

moving along them like a spirit upon the face of the waters. To the soldier officers catching these birds, the sailors, ever superstitious, attribute our hard luck in passing the Cape. . . .

We expected to have reached port ere this, but the sea is very uncertain, giving us a foul wind instead of fair; but now a strong south wind is carrying us straight towards Valparaiso. Already are they shortening sails, ready to lay to for morning, as soon as the lighthouse is made. It is Sunday, and the day has been remarkably beautiful; sailors, soldiers, and officers have crowded the spar deck to enjoy the warm sun and watch the varying shades of the distant Andes. They are distinctly visible, their sides and caps shining in their wintry garb, whilst the dark line of green at their base adds beauty to their cold, sterile magnificence. These mountains are from seventeen to twenty-two thousand feet in height, and may be seen at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles; but so accustomed have I been to read accounts of them and to see and dream pictures of snow-clad mountains, that these seem more like a representation than reality. I hope, however, to stroll as high up as possible, so as to realize all their magnitude and enjoy the splendid scenery grouped around them. Sixty-four days have now elapsed since we sailed from Rio, and you can easily conceive our anxiety to reach port. . . . There is a large fleet of English in harbor, but it seems that they have taken no steps to oppose our taking California. A lieutenant called upon our captain from the usual mark of politeness. I am officer of the day, and cannot go on shore, but will have the next three days to myself; then again I'll be officer of day, and will write to mother. Good-by.

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

## II

First letter from John Sherman—Progress of the Mexican War—Predicts political break-up, owing to the war—Majority of the country opposed to it—Letters from Tecumseh from Monterey—The situation in California—The gold excitement and its effect on labor, trade, and prices—Desertion of soldiers and sailors—Marriage to Miss Ewing—Death of President Taylor—Goes to New Orleans—Resigns from the army and enters the banking firm of Lucas, Turner & Co.—Goes to San Francisco to establish a branch—John's election to Congress—The San Francisco Vigilance Committee—Abandons banking—The Pacific Railroad scheme—Beginnings of the civil struggle—Letter on the Italian War of '59—Letter from John Sherman from Paris—Impressions of foreign countries and peoples

THE date of the first letter from John Sherman in General Sherman's letter-book is May 2, 1847. At this time he was twenty-four years of age, and practising law in Mansfield, Ohio. As we have seen in General Sherman's letters, he had already "dabbled" in politics.

John Sherman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823, the eighth child in a family of eleven. His father died when he was six years of age. At fourteen he had already begun to support himself, being a rodman on the Muskingum River Improvement Company. For a year he was engineer in charge, and was removed because he was a Whig. At seventeen he began the study of law in the office of his eldest brother, Charles, at Mansfield. In 1848 he was sent to the National Whig Convention at Philadelphia, and from that time his political life may be said to have begun. In 1851-1854 his intense interest in the excitement over the Missouri Compromise led to his election for Congress. From December, 1855, when he took his seat in the House of Representatives in Washington, his firm convictions and his earnestness in expressing them made him prominent. He was appointed by Congress on the Kansas Investigating Committee, a

position of great personal danger. In 1861 he was elected Senator from Ohio, only a few weeks before the first shot was fired on Sumter.

He always took great interest in the financial questions of the day, thus preparing himself for the work he accomplished as Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes. His first letter in this collection was written during the excitement of the Mexican War.

MANSFIELD, OHIO, May 2, 1847.

*Dear Brother:* Your letter of January 27th from Monterey, California, announcing your safe arrival at that port, was received by us a few days since. You have doubtless before this received letters from here, sent by way of Panama, at different times. I suppose you will get United States papers at Monterey West. They will keep you advised of all that is of importance in the history of the times. The battles of General Taylor, and particularly the recent one at Buena Vista, have induced politicians to bring him forward as a candidate for the presidency. Politics are in a state of "hotch potch." The question of slavery in the newly conquered territory, the relative influences of the North and the South, the heroes of this Mexican War, who will demand high civil honors, will mingle in the political strife and will, in my opinion, break down the old parties and build up new ones, divided by different principles and led by different men. . . .

We have heard, since I wrote the above, of General Scott's brilliant victory at Cerro Gordo, and the particulars of Donahue's battle at the Sacramento. Victory seems to follow our arms wherever they go. Nothing but a series of victories has sustained the administration in prosecuting the war; for there is no doubt but that a large majority of the people consider it an unjust aggres-

sion upon a weak republic, excused by false reasons, and continued solely for the acquisition of slave territory.

Your old friend, Hull, I understand, is about to volunteer for the war and will probably be elected lieutenant. We sent two companies last year from this county. Next week another starts on the way, enlisted for the West, and there is no doubt that if the Government required it, a force of 100,000 men might be had to invade Mexico as readily as 10,000. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN SHERMAN.

On landing in California, General Sherman was ordered to his station at Monterey, and writes from there.

MONTEREY, CAL., April 18, 1848.

*My Dear Brother:* . . . We are here perfectly banished. Occasionally a vessel comes up from the Sandwich Islands and other parts in the Pacific, but now that the first excitement has worn off, California is fast settling into its original and deserved obscurity. Military law is supreme here, and the way we ride down the few lawyers who have ventured to come here is curious. We have no courts here but the Alcalde Courts, and no laws save the Articles of War and the Regulations of Police, and yet a more quiet community could not exist. The lawyers are rampant; they came here to make money, and there are no courts, and the Governor won't make any, because the coming of lawyers to California is a bad omen. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

In August, 1848, General Sherman writes of the excitement of the gold discovery. This letter was the first

authentic account that reached Ohio, and was read to friends and neighbors for miles around.

I am on the point of despatching to San Francisco an express to carry up the news of peace which reached us last evening from La Paz, Lower California, all the way by land. This treaty leaves California with no military or civil government, discharges all the volunteers, and leaves no force in the country save two small companies of regulars—for our company has been reduced to a shadow by desertions caused by the high prices of labor. These are more exorbitant than any you have ever read of, for any laboring man can get (cash) one dollar an hour, and a tradesman would turn up his nose at anything less than fifteen or twenty dollars a day. The cause of all this is the recent discovery in the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, east of Sutter's, of beds of gravel mixed in such quantities with gold, that men wash out in tin pans and the rudest machines from one to six ounces daily. This is not a temporary delusion, but a stern reality. It was impossible to credit these stories, so a few weeks since Colonel Mason, the Governor, went thither to see with his own eyes. I went along, and I wish I could tell you all I saw. I will do so at some future time, but now I can only say that we saw enough to make us entertain the only fear that disturbs the bosoms of merchants here, that gold will be found in such quantities as seriously to diminish its value as a circulating medium. At present there are about four thousand people at work, and the amount of gold obtained daily cannot fall short of thirty or fifty thousand dollars daily. Many men are already become rich, and others are growing so fast. All have their pockets full of gold, and everybody gets more than ten dollars daily

for his personal labor, save those in the employ of government—we are the sufferers. All prices have so advanced that we cannot possibly exist on our pay. We know not what to do, and, in spite of threats, our soldiers are all deserting us. But it is not of this I wish to write you now; all sorts of merchandise have risen three hundred per cent, and I have heard Colonel Mason say repeatedly that an invoice of \$10,000 of the Hudson Bay or American Fur Companies' goods would sell here for \$100,000. I believe it, for I have seen blankets worth one or two dollars in New York sell for \$50. Shoes of the coarsest quality sell for \$10 a pair, and the best of it is, all consumers are able to pay down in gold for these articles. If you can at once ship to San Francisco a cargo of the following articles you will make a splendid venture. Blankets highly colored or variegated; ready-made clothing from the best to the worst qualities, principally stout, warm articles of clothing, pants and sack coats, shoes of all sizes and qualities, tobacco, beads, powder, lead, shot of all sizes, hats, caps, anything ready for immediate use. Cloth is of little value, as no one has time to make it up. Wagons, light and heavy with harness, a couple dozen of ordinary buggies, cotton handkerchiefs, and the like. If more than two or three ships have not sailed from the United States before you receive this with such cargoes, you will make your own prices, for a battalion of five hundred men have just arrived from Santa Fé, are destitute, etc., will be discharged, will work at the mines all summer, winter until spring, when they will be in want of the articles I have mentioned. Gold is now sold in San Francisco for \$11 the ounce. It is good gold, and by a courier soon to be despatched to the United States via Panama, I will send you a specimen. You may rely upon the above, as I am

possessed of authentic information, in addition to what I have seen myself.

W. T. SHERMAN.

MONTEREY, CAL., Aug. 24, 1848.

*My Dear Brother:* . . . This gold is found in the beds of streams in dry places, in fact, mingled with the earth over a large extent of country, and the whole cannot be extracted in centuries. I have not the least doubt that five or six millions of dollars have already been extracted, and men are now getting, by their individual labor, from \$5000 to \$3000 a month. This is not fiction; it is truth. I went with Governor Mason and saw the evidence of it myself, so if you can, even when you receive this, despatch a cargo of assorted articles ready for immediate consumption or use, you can realize more than a hundred per cent. Indian goods of all kinds command any price that is asked. A good supercargo should come over, as a man would not take charge and dispose of such business for less than twenty or thirty dollars a day. A laboring man can now get easily from \$5 to \$15 a day. A dollar an hour is the usual price. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The following letter, probably written to his friend, Major H. S. Turner, of St. Louis, is found in John Sherman's letter-book of this date. I insert it, as being more complete than those to his brother of the same date.

MONTEREY, CAL., Aug. 25, 1848.

*My Dear Friend:* I wrote you last by Chouteau that probably I would soon be at Mazatlan, whence I would write to you; but events so transpired that Colonel Mason did not go there, but went to the Sacramento to examine into the

truth of the rumors that were swelling each day the amount of gold found there. I, of course, accompanied him, and we had an agreeable tour by way of San Francisco. There we had our horses, and those of the escort, carried to the north side of the Bay of San Francisco, to Sousolito or Whaler's Harbor, whence we proceeded to Bodega. That is an old Russian port where the fur companies had located some families to raise wheat for the colony at Sitka, which is in too cold a region to raise wheat. The Russian company has broken up in California, and Bodega is in the hands of an enterprising American, named Smith, who, at great cost, has erected a steam saw-mill. It looked strange to see the puffing of an engine, and to witness once more its marvellous power. It is the only thing of the kind in this region of earth. Smith would have made his fortune by sawing lumber and grinding wheat, but the gold fever has stripped him of all his employees, and he himself was on the point of breaking up and going to the mines. From Bodega we crossed a range of hills into the valley of the Pataloma, which empties into the northwest corner of the Bay of San Francisco, and thence to Sonoma, which is on a stream of the same name. Each of these valleys are flat as a table and bounded by high hills. . . . The Sacramento, where we crossed it at Sutter's Fort, is a broad stream, with a current of two or three miles an hour; the banks are low, so that, when the rainy season sets in, the vast plain on the east side is one sheet of water, but at ordinary seasons the stream is confined within its banks of about three hundred yards wide. We crossed ourselves in a boat, but our horses and mules swam the river. Sutter's Fort stands about three miles back from the river, and about a mile from the American Forke, which also is a respectable stream. The fort encloses a

space of about two hundred yards by eighty; the walls are built of adobe or sun-dried brick. All the houses are of one story, save one, which stands in the middle, which is two stories. This is the magazine, officers' mess-room, etc. It was in this that in former times Sutter held his state and issued orders amongst the tribes of Indians as peremptory and final as those of an emperor. This man Sutter has played a conspicuous part in the history of this country, and is likely to continue his onward career. His personal appearance is striking; about forty or fifty years of age, slightly bald, about five feet six inches in height, open, frank face, and strongly foreign in his manner, appearance, and address. He speaks many languages fluently, including that of all Indians, and has more control over the tribes of the Sacramento than any man living. We spent many days at Sutter's, and were at the first Fourth of July dinner ever given publicly at the fort. Sutter presided at the head of the table, Governor Mason on his right and I on his left. About fifty sat down to the table, mostly Americans, some foreigners, and one or two Californians. The usual toasts, songs, speeches, etc., passed off, and a liberal quantity of liquor disposed of, champagne, Madeira, sherry, etc.; upon the whole a dinner that would have done credit in any frontier town. I have no doubt it cost the givers \$1500 or \$2000. At Sutter's we began to see the full effect of the gold; rooms in the fort were rented at \$100 a month, and one indifferent house at \$500 a month. A small ox-load, hauled some twenty-five miles, cost \$60, and a trip of the *Lancet* to San Francisco was worth \$600. The mechanics employed by Sutter got \$10 a day the month round, and common laborers one dollar an hour. Horses that a few months ago were worth \$15 and \$20 were then worth \$75 and now \$100. From Sutter's we went

up the American Forke twenty-five miles to the Mormon diggings. This is a half-formed island of sand and gravel where the Mormons first began to wash for gold. They got out a great deal at about the rate of \$25 per man a day. The gold is in fine bright scales and is very pure. It is separated from the earth and gravel by washing in the pans by hand, but the better plan is in a kind of inclined trough with cleats nailed across the bottom. A grate is placed over the highest part of this trough, upon which the gravel is thrown, afterwards the water. The gold passes into the trough, the gravel and stones are removed, and by a constant dashing of water and rocking the machine, the earthy matter is washed off, leaving the gold mixed with black sand in the bottom of the machine. These are separated by drying them in the sun and blowing off the sand, leaving the gold pure. You would be astonished at the ease with which the precious metal is obtained; any man by common industry can make \$25 a day. We visited a great many parties at work as high up the American Forke as Sutter's saw-mill, fifty miles above his fort, and there struck to the right and left into the mountains. In the bed of the stream the gold is in fine scales, whereas in the hollows and ravines it is of coarse and of irregular dimensions. I have seen a great many pieces as heavy as two or three ounces, one of six ounces, and have heard of one of six pounds. In the mountain ravine several men have made \$8000 or \$10,000 a month. Everybody is at perfect liberty to go where he will, but the gold occurs so plentifully that there is no quarrelling, no collisions. We saw a great deal of gold, and, as near as we could then estimate it, about four thousand people were at work getting out about \$50,000 of gold daily. This gold occurs in the whole western slope of the Sierra Nevada north and south of

Sutter's. Exploring parties not satisfied with \$25 and \$50 a day are looking for the pure metal unmixed with earth. Gold is so common that it can be bought for \$8 or \$9 the ounce, and it is worth in Valparaiso or the United States \$16 or \$18. The sudden development of so much wealth has played the devil with the country. Everybody has gone there, save women and officers. Our soldiers are deserting, and we can't stop it. A tailor won't work a day, nor a shoemaker, nor any other tradesman,—all have gone to the mines. The sailors desert their ships as fast as they come on the coast, and we have been waiting a month to send an express to the United States, but no vessel can get a crew to leave the coast. We remained up there among the mountains a few days, and saw enough gold to carry conviction of the truth of the most exaggerated accounts that had previously reached us. We hurried back to Monterey to despatch a courier to Washington, but no vessel has yet been able to leave the coast for want of a crew. We are now hourly expecting a small schooner from San Francisco, which is reported about to make an effort with three or four men to get to Valparaiso. When we were in the midst of despatches about the gold mines and mania, here comes the notice of the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace, and Great Jehovah, what a treaty! A conquering army, in the country of an enemy, making such terms! No wonder we could not impress the Mexicans with respect for us. Had we burned their capital, blown up San Juan d'Alloa, knocked down Mazatlan, and gone back to the United States, it would have been a better treaty than the present one. If we were at war, we should not have made apologies for it by paying fifteen millions and imposing on ourselves conditions that cannot be fulfilled. Every article of the treaty is

just such a one as Mexico would have imposed on us had she been the conqueror. Mexico did not relinquish Lower California. It is many years since she has had more than a shadow of an authority here. But I have no doubt the treaty will be overhauled thoroughly by the papers at home. Peace increases our difficulties here tenfold. The Volunteers all have to be discharged, and in Upper California will not remain over a hundred soldiers at seven dollars per month. Of course, they are deserting as fast as they can, and in a very short time there will not be a dozen left, and we officers will be alone in this country, with heavy magazines and valuable stores unguarded. Peace, too, makes this American territory in which the military officers can exercise no constitutional authority. So that, at a critical moment, all force, civil and military, is withdrawn, and the country filled with the hardest kind of a population of deserters and foreigners.

All are now so intent upon getting plenty of gold that they cannot think of the danger that envelops us. The administration have left Colonel Mason in a tight place, with no troops and no civil powers. A government of some kind must exist here soon, or the devil will be to pay. Sonoma is the residence of General Guadelupa Vallejo, who was the great man of that section at the time of the change of flags. He is far better educated than any of his countrymen, lives in some comfort and style, and managed to secure some fifty or one hundred leagues of land in the olden time.

These people don't care a — for a man who can't enforce his orders by soldiers. Two years ago they revolted at having garrisons in their towns, but now that these garrisons are about to be broken up, they beg and

implore for protection, saying the Indians will ravage and destroy, steal their women, the horses and cattle. All this is true, but no human power or feeling will draw from the mines as heterogeneous a crowd as were ever crowded in a small corner of earth's surface. I suppose the official documents sent to the adjutant-general will be called for by Congress, and will be printed. The maps accompanying are the best that have yet been compiled. Ord drew the large one, and I the small ones. If I have time I'll sketch you a sheet to show the position of the Gold District.

In January of 1850 General Sherman came home from California, bearing despatches to the War Department. In April he writes to his brother:—

The preparations for my wedding are complete, and will come off at the appointed time with much pomp! I shall leave next day, and hope to spend a few days with you.

He was married on the first day of May, 1850, to Ellen Boyle Ewing, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Ewing, Secretary of the Interior under General Taylor. In July he writes from Washington:—

Since my arrival here, the illness, death, and funeral ceremonies of President Taylor have so engrossed all minds and all attention that even I have not taken time to tell you how it affects me. All the Cabinet have resigned, and will retire. Mr. Fillmore has appointed a new Cabinet, but it has not yet transpired who they are, but you will know by telegraph ere this reaches you. Mr. Ewing and family go to Ohio at once, or at least in a week, and I shall go along, but shall not tarry long,

but early in August shall go to Jefferson Barracks. . . . Mr. Ewing turns over his office on Monday next, but his successor is not named.

I do not think Mr. Fillmore finds it easy to form a Cabinet, as so much time has been consumed in its formation. I hope the political history of the past year will make a strong impression on your mind not to seek honors or distinction through that channel.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 14, 1851.

*My Dear Brother:*

I have nothing new at all here; am still expecting to be sent away in the spring, but where to is hard to tell. I ask no imprudent questions of the authorities at Washington, but leave them to act as the good of the service to them may seem fit.

We have had a bitter cold winter. The river closed in December, and is now closed,—not actually frozen over, but the floating cakes lodge in a narrow part, about eighty miles down the river, called a gorge; these cakes freeze together, and serve as a dam to all the ice up stream. Our mails have been entirely interrupted. I subscribe to a daily New York paper, but never receive them except occasionally twenty or thirty arrive at once.

There are the usual clamors against the administration, and all confess that the mails are worse than ever before.

Write me from Washington the political news, and again let me advise you to shun politics like poison, except it advance you in the profession of the law.

Affectionately your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The above advice, however good, was, it is needless to say, not taken.

In September of 1852 General Sherman went to New Orleans as a commissary to relieve Major Waggaman.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., NOV. 17, 1852.

*My Dear Brother:*

I suppose at this time you are cold enough. Here all is bright and sunshine; not a particle of frost yet, but some few days have been chilly, making a fire agreeable. Trees and grass are green. Some evergreens, oaks, and sycamores ornament Lafayette Square, upon which the building used for all the army offices fronts, and the verdant appearance of it is very agreeable.

There is evidence here of renewed prosperity. For some years New Orleans has been on the decline; but this year good crops of cotton, sugar, corn, wheat, everything, give great animation to business. Think of cotton alone from this place shipped annually to the value of sixty millions of dollars! More than the California gold mines yield. Add to this the sugar and up-river produce, and you can form some conception of the commerce of a place six miles long by a mile deep, the whole river front being occupied with steamers and ships of all kinds.

By the way, I suppose you are now effectually and forever cured of politics. You were born of the wrong party, and should now be content to follow your profession, and leave the democracy to their power and subsequent defection and downfall.

Shortly after General Sherman's arrival at New Orleans, he received notice of his appointment as partner in the banking firm of Lucas, Turner & Co. He therefore resigned from the army, and went to San Francisco to in-

augurate a branch of the firm there. Before leaving, he wrote as follows:—

NEW ORLEANS, LA., March 4, 1853.

*My Dear Brother:* I suppose you have heard of my proposed departure for California. It is proper you should have distinct information on this head. I start on Sunday, 6th instant, in the *Pampero*, for San Juan, taking the Nicaragua route for novelty. I go as a member of the banking house of Lucas & Turner, a branch of that of Lucas & Simonds of St. Louis. Turner is a particular friend of mine, and is already in California; he is quite wealthy. Lucas is decidedly the richest property-holder in St. Louis, and has credit unlimited. Now I, of course, could not have better associates in business, if I am ever to quit the army, and in these prosperous times salaried men suffer. Nevertheless, I was unwilling to resign, and have procured leave of absence for six months, at the end of which time I can best determine what to do. You may depend on it that I will not throw away my present position without a strong probability of decided advantage. I can see that the parties are very anxious to get me permanently with them. I had fixed upon the 22d of March for my departure, but Mr. Lucas came down from St. Louis to expedite my departure.

Consequently he started with his family for San Francisco by way of Nicaragua early in March. The following letter is the first he received from John after landing:—

MANSFIELD, OHIO, April 25, 1853.

*My Dear Brother:* I designed writing to you and sending you a package of newspapers by Captain Hull of San



Francisco, but he left home sooner than I anticipated. California is so far away, and it requires so long a time for a letter to go, that it seems like writing for futurity. This, with the press of engagements, will account for me not answering sooner your letter from New Orleans.

In your new undertaking, you encounter some risks, but I think from the statement of your letter I should have had no hesitation in adopting your course. The spirit of the age is progressive and commercial, and soldiers have not that opportunity for distinction which is the strongest inducement in favor of that profession. From your business habits and experience, you ought in a few years to acquire a fortune which will amply compensate you for the loss of the title of colonel. Besides, officers of the army must either be in large cities, where their pay is insufficient to meet current expenses, or on the borders of civilization, where their families must either be separated from them or share their banishment.

If we can do anything to advance your business, of course you can command us in any way.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN SHERMAN.

In the following letters General Sherman describes the changes that have taken place in San Francisco during his absence, and discusses the question of slavery, already beginning to give cause for alarm.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., June 3, 1853.

*My Dear Brother:*

This is the most extraordinary place on earth. Large brick and granite houses fill the site where stood the poor, contemptible village; wharves extend a mile out,

along which lie ships and steamers of the largest class, discharging freight in a day that used to consume with scows a month. Yet amid all this business and bustle there is more poverty than in New York. Not a day without distressed individuals ask for money.

My business here is the best going, provided we have plenty of money. Without it, I stick to Uncle Sam, most emphatically.

Your brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

The following eighteen months were passed quietly and without incident by General Sherman, while in December of 1855, John Sherman entered upon the six exciting years preceding the war, in the events of which he took a leading part. In March of 1856 General Sherman writes to his brother:—

97 BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & CO.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 30, 1854.

*My Dear Brother:* I have seen by the papers that you are elected to Congress. I suppose you feel entitled to the congratulations of all the family, and I should not have been so late in giving you mine, only I expected that you would announce by letter the fact of your plans. To be elected is of course a higher honor than to occupy a seat in the House of Representatives; yet that must be the school for those who are ambitious for higher honors. The Senate is, in my opinion, the only body which reflects an honor upon its members, and should you aspire to a seat there, I should be proud to learn of your success. As a young member I hope you will not be too forward, especially on the question of slavery, which it seems is rising more and more every year into a question of real danger, notwithstanding the compromises. Having lived

a good deal in the South, I think I know practically more of slavery than you do. If it were a new question, no one now would contend for introducing it; but it is an old and historical fact that you must take as you find it. There are certain lands in the South that cannot be inhabited in the summer by the whites, and yet the negro thrives in it—this I know. Negroes free won't work tasks of course, and rice, sugar, and certain kinds of cotton cannot be produced except by forced negro labor. Slavery being a fact is chargeable on the past; it cannot, by our system, be abolished except by force and consequent breaking up of our present government. As to restraining its further growth, the North have a perfect right to their full vote, and should, as a matter of course, use it. The Nebraska bill was a mistake on the part of the South, a vital mistake that will do them more harm than all the violent abolitionists in the country. Let slavery extend along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, but not in the high salubrious prairies of the West. It was a mistake to make Missouri a slave State; but it was done long ago, and now there is no remedy except in the State itself. Slavery can never exist here or north of us, so the North now has the power and can exercise it in prudence and moderation. Of all the follies of our government, that of the purchase of the Gadsden line excelled any,—the land embraced in that line would not sell at auction for a thousand dollars, and yet it cost ten millions. My idea is to leave our present limits alone until we have more population, and then to make other adjacent territories pay for coming into the Union. The Sandwich Islands and Cuba, as long as held by Spain, or are independent, are more useful to us than if annexed as territory. If we had a colonial system like England, whereby we could govern them absolutely, it would be

good property, but to admit the Kanakas of the Pacific and mixed Creoles of Cuba on a par with ourselves, would not exalt them, but would degrade us. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

Happily, General Sherman lived to see the freed slaves work, and realized with his friends in the South the consequent improved condition of the Southern commerce.

BANKING HOUSE OF LUCAS, TURNER & Co.,  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 20, 1856.

*My Dear Brother:* I see you are placed on the Committee of Foreign Relations, which is deemed a compliment. Since you are embarked in politics, I shall watch your course with deep interest, and of all things, I shall expect you to avoid localism and to act as a representative of a great developing nation rather than a mere emblem of the freaks and prejudices of a small constituency. The slavery question is forced on you in spite of yourself. Time and facts are accomplishing all you aim at, viz. the preponderance of the free over the slave States. This is so manifest that the politicians and people of the South feel it, and consequently are tetchy and morose. Of course, you will vote as you think right; but should you have occasion to speak, do not imitate Giddings or Seward, but avoid the subject as a dirty black one. The repeal of the Compromise was unfortunate, but being done, to repeal it would only produce feeling and no good. Kansas will be a free State, so will Missouri and Kentucky in time; but the way to accomplish that is to let things go on as now, showing the eminent prosperity of the free States, whilst the slave States get along slowly. Self-interest is the great motor, and the Kentuckians and Missourians, seeing the land and