. Quiet evening—Mr Alward came in for an hour.

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8 January 1865

The Despatches, letters and papers came in this morning, and absorbed my attention wholly during the greater part of the day. The prospect of a favorable termination to this dreadful war does certainly greater part of the day. The prospect of a favorable termination to this dreadful war does certainly grow brighter. A motion to that end was almost successful in the legislature of North Carolina, whilst in the body at Richmond, the subject of negotiating without conditions has been distinctly and positively brought forward. This is advance, but not result. We must wait the to us slow progress of great events. To my great surprise I get no advices from Mr Seward, as promised. This leads me to infer the probability of my being relieved from here at any rate. I did little or nothing. Henry came in from Walton, with favorable accounts from Mary. The surgeon recommends a delay of departure, which is a change of opinion since I saw him. In other respects, it happens to be convenient Henry went off on another visit to his friend Gaskell in Yorkshire. On the whole my spirits were brighter than they have been for many weeks. Thanks be to God for all his mercies. Only one visit from Mr Ryan, the Consular Agent at Limerick. I took a long walk through the Strand and Fleet Street to Farringdon, thence by Holbourn and Oxford Street, home. Evening, read one of Sir Henry Holland’s Essays.
178 Tuesday 10th London CFA AM
A quiet day, with little interruption. Disposed of my correspondence which is getting less and less burdensome, and devoted a little while to numismatics. Completed my survey of the historical jettons But I need the work of van Loon on the subject, which I have not access to here. Some time or other, when released from the cases of public life, if I survive, I may find this occupation quite a resource. Walk by the way of Hyde Park—and quiet evening.
Continued Sir Henry Holland’s Essays, which are on the whole very interesting. Although not always concurring with him in his views, they always seem to present an attractive and well sustained side.
Cloudy with light rain. The accounts of Mary are favorable, and the surgeon is now of opinion that it would be better to delay the departure until February. Wrote the usual number of letters and employed myself an hour or two in numismatics. Went out early to return a visit of Mr Hazard. He was not at home, so I went on in Piccadilly as far as Albert Gate, where I crossed Hyde Park and home. Noticed that the first house I occupied here, No 17 St George’s Place has been merged into a grand Hotel called the Alexandra, the entrance completely expunged. In the evening, Mr Alward came to spend an hour, and brought me some of his Autograph collections, for us to look at. The American news down to the close of the year gives an account of the failure of the attempt on Wilmington by the refusal of General Butler to prosecute it. This is no cause of surprise to me. My astonishment is that he was ever entrusted with such a command.
Clouds and rain. Quiet day, with less of Despatch writing than usual. Though a great many letters came from Mr Seward, they were almost all of them formal. I think I perceive in him a change of manner, as if he had become weary of his work. A little leisure devoted to numismatics, to which I also devote part of my evening. The accounts from Walton continue favorable. Walk around the outer line of the Regent’s Park. A visit from Mr Parker. Mr Headland came in to prescribe to Mrs Adams. Continued the Essays of Sir Henry Holland.
178 Friday 13th London CFA AM
Clouds and heavy rain at night. Busy in the routine of private letters which kept me until nearly five o'clock. Henry came back from his trip in Yorkshire, thus relieving a little of our solitude.179 Walk not quite so long as common owing to the driving of the wind and rain. We had to dinner Mr Hughes, without his Wife who had a cold. H T Parker and his Wife, Mr Hazard of Rhode Island, and the two Secretaries of the Legation. They remained until after eleven o'clock.
14 January 1865

179 Saturday 14th London CFA AM
Walked before daylight by a sudden burst of wind on the house such as I never experienced before. It seemed almost like a blow from a solid substance. It did not last long with the same severity, but it only relaxed in part until night. My day was devoted to the despatch of all unfinished business. Which I accomplished, and had a little leisure for my numismatic studies.

Walk towards night by Hyde Park. The days are sensibly growing longer, as the winter begins to wear away. But my suspense as to the future is in no way relieved. The letter want of interest in anything here is I think rather depressing my health— And yet the prospect at home does not lighten as fact as I could wish it. I hardly know whether to go home and face the vicissitudes of political life there would augment my happiness or that of my family. If I were some of retirement, the case would be simplified. Perhaps it is quiet as wise not to consider much of this matter, and rather to let events take their course— A few days must now give us light— Sir Henry Holland was here to see Mrs Adams on her departure, the postponement of which he did not know. Very quiet evening

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179 Sunday 15. th London CFA AM
Cool, but calm and clear. Went into the city, and made another attempt to get the Church of Saint Dionis or Dionysius in Lime Street. It was closed as before. A careful examination of its avenues of approach convinced me that it is no longer opened for service. I then followed Lime Street into Aldgate being so late for service that I was glad to take the first Church in my way. It proved to St Botolph’s by Aldgate. I saw at once that it was none of Sir Christopher’s, but bears the marks of the heavy, bad taste of the last century. Two very heavy galleries projecting deep into the body of the Church, with columns supporting a plain, flat ceiling. Yet though unattractive, there was an air of respectability about it, and the light was abundant. As an exception to the general rule, the building stands north and south. Behind the altar was a stained window with a representation of Rubens’s Descent from the cross. This evidently very lately put in, and had the intensity of fresh coloring. The services as usual, except the Sermon, which on the whole I must put at the foot of the list of mediocrity, that marks the Church. Perhaps I noticed it the more from the boldness of the attempt. The text, “To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath,” requires skilful handling to bring out the true moral principle which is applicable to the conduct of life. This man evidently had no conception of it. His discourse might have suited almost every other text in the Bible as well. After luncheon, a visit from Mr and Mrs Stevens—and then a walk to my old haunt the Zoological Gardens in the Regent’s Park. The evening closes in so early that I had not time for a general survey. Went into the Monkey house, which is a great improvement on the old one. There I was interested in the Chimpanzee, which is a new acquisition, as also a new baboon. There is something in the bearing of this volatile race that marvellously approaches the intelligence of man. It looks to me like the expenditure of human emotions on trifles, without any of those restraints on the manifestation of them which are imposed on children even at the earliest age. In the evening, we had visits from Mr Heade, the artist, and Mr Alward.

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Monday 16th London CFA AM
Cool but rather a fine day for London. I notice the rapid increase of the light, especially towards night. Visit from Mr Hazard who talked of the military news, and from one or two other persons who came for assistance—I devoted some time to the study of Cohen’s book on the Roman Consular series. It seems to have been issued during a period of about two centuries, but it is not easy to fix the dates of each family series, nor to assign the reasons for the devices, excepting in some well known instances. Yet historically they are very interesting as bring us at once with the presence of republican Institutions. Walk by Hyde Park. Quiet evening. The Despatches and Mails from America came in, and yet no letter from Mr Seward, being the third week of suspense in regard to my application. I stand in need of all my patience to put up with this rude treatment. Everything seems to have gone wrong with me in my search for the future this season. I perceive in the newspapers a notice of the death of my predecessor, Mr Dallas.
Tuesday 17th London CFA AM
Mrs Adams is now suffering from a very severe cold. Henry has gone to Walton, so that it is again rather dull and gloomy in the house. On the other hand the account of Mary’s improvement is encouraging. My day was spent in the customary routine. I finished my examination of the coins lately procured. But if I go home this season, some time will be necessary for a general survey of all that has been heretofore collected. I read the Preface to Cohen’s work on the Consular series, and reflected on the difficulties in explaining the nature of this currency. It is however from its great variety full of interest. Mrs Adams was too unwell to dine out, but I went to Mr and Ms Lampson’s. A party of sixteen but apart from the members of the family, not a soul I ever saw before. One gentleman was presented to me by the name of Stevenson, said to be in the government Office at Somerset House. This is a curious practice in London Society which I never can get reconciled to. So far as I can see, the amusement is about the same as at a Table d’Hote. Went home early on account of my Wife she being alone.

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181 Wednesday 18th London CFA AM
Mrs Adams had a good night after two o’clock, but she suffered severely all day. I had an extraordinary number of visits. Dr Blandy came to me to get a letter to Mr Peabody. He is slowly laboring to collect something for his black Institution in Indiana, but he complains of the want of sympathy—among Antislavery people here. Next was Mr Hoe, the inventor of the printing press now so generally used. He sound me about Colonel Shafner’s project, to aid which he has advanced some money. I said little, but my confidence is not great. Shafner is an adventure. Next, three gentleman in quest of a fugitive animal from New York, who has made away with a very large sum belong to a Bank there. I agreed to make a request for his surrender under the Treaty of extradition. But I doubt whether the claims will be held good. The last person was young Mr Stanley who talked as usual of American affairs. In the evening, received files of American newspapers to the 7.th They contain little beyond further evidence of the extreme depression of spirits among the Southern people.
Mrs Adams is still extraordinarily affected by her cold. She is however better this morning than she was yesterday. Henry came in from Walton bringing favorable accounts of Mary. I had a good deal to do in preparing notes and Despatches for the week. A visit from Mr Milner Gibson who came to make the annual enquiries about American affairs preparatory to his address to the electors at Ashton under Lyne. He wished to know the precise condition of the war. I took a map and showed him the outline of progress, and precisely what was now left of military control to the rebels. It reduces itself about half of Virginia, North and South Carolina. He then asked other questions some of which I could answer, and others I had not the data for. On the single subject of the finances I very frankly admitted to him my sense of the danger. I feared the evil was radical, because I did not see that the materials for recovery could be found in any branch of the government, inside or outside of the Administration. Walk by the way of Hyde Park. Evening quiet at home.
182 Friday 20th London CFA AM
Colder but with a fine air, so far as the smoke of the city will admit. Much absorbed all day in the labor of writing private letters. Mrs Adams is better today, but coughs a great deal. Brooks came from Walton and returned again. It is decided to postpone the departure of the family for another week, as Mary is still improving, and Mrs Adams not fit to be out. Walk by Hyde Park. In the evening I finished Sir Henry Holland’s Essays, and began on the third volume of Dr Palfrey’s History of New England, just received.
182 Saturday 21st London CFA AM
Mrs Adams had a rather rough day with her cold, which was not improved by the state of the weather. The cold temperature then the smoke into the streets to such an extent that for more than half the time I could not write, except by the aid of candles. Luckily there was not much of arrears to bring up. Walk in the evening. The usual accompaniment of a fog, brightened by the fact that the streets were frozen, and houses found difficulty in keeping their feet. I walked to Picadilly and then far out beyond the barracks of the Grounds. Mr Milnus Gaskell dined with us, I continued Dr Palfrey’s third volume.
182 Sunday 22d. London CFA AM
The smoke vanished in the night, giving way to a cold, clear atmosphere. Went to the city and groped my way into a Church which I found to be St Michael’s, College hill, Vintry. A curious incident connected with this happened. I asked a police man standing near it, and two other persons from the neighboring houses what the name of it was. Neither of them knew any thing about it. This may be no justification of surprise, if the attendance be commonly as it was today. I counted exactly twelve worshippers in the pews. It is one of Sir Christopher’s designs, but with little of his characteristic manner. A plain parallelogram with a simple though not absolutely flat ceiling. Plenty of windows long and rather, narrow. No galleries excepting that for the organ. The dark oak lining and pews took off the baldness, and the Pulpit as well as other prominent objects had rich carving. The service was read more defectively than is common. The preacher seemed to overrun his words in such a way as to enunciate only the principal ones. I found much difficulty in following him in the sermon which was on the text of 2 Peter 3, last verse “Grow in grace.” He assumed this to be synonymous with faith, and proceeded in exhorting to the cultivation of the latter. The topic of grace is the most fruitful of all in theology, but it seems to me to be regarded as involving a different idea from faith. It is commonly maintained to be a divine gift, whilst the other is a human effort. Returned home to luncheon. Mrs Adams had a bad night until near three o’clock, but slept quietly afterwards. She seemed better today. A visit from Mr Bentzen, and a walk around the Regent’s Park. The bag came from America tonight, but again brought me no letter from Mr Seward. This is a little unkind, and puts me to the most serious inconvenience. If it were not for my sense of duty to my country which overrides all other considerations I would thence up my commission at once. Mr J. C Bates paid us a visit in the evening. Read more of Dr Palfrey’s book.

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Charles Francis Adams, Sr.: The Civil War Diaries (Unverified Transcriptions)
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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
184 Tuesday 24th London CFA AM
Mrs Adams was better today, but the difficulty lingers painfully. On consultation with the
physician, it was decided to postpone the departure until Tuesday. Day passed rather idly—
Read part of Mr Mill’s book upon representative government. He writes very clearly, but as yet
I see nothing laid down which has not been well established in America for a long time.
Several visits from Americans. A young man by the name of Durn from Indiana, Mr Hibbard,
Judge of the mixed Court as Sierra Leone, who had much to say of Africa, and its susceptibility
of civilization, and a young Mr Knight from Boston. Walk by Hyde Park—and quiet evening.
Continued Dr Palfrey’s third Volume.
184 Wednesday 25th London CFA AM
Mrs Adams improves daily, but the weather is not propitious. Having again a good deal of leisure I continued Mr Mill’s on representative government. His theory of a representation of minorities as a safeguard against what he calls class legislation, is in fact an attempt to guard against the power of a democracy. It presupposes a fixed condition of popular opinion contradicted by the experience of our government, so far as it goes, in every stage of its condition. There never would be a time in England any more than in the United States, when a minority and a strong one too will not exist. This happening of a very great preponderance almost inevitably produces division. It is a mistake also to assume that a representative acts only for a majority of his constituents. In a very great proportion of the service he is called to give he is as useful in carrying out the views of the minority who did not vote for him. I fancy Mr Mill is a little misled by the fact that the confined nature of the franchise in England leads to a rigidity in the political habits of the voters which is not to be found in more open constituencies. With us there is generally a fluctuating body between the parties which nine times in ten determines the result 185 I had one or two visits of persons passing through to Paris, and in the course of my walk I returned that of Mr Schleiden. Mr Forster dined quietly with us, and we talked over the state of the relations between the two countries. He expressed a little uneasiness at the prospect of my leaving, as although he thought every thing looked well enough just now, there might a moment of crisis so soon as the aristocratic classes should begin fully to take in the possibility of a restoration in America. The disappointment would be intense, and might give rise to a sudden effort at counteraction in America. The disappointment would be intense, and might give rise to a sudden effort at counteraction. I said I was not unaware of that contingency. But if the government were to relieve me I had little doubt that my successor would be carefully selected. I hoped it might be Mr Everett, in whose discretion I should have the utmost reliance. Mr Foster recalled the fact that two or three times during my stay there had been efforts made to fix a quarrel upon me, which he intimated had been avoided mainly by my care. I applied his remark by recalling the incident of Lord Palmerston, as a most amusing one. On the whole Mr Foster has been our finest and most judicious friend. We owe to his tact and talent even more than we do to the more showy interference of Messr Cobden and Bright. Mr Morse came in for a short visit and talked a little of the rebel movements here which are indefatigably carried on though as yet apparently to no effective purpose. Continued Dr Palfrey’s third volume.
The weather is gloomy and wet, and by no means propitious to invalids. Yet Mrs Adams is
decidedly improving. Her physician however is so decidedly opposed to her departure at
present that she has once more put it off until next Wednesday. I was engaged in writing the
weekly Despatches which were not numerous. Evening walk in a light rain— For days back
there has been a struggle between snow and rain for the preponderance, the effect of which
has been only to make walking disagreeable. We had to dinner Messr Moran and Alward, the
Secretaries, with Messr Palmer and Gaskill, for the purpose of trying an American branch of
venison sent out by Mr Wilson the former Secretary. I had asked Mr Morse likewise, but he did
not come. There is a remarkable difference in the game of the two countries which may
perhaps be owing to the wilder habits of our, and possibly to the variety in species after they
went, I continued Dr Palfrey’s volume.
A snow storm all day reminding me much of our New England weather. The temperature was not however low enough to keep it firm. As a consequence, the streets were in worse condition than I ever before saw them. Busy in my private letters which absorbed the day light. There has been no arrival from America to break the week, and dullness prevails here. Parliament is summoned for the 7th of next month, and officials are gradually resuming their posts; but the impression that this is the last session, and a new Election is to take place in July paralyzes all extraordinary movement. Quiet evening—Engaged in reading Mill and Palfrey.
186 Saturday 28th London CFA AM

For the first time this year the sun shone in clear across the dining room at breakfast time. The whole day was fine although the snow melted but little. Mrs Adams is now pronounced so far well that no further obstruction is placed in the way of her departure. A visit from Mr Dudley, the consul at Liverpool, who is as usual exercised by the various operations of the rebels here. I have got along past this anxiety. Their labor has done something to procrastinate the struggle, but has effected nothing else. At half past one o’clock I drove to the Foreign office to see Lord Russell. I told him that I had not much of especial interest to talk about, but acting in accordance with the hint in his private note, I had taken the opportunity of some small matters sent from here to the President, and at the same time instructions not to send them without first submitting them to him. I read one or two of them, to which he made no objection. He however said that he had thought the answers generally very judicious and proper. He alluded to a reference to slavery in one of them, and observed that the ground taken by the President was not his original position. I replied that the difference was due only to his change of situation. At the outset he was restrained by the law which unequivocally prohibited any interference with the internal Institutions of the States, beyond the express concession in the Constitution. The moment the insurgents threw them off this protection and appealed to force, he was clothed with a new agency which he was very ready to use, and which had proved very effective. His Lordship then said we appeared to be now having it all pretty much our own way. He then spoke of Lord Lyons, who he said was getting better, and had promised to see him. I infer from this that he may yet go back. We then had some general conversation on the reciprocity Treaty and the requisition for passports. I expressed my regret at the attempt to annul the first and the introduction of the last. He just lightly intimated that if the effect should be to check the Canadian tendency to favor the insurgents, there would be little harm in that. This is the closes approximation to a sentiment which I have ever experienced in my relations with his Lordship. I have always believed that he is in his heart sympathized with our cause. But he has not been unaware of the prejudices of his class, and therefore as a Minister has studied neutrality to such an extent as really to lean in his official language against us. The rest of the day passed off quietly. Customary walk, and quiet evening, on Mill and Palfrey.

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The snow continues and this morning there was a heavy fog for an hour or two. I went to the city to Church, and fell into St Mary’s Somerset, another of Sir Christopher edifices. It is of the simplest form, not unlike St Michael’s, but with a rather lighter and more elegant ceiling. The furnishing was however more plain and bald. It looked as if there had been little alteration in two centuries, but it was kept very neat and in good repair. On the sides of the alter were paintings representing, I presume, Moses and Aaron but all pictures in London churches soon get a coating of smoke which makes them scarcely visible. The service as usual. The sermon on the exhortation of the Savior to the timid discipline on the sea of Galilee not to fail in his faith. It was not beyond the average of mediocrity. To far as I could count there were nine adults and three or four children in attendance in the Pews. For a wonder the banns of marriage of one couple were read. After luncheon we had visits from Mr Lampson, his daughter and son, Lady Lyell, Mrs Terens, Mr Appleton and Mr Palmer. Walk around the Regent’s Park, and in the evening finished Mr Mill’s book, and all but the last Chapter of Dr Palfrey’s.
The first thing I saw on my dressing table this morning was two telegrams by the Steamer from America, announcing that two weeks ago Fort Fisher at the mouth of Caper Fear River had been taken by Storm, with all the garrison and guns and the navy was placed in the river itself. This will close the last remaining port through which supplies outside have been obtained by the rebels. Coming as it does so immediately upon the failure of General Butler, it strikes us with the greater surprise. The moral effect will be great on the fortunes of the rebellion. I never feel very sanguine that there will not be another campaign. The same telegram brought the news that Mr Everett had died of apoplexy on Sunday the 15th. I little thought six or eight years ago that I should look upon this event with such deep regret. With very brilliant abilities his early career had not impressed me with any belief in the sincerity of his purposes in life. A wide ambition had been held in check only by his moral timidity, both elements combining to present to the outside world an almost purely artificial surface. Thus he went through many years of what in America is regarded as a very distinguished career. What I most blamed in him was his consent to subject himself to the influence of Mr Webster, a man whom in all the moral aspects of his life, he could not but feel to have been unworthy of his association. It was not until the breaking out of the present troubles that he really began to emancipate himself from the subjection of secondary personal views. He at once met that crisis like a man, and from that day steadily used what influence he could being to bear upon the struggle with all its force upon the result. The great value of this was most perceptible in the Presidential election, when merely personal ambition might naturally have led him wrong. His speech in that canvass is in my belief the masterpiece of his life as a Statesman. He had not unjustly claimed to have done much to affect the issue. Had he lived longer, I do not doubt that he would have been offered a leading place in the councils of the country. It is only on Wednesday last that in this Diary I recorded my hope that he might be sent to take my place here—one which I knew he had always fancied, and which he filled with great satisfaction to all others as well as himself more than twenty years ago. The country in losing him now has met with a calamity. In our private circle, this is the first instance of the elimination of both the hands of a family belonging to Mr Brooks’s connection. My wife, who in her youth was much under his care, whilst with her sister, feels the shock very sensibly. The newspaper files due last week reached me this morning, and were read with great interest. General Butler’s removal seems to have made some sensation among the ultra almost suspect him of a wish to defeat the expedition, because the command was not given to him. At any rate, the event defeats all his calculations, and leaves him helpless. Usual day and walk in the evening. The weather more disagreeable than ever—Snow and rain and fog from damp as well as smoke. In the evening, began Mill’s Political Economy and finished Dr Palfrey’s third volume.
189 Tuesday 31st London CFA AM
Milder but still the same thick atmosphere. The mail arrived from America and the newspapers naturally absorbed our attention for some time. They do not however reach so far as to give the details of the most brilliant stroke of the war. We get what we have by telegraph through Halifax. Went to the City to make the necessary arrangements with Messr Baring for the supply of Mrs Adams’s wants during her journey. She is so much better today that it is safe to stick to the departure for tomorrow. Mr Thomas Baring drew me into his inner room to ask me if I would adhere to my agreement made with Mr Bates, so far as to enable them to make a provision to protect American interests under their care, in case of difficulty likely to spring up between the two countries. I presume he alluded to the case of the Trent, in which though I made no agreement, I recollect that I gave Mr Bates reason to suppose I should warn them in season to protect accounts and shipping. I was a little surprised at this intimation, but I said that so far as the relations between the two countries were concerned I saw no reason for any apprehension. Mr Baring said there was now a prospect that the war would soon terminate.

The impression was growing here that the reunion would be a signal for an advance upon Canada and a rupture. It was urged by some people that the wisest way would be to sustain the insurgents. Hence he was not without his fears that a difficulty would spring up.190 I said that the time was undoubtedly a very bitter feeling in America. It had been aggravated by the conduct of the people in Canada, but most of all by the steady and persistent malevolence of the Times. This was now showing itself in Congress by the motions and the votes to rescind all the Treaty obligations traveling Canada. Yet I thought that there was no illtemper between the governments. My relations have now had been positively unpleasant, and at this time they were unusually friendly— Mr Baring assented but intimated that I was about to leave. I said I wished to go, but that I would stay if I thought a change would make any difference. Mr Baring alluded to Lord Russell’s letter which had given offence. I said Yes. Lord Russell was not happy in his style, and I had heard that Mr Sumner had taken great exception to the letter. But in substance, I had always believed him friendly. Barring accidents over which we could have no control, I thought we should steer clear of difficulty yet. Returning home I found Mary and Brooks come in from Walton. The former looks quite well Walk round the Regent’s Park Caescerten and then to the marble arch in the rain. Mr N Appleton of Boston dined with us. Read an article in the Edinburgh review on finance. Very dull. The Despatches came in late— Not a word yet from Mr Seward. This is keeping a promise.

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Wednesday. February 1st Canterbury CFA AM

The day opened thick but mild and calm. So it was deemed best for our party make the attempt at departure, at least so far as to reach Folkestone. The details being all provided for at a little after eleven we all the door for the railway Station at Charing Cross. For I determined to accompany them at least to the water side, to judge for myself as to the expediency of taking the next step. We started at a quarter before twelve and had not proceeded ten miles when we emerged from the haze that obscures the sun in London, and found a soft spring day, with light vapor clouds. Occasionally there seemed a prospect of showers, but as we neared Folkestone, it cleared away, and showed us the channel free from agitation, with a very light breeze form the west making a slight ripple of the surface. Under these circumstances I advised crossing at once to Boulogne. So Mrs Adams, Mary and the two boys with two servants embarked in the Steamer and a few moments were far out in the distance. I went out to the head of the pier, and watched the gentle undulation, auguring from it a favorable passage. The air soft and genial as spring, with a little haze to soften the outlines of all objects but on land and water. As the steamer grew smaller and smaller I reflected that I was alone, and now obliged to deiced what to do next. On consulting the time tables I determined to take one at three o’clock to Dover, and then crossing to the Railway by Chatham, took the train to Canterbury, where I stopped at a little after four o’clock. I lost no time to visit the Cathedral.

The rapid approach of darkness however prevented me from going so much attention to the Architectural details of edifice as they deserve. Although not perhaps so full of stinking effects as some of the others, there are parts which are very imposing, and which become far more so to the visitor from the historical associations with which they are connected. The greatest of all is what is called Becket’s corona. It was the blundering passion of Henry which made the future of the edifice where the crime of his murder was committed. For many generations following the religious heart of the Christian community continued to respond to the call made upon it in the name of the slaughtered martyr. Here was the shine which pilgrims came from afar to visit and to cover with the most costly of presents. The counter clap of the Reformation came to knock it all away, so that nothing now remains but the stone to mark the site where the act was committed, and the corona built up in his honor. Here too is the effigy of Edward, the Black prince in brass, in remarkable presentation. A slight built, youthful figure, considerably below the medium size. Henry the fourth and his second Wife are also here. There is a spacious Chapter house, and cloisters which go all round the square. How imposing all this must have been five centuries ago. There are plenty of movements of Archbishops down to Cardinal Pole, the last of the Catholics whose sarcophagus as compared with the rest sufficiently shows the change, that the public mind had undergone. Nobody resisted the 8th Henry’s ruthless desecration of Becket’s holy shrine. In this day the great Cathedral prides itself sadly out of place. The Arch bishop lives in London, and seldom pays it more than a
formal visit. The town is quiet little mean looking one strangely contrasting with the stately and spacious central structure. Outside its dimensions are not fully taken in from the fact of its close surrounding of mean buildings. I liked the square central tower as well as the two in the front. But it’s general effect is not equal to that of York or Lincoln, or even Durham. Having thus accomplished my object I returned to the Fountain Hotel to dine. A quiet country inn, but clean and good, and without any pretension. Having my evening on my hands, I enquired of the waiter if there was any public amusement here. He answered that a concert of the Catch club was to be held a few doors from there. It would be very full, and admission could be had only through members. But if I wished to go, Mr Fine, the landlord, who was a member would pass me. I went and paid my shilling entrance fee without having occasion to name Mr Fine. The spectacle to which I was introduced was curious and to me novel in this country. It was a good sized hall, at once end of which was a platform for the performers and at the other a gallery. The woman congregated in both places, where they sat apart by themselves. On one side and close to the wall was a small box, in which sat the Chairman and other officers. Along the body of the hall were there rows of tables with chairs we both sides of each. Here were the men of Canterbury, I should think fair specimens of the middle class of the small towns. Every man had either a pipe or a cigar smoking all the evening, and before him was a glass of spirits and hot water, which was supplied from waiters carried around by servants. These were renewed as often as emptied, each one costing sixpence which was paid on the spot. As I can take neither of these luxuries, my position was singular, but it elicited no remark. The music was composed of two catches for four voices, two solos, two or three concerted pieces for instruments and three ballads by Mr McKnew, a meager minstrel fantastically dressed. Among them all the latter uncontestably carried away all the honors. He was applauded noisily and each time called back to sing again. But he never repeated. The buffoonery was poor, occasionally bordering the coarse. A burlesque of a speech of thanks was sheer nonsense — Yet every thing was accepted as droll, laughed at and boisterously approved. Yet in the midst of this stream of hot liquor there was no disorder or irregularity of deportment. The general aspect was gravity— The conversation was from neighbor to neighbor. No voices raised high. No appearance of undue excitement. The brandy or rum or gin was perceptible on the surface of the outer circle, but it rather dulled than stimulated the eye. These people were evidently happy after their fashion. But that fashion before it was now became so intolerable to me, that I was obliged to take my leave of the stifling atmosphere at the cost of missing the latter part of the entertainment. I suppose that this is about the summit of pleasure during the winter season to English people of this type. I knew they drank freely, but I had no idea smoking was so universal among them. Went back to my Hotel, and soon to bed. But I slept very partially, and hearing at intervals the howling of the wind as well as the rain drops beating against the window, I congratulated myself on having expedited the travellers rather wait on the morrow.
A soft cloudy morning, Up in season and after breakfast left the good town of Canterbury to transport myself to Rochester. Here I stopped to wait over a train, for the purpose of visiting the Cathedral. The situation of the place is pretty, on the Medway, and close to Chatham one of the great naval Depots of the Kingdom. In antiquity the cathedral dates next to Canterbury but as a whole the effect was not agreeable. There is a mixture of style, and a trace of patching and mending which takes off from the impression of the outside. Yet the first Bishop Gundulf is celebrated as the great architect of his day in this particular style. The front is rather low, but fine, especially the door—and there is a door to me of the chapels which is admirable.

The choir seemed narrow and bald—the nave very good, though wanting in the grandiose of perspective arches. In one of the aisles of the choir there is an appearance of imperfection in carrying up the lines to the roof, and a poorish substitution of wood in the roof, which implies either a departure from the original plan, or a subsequent reparation in a different style. The cloisters are gone and also other buildings adjoining of which only ruins remain. There is a crypt of a remarkable character, but not comparable to that at Canterbury, which I failed to notice in my record of yesterday. For these instances there can be no doubt that they were used for some species of service or other in the Roman Catholic era. I have no books by me to explain what. The stillness, darkness and seclusion must have been great aids to every effect upon the imagination of superstitious believers. Having seen this, I had time to go over to visit the ruins of the castle, that stood on the river close by. This is the work of Gundulf, as is also the white tower at London. The tall massive pile yet remains in tolerable preservation. It forms a square with five stories of chambers. But I could not comprehend the arrangements. There was a round tower at each angle. I ascended to the top from which there is a pretty view of the river and the surrounding country. The outer wall seems to have extended along the line of the water, thus enclosing a considerable surface of land. I have however become rather satiated with revived castles. They tell only of times of war and confusion, of semi civilization and license. At twenty minutes past one o’clock I resumed my journey and reached my house before three. Of course there was no time to lose in making up the customary work of the day. The only change was to carry it far into the evening. Having no inducements in the house to draw me off, the labour was not unacceptable.
Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
194 Friday 3d. London CFA AM

My solitude would probably depress me if I had the time to think about it. But somehow or other an unusual pressure keeps both my mind and my fingers steadily at work. I had besides my private letters, a number of visits. One from Sir Henry Holland who seems much affected by the death of Mr Everett. He asked about the family of whose successful trip to Boulogne I got an account from Mary this morning. Sir William Ouseley also came in to speak about a little matter of business and also to make enquiries. Sir Edward Cast also made a call. He had head of my being at Rhyll and had sent a letter to ask us to visit him at Burkenhead, but it had been returned to him as I had already there. I had also a Mr Morrison, formerly a member of Congress from Illinois who is evidently in Europe because he does not relish the political atmosphere at home. He has the dark, swarthy appearance of the Southern people. He talked much however of the President, and gave me some information about General Singleton, whose name appears now in the papers as a voluntary negotiator of reconciliation at Richmond. It appears that he has always been on their side, being originally from Virginia. The news from America is very strong of peace. The subject is on every lip in the South but the pressure is not yet quite up to the mark. The governing influence on both sides is doing what it can to prevent its effect upon the military organization. A few weeks more will, I think, develop the truth at Richmond that nothing more can be done. Desertion and demoralization are the theme of bitter lamentation. I see no way to counteract it now that Sherman is on his march through the heart of Carolina and Thomas has Alabama and Mississippi undefended before him, whilst Grant holds Lee at bay. The struggle between the parties at the rebel Congress grows more and more fierce. They are nearly equal, whilst the President is the object of general denunciation. We must wait a little longer. Walk around the Regent’s Park, and quiet evening at home. Mr Alward came in and paid me a visit. I read some of Mr Mill’s political Economy.
195 Saturday 4th London CFA AM
The newspapers from America came in today and full details of the brilliant affair at Fort Fisher and the full possession of the Cape Fear river. At the same time I received a later telegram by the China showing that all the forts below had been abandoned likewise, thus putting a total stop to the block running business actively carried on by our British friends. Somehow or other I had abundance of occupation in writing, and made little progress in bringing up the arrears of my Diary which only one days absence had caused. At three o'clock, I ordered the carriage to pay visits. This is one of the duties which from the absence of Mrs Adams falls back upon me. A most irksome one it is. Called and left cards on the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir George and Lady Grey and Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley Then home, after which I took a walk around the Park. In the evening engaged in writing, and in reading Mr Mill.
Cloudy, drizzly, chilly day. I was glad the family were not here. Had some idea of desiring to Pembroke Lodge to see Lord Russell, and perhaps Lord Lyons who is stopping there but gave it up on account of the mud and rain. Went to Church in the city. Hit up on a rather unprominent edifice in Friday Street, which proved to be St Matthew’s and St Peter in the Chepe. It is one of Wren’s construction, in his simplest manner. It varies from others of the same sort only in the transposition of the gallery, or rather the door which is put in at the south east corner. The want of light on the other sides by being shut in by buildings is supplied by six long circular headed windows placed close to each other on the east or street side, an on the altar. The ceiling very plain. The dimensions small, and filled in with plain oaken pews, with the side walls panneled all round to match. The pulpit stuffed into the north east corner. Yet the effect was social and homish— The attendance quite full. I do not fully account for the difference in this respect between the city Churches. The services much as usual, excepting that the customary vacuity of the discourse was suddenly enlivened by an allusion to the struggle in America Taking for the text the passage read from the gospel concerning the tares and the wheat, he suddenly pounced upon the cruel and savage and bloodthirsty spirit shown among us an object of the most profound disgust, and to be considered as a visitation for the outrageous offences of our national life. It was not to be wondered at in a country where all license was given to the expression of every form of religious opinion, and where consequently had been uttered some of the foulest errors that were known to the age. How could it have been otherwise where no limit was put to the saving to tares, and no power existed to give a unity to religious sentiment. This little burst was altogether refreshing. He then proceeded to intimate that matters were not altogether so straight as they might be even at home. It occurred to me that the Bishop of London is an address had claimed only a bare majority of the people of Great Britain as within the fold of the Established Church. He is not of the old school, the I thank thee, Lord, that I am not even as this publican stamp, in which this preacher must be classed. There was nothing else in the sermon; but197 spiteful mediocrity has at least the merit of raising the attention. The afternoon at home. A visit from Mr Alward, who proposed a visit to the zoological gardens—but it was too chilly and dull to be attractive. Mr Torrens came in and sat an hour. I asked him some questions about the election, especially his canvass for Finsbury— But he seems to take it very philosophically. There is on the whole much apathy prevailing in parties just now. The period has however nearly come. For Lord Palmerston will scarcely survive the opening of the next Parliament. Some talk of the strange news from America about Mexico. It is stated that Mr Gwyn of Mississippi, and afterwards of California had been made a Duke by Maximilian, and set up as a Viceroy on the Northern States ceded to France. This is a revival of the old story about Gerynn. This may be a premonitory symptom of what I have foreseen as likely, the transfer of the deperate class of
rebels to that country. A good riddance to ours. Quiet evening—I forgot another visit from Mr Lampson who talked of Mr Fisher and the old business of the Sanitary commission. Fisher wishes to magnify his Office, which rather provokes the men who suspect that they are to be made the medium. He also told me that the rebel agents are much excited by the possession of some news which they think is to set up their futures again. I have had some other evidence of this. Can it be this Mexican affair? There have been so many of these exhilarations in my experience followed by a cold fit that I am now surprised by them. They are a mercurial, imperious, self-relying, intriguing race who follow politics as they do the color of a card. In the evening, I got the Despatches, and a private note from Mr Seward at last. But it was only to say that the President had not thought it for the public interest to take up for consideration my suggestion, down to that time. He would keep me further advised. I infer from this one thing only. That is that he does not consider my remaining here indispensable. The only question is how to supply my place, and that he wishes to put off during the session of Congress. I do not expect to hear before March. The telegraph brings rumors of Mr Seward as about to come. I suspect started by those who wish him out of his present post. That would scarcely do. Read an article in the Edinburgh review on the History of Normandy by Sir T. Palgrave.198

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A heavy fog gave way to the ordinary grey sky which shuts from our sight the sun a great part of the time. I was much absorbed by my private letters and by the newspapers from America. There is a momentary appearance of reaction for war, and the rebels are passing some very desperate resolutions at Richmond. This is an old habit of the southern people. They used to resolve themselves a commercial people once a year, and to build ships the keels of which were never laid. The only time when they have acted and been really formidable has been the last three years when they resolved very little. There is to be a new solemn appeal to fire the Southern heart once more. Unfortunately they have burned it a crisp already. To do more will only turn it to ashes. On the whole, I had a pretty quiet day. Busy writing to the family, in answer to their letters. They left Paris yesterday. Read in the evening the Edinburgh review. An article on the bible and one in the criminal law, both very liberal.
Dull, heavy day with rain. My son John having sent me his last Quarterly Account I was busy analyzing and preparing it for entry into my books. The great burden of charges make my receipts very small. I find myself taxed on an animal income of about sixty five thousand dollars, including my salary, and my nett receipt barely exceeds half that sum. And of that one half must be subject to a loss of more than half to make it available in payment of my expenses here. Had a visit from Mr Lucas, Editor of the Star. He talked of American affairs as also of the English disposition. There is a great apprehension of an attack on Canada. Thus it is that conscience works. The Times today complains as if they were the injured party. This is pure profligacy. Parliament assembled today for its last session. All the members are as much on good behavior as ours in Congress commonly are during their first session. The election in prospect checks extravagances marvellously. There was additional news from America, none of it decisive. The peace movements are on the backward force of the wave just at the moment. The rumors about Mexico and Napoleon gave credence from willing ears here. I think they came from that arch intriguer Slidell. I am only fearful of follies in Congress. Luckily the adjournment is at hand. Walk and quiet evening—Reading Mill.199
Somehow or other there has been such an uncommon pressure of occupation upon me that I have missed the absence of the family much less than I expected. It is not without trouble that I bring up arrears, unless I work at night, which the state of my eyes warns me not to do. I worded to day in entering on my books the particulars of my son’s account. Letters also to be written and some visits until nearly three, when I drove down to attend a meeting of the Peabody Trust. All of them present, at the usual plane of meeting, the Board of Trade. The account was read which gave particulars of the expenditure thus far. A loss of more than a thousand pounds in selling out crusols to pay for the buildings, which shows that even the shrewdest men miss it sometimes. This absorbs at least the interest. Reports made as to progress, but no new work ordered. After the adjournment Sir Emerson Tennent had a story of a man by the name of Root just from the rebel nest at Richmond, belonging a most deplorable report of the condition, to Seymour Fitzgerald. If this be correct, they cannot hold out much longer. Walked home, and then around the Regents Park. Found Mr Bright in the Legation. He is cheerful, and we talked about American affairs pleasantly. Yet there is a little uneasiness about the Canadian difficulty. The tone in Parliament yesterday was subdued. Lord Derby being the only person who showed he did not know what he was talking about. And yet he is the chief of one of the ruling parties! Old Chancellor Oxenstiern was wise and sagacious in his day, but his remark applies to all time. In the evening to the first reception of the season at Lady Waldegrave’s. On my going in she congratulated me on the approach of the end of the war. She alluded to the bad spirit that had prevailed here and blamed the Times for the false policy it had adopted in trying for a disruption of the Union. In her belief the interest of England had been to sustain us. I said I had always thought so. She is a sensible woman, but where does she get these impression which were never communicated to me before? Is it from the Orleans family with which she is intimate, or from the altered tone of her English entourage? I met so many acquaintances who were glad to see me that I remained almost to the last. The manner in which they generally regret the idea of my departure rather moves me. I am not sensible of any act to merit. Popularity for me is out of the question.

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The events of the past week have been fruitful of labour for me, so that pretty much all my time was absorbed in writing Despatches. The altered tone of people here who mean us no good requires watching, as well as explaining at Washington—where an error might do mischief. It is difficult in the midst of provocation to keep one's temper as perfectly as the emergency requires. This is the point upon which I find it necessary most to school myself. I counsel peace and moderation when I should like to indulge in all the indignation that I feel. Visits from Dr Bliss, the Chief of the Missionary College in the East. Also from Mr Lamson, American Episcopal minister at Paris. He told me he had buried two of the Ministers there, Messr Mason and Dayton. The testimony to the latter was however much the most marked. Also General Barlow and Mr Bradlee. The former who come out for his health, is going back to resume his place. I told him I hoped he would find his occupation gone. Walk by Hyde Park—and quiet evening reading Mill.

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200 Friday 10th London CFA AM

Henry writes me that the family have safely reached Avignon where the weather is fine. I pursued my customary habit of writing my private letters home, which absorbed all day. Just as I was starting for my walk the Prince de Joinville was announced. He sat and talked with me for an hour. His object he said was to put me in possession of such information as he had obtained of the movements going on in France. He had strong reason to suspect that Napoleon had a small fleet of war Steamers in readiness to start at a moment’s warning from Brest. The commander was named. At the same time efforts were making here to stimulate the government to action by appealing to the fears of an attack on Canada. This movement was reinforced by all the friends of the rebellion in high quarters. Nevertheless the ministry was indisposed to move, and unless they agreed, Napoleon will not try. His policy was to act in conjunction with England on a distant field, in order to be able to tighten his grasp of affairs at home. He mentioned these things from his good will to our cause, and his desire that we might avoid any step that might chance save that policy. How far the judgment is affected by personal feeling I cannot exactly define. But the animus of the Emperor has never been doubtful to me. There in his character an absence of all those moral foundations upon which men ordinarily rely in judging of outward conduct. He has professed and done more courtesy to us than the British Ministry. And yet I would much rather trust the intentions of the latter. There is no doubt in my mind that the intrigues of the rebel emissaries are once more strained to their most to obtain direct aid in the war, without which they now see they must sink very soon. Unfortunately there is a cooperating element in America which tends to drive matters directly into the desired road. To counteract all this will require firmness and moderation in both governments. I am sensible that my own presence here is still of some use. The distrust of Mr. Seward is qualified by the confidence placed in me, a singular instance of the force of prejudice, for I do no more than carry out his policy. I expressed my thanks to the Prince for his obliging intentions, told him that I had had already written to Mr Seward in the same sense, and that I would further communicate the information he had given me. He asked me about General MacClellan whom he had seen. I said he had not been to this Legation. He said he had hurried through here on account of his Wife’s health; and perhaps it was as well. For there would undoubtedly have been some desire to draw him out by attentions to him, for bad purposes. He had however found him very firm in his attachment to the Union, and in his belief that the end of the struggle was coming from exhaustion. He still retained his regard for him, though he had no sympathy with his politics. I said my feeling to him had never been unfriendly, thought I had never been acquainted with him. His failure as a military man I had been compelled to assume. The Prince assented. He then took his leave. The only difficulty in conversing with him, gives out of his deafness, which has sensibly increased since I first met with him. I esteem him much, and sympathize with them in his painful situation. After he went I
had a quick walk around the Regent’s Park. The day has for once been clear and cold. In the evening, my Secretary Mr Alward came in and spent an hour. I received a file of American papers and sat up late straining my eyes to read their bad print. Not much matter in them that has not been anticipated by the telegraph.202
202 Saturday 11th London CFA AM
A light fall of snow which did not disappear during the day, as it did not melt in the shade. Plenty of work bringing up arrears of every kind, but for a wonder no interruptions from visits. Drove in the carriage to make visits, this duty having devolved upon me. Left my name at Marlborough House, for the Prince and Princess of Wales, and at St James's for the Duchess of Cambridge. Also cards on Lady Waldegrave, Mr and Mrs Reeve and Sir Harry and Lady Verney. The only person when I saw was Mr Barreda, the Peruvian Minister. He has come in the place of Mr Sanz, for the purpose of attempting to get a settlement of the question with Spain. He gave me a sketch of his negotiations with Lord Russell and M Drouyn de l'Hays, sufficiently illustrative of the two characters individually and nationally. The proceeding of Spain was atrocious. Its policy towards Saint Domingo hatched out of the embarrassment of our war, has proved an expensive folly from which they are now retreating with what grace it may. They will be obliged to do likewise with Peru, but probably not before it has involved that poor country in much civil calamity. The third attempt upon America is yet going on. Its failure seems to me inevitable, but th may yet curtail great evils upon us. It is curious how utterly without confidence every body is in the wood of Napoleon. An iron clad ram built by Arman in France originally for the rebels, then negotiated about with Denmark, then offered and treated about with Peru, has at last been carried off by the rebels—Starting from Nantes, she has put in at Cemona to repair damages. On hearing these facts I sent notice to the Niagara at Flushing. Commodore Craven has gone to look after her, and this coming I received news from him of his arrival there. Mr Barreda gave me much information about her, from which I should doubt her seagoing properties. I was much pleased with him. Walk round the Regent's Park. The air was just sharp, but to me it is bracing and wholesome. I have certainly felt much better of late. In the evening, to Lady Palmerston's for the first time this season. Made a little compliment to his Lordship for his reply in the commons last night to Sir John Walsh’s bitter assault on us. The first time I could do such a thing to him conscientiously. Found a good many acquaintances. This is the season when these receptions are by far the pleasantest.
203 Sunday 12th London CFA AM
The east wind invariably brings cold, dry weather, which to me is rather wholesome, though not comfortable to the feelings. To the City where I found after a little groping the Church of St Mary at Hill. The interior struck me with a most agreeable surprise as one of Sir Christopher’s best. In many respects it closely resembles St Stephens, Wallbrook. It is nearly square, with the ceiling supported by four columns, between which are graceful arches, and in the centre a circle formed by a dime, with light from the apex. The Columns have capitals not precisely of the established orders, but not inelegant, and the bases are out of sight. Only one gallery over the door. Much heavy carving in dark wood under the organ and around the pulpit and sounding board. There is a very heavy altar piece. The pews and panels of oak. On reference to the account of this church in Brayley, I find it described it as perfectly plain which is certainly not at present. Probably the ornamental work in the ceiling and cupola, as well as the wood work has been done of late. If so, it has only brought the beauty of Wren’s plan into full relief. The window not so numerous as usual, but this made up in size. The principal ones have been lately set with stained glass. On the whole I set this as among the very finest interiors in London, and as a model for worship difficult to surpass. Among other merits it was abundantly warmed. The effect of lightness arising form the absence of galleries impresses me more and more. Here is this fine Church, with its entrance made from the street through a narrow and dirty alley, and its worst exterior brought out upon the street in obedience to the rule of placing the altar to the east. The attendance small, and the services much as usual. After luncheon I had a visit from Mr Bentson—and then walked to the Westminster Palace Hotel to see General Barlow and Mr Bacon—but they were not at home. In the evening I read a little of Mr Mill who seems to me less and less philosophical as I proceed. Englishmen have no great gift at generalization. Mr Alward came in for an hour. He informed me that he was engaged to be married, whence I was the more surprised that he had accepted the present appointment.
203 Monday 13th London CFA AM
The snow remains little affected by the temperature, though a few degrees of rise in the thermometer would make it vanish in an hour. Disposed of the remaining arrears in my table, and for a wonder found myself at leisure. This partly owing to the delay in the arrival of the American Steamer which usually fills up this part of the week. I therefore sat down in my chair before the fire, and entertained Mr Mill's book of Political Economy. One thing I note in him is that he is more free from the narrow prejudices so general among his countrymen than other writers. The English have curious characteristics. They are ill tempered enough to inveigh, when left alone, against every person and thing at home, whilst at the same time they cherish an intimate conviction that there is nothing good out of England. Mr Mill deals with these notions rather roughly. No visitor but a young American woman with a piteous tale which drew a little money from my pocket. The way people drift over the world is one of the marvels—and how they get on after the prospect of a return home is cut off from them. Walk by way of Hyde Park and quiet evening. This is the first day that I have really felt my solitary condition. It has been a little aggravated too from my not hearing a word from the travellers.

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204 Tuesday 14th London CFA AM
Cold and cloudy. Received a letter from my Wife at Nice. They have the cold wind there too. But the report is on the whole favorable, and cheered me. Wrote a reply, and was busy in details No news yet of the Canada. At three, went to the Foreign Office in compliance with a desire signified to me in a note, from Lord Russell. He said he wished to communicate to me the result of the deliberations of the Cabinet upon affairs in America. With respect to the questions in Canada, the opinion was that the action of Lord Menk, the instructions of Mr Cardwell, the measures of the Legislature, and the cause of the Judicial tribunals were sufficient to dispose of them in a satisfactory manner. In regard to the other points involving alleged violations of the mutability of this Kingdom by Agents of the Confederates, it had been decided to address a letter to Messr Slidell, Mason and Mann, the same persons with whom he had had some correspondence of a few weeks ago, with a view to their informing their principals at Richmond of the sentiments of the British government. He took the Despatch out of his pocket and said he would read it to me, which he accordingly did. The substance of it was that they regarded the various attempts to carry on war from this country as well as the new pretensions advanced on the subject of neutral rights as of so intolerable a character, as to require not merely a protest but a demand that they should be abandoned. The tone was guarded, moderate but on the whole pretty firm. After he had finished. I said I had been gratified in hearing the letter. His Lordship said he had sent this letter to Lord Carley, yesterday to be delivered to Mr Slidell in Paris. He proposed to furnish me with a copy for my government, and also to send a duplicate to Washington in order that through such channels of communication as were established between that place and Richmond it might be forwarded to the Insurgent authorities. I observed that of course I could not speak for my government. I did not however for myself perceive any objection. It might indeed by that the people at Richmond would refuse to receive any thing offend through us as a channel. He said that he had already placed it in the hands of their recognized agents, here. I replied that this indeed would render such a proceeding of no effect. It had always been a cause of surprise to me that such a measure had not been adopted long ago. The cause of the rebels, so far as I could discover, had no precedent in history. It seemed to me in the highest degree permissions to tolerate it. For it was establishing a practice, which hereafter all feeble nations would only be too glad to follow, and strong ones to countenance. A country not having any seaboard could thus enjoy an opportunity to harass the commerce of a great maritime power almost with impunity. His Lordship said their Vessells could be taken. Yes, I replied. But the policy was to build vessels not to fight, but to run. They were made swift enough to overtake the feeble and to outstrip the strong. In contending with them, every government necessarily took the chances greatly against itself. Moreover, I said I had regretted the facilities that had thus been furnished, because the example would be hereafter eagerly caught up by many of the
adventurous and unprincipled class in America, who would like nothing better than a chance to rush out upon the ocean, and depredate on the rich commerce of other nations. These people it would be very hard for our government to keep in check. If, for example, Great Britain had, as most people expected, become involved in a war last year on account of Denmark, I did not entertain a doubt that in two months, Prussia would have been fitting out fast Steamer in the port of New York. And we should not have been able to stop them. His Lordship candidly enough admitted that the idea had occurred to him at the time, and had contributed materially to cool his order for war. This was an admission that would have delighted Mr Cobden who has always maintained that the career of the Alabama put Great Britain under heavy bonds to keep the peace. I remarked upon the effect of the late trial of Mr Rumble in convincing me that the United States stood no chance of justice in any Court from a British jury. This could not but be productive of a similar state of things in America. His Lordship confessed that people here had taken sides in our quarrel to as great an extent almost as we had ourselves. In the case of the iron clad, he had asked the Attorney General, if he felt confident of getting a verdict, should the prosecution be pressed. He had answered in the affirmative, provided one or two sympathizers with the confederates should not get upon the jury. In consideration of that chance, the government had thought it more prudent to settle the matter by buying them up. Here was another significant confession. The sum of the matter is this. That Great Britain has suffered her people to commit most flagrant violations of neutrality, because the government is powerless to do its burdened duty. It dares neither to appeal to the Courts to enforce the existing law, nor to Parliament to enact a more stringent one. Passed by the unanswerable logic of our representations, it has at this late moment had recourse to the only alternative an appeal to the power on the ocean which it first recognized and afterward absolutely created. We shall never see what effect this will produce. As I took my leave, his Lordship alluding to that said, that now the letter had been seat, the next thing was what should follow in case no attention was paid to it. I replied, that it would be almost equally convenient to us whether they stop in their career, or he go on. On the whole, I felt encouraged by this communication, first because it internally is a confession of past offences secondly, because it indicates a preservation in the policy of neutrality in our struggle. This had become in my mind a subject of some anxiety of late from the fact of two simultaneous communications made to me yesterday from very different sources. In my haste to make up the arrears in which I am constantly falling in this record, I omitted to mention that I had had a visit from the Prince of Joinville, the object of which was to convey through me to Mr Seward the information he had received from friends in France. It was to the effect that he was certainly preparing at Cherburg, a fleet of vessels of great power. It would be ready to sail at a moment’s warning. The person who was to command it was a person whom he named. There was no object visible on this side of Europe for which such an array could be destined. Hence the inference was that it could be only to meet an emergency across the water. In his belief, Napoleon could not endure the idea that a republic should show itself capable of sustaining itself. The example pressed too forcibly back on his own position. He had reason to suspect that he was making overtures to the British government to establish a cooperation in the event of some opening for dissatisfaction with us either on the side of Canada or that of Mexico, or both. There was a powerful party here which was ready to subserve this purpose, from their hostility to us. But the Ministry was steady. Lord Russell was friendly, and he did not think there was any danger of a change unless it should come from some act of course. He had great confidence in me, and he hoped I would apprise Mr Seward of what I might think useful in his communication. I thanked the Prince for the interest he took in our affairs, and promised that I would convey the information. Making all proper allowance for his natural bias against Napoleon, and for the fact that his sources of knowledge could only be secondary, there was yet full enough in what he said to make me uneasy. Singularly enough I got at the same time, a letter from Jesus Teran, the Mexican agent whom I meet with here last year as representing the interest of the republicans under Juarez, who writes from Madrid, informing me of
suspected movements in Paris of the same kind, on the ground of our hostility to the French influence in Mexico. With regard to Napoleon, it is no new idea with me to suppose him malignant towards the United States. The Mexican expedition had no other end or aim. But though it might procrastinate our struggle, I do not perceive that in his situation any effort that he might initiate alone would be likely to seriously impair our power. A joint movement with Great Britain would be another matter. Without securing that, the Prince freely affirmed that the Emperor would not venture. The great point is then to keep every thing steady at this centre. I am well aware that this government entertains so very little confidence in the Emperor, that it will not readily consent to play any game of his proposing. Hence the sudden withdrawal of Lord Russell from the inception of the Mexican scheme. I fancy his feeling on that subject has not been charged by any subsequent, experience in that quarter. It was as a proof of this that I was most pleased by his communication of this day. So far as it went it showed approximation to us rather than alienation. Least of all, was it indicative of the disposition to pick a quarrel without which the scheme, if there is one, most naturally fall to the ground, Any how my line is for the present clear. It is to accept this demonstration in a friendly sense, to avoid multiplying causes of offence, and in the mean time to place the government in a situation fully to survey the field, and adapt its measures to the emergency. Dined today with Mr Thomas Baring, General Barlow, Mr Bacon, Messr Hodgson & Forster of the House of commons, Mr Holland, Mr Hibbert and Sir William Alexander. It was social and merry, which is not the common custom. Incidentally there came not many scraps of knowledge of the corruption in Parliamentary elections, very edifying to American cars. I shall not commit them to paper. After dinner we sat in the picture gallery, and I told Mr Forster of my afternoon’s experience.
I found on my dressing table a telegram announcing the passage of the Constitutional Amendment about slavery, through the House of Representatives by a large excess of the requisite two thirds, and also the fact that three peace commissioners had come from Richmond, and had been met by Mr Seward at Fortress Monroe, where the President had joined him. The newspapers further reported that as the first named passed in a Steamer down James River they were loudly cheered by the respective armies on the opposite banks. This looks like progress. I expect no immediate result, but it brings matters a step forward. The effect of this news here was electric. Consternation, disappointment, vexation. The funds fell. All stocks but American fell. They rose. Cotton fell. It was as if a calamity had befallen the good people of England. On the other hand, I had several of our friends to congratulate me on the advance of the good cause. The passage of the amendment is indeed a great triumph. He shows that this question is passing from the arena of partisan politics, and rising into the grandeur of a historical epoch. Well too, a precursor to pacification and not to follow after. The next thing in order is for the rebels to arm and free their slaves. Only after that event can their assent to a restoration mean any thing durable. I wrote to Mr Seward a short Despatch to go out today, simply to apprize him of what I had learned yesterday, and promising to write fully by the regular steamer of Saturday. Neevid also accounts from Nice of the travellers who had reached there. On the whole, it was both a busy and a cheerful day, in spite of the cold and snowy aspect out of doors. Drove out in the carriage to see a picture of the action between the Kearsarge and the Alabama painted by a certain Captain Anderson, for Mr Seward. It is barely tolerable. Then called at Fenton’s Hotel to see General Barlow and Mr Bacon, and to correct the very curious blunder made last Sunday. It is certain that the servant said he was there. But instead of asking for Mr Bacon, I made a blunder and called the name Bradlee. The servant looked at the book and said he was there. So I left cards. Yesterday a man sent me up his card G W Bradbee, and asked if I had intended to visit him. So came the discovery. I went to the City for money and to arrange some business matters with Mr Sturgis. Late in the day, walk around the Regent’s Park. Dined with the Attorney General. The Archbishop of Canterbury and his daughter, Lord Russell and Lady Georgina, Dian Milman, Mr and Mrs Cardwell, Mr Vernon Harcourt, Lady Radstock, and two or three more. I took into dinner the only lady I did not know, Lady Radstock. Of course every body full of the peace news. Many congratulations to me as these are mostly friends. I forgot to name Lord and Lady Cranworth, among the most earnest. From here I drove to Lady Waldegrave’s where was quite a crowd. I had been invited to dine here also, to meet the Count de Paris, whom I saw as it was. Invitations rather crowd in upon me. I met not quite so many acquaintances as last week.
The cold seemed to be passing off, and at night there was a warm rain which melted all the snow. The letters by the Canada did not get here until late. Meanwhile we have another arrival three days later announcing the failure of the conference. This does not surprise me. The wave will draw back in order to return with renewed volume. I spent much of my morning in preparing a despatch respecting the interview with Lord Russell of Tuesday. Received a letter from Charles saying that he had just received an offer to be placed as Chief of General Humphrey’s staff. He is in command of the second corps. And he is inclined to take it, through his health is evidently by no means re-established. No letter from John who is still in New York. Rather a wet walk. Dined with Sir Henry Holland. The Bishop of London and Mr Tait. Mr Hibbert again. Dean Milman, Mr and Mrs Charles Buxton and a person whom I conjectured to be Captain Egerton, and his Wife. Two more whom I do not recall. As usual I sat next to the person whom I did not know. It was however tolerably pleasant There was the usual assemblage afterwards and probably music for which I did not stay. Mr Charles Buxton asked to be presented to me. He is a son in law of Sir Henry’s, about whose invitation to me he made such a faux pas on my first arrival here. After a lapse of nearly four years in the course of which he has never apologized for his rudeness, he condescends to make this advance, I treated him civilly but without any cordiality. As a representative of my country I am tenacious in matters of courtesy. For myself I never cared much about them.
Friday 17th London CFA AM

In the night the temperature had changed, and the ground this morning was again covered with snow. This is the roughest winter of the four I have been here. Much occupied in writing letters. Having now to write to the travellers, and also to attend to the social details of answering invitations and making visits, adds materially to my work. Henry writes me that they leave Nice on the 13th for Mentone and thence by land by Genoa. The panic about the peace is almost over. Being assured by the London Times that there is no prospect of a close of the war until we are thoroughly exhausted, our English friends are comforted. A visit from Lord Lyons, who says he is getting much better. But not yet in a condition to answer the question whether he can go back. I though he was rather so inclined.211 General Barlow likewise called to say that he would dine with me on Thursday next after the work was over I remained talking in the Legation so long, that my walk and abridged. It was uncomfortable at best, as the snow makes the streets out. Dined at Mr Arthur Kinnaird’s. A company wholly unknown to me. I discerned only the Bishop of Repon and Mr Bickersteth, and a son of the Revd Baptist Noel. Kinnaird is an amiable man and a steady friend of ours, but he is connected with the evangelical division of the Church, which has generally failed to come up to its duty on the slave question. Lord Shaftsbury setting the example. All this is due to Lord Palmerston as Kinnaird admitted to me today. He said he had tried to reason with him, but all in vain. This is the secret of the course of the Times, Globe, Scotsman and other papers under his influence. The usual music after dinner, but I got away early.
211 Saturday 18th London CFA AM
My usual holiday was nothing of the kind today. Obliged to work hard on the arrears of this Diary, and the bringing up of details in small matters. The weather changed once more and though it froze hard in the night, carried off all the snow before night. Had a visit from Sir Farrell Baxton, the nephew of the person alluded to on Thursday, and much more liberally disposed. At half past four o’clock I went with Mr Moran, to see the remains of Cardinal Wiseman, lying in state at his house in York Place. My new Secretary Mr Alward rather brought me to the necessity of this by his friendly relations with the Catholic here. The Cardinal was not surrounded by much of the vanity and pomp of this world. His discourse which finally took the shape of carbuncles had attacked his temple and finally the eye, which of course disfigured the face, and I was glad to get away. There was a crowd of the lower class bringing about the door even after the hours of admission had passed. I think he is the first English cardinal who has lived and died here since Cardinal Pole. Walk around the Regent’s Park and quiet, solitary dinner at home, which I relished far better than most of those I get abroad. Mr Alward came and sat with me for an hour.
211 Sunday 19th London CFA AM

A strong gale from the north and west, very uncomfortable. The American news encouraging as far as it goes. The conference is over with no immediate results. To Church in the City at St Mary Magdalen’s 212 in Old Fish Street. This is one of Wren’s planning in what may be called his medium style. It resembles St Bennet and St Mary Somerset in its interior. There is a gallery on the north as well as the west side. The ceiling simple but not without ornament. Oak panels and pews, with some carving around the pulpit and sounding board. A high altar piece, with apparently a painting over it too high to be visible. Little iron columns with gilt Corinthian capitals supporting the gallery which I can scarcely help attributing a later period of bad taste. There might have been fifty people in the pews, besides a strong chair in the gallery, in addition to the Charity children. The Clergyman seemed rather feeling in voice at times, His sermon on the temptation of Adam. He seemed to find comfort in the idea that it was not the mere appetite for the taste of the apple, but the desire for knowledge which overcame him. The inference is that God punished him for a motive that did him credit. On the whole this was as weak a production as any. Quiet afternoon at home in the course of which I brought up my work. Walk around the Regent’s Park. Dined with Mr and Mrs Bentson. Dr and Madame Gueneau de Mussy, Mr and Mrs Senior, Mr Browning, Wilkie Collins, Mr and Mrs Lehman and two or three more unknown. A sumptuous dinner as usual. Afterwards we went up to look at the alterations made in the interior, which will be very elegant. Bentson is an excellent man, liberal and kind to all around him, fond of art and literature, and hospitable in a high degree. His Wife is not on his level in intelligence or taste, but she does the honors of his house perfectly well. There was music on the piano afterwards. Home at eleven.
202 Monday 20th London CFA AM
The hurricane lasted all night and much of this day. The frost which was sharp did not yield in
the shade. On my coming to breakfast I was cheered by a multitude of letters, and they were
for a wonder uniformly pleasant. Mrs Adams and Henry, delighted with the trip from Nice and
Mentone. They proposed on Friday to get forward to San Reme. Louisa from Palermo,
announcing that the box of oranges which I could not account for receiving, came from Mr
Rose. John and Charles from Boston both in good spirits. One little grovel from the last named,
on account of my repeated expressions of solicitude for his health—a pretty good sign that it is
well founded. On the whole, it made me light heated for the day.213 I also read the American
papers with care. The tone is of the most warlike character. The report is of the utter and
complete failure of the conference, the one side demanding recognition and refusing to hear of
any thing else. And this is inserted in the New York Times as if directly from Mr Seward’s. On
the other hand I received towards evening an official account from Mr Seward of the
conference, which much modifies the rigidity of this statement. It would appear from it that no
such position was taken by the rebels. They desired that the question might be avoided, and in
the meanwhile some other brought forward upon which the sentiment of the people of the two
sections could be united. Undoubtedly this has reference to the Monroe doctrine, and to
possibilities on the side of Mexico. The President did right in declining any relaxation in the war
policy on that plea. But his ground seems to have been fully comprehended by the committee,
and not materially protested against. The meeting is moreover stated to have been free from
all asperity, amicable and even kindly. My inference is that peace will soon be made. The
blood of every man slain in the interval is a crime on the part of those people at Richmond who
know now what can be the only issue. Went at two o’clock, to take luncheon with the Speaker
which is really his dinner. Mr and Mrs Forster, Mr Bright and Lord Taunton. Much pleasant
conversation on parliamentary debating, on American customs, and lastly on the school
system of New England. Lord Taunton and Mr Forster are on a commission to provide for
middle class education, and they desire to have me come before them to give information. But
I foresee the danger of arousing the prejudices of the aristocratic classes, and decline to do
more than to give in private such hints as my experience suggests. It would be very difficult to
take much from our system, which is intensely democratic in its spirit, and freed from the
burden of an established form of religious faith. Home at four o’clock— A quiet evening. Mr
Alward come up, waiting for the Despatches, which were unusually interesting. Wrote to
Louisa.

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Tuesday 21st London CFA AM

Cloudy with light snow again. Busy in writing letters to the various members of my family on the continent, and clearing off the work of details. My table still has many letters upon it which I scarcely know how to deal with. Mr Forster called to ask me to dine with him on Monday. to meet some more of the school commission, next Monday, to which I agreed. He told me the other214 days that he had been invited to take Office under this ministry, which is rather a significant sign. He did not mention the place. I asked him why he did not take it. He said it was no object under such a policy as Palmerston’s. I fancy that it was not worth his taking. Forster will do better to keep on in Parliament, aiming at higher game. Walk by Hyde Park in the wet. This season reminds me of our month of March at home. Quiet and lonely dinner and evening at home. Resumed the reading of Mill.
214 Wednesday 22d. London CFA AM
Thick grey day. Little variation in the course of employment. I am however somewhat annoyed by the great increase of the small work of details caused by the absence of my son. I hardly measure his value to me until he goes. Yet it is among my causes of anxiety that I should at his age keep him from pursuing his direct path in life. He has both abilities and culture sufficient to gain for him a proper position. The struggle in my mind what I might to do is more severe than I ever experienced before. The general vice here so far as I learn it, is that I ought not to leave this post which matters are unsettled—Yet to remain is seriously deranging the prospects of three of my children and also contrary to all my personal interests at home. I must await the dictum of the government, be it what it will. Dined at St James’s Hotel in company with about seventy or eighty americans, who desired to celebrate the anniversary. The only condition I made was, if I was desired to speak, that no reports should be made for the newspapers. Mr Morse presided very indifferently. He seemed ill and preoccupied. A few toasts, to the first of which the Memory of Washington, I was called to respond. The disposition was good, so that what I said on the spur of the moment was well received. Other speaking followed about at the average rate of dinner table oratory. I know nothing of which I feel more ashamed then being dragged into these occasions as an exhibitor. I left before it was our, taking with me both of my Secretaries to a reception at Lady Waldegrave’s. A greater crowd than ever. I laboured through the rooms as fast as I could in order to get in season to Countess Bernstorff’s. Either the number must have been small or they had gone early, for I found not more than a dozen left.215

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215 Thursday 23d. London CFA AM
On opening the newspapers this morning I found that by a later arrival, the accounts had come of the peace conference, including the publication of Mr Seward’s Despatch to me. In Richmond the report of the committee was received with affected indignation by Mr Davis. I say affected, because he could not but have known beforehand what the result would be. There was a public meeting and a spasmodic excitement designed to stimulate once more the fainting spirit of the south. It requires something more than big words to do this. Military success might do it for a time. At noon I went to see Lord Russell by appointment at his own house in Chesham place. Found him upstairs in the highest story in a small dressing room fitted up as a writing room for the emergency. I infer from this that he must have been rather seriously indisposed. I explained my objects. One was to communicate portions of Mr Seward’s despatch on the peace, but I had been anticipated by the publication in the morning papers. He said he had not seen it, and took up the Times, in which I pointed it out to him. My main motive was to direct his attention to the passage explaining the nature of the only rebel proposition. It was to substitute a foreign question on which an agreement might be reached for the domestic one. This illustrated the intriguing character of these people, who on the one hand were stimulating as to a foreign war, and on the other were proposing to foreign nations to resist our aggression as a consideration for aid to be furnished to them. From this I passed to the other Despatch of Mr Seward which contained copies of two intercepted Despatches of Mr Slidell at Paris. It appeared from these that some proposal had been made by him though M Drouyn de l’Huys to Lord Cavley, for a modification of their policy of closing the British ports to captures in order to save neutral property. The Despatches gave no clear idea of its nature or of the reception it met with. I opened the matter without asking any direct question in order that his Lordship might explain or not as he pleased. He at once took the lead. The proposal had been received, and considered. IT implied a recognition of the right of any naval officer to adjudicate on his quarter deck what was or was not neutral property which was so at variance with the established law of nations, that he thought it wholly inadmissible form the outset. But to make the matter sure the usual reference had been made to the Law officers of the Crown. Their report had made a complete dissection of the scheme and declared it utterly untenable. Accordingly an answer to that effect had been sent through Lord Cowley. What the French government had done about it he did not know. But he presumed no other view could have been taken of it. I said I did not doubt that such must have been the result. I then read to him that part of Mr Seward’s Despatch suggesting as a proper remedy for all the rebel attempts to carry on a measure had been under consideration, but that the Lord Chancellor had been of opinion that the difficulties in the way were insurmountable. My objects have been accomplished, I was about to go, when his Lordship remarked that he had expected a different communication. He thought I might have been charged with the duty of giving notice of the
termination of the reciprocity Treaty. I replied that I had indeed received the papers and the instructions to give the notice. But I was not to do so until after the day of the expiration of the ten years agreed upon, which would not come until the 17th of next month. His Lordship said that the subject had been under consideration of the Cabinet yesterday. He could not be present but their conclusion had been sent to him. Both as to the arrangement of 1817 for disarmament on the lakes and as to the reciprocity Treaty of 1852, it was thought advisable to turn the interval of notice to some account by considering what might be settled in their place. His Lordship was not disposed to question the expediency of the course proposed as to armament. It was in a measure justified by the events that had occurred on the border. But any increase of armament on our side necessary would involve some corresponding defensive preparation on theirs. It was therefore desirable that the extent of it should not be left indefinite. So also with the reciprocity Treaty. There were many portions of it which seemed to be so useful for both countries, that it was not unadvisable to lose them entirely. With regard to such as had executed dissatisfaction, perhaps such modifications might be made as would remove objections. To this end, he desired me to communicate these views of the Cabinet to my government. I said I would do so with pleasure. These steps had been take in America mainly to quiet the extensive alarms spread among the border population by the aggressive enterprises of the rebels. Now that the government of Canada was exerting itself with vigor and success, and the offenders were about to be surrendered, I entertained a firm belief that the panic would subside. It might then be found that there was no need of any change in the old arrangement of 1817. It has proved exceedingly beneficial for half a century, and I saw no reason why it should not continue so far an equal period hereafter. With regard to the reciprocity Treaty I believed it had been a very favorable arrangement in many respects. To us in the eastern section of the Union, it had created a trade with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The objections to it had come from the west. But I had lately seen a report from the Chamber of Commerce of Detroit, in which the advantages of it to that region had been strongly set forth. I believed that the feeling which prompted the adoption of the notice was temporary and had little connection with the merits of the Treaty. So soon as Congress had adjourned I had no doubt that the government would be disposed to consider all these questions in the most favorable manner. In spite of all the alarm indicated in the speeches of Lord Derby and his friends in the House of Peers the other night I would affirm that it had no design to pounce upon Canada for any reason. His Lordship laughed, and said it was amusing to see how people in a legislative body would gradually lash themselves up into a passion about nothing at all. I assented. It was just so in our Congress. I then took my leave, I certainly perceive a growing improvement in my relations with Lord Russell. Never at any time unfriendly there has nevertheless been more or less of a shade of serve and stiffness which denoted the presence of caution and distrust. This may have been partly owing to a sense of divided counsels in the Cabinet and the consequent duty of reserve. Be this as it may, there is a change. He talks much more frankly, and in that style of quiet confidence which marks good will. This may be partly due to increasing trust in the policy of the government at home, partly to my conduct since I have been here. In that event it might be a question of conscience to me whether I should hazard the loss of the latter advantage to my country by withdrawing my service. I certainly shall do no such thing if the President appreciates it enough to desire me to remain. If he do not, the responsibility must be his, not mine. I had a small company of gentlemen to dine to meet General Barlow. It consisted of my Secretaries, Sir Henry Holland, Sir W. Gore Ouseley, M. Barreda, Sir Emerson Tennent, Mr Shaw Lefevre and Captain Douglas Galton. They remained until so late an hour218 that I could not go to Lady Russell’s evening as I had promised. I did however succeed in getting to a nearer place Miss Burdett Coutts, before half the people were gone. Met there not many acquaintances. Mrs Ford, Mrs Tait, Mr Arthur Kinnaird and a few more. Home by midnight.
24 February 1865

Warm rain. Customary work today on my private letters, and not many interruptions. At the end of my labors, I had a slight fit of depression—This takes me whenever I begin to entertain the idea of being obliged to remain longer here. The suspense which the government keeps me in is becoming very disagreeable. Not having much real sympathy with either the President or the Secretary makes it worse. Walk to Albert Gate and home. In the evening, attended the meeting of the royal Institution to hear a lecture from Mr John Evans upon the forgeries of antiquities. He ran rather superficially our the different branches of Pottery, bronzes, coins, and flint, and arrow heads, giving however some rather curious information. The hall was well filled but not crowded. On my return I found letters from my Wife, and Henry, still at Geneva.
218 Saturday 25th London CFA AM
A quiet day, writing up arrears of Diary, and a letter to Mrs Adams. Only a single visit from Mr Baxter, the member for Montrose, but living at Dundee. He has been one of our most thorough and unflinching friends during the struggle, and is now jubilant in proportion. Drove out to pay visits at various houses. Stopped to see Mr Lampson who has been ill with this influenza, which continues to prevail. In the evening a visit from Mr Alward, after which I went to Lady Palmerston’s, taking up General Barlow on my way. Her Ladyship was not visible, having a cold. A large assemblage. I got home before midnight.

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218 Sunday 26th London CFA AM

Steady rain. Thus far since the first of this month, there has been but one fine day, yesterday. Nevertheless I went to the City and found my way with some hesitation to All Hallows, Lombard. The singular manner in which some of these edifices are packed in behind shops is probably owing to the gradual rise in value of the open spaces bordering on the street. The exterior of the building is plain enough. Inside is the simplest style of Wren. The only exception is in the angles of the ceiling, in which pointed arches are thrown over the windows numerous on each side and the east end. The effect of this is good. An organ gallery over the west end as in most cases. A heavy altar piece, with something in the centre which looked like a crucifix, but I cannot be sure, as it was very dark. Such a thing is not to be presumed in an Anglican Church. Two windows mentioned in Brayley as having stained glass in the them must have been closes since he wrote. Although shut in by brick walls, and in a cloudy day, it had an excellent position for light. This is Wren’s leading object. When I remember the fate of the reconstruction of the first Church in Boston I appreciate this merit. Gothic dimness is fit only for superstitions observances. The wood work of dark oak with elaborate coming of door frames and pulpit. On the whole an impressive interior, without being fine. Service as usual. The clergyman preached without notes, but not thereby enlarging the ordinary measure of ideas. I found but one in the Sermon, and that came from the text in Ezekiel. On my return home, off again to fulfil my promise to Mr Alward, to take luncheon with him at his lodgings in Welleck Street. He has very comfortable rooms, fitted up with simplicity and good taste. A neat, profuse and excellent luncheon. Returned home to meet General Barlow whom I was to take to the zoological gardens, but the weather was too bad. So he sat with me for a couple of hours during which Mr Duncan with his son in law Mr Hay came in, and lastly Mr Parkes. The last named overstaid the rest in order to shew me a letter from Thurlow Weed to him dated the first, in which he intimates that the Cabinet is to be newly constructed with Governor Morgan in the Treasury and myself in the State Department. What is to be done with Mr Seward, he does not mention. At the same time he mentions Governor Andrew for the Navy which is consisted with my being in the State. I should feel uneasy at this if I had much faith in Weed’s relations with the government. But his tone is so querulous, and his late course has been so unsteady, that I much question his possessing any of the President’s confidence. I know not whether I should less deprecate a translation to Washington than a continuance here. Went again to dine with Mr Bentson; as he agreed to make no ceremonious affair. The two Secretaries and Mr Browning the only other guests. I however took the liberty of carrying without invitation General Barlow, which I doubt not gratified them. A small round table and a vastly more sociable and pleasant dinner than the other ones, with greater pretensions. Home before eleven, to read Mr Mill’s chapter on profit.
220 Monday 27th London CFA AM

Quiet day. The news by the Africa is again favorable. The chances for the termination of the war improve. It likewise turns out that Mr Morgan declines the appointment to the Treasury. This upsets Mr Weed’s scheme of yesterday. Had visits from Sir Charles Lyell and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Walk by the Way of Hyde Park. Dined with Mr W. E. Forster to meet the members of his commission on schools for the middle classes. Lord Stanley, Lords Littleton and Taunton, Dr Temple, Mr Stover and two or three other person whose names I did not catch. I was asked a great variety of questions, and went into a very extended exposition of the school system of Massachusetts and New England. This seemed to give them much satisfaction. Returned home before eleven. Found there a note from Lord Russell to say that Sir Frederick Bruce had been appointed to succeed Lord Lyons.
Spring like day. Received my Despatches and letters which are generally cheerful. But nothing from Mr Seward in relation to myself. Much taken up in reading the details. A visit from Lord Houghton. At a quarter before three o'clock I had once more donned my masquerade harness, which I had hoped never to do again, and in company with my Secretaries went to Buckingham Palace, to attend the Court held by Queen. A very full attendance of the Corps Diplomatique, embracing all the attachés, and their wives, if they had them. We went in by Legations, but not separating the sexes as at Drawing rooms. I presented Mr Alward. The Queen was dressed in black, and a small cap, plain but with a necklace of heavy diamond. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Helena and Louisa made the supports. The Queen spoke to several of the corps. She asked me concerning Mrs Adams. After this was over, the chiefs of Legations were requested to remain in the room, whilst the others left it. We then formed a circle, and the Queen proceeded to speak to each individual around the whole. She asked me again whether Mrs Adams was to remain long, and then a remark about the severe weather. This is royal conversation. When she had completed the circle, there were the usual bows and adieus. The whole thing lasted an hour. It went off vastly better than that of last year. With a little repetition I think it would make a very great improvement on the old Court ceremonies. The Queen looked much better than on the former occasion, and she had resumed much of her old ease and dignity. It is said that she is to continue these, embracing about a hundred persons at a time until she has gone through the nobility. She resorts to new forms from her aversion to facing the associations with old ones. I confess I feel a good deal of sympathy for this woman, who in the midst of the vanities of her position retains all the simplicity of the affections for her sex. The throne of England has never been filled by a more honest, conscientious and scrupulous individual, in the performance of her duties. The loss she has experienced is irreparable, because her husband supplied her with those qualities in which as a Sovereign, she feels her deficiency. Home at four, when I wrote a letter to Mrs Adams. Dined at Lord Stanley of Alderley’s. Lord Dalhousie, Lord De Grey and Lord Sligo, Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Lady Dufferin, or rather Gifford, Lord and Lady Ambreley, besides young Stanley and the unmarried daughter, Mr Levenson-Gower and myself—Dinner rather dull. From thence to Mrs Gladstone’s, reception. Pretty full. There was music. Conversation with Baron Brunnow and Mr Gladstone. The former spoke to me of the late appointment of Sir Frederick Bruce. He said it marked the disposition of this government to maintain friendly relations with us. He felt anxious that we should not mistake this matter and by any measures of ours play into the hands of the Emperor, who, to his knowledge, was constantly egging things on her to an adverse policy. I told him that I had written in just that sense to my government. Mr Gladstone was quite talkative about trade and supply and the use of spirits. I have not known him so gracious for a long while.
Variable weather. This is Ash Wednesday by the Church Calendar. After the usual labors I went out at noon with General Burlow to present him to Lord Houghton. Found him at home, in the midst of confusion, as Lady Houghton has not yet come to set things to rights. He was courteous however as usual, and engaged the General to go with him to the Cosmopolitan Club in the evening. This having been arranged, I left the General to make his way to Arlie Lodge, and returned home to resume work. News from America indicating progress almost unopposed by General Sherman. He has reached the seat of government of South Carolina. At last the armed hand has reached that nurse of seditions, and is dealing out evenhanded justice in the midst of the slave population. To her emancipation is most emphatically revolution. For a large majority are blacks. Charles writes me that his Colonel has resigned, in which case he takes his place. This will interfere with his favorite object. Walked today to Leicester Square to see the ruins made by the great fire of yesterday. I went under the impression that the building was the same originally belonging to the Earl of Leicester, and afterwards made celebrated as the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, where his son George III was born. This was a mistake. That edifice had been pulled down, but on a part of the ground had been built Saville House the residence in the last century of Sir George Saville, who played his part in the Whig organization of his day. The George Gordon mob made mince meat of it, after which it passed along from bad to worse. It was the place of Miss Linward's museum when I was a boy. It had now become a miscellaneous assortment of dining, dancing and gaming halls in the heat of a most equivocal population. French people of the middling class consort there, but the region is the notorious resort of myriads of prostitutes who patrol the streets from the Haymarket to Portland place. Such are the vicissitudes of a great town. The abodes of Princes in one century became the residence of harlots. There was a great crowd about the ruins, and by no means a good looking one, so I retreated. Dined with Mr and Mrs Hankey. Only Sir William Alexander, Mr Shaw Lefèvre, and Colonel Dunne, an Irish member. We remained talking until after eleven o'clock.
222 Thursday 2d London CFA AM

The Post of this morning announced that I had dined with Lady Russell yesterday. Not long afterwards I got a note from her intimating her fear of some mistake. There was a mistake but I scarcely know who was responsible for it. She asked me on the day I was at Lord Russell’s for this day. I replied that I was engaged. She then asked me for the 1st I could not recollect whether I was engaged or not. But I said I would look at my book at home. I did so, and wrote a note to say so. But not getting any confirmation I made up my mind that she must have changed her day and thought no more of it. I was more confirmed in it by the recollection that it was Ash-Wednesday which she might inadvertently have selected. She on her part had read my note as a pare letter of acceptance, and so expected and even waited for me. The thing is ugly, but instantly I sent back a note of explanation and accepted her invitation to come in the evening. Day passed in writing despatches. Drove out for an hour to make visits. Then a walk around the regent’s park. Mrs Hankey took me in her carriage to dinner at Sir John Shaw Lefevre’s. Sir John and Lady Colebrook and two or three more made the company, in addition to three daughters and one son. Not interesting although they are very intelligent and cultivated people. Thence to Lady Russells were a few of the Corps Diplomatique. I made my excuses for the error of yesterday, which really I cannot blame myself for. Some talk with his Lordship. Expressed my confidence in the selection of Sir Frederick Bruce, as Lord Lyons must be relieved. Thence to the first volume of the Emperor’s work on Julius Cæsar, and the preface, full of rotten political morals. When Julius Cæsar and the first Napoleon are set up as ideal excellence, the world may bid goodbye to liberty, and security. Met Lord Lyons afterwards who said that the physicians and pronounced against any immediate return, so he resigned. At the same time he said he should have been glad to see the thing out of which he had witnessed the commencement and the progress. General Barlow came in likewise. He asked me for a letter to Mr Seward. I set him down at his Hotel and parted with him. He goes tomorrow. He has been very well received here.

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
223 Friday 3d. London CFA AM

A better day for once. Worked on my private letters, and finished them in good season. Visits from young Baron Holsteia of the Prussian Legation and Mr Barreda. Whilst here I received a telegram from America announcing the surrender of Columbia and of Charleston in South Carolina to the army of General Sherman. Where the war began I should not wonder if it ended. The seat of the virulent disease which has spread so widely has been purified by fire and swords. I should not be averse to the application of the Roman penalty to Carthage. Delenda! The President may fairly claim tomorrow that his pledge of four years ago has been redeemed. The capture of Fort Anderson below Wilmington seems to between the surrender of that place also. Thus is the naval force of the country released from long and wary watching, and what remains but Richmond? Quiet walk by Hyde Park and meditation upon the course of this astonishing war. Dine at home alone for the first time this week. Mr Alward came in for an hours. A note from Henry, announcing the arrival at Naples.224
Variable with much rain at night. The news appears to produce a greater impression here than any since the beginning of the rebellion. This morning I reform my domestic Institution, dismissing my embezzling but very capable cook and fire other servants, for whom I substitute fresh ones. Wrote to Mrs Adams, and received visits from Mr Gutierrez to congratulate, and Mr Henry Upham of Boston. Also Mr Evans who did not come up. Afterwards I walked down to Sotheby’s rooms to look at some coins to be sold on Monday— On my return called to see Sir Charles and Lady Lyell who were much delighted by the news. Dined at Sir Robert Collier’s. The Attorney General and Lady Laura Palmer, Sir J Shaw Lefevre, his wife and daughter, Mr Vernon Harcourt and two whom I did not know. After dinner there was for the first time in my experience, some reference to the classes which elicited more or less of familiarity with Latin and Greek poetry. Pedantry is not the characteristic of educated men in society. This talk betrayed knowledge without pretension. Home at eleven, where I found all my american news. A letter from Charles announcing to me his engagement to be married to Miss Ogden of Newport. We have been under some suspicion of this for a good while. Louisa spoke very highly of her. I am glad of it for my son whose happiness, I trust, may be promoted by it. There is much sterling merit in him, and a share of abilities which ought to establish him honorably in life. He has my progress, as he has had for a long while back, and especially since he embarked on his hazardous career.

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224 Sunday 5th London CFA AM
A clear morning, but the west wind is cold and blustering. To Church in the City. This time it was St Clement’s, Eastcheap. Plain exterior. The interior in Wren’s intermediate manner. A gallery on one side, supported by Corinthian columns. The ceiling carved with round arches over the windows most of which were however hilled up. The chief light from the east end, was abundant. A heavy altar piece—And a a good deal of carving in the wood work of the pulpit, pews &c all of dark oak with the sides panelled likewise. An organ gallery over the west end entrance. A very elaborate circle or wreath of fruit and flowers in the centre of the ceiling. On the whole, cheerful and impressive. This is the last but two of Wren’s designs which I have not visited. Service as usual. Sermon on death, appropriate to the loss of a person understood by me to be the last Parishioner. As the pulpit was draped in black I presume it must have been some Officer of the Church. Nothing could be more commonplace than the treatment. About thirty persons in the pews. At home. I was absorbed in the American newspapers until half past four, when I went to the zoological gardens. The air too chilly for enjoyment, and the animals seemed torpid. Met the Prince of Wales with ladies, in the most unassuming style possible. I did not distinguish him until I was upon the party. Mr Alward dined and spent the evening. Mr Barles and Dr Evans from Paris likewise came in. Wrote a note to Mrs Adams inclosing Charles’s announcements to all the family.
225 Monday 6th London CFA AM
Clouds with rain towards night. Busy in writing, and disposing of my accounts which close the
career of my prodigal dismissed household. At any rate, I am now within compass. Attended
the sale of coins at Sotheby’s, and was surprised to find a large company. The value of the
collection did not appear to me at all to correspond with it. There were many new faces; and
two or three ladies, which I never saw before. Very naturally the bidding and spirited in
proportion. I made a few purchases but no bargains. It was an unusually long sale so that I did
not get home until near six o’clock Quiet dinner and evening at home. Finished the first volume
of Mill. Received a letter from Mrs Adams, who has at last got to Sorrento, all well.

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The weather is better, but not genial. I perceive the leaf buds to be starting, but they have little encouragement. I devoted myself this morning to the perception of several notes to Lord Russell, required by the Despatches of this week from Washington. Lady Russell has sent me another invitation to dinner, in spite of the blunder. As this is the fourth I am glad to accept it without qualification. A visit from Sir Henry Holland, and Mr. Wasburn, the Minster to Paraguay who is going home on leave. Went out in the carriage for an hour and a half made up a considerable number of my return visits. It is in this duty that I feel most the absence of Mrs. Adams. At other times I am only following my customary occupations. Walk around the Regent’s Park. In the evening Mr. Alward came in for an hour. He then went to his lodgings, and an hour afterwards I took him up to attend a reception at Countless Bernstorff’s. The Corps Diplomatique quite full, but again small with English acquaintance.
226 Wednesday 8th London CFA AM

A broken day, but full of work with a visit or two into the bargain. Wore letters to Mrs Adams to my son Henry, and to Mr Ogden at Newport. The latter at the desire of Charles, which I can readily understand, other smaller notes innumerable. Visits from Mr Walker of the daily News to congratulate, and from Mr Walsh, with a letter from Mr Burlingame. Mr Bowles likewise came to sound me about the position of Mr Fisher, as agent of the Sanitary Commission. I said truly, that I did not know any thing. At two, attended with my Secretaries, the first Levee of the season, held by the Prince of Wales. A large assemblage, including all of the Diplomatic Corps excepting Count Apponyi and Baron Bentinck. Met Sir Frederick Bruce there who told me he was going to America on the 25th. We got home before three. In the evening at Lady Waldegrave’s, which was rather overcrowded. Thence to the Duchess of Somerset’s which was a small dance. Did not get home until nearly one o’clock.
9 March 1865

226 Thursday 9th London CFA AM
Clear with a boisterous and cold north wind. Time devoted to preparing Despatches of which there were not many. Visit from Mr Bright who came to enquire about the truth of a story that we were about to lay a duty on exports of cotton. I gave him my version of it. We then went into a pretty free conversation upon the state of affairs here, and the singular efforts made by the Times to excite alarm as to American intentions. The statements made me so void of truth that I marvelled at the assurance with which they were put forth. Was this the inspiration of Palmerston. He said it might be intended to force through the Army and Navy estimates. He said that a question would be asked in Parliament today which would furnish an opportunity to set these stories at rest. Perhaps there may be a project of alliance with France to protect Mexico and Canada. A thing so little to the taste of British people, that it would require much panic to carry it down. Of all the phenomena of our struggle, this is the most remarkable. Sir Frederick Bruce came in afterwards. I expressed the hope that he was going out peaceably minded. He answered in the affirmative—said if his instructions had been otherwise, he would not go. I alluded to the course of the Times and the panic here. He seemed disposed to consider that paper as edited only for effect, but he expressed the opinion, that its influence was suffering from the blunders it had committed during this war. This is likely to be true, if no effect a successful restoration. On the whole my confidence is increased by his talk. Walk around Hyde Park, and then to dinner at Lord Stratford de Redcliffe’s. Lord Lyons, Lord and Lady Donoughmore, Lady Frances Gordon, Mr Olyphant and one of the Thymes. The twelfth was Mr Lernley, Secretary at St Petersburgh. Afterwards Lord Donoughmore talked with me a good deal, but avoiding politics. He has been one of the stiffest advocates of the rebels. Olyphant has likewise been a sympathizer. But the former was very easy and genial to me. Perhaps the change of fortune may reconcile them to the decisive. Lord Donoughmore is very plain looking, but he seems intelligent and very well informed. It is a curious circumstance that nearly all the Irish higher class have gone against us, whilst the poor would gladly fight for us against their countrymen. Went home at eleven.
227 Friday 10th London CFA AM

At work writing my private letters, but I got through by half past four o’clock. The news from America is that Wilmington has fallen, so that the armies are now at liberty concentrate around Richmond, thus leaving the question of evacuation or ultimate surrender for General Lee to choose. It does seem as if this must be determined before long. The prohibition of all intelligence of Sherman’s progress in the Richmond papers is significant. The same thing was done in his Georgia campaign. In both cases the silence is significant. Weather rough and rainy. Walk around the Regent’s Park—much the best in wet weather. Dine at home. Evening to Marlborough House to a ball given by the Prince of Wales. A pretty large embracing most of the nobility, and the Ministry of the Diplomatic corps. The Orleans family were three in force. The usual bows and curtsies—and the two quadrilles, one at one end of the hall for the blood royal, the other for the quests. The house is not large. It is historical insofar as that it was built by Sir Christopher Wren for the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, who had the pride to outshine Queen Anne’s palace over the way at St James’s, which indeed was not difficult. It is handsome inside even now. But these royal parties weary me quickly, so I slipped away and home at midnight.228

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228 Saturday 11th London CFA AM
My day which formerly I called one of leisure has now become one of work. I am obliged to employ it in performing the duties dwelling upon me by Mrs Adams’s absence. I write to her and the other members of the family, bring up my arrearage, and lastly return my visits. Today I received one or two Mr Washburn from Paraguay came in with the diplomatic agent came in with the diplomatic agent from that country, who has a very Indian look. Paid many visits, one of which was to Mr W. E Forster. He was at the same time calling upon me. Walk around the Regent’s Park. Dined at Sir Francis Goldsmith’s. Lord and Lady Cranworth, Lord and Lady Strongford, Mr and Lady Charlotte Locker, Sir John Saw Lefevre and two daughters, Mr Villiers, Mr Milner Gibson, Mr Browning, and others whom I did not know. It was much pleasanter than such sized banquets commonly are. Elegant house and sumptuous table. From hence to the reception of the President of the royal Society—I was late and saw only a few of the last comers. Many curious things exhibited.

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To the city to church. Mr Alward accompanied. Found with little difficulty St George’s in Botolph the last edifice of Wren’s designing but one which I have not visited. The plan is simple but elegant. The nave covered with a circular arch, and the sides supported by corinthian columns. Light in abundance both above and below, long windows and the characteristic round ones. The entrance shut in form the necessity of placing the altar to the east, which throws the back of the Church on the street. The wood work not so fine as usual. It appeared to have been painted or stained. The walls rather neglected. The site very much cramped. Attendance in the pews about fifty people. The preacher read for the lesson the narrative of the blessing gained from his brother Esau by Jacob, and he read it admirably. It also formed the topic of his sermon, which he delivered without notes. The treatment was however not satisfactory. The story is one of fraud on the part of Rebecca and Jacob, of which so far as it appears Esau was the innocent victim. I remember hearing an admirable analysis of it by Dr Frothingham many years ago when he was officiating in Clauuncey place. Home where I waited to receive a visit from Mr W. E Forster, who came to inform himself of the facts with which to be prepared to speak tomorrow in the Commons. The system of alarm of some hostilities by us upon our reconciliation at home has been persevered in until it really looks as it might bring on the very evil it feigns to apprehend. I thought even Mr Forster seemed to think it had some foundation. I told him that the only course was to unmask the conspirators. The whole scheme had its origin in these miserable intriguers whose machinery was unmitigated falsehood. Mr Morgan came in and paid me a short visit. He accidentally disclosed that he was on his way to call on a rebel officer by the name of Polk. Yet he proposes to be a very loyal man. I had to dine with me, Mr Wasburn and Mr Alward, who did not leave until nearly eleven.
Letters from Sorrento and newspapers from America absorbed my morning very much. As usual my attention was fixed upon the extracts from the Southern press, form which I draw my inferences of the continuance of the struggle. There is a convulsive groan which would excite pity if not mixed too much with desperation of passion. The Slaveowners are manifestly coming most reluctantly to the last step of emancipation, in the singular delusion that the aid of those whom they have oppressed is to secure for them liberty which their own efforts have failed to get. Liberty indeed, to do what. They had liberty when they entered on their struggle. The only thing for which they rebelled, was to secure themselves from the risk of losing at some future time the liberty to whip their negroes, and this they have lost in the progress of fighting for it. The contemned negro is now in their opinion, the master of their fate. Was there ever such a retribution! Walk around the Square by Hyde Park. In the evening, dined with Baron Brunnow. He had invited me verbally to meet Sir Frederick Bruce, whilst we were waiting at the Levee. Great was my surprise to find a large company, Lord and Lady Russell and his daughter, Sir Charles and Lady Mary Wood, Baron Blome and his Wife, Count Vizthum, Lord Lyons, Sir Frederick Bruce, and several others whom I did not know. The entertainment as sumptuous as on the former occasion. Sir Charles Wood who had just come form the House of commons spoke highly of Mr Forster's speech, and also alluded to the very complimentary tone of speakers towards e. These things run in channels here. I have got into a lucky one. Home at eleven.
230 Tuesday 14th London CFA AM

The debate in the commons last night showed a very different sense of the position of America from that which has heretofore been entertained. I draw some encouragement from it as to the future. The compliments to me were more than I deserve. These people are not yet logical enough to understand that my action and amount to little, if it were not fully approved both by the government and the people at home. The letters came as well as the Despatches. Still nothing about me. John and many others write about Charles’s engagement, landing the young lady, and also him in a manner that brought tears to my eyes. But he is yet subject to the service, and must ere long go to the field again. Studied the newspapers, especially those in the South. They are in the agony of hope form the enlistment of negroes. How long will that last? General Lee ought to be too conscientious to draw much hope from it. Yet the step is essential to emancipation. Went to the City to transact some business with the Barings. Walk by Hyde Park, dinner and evening at home. Mr Alward came in.
230 Wednesday 15th London CFA AM

Busy this morning in preparing a note to Lord Russell based upon instructions upon Mr Seward. There is a little asperity in the tone, which is perhaps justified by the provocation at that nest of vipers Nassau, but I am inclined to doubt the expediency of indulging in it. I softened it as much as I could consistently with a full and just representation of the grounds of complaint. Other letters also took time. After luncheon I went out to return visits especially one to Sir Frederick Bruce, and to Mr and Mrs Forster. Saw Mrs F. but found on my getting home that he had been to see me in some anxiety about the fate of the man Burleigh who has been surrendered under the extradition Treaty. We seemed to desire me to make a remonstrance. This is not admissible. The good opinion of this country may be worth having, but not at the expense of interference with our Judiciary. Walk as usual. Dined with Lady Waldegrave and Mr Chechester Fortescue. The Duke d’Annale, the Duke and Duchess de Chartres, Mr Van de Weyer, M d’Azeglio, Lord and Lady Clarendon, Lady and Miss Jocelyn, Lord Hortington, Mr E L Stanley, Mr and Mrs Ponsonby and others not known. Lady Waldegrave left us without any programme, so that we went to dinner as we could, which was probably owing to her being unable to stand from rheumatism. I took the first lady at hand, who proved to be Mrs Ponsonby. The dinner was however dull. Neither was the cuisine at all to compare with the two last houses I have been at. I did not notice this so much, when here last year. There was a reception afterwards at which I did not remain long, neither did I go on the Duchess of Somerset’s.

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231 Thursday 16th London CFA AM
The sky relapses constantly into a cold grey which is very cheerless. My Despatches were rather numerous, but short, so that I got through with them rather early, which enabled me for once to do a little at numismatics, in classing and cataloguing a part of the purchases of the last sale. Then a walk around the Square made by Portland place and Regent to oxford Street, then by Edgeware road and St John’s Wood to the Regent’s Park home. Few visits this week. Dined at last with Lord and Lady Russell. Sir Frederick Bruce, Lord Lyons, Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Airlie, Mr Lensen Gower, Baron Blome and his Wife, M d’Azeglio and others I did not know. I took in Lady Airlie, who is a daughter of Lady Stanley, and rather a sprightly woman. Lord Russell told me he had received very rather sharp note which he was about to answer. I told him that tomorrow I should probably send in the notice about the termination of the reciprocity Treaty. Remained but a short time, as I had to go to Rutland Gate to a reception at Mrs Reeve’s. The Count de Paris there, with whom I had some little conversation. But all this kind of thing with persons of royal extraction is a little burdensome.

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Thursday 16th
16 March 1865

Very busy in writing home, but a good deal of time was consumed upon the files of papers from America which bring accounts of the close of the Session of Congress and of the Inauguration of the President and his Address. Though not polished as rhetorician would have made it, this production is the first of his official declarations which in loftiness of tone approaches to the grandeur of his situation. No one not excepting Washington himself, has occupied one more sublime. The question now is will he maintain it? Looking back at my first impression in February 1861, I am so surprised at the result thus far, that I am not prepared to disbelieve that he will. A visit from Mr Hooper, the writer of the military articles in the Globe, which have been throughout temperate, impartial, and just. Walk around Hyde Park. Dined with Sir Charles and Lady Lyell. Mr and Mrs Malet, Mr and Mrs Edward Romilly, Revd Dr Taylor, and others whom I did not know. Much talk about232 the late scandal created by the disclosure of Lord Westbury's appointment of a son in the place of a man who vacated a place by resignation to make way for him, and who got a pension for services because his Lordship failed to report that he was a heavy defaulter. This has led to an examination of Edmunds's early history, which in its turn very seriously implicates Lord Brougham who made the first appointment. A committee of investigation has been raised in the House of Lords and is now sitting. The fate of the whole ministry may be involved in the report. From Lady Lyell's went to a small party at Mr Wodehouse Curry's. Music by a choir of ladies and gentlemen. So hot I stayed only a short time.
232 Saturday 18th Walton CFA AM
The early arrival of the China brought the newspapers from America which took up time to read. There was however no bag, and only a single letter, from Charles at Newport. I had hoped to gain some information from Washington. It is now four months since I wrote a modest and respectful enquiry soliciting an early answer. This comes of having to do with persons who have not had that highest kind of Christian training which constitutes the true definition of a gentleman. From the President this could scarcely be expected. But Mr Seward has both education and nature to fit him for it. Both have however received much alloy from the coarser element of New York political life. If I now write, I am fearful that my opinion will stick out through any disguise. Very busy in details of all sorts, until afternoon, when I drove down to the Waterloo Station, to meet Mr Sturgis, and accompany him to his place at Walton. They had invited me very kind, and I shall probably have no other opportunity. Met with Mr R. B Minturn who was also going. Found the house rather full of company. Mr Bidwell and Lady Selina, his Wife, and infant, Mr and Mrs Ricardo and infant, and young Mr Fletcher. These ladies are long intimate here. Miss Russell and Miss Grew were still here in the family. I found young Harry Sturgis up and able to more about, with crutches. At first, I though him looking much better. But a later examination of his countenance impressed me less favorable. He complained of not being quite so well. The usual elegant dinner, after which Mr Bidwell rather drew me into a discussion of the claims on Great Britain for the depredations of the Alabama. It was amicable enough, but contrary to my rule.235

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A blustering cold wind from the East with a grey, cheerless sky. Attended Divine Service at the Village Church, in company with Mr Sturgis and several of the household. The preacher fell upon the same topic discussed last Sunday at St George’s in the City—the story of Esau and Jacob. He was quite strong in his condemnation of Rebecca and Jacob, but was evidently disinclined to cope with the difficulty of the Divine countenance extended to them by their successful craft. The same difficulty is however always present in the world in cases of less prominence, and we are perpetually called to mediate upon the temporary prevalence of evil, all around us. To this no answer is satisfactory excepting this, that with our finite minds and trifling experience we cannot grasp the idea of a universal, everlasting, all wise Dispensation. All that we can say of this case of Jacob is that for a time God chose for his instrument to bring about ulterior purposes, one of two beings whose conduct appears to us not have recommended him for such selection just then. Did we know more of what was before and after we might at once perceive the fitness of this act in the sequence established by the Creator. As it is the moral sense is not to be perverted, merely because of a semblance of incongruousness in this narrative. The remainder of the day spent partly in a walk to Weybridge and back, partly in some conversation with my companions, and, partly in reading the first Chapters of the Life of Cæsar by the Emperor Napoleon. Mr Bidwell has been in the foreign Diplomatic service in a subordinate situation both at home and abroad. He has overworked himself and is likely to continue an invalid for life. His Wife and Mrs Ricardo have no beauty to boast of, and scarcely much of other attraction beyond that not uncommon among English women of their class, of good domestic affections. Quiet evening. People of this kind are fond of clustering around Sturgis’s princely hospitality which is not surprising. I hope they would reciprocate the kindness to his family should the occasion ever call for it. Mrs Sturgis has ceased to be the entertaining partner of the Barings, so that I now fell more than I ever did before that I am his guest. His indiscreet American opinions have already brought to me from Washington a preliminary to a transfer of the government account from that House. I have for what seemed to me strong public reasons opposed to that proceeding, and thus perhaps incidentally made some return to him.

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236 Monday 20th London CFA AM
Very high East wind which kept every thing frozen out of doors all day, in spite of the sun. A large number of the guests left with Mr Sturgis in the early train. I noted the difference of the season in the fact that last time I did the same thing from here I was obliged to dress by candle light. Three months have flown by in the interval. Got home by ten, and returned to the customary routine of business with just a little returning sense of my lowliness. No visits or interruptions of any sort. A walk, on the whole the most uncomfortable I ever experienced in London Streets. In the evening, read a little of Caesar, and had a visit from Mr Alward. Afterwards, at a reception of Countess Apponyi’s. About as dull as they commonly are. At home in twenty minutes.
21 March 1865

236 Tuesday 21st London CFA AM
Clear and cold. I think it would do for home weather at the same period. Completed all arrears of work by two o'clock, and gave an hour to my relaxation of numismatics. I made one chance purchase at the last sale, at a price which I suspected to be rather high, but on examination, I find it very satisfactory. At four drove out in the carriage to return visits. Left my name at Marlborough House, also at Lady Palmerston’s and Lady Russell’s. Accomplished a number of visits in an hour. Then a walk by way of Piccadilly and Hyde Park. Dinner and evening entirely alone. Continued the life of Julius Cæsar, the preliminary chapters of which are dull. Also one chapter of Mill.
236 Wednesday 22d. London CFA AM
Clear and cold. Received a letter from Mrs Adams which I answered at once. Meanwhile, I remain in suspense about my chance of joining her. The news from America today comes down to the eleventh, when the Senate had adjourned, and no nominations had been made either for France or this country. So it appears that I am not to be relieved at present, unless I am more strenuous about it than I have yet been. The prospect is cheerless enough. My tenure of this house extended to the last of September. To attempt a new residence in the state of my family is hardly admissible. What to do then but to insist upon a change. Visit of Mr Forster with the gentleman who is going out as agent for the commission in the middle class schools, early next month. I agreed to give him letters. At ten o’clock attended the second levee of the Prince of Wales. The usual attendance of the Corps Diplomatique, the Ministry and the miscellaneous crowd of Officers and citizens commonly gathered together. A little conversation with my colleagues from which I only gather the impression made by the passing debate the other night. It is not unlikely to magnify our importance all over Europe very materially. Home by three o’clock. The remainder of the day and evening quiet spent at home. Walk around Picadilly and Hyde Park.

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The absence of Despatches to answer made my work pretty light today. Yet there are always more or less of matters to be disposed of, and in that process enough was written to consume a good part of the morning. I did however save a little time for my numismatics. Walk afterward paying visits to Mrs Parkes, whom I did not find at home, and Mr Walsh who was. He has come through from China, by the overland route. He found in Russia the cold extreme. here it continues to freeze every morning. Dined with Lord and Lady Cranworth. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, Colonel & Lady Jane Dundas, Professor arm Mr Lubbock, Miss Dence, the french lady. A pleasant party. I esteem these people very highly. From thence to a great ball at the French Ambassador’s. The Prince and Princess of Wales there and the Cambridges. Very handsome, but the rooms were crowded and uncomfortable, and I was glad to get away at midnight.
24 March 1865

237 Friday 24th London CFA AM
The ground white with frost, in the morning, but otherwise the day was pleasant. I worked at my private letters until quite late. Had also a file of American papers which were interesting though they furnish little authentic military news. Drove out to return visits to Mr Seymour Fitzgerald, Mr Ratte and Mr Charles Baxton. This is the same gentleman who treated me so cavalierly when I first arrived. I fancy he is ashamed of his conduct, especially now that the tide appears to be turning. Got the missing letter from my son John, which was so cheerful in tone, that in turn it made me cheerful. Dined at home alone, and spent a quiet evening. reading a little more of the Emperor Napoleon’s Jules César, and a chapter or two from Mr Mill— The missing bag of Despatches turned up likewise, and I was kept up to a late hour reading the contents.238
The morning hours were spent with my secretary Mr Moran in the labour of deciphering a Despatch and inclosure from Mr Seward. It proved to be an intercepted Despatch from one of the rebel emissaries in Canada betraying the character of the intrigue which led to the peace conference at Fortress Monroe. I had conjectured the truth, and pointed it out to Lord Russell in my interview with him, but here it is in black and white. It was hoped that the proposal of the Monroe doctrine as a basis of alliance rather than reunion might be accepted by the President to seek an extent as to be bring on the complication with France, which had been intimated by the party in Paris whom the rebels believe in the confidence of Napoleon, as certain to happen in that contingency. The affair like every thing else emanating from Richmond was a compound of fraud and falsehood. And it has met with the usual fate of their intrigues. We barely got through the work, before it was time to go to the Drawing room held by the Princess of Wales. A large attendance of Diplomats, but not very large of the general circle. The Princesses Helena and Louisa, Prince Alfred, the Duke of Cambridge and the Princess Mary all in a row, making seven bows or curtseys necessary. Notwithstanding which the affair was scarcely of an hour's duration. On my return it rained and was warm. Wrote some short letters to the family at Sorrento. Then a walk around the Regent's Park. Dined with Sir Harry and Lady Verney. Lady Hatherton, Lord and lady Monteage, Lord and Lady Cranworth, Mr Schleiden, Mr Nightingale the father of Lady Verney, Mr Calvert, the brother of Sir Harry, and one or two unknown. It was sociable and pleasant enough. Thence to Lady Palmerston's reception, which was very full. Mr Hammond repeated what Mr Cardwell told me in the morning—towit, that Despatches had been received from Mr Burnley at Washington indicating a friendly sentiment of Mr Seward and the government. I attribute this to their reception of my Despatch crowning Lord Russell's letter to the three rebel emissaries. Thus at present the tide seems to be running for once in the right way.
The mild temperature of last evening was today converted into a cold and blustering wind from
the north, with snow flurries from time to time until sundown when it cleared up cold. I went in
company with Mr Alward to the City, and attended Divine service at St Martin’s, Ludgate.
This is the remaining edifice of Sir Christopher’s devising which I had not visited, that is
standing, unless I except St Divinis, which I visited twice in vain. The interior of St Martin’s
conforms to the architect’s middle manner. The four supporting columns to a vaulted ceiling,
and the single gallery at the side. The difference in this case is that the entrance is at the side
under the gallery, whilst the organ is mounted high on a small base opposite the altar. All the
light comes from there large and one round window on the north side. The effect is a little
gloomy, by no means a customary attendant of this artist’s style. The ceiling is raised unusually
high, which causes the composite columns to be lifted and proportionally raised bases, a
defect in many of his churches, but nowhere so glaring as here. Over the gallery are vaulted
arches to admit windows that give no light. But there is some decoration in the mouldings
which is also carried round the architecture of the pilasters and the walls. The woodwork is
black oak, with carving on the pulpit and doorframes. The same heavy altar piece seen in so
many other cases. The Walls clean but plain, and I noticed but a single and ordinary moral
tablet. On the whole the interior may be said to be imposing but not attractive. There was a
rather better than average attendance. The sermon was very short. We then returned home by
the earliest train in the afternoon. Thus it is that I have completed my survey of Sir
Christopher’s productions in Church architecture. They give me a high idea of his power as a
master, the sum of which may be studied in the great edifice of St Paul’s. An edifice, which if it
could have been placed on an eminence where its effects could be really seen, free from the
blackening soot which impairs all the outlines would have been ranked as among the very
greatest of human conceptions in this line of art. At home all day reading. No interruptions.
Quick walk around the outer ring of the regent’s Park. Mr Alward dined with me, and remained
until ten. Continued the life of Julius Caesar.
239 Monday 27th London CFA AM
Not long after breakfast I received a telegram from the Canada giving accounts of the progress of our arms, with Sherman’s arrival in North Carolina, and Sheridan’s destructive career in Western Virginia, all combining to prove that the war in the field is drawing to an end. The depreciation had suddenly dropped from 91 to 65¾. which is no trifling indication of the opinion at New York. It now remains to be seen whether General Lee will suffer himself to be shut up in Richmond, which he cannot fail to be in a few days, if he do not take advantage of them to push out. I had several visits. One from Mr E Yarnall, one from Sir Henry Holland, and also from Mr Steward Brown of New York. I also wrote a letter to Brooks at Sorrento. Went out and paid a visit to Mrs Parkes, and to Mr Richard Greenough This abridged my walk a good deal. Dined with Mr and Mrs Lampson. The only people I knew were Sir Emerson and Lady Tennent, and their daughter. The others were peculiarly English people of a class frequently drawn in the novels of Thackeray. The lady on my right at table amused me with her ideas of geography in America. My experience is that in that science women are most generally very ignorant. Why is this? Nothing is more easy to learn, and in some particulars no study is more pleasant. I am afraid the defect is in the modes of teaching. The Lampsons are a family I esteem most highly, but I am not so much charmed with the society of their dinners. I ought however to except Sir Emerson and his family, especially his daughter, who is a very intelligent girl. Home at eleven.

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240 Tuesday 28th London CFA AM
There were no private letters from the family received from America today, but the newspapers as usual absorbed my attention for a while. A good many Despatches, but no answer to my application now of four months date. Thus my project joining the family at Naples or even at Rome is probably at an end. I am sorry for it, but I should been reconciled, had Mr Seward given me a direct answer. He is an amicable man, and a friendly one, but he never had any fine sense of honor in his personal relations which is the true definition of a gentleman. There is an indirectness about him that always repelled me. A visit from Mr Fraser for letters which I had promised. Walk in the course of which I went round the regent’s park. Dined at Lady Belper’s. Got there the last, owing the interposition of a note of invitation from Lady Hatherton which required an immediate answer. I knew very few of the company. Young Mr Thompson and Mr Romilly and his sister, the revd Mr Brookfield and Lady Elizabeth Romilly were pretty much all out of the whole. Afterwards there was a reception where I met Sir John Romilly, the master of the rolls, and his brother Edward and his Wife. Lady Belper’s sister married Sir John, but is not living. As it was rather dull, I came home. I had almost forgotten to mention two incidents of the day which were interesting. This comes of omitting the record and suffering it to run into arrears. At two o’clock I went by invitation to take luncheon at the Speaker’s. Lady Charlotte had invited me on Saturday evening. Nobody there but the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Mr Merivale, the historian, The latter is very evidently a student and not a man of society. I tried to talk with him about the Emperor’s book which comes in with his line of research, but he found shy. The Duke has not much conversation, and what he has partakes a little of dogmatism and conceit. The Duchess is always pleasing in manner. I waited on to the hour appointed by Lord Russell for an interview at the foreign Office. My only errand was to communicate to him the substance of the cyphered Despatch. I reminded him of the remark I made at my former conference, upon the intriguing tempter manifested at the peace conference, an account of which I had been directed to give him in Mr Seward’s Dispatch. I had now to show him confidentially the proof my allegation by the admission of the parties themselves— He read it through, alluded to the remark touching the action of Great Britain, by saying that no application had been made excepting that which had been answered by him in a published letter. He also said that he had asked the French Ambassador here, Prince La Tour d’Auvergne whether any application had been lately made to the Emperor, and he had replied in the negative. Some desultory observations followed touching the early termination of the contest and I took my leave.

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The news continues good. There are papers among the Despatches of great interest as giving an insight into the condition of Richmond. Now that Sherman has executed his combination I scarcely see how the struggle can last a great while. General Lee had given up all hope in January. Since which the cords have been winding much closer around him. I do not like the tone of some of the Despatches They are of the Aigredoux description which denote double-dealing. I will not be an instrument of such warfare. I wrote today a private letter and sent it too, which will I fancy bring me a prompt response. Yet the earliest cannot be expected before the last of April. Busy writing, and especially to my wife to apprise her of my disappointment, which will also doubtless vex her much. My temper unusually ruffled, but I made no sign. Walk around the Regent’s park. Dined with Mr and Mrs Parkes. A very small company consisting of Mr Clarke whom I formerly met there, Mr Fawcett, the blind professor of political Economy at Cambridge, Dr and Mr Hamilton and her sister Miss or Mrs Nicholas. Rather pleasant than otherwise. Mr Parkes prosy as usual, but rather amusing in his recollections of men and things in London. Particularly in connection with the young political economists of the school of Jeremy Bentham and their singular theory of moral restraint. This is yet one of the vagaries of Mr J. S. Mill. Home early.
For the first time, a tolerably fine day in this month. The authorities on the weather report the average temperature as less by eight degrees than it has been in March for half a century. Occupied in my weekly duty of preparing Despatches. Spirits a little drooping today. The weariness of this situation is becoming oppressive, and the suspense as to the future painful. Public life at home is little cheering, so that I scarcely relish the danger of becoming again involved in it, should I be extricated now. Walk. The American newspapers had not much news. The report that the government had offered the French mission to that profligate adventurer James G. Bennett of the New York Herald, if true degrades the President below the level of his predecessor Buchanan. For he had sufficient respect for the national character to refuse it. Mr Lincoln has certainly in some respects acquitted himself with honor, and his management of the difficult crisis to the country may give him a high place in history. But nothing could ever make him a gentleman, or a sagacious administrator in the selection of agents. His only measure is electioneering service. I hope Mr Seward has not his finger in this dirt. But I am not sure. The shine of New York has not passed by him always without sticking. Dined with Dean and Mrs Milman. He was evidently very uncomfortable with a severe cold, which impaired the pleasure of the occasion. The Archbishop of York and his daughter, Lord and Lady Cranworth, M de Circourt, Mr Howard, his Wife and daughter made the company. Lady Louisa Howard is the daughter of the late Marquis of Lansdowne. She sat on my right, and seemed a very plain as well as uninteresting woman. I have rarely relished a dinner less. A sense of weariness overpowers me, sot hat I become indifferent to social exertion. M de Circourt is the same gentleman I met at Paris, at Mr Dayton’s and Mr Senior’s breakfast. From thence I went to a reception at the Duchess of Somersets Not very full. Count Lavradio said something conciliatory about the difficulty at Lisbon, which I responded to.
243 Friday 31st London CFA AM
A soft, pleasant day, rather verifying the maxim about this month. My work today rather harder than usual. I miss my son more and more. There was news from America of which the most significant was a rumor of the abdication of Jefferson Davis. As I received no notice of it I inferred it could not be true. There was however abundant evidence to show that the end of the struggle is near. Walk—and dinner at Mr Edward Romilly. Count de Circourt, Dr and Madame de Mussy, Mrs Peuter, Mrs Kennedy, Mr Spedding, the Editor of Bacon’s works, and Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter. Very lively and pleasant, as dinners generally are at this house. A small reception afterwards. Home early.
Clear, cheerful day. Busy, disposing of arrears, which once more accumulate. Went to the City to the Barings. Saw Mr Sturgis on an unpleasant errand. The government is dissatisfied with the rumors that come back of his disloyal conversation, and therefore writes me upon the expediency of changing the account to some other house. I think it a mistake and yet I have foreseen the consequence of Mr Sturgis’s want of discretion would be just this. Under the circumstances I thought it would be no more than friendly to go to him and apprize him of the difficulty before making any intimation to the numbers of the House. I read to him that part of the Despatch which charged him with disloyalty and opposition to the union and the government. He dined both, and explained his views, which were simply an opinion that the better course would have been to have avoided war by an amicable separation. I said that I had always understood it so. I suggested to him to address a note to me entertaining the substance of his explanation, of the substance of which I could make use. It may be that the House will be retained solely because there is not another in London of which any better can be said as to its opinions. I have always been shocked at Sturgis’s notions, because he comes from a family in Boston where such have not heretofore had favor. I attribute it to the English commercial atmosphere which has affected so many men. Home to drive out and return visits. Called to see Mrs Dayton and her daughter. They were out. Also the Court de Circourt. Evening at home. A visit from Mr Alward. Received the Despatches.

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Mr Alward called for me this morning to attend Divine service at the chapel in Margaret Street. This edifice constructed largely at the expense of Mr Beresford Hope, the champion of Slaveowning rebels in America, is a representative in the 19th century of the religious condition of the 13th, so far as it can be made so with a decent respect to the reformed establishment of England. The interior is a restoration of the medical architecture with as little daylight let in as possible. The candles burn before the altar, the priests make their exits and entrances with many bows to the altar, the service is read and intoned after the senseless Roman manner, and a large portion is chanted in a rapid uniform manner. To day the litany was omitted, which Mr Alward says is unusual. The sermon was nothing. The attendance very full, principally of young men of rather ordinary appearance. The men and women separated by the aisle in the centre. The seats are free, but a collection is taken. As a whole, this is a great curiosity. The church of England oscillates between Romanism and Unitarianism in a fearful way. The Pope and Bishop Colenso. I have no offency for dramatic religion. Thence to pay a visit to Mr Dayton. saw her daughter and arranged to drive to Kew gardens at four o’clock which I did. The day turned out very fine, and we spent a couple of hours pleasantly. Her second son accompanied her. Mr Alward dined with me after which we went over to pass an hour with Mr and Mrs Parkes. I learned from him the death this morning of Mr Cobden. This event struck me with the greatest surprise. I know he had been long ill, and that on coming up to take part in the debate on the Canada estimates, he had become worse, but the medical advisers had expressed no uneasiness as to his life. On the contrary they had declared there was no danger. On the whole thus disappeared the most remarkable men left in England. Wholly self-made, never aided by the support of Office, or of wealth, he has wielded an amount of moral power over the politics of this Kingdom greater than that of any of his contemporaries Contrary to the tendency of ordinary British statesmen, his temper towards foreign countries was kind and conciliatory. The only times when he hazarded his popularity were in the cases of the absurd wards waged against Russia and China. Towards America in the present struggle his course has been most useful and beneficial to both countries. His loss will be deeply felt.

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Morning devoted to a careful reexamination of the series of Despatches received of late from Washington with a view to the execution of the instructions. It seems unadvisable to repeat the same application to this government as often as Mr Seward makes it to me. The effect would only be annoying and leave matters worse than before. After nature reflection I decided to embrace the substance of them all in one Despatch, to the composition of which I devoted the whole of my day until half past three. A single visit from Mr Fisher on the part of the family of Mr Cobden to notify me of their loss. I left my card at the house afterwards in token of respect. Went to Mr Bentsens to see two pictures of a Mr Lehman’s which are about to be exhibited at the royal academy this season. One is of a group of pilgrims on first getting a sight of Rome; the other from a verse in Proverbs describing the girl with her distaff. The manipulation of both is very fine. The colouring is also rich. There is talent in painting but the conception is common. The more I see of pictures, the less am I impressed with. It is then as in books. Myriads are produced with more or less of excellence in the developement of ordinary thought. A few rise above the level and earn a durable reputation. Made some other return visits, stopping last of all to see Mr & Mrs Braggiotti, who was Martha Chadwick of Boston. She looks much altered. Walk around the regent’s park and quiet evening at home. Read some of Julius Cæsar which continues decidedly dull, and Mr Mill, whose mathematical problems I do not appreciate in so very uncertain a science as political economy.
245 Tuesday 4th London CFA AM
A genial fine day for once. Lord Russell had appointed an interview with me at his house at noon today and I drove down there, but Lady Russell was obliged to come in to say that he was confined to his bed with a bad enough, and could not see me. I left such of my Despatches as I meant to read to him, for him to look at, and to appoint some future day when he should be recovered to talk over them. The remainder of the day passed in writing and correcting or revising what had been written. There was news from America, but not such as to supply much information. Probably the next accounts246 may clear up the situation of Sherman, who is evidently advancing upon Raleigh. The newspapers of this morning contain reports of the proceedings of the House of Commons in the death of Mr Cobden. Lord Palmerston tried to do something, but he mainly betrayed his own want of conception of Mr C’s character and merits. He dwelt mainly upon his disinterestedness in declining all honors and rewards—which must indeed have been a constant cause of astonishment to a man who has been in place for sixty years, and through all vicissitudes of parties. In truth, it would be difficult to conceive greater opposites than these men. Mr d’Israeli appreciated better the deceased statesman. His mind is larger and more comprehensive. But even he spoke as if fettered by the consciousness of influences around him which would not admit of his touching realities too roughly. He did say that Mr Cobden was the greatest representative ever produced by the middle classes. This may be true, though it might need some careful comparisons fully to establish it. Its truth is however that symptom of social revolution in the present day unwelcome to the aristocracy, and which will make them prompt to consent to seeing the last of him at the cheap cost a few fading roses case over his body. Walk around Picadilly and the east side of Hyde Park. The fashionables are beginning their customary drives in this inclosure, the loungers delight as usual in watching the movements of the Princess of Wales. As the Queen still refuses to show herself, some royalty must take its place, or people will have nothing to uphold their need of exercise. What a pity we could not get up some corresponding democratic amusement for idlers in America! It would save their evening over here to ape a devotion to different ideas. Mr Alward dined with me, and we then went to the opera at Count Garden. The piece was the Tuvarature of Verdi, which I never before saw so well put on the stage. The Orchestra is admirable. The charms and the service effects very good. The cast in general respectable. But I missed Brignoli in Manrico, Didier in Azucena and two or three performers I saw in America in Lenora. Graziani did as well perhaps in Count de Luna as any body. The harmonies which run through the piece were more fully developed to my ear than ever before, though I was less touched by several of the single airs. On the whole I enjoyed the performance more than any of the kind since I have been here. Attendance rather than. Home at midnight.247
Rainy morning. Much broken by the necessity of attending a levee at two o’clock. The same routine of having and shaking hands with the Prince. Nobody with him but Prince Alfred and the Duke of Cambridge. A pretty large attendance. Came away almost directly. The first time since I have been here when I have gone and came through heavy rain. Long visits from young Mr Dayton and Mr T. B Potter. The funeral of Mr Cobden is to take place at Midhurst on Friday. It being my busiest day and a distance of sixty miles I had thought of sending my Secretary, Mr Moran, who desired to go, and remaining at home. Mr Potter however expressed so much desire to have me attend, that he shook my purpose. Dined with Sir Emerson Tennent. with a large company; among the member Mr Pender, who said something more upon it. Afterwards I got a note from Mr Bright, which settled the point. There were besides, Lord Cadogan Sir William and Lady Martins, Mr and Mrs Temple Bowdoin and several more moved to me in such quick succession that I cannot recollect them. Rather pleasant than otherwise. I afterwards went to a reception at Mr Fitzpatrick’s where I met two ladies only, heretofore known to me. I remained only a few minutes, and then home before twelve. Read the American newspapers until one.
247 Thursday 6th London CFA AM
The point being settled of my giving tomorrow, what I had to do today was to address myself to the work of preparing the work of two days in one. I therefore labored in completing my Despatches, and then in writing my private letters home for the bag of tomorrow. This together with some short notes to the family in Italy kept me at my writing table until nearly six o’clock. After which I went out to catch a little exercise. Started for a short trip cityward by way of variety, but in attempting a cut across toward Holburn I got entangled in some narrow streets which resulted in a long and rather fast walk, yet also late home. Today, the air was mild and springlike. Dined at home alone. Mr Alward came in for a short time, after which I went by invitation to Mrs Wodehouse Currie’s to witness the performance of a little one act French piece, called Les Brelis de Panurge. This is one of them inevitable nothings to which French vivacity and social aptness gives life and form in presentation. It was on the whole not badly done, considering the general absence of faculty among the English race, to act with a delicate seizing of these points. About forty or fifty present, Lord & Lady Lynden, Lady Holland and daughters, Sir James Colinller.248
248 Friday 7th London CFA AM
Up half an hour earlier in order to get ready for the start, which was from the Waterloo Station in an extra train at forty minutes after nine. Mr Moran accompanied me down, and I found on the platform large numbers of persons, members of Parliament and others going on the same errand. Met with Mr Forster, who helped me to a carriage, in which Mr Moran and young Mr Dayton followed us. There were four others, only one of whom I knew, Mr J. B. Smith. Our course was to Petersfield, from whence on a branch line to Midhurst, which we reached at noon. Here we all got out and walked perhaps a mile to the point at which the immediate procession would pass from the house to the Church of Lavington where the body was to be buried. Here we were to fall in and follow. I saw here Mr Gladstone, Mr Villiers and Mr Milner Gibson of the Ministers, and perhaps sixty members of Parliament. Lord Kinnaird the only Peer and I walked together. Besides which there were deprecations from several of the great towns of the mouth. Manchester and Birmingham, Bradford and Rochdale, and Liverpool. The day was lovely, and the scenery of that peculiarly quiet, English character seen nowhere but in this little island. It has not however that defect of flatness and over culture which robs so many parts of all interest. There is irregularity of surface, and in a degree roughness of wood and wild to make the picturesque. We would along a road gradually ascending until we came to a steep rise which brought us to the little church. The site is thus high and from it the eye wanders over a wide space terminating in a range of distant hills, all rural and quiet. The region is purely rural. Here the last ceremonies were completed. The service feebly read by an elderly clergyman of four in attendance. The land is thrown up in glacis, on the highest of which was the tomb into where the body was finally placed to relapse. In front were the pallbearers and nearest relatives. On one side were the members of Parliament and at the back I stood with many more, thus making three sides of a square, the fourth side left open as the corner of the sloping terrace. There was emotion, shown by none so much as by Mr Bright. No pageant could have touched me so much. I felt my eyes filling from mere human sympathy. The deceased statesman had fought his way to fame and honor by the single force of his character. He had had nothing to give. No wealth, no honors, no preferment. A lifelong contempt of the ruling class of his country men had earned for him their secret ill will, marked on this day by the almost total absence of representations here.249 And of foreign nations, I above, the type of a great democracy, stood to bear witness of the scene. The real power that was present in the multitude crowding around this lifeless form was not the less gigantic for all this absence. In this country it may be said to me its existence to Mr Cobden. He first taught them by precept and example that the fight of government was not really belonging to the few, but to the man. He shook the pillars of the aristocracy by proving that he could wield influence without selling himself to them, or without recourse to the arts of a demagogue. Thus he becomes the founder of a new school, the
influence of which is only just beginning to be felt. In the next century the effects will become visible. Such were my meditations as I drew away from the spot, and sauntered along a quiet crossroad by myself back to the little town of Midhurst. Old looking with narrow streets, but neat as possible and substantial looking. No dilapidation or symptom of dirt or poverty. An aspect of complete repose, as it were Pompeii, after an entombment of centuries. Presently Mr Forster overtook me and we went into an inn, where members of the visitors were busy in tasking the utmost proves of the landlord for a supply of luncheon. A couple of Liverpool gentlemen, Mr Jeffrey and Mr Robertson Gladstone were civil enough to ask me to join their table, so that I faced well enough. We soon afterwards returned in the train at a quarter to four, which got to town at six. Thus passed this day. I was glad I went, for it seemed to be very acceptable. Besides which it was an event to mark in a lifetime. Quiet dinner and evening at home.

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The weather has changed to the very fine, and the trees and bushes feel the effect at once. Morning taken up in bringing up arrears of all kinds. Parliament has adjourned to the 24th. Visits from Sir William Ouseley and Mr Greenough. The former tells me the gossip at the clubs. Lord Palmerston is to be called up to the Lords and give up. Mr Gladstone to take his place, though there is great opposition. Derby too infirm or too indolent to make fight. The Queen taken up a great fancy to Lord Russell. Drove out with Mr Alward to see the Exhibition of French and Romish Artists, at the private view. Exquisite manipulation but no great ideas. The prices are prodigious. Thence to a flower show at the Botanic gardens. Very charming. A stroll over the park afterwards. Evening, finished Napoleon’s worthless book.
250 Sunday 9th London CFA AM
Summer has burst upon us in these three days, much as it does sometimes in America. Went in company with Mr Alward, to attend the service at what is called the Catholic, apostolic Church in Gordon Square. The interior is Gothic but of the lightest and most elegant taste. There was moreover abundance of sunlight to furnish warmth and relief. Although still of opinion that it is unsuitable to modern social Christian worship, I think if resorted to at all by those fund of ceremonial services, this style is the most tolerable. How different from the gloomy, monkish grotto of Margaret Street. I found the services at this apostolic Church not the customary ones. A book was put into my hands, from which I soon perceived that great alterations were made in the common form. The service of this day was a communion service. There was a studied approach to the Roman Catholic forms, and to some of the doctrines. The lifting up of the bread and wine, the use of candles and the fumigating censer, the bows and genuflections at the altar, the chanting of most of the responses were close imitations. The phraseology looked to me as close upon transubstantiation. Almost all present young and old, of both sexes went up to partake. The duration exceeded two hours. A very short homily, as it was called, by one of the brethren, which contained nothing. The attendance fair but not full. People mostly of the inferior class. The officiating person is denominated the apostle. This is the offspring of Edward Irving, whose preaching created an excitement about forty years ago. Like Joe Smith of Mormon notoriety, he ran into the vagary of the gift of tongues. So far as I could judge of the prayer book, it is innocent and honest enough. Home where I found that Mrs Dayton to whom I had sent to invite her to visit the zoological gardens, had left for Oxford yesterday. So I went myself with Mr Alward. The fine weather had drawn not many people, and for the first time I enjoyed the visit. The hippopotami seemed to delight in the water. Mr Alward dined with me, and we went over by invitation to see Mrs Parkes, where we spent an hour. He was sleepy and prosy as usual. She is sprightly and intelligent.
Another summer's day. Morning taken up in writing, principally of small notes. It makes a great difference not having my son here in this respect. I find that I have not had since the day the family left more than two mornings in which I could devote an hour to numismatics, which shows the extent of my absorption, as this men was so before. A visit from Mr Saverly who come to ask if I could attend a meeting of the Peabody Trustees on Saturday. He spoke of the buildings at Islington as so near completion that I was induced to desire to visit them, which I did. A pretty long walk, by the roundabout cause which from ignorance I took. But I found myself in a densely populated district which I never saw before. There are four buildings somewhat resembling in size and shape these at the College at Cambridge, which made the sides of a square. I examined the interior, and bethought myself what the life could be of people who looked upon such quarters as a privilege. The rooms can hardly be twelve feet square, with rough brick walls. Home to dinner and evening alone. Read Lord Russell's preface to the new edition of his book on the English constitution. The American papers and letters came, which I read also.
251 Tuesday 11th London CFA AM

Among the letters this morning came a short one from Charles, saying that he had just got his orders to take his regiment to Grant, and was busily engaged in starting them off. At the same time the later news today gives accounts of a general movement of Grant, indicating final operations to hem in his opponent within the lines of Richmond. This sobered me all day, as it brought back so wildly the sensations of the year 1863. I can only hope that this struggle will soon inspire General Lee with a conviction that no benefit can be expected from the slaughter of more men. It is plain that the decision now rests exclusively with him. Yet for the same time to come I must await with anxiety the arrival of the Steamers. Very busy in small matters. Went to the city partly to draw money, and partly to execute a commission for Edward Brooks. At three went by appointment to see Lord Russell. He had just come to town and had mislaid the Despatches, so that we could not talk of them. I had however received others which I showed him. Especially the return of the copy of the note to the three emissaries, which I had sent out, on the ground that it was not properly authenticated and had been seen by our government. Certainly I did not understand at the time that Lord Russell had designed to pursue that course. My idea was that he could send out a separate letter through the British representation, perhaps by a special messenger to the lines. His Lordship said nothing, but asked me to send him copies together with the paper itself—i.e. copies of the letters between Grant and Lee. We talked somewhat of the movements of the rebel vessels here and in the other points which they frequent, such as Melbourne and Bermuda, but without any conclusion. He wondered they did not give it up as a bad business, for it certainly produced no good to them. The only hope they could have, would be, to bring about a misunderstanding, between the two countries. I read to him one or two short Despatches from Mr Seward which were very amicable, and had a good effect. He alluded to my last long note to him, only as having received it, but it was so grave a matter that he could not reply without first consulting the Cabinet. And they would not meet for some days. I took my leave, upon which he remarked that as the Senate had adjourned, and no nomination had been made to fill my place, he hoped that my stay was probable. I thanked him, and added that I had been left without information as yet of any action upon my application to be relieved. He then repeated his favorable wish. Considering the very unpleasant nature of my duty at times since I have been here, I think I may regard this testimony with satisfaction. Perhaps by this policy I may have contributed almost as much to the rescue of my country from its recent perils, as many who have made more bloody demonstration in the field. Returned home after leaving cards on Mr Schleiden, Mr Barreda, and Count Lavradio. Walk around Regent’s park—and quiet evening, reading Mr Mill.
The bag for America is made up this week a day sooner, in account of good Friday, so that my work today was to prepare Despatches as usual in advance. I had also a large number of notes to write. This is independent of many which I devolve on the Secretary. Likewise a letter to my son Henry, and one to Edward Brooks. This fatigue of writing is considerable. Yet when I reflect upon what Mr Seward must have done in this way during his term of office, it looks like nothing. Walk around Picadilly and the east side of Hyde Park, stopping to call at Lady Lyell’s. They were not at home. Solitary dinner and evening. Read several Chapters of Mill on currency, and some of Lord Russell book on the English government.253
253 Thursday 13th London CFA AM
Busy day writing my private letters to America. Interrupted once or twice by visits. Once by Mr Fernando Wood, who after a total failure of all his treasonable schemes, and a retirement from congress, appears to be disposed to come to Europe for a time until all the action incurred should blow over. I treated him civilly but without opening any conversation. Walk and quiet evening. Spirits sensibly affected by the news from America, still of profitless fighting. We are on the eve of peace, and yet both sides persist in hazarding battles which cannot change the result.
253 Friday 14th London CFA AM

Good Friday, which is observed here much as our fast days are in Massachusetts. The Churches are opened for services to the higher classes, whilst the lower seek relaxation and amusement. This day was rainy which is much of a disappointment. I found occupation enough in completing my arrears of correspondence. In the afternoon drove out to return the visits of Mr Fernando Wood and Mr Morgan. Found the former at home with his Wife and daughter. Lord Monteagle was sitting with him, and apparently extending civilities. Mr Morgan was not at home. Walk around the Regent’s Park. Dine at home alone. Mr Alward came in and sat an hour. Conversation about the past four years in which I talked perhaps a little indiscreetly about the trials to which my own government had put me. All this is over now, and perhaps it may be as well to sink the details in oblivion. I can retire now from the public service creditably and honorably, having no sense of obligation to any body for such reputation as I have earned.
On stepping into my Dressing room I found two telegrams on my table. The dual number gave me a moment’s uneasiness, which an opening them was dispelled. For the intelligence was only of different dates, but of a purely political character. It announced the long desired event of the fall of Richmond and Petersburg, with the retirement of the remnant of Lee’s army, after a conflict of three days continuance, and heavy loss. This is the death blow to the rebellion. What is left will be only detail. I could scarcely feel all day as if it was a living reality. The thought of where my son could have been came in to qualify my exultation, and to give rise to anxiety about the next returns. Still there was so much to be grateful for that I was not disposed to borrow anxiety or to fail in my trust in Providence. Four years of incessant anxiety have brought us at last to a termination of the struggle so long foreseen and dreaded about the slave element in our system. It has been fearful, and it leaves consequences the nature of which is scarcely yet to be defined. All we can do now is to congratulate ourselves on our progress so far, with more of success than we could dare to predict. This gives us reason to trust that we may surmount future difficulties now apprehended equally well. Had visits from Sir Henry Holland, Mr Schleiden, Mr Bentson, congratulating. Wrote to Mrs Adams, and disposed of all arrears of business so fully, that I spent about an hour on numismatics. At five, drove in company with Mr Alward to the Waterloo Station, where we met Mr Sturgis, and accompanied him in the train to Walton, whence we walked to his house. The country begins to take the livery of Spring, and the air is soften than in town. We found Mrs Sturgis and the same inmates as before, excepting Mr Bidwell, and the Ricardos. Henry, the son now goes without his crutches, and looks better in face. We had the usual sumptuous dinner, and quiet evening. Mr and Mrs Norris dined here.
Sunday 16th Walton CFA AM
I had given directions to have private letters brought to me, if such should come in the bag from America today; but more came. The day was charming. A little east wind, but the sun was warm. Attended Divine service at the old church. As it was Easter Sunday, my old aversion, the Athanasian creed, was stuffed into my face. I begin to think I shall not attempt to worship at the Established Church on these days again. Today, it spirited my attention to the better parts. After luncheon, I walked with Mr Alward, crossing the rive, down its deft bank. A distance of perhaps eight or nine miles. Very pleasant. The trees are leaving out, and the birds given animation to the scene. Although rather flat along the part of the Thames, there is some rural beauty about the stream. The dinner and evening as usual. Read a review in the Edinburgh, of Leckie’s Philosophy of rationalism which is only reviews for the illnatured thrust at America for not permitting secession. The mind of an Englishman seems to clud up the moment the thought of America approaches. This writer would scarcely hear with patience of the secession of Scotland or Ireland.255

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255 Monday 17th London CFA AM
Returned to London in company with Mr Sturgis in the early train, and got to my house by ten o’clock. Nothing from America to relieve my anxiety. John’s letter rather indicates even less knowledge than I have. Morning spent in reading the American newspapers which are filled with accounts of the event, and of the mode in which it was received every where. Nothing could be more creditable to the national character. The effect here is visible in the every subdued and respectful tone of the London Times. A newspaper strictly representing time serving morals, and selfish public policy. Received letters from the family at Rome. Cheerful enough. Visits from Mr Steblins just from America. He was in the last Congress, a democrat, who supported the government policy, and was of great service in the financial department. I regretted to find him not very sanguine at the ability of the new Secretary of the Treasury to meet his task. There is the weak point. The President is a cipher, and Mr Seward hardly impressed enough with the difficulties of the question. Dr Ludlow from New York also called. Walk round the east side of Hyde Park— Dined with Mr and Mrs Duncan, and a company principally of Scotch people. Sir Adam Hay and his daughter, Sir G. Montgomery, his Wife and daughter, Mr Harness, Mr Barreda, Mr Schleiden, Mr Peabody were all I made out to identify. My next mother was a Mr Roburton also a Scotchman whose conversation was abundant but a little feeble. All fixhunting squires among whom poor Duncan has taken refuge to save himself from dying of ennui. This is the class of dinners in which I take no satisfaction. Home at half past ten.
Quiet day. A number of letters of congratulation from friends. But with me there is still the suspense of anxiety to qualify my joy. Busy writing many notes which consume great quantities of time. Visits from Mr Eads, an officer of the construction bureau in the Navy Department who comes out for his health and a tour of observation. Also two Messr Palmer from Massachusetts. Wrote letters to the family at Rome. Then drove out, accompanied by Mr Alward to return visits. Called upon Mr Stebbins and his family, Dr Ludlow, Mr W. H. Newman, and left cards at the Tennents. There was a little light rain. Quiet dinner and evening. Pursued the study of Mill who does not rise in my estimation as a thinker. Also Lord Russell’s book, which I rather like.
256 Wednesday 19th London CFA AM
There was later news from America today confirming the accounts of the successful pursuit of General Lee’s army, and leaving it hemmed in and likely to be completely dispersed. All this looks like the end of the war. I got the newspapers in the course of the day, but could find no trace of the situation of Charles’s regiment. That he is somewhere in the army I cannot doubt. I must trust and wait. It appears that Mr Seward has met with a bad accident in being thrown on trying to get out of a carriage. Even if not dangerous, this will disable him at a very critical moment. The President is still flickering around Richmond, utterly unconscious of the nature of his position and innocent of dignity. Mr Seward had just been sent for, which makes the incident more unfortunate. I had a few visits from General Lerman and Sir George Sinclair, as well as two Mr Jones’s from Rhode Island. Wrote a number of letters, and almost finished one to Mr Dana. Mr Hooper, the military critic of the Globe likewise came in, and gave me some light as to the position of the armies, which I needed. He considers the case as settled. Only two days ago his last article had taken an opposite view. I had some talk with him on Mexican affairs. He showed me an abstract of the protest of Maximilian against his exclusion from the Austrian line of succession. A curious symptom! The Imperial government refused to receive it, and Mr Murphy, the minister was obliged to quit Vienna for attempting to present it. Walk, and call on Mr Peabody, but did not find him at home. Quiet dinner and evening. The whole of it spent in reading the American newspapers. Mr Moran and Mr Alward both called in This is a memorable anniversary. Four years ago Baltimore was the scene of the first bloodshed. I turned back to my record of that day, and contrasted the feelings excited by the commencement with those attending the present moment. What a conflict has passed in the interval!
Busy in writing my Despatches which this week are not numerous; yet they take up the best part of the morning. The American newspapers too are full of details of intense interest. I know of nothing in history more astonishing than the scene in Wall Street, when so many thousands of the people burst out in a spontaneous Te Deum, of the hundredth Psalm, followed by the lines of Mr Howe on John Brown. There is an element of grandeur about this whole contest that places it far beyond any of the boasted achievements of Roman antiquity. I wrote to Mr Dana an answer to a letter received some time ago from him. A visit from Lord Lyons to enquire if I had any especial intelligence respecting Mr Seward. He manifested quite an affectionate interest in this misfortune. He also seemed rather pleased with the political news, upon which he intimated he had staked a prophecy. Walk to return a visit of Mr Pennington who is returning home, and thence around Piccadilly and the east side of Hyde Park. Dined again with Sir Charles and Lady Lyell. Lady Bunbury, Sir Roderick Muchison, Colonel Mme Murdo, Mr Laugel, a Mr Mohr, or Morse, and some ladies and gentlemen not known. It was rather pleasant. Miss Ticknor is now a guest. There was a reception afterwards, and the inevitable piano, with ladies laboring to sing to people who do not listen. I got away at eleven.
257 Friday 21st London CFA AM

Fine weather now. Mr. Sturgis came with Miss Grew to get a passport for her on her return home. Sir Henry Holland called to leave a letter for Mr. Seward. He expressed much doubt in the case of Mr. Seward, mainly from fear of the concussion; so that he rather frightened me. I do not like to think of the consequences of losing him. With any body but the President, I should apprehend the possibility of my being called home, to fill the place, which with a chief like him would be by no means to be desired. If in public life at all, I am more likely to be useful here than at home. Dismissing that notion the real doubt is about the successor. It might be Mr. Sumner or an inferior man, and thus unsettle all the foundations of the President’s policy. I will not cherish such forebodings. Wrote my private letters which took most of the day. Walk through the Regent’s Park to the top of Primrose hill. The sun is rapidly developing the young leaf buds, and the bushes and shrubs and trees are taking on that just deep shade of green which is the harbinger of spring. The house chestnuts are in advance as usual. The hill only showed the ordinary smoke and haze which invariable obscures London to a degree that nobody is conscious of whilst in the streets. Mr. Alward dined with me, and we went to Drury Lane, where I think I have not been before. My object was to see the performance of Milton’s Masque of Comus. Previously to that however came a piece by Tom Taylor called the Fool’s revenge. The plot is an intricate and a disagreeable one. A profligate Duke of Faenza, a person acting as his jester who had a bitter grudge against one of the nobles for carrying off his Wife, and therefore meditates a revenge by stimulating the Duke to do the same thing to him. But the has a daughter remaining, who by a course of accidents happens to be placed in the very room of the nobleman’s Wife on the very night when the jester facilitates the execution of the Duke’s scheme. All this is strange enough. But the issue is still more extraordinary. The Duke has the jester’s daughter in his power, when suddenly his very fierce and wicked wife turns up, and under the instigation of the Jester who all the time thinks he is revenging himself on his enemy the nobleman, concludes upon dropping poison into the refreshment which a page is taking in to the pair in the bedroom. Then comes the explanation to the Jester, and he discovers that he had revenged himself by destroying his own daughter. The doors then fly open, the Duke is seen dead, and the girl is brought out in her father’s arms to all appearance lifeless. But it turns out that she did not drink much of the poison, so she presently comes to life again—And so ends the play. Rather a heavy bunch of absurdities, committed for the sake of some dramatic effects through the Jester. Comus followed, placed on the stage with most elaborate and showy accompaniments. The scenery very exquisite. The Orchestra good, and the singing pretty effective. There is little in the piece, of action. The idea is single, and it is carried forward with that peculiarly rich elegance and majesty of rhythm which distinguishes Milton above all other English poets. Crowns was a man of great physical proportions, but in no way conceiving his character. And the rabble rout consisted of any thing but attractive men.
and still less pleasing women. The story is that of Circe, only changing the sex and making the tempted female, a type of purity. But if she could have been carried off her feet by the style of dancing and attitudes of the bacchanalians placed before her she must have been sensual indeed. How is it that English women never can dance or move with any of that fascinating and voluptuous grace which marks those of more southern nations? I have a dim recollection of seeing this performed here when I was a boy—and where through the apparatus was not so gorgeous, the female was more beautiful, Comus, more attractive, and the laughing chorus far more exciting. Home at eleven.259

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
259 Saturday 22d. London CFA AM
The picking up of small work always appears to me on looking back, as a sheer waste of time, yet it is as much a part of my duties as any. It lasted until three o’clock, when I broke off. There is a steady presence of solitude in my mind, increased by the accident to Mr Seward, which weighs upon me more as the moment approaches for the reception of later news. Nothing came however today. Went out in company with Mr Moran to attend the private view of two Societies of Painters in Water colors. There is evidently a rivalry between these that improves both. There is great excellence in certain kinds. Landscapes by Binhelt Foster, Evans, Mole and Warren. Also scenes of life by Lucas and two or three more. But the tone is not high and lofty. It is the type of domestic England which stands out in all that is best. The quiet affections of ordinary persons in the middle and lower ranks. Here and there something farther is attempted, but seldom with success. Yet the demand for excellence once recognized is shown by the immediate purchase at high rates of every good specimen. On the whole if I price is to be given I should prefer oil paintings as more likely to endure. Home to dinner, and evening alone—except a short visit of Mr Alward.
259 Sunday 23d. London CFA AM
On my dressing table this morning I found telegrams from America announcing what I had hardly dared to hope, the surrender of General Lee and the remainder of his army, as preparatory to a restoration of peace. Thus tanks be to God this deplorable war seems to have come to an end and the Union is not destroyed, and emancipation is undoubtedly attained. The report about Mr Seward is favorable, and the absence of any thing about Charles I construe as equivalent to his safety through the struggle before Richmond. So my mind was again at ease, and I felt light hearted and gay. The weather was lovely, and I went to Church in the City meaning to attend a unitarian service But in going to the Chapel in the poultry I made a mistake and found myself in what is called a Congregational or Independent Church. It is a very ordinary, but rather large room, and there was a full attendance of the same class of middle people which I first noticed at Mr Sturgen's. The dissenters are a noteworthy characteristic of English society. No organ—the hymns sung by all The Sermon by a person not the pastor, whose accent seemed slightly Scotch. His subject the neglect of the higher duty of preparation for eternal life, and the devotion to temporal interest in lieu of it. One or two of the private clearly and strongly put. On my return home, I had visits of congratulation from Mr Bright, Mr W. Evans, Mr L Stanley and Mr Bentson. I omitted to mention an earlier visit from Mr Dudley on the subject of the passport difficulty which takes great dimension at Liverpool. The effect of these proceedings emanating as they do with precipitation and irregularity, is to justify an inference of a very defective management of the interior of the State Department. Mr Seward has been overworked, and he has no deputy capable of conducting the details with method. Many of the Consuls appointed are incompetent, and others have monopolized the attention of the bureau so far as to compromise the authority of the Minister, who is nevertheless expected here to give the directions. This last order is vexatious and unnecessary. It comes on the back of previous ones of the same character. No two ever the same, and all making difficulties without member that disturb only the innocent travellers and do not defeat the objects of the guilty ones. Walk to the Zoological gardens which were very full. The sun was a little oppressive. Mr Alward dined with me, and in the evening we went over to pay a visit to Mrs Parkes.
The American post came in after breakfast, but it brought only one letter of interest, that of my son's Wife to Mrs Adams, in which she alludes to Charles as having led his regiment into Richmond. She refers to his letter as having been sent to me by her husband, as inclosed with his own. But it did not appear, so that my satisfaction with the intelligence was not without a grain of alloy in the absence of that which had been promised. It was not until evening that it came having been apparently mailed by a passenger in the Steamer, at Queenstown. Much of the morning was absorbed in reading the multifarious details of these great events in the newspapers. Marvellous indeed is the history—Nothing in the records of the past exceeds it for the magnitude of the interests at Stake, and the heroism that has been developed. The President as usual shows at the same instant his utter incapacity to understand his own position, and his faithful endeavor to acquit himself of the responsibilities that devolve upon him. He goes out and makes a speech to a chance crowd at his door, and reasons out his various difficulties and those of others as if they were the tribunal and he was the Attorney employed to finish the business. How constantly my misgivings about him recur, evening the face of all his past success! It cheered me to learn that Mr Seward was getting better, though he would not be able to attend to business for some time. His life is all important. Received a letter from Mrs Adams giving an account of Easter at Rome, and wrote an answer. My last letter to Mr Seward had not arrived at the latest dates. I fear it will come most inopportune. Walk, round Piccadilly and the edge of Hyde Park. Dined again with Mr and Mrs Lampson. Nobody there but Mr Kinnaird, Mr Peabody and Mr Reed. They had been disappointed in their internal party. Mr Peabody much warmed up by the late events, talks as if he had been always true. He has greatly increased his fortune in the struggle, but I cannot recall any such staunch loyalty as characterized poor Mr Bates to his last hour. Home at eleven.
261 Tuesday 25th London CFA AM

The weather is fine and dry. Busy in details as usual. Answered a note from Professor Goldwin Smith, congratulating me, and at the same time reporting what had been said by a "high dignitary" concerning a conversation he had had with me, in which I had affirmed that the North would have assented to any concession on the Slave question, even the reenactment of the Fugitive Slave law, if the Slaveowners would have agreed to return to the Union. Who this "high dignitary" could have been I can hardly imagine. I should suspect the Bishop of Oxford had I seen him since our meeting at Ossington three years and a half ago. Whoever he may be either his memory or his veracity must be much dilapidated. Visit from several persons, and particularly Mr Forster, who brought a Mr Chern, a clergyman, who wants a letter to America. This disappeared my morning without my being able to accomplish any of my regular work. Drove out to pay visits to various person who have left cards at the house. This is very troublesome duty from which Mrs Adams always relieved me. Then a walk in the Regent's Park, which looks charmingly. Solitary dinner and uninterrupted evening at home. Read some of Lord Russell's book, and two or three articles in the Edinburgh Review.

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Banner photograph: Carte de visite by John & Chas. Watkins, 1862
262 Wednesday 26th London CFA AM

The quiet tenor of my life was this day completely overturned by the reception from Mr Stanton, the Secretary of War at Washington, of a telegraphic Dispatch giving a clear and succinct narrative of the assassination of President Lincoln by a ruffian at the Theatre, whilst another succeeded in making his way to the sick bed of Mr Seward, there to deal death and destruction to its inmates. At the last moment, both father and son were still alive, but with slight prospect of recovery. At first, this news seemed to stun me, but as my mind came to comprehend it more clearly, I could not see that this was only a legitimate sequence to the origin of this rebellion. It was fitting that what began with perjury, fraud, and treachery should end in private assassination. Such is the fruit of the seed that was sown in the slavery of the African race. To the country, the loss of Lincoln is hardly reparable. There was a grandeur about the national movement under his direction which even he might not have been able fully to sustain, but which his successor will not attempt to continue. For his own fame the President could not have selected a more happy close. The just doubts about his capacity for reconstruction are scattered to the winds in the solemnity of the termination. From that moment his fame becomes like that of Washington the priceless treasure of the nation. With regard to Mr Seward, I regard the possibility of his loss as infinitely more grave. He has been the guiding principle through this struggle, the balance wheel of the machine of government. I will not however despair yet of his restoration. Neither will I think of the possibilities of the future under the Vice President, Andrew Johnson. His beginning was unfortunate, but with my recollection of his hones and brave course in the Senate in the midst of the trials of 1860–1861 when all his Southern colleagues were false, I do not apprehend any diminution of the vigour of the Government or change of its policy, unless indeed with the exception that it will be far less conciliatory and forgiving. Singularly enough Mr Stanton tells of the proceedings of the Cabinet meeting on the morning of the event, when in the conference with General Grant the President had expressed the most kindly and hopeful sentiments in regard to the restoration of the South. It would almost seem as if there was a divine interposition to prevent the carrying out of such a policy, and to bring on a retribution by the very act of the criminal. Numbers of person on learning the news called at this house, but I was in no mind to see them—and the telegrams of enquiry from all quarters kept coming until midnight. I could fix my attention upon nothing and so wore out the day. Mr Alward who seemed much overcome by the event, especially in connection with the Seward family, with whom he is intimate stopped to dine and we afterwards took a solitary walk around the outer line of the Regent’s park.
263 Thursday 27th London CFA AM
This day was passed in a different but not less exciting way than yesterday. Soon after breakfast came in visitors. A poor man by the name of Fitch from Connecticut came in most deeply affected by these sad events. The war had already affected his mind, for which he had been sent to Europe to recruit. I did my best to encourage and console him. He wiped away his tears and took his leave, begging to be able to come again. Next came Messr Sturgis and Morgan on the part of American residents in London to ask if I would on their application consent to call a meeting on the late event. I said yes if the Americans would make the application. They did so, and in the course of the day it was arranged that a meeting should be held on Monday at St James’s Hall. Then came numbers, of whom I shall only mention Lord Houghton, who was really in tears, Lord Russell, the Prince de Joinville and the Duke of Argyll. An arrival a few hours later brought favorable accounts of Mr Seward, so that I hope that calamity is averted, and it further announced that no change was contemplated in the government. Mr Hunter, the Chief Clerk to act in the interval, in the State Department. All this is favorable. The crowd of people who left cards was large. I had barely the requisite time to draw up the Despatches of the week, Mr Forster who came only to hint o me the action of the government upon my letter of the 7th intimated that something would be said in Parliament, bu tin fact only notorious were announced for Monday. Quiet walk in the park, dinner and evening. Mr Alward for an hour.264
Another day passed in the midst of the bustle and excitement. I had barely time enough to finish my private letters, in the interval between letters and visitors. Mr Schleiden, Old Baron Brunnow, and the Duke de Chartres all came up to express their sympathy. The sentiment is universal, and several additional members of Parliament came to sign the brief address which Mr Potter took the opportunity on Wednesday to get up in the day Session. My poor friend Fitch also came in to beg for a little more comfort. Baron Brunnow made one remark which is worth recording. He said he had noticed on this occasion an English characteristic not altogether new, but now rather unusually developed. Whilst the general outburst of sentiment was singularly calculated to bring on a reconciliation in feeling between the two nations over the body of the deceased President, on the other hand it seemed as if they had caught at the opportunity of the accession of the new one, whose power it was now most important to conciliate, to load him with all sorts of abuse at the outset. It is certainly true that as it respects foreign nations, the English have the knack always to put themselves in an offensive attitude. It is however more obtuseness than malignity which prompts this. There is much real kindness and good will in the midst of it all. After hours, I walked with Mr Alward to Primrose Hill. The verdure and foliage are fine, but the season is dry. Dinner and evening alone. Read Lord Russell’s book.

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We had today the news to the 19th by the Steamer China. It reports the recovery of the two Sewards, father and son, which is the best of all. Also the capture of his assassin, so that it is is not unlikely we may gain an insight into the nature of the proceeding. Also further military success which indicates a rapid close of the war. Mobile is taken, as is Salisbury, so that Johnson, the remaining commander can scarcely hope to continue the struggle. There are also indications that the new President is more stern than his predecessor, which I fully expected.

My day was much less interrupted. I saw the Count de Paris, and Mr Potter. I made up my Quarterly public account and wrote a letter to Mrs Adams. Myriads of addresses and papers flowed in upon me which will make much work for next week. Solitary walk through the Strand to Farringdon thence by Holburn home. Dinner at home and evening. Continued reading Lord Russell’s book.
Chilly, blustering, uncomfortable day. Went with Mr Alward, to the Church in Wells Street which is another of those that represent the tendency of a part of the established faith to approximate towards the Roman. The edifice itself has no particular merit. It is modern, of the simpler form of Gothic, disfigured by the introduction of a very heavy and broad gallery which makes the parts underneath dark and close. It is free to the public, being supported by voluntary contribution. It was densely packed with people of the better class. A large proportion of the service was sung, whilst the rest was intoned both by priest and people. An Anthem which was beautiful and well executed. Indeed, nothing could be more dramatically effective, than the whole service. Far more effective than any Oratorio I ever witnessed. I took great pleasure in it, but I fear that I could not appreciate as worship so much as an exhibition. To attend there regularly would dry out of me all simplicity of piety. The sermon was indifferent as possible. A really eloquent preacher would establish the fortunes of this edifice. As it is I doubt if it endure long in this form. One step more would land it in Romanism. At home where I had a meeting of persons to prepare for tomorrow’s meeting. The resolutions were covered over, and struck me as full of words. They are Mr Morse’s—and though I shall alter them, they will not meet the level of the occasion. How bare London is of educated Americans! This always strikes me when every thing of this kind is to be done. I also had visits from Miss Motley, Mr Forster, and Sir Roderick Murchison. Then a walk to the Zoological gardens. But my mind was overcharged with anxiety about what I was to say an opening the meeting tomorrow, I applied myself to the draught which kept me until after midnight.