

but could not boast of many superfluities in furniture or adornings. The walls were studded by a few pictures, one of which was a grouping of the busts of men of genius, such as Watt, Stephenson, Brunel, &c., with two fine steel engravings of Cobden and Bright. The most severe republican, who has faith in the aphorism "when unadorned, adorned the most," would be delighted with *this severe* simplicity in the arcana of one of the chiefs of the nation. While cogitating on such matters, the Cerberus of the Secretary called my name in a *sotto voce* manner, that would put a bass singer into fits of ecstacy. We could scarcely credit our organs of sight when Mr. Seward rose up from behind a large desk to shake hands, to see a small thin person, at the most not five feet six inches in height—sallow in countenance, thin in body, small sunken eyes, shaggy eye-brows, thin lips, small round chin, and generally emaciated muscles. Had he the massive head and burning eyes of Sir William Hamilton, the prince of metaphysicians, his outlines would correspond with the matchless Knight, at least in the distance. He was evidently out of health and had a nervous manner that made his visitors doubtlessly uncomfortable. He has a studied reserve about his conversation which is not in keeping with his despatches to the foreign ministers of the Republic. During the rebellion he was perpetually writing oracular sayings and making prophetic announcements that were never fulfilled and that were looked upon by foreign powers as harmless *Sewardisms*—a sort of pap to satisfy the cravings of a restless, discontented and frefull public. He fed the American people for many a weary day with such husks, but the voracious maw of public opinion at last saw the cunning cheat and asked for more solid condiment. The infant nation was then cutting its wisdom teeth and required from time to time an anodyne to soothe its fits of anglo-phobia. No man could prescribe a more potent remedy to a convulsive people than Wm. H. Seward. His despatch to Minister Adams, in the Spring of 1861, declaring that the rebellion would be crushed in ninety days, is in keeping with his wonderful assurance ever since. His manner indicates impatience and irritability. We could imagine him penning dispatches on the impulse of the moment, full of gall and wormwood, and boiling hot, which prudence, good judgment and discretion would never pen, or if written in a moment of weakness, would be committed immediately to the flames. Doubtless, during the lifetime of Lincoln, the President was a huge balance-wheel, that regulated the power and velocity of this restless engine of war. Seward does not seem like one who would be actuated by vindictive feelings and unforgiving hatred, on the contrary, his voluminous correspondence indicate his moods to be like the summer sky, all sunshine the most resplendent, or all cloud and portentous thunder storms, the blackest in which there is *some* danger and much noise—vengeful and furious for a time—but nature is only righting itself, for the clear atmosphere is sure to follow. The phillipics of Seward may not equal those of the Athenian orator against the Macedonian king in satire the most pe verful and bitter, but they are often desperate efforts to annihilate his enemies at home and abroad by venom, virulence and biting sarcasm. The Republican Convention, of Chicago, that nominated Lincoln, did well to eschew his claims as a candidate for the presidency, for although his mentality is not by any means deficient, yet his conceptions and perceptions are crude in their "working out" and in their practical bearings, being too ardent a politician to see aught good in his opponents and being totally blind to the wishes of any government that is not democratic, or of any people that are not believers in the Monroe doctrine, and of the manifest destiny of all