

46 E. 74th St. New York:

Jan 7th, 1852.

Well, have you had happy holi-
days? The idea of coming to New York
for quiet! One might suppose you had
never been here before. Your reception
went off charmingly. But how could
you close the ceremonies by kissing
that baby? I thought of Pickwick
& almost died laughing. Shall
I tell you something about my
holidays? Will you promise not to
laugh at me? By way of making
merry, I spent Christmas in bed. The
family - nieces & nephews of all sorts
& sizes - were having a gay time down
stairs - I heard the laughing voices
& the music quite distinctly. After
a while someone closed the parlor
door & the sounds grew fainter.
Then the front door bell rang sharply
& a moment later I heard somebody

coming up stairs. It was my sister she came into my room, carrying an exquisite horseshoe of flowers. "This is for you," she said, as she placed it beside me, "but we can not make out who sent it." She held up a card - there was nothing on it but a monogram in purple ink. I saw - made out - & was surprised. Can you guess whose it was? I won't tell you! But the flowers were beautiful - ah, how lovely those pink rosebuds were - how sweet that mignonette - what a spicy fragrance those carnations had - & there was a whole row of rich, velvety pansies - the pansies that I loved when I was a little girl, long before it was fashionable to care for them. I was lingering over my flowers with the ~~ra~~ devotion of a child of nature - the serene vanity of a society woman - the morbid tenderness

of an invalid - when something startled me. I looked up - my sister was not standing there, holding that card, & there were no flowers beside me - only a glass of ice water & a bottle of camphor - perhaps the latter suggested the spicy fragrance of those carnations! I was surprised again. Are you laughing? Well, go on - laughter is healthful - but don't be sarcastic. How could I help what I saw - far less what other people chose to do - when my eyes were shut? As soon as they were open, I knew that his pensées were anywhere except with me. Still, for a mid winter day dream, don't you think it was rather poetic? But this is miles away from what I meant to talk about.

In her book on Germany, Mad. de Staël says: "Les poêles, la bière et la fumée de tabac forment

autour des gens du peuple une sorte d'atmosphère lourde et chaude dont ils n'aiment pas à sortir.

Is there a political frying-pan, beer & tobacco-smoke atmosphere, from which politicians do not like to emerge? Perhaps I ought not to reproach you with it, for you have emerged from it so much more than was at one time expected. And yet there are moments when the suspicion seizes me, that you plunge back into it again, when the eyes of the world are not fixed upon you. Is this true? Please let me find out that I am mistaken.

It all reminds me of a story - possibly you know it - about a mother & son - they were French, distinguished - & the story is rather French too. He was the model of son, so devoted, so deferential, &

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obedient, as only a French son could be. And she was a model mother - had absolute confidence in him - never asked where he was going, or where he had been - never criticised his friends, or gave advice unasked (like some women you never heard of) but always killed the fatted calf for him, & piled it high with bread & molasses & all that sort of thing. And all the while this good mother kept a detective following her delightful son, & so knew all about him that there was to know. I forget how the story ended - whether he was very naughty, or only moderately so. But don't you think she would have been a very happy mother, if the detective had come back & said to her: "Madam, you are entirely mistaken. Your son is all that you could wish him to be."?

Now I feel exactly as if I were

your mother - which you must own is generous, considering you are old enough to be mine! - & I follow your career with the closest interest. Whenever you do anything that is good, I am delighted. Often I am really proud of you - when suddenly my eye falls on some tiny paragraph which chills me through. Then I send out my detective after you. Not literally - if you took the whim to send one after me, you might, but I do not indulge in such luxuries - it is only the detective in my own nature - the cold, questioning, skeptical part of my mind, which says: "This does not prove that," & "That does not prove anything," & then climbs up on the fence to watch you - a wearisome task, by the way.

Do you want to know what delighted me? The appointment

of Judge Gray - & of Mr. Frelinghuysen. As regards the Secretary of State, I admit that I was wrong - did you think I was going to say wrong? Oh no! - Wright, only you were wrighter. (That is the aesthetic way of spelling it.) He ought to be appointed in reference to foreign affairs, not home politics. Besides, thinking B. over, I fear no amount of good motive would make him a statesman - his brain is not that shape. And I liked the appointment of Mr. Brewster - until I read somewhere that he was "a man of great ability & small conscience". That sticks a splinter in my memory. How finely the Star Route prosecutions begin, is nothing to me - I am waiting for the end. And what of Mr. Howe? People say he is a nobody. But he is worse than a nobody - he is father-in-law to the Star Route defense. Do you not think, if two such ugly tools

should stand together, they would make a remarkably ugly four? Was your selection of Mr H. a blunder? — or was it something worse? I would be sorry to have you blunder — but I would rather think it a blunder, than any thing else. There — have I said too much?

But several things have troubled me lately. Oswego is not a great city — but is it true that you removed the collector there, said to be a respectable, upright man, doing his duty satisfactorily, & gave the place to a machine politician? If so, what is the use in talking about Civil Service Reform? And did you pardon a man in New York & another in Pennsylvania for embezzlement? How can you hold out such reward to rascals & throw such discouragement on honest labor? Is that a

right use of power? And there are ³ things which the newspapers do not say, which puzzle me. How is it possible for the highest officer in the land to come from Washington to New York, & it not be generally known? Yet I have an impression that you have been here - perhaps more than once - when the papers best acquainted with your doings & desires, have not mentioned the fact. Do you remember any other President as restless as yourself - who was, rushing home every few weeks? If, as Washington gossip hints, you are engaged - & wish to see the lady without having her name dragged before the public - of course the end justifies the means. But if that is not the reason, why should there be any mystery about your movements? If you want to see people, they ought to come to you. If they

are people you ought not to have around you in the White House, are you sure it is wise for you to have them around you anywhere? Get me beg of you in no respect to lead a double life. Insincerity so degrades a man & poisons the social atmosphere. Think of how high your position is - how wide your influence. You have a grand opportunity for doing good - would you be willing in after years to look back & feel that you had wasted it? Of all your friends, do you know which ones I like best to hear of being with you? Your children. They are your guardian angels. When you think of what it would be if your son did anything wrong & quoted you as his example - if the little girl grew up & knowing the world better, lost faith in you -

I think you would never set an example that he might not follow, nor do anything to shake her faith.

At last I am going away - my trunks are half packed & I am half dead. But the other half is rather tough & means to fight for life. I am going where there will be more quiet & fewer newspapers - where I can, if I try, for a time, forget politics & you. But I do not want you to forget me - at least, I mean what I have said to you. I express merely what hundreds feel. The people long to have faith in you - they wish to give you the most earnest support - & every now & then you do something to startle their distrust. Those around you, I fancy, do not tell you this - perhaps it would be very impolite if they did. And the newspapers -

which possibly you have not much
time to read - do, ^{not} express all of public
sentiment. They utter public opinion
as fast as it is formed, but the
process of crystallization is something
they cannot put in print. What
editor will confess himself anxious
& bewildered? Or be responsible for
the spread of some dark suspicion,
which may, at last, prove unfounded?
And yet this undercurrent of anxiety
& doubt, if augmented, may some time
suddenly rise to the surface & form
an opposition more powerful than
anything that you have dreamt of.
If you mean to do right, do it
with an emphasis that is unmis-
takable. And never imagine that
you can accomplish any great
good, & keep on pleasant terms
with everybody. That theory does
for the nursery, not for the world.
To fight the good fight, means to
receive, more than to give, grievous

blows & wounds. In the cloister it^{4.} may be easy to lead the higher life, but outside it is a hard struggle. And suffering is the first condition of accomplishing any great good. Cannot you accept the condition - be willing to suffer for the sake of the good? You are strong - able to endure - why should you expect that life be smooth? From where you stand now, can you not see how much more noble & beautiful life will seem to you in old age, if you can feel that when power was in your hands, you used it only for the purest purposes? Even if you can not do all that needs to be done, the effort is honorable. There is defeat which has the flavor of victory in it. Who calls that man a failure, who dies defending his country's flag? And what of the success of him, who, by deserting it, saves his life? The lowest

Kind of failure is to succeed in ignoble things. People call you a shrewd politician. Does that satisfy you? To me it means almost degradation - the using of great ability for small ends. My ambition for you is larger. Look at the careers of some of the shrewdest politicians - what have they amounted to? There was Cardinal Wolsey - what a pathos & a warning there is in his remorseful cry: "If I had served my God, as I have served my King"! And what a piteous wail comes from the death bed of that prince of shrewd politicians Talleyrand, on the emptiness of life - ah, yes, the emptiness of his own.

The vital question before the country today is Civil Service Reform. The vital question before you is how you will meet it.

Evasion in any form will be a proof of weakness. Yet if you fight the rampant evil - though more than half the country will back you - you will do it at your own risk. Are you a coward? Do you fear to face the same danger that Garfield faced? It is for you to choose. Are you content to sit, like a snake-charmer, & let loathesome serpents coil about you, priding yourself on it that not one of them dares sting you? I would rather think of you, like St George, in shining armor, striking death to the heart of the dragon.

Goodbye.

Yours Sincerely,

J. I. P.

[Julia I. Sand]

Hon. C. A. Arthur.