Adams papers.

[Niedecker, Lorine]
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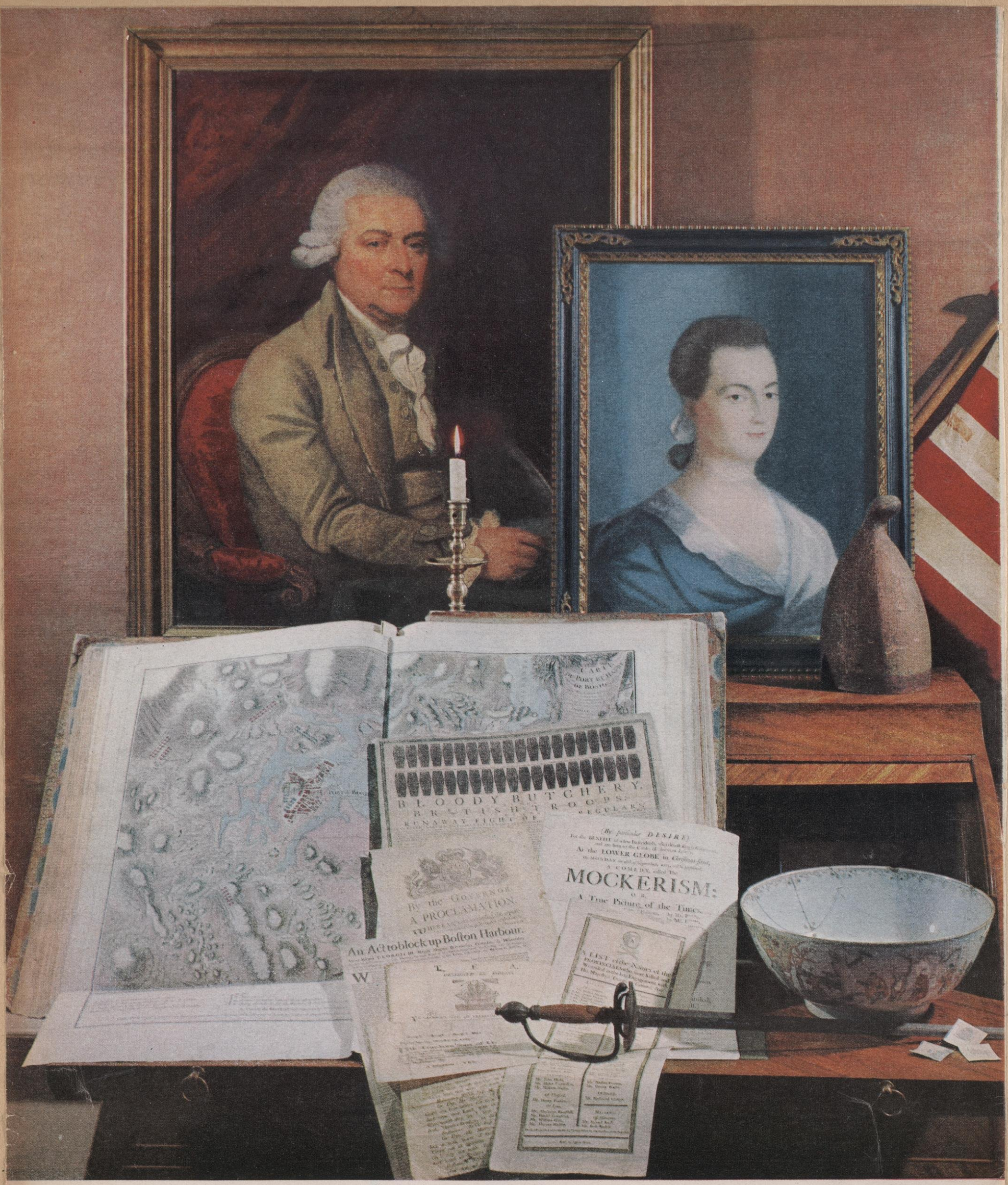
Adams

Papers



Reminders of the battles which led up to the Declaration of Independence here surround portraits of John Adams, who fomented the Revolution, and his wife Abigail. The sword in front was carried by Joseph Warren, a close friend of the Adamses, who was killed at Bunker's Hill. On it rest British revenue stamps which Americans refused to buy. The Chinese punch bowl is believed to have served a brew which inspired patriots to dump

tea in Boston harbor. The printed news broadsides at left report the "butchery" at Concord. The liberty cap in front of Abigail and the 1775 Grand Union flag were familiar emblems to revolutionary Americans.

Behind the Scenes of History — New Series on The Adams Papers

John Adams

AND

America's Birthday

The deeds and ideas of the Adams family have led and inspired the nation since even before that great July day when independence was declared. But the Adamses—Presidents John and John Quincy, Diplomat Charles Francis and the many others—were more than makers of history. They were brilliant reporters of it. Their letters, diaries and papers are full of firsthand insight and fascinating detail on great events. For generations, however, the papers stayed locked in the family archives. Five years ago they were turned over to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and now the first of the papers is to be published by the Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. LIFE, which provided funds for the editing, will present them in a special series starting with the papers of John Adams. No founding father did more to bring his country freedom—and none told as much about the beginnings of that freedom. Reading his diary, says the Adams Papers editor in chief, Lyman Butterfield, is "like watching a display of fireworks." LIFE is proud to set off the fireworks now on our nation's 185th birthday.

Photographed for LIFE
by ANDREAS FEININGER

Then and there the child Independence was born," wrote John Adams of the scene in the Council Chamber of Boston's old State House where he heard James Otis defy the British writs of assistance. In the restored chamber today hang (*from left*) portraits of Samuel Adams, Otis, Paul Revere, John Hancock.

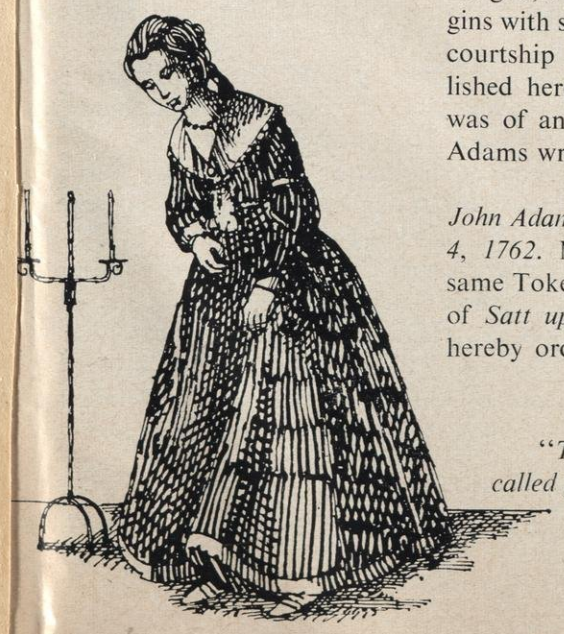
The Adams Papers:
PART I

'I am too lazy.
My mind is called off from Law
by a Girl, a Pipe, a Poem'

Private Thoughts of a Founding Father

ONE day in 1759, in colonial Braintree, Mass., 23-year-old John Adams sat scribbling in his diary. He was angry at himself for dawdling away his time, and he was exasperated also because his profession as a lawyer often seemed so dull. "I am too lazy to rise early and make a fire," he admonished himself, "and when my fire is made, at 10 o'clock my Passion for knowledge, fame, fortune or any good, is too languid, to make me apply with Spirit to my Books. . . . My mind is liable to be called off from Law, by a Girl, a Pipe, a Poem, a Love Letter. . . . What am I doing? Shall I sleep away my whole 70 Years. No by every Thing I swear. . . . I will push myself into Business. I will watch my Opportunity, to speak in Court, and will strike with surprize—surprize Bench, Bar, Jury, Auditors and all. . . . Ile not lean, with my Elbows on the Table, forever. . . . Ile have some Boon, in Return, Exchange, fame, fortune, or something."

For all his breast-beating, John Adams was a very promising young man, whose family had become well established in the colony. The first American Adams, an English-born farmer and maltster, arrived in 1638 and founded a prosperous brewery in Braintree. John Adams' father and grandfather were town officials and leading citizens. Young John, one of three children, hated school and books at first, was passionately fond of hunting and dreamed of being a farmer. But his father sent him to Harvard, where he thought of becoming a minister, but gave it up because he could not agree with all points of Puritan doctrine. He taught school at Worcester, studied law with an attorney there and began his own practice in the outgrown kitchen of a Braintree farmhouse. The following story of his career up to 1776 is all told in his own words or in those of his remarkable wife, Abigail, a parson's daughter. It begins with some excerpts from their courtship letters, which are published here for the first time. "I was of an amorous disposition," Adams wrote.



"This is commonly called parrot-toed"

John Adams to Abigail Smith, Oct. 4, 1762. Miss Adorable, By the same Token that the Bearer hereof *Satt up* with you last night I hereby order you to give him, as many Kisses, and as many Hours of your Company after 9 O'Clock as he shall please to Demand.

The same, a little later. Dear Miss Jemima, I have taken the best Advice, on the subject of your Billet, and I find you cannot compell me *to pay* unless I refuse Marriage; which I never did, and never will, but on the Contrary am ready to have you at any Time.

The same, May 7, 1764, a few months before they were married. I promised you, Sometime agone, a Catalogue of your Faults. . . . In the first Place, then, give me leave to say, you have been extreamly negligent, in attending so little to Cards. . . . Whenever you have taken an Hand you have held it but aukwardly and played it, with a very uncourtly, and indifferent, Air. . . . Another Thing, which ought to be mentioned . . . is, the Effect of a Country Life and Education, I mean, a certain Modesty, sensibility, Bashfulness . . . that enkindles Blushes forsooth at every Violation of Decency, in Company, and lays a most insupportable Constraint on the freedom of Behaviour. . . . In the third Place, you could never yet be prevail'd on to learn to sing. . . . In the Fourth Place you very often hang your Head like a Bulrush. . . . This Fault is the Effect and Consequence of another, still more inexcusable in a Lady. I mean an Habit of Reading, Writing and Thinking.

Another Fault, which seems to have been obstinately persisted in, after frequent Remonstrances, Advices and Admonitions of your Friends, is that of sitting with the Leggs across. This ruins the figure. . . . A Sixth Imperfection is that of Walking, with the Toes bending inward. This . . . is commonly called Parrot-toed, I think.

Abigail Smith to John Adams, May 9, 1764. . . . A Gentleman has no business to concern himself about the Leggs of a Lady.

AN IMPATIENT PATRIOT

AS a rising lawyer in the most politically minded American colony, John Adams was early involved in the disputes on taxation and other matters between Massachusetts and the British government. The first serious collision came when he was 29, with the passage of the Stamp Act, and the reaction of some Americans was all too moderate for him.

John Adams to his diary, Dec. 18, 1765. The Year 1765 has been the most remarkable Year of my Life. That enormous Engine, fabricated by the British Parliament, for battering down all the Rights and Liberties of America, I mean the Stamp Act, has raised and spread, thro the whole Continent, a Spirit that will be recorded to our Honour, with all future Generations. In every Colony, from Georgia to New-Hampshire, inclusively, the Stamp Distributors and Inspectors have been compelled, by the unconquerable Rage of the People, to renounce their offices. . . .

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Adams Papers

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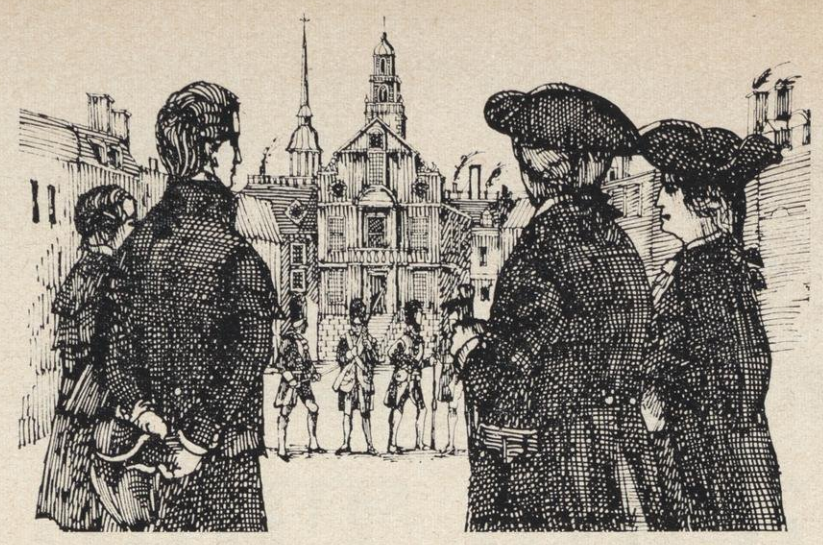


Adams inspects the scene of the Boston Massacre

This Spirit however has not yet been sufficient to banish, from Persons in Authority, that Timidity, which they have discovered from the Beginning. The executive Courts have not yet dared to adjudge the Stamp-Act void nor to proceed to Business as usual. . . . The Probate office is shut, the Custom House is shut, the Courts of Justice are shut, and all Business seems at a Stand. . . . The Bar seem to me to behave like a Flock of shot Pidgeons . . . the Net seems to be thrown over them, and they have scarcely courage left to flounce and to flutter. . . . It is my Opinion that by this Inactivity we discover Cowardice, and too much Respect to the Act. This Rest appears to be by Implication at least an Acknowledgement of the Authority of Parliament to tax Us. And if this Authority is once acknowledged and established, the Ruin of America will become inevitable.

UPHOLDER OF THE LAW

DESPITE his bone-deep patriotism John Adams was determined to uphold law and order, and this led him in 1770 to defend the British soldiers who were arrested after the Boston "Massacre." His role in this famous case is in his manuscript autobiography.

The Evening of the fifth of March, I spent at Mr. Henderson Inches's House at the South End of Boston, in Company with a Clubb, with whom I had been associated for several Years. About nine O Clock We were allarmed with the ringing of Bells, and supposing it to be the Signal of fire, We snatched our Hats and Cloaks, broke up the Clubb, and went out. . . . In the Street We were informed that the British Soldiers had fired on the Inhabitants, killed some and wounded others near the Town house. A Croud of People was flowing down the Street, to the Scene of Action. When We arrived We saw nothing but some field Pieces placed before the south door of the Town house and some Engineers and Grenadiers drawn up to protect them. Mrs. Adams was in Circumstances [pregnant], and I was apprehensive of the Effect of the Surprise upon her. . . . Having therefore surveyed round the Town house and seeing all quiet, I walked down Boylstons Alley into Brattle Square, where a Company or two of regular Soldiers were drawn up in Front of Dr. Coopers old Church with their Musquets all shouldered and their Bayonets all fixed. . . . Pursuing my Way, without taking the least notice of them or they of me, any more than if they had been marble Statues, I went directly home to Cold Lane. My Wife . . . had recovered from her first Apprehensions, and We had nothing but our Reflections to interrupt our Repose. These Reflections were to me, disquieting enough. Endeavours had been systematically pursued for many Months, by certain busy Characters, to excite Quarrells, Rencounters and Combats . . . between the Inhabitants of the lower Class and the Soldiers, and at all risques to inkindle an immortal hatred between them. I suspected that this was the Explosion, which had been intentionally wrought up by designing Men, who knew what they were aiming at better than the Instrument employed. If these poor Tools [the Boston "mob"] should be prosecuted for any of their illegal Conduct they must be punished. If the Soldiers in self defence should kill any of them they must be tryed, and if Truth was respected and the Law prevailed must be acquitted. . . . These were my Meditations in the night.

The next Morning I think it was, sitting in my Office, near the Steps of the Town house Stairs, Mr. Forrest came in. . . . He said I am come with a very solemn Message from a very unfortunate Man, Captain Preston in Prison [a British officer who had been arrested for murder]. He wishes for Council [counsel], and can get none. . . . I had no hesitation in answering that Council ought to be the very last thing that an accused Person should want in a free Country. . . . But he must be sensible this would be as important a Cause as ever was tryed in any Court or Country in the World: and that every Lawyer must hold himself responsible not only to his Country, but to the highest and most infallible of all Trybunals. . . . He must therefore expect from me no Art or Address, No Sophistry or Prevarication . . . nor any thing more than Fact, Evidence and Law would justify. . . .

Upon this, Forrest offered me a single Guinea as a retaining fee and I readily accepted it. From first to last I never said a Word about fees, in any of those Cases, and I should have said nothing about them here, if Calumnies and Insinuations had not been propagated that I was tempted by great fees and enormous sums of Money. Before or after the Tryal, Preston sent me ten Guineas and at the Tryal of the Soldiers afterwards Eight Guineas more, which . . . was all the pecuniary Reward I ever had . . . in the most exhausting and fatiguing Causes I ever tried: for hazarding a Popularity very general and very hardly earned: and for incurring a Clamour and popular Suspicions and prejudices, which are not yet worn out. [Yet as] I very deliberately, and indeed very solemnly determined, at all events to adhere to my Principles in favour of my native Country . . . on the other hand I never would deceive the People, conceal from them any essential Truth, nor especially make myself subservient to any of their Crimes, Follies or Excentricities. [As a result of Adams' courageous defense in court, Captain Preston and six of his soldiers were acquitted of murder; two other soldiers were convicted of manslaughter, burnt on the hand and sent back to England.]

'THE ZEAL-POT BOILS OVER'

AFTER the Boston Tea Party, which Adams approved as "absolutely necessary and right," the English government closed the port of Boston, sent in more soldiers and clamped military law on the town. The other colonies agreed to meet at Philadelphia to consider countermeasures, and Adams was elected a Massachusetts delegate.

John Adams to his diary, June 20, 1774. There is a new, and a grand Scene open before me—a Congress. There will be an assembly of the wisest Men upon the Continent, who are Americans in Principle, i.e. against the Taxation of Americans, by Authority of Parliament.

The same, June 25. This afternoon I have taken a long Walk, through the Neck [in Ipswich] as they call it, a fine Tract of Land in a general Field—Corn, Rye, Grass interspersed in great Perfection this fine season. I wander alone, and ponder.—I muse, I mope, I ruminate.—I am often In Reveries and Brown Studies.—The Objects before me, are too grand, and multifarious for my Comprehension.—We have not Men, fit for the Times. We are deficient in Genius, in Education, in Travel, in Fortune—in every Thing. . . . God grant us Wisdom, and Fortitude!

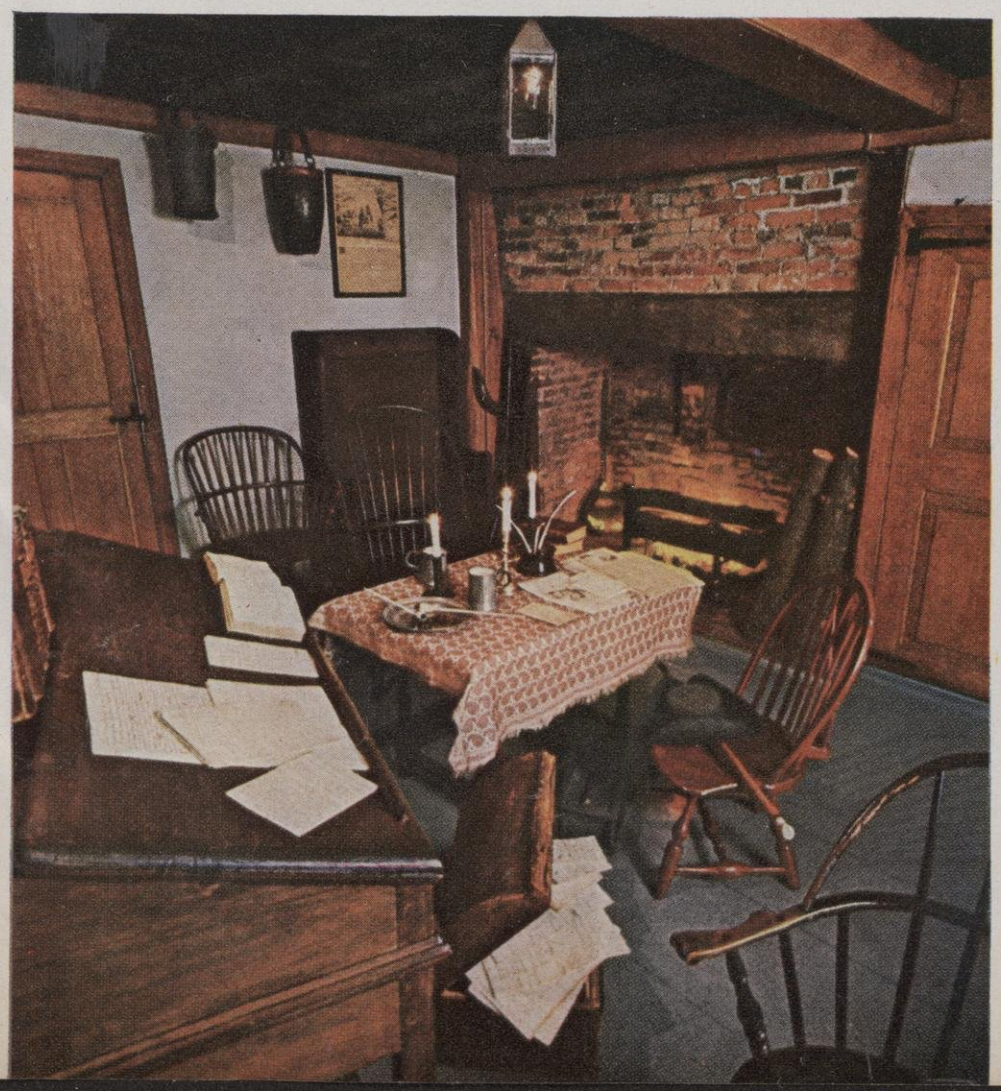
John Adams to Abigail, in the summer of 1774. I must prepare for a journey to Philadelphia,—a long Journey indeed!—Great things are wanted to be done. . . . I have a Zeal at my Heart, for my Country and her Friends, which I cannot smother or conceal: it will burn out at Times and in Companies where it ought to be latent in my Breast. . . . Coll. Otis's Phrase is, "The Zeal-Pot boils over." . . .

I must intreat you, my dear Partner . . . to take a Part with me in the Struggle . . . Rouse your whole Attention to the Family, the stock, the Farm, the Dairy. Let every Article of Expence which can possibly be spared be retrenched. . . .

Above all . . . let your ardent Anxiety be to mould the Minds and Manners of our Children. . . . Fix their Ambition upon great and solid

TEXT CONTINUES
ON PAGE 89

John Adams inherited this house and a 9½-acre farm in Braintree (now Quincy, pronounced Quinzy) from his father in 1761. Here he and Abigail lived for most of the first quarter century of their marriage. He set up a law office in the old kitchen (*below*) and kept it even after opening another in Boston.



Staunch Son of Proud New England

John Adams was a thorough American but he always believed his "native Country"—New England—was the best part of the nation. Some familiar scenes he knew and loved are pictured in a portfolio of photographs on this and the next four pages. In the saltbox farmhouse above, he spent his boyhood, opened his law office in the kitchen (*left*) and recorded the birth of son, John Quincy, in 1767. On his own salt marshes nearby he swung a scythe and raked hay, even after he was a successful lawyer.

The sturdy ways of New England shaped Adams' political thinking and made him what he was. After he had tasted the luxuries of Philadelphia in 1774, he confided to his diary: "Philadelphia . . . is not Boston. The Morals of our People are much better, their Manners are more polite, and agreable—they are purer English. Our Language is better, our Persons are handsomer, our Spirit is greater."

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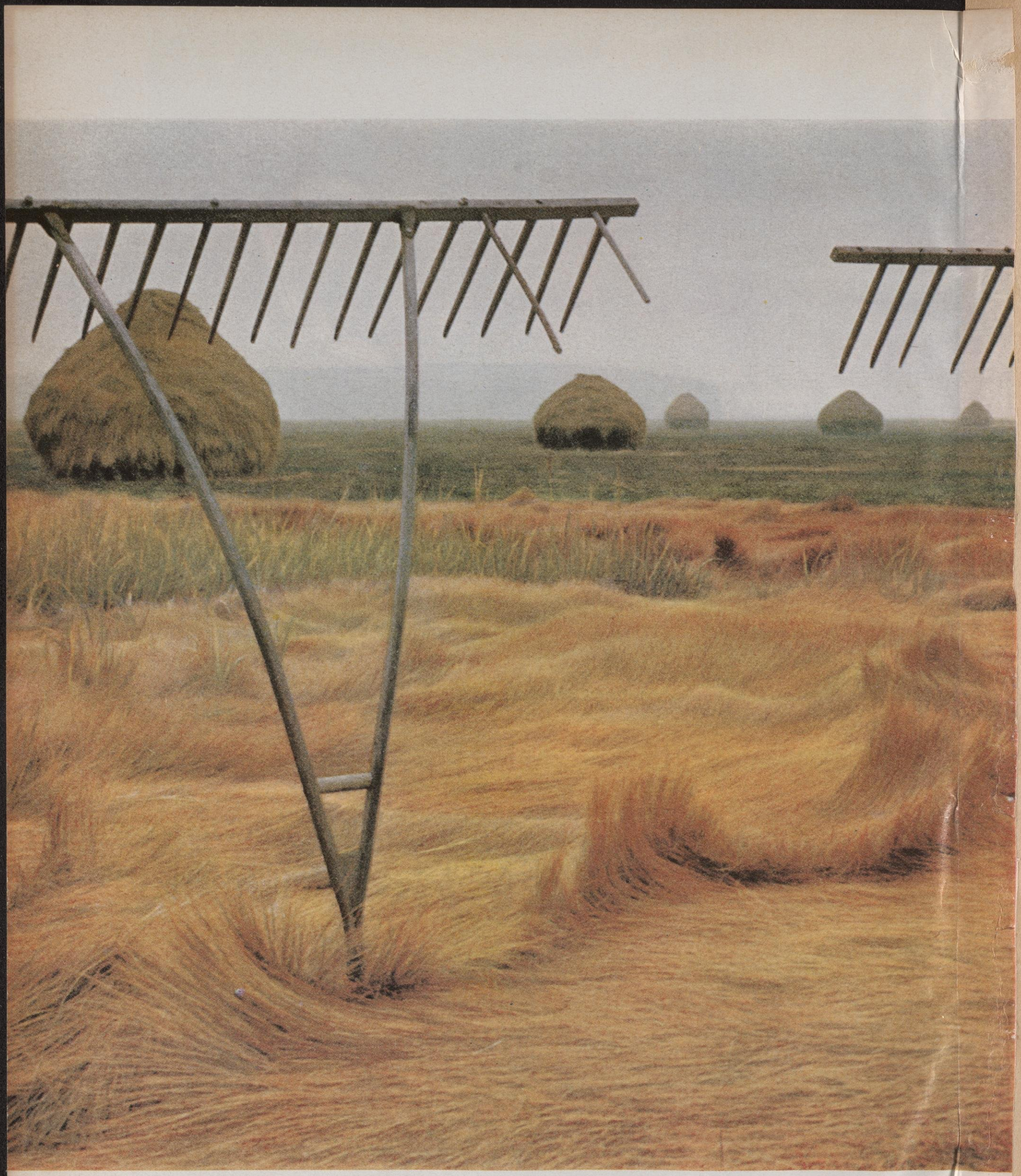
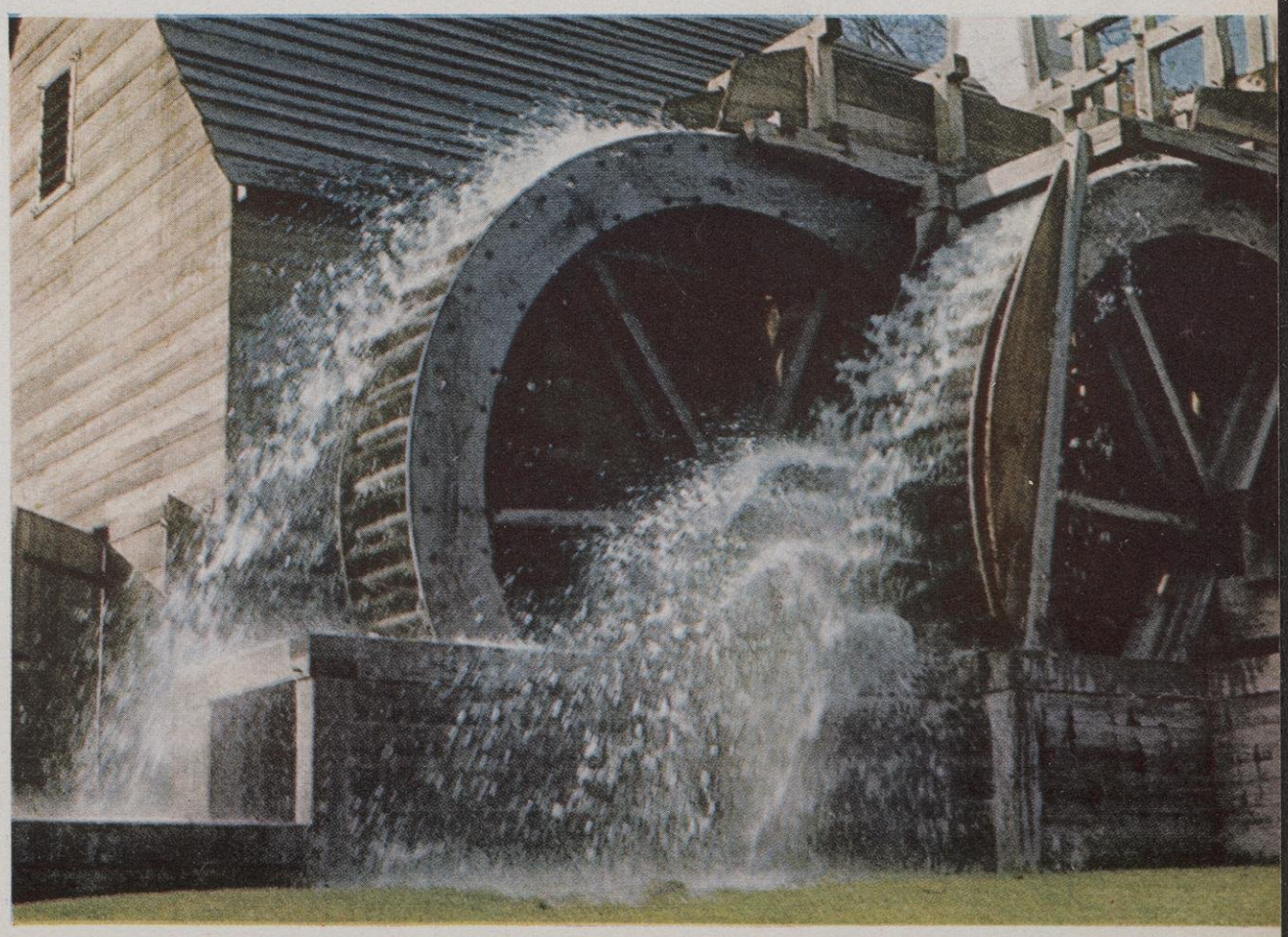


New England's wild salt hay,
sun-cured and smelling of the sea, was the world's best
in John Adams' opinion. The marsh above,
near Newbury, Mass., is still "hayed"
by horses wearing platter-sized wooden shoes to keep
from sinking and men using long rakes.

Waterwheels like these at Saugus, Mass. told Adams on his travels that New England industry was rising despite British hostility.

A lucrative legal business, representing a land company, drew Adams on horseback to this 1761 courthouse at Pownalborough (now Dresden), Maine.



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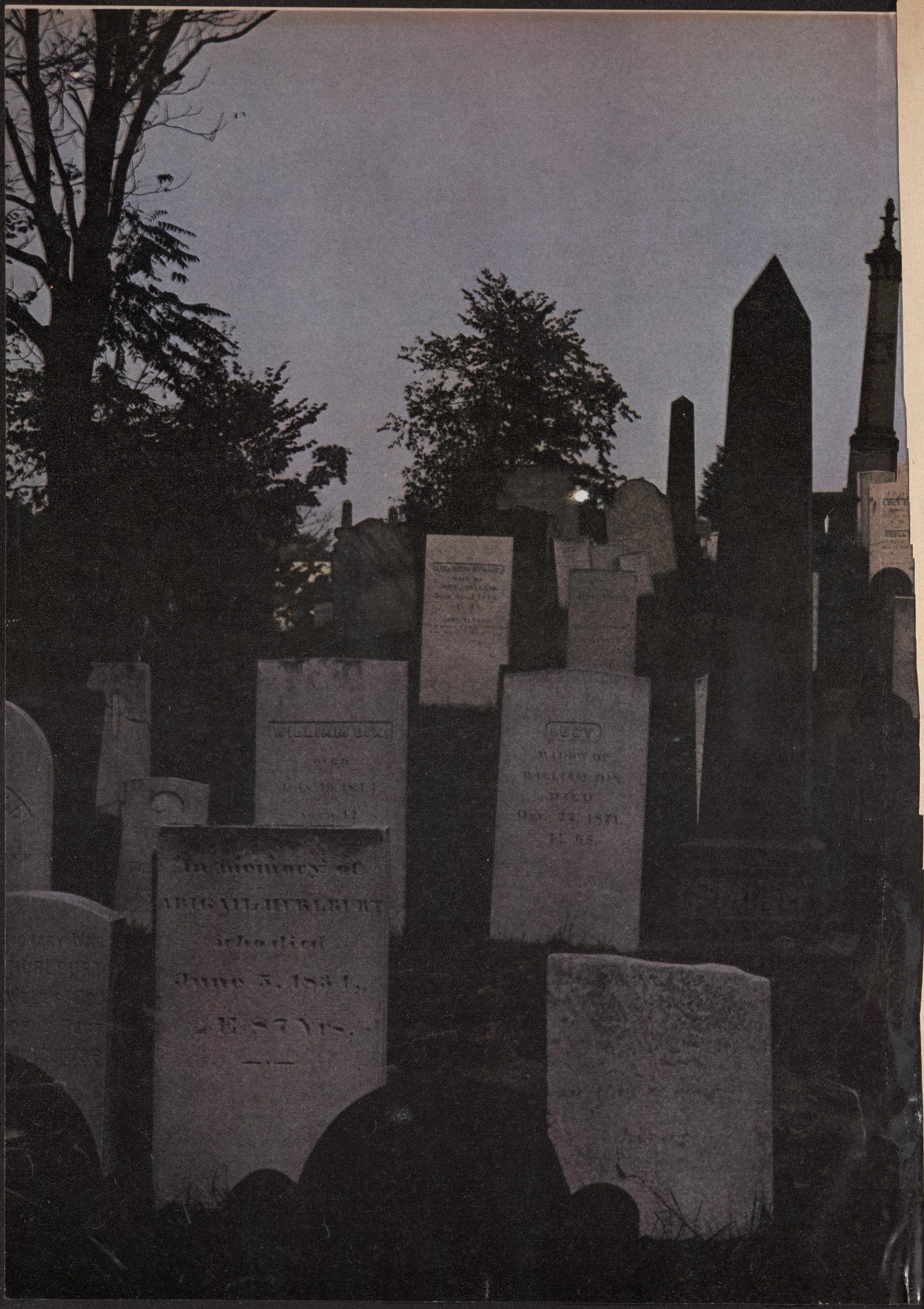
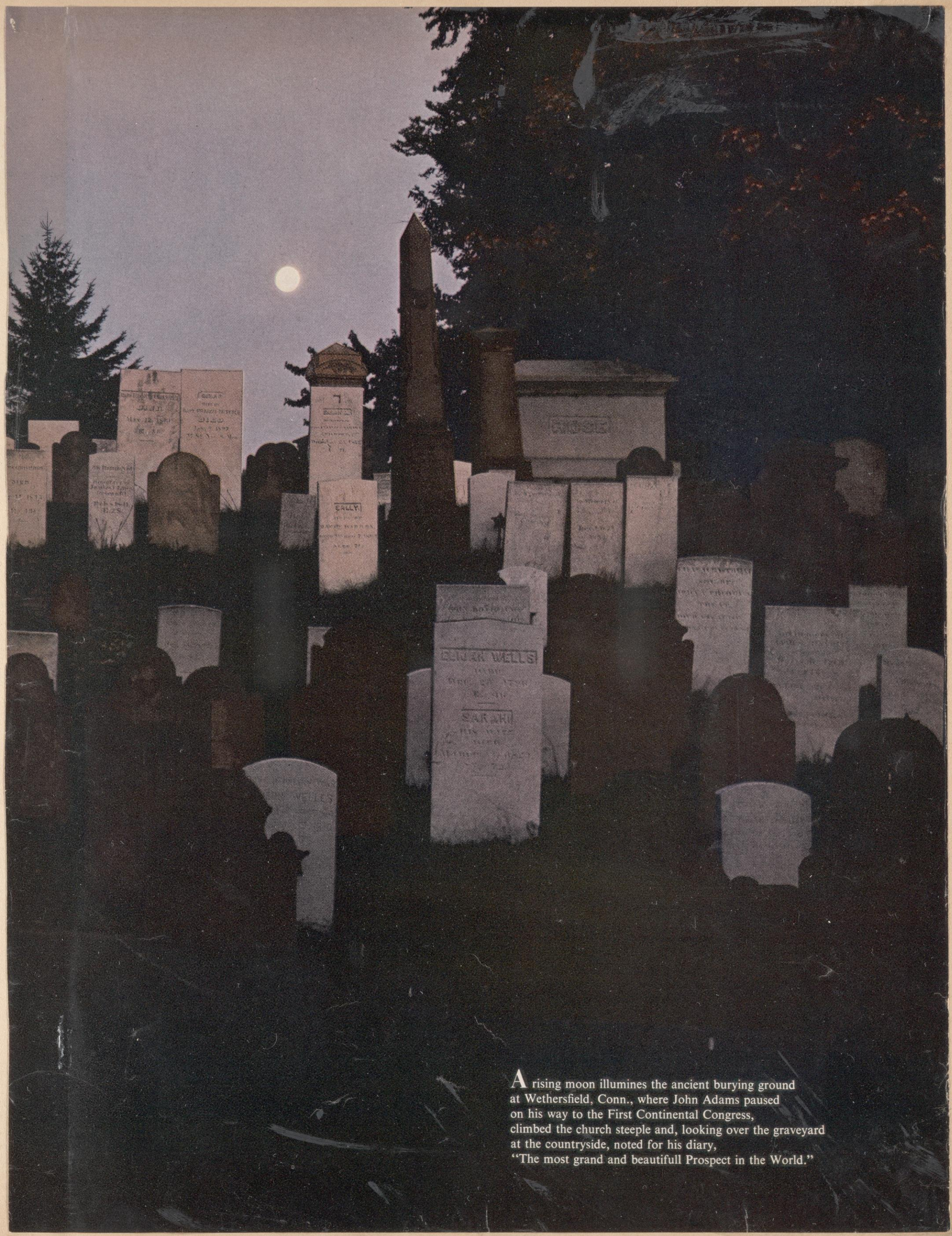

In memory of
ABIGAIL WRIGHT
who died
June 5, 1831,
AGED 77 Y'RS.
Died
Wife of
Dec 23, 1870.
Æ. 65.



A rising moon illumines the ancient burying ground
at Wethersfield, Conn., where John Adams paused
on his way to the First Continental Congress,
climbed the church steeple and, looking over the graveyard
at the countryside, noted for his diary,
"The most grand and beautifull Prospect in the World."

ADAMS PAPERS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Objects, and their Contempt upon little, frivolous, and useless ones. It is Time, my dear, for you to begin to teach them French.

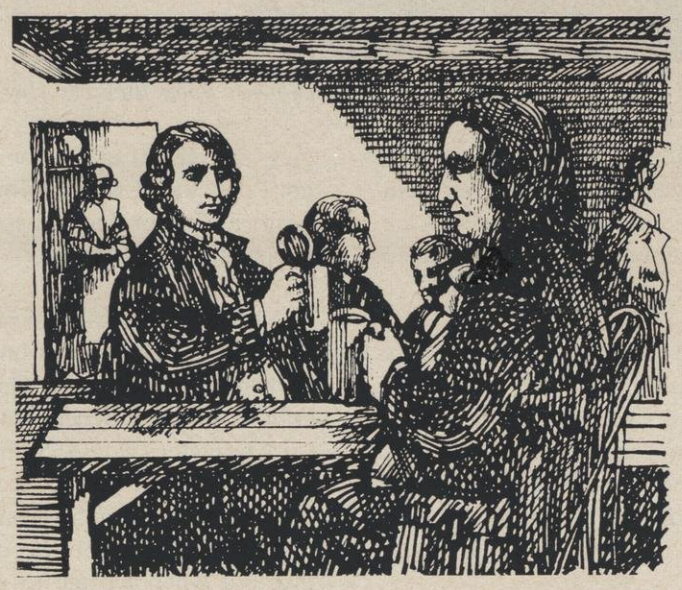
The same, July 6. I think it will be necessary to make me up, a Couple of Pieces of new Linnen [undershirts]. I am told, they wash miserably, at N. York, the Jerseys and Philadelphia too in Comparison of Boston, and am advised to carry a great deal of Linnen.

A LESSON FROM SPARTA

FROM now to the end of his presidency, some 27 years later, Adams lived mostly away from his beloved home. His wife's letters bolstered his morale with news, family gossip and shrewd comments on public affairs.

Abigail Adams to John, Aug. 19, 1774. It seems already a month since you left me. . . . Uncertainty and expectation leave the mind great Scope. Did ever any Kingdom or State regain their Liberty, when once it was invaded without bloodshed? I cannot think of it without horror. Yet we are told that all the misfortunes of Sparta were occasiond by their too great solicitude for present tranquility, and by an excessive love of peace they neglected the means of making it sure and lasting.

I have taken a very great fondness for reading Rollin's ancient History since you left me. . . . I have persuaded Johnny [John Quincy Adams, then aged 7] to read me a page or two every day, and hope he will from his desire to oblige me entertain a fondness for it. . . . I want much to hear from you. I long impatiently to have you upon the Stage of action. . . . The month of September perhaps may be of as much importance to Great Britain as the Ides of March were to Caesar.



In the City Tavern—"the most genteel in America"

ON the road to Philadelphia, and at odd intervals during the sessions of Congress, Adams jotted down intimate notes on the men who came together to try to unite the 13 colonies.

John Adams to his diary, Aug. 27, 1774. About 12 O Clock We arrived at the Tavern in Prince Town . . . near Nassau Hall Colledge. . . . We went into the Presidents House, and drank a Glass of Wine. He is as high a Son of Liberty, as any Man in America. [President John Witherspoon, of Princeton, was later a signer of the Declaration of Independence.] He says it is necessary that the Congress should raise Money and employ a Number of Writers in the Newspapers in England, to explain to the Public the American Plea, and remove the Prejudices of Britons. . . . The Government of this Colledge is very Strict, and the Schollars study very hard. The President says they are all Sons of Liberty.

The same, Aug. 29. Rode to Trenton upon Delaware River, to break fast. . . . We then crosssd the Ferry . . . to the Province of Pensylvania. . . . A Number of Carriages and Gentlemen came out from Phyladelphia to meat us. . . . Dirty, dusty, and fatigued as we were, we could not resist the Importunity, to go to the [City] Tavern, the most genteel one in America. . . . After some Time spent in Conversation a curtain was drawn, and in the other Half of the Chamber a Supper appeared as elegant as ever was laid upon a Table. . . . By a Computation made this Evening by Mr. McKean, there will be at the Congress about 56 Members, twenty two of them Lawyers.

The same, Aug. 31. We dined with Mr. Lynch [of South Carolina] a solid, firm, judicious Man. He told us that Coll. [George] Washington made the most eloquent Speech at the Virginia Convention that ever was made. Says he, "I will raise 1000 Men, subsist them at my own Expence, and march my self at their Head for the Relief of Boston."

The same, Sept. 3. Coll. R. H. Lee [Richard Henry Lee of Virginia] is a masterly Man. . . . Lee is for . . . the Repeal of every Revenue Law, the Boston Port Bill, the Bill for altering the Massachusetts Constitution, and the Quebec Bill, and the Removal of all the Troops, the End of the Congress, and an Abstinence [a boycott] from all Dutied Articles the Means—Rum, Mollosses, Sugar, Tea, Wine, Fruits &c. He took his Pen and attempted a Calculation of the Numbers of People represented by the Congress which he made about 2,200,000.

The same, Sept. 6 (taking notes of the remarks of Patrick Henry in Congressional debates). Mr. Henry. Government is dissolved. Fleets and Armies and the present State of Things shew that Government [throughout the colonies] is dissolved. . . . The Distinctions between Virginians, Pensylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders, are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American.

The same, Sept. 17. This was one of the happiest Days of my Life. In Congress We had generous, noble Sentiments, and manly Eloquence. This Day convinced me that America will support the Massachusetts or perish with her. [On this day the Congress approved the "Suffolk Resolves," adopted in Massachusetts, which virtually renounced allegiance to England so long as troops were stationed in Boston.]

The same, Sept. 22. Dined with Mr. Chew, Chief Justice of the Province, with all the Gentlemen from Virginia. . . . The Furniture was all rich—Turttle, and every other Thing—Flummery, Jellies, Sweetmeats of 20 sorts, Trifles, Whip'd Syllabubbs, floating Islands, fools—&c., and then a Desert of Fruits, Raisins, Almonds, Pears, Peaches—Wines most excellent and admirable. I drank Madeira at a great Rate and found no Inconvenience in it.

'FLY TO THE WOODS'

IN October Congress adjourned after adopting a "Declaration of Rights" which Adams helped to write. The next spring, while in Boston, he witnessed the British retreat from the "very bloody" fighting at Lexington and Concord, the outbreak of armed revolution. Congress was called back into session and this letter was written from Hartford while Adams was enroute to Philadelphia.

John Adams to Abigail, May 2, 1775. Our Hearts are bleeding for the poor People of Boston. . . . The Tryals of that unhappy and devoted People are likely to be severe indeed. . . . But, I cant help depending upon this, that the present dreadfull Calamity of that beloved Town is intended to bind the Colonies together in more indissoluble Bonds. . . . It has this Effect, to a remarkable Degree, as far as I have yet seen.

In a Cause which interests the whole Globe, at a Time, when my Friends and Country, are in such keen Distress, I am scarcely ever interrupted, in the least Degree, by Apprehensions for my Personal Safety.—I am often concerned for you and our dear Babes, surrounded as you are by People who are too timorous and too much susceptible of Allarms. . . . In Case of real Danger, of which you cannot fail to have previous Intimations, fly to the Woods with our Children.

IN June came the battle of Bunker's Hill. Instead of hiding in the woods Abigail watched the fighting from a hill in Braintree, holding young John Quincy Adams by the hand.

Abigail Adams to John, June 18, 1775. The Day, perhaps the decisive Day, is come, on which the fate of America depends. . . . I have just heard that our Dear Friend Dr. Warren is no more but fell gloriously

CONTINUED 89

fighting for his Country. . . . The Battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunkers Hill, a Saturday morning about 3 oclock and has not ceased yet and tis now 3 o clock Sabbeth afternoon. Tis expected they will come out over the Neck [in the direction of Braintree] to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. . . . How many have fallen we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot Eat, Drink or Sleep.

"The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunkers Hill"

The same, June 25. In the midst of Sorrow we have abundant cause of thankfulness that so few of our Brethren are numbered with the Slain, whilst our Enimies were cut down like the Grass before the Sythe. But one officer of all the Welch fuzelers remains to tell his story. . . . Every account agrees in 14 and 15 hundred slain and wounded upon their side.

The same, July 16. Every article here in the West India way is very scarce and dear. . . . I wish you would let Bass [her husband's servant in Philadelphia] get me one pound of peper and 2 yd. of black caliminco for Shoes. . . . You can hardly immagine how much we want many common small articles . . . not one pin is to be purchased for love nor money. I wish you could convey me a thousand by any Friend travelling this way.

KEY SPEECH FOR WASHINGTON

ALTHOUGH the war had actually started Congress was still timid about becoming officially involved. In this emergency John Adams almost single-handedly maneuvered his colleagues into "adopting" the American army and appointing George Washington as its commander. His autobiography tells how this was done.

Congress assembled and proceeded to Business, and the Members appeared to me to be of one Mind, and that mind after my own heart. . . . I thought the first Step ought to be, to recommend to the People of every State . . . to Seize on all the Crown Officers, and hold them with civility, Humanity and Generosity, as Hostages for the Security of the People of Boston. . . . That we ought to recommend to the People of all the States to institute Governments for themselves, under their own Authority, and that, without Loss of Time. That We ought to declare the Colonies, free, Sovereign and independent States. . . . That We ought immediately to adopt the Army in Cambridge as a Continental Army, to Appoint a General and all other Officers, take upon ourselves the Pay, Subsistence, Cloathing, Armour and Munitions of the Troops. . . .

I was daily urging all these Things but We were embarassed with more than one Difficulty. Not only the Party in favour of the Petition to the King, and the Party who were jealous of [*i.e.*, opposed to] Independence, but a third Party, which was a Southern Party against a Northern and a Jealousy against a New England Army under the Command of a New England General. . . . The Intention was very visible to me, that Col. Washington was their Object. . . .

Another Embarrassment which was never publickly known [was that] the Massachusetts Delegates and other New England Delegates were divided . . . Mr. Hancock [John Hancock, wealthy Boston merchant and president of the Congress] had an Ambition to be appointed Commander in Chief. . . .

Full of Anxieties concerning these Confusions, and apprehending daily that We should hear very distressing News from Boston, I walked with Mr. Samuel Adams in the State house Yard, for a little Exercise and fresh Air, before the hour of Congress, and there represented to him the various dangers that surrounded Us. He agreed to them all, but said what shall We do? I answered him, that he knew I had taken great pains to get our Colleagues to agree upon some plan that We might be unanimous: but he knew that they would pledge themselves to nothing: but I was determined to take a Step, which should compell them and all the other Members of Congress, to declare themselves for or against something. . . .

Accordingly when Congress had assembled I rose in my place and in as short a Speech as the Subject would admit, represented the State of the Colonies, the Uncertainty in the Minds of the People, the distresses of the Army, . . . and the probability that the British Army would take Advantage of our delays, march out of Boston and spread Desolation as far as they could go. I concluded with a Motion in form that Congress would Adopt the Army at Cambridge and appoint a General, that though this was not the proper time to nominate a General, yet as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one Gentleman in my Mind for that important command, and that was a Gentleman from Virginia who was among Us and very well known to all of Us, a Gentleman whose Skill and Experience as an Officer, whose independent fortune, great Talents and excellent universal Character, would command the Approbation of all America. Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the Door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his Usual Modesty darted into the Library Room.

Mr. Hancock, who was our President . . . heard me with visible pleasure, but when I came to describe Washington for the Commander, I never remarked a more sudden and sinking Change of Countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his Face could exhibit them. . . . The Subject came under Debate and . . . was postponed to a future day. In the mean time, pains were taken out of doors to obtain a Unanimity, and the Voices were generally so clearly in favour of Washington that the dissentient Members were persuaded to withdraw their Opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated, I believe by Mr. Thomas Johnson of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the Army adopted.

John Adams to Abigail, June 17, 1775. I can now inform you that the Congress have made Choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous and brave George Washington Esqr., to be the General of the American Army. . . . The Continent is really in earnest in defending the Country. They have voted Ten Companies of Rifle Men to be sent from Pensylvania, Maryland and Virginia, to join the Army before Boston. These are an excellent Species of Light Infantry. They use a peculiar kind of musket, called a Rifle—it has circular grooves within the Barrell, and carries a Ball with great Exactness to great Distances.—They are the most accurate Marksmen in the World.

'I GRIEVE FOR YOU'

WHILE Adams was on duty in Philadelphia his wife was coping with terrible problems at home, as an epidemic raced through the American army and spread through the nearby towns.

Abigail Adams to John, Aug. 10, 1775. Your Brother Elihu lies very dangerously sick with a Dysentary. . . . His life is despaired of [Elihu, an American officer, died this day.]

The same, Sept. 8. You may remember Isaac [Abigail's cousin] was unwell when you went from home. His Disorder increased till a violent Dysentery was the consequence. . . . Two Days after he was Sick, I was seazed with the same disorder in a violent manner. . . . The Next person in the same week was Susy [a servant girl]. She we carried home, hope She will not be very bad. Our Little Tommy [Thomas Boylston Adams, aged 3] was the next, and he lies very ill now. . . . Our House is an hospital in every part.

CONTINUED

The same, Sept. 10. By the first safe conveyance be kind eno to send me 1 oz. of turkey Rhubub . . . a quarter pound of Nutmegs . . . 1 oz. of cloves, 2 of cinnamon. . . . So much Sickness has occasiond a Scarcity of Medicine.

The same, Sept. 16. Tommy is better, but intirely striped of . . . all the flesh he had.

The same, Oct. 1. Have pitty upon me. Have pitty upon me, O! thou my beloved for the Hand of God presseth me soar. . . . How can I tell you, O my (bursting Heart) that my Dear Mother has left me, this day about 5 o clock she left this world for an infinitely better. . . . At times I almost am ready to faint under this severe and heavy Stroke. Separated from *thee* who used to be a comforter towards me in affliction. . . . You will pardon and forgive all my wanderings of mind. I cannot be correct.

John Adams to Abigail, Oct. 7 and 13. It was long before I had the least Intimation of the Distress of the Family. . . . I grieve for you, and your Brother, and Sisters, I grieve for your Father. . . . The Situation of Things, is so alarming, that it is our Duty to prepare our Minds and Hearts for every Event. . . . From my earliest Entrance into Life, I have been engaged in the public Cause of America: and from first to last I have had upon my Mind, a strong Impression, that Things would be Wrought up to their present Crisis. . . . This has been the source of all the Disquietude of my Life. It has lain down and rose up with me these twelve Years. . . . And even now, I would cheerfully retire from public Life forever, renounce all Chance for Profits or Honours from the public, nay I would cheerfully contribute my little Property to obtain Peace and Liberty.—But all these must go and my Life too before I can surrender, the Right of my Country to a free Constitution. I dare not consent to it.—I should be the most miserable of Mortals ever after.

'HARK! THE ROAR OF CANNON'

EARLY in 1776 Adams spent a short vacation with his family and then returned to Congress. Soon afterward he heard the glad news that Washington's artillery had forced the British to evacuate Boston.

Abigail Adams to John, March 2, 1776. I was greatly rejoiced at the return of your Servant to find you had safely arrived, and that you were well. . . . A most ridiciolous Story had been industerously propagated in this and the Neighbouring Towns to injure the cause and blast your Reputation, viz., that you had gone on board a Man of War from N.Y. and saild for England. . . . I assure you such high Disputes took place in the publick house of this parish, that some men were collerd and draged out of the shop, with great Threats for reporting such scandelous lies, and an unkele [uncle] of ours offerd his life as a forfeit for you if the report proved true.

But hark! The House this instant shakes with the Roar of Cannon. I have been to the Door and find tis a cannonade from our Army. Orders I find are come for all the remaining Militia to repair to the lines a Monday Night by twelve o clock. No sleep for me to Night.

"*Our enemy have carried away every thing*"

The same, March 3. I went to Bed after 12 but got no rest, the Cannon continued firing and my Heart Beat pace with them all Night.

The same, March 4. I have just returnd from Penns Hill where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon and from whence I could see every Shell which was thrown. The Sound I think is one of the Grandest in Nature.

The same, March 5. I hear We got possession of Dorchester Hill last Night, 4 thousand men upon it today—lost but one Man.

The same, March 16. There has been no firing since last Tuesday, till about 12 o clock last Night, when I was waked out of my sleep by a smart Cannonade which continued till Nine o clock this morning.

The same, March 17. I find the firing was occasiond by our people's taking possession of Nook Hill, which . . . has really obliged our Enemy to decamp [from Boston] this morning on board the Transports. . . . Some of the Select Men have been to the lines and inform that they have carried away everything they could possibly take; and what they could not, they burnt, broke, or hove into the water. This is, I believe, fact; many articles of good Household furniture having in the course of the week come on shore at Great Hill, both upon this and Weymouth Side—Lids of Desks, mahogany chairs, tables, &c. . . . From Penns Hill we have a view of the largest Fleet [the departing British] ever seen in America. You may count upwards of 100 and 70 Sail. They look like a Forrest.

'MY HEART IS AS A FEATHER'

IN one of her happier letters Abigail urged her husband to "remember the Ladies" when independence was finally declared.

Abigail Adams to John, March 31. I feel a *gaieti de Coeur* to which before I was a Stranger, I think the Sun looks brighter, the Birds sing more melodiously, and Nature puts on a more chearfull countanance. . . . I long to hear that you have declared an independancy. And by the way in the new Code of Laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the Ladies, and be more generous and favourable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the Husbands. Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could.

John Adams to Abigail, April 14. As to Declarations of Independency, be patient.

The same, May 22. I read, and read again your charming Letters, and they serve me, in some faint degree as a substitute for the Company and Conversation of the Writer. I want to take a Walk with you in the Garden, to go over to the Common, the Plain, the Meadow. I want to take Charles in one Hand and Tom in the other, and Walk with you, Nabby [their daughter Abigail] on your Right Hand and John upon my left, to view the Corn Fields, the orchards, &c.

Abigail Adams to John, May 27. My Heart is as light as a feather and my Spirits are Dancing. I received this afternoon a fine parcel of letters and papers by Coll. Thayer. It was a feast to me.

John Adams to Abigail, June 26. The Congress have been pleased to give me more Business than I am qualified for, and more than, I fear, I can go through, with Safety to my Health. They have established a Board of War and Ordnance and made me President of it, an Honor to which I never aspired, a Trust to which I feel myself vastly unequal. . . . The Board sits, every Morning and every Evening. This, with Constant attendance in Congress, will so entirely engross my Time, that I fear, I shall not be able to write you, so often as I have. But I will steal Time to write you.

'I WISHED FOR ELOQUENCE'

THE secret proceedings of the Continental Congress were now reaching their climax. Independence was the issue, and John Adams (as Thomas Jefferson remarked) was the "colossus" of the freedom party. In the final days he was called on repeatedly to exercise his oratorical powers, as he here relates in his autobiography, referring to July 1, 1776.

It was on this, or some preceding day, that the greatest and most solemn debate was had on the question of Independence. The Subject

Adams Papers CONTINUED

has been in Contemplation for more than a Year and frequent discussions had been had concerning it. At one time and another, all the Arguments for it and against it had been exhausted and were become familiar. I expected no more would be said in public but that the question would be put and decided. Mr. Dickinson [John Dickinson of Pennsylvania] however was determined to bear his Testimony against it with more formality. He had prepared himself apparently with great Labour and ardent Zeal, and in a Speech of great Length, and all his Eloquence, he combined together all that had before been written in Pamphlets and News papers and all that had from time to time been said in Congress by himself and others. . . .

No Member rose to answer him: and after waiting some time, in hopes that some one less obnoxious than myself, who had been . . . and still was represented and believed to be the Author of all the Mischief, I determined to speak.

It has been said by some of our Historians, that I began by an Invocation to the God of Eloquence. This is a Misrepresentation. Nothing so puerile as this fell from me. I began by saying that this was the first time in my Life that I had ever wished for the Talents and Eloquence of the ancient Orators of Greece and Rome, for I was very sure that none of them ever had before him a question of more Importance to his Country and to the World. . . . But the Question before me appeared so simple, that I had confidence enough in the plain Understanding and common Sense that had been given me, to believe that I could answer to the Satisfaction of the House all the Arguments which had been produced, notwithstanding the Abilities which had been displayed and the Eloquence with which they had been enforced. Mr. Dickinson, some years afterwards published his Speech. I had made no Preparation beforehand and never committed any minutes of mine to writing. . . .

Before the final Question was put [on July 2], the new Delegates from New Jersey came in, and . . . expressed a great desire to hear the Arguments. All was Silence: No one would speak: all Eyes were turned upon me. I was ashamed to repeat what I had said twenty times before. The New Jersey Gentlemen however still insisting on hearing at least a Recapitulation . . . I summed up the Reasons, Objections and Answers, in as concise a manner as I could, till at length the Jersey Gentlemen said they were fully satisfied and ready for the Question, which was then put and determined in the Affirmative.

A DAY OF INDEPENDENCE

As soon as Independence was approved, Adams rushed off the glad news to Abigail, without waiting for the formal ratification on July 4.

John Adams to Abigail, July 3, 1776. Yesterday the greatest Question was decided, which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps, never was nor will be decided among Men. A Resolution was passed without one dissenting Colony "that these united Colonies, are, and of right ought to be free and independent States. . . ." You will see in a few days a Declaration setting forth the Cause, which have impelled us to this mighty Revolution, and the reasons which will justify it, in the sight of God and Man.

Had a Declaration of Independency been made Seven Months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects.—We might before this Hour, have formed Alliances with foreign States.—We should have mastered Quebec and been in Possession of Canada. . . . But on the other Hand, the Delay of this Declaration to this Time, has many great Advantages attending it. . . . The whole People in every Colony of the 13 have now adopted it, as their own Act. . . .

The Second Day of July 1776, will be the most memorable Epocha, in the History of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated, by succeeding Generations, as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemmorated, as the Day of Deliverance by Solemn Acts of Devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be Solemnized with Pomp and Parade, with Shews, Games, Sports, Guns, Bells, Bonfires, and Illuminations from one End of this Continent to the other from this Time forward forever more.

You will think me transported with Enthusiasm but I am not. I am well aware of the Toil and Blood and Treasure, that it will cost Us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet through all the Gloom I can see the Rays of ravishing Light and Glory. I can see that the End is more than worth all the Means. And that Posterity will tryumph in that Days Transaction, even altho We should rue it, which I trust in God We shall not.

"Games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations"

IN A FUTURE ISSUE

Adams as Blunt Yankee Diplomat

An 18th Century windmill on the River Vecht was a familiar landmark to John Adams on the Amsterdam road. On one excursion Adams rescued a child in a canal and lost his wig.

A FORMIDABLE TASK FOR JOHN ADAMS

A Patriot Abroad

To John Adams, the redoubtable Yankee, the drumming of hoofbeats on the roads of old Europe were sounds of a rising destiny. After his great role in enacting the Declaration of Independence (LIFE, June 30) Adams spent 10 years as a diplomat seeking aid for the newborn United States. In the Netherlands, Adams won the U.S. an ally and financial backer, then went on to negotiate a tough peace treaty with England and became the first American minister to England.

As was his habit, Adams set down his frankest, innermost thoughts in his diary, letters and private papers—now part of the great collection of family documents at the Massachusetts Historical Society which are being published by LIFE and the Belknap Press of Harvard University Press. This article, second in LIFE's series on the Adams Papers, draws on material never before printed.

A leather-covered Dutch coupé, like those Adams sometimes rode in, rolls along the ancient Amsterdam-Utrecht highway, which Adams traversed on his official trips.

Photographed for LIFE by WALTER SANDERS

'I am but an ordinary Man—The Times destined me to Fame'

On his ship to France Adams holds head of dying officer after gun explosion.

Lively Career of a Yankee Diplomat

EARLY in 1778 two future Presidents of the United States—John Adams, aged 42, and his son John Quincy, aged 10—went aboard the 24-gun U.S. frigate *Boston* to begin a wartime voyage to France. The father had already served his country well as the chief spokesman for freedom in the Continental Congress, as hard-working head of the first Board of War (corresponding roughly to the present-day Secretary of Defense), and as author of the first American plan for obtaining allies in Europe. Now he was about to show what he could do as a diplomat. His private papers tell the story of the voyage.

John Adams in his manuscript autobiography, Feb. 19, 1778. In the morning We discovered three Vessells a head of Us. They appeared to be large Ships, and Captain Tucker observing them with his Glasses, gave it as his Opinion that they were British Frigates and was preparing to give orders to avoid them. But a murmur arising among his Men, . . . Captain Tucker gave orders to make all sail towards them. It was not long before We were near enough to see that they were Frigates and count their Guns, to the full Satisfaction of every Man on board. No Man had an Appetite for fighting three Frigates at once . . . and We soon lost Sight of two of the Ships, but the third chased Us the whole day.

The same, Feb. 20. In the Morning nothing to be seen: but soon after a Sail discovered a head: supposed to be the same Frigate. She pursued us the whole day. . . . Captain Tucker said his orders were to carry me to France and to take any Prizes that might fall in his Way; he thought it his duty therefore to avoid fighting especially with an unequal force, . . . but if he could not avoid an Engagement he would give them something that should make them remember him. I said and did all in my power to encourage the Officers and Men, to fight them to the last Extremity . . . for it will easily be believed that it would have been more eligible for me to be killed on the Boston or sunk to the bottom in her, than to be taken Prisoner. I sat in the Cabin at the Windows in the Stern and saw the Ennemy gaining upon Us very fast. . . .

The Wind began to spring up, our Ship began to move, the night came on and it was soon dark. We lost Sight of our Enemy. . . . But the Wind increased to a Hurricane. The Ship laboured under the Weight of her Guns which were all out and ready for Use, she shuddered and shivered like a Man in an Ague. . . . In this Situation, all of a sudden, We heard a tremendous Report. Whether the British Frigate had overtaken Us, and fired upon Us, or whether our own Guns had been discharged We could not conjecture, but immediately an Officer came down to Us and told Us that the Ship had been struck with Lightening, . . . that four Men had been struck down by it upon deck, one of them wounded by a Scortch upon his Shoulder as large as a Crown. This man languished and died in a few [days].

John Adams to his diary, on shipboard, March 14, 1778. I have omitted inserting the Occurrences of this Week, on Account of the Hurry and Confusion, We have been in. Tuesday we spied a Sail, and gave her Chase. We soon came up with her, but as We had bore directly down upon her, she had not seen our broadside, and knew not [our] Force. She was a Letter of Mark with 14 guns, 8 Nines and 6 sixes. She fired upon Us, and one of her shot went thro our Mizen Yard. I happened to be upon the Quarter deck, . . . so that the Ball went directly over my Head. We, upon this, turned our broadside which the instant she saw she struck . . . The Prize is the Ship Martha, Captn. McIntosh from London to New York, loaded with a Cargo of great Value. . . .

We then saw another Vessell, chased and came up with her which proved to be a French Brig. . . . This last cost Us very dear. Mr. Barrons our 1st Lt. attempting to fire a Gun, as a signal to the Brig, the Gun burst, and tore the right Leg of this excellent Officer, in Pieces, so that the Dr. was obliged to amputate it, just below the Knee.

I was present at this affecting Scaene and held Mr. Barron in my Arms while the Doctor put on the Turnequett and cut off the Limb.

The same, March 27. On Wednesday Evening Mr. Barons died, and Yesterday was committed to the Deep. . . . He was put into a Chest, and 10 or 12, twelve Pounds shot put in with him, and then nailed up. The Fragment of the Gun, which destroyed him, was lashed on the Chest,

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Gleaming windows are reflected in an Amsterdam canal from the house at Keizersgracht No. 529 where Adams made his headquarters while seeking Dutch recognition and loans.

and the whole launched overboard through one of the Ports, in Presence of all the Ships Crew, after the Buryal Service was read by Mr. Cooper.

The same, March 31. Lying in the River of Bordeaux, near Pouliac. . . .

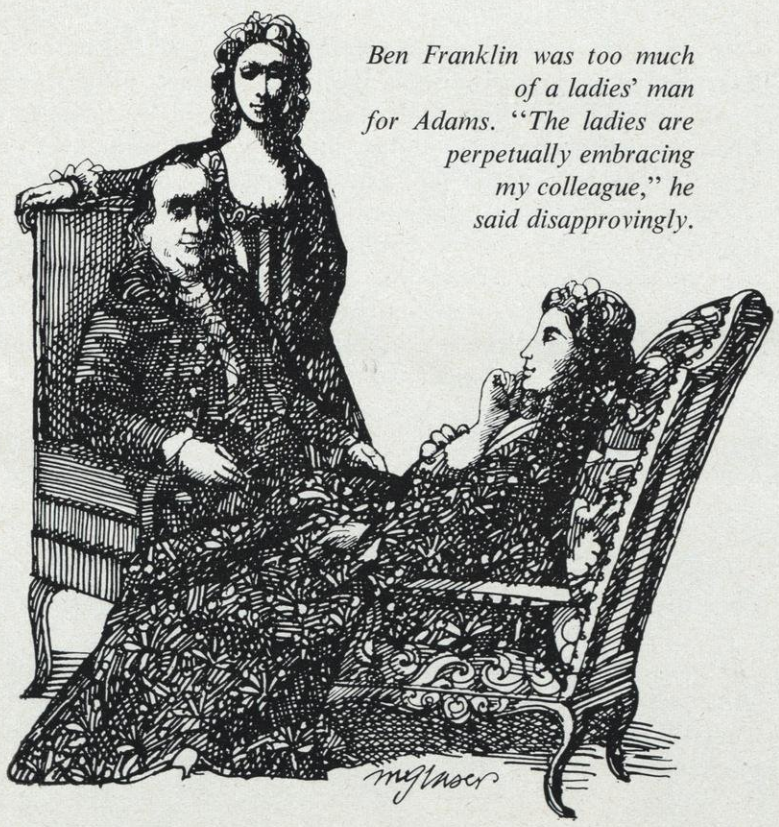
The same, April 1. . . . This Morning I took Leave of the Ship, and went up to Town with my Son. . . . We walked about the Town, and to see the new Comedie. After this We went to the Opera, where the Scenery, the Dancing, the Music, afforded to me a very chearfull, sprightly Amusement, having never seen any Thing of the Kind before.

THE DISUNITED AMERICANS

IN Paris Adams found himself in the middle of a raging feud between the other two American commissioners, Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee. The dispute concerned the financial conduct of Silas Deane, who was originally the third commissioner but was now replaced by Adams. Franklin defended Deane but Lee denounced him as a cheat and a scoundrel. Adams tried to be neutral but his private comments show that he was no admirer of Franklin, in whose house at Passy Adams went to live.

John Adams in his autobiography, April–May 1778. I found the Business of our Commission would never be done, unless I did it. My two Colleagues would agree in nothing. The Life of Dr. Franklin was a Scene of continual discipation. I could never obtain the favour of his Company in a Morning before Breakfast which would have been the most convenient time to read over the Letters and papers, deliberate on their contents, and decide upon the Substance of the Answers. It was late when he breakfasted, and as soon as Breakfast was over, a crowd of Carriges came to his Levee or if you like the term better his Lodgings, with all Sorts of People; some Phylosophers, Accademicians and Economists; some of his small tribe of humble friends in the litterary Way whom he employed to translate some of his ancient Compositions . . . ; but by far the greater part were Women and Children, come to have the honour to see the great Franklin, and to have the pleasure of telling stories about his Simplicity, his bald head and scattering strait hairs. . . . These Visitors occupied all the time, commonly, till it was time to dress to go to Dinner. He was invited to dine abroad every day and never declined unless We had invited Company to dine with Us. . . . He came home at all hours from Nine to twelve O Clock at night. This Course of Life contributed to his Pleasure and I believe to his health and Longevity. . . .

Mr. Arthur Lee, my other Colleague, was a Native of Virginia, His Father had been long a Councillor under the Crown and sometime commander in Chief of the Colony and ancient Dominion of Virginia. . . . Arthur had studied and practiced Physick but not finding it agreeable to his Genius he took Chambers in the Temple in England, and there was admitted to practice as a Barrister. . . . Animated with great Zeal in the Cause of his native Country, he took a decided part in her favour, and became a Writer of some Celebrity. . . . After a Congress was called in 1774,5 and 6 He continued to transmit to Us some of the best and most authentic Intelligence, which We received from England. . . . Mr. Lee came daily to my Appartment to attend to Business, but we could rarely obtain the Company of Dr. Franklin for a few minutes, and often when I had drawn the Papers, and had them fairly copied for Signature, and Mr. Lee and I had signed them, I was frequently obliged to wait several days, before I could procure the Signature of Dr. Franklin.



Ben Franklin was too much of a ladies' man for Adams. "The ladies are perpetually embracing my colleague," he said disapprovingly.

'I ADMIRE THE LADIES HERE'

IN letters to his wife in America—which were always in danger of being captured and published by the British, Adams made milder statements about Franklin, and flattered the ladies of France.

John Adams to Abigail, April 25, 1778. Monsieur Chaumont has just informed me of a Vessell bound to Boston: but I am reduced to such a Moment of Time, that I can only inform you that I am well, and inclose a few Lines from Johnny. . . . To tell you the Truth, I admire the Ladies here. Dont be jealous.—They are handsome, and very well educated. —Their Accomplishments are exceedingly brilliant.—And their knowledge of Letters and Arts exceeds that of the English Ladies, I believe. . . . My venerable Colleague [Franklin] enjoys a Priviledge here, that is much to be enjoyed.—Being seventy Years of Age, the Ladies not only allow him to embrace them as often as he please, but they are perpetually embracing him. I told him Yesterday I would write this to America.

Abigail Adams to John, June 30. Dearest of Friends—Shall I tell my dearest that tears of joy filld my Eyes this morning at the sight of his well known hand, the first line which has blessed my sight since his four months absence. . . . You must console me in your absence by a Recital of all your adventures, tho methinks I would not have them in all respects too similar to those related of your venerable Colleague, whose Mentor like appearance, age, and philosophy most certainly lead the politico-scientifick Ladies of France to suppose they are embracing the God of Wisdom in a Humane Form, but I who own that I never yet wish 'an Angel whom I loved a Man,' shall be full as content if those divine Honours are omitted. . . . I can hear of the Brilliant accomplishment of any of my sex with pleasure and rejoice in that Liberality of Sentiment which acknowledges them. At the same time, I regret the trifling Narrow, contracted Education of the Females of my own country.

The same, Dec. 27. I cannot discribe to you How much I was affected the other day with a Scotch song which was sung to me by a young Lady in order to divert a melancholy hour, but it had a quite different Effect, and the Native Simplicity of it had all the power of a well wrought Tragedy. When I could conquer my sensibility I beg'd the song, and Master Charles has learnt it, and consoles his Mamma by singing it to her. I will enclose it to you. It has Beauties in it to me, which an indifferent person would not feel perhaps.

His very foot has Musick in't,
As he comes up the stairs.

How oft has my Heart danced to the sound of that Musick!

A MISSION TO THE NETHERLANDS

AFTER a year of trying to work in harness with Franklin, Adams made a brief trip to America. On shipboard he had time to ponder his life's work so far. "By my Physical Constitution, I am but an ordinary Man," he wrote wistfully in his diary. "The Times alone have destined me to Fame—and even these have not been able to give me, much." In his three months at home he wrote the Constitution of Massachusetts

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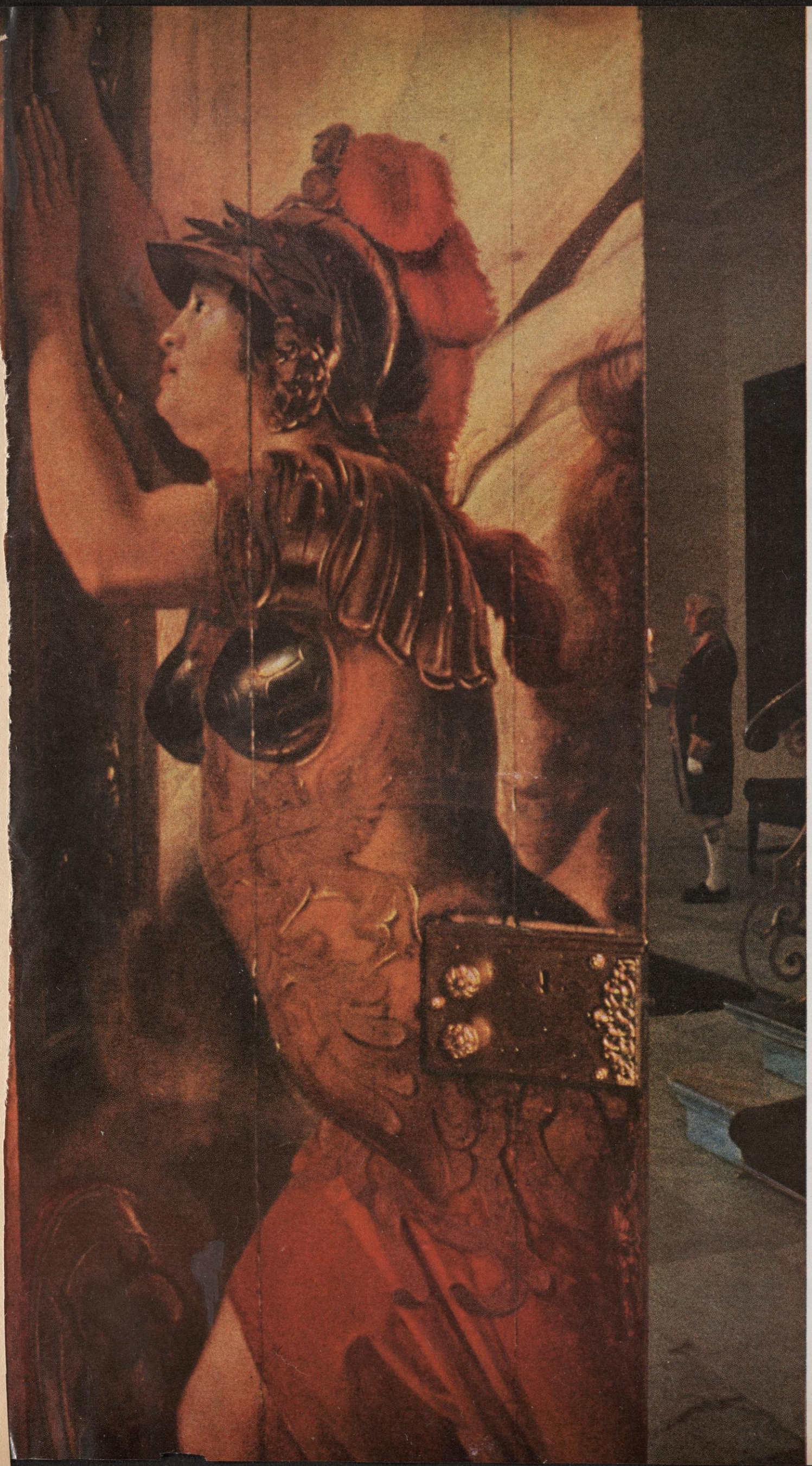
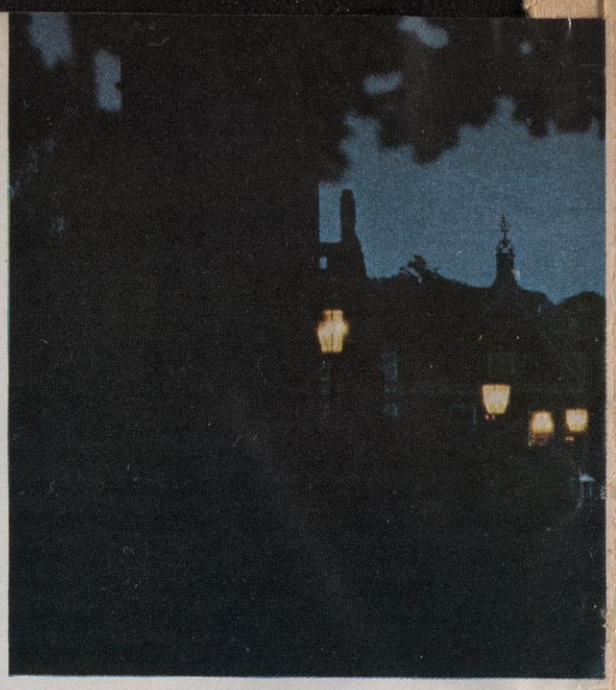


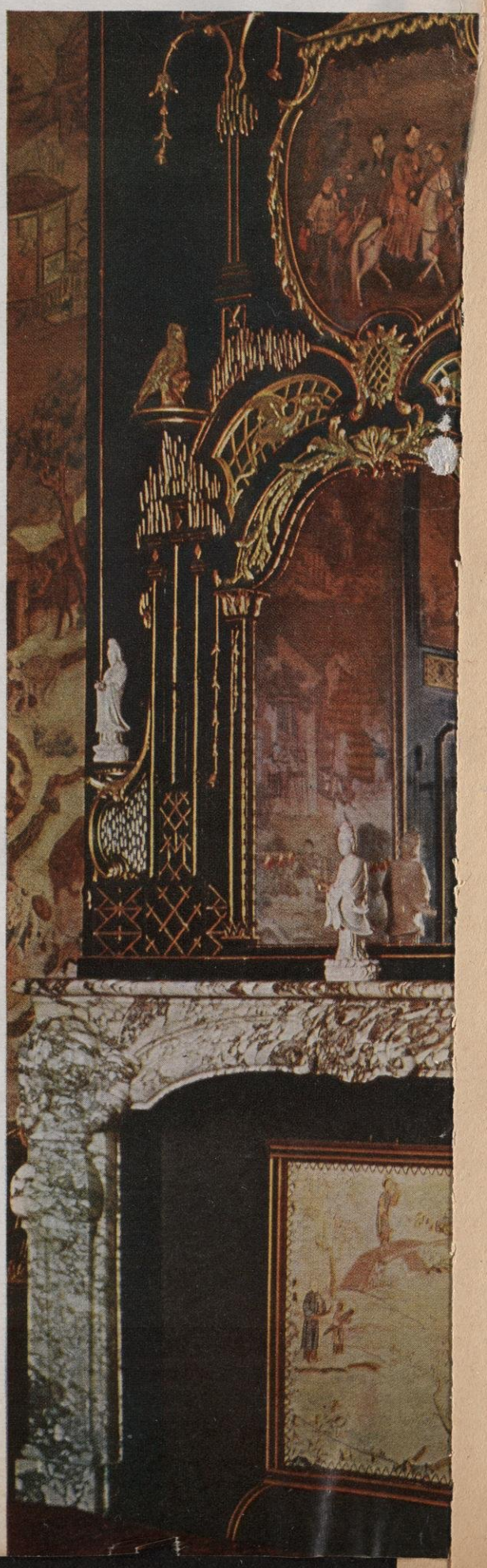
Painting of battle-clad goddess Athena, celebrating Dutch triumphs in war, adorns open door of the magnificent palace Huis ten Bosch ("House in the Woods") near The Hague, where Adams went for state visit to Prince Willem V of Orange. Footman with candle still wears the costume of Adams' time.

Kindness and Cash from Wealthy Dutch

I doubt much," John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail, "whether there is any nation of Europe more estimable than the Dutch. Their industry and economy ought to be examples to the world." Adams was also impressed by the small but richly furnished Huis ten Bosch, the palace where he attended diplomatic dinners and picked up the gossip of other European courts for his diary and dispatches.

He found many freedom-loving Dutchmen who were ardently pro-American, but the ruling officials of the rich little country were extremely cautious and very slow to act. Adams had to win them over by punctilious diplomacy and tireless propaganda. He also endeared himself to Dutch hearts by placing his sons, John Quincy, then 13, and Charles, 10 (who came to join their father), in Dutch schools where the boys were at once put to work transcribing Greek and Latin grammars. Their father's careful tactics were rewarded by formal recognition of American independence and with substantial loans (at substantial interest) which saved the young United States from bankruptcy. Once the Dutch had pledged their friendship (*below*) they never withdrew it.





Treaty of amity and commerce, signed Oct. 8, 1782, is still treasured in Dutch archives. The eight signatures at left are by representatives of the United Provinces which made up the ruling States General. At right is single bold signature of John Adams of the U.S.A.

The royal "House in the Woods," near The Hague, is still a part-time residence of Queen Juliana. In Adams' time it was surrounded by one of the very few forests in the Netherlands, where Adams loved to walk.

For his first meeting with the Prince of Orange, John Adams walked through the Chinese Room (*foreground, below*) and the Japanese Room (*through doorway at right*) to enter audience chamber whose door is held by footman.

The Delights of Living in Fashionable France

Before and after his stay in Holland, Adams spent much time in France whose luxuries he professed to scorn. But he was fascinated by the royal carp of Chantilly (*left*) which still beg for bread as they did when he saw them. "Some of them will thrust their Mouths to the Surface, and gape at you like young Birds in a Nest," he noted in his diary.

After his wife came to join him, the Adamses lived for a year in a villa at Auteuil, near Paris. There, when she looked through a window, Abigail could see a seductive statue of Flora partly hidden in greenery, and watch over her pet bird (whose care she discussed with Thomas Jefferson) when she placed it out for an airing—in an iron cage like that in center.

British lion, photographed through a rose arbor, stands guard on the walls of The Hyde, a country house where Adams spent weekends while he was minister to England. The owner, a pro-American member of Parliament, named one of his tallest trees "General Washington."

ADAMS PAPERS

TEXT CONTINUED

which is still in effect (with amendments) today. Then Congress hurried him back to Europe as "Minister Plenipotentiary" and Adams himself chose his next assignment.

John Adams to the President of Congress, Aug. 14, 1780. Sir,—On the Twenty seventh of July I set out from Paris on a Journey to Amsterdam. . . . I have since my Arrival here been more convinced than ever, that Congress might open a considerable Loan here, and be supplied from hence, with Stores and with Cloathing, and at the same time be gradually extending the Commerce between this Country and America to the great Advantage of both. . . . I am sure, that a Loan might be obtained by any one, with Powers from Congress.

John Adams to Benjamin Franklin, Oct. 14. It is necessary for America to have Agents in different Parts of Europe, to give some Information concerning our affairs and to refute the abominable Lyes that the hired Emissaries of Great Britain circulate in every Corner of Europe, by which they keep up their own Credit and ruin ours. . . . The universal and profound Ignorance of America here, has astonished me. It will require Time, and a great deal of Prudence and Delicacy too to undeceive them.

John Adams to Baron van der Capellen, a pro-American leader of the Patriot Party in the Netherlands, Jan. 21, 1781. As to the Ability of America to pay.—It depends upon a few Words.—America has between 3 and 4 Millions of People. England and Scotland have between five and six.—The lands in America produce as much as other Lands.—The Exports of America in 1774 were six millions. . . . England is two hundred millions in Debt. America is six Millions. England has spent sixty Millions in this War. America Six.—Which people then are ablest to pay?

'YOUR HIGH-MIGHTINESSES'

To call public attention to his negotiations with the Dutch, Adams addressed an open letter to the States General, and had it printed in English, French and Dutch.

John Adams' formal "Memorial" to the States General of the United Provinces of the Low Countries, April 19. High and Mighty Lords,—The subscriber has the honour, to propose to your High-Mightinesses, that the United States of America, in Congress assembled, have lately thought fit to send him a Commission (with full Powers and Instructions) to confer with your H. M. concerning a Treaty of Amity and Commerce. . . .

If there was ever among Nations a natural Alliance, one may be formed between [our] two Republics. The first planters of the four northern States found in this Country an Asylum from Persecution, and resided here . . . preceding their Migration. They ever entertained and have transmitted to Posterity, a grateful Remembrance of that Protection and Hospitality, and especially of that religious Liberty they found here, having sought them in vain in England.

The first Inhabitants of two other States, New-York and New-Jersey, were immediate Emigrants from this Nation, and have transmitted their Religion, Language, Customs, Manners and Character. . . . The Originals of the two Republicks are so much alike, that the History of one seems but a Transcript of the other: so that every Dutchman instructed in the subject, must pronounce the American Revolution just and necessary, or pass a Censure upon the greatest Actions of his immortal Ancestors: Actions which have been approved and applauded by Mankind, and justified by the Decision of Heaven.

But the Circumstance, which perhaps in this Age has stronger influence than any other in the formation of Friendships between Nations, is the great and growing Interest of Commerce; of the whole system of which through the Globe, your High-Mightinesses are too perfect Masters, for me to say any thing that is not familiarly known. It may not however be amiss to hint, that the central situation of this country, her extensive Navigation, her Possessions in the East- and

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West-Indies, the Intelligence of her Merchants, the Numbers of her Capitalists, and the Riches of her Funds, render a Connection with her very desirable to America: and on the other Hand, the Abundance and Variety of the Productions of America, the Materials of Manufactures, Navigation and Commerce; the vast Demand and Consumption in America of the Manufactures of Europe . . . cannot admit of a doubt, that a Connection with the United States would be useful to this republic.

John Adams to the President of Congress, May 16. The true Cause of the Obstruction of our Credit here is fear, which can never be removed but by the States General acknowledging our Independence. . . .

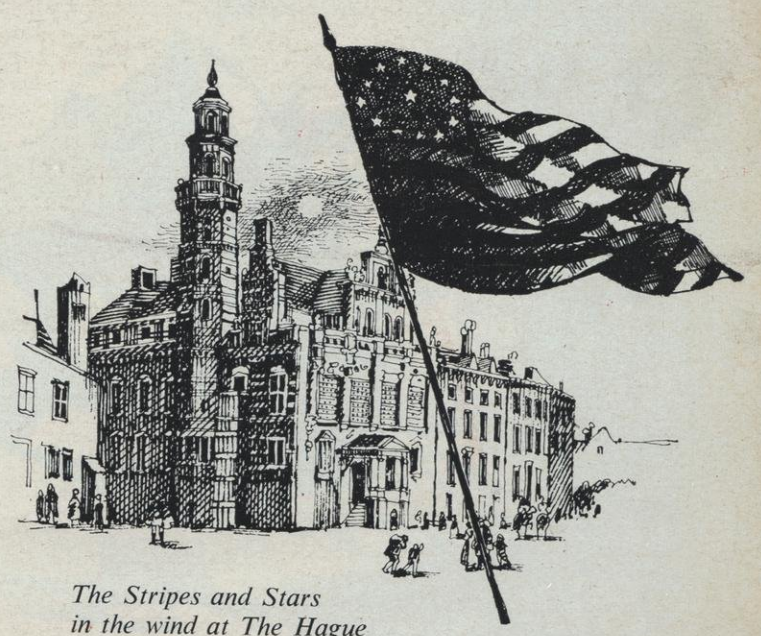
This Country is indeed in a Melancholly situation—sunk in Ease, devoted to the Pursuits of Gain, overshadowed on all sides by more Powerfull Neighbours; unanimated by a Love of military Glory, or any aspiring Spirit. . . . We have one Security, and I fear but one, and that is the domineering Character of the English.

'WHEN I GO TO HEAVEN'

By 1782 British attacks on the Dutch Navy and colonies, the American victory at Yorktown, and Adams' propaganda finally persuaded the Dutch to sign a treaty of recognition and alliance, and to come to terms on a desperately needed loan. Meanwhile Adams had established the first permanent U.S. legation in Europe—the Hôtel des Etats-Unis at The Hague—from which these letters were written.

John Adams to Francis Dana, American Minister to Russia, May 13, 1782. My dear Friend . . . Last Night for the first time I slept in this House, and I hope that the Air of The Hague will have a good Effect on my Health, otherwise I must embark for the blue Hills.

The Independence of America has been acknowledged by this Republic with a Solemnity and Unanimity, which has made it in a peculiar Sense the National Act. The Publication of the Memorial of



The Stripes and Stars in the wind at The Hague

the 19th April 1781, set all the Writers of Gazettes and Pamphlets to work to propagate and illustrate the Hints thrown out by it, so that in the Course of a Year's time the People were universally convinced.

To the same, Sept. 17. I shall sign the Treaty of Commerce next Week. All Articles, Words, Sillables and Letters and Points are adjusted, and nothing remains but to write five fair Copies in Dutch and English and sign, seal, and deliver them.—My Loan is in Cash, better than Fifteen hundred Thousand Guilders [equivalent today: about $8 million]. . . .

The Standard of the United States waves and flies at The Hague in Tryumph over Sir Joseph Yorkes [the English ambassador's] Insolence and British Pride.—When I go to Heaven I shall look down over the Battlements, with Pleasure upon the Stripes and Stares wantoning in the Wind at The Hague.—There is another

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During his one winter as President in Washington, Adams visited Alexandria—its alleys (*left*) hardly changed today—which was a metropolis compared to the raw new capital.

The broad and sparkling Susquehanna (*left*) was one of the many rivers John Adams crossed by ferry, ford or by foot on the ice, in journeys between Quincy, Mass. and the nation's early capitals: New York, Philadelphia, Washington.

Adams was a great promoter of the Navy. As President, he created the Navy Department and saw the frigate *Constitution* commissioned. This carving glares from the cathead (timber supporting anchor) of that famous man of war.

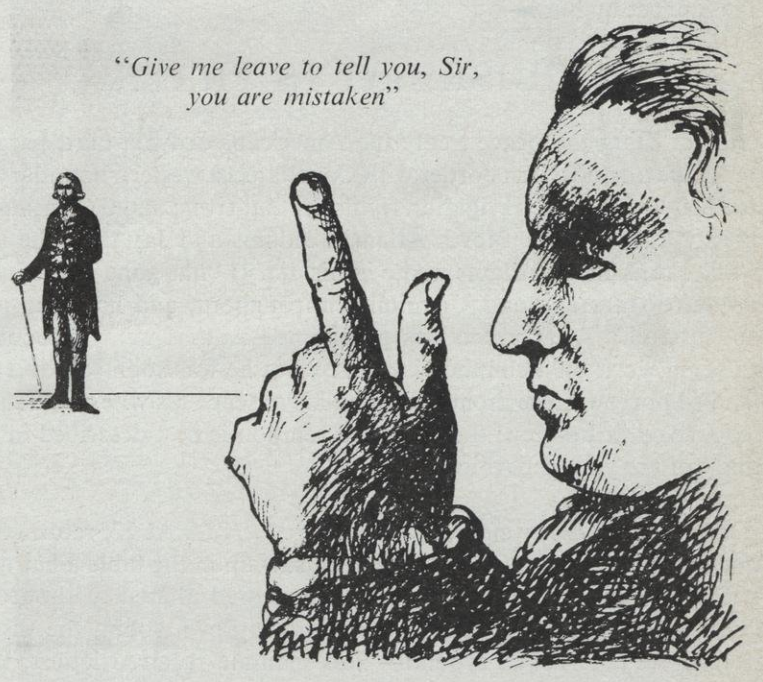
Tryumph in the Case sweeter than that over our Ennemies.—You know my Meaning. It is the Tryumph of stubborn Independence.—Independence of Friends and Foes.

'AMERICA HAS BEEN A FOOTBALL'

While Adams was still in Holland, British officials appeared in Paris to open separate peace talks with France and the Americans. Their credentials authorized them to treat with commissioners of the "colonies . . . or any . . . persons whatsoever," which was like waving a red flag at Adams. "I think I ought not to go to Paris, while there is any Messenger there from England, unless he has full Powers to treat with the Ministers of the United States of America," he wrote John Jay, his fellow negotiator. The credentials were sent back to England and rewritten. Adams showed his "stubborn independence" again by defying instructions from Congress "to undertake nothing" without French advice and consent. The Americans, Adams announced to Congress—and to everyone else who would listen—must hereafter follow their own interests.

John Adams to his diary, Nov. 11 1782. Mr. Whitefoord the Secretary of Mr. Oswald [the British commissioner] came a second Time, not having found me at home Yesterday, when he left a Card, with a Copy of Mr. Oswalds Commission. . . . He sat down and We fell into Conversation. . . . I told him, that there was something in the minds of the English and French, which impelled them irresistibly to war every Ten or fifteen Years. He said the ensuing Peace would he believed be a long one. I said it would provided it was well made, and nothing left in it for future Discontents. . . .

For my own Part I thought America had been long enough involved in the Wars of Europe. She had been a Football between contending Nations from the Beginning, and it was easy to fore see that



"Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are mistaken"

France and England both would endeavour to involve Us in their future Wars. I thought [it] our Interest and Duty to avoid [them] as much as possible and to be compleatly independent and have nothing to do but in Commerce with either of them. . . .

The same, Nov. 18. Returned Mr. Oswald's Visit. . . . You are afraid, says Mr. Oswald, to day of being made the Tools of the Powers of Europe.—Indeed I am, says I.—What Powers, says he.—All of them, says I. . . .

I beg of you, says he, to get out of your head the Idea that We shall disturb you.—What, says I, do you yourself believe that your Ministers, Governors and even Nation will not wish to get us on your Side in any future War?—Damn the Governors, says he. No. We will take off their Heads if they do any improper thing towards you.

Thank you for your good Will, says I, which I feel to be sincere. But Nations dont feel as you and I do, and your Nation when it gets

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a little refreshed from the fatigues of the War, when Men and Money are become plenty and Allies at hand, will not feel as it does now.—We can never be such damned Sots, says he, as to think of differing again with you.—Why says I, in truth I have never been able to comprehend the Reason why you ever thought of differing with Us.

The same, Dec. 9. Visited Mr. Jay, Mr. Oswald came in. We slided, from one Thing to another into a very lively Conversation upon Politicks.—He asked me what the Conduct of his Court and Nation ought to be, in Relation to America. . . .

In one Word says I, favour and promote the Interest, Reputation and Dignity of the United States in every Thing that is consistent with your own. If you pursue the Plan of cramping, clipping and weakening America, on the Supposition that She will be a Rival to you, you will make her really so, you will make her the natural and perpetual Ally of your natural and perpetual Ennemies. . . .

As to the Motives of your Court. Princes often think themselves warranted if not bound to fight for their Glory. Surely they may lawfully negotiate for Reputation. If the Neutral Powers should acknowledge our Independence now, France will have the Reputation, very unjustly, of having negotiated it. But if your Court now takes a decided Part in favour of it, your Court will have the Glory of it, in Europe and America, and this will have a good Effect upon American Gratitude.

But, says he, this would be negotiating for the Honour and Interest of France, for no doubt France wishes all the World to acknowledge your Independence.

Give me leave to tell you, Sir, says I, you are mistaken. If I have not been mistaken in the Policy of France from my first Observation of it to this hour, they have been as averse to other Powers acknowledging our Independence as you have been.—Mr. Jay joined me in the same Declaration.—God! says he, I understand it now. There is a Gentleman going to London this day. I will go home and write upon the Subject by him.

'WHOSE HAT IS THAT?'

In drafting the peace treaty the Americans drove a hard bargain on 1) the northeastern border with Canada; 2) a western boundary on the Mississippi and navigation rights on that river; and 3) continuing liberty to fish in the North Atlantic. Adams and Jay took the lead while Franklin (as Adams wrote in his diary) "has gone on with Us, in entire Harmony and Unanimity, throughout, and has been able and usefull." After peace was proclaimed Adams went to London to begin work on a commercial treaty, but he was soon sent to Holland to borrow more money. During his absence his wife and daughter arrived in London; their delayed reunion is best described in the diary of the younger Abigail, aged 19.

Young Abigail to her diary, London, Aug. 7, 1784. At 12, returned to our own apartments; when I entered, I saw upon the table a hat with two books in it; every thing around appeared altered, without my knowing in what particular. I went into my own room, the things were moved; I looked around—'Has mamma received letters, that have determined her departure?—When does she go?—Why are these things moved?' All in a breath to Esther. 'Why is all this appearance of strangeness?—Whose hat is that in the other room?—Whose trunk is this?—Whose sword and cane?—It is my father's,' said I. 'Where is he?' 'In the room above.' Up I flew, and to his chamber, where he was lying down, he raised himself upon my knocking softly at the door, and received me with all the tenderness of an affectionate parent after so long an absence. Sure I am, I never felt more agitation of spirits.

'PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH'

A month after the family's reunion in London, the Adamses returned to Paris where they settled in the suburb of Auteuil. Though Abigail found their home "large, commodious and agreeably situated," she was horrified at the cost of living, the extravagances required for her husband's position and the scrimping necessary to get

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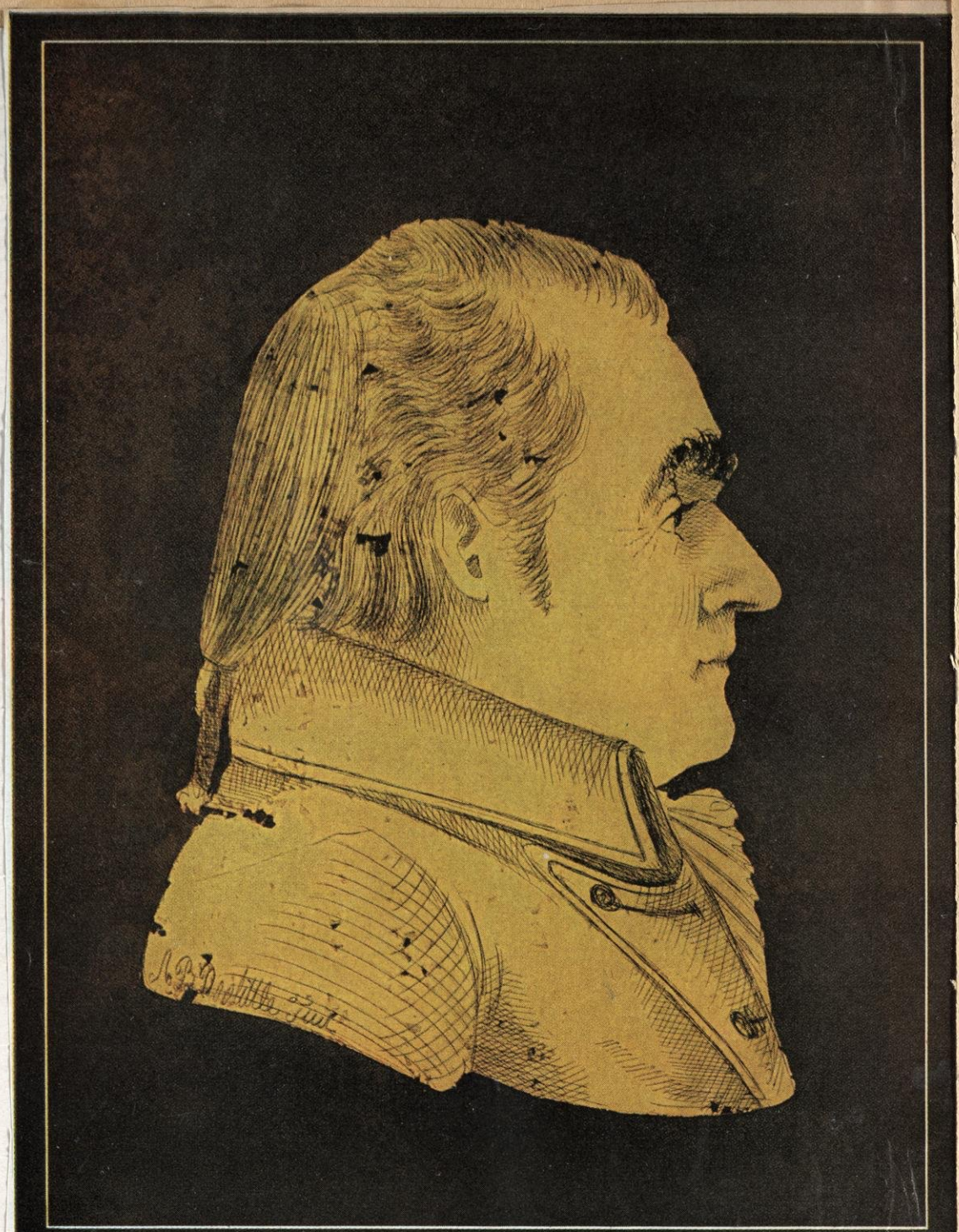


Rare portrait of John Adams was probably made after he left the White House in early 1800s. The artist, A.B. Doolittle, engraved the profile in gold leaf attached to glass, which was then painted black on the back.

Katherine Drinker Bowen

John Adams

I believe. In writing his biography I decided that if Adams had not had such a bleak Puritan bringing-up, he might have derived much joy from music. He played no instrument, but he liked to sing and to hear other people sing. He was sorely tried by the nasal whine which passed for Psalm singing in his New England Congregational Church; he did not find it conducive to gratitude toward one's Maker. The Episcopalians, unfortunately, sang much better. "More genteelly," was the way Adams put it. When John Adams went down to Philadelphia for the Continental Congress in 1774, he became greatly darning, and strayed around the block to attend Mass at the Romish Chapel. He confessed himself half tranced by the organ and the choir that sang so sweetly. "I wonder," he wrote to his wife, "how Luther ever broke the spell."

by on his salary. A fortnight after their arrival, she wrote home to her sister and, as wife of one of America's earliest envoys, she voiced a complaint which is often heard from diplomats today.

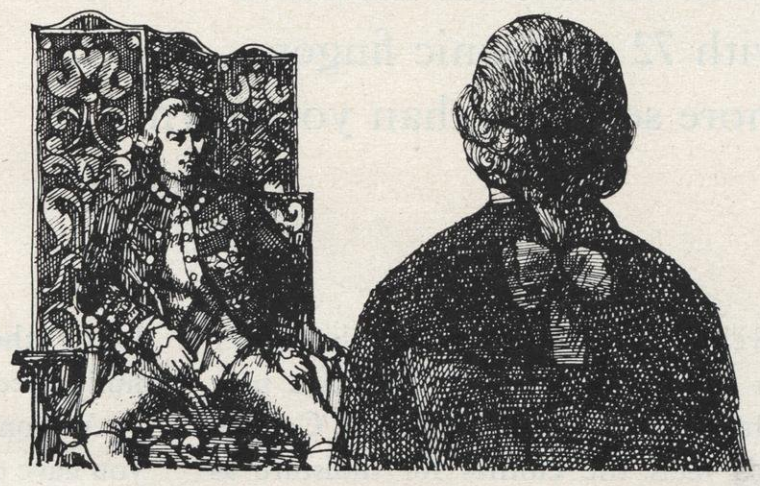
Abigail Adams to Mary Cranch, Sept. 5, 1784. I have become Steward and Book Keeper determining to know with accuracy what our expences are, and to prevail with Mr. Adams to return to America if he finds himself straigtened as I think he must be. Mr. Jay went home because he could not support his family here, with the whole Sallery. . . . Mr. Adams is determined to keep as little company as he possibly can, but some entertainments we must make and it is no unusual thing for them to amount from 50 to 60 Guineys at a time. More is to be performed by way of negotiation many times at one of these entertainments, than at 20 Serious Conversations, but the policy of our country has been, and still is, to be a penny wise, and a pound foolish.

We stand on sufficient need of economy, and in the curtailment of Salleries. I suppose they thought it absolutely necessary to cut off their foreign ministers. But my own interest apart, the system is bad, for that Nation which degrades their own ministers by obligeing them to live in narrow circumstances cannot expect to be held in high estimation themselves. We spend no evenings abroad, make no suppers, attend very few publick entertainments or spectacles as they are called, and avoid every expence that is not held indispensable. Yet I cannot but think it hard, that a Gentleman who has devoted so great a part of his Life to the publick service, who has been the means in a great measure, of procuring such extensive territories to his country, who saved their fisheries, and who is still laboring to procure them further advantages, should find it necessary so cautiously to calculate his pence for fear of over running them.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE KING

On June 1, 1785, almost ten years after Bunker Hill, plain John Adams from Massachusetts was presented to King George III as the first minister from free America to the Court of St. James. The meeting was packed with emotion. Both of these men had done their best to make the American Revolution inevitable. Yet now that history brought them together they found something to like in each other.

John Adams to John Jay, June 2, 1785. When We arrived in the Antichamber . . . the Master of the Ceremonies met me and attended me, while the Secretary of State went to take the Commands of his Majesty. . . . The Room very full of Lords and Bishops and all sorts of



"The King listened to every word I said"

Courtiers, as well as the next Room, which is the King's Bed Chamber, you may well suppose that I was the Focus of all their Eyes.—I was relieved however from the Embarrassment of it by the . . . Sweedish and Dutch Ministers, who both came to me, and entertained me in very agreeable conversation. . . . The Marquis of Carmarthen came to me and desired me to go with him to his Majesty.

I went with his Lordship through the Levee Room into the Kings Closet, the door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the

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Secretary of State alone. I made my three profound Bows, one at the Door, one about half Way and a third before the Presence, according to the established Usage at this and all the Northern Courts of Europe. I then addressed myself to his Majesty in the following words.

"Sir,—The United States of America have appointed me, their Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty: and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this Letter, which contains the Evidence of it.

It is, in Obedience to their Express Commands, that I have the Honour to assure your Majesty of their unanimous Disposition and desire, to cultivate the most friendly and liberal Intercourse between your Majestys Subjects and their Citizens, and of their best Wishes for your Majestys Health and Happiness, and for that of your Royal Family.

The appointment of a Minister from America to your Majestys Court, will form an Epocha in the History of England and of America. . . . I shall esteem myself the happiest of Men, if I can be instrumental of recommending my Country more and more to your Majestys Royal Benevolence, and of restoring an entire Esteem, Confidence and Affection, or in better Words, 'the old good Nature and the old good Humour between People, who, tho' separated by the ocean and under different Governments, have the same Language, a similar Religion, and Kindred Blood' . . ."

The King listened to every Word I said, with Dignity however, but with a most apparent Emotion. Whether it was the Nature of the Interview, or whether it was my visible Agitation . . . that touched him I cannot say, but he was much affected. He answered me, with more tremor, than I had spoken with, and said.

"Sir,—The Circumstances of this Audience are so extraordinary, the Language you have now held, is so extreamly proper, and the Feelings you have discovered so justly adapted, that I must say, that I not only receive with Pleasure the Assurances of the Friendly Dispositions of the United States, but that I am very glad that the Choice has fallen upon you to be their Minister. I wish you Sir to believe, and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late Contest, but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the Duty which I owed to my People. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the Friendship of the United States as an independent People. The Moment I see such sentiments and Language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this Country the Preference, that moment I shall say, let the Circumstances of Language, Religion, and Blood have their natural and full Operation. . . ."

The King then asked me, whether I came last from France and upon my Answering in the affirmative, he put on an Air of Familiarity, and smiling or rather laughing said, "There is an Opinion among some People that you are not the most attached of all your Countrymen to the Manners of France." I was surprised at this, because I thought it an Indiscretion and a Descent from his Dignity. I was a little Embarrassed, but upon the whole I thought it indispensable upon that Occasion to be as frank as he was, and I threw off as much of my Gravity as I could and assumed as gay an Air as was decent, and said, "That opinion, Sir, is not mistaken, for I must avow to your Majesty that I have no Attachments but to my own Country."

The King replied as quick as lightning, "An honest Man will never have any other."

Montpelier, the fine Georgian home of Richard Snowden on the Patuxent River, was a refuge for John Adams' wife Abigail when she became lost in the woods outside Baltimore on her first trip to the White House.

'I know not which Party has the most unblushing Front, the most lying Tongue . . .'

Politics and the Presidency

President Washington, Mrs. Adams observed, "never rides out without six Horses to his Carriage."

DURING most of his career the sensitive, brooding, passionate John Adams had to live with the knowledge that the public regarded him as No. 2 man to somebody. In the early years of the Revolution he was the "colossus" of debate in the political struggle for independence (LIFE, June 30, 1961). Yet Jefferson gained the credit for writing the great Declaration, and the victorious General Washington became the new nation's hero. As a diplomat Adams probably did more than anyone to lay solid foundations for an American foreign policy (LIFE, Nov. 3). But the more famous and versatile Franklin won the reputation of being America's No. 1 spokesman abroad.

In 1789 after the first elections were held under the new U.S. Constitution, Washington was chosen President unanimously, while John Adams became merely Vice President. He filled the position loyally, but not without private grumbling. "My country has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived," he burst out in a letter to his wife, after four years of doing little except preside over the Senate. Yet even in this standby role Adams made important history. Because the Senate was so small, and often evenly divided, he cast more deciding votes—29—than any later Vice President. His first vote, in July 1789, has been blessed by presidents ever since. The Senate divided, nine votes to nine, over whether the President had the power to remove officers from federal posts without Senate approval. Adams' vote gave the President this power, and has made it possible ever since for the executive branch to function efficiently.

The opposition, of course, charged that "Johnnie" Adams voted for the Federalist party and his own future advantage. This was indignantly denied by his devoted wife Abigail in the following letter to her sister in Massachusetts from New York City, then the capital.

Abigail Adams to Mary Cranch, Aug. 9, 1789. I hear that the vote which Mr. A. gave in the Senate, respecting the Removal of officers by the President independant of the Senate, has been by some . . . construed, as voting power into his own Hands, or having that in view, but his Rule through life has been to vote and act, independant of Party agreeable to the dictates of his conscience, and tho on that occasion he could have wisht on account of the delicacy of his situation not to have been obliged to have determind the Question, yet falling to him, he shrunk not.

IN the same letter Abigail also gives an entertaining glimpse of social pomp in the young republic.

I have never before been in a situation in which morning, noon and afternoon I have been half as much exposed to company. . . . At Richmond Hill [the Vice-President's home, in present day Charlton Street east of Varick] it is expected that I am at Home to Gentlemen and Ladies whenever they come out, which is almost every day. . . . I propose to fix a Levey [formal reception] day soon. I have waited for Mrs. Washington to begin and she has fixd on every Fryday at 8 oclock. I attended upon the last. . . . The form of the Reception is this, the servants announce and Col. Humphries or Mr. Lear, receives every Lady at the door, and hands her up to Mrs. Washington to whom she makes a most Respectfull courtsey, and then is seated without noticeing any of the rest of the company. The President then comes up and speaks to the Lady, whi ch he does with a grace, dignity and ease, that leaves Royal George [of England] far behind him. The company are entertained with ice creems and Lemonade, and retire at their pleasure performing the same ceremony when they quit the Room. . . .

The House was New furnished for the President and cost ten thousand dollars. . . . The use and improvement of this they have granted him, which is but just and right. He never rides out without six Horses to his Carriage, four servants, and two Gentlemen before him. This is no more state than is perfectly consistant with his Station.

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SALT HAY, MANURE AND VOTES

As Washington's second term neared its end Adams was just over 60 years old, in vigorous health and full of ideas on how to meet the nation's problems. But he was barred from active politicking by his own high concept of his official dignity, and also because he did not know for sure whether Washington would seek a third term or not. The President had hinted to Adams that he wished to retire. But Adams suspected the Federalist leaders would try to engineer a draft. So he spent the summer of 1796 at Quincy, recording in his diary the joys of being a farmer.

John Adams to his diary, July 12, 1796. Yesterday mow'd all the Grass on Stony field Hill. To day ploughing for Hilling among the Corn over against the House. Brisler [who took charge of the Adams farm and households] laying the foundation of the new Barn. . . . Puffer and Sullivan Lathrop [hired men] ploughing among Potatoes in the lower Garden.

The same, July 13. This Day my new Barn was raised near the Spot where the old Barn stood which was taken down by my Father when he raised his new barn in 1737. The Frame is 50 by 30—13 foot Posts.

The same, July 14. The Wind N.W. after a fine rain. A firing of Cannon this morning in the Harbour [celebrating the fall of the Bastille]. I arose by four O Clock and enjoyed the charm of the earlier Birds. Their Songs were never more various, universal, animating or delightful. . . .

It rains at 11. O Clock. The Barley is growing white for the Harvest. My Men are hilling the Corn over the Road. A soft fine rain, in a clock calm falling as sweetly as I ever saw in April, May or June. It distills as gently as We can wish. Will beat down the grain as little as possible, refresh the Gardens and Pastures, revive the Corn, make the fruit grow rapidly, and lay the foundation of fine Rowen and After feed.

Even in his rural seclusion the Vice President could not avoid political gossip. A diary entry shows that he once suspected Washington himself of playing a double game on the presidency.

The same, July 17. Yesterday Dr. Tufts and Mr. Otis and Family dined with me. Otis was very full of Elections. . . . He says there was a Caucus at Philadelphia, that they [the Anti-Federalists] agreed to run Jefferson and Burr. . . . Anecdotes of Dandridge [Washington's valet] and Mrs. Washington's Negro Woman. Both disappeared—never heard of—know not where they are. When the Electors are chosen the Declaration [of Washington's retirement] is to be made. Q. Is this Arrangement made that the Electors may make him the Compliment of an Election after a Nolo, and thus furnish an Apology for Accepting after all the Talk?

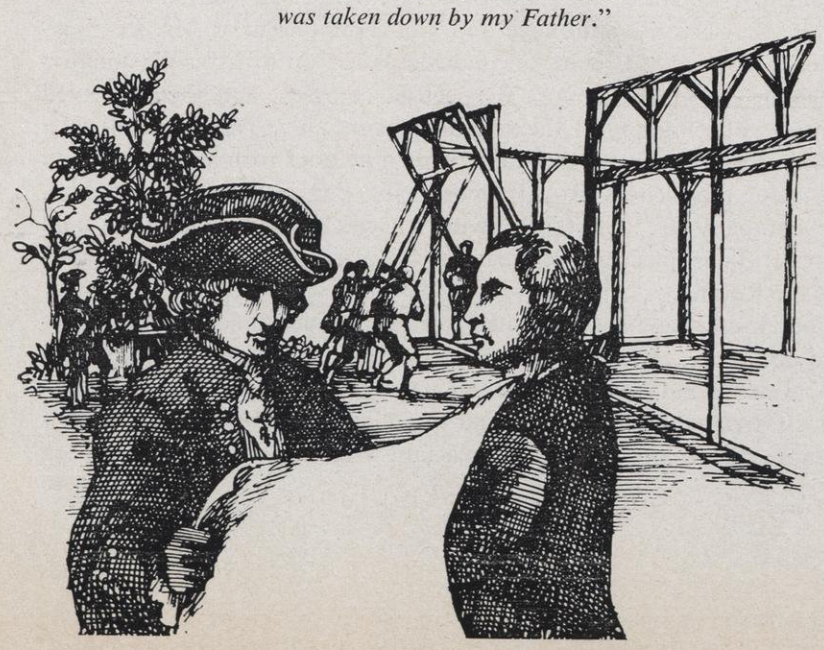
The same, July 27. Billings and Sullivan making and liming an heap of Manure. They compounded it, of Earth, . . . Salt Hay and Seaweed trodden by the Cattle in the Yard, of Horse dung from the Stable, and of Cow dung left by the Cows, over all this composition they now and then sprinkle a layer of Lime. Bass and Thomas hoeing Potatoes.

The same, July 31. A fine N.W. Wind, pure Air, clear Sky and bright Sun. Reading the second Volume of Petrarchs Life. This singular Character had very wild Notions of the Right of the City of Rome to a Republican Government and the Empire of the World. It is strange that his Infatuation for Rienzi did not expose him to more Resentment and greater Danger. . . . Tacitus appears to have been as great an Enthusiast as Petrarch for the Revival of the Republic, and universal Empire. He has exerted the Vengeance of History upon the Emperors, but has veiled the Conspiracies against them, and the incorrigible Corruption of the People, which probably provoked their most atrocious Cruelties. Tyranny can scarcely be practiced upon a virtuous and wise People.

The same, Aug. 4. Of all the Summers of my Life, this has been the freest from Care, Anxiety and Vexation for me. The sickness of Mrs. A. excepted. My Health has been better, the Season fruitful, my farm was conducted. Alas! What may happen to reverse all this? But it is folly to anticipate evils, and madness to create imaginary ones.

Went over to Weymouth with Mrs. A. . . . and dined with Dr. Tufts whose salted Beef and shell beans with a Whortleberry Pudden and his Cyder is a Luxurious Treat. . . . Bass went to Squantum for the oxen —disappointed. The Wind too high to go over to Long Island. Sullivan threshing, Billings and Bass carting Dirt, making compost with Lime, brought up a Load of Seaweed.

This Day my new Barn was raised near the Spot where the old Barn was taken down by my Father."



'TROUBLES OF EVERY KIND'

In mid-September the news was out. Washington issued his "Farewell Address" to the newspapers and formally renounced a third term. Still Adams remained on his farm, scorning to campaign for votes in the political contest that ensued. Some of the leading Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, tried to dump Adams and nominate Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina as President. Adams' former friend, Jefferson, was the candidate of the anti-Federalist party. New England stood by Adams, but even after the Electoral College was chosen there was doubt as to the outcome, since electors then did not feel obliged to follow popular choice. "I look upon the Event as the throw of a Die, a mere Chance, a miserable meagre Tryumph of either Party," Adams wrote to his son John Quincy. By the end of December, when the electoral votes had been cast but were still sealed, he knew that he was elected by 71 votes, just one more than was necessary. In a letter to Abigail —who remained in Quincy—the President-elect discussed with remarkable frankness his personal and official worries:

John Adams to Abigail, Philadelphia, Dec. 30, 1796. The Prospect that opens upon me presents Troubles enough of every kind. I have made Some Inquiry concerning Horses and Carriages, and find that a common Chariot of the plainest Sort cannot be had under Twelve hundred Dollars, and if you go to a little more ornament and Elegance you must give fifteen hundred. The President [Washington] has a Pair of Horses to sell, one 9 the other 10 Years old, for which he asks a thousand Dollars. . . . The President says he must sell Something to enable him to clear out. . . . When Charles the fifth resigned his empire and crown, he went to building his coffin. . . . The President is now engaged in his Speculations upon a Vault which he intends to build for himself, not to sleep but to lie down in. . . . Mrs. Blodget . . . says she is afraid President Washington will not live long. I should be afraid too, if I had not confidence

ADAMS PAPERS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

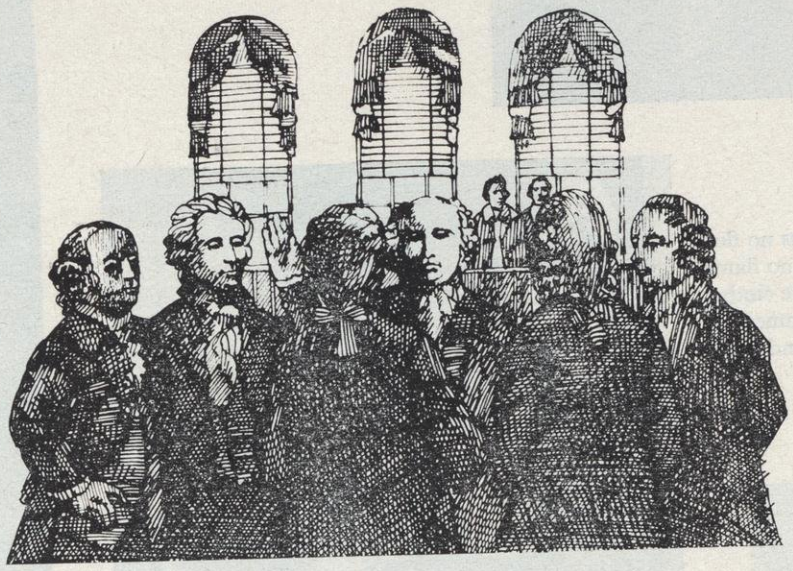
in his Farm and his Horse. He must be a fool, I think, who dies of Chagrin, when he has a fine farm and a Narragansett Mare that Paces, trots and canters. . . .

John Adams must be an intrepid to encounter the open Assaults of France and the Secret Plotts of England, in concert with all his treacherous Friends and open Enemies in his own Country. Yet I assure you he never felt more serene in his life.

ADAMS was inaugurated on March 4, 1797, and immediately hurried off to Abigail a series of letters describing just what it felt like.

The same, March 5, 1797. Your dearest Friend never had a more trying day than Yesterday. A Solemn Scene it was indeed, and it was made more affecting to me by the Presence of the General, whose Countenance was as serene and unclouded as the day. He seemed to me to enjoy a Tryumph over me. Methought I heard him say 'Ay! I am fairly out and you fairly in! See which one of Us will be happiest. . . .'

It is now settled that I am to go into his house [a rented one in Philadelphia]. It is whispered that he intends to take French leave tomorrow. . . . My chariot is finished, and I made my first appearance in it yesterday. It is Simple but elegant enough. My horses are young but clever.



Adams' inaugural in 1797 was "a Solemn Scene indeed."

The same March 9. Mrs. Cushing will call on you and give you an Account of what they call The Inauguration. It is the general Report that there was more Weeping than there has ever been at the Representation of any Tragedy. But whether it was from Grief or Joy, whether from the loss of their beloved President, or from the Accession of an unbeloved one, or from the Pleasure of exchanging Presidents without Tumult, or from the Novelty of the Thing, or from the sublimity of it, arising from the Multitude present, or whatever other cause, I know not. . . . Every body talks of the Tears, the full Eyes, the streaming Eyes, the trickling Eyes, &c., but all is Enigma beyond. . . . Two or three Persons have ventured to whisper in my Ear that my Speech made an agreeable Impression. I have ventured to say Things both in that speech and in my farewell address to the Senate, so open to Scoffs and Sarcasms that I expected them in Abundance. I have not yet seen any.

'I LEFT MY COUNTRY AT PEACE'

THE great crisis of Adams' presidency was caused by the rising power of revolutionary France. President Washington had blocked earlier attempts by France to drag the United States into its wars with England. Adams continued this policy but he was equally determined not to be England's pawn. When the French tried blackmail and naval force against the Americans Adams told the Navy to shoot back, and he began raising an army, with Washington as its nominal head, but with Alexander Hamilton, Washington's choice, as its real commander. This martial course made Adams, for a while, an extremely popular President. Addresses poured in from all over the country, praising him and pledging support, and a new patriotic song, *Hail! Columbia, Happy Land!* was written and performed in his honor.

Then, when the French showed signs of backing down, Adams sent new commissioners to Paris and obtained an uneasy peace with the rising dictator, Napoleon. The anti-French Federalists were furious. During the 1800 elections Hamilton published a venomous attack on Adams, and privately called him "mad." The Federalist party machine was shattered, and Adams was beaten in the Electoral College by both Jefferson and Burr. But he never conceded that he was wrong. In a letter written years later, after Napoleon's downfall at Waterloo, Adams summed up his achievements as President in terms that have convinced most later historians:

John Adams to James Lloyd, March 31, 1815. In my last I hinted at the happy conclusion of peace with France in 1801 and its fortunate Effects and Consequences. . . . I did not humble France, nor have the combined efforts of emperors and Kings humbled her. . . . But I humbled the French Directory as much as all Europe has humbled Bonaparte. I purchased Navy Yards, which would now sell for double their cost with compound Interest. I built Frigates, manned a Navy, and selected Officers with great Anxiety and care, who perfectly protected our commerce, and gained Virgin Victories against the French [in the West Indies] . . . and who have lately emblazoned themselves with a Naval Glory which I tremble to think of [during the War of 1812]. . . .

I finished the Demarcations of Limits, and settled all Controversies with Spain. I made the composition with England for all the Old Virginia Debts, and all the other American Debts, the most snarling, angry, thorney, scavreux negotiation that ever mortal was ever plagued with. . . . My labours were indefatigable to compose all difficulties and settle all controversies with all Nations. [I] left my Country at Peace with all the World, upon terms consistent with the honour and Interest of the United States.

OF Alexander Hamilton, who was killed in 1804 in the duel with Aaron Burr, Adams also wrote in later years. The following passage from his private autobiography, published for the first time in the new edition of *The Adams Papers*, shows how violent and lasting was the hatred between these men.

Although I have long since forgiven this Arch Ennemy, yet Vice, Folly and Villany are not to be forgotten, because the guilty Wretch repented, in his dying Moments. Although David repented, We are nowhere commanded to forget the Affair of Uriah: though the Magdalene reformed, We are not obliged to forget her former *Vocation*: though the Thief on the cross was converted, his Felony is still upon Record. . . . Nor am I obliged by any Principles of Morality or Religion to suffer my Character to lie under infamous Calumnies, because the Author of them, with a Pistol Bullet through his Spinal Marrow, died a Penitent. . . . Born on a Speck more obscure than Corsica, from an Original not only contemptible but infamous, with infinitely less courage and Capacity than Bonaparte, he would in my Opinion, if I had not controuled the fury of his Vanity, instead of relieving this country from Confusion as Bonaparte did France, he would have involved it in all the Bloodshed and distractions of foreign and civil War at once.

WHITE HOUSE DIFFICULTIES

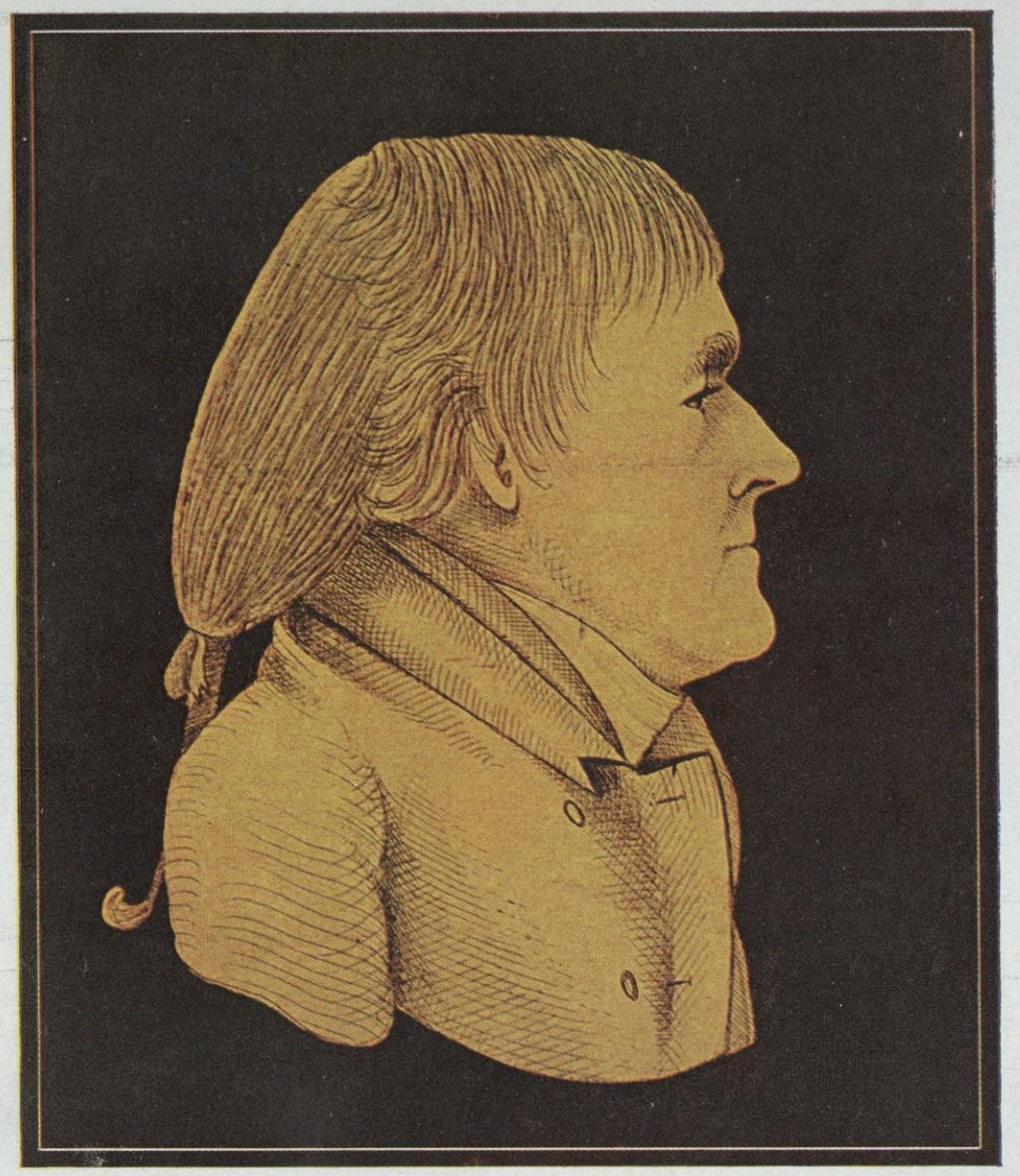
ONE of Adams' last duties as President was to open the White House —or the President's House, as it was first called—in the new capital city of Washington, D.C. His first letter from there to his wife contains a charming prayer for the building's future occupants.

John Adams to Abigail, Nov. 2, 1800. We arrived here last night, or rather Yesterday, at one O Clock, and here We dined and slept. The Building is in a State to be habitable. And now We wish for your Company. . . . I am very glad you consented to come on, for . . . it is fit and proper that you and I should retire together. . . .

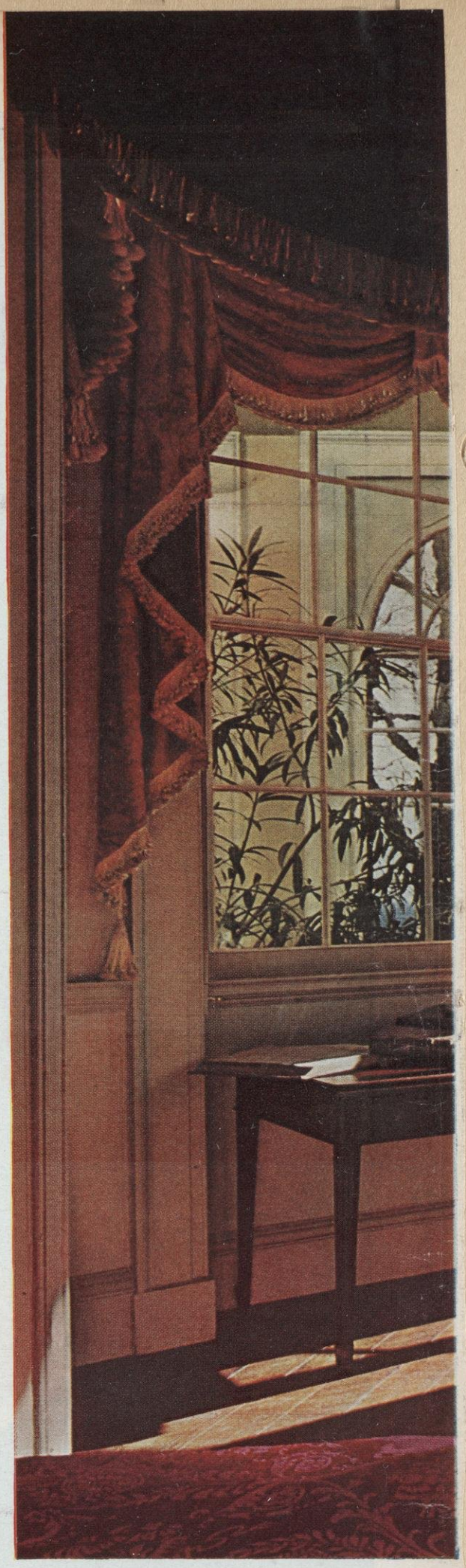
Before I end my Letter I pray Heaven to bestow the best of Blessings on this House and all that shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise Men ever rule under this roof. I shall not attempt a description of it. You will form the best Idea of it from Inspection.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

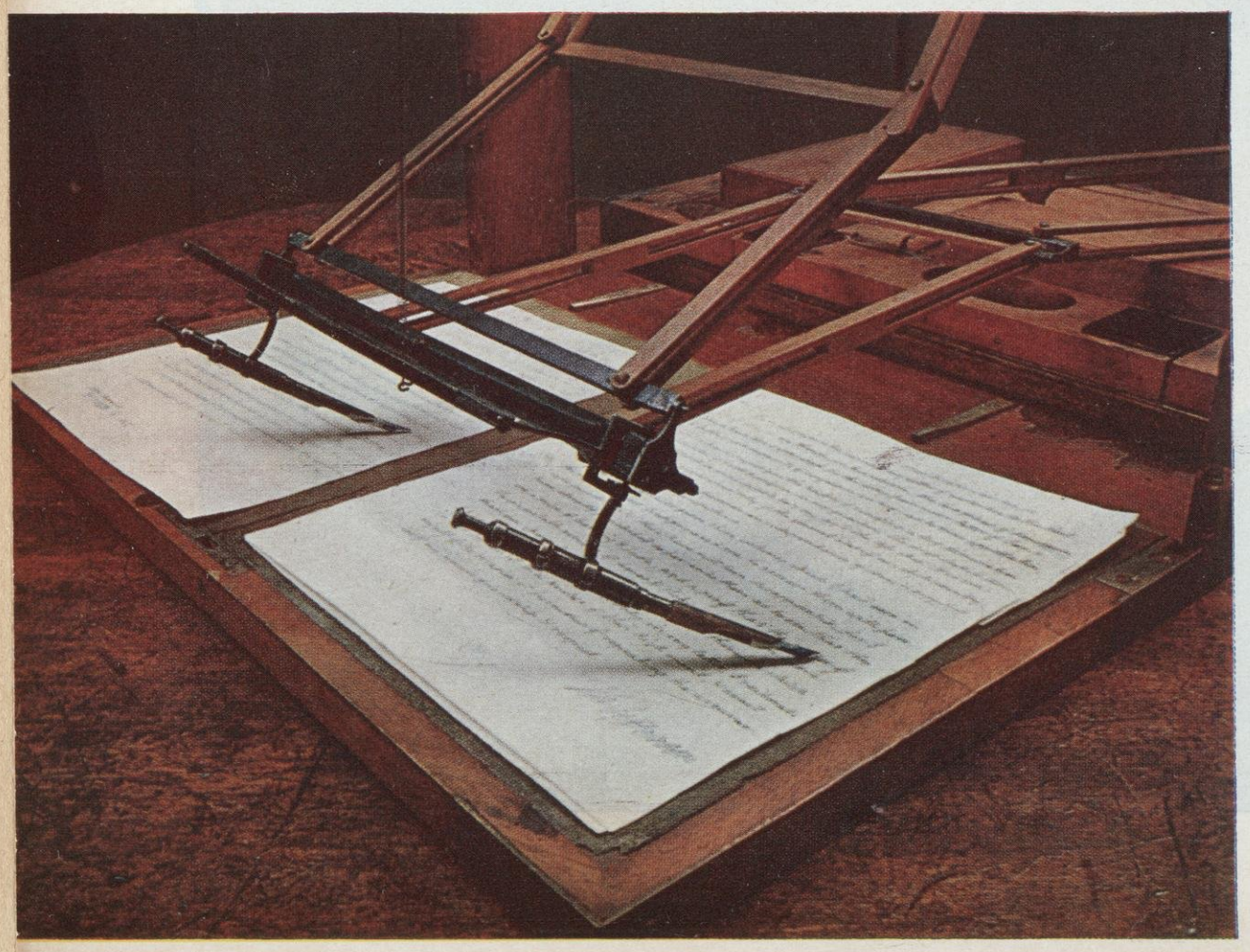
John Adams' study in the "Old House" at Quincy still contains his easy chair, and personal candlestick. On the desk is an 1814 letter he wrote to Jefferson introducing young Edward Everett—later a famous orator.



Gold-leaf portrait of President Jefferson is a companion piece to the Adams portrait reproduced earlier on the opening page of this article. It hung in the Tea Room at Monticello during Jefferson's retirement.



Jefferson's study at Monticello still has his leather-padded chaise longue, a polygraph, on the round table, on which he wrote his letters in duplicate, and the telescope through which he studied the stars.



Polygraph (*left*), used by Jefferson to save the labor of copying his voluminous letters, was an arrangement of two pens hitched together so that as he wrote with one, the other wrote an identical copy.

In this chair in his study in Quincy,
according to family legend, John Adams died
at 90. It was July 4, 1826, exactly 50 years
after the day of his greatest triumph,
the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

The Reunion with Jefferson

"I always loved Jefferson and still love him," the impulsive John Adams burst out to an astonished guest at Quincy in 1811. Ten years earlier, as a defeated lameduck President, Adams had hurried away from the White House at dawn to avoid witnessing Jefferson's inauguration. The two strong-minded statesmen never met again in person. But through the urging of a mutual friend they began writing each other letters after Jefferson, too, had retired to his study at Monticello (*above*). As years passed they again became the bosom friends they had been in earlier days, exchanging now the confidential thoughts that only two ex-Presidents could share. Adams was the more unrestrained correspondent: "Never mind it, my dear Sir," he told Jefferson, "if I write four letters to your one; your one is worth more than my four." While never surrendering their basic viewpoints—Adams remained a philosophical conservative, distrustful of human nature in general, and Jefferson was always the hopeful idealist—they found innumerable points of agreement, and their reconciliation was an example to the nation in abating its bitter political quarrels.

CONTINUED

"The river is in full view of my window," wrote Abigail Adams from the White House in 1800.

Adams Papers CONTINUED

Abigail arrived soon after, and her lively impressions were given in a letter to her daughter.

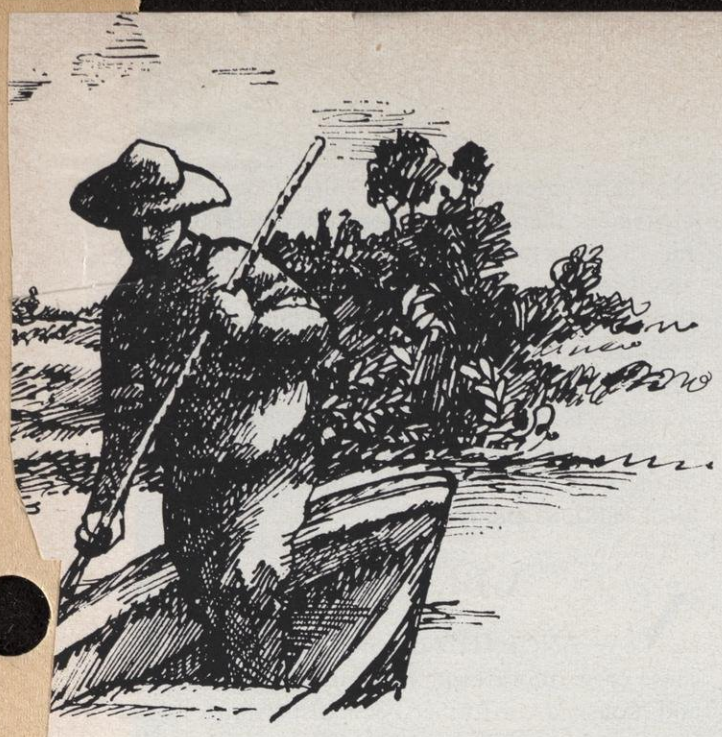
Abigail Adams to Abigail Smith, Nov. 21, 1800. I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles by the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide, or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide. . . . But woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being.

In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accomodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them.

The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants. . . . To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. . . . I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! Briesler . . . has had recourse to coals; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have, indeed, come into *a new country*. . . . We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room, to hang the clothes up in.

IN another letter written on the same day to her sister in Quincy, Abigail told of other adventures of her trip through the "wilderness" around the new capital city.

Abigail Adams to Mary Cranch, Nov. 21. Last winter there was a Gentleman and Lady in Philadelphia by the name of Snowden whose hospitality I heard much of. . . . [Major Snowden whose beautiful home, Montpelier, still stands and is pictured in the opening pages of this article.] I was advised at Baltimore to make their House my stage for the night . . . but I who have never been accustomed to quarter myself and servants upon private houses, could not think of it, particularly as I [had with me] ten Horses and nine persons. I therefore ordered the coach man to proceed [past their house]. We had got about a mile when we were stoped by the Major in full speed, who had learnt I was comeing on; and had kept watch for me, with his Horse at the door. . . . In the kindest, and politest manner he urged my return to his House, represented the danger of the road, and the impossibility of my being accomodated at any Inn I could reach: A mere hovel was all I should find. I plead my numbers. That was no objection. He could accomodate double that number. There was no saying nay and I returnd to a large, Handsome, Elegant House, where I was received with my Family, with what we might term true English Hospitality. . . .



I have been to George Town. It is the very dirtyest Hole I ever saw for a place of any trade, or respectability of inhabitants. It is only one mile from me but a quagmire after every rain. Here we are obliged to send daily for marketting. As to the roads we shall make them by the frequent passing.

'I ALWAYS LOVED JEFFERSON'

JOHN ADAMS left the White House seething with anger and resentment. He felt sure his successor, Jefferson, would lead the nation into the arms of Napoleon, political demagoguery and ruin. These things did not happen and in 1809 Jefferson completed his second presidential term and retired to his own hilltop at Monticello, near Charlottesville, Va. An old Revolutionary colleague of both men —Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia—suggested that they ought to write to each other. After two years of coaxing by Rush, Adams sent off the first letter. Jefferson answered eagerly and almost at once these two old friends—by now the greatest living Americans—were engaged in an intimate dialogue that went on to the end of their days. "I always loved Jefferson and still love him," the impulsive Adams had burst out to an astonished guest at Quincy. And in a letter to Jefferson he declared the real purpose of their unique correspondence: "You and I ought not to die, before We have explained ourselves to each other." The following excerpts from their many letters are arranged out of chronological order.

Adams to Jefferson. The first time, that you and I differed in Opinion on any material Question; was after your Arrival from Europe [in 1789]; and that point was the french Revolution. You was well persuaded in your own mind that the Nation would succeed in establishing a free Republican government: I was as well persuaded, in mine, that a project of such a Government, over five and twenty million of people, when four and twenty millions and five hundred thousands of them could neither write nor read: was as unnatural irrational and impracticable; as it would be over the Elephants Lions Tigers Panthers Wolves and Bears in the Royal Menagerie, at Versailles.

Jefferson to Adams. If your objects and opinions have been misunderstood, if the measures and principles of others have been wrongfully imputed to you, as I believe they have been, that you should leave an explanation of them, would be an act of justice to yourself. I will add that it has been hoped that you would leave such explanations as would place every saddle on it's right horse, and replace on the shoulders of others the burthens they shifted on yours.

Adams to Jefferson. Hoped! By whom? They know not what they hope! I have already "replaced on the shoulders of Franklin, burthens he shifted to mine." [LIFE, Nov. 3] Shall I "replace on the shoulders of Washington the burthens that a bastard Bratt of a Scotch Pedlar [Hamilton] placed on his Shoulders, and he shifted on mine?"

Jefferson to Adams. We well remember the violent parties which agitated the old [Continental] Congress, and their bitter contests. There you and I were together and the Jays, and the Dickinsons, and other

CONTINUED

anti-independants were arrayed against us. They cherished the monarchy of England; and we the rights of our countrymen. When our present government was in the mew, passing from Confederation to Union, how bitter was the schism between the Feds and Antis. Here you and I were together again. . . .

But as soon as [the Constitution] was put into motion the line of division was again drawn, we broke into two parties, each wishing to give a different direction to the government; the one to strengthen the most popular branch [Congress], the other the more permanent branches [the presidency and Supreme Court], and to extend their permanence. Here you and I separated for the first time. . . . But all this, my friend, is offered, merely for your consideration and judgment. . . . The same political parties which now agitate the U.S. have existed thro' all time. Whether the power of the people, or that of the *aristoi* [aristocrats] should prevail, were questions which kept the states of Greece and Rome in eternal convulsions.

Adams to Jefferson. Now, I will forfeit my life if you can find one Sentence in [my books] which by a fair construction, can favour the introduction of hereditary Monarchy or Aristocracy into America. They were all written to support and strengthen the Constitutions of the United States. . . . The Greeks in their Allegorical Style said that the two Ladies *Aristokratia* [Aristocracy] and *Demokratia* [Democracy] always in a quarrel, disturbed every neighbourhood with their brawls. . . . Inequalities of Mind and Body are so established by God Almighty in his constitution of human nature that no Art or policy can ever plain them down to a Level.

Jefferson to Adams. I agree with you that there is a natural aristocracy among men. The grounds of this are virtue and talents. . . . There is also an artificial aristocracy founded on wealth and birth, without either virtue or talents; for with these it would belong to the first class. The natural aristocracy I consider as the most precious gift of nature for the instruction, the trusts, and government of society. . . . The artificial aristocracy is a mischievous ingredient in government, and provision should be made to prevent its ascendancy. . . . *I* think the best remedy is exactly that provided by all our constitutions, to leave to the citizens the free election and separation of the aristoi from the pseudo-aristoi, of the wheat from the chaff. In general they will elect the real good and wise.

Adams to Jefferson. Pick up, the first 100 men you meet, and make a Republick. Every Man will have an equal Vote. But when deliberations and discussions are opened it will be found that 25, by their Talents, Virtues being equal, will be able to carry 50 Votes. Every one of these 25, is an Aristocrat, in my Sense of the Word; whether he obtains his one Vote in Addition to his own, by his Birth, Fortune, Figure, Eloquence, Science, learning, Craft, Cunning, or even his Character for good fellowship and a bon vivant. . . .

My Friend! You and I have passed our Lives, in serious Times. I know not whether We have ever seen any moment more serious than the present [written in 1813, when Adams' beloved Massachusetts was threatening to secede from the Union to avoid taking part in the war with England]. The Northern States are now retaliating, upon the Sout ern States, their conduct from 1797 to 1800. It is mortification to me, to see how servile Mimicks th are. Their Newspapers, Pamphlets, hand Bills, a their Legislative Proceedings, are copied from t examples sett them, especially by Virginia and Ke tucky [which had raised the threat of secession wh Adams was President]. I know not which Party h the most unblushing Front, the most lying Tongu or the most impudent and insolent not to say t most seditious and rebellious Pen.

A BUSY DAY

NEW ENGLAND did not secede, partly b cause of the unwavering patriotism of John Adan and thousands of former Federalists who followe his line of thinking. But politics were far from h mind during many of these later days. The relaxe and simple life at Quincy is described in a lett from Abigail to their granddaughter.

Abigail Adams to Caroline Smith, Nov. 19, 181 Your neat, pretty letter, looking small, but contair ing much, reached me this day. I have a good min to give you the journal of the day.

Six o'clock. Rose, and, in imitation of his Brit tanic Majesty, kindled my own fire. Went to th stairs, as usual, to summon George and Charles Returned to my chamber, dressed myself. No on stirred. Called a second time, with voice a littl raised.

Seven o'clock. Blockheads not out of bed. Girl in motion. Mean, when I hire another man-servant that he shall come for *one call.*

Eight o'clock. Fires made, breakfast prepared . . . Mrs. A. [herself] at the teaboard. Forgot th sausages. Susan's recollection brought them upo the table.

Enter Ann. "Ma'am, the man is come with th coals." "Go, call George to assist him." *Exit* Ann

Enter Charles. "Mr. B— is come with cheese, tur nips, &c. Where are they to be put?" "I will attend to him myself." *Exit* Charles.

Just seated at the table again.

Enter George with "Ma'am, here is a man with a drove of pigs." A consultation is held upon this im portant subject, the result of which is the purchase of two spotted swine.

Nine o'clock. *Enter* Nathaniel, from the upper house with a message for sundries; and black Thomas's daughter, for sundries. Attended to all of these concerns. A little out of sorts that I could not finish my breakfast. . . .

Enter George Adams, from the post-office,—a large packet from Russia [where John Quincy Adams was U.S. Minister, and Napoleon was now invading], and from the valley also [the Chenango Valley in New York, where the Smiths were living]. Avaunt, all cares,—I put you all aside,—and thus I find good news from a far country,—children, grandchildren, all well. I had no expectation of hearing from Russia this winter, and the pleasure was greater to obtain letters of so recent a date, and to learn that the family were all in health. For this blessing give I thanks.

At twelve o'clock, by a previous engagement, I was to call . . . for Cousin B. Smith to accompany me to the bridge at Quincy-port, being the first day of passing it. The day was pleasant; the scenery delightful. Passed both bridges, and entered Hingham. Returned before three o'clock. Dined and, at five, went to Mr. T. G——'s, with your grandfather; the

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third visit he has made with us in *the week*; and let me whisper to you he played at whist with Mr. J. G——, who was as ready and accurate as though he had both eyes to see with. . . .

At nine, sat down and wrote a letter. At eleven, retired to bed. . . . By all this, you will learn that grandmother has got rid of her croaking, and that grandfather is in good health, and that both of us are as tranquil as that bald old fellow, called Time, will let us be.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

ABIGAIL died in 1818, aged 73, from a sudden attack of typhoid fever. Jefferson wrote anxiously to his friend: "God bless you and support you," and Adams replied, "While you live, I seem to have a Bank at Montecello on which I can draw for a Letter of Friendship. . . . I know not how to prove physically that We shall meet and know each other in a future State [but] I believe in God and in his Wisdom and Benevolence: and I cannot conceive that such a Being could make such a Species as the human merely to live and die on this Earth." Letters flowed on between the two aging though still clear-minded patriots; it was a joy to Adams when Jefferson, who rejected all church creeds, admitted in 1823: "I hold (without appeal to revelation) that when we take a view of the Universe, in it's parts general or particular, it is impossible for the human mind not to perceive and feel a conviction of design, consummate skill, and indefinite power in every atom of it's composition."

Both men were in faltering health as the year 1826 arrived. Adams had passed his 90th birthday and Jefferson would soon be 83. July 4th would be the golden jubilee of the Declaration of Independence and, except for Charles Carroll of Maryland, these two were the last surviving signers. But when committees waited on them, and invitations poured in inviting them to make speeches, both had to decline.

Among the last matters on which they congratulated each other was the fact that a son of one of them, John Quincy Adams, was now President of the United States. But another coincidence, astonishing and awesome to the nation, was still to come. On the Fourth of July, just fifty years after the Declaration he wrote was adopted in Philadelphia, Thomas Jefferson slipped into death, at 12:50 in the afternoon. At almost the same moment in Quincy, John Adams uttered his last words, which were: "Thomas Jefferson survives." A few hours later he too was dead.

News traveled slowly in those days. President John Quincy Adams in Washington did not learn of Jefferson's death until two days later. And it was not until July 9, when he was hurrying home in response to an urgent letter, that he had definite word of his father's end.

In his own massive diary, to be published later as part of *The Adams Papers*, John Quincy set down the best description of how death came at last to his indomitable father:

John Quincy Adams to his diary, July 21, 1826.
Dr. Holbrook, who as a physician attended my father, gave me some particulars of his last days. He retained his faculties till life itself failed. On Saturday, the first of this month, he had rode down to Mr. Quincy's, and after his return dined below. On Sunday he was much distressed by his cough, but neither then, nor on Monday kept his bed. My brother that day went to Boston. Mrs. S. B. Clarke, my brother Charles's daughter on Monday asked my father, whether she should write to me. He said at first, "No—Why trouble my Son" but, after a momentary pause, said, "Yes, write to him." She wrote accordingly. In the Night of Monday he suffered much. On Tuesday Morning an express was sent for my Son George, who was at Boston attending on the celebration of the day.

He came out immediately; was here between Noon and One. He was recognized by my father, who made an effort to speak to him, but without success. George received his expiring breath between five and six in the afternoon. He had in the morning been removed from one bed to another, and then back. Mrs. Clarke said to him that it was the 4th of July, the 50th anniversary of independence. He answered, "It is a great day. It is a good day." About one, afternoon, he said, "Thomas Jefferson survives," but the last word was indistinctly and imperfectly uttered. He spoke no more. He had sent as a toast to the celebration at Quincy, "Independence forever."

Dr. Holbrook said that his death was the mere cessation of the functions of nature by old age, without disease.

To his neighbors celebrating July 4th in Quincy, John Adams sent a last letter and toast: "Independence Forever!"

White House (Kennedys)

President Kennedy's office (below) is, like the man himself, a blend of informality and efficiency. Slipcovered sofas, the famous Presidential rocker and paintings of Early American naval battles give the room the look of a comfortable study. The desk was discovered in the White House broadcast room by Mrs. Kennedy. Made of timbers from the British ship H.M.S. Resolute, *it was a gift to President Hayes from Queen Victoria. The elegant alligator desk set was a recent present from President Charles de Gaulle. Antique scrimshaw, an Inaugural medal, a World War II coconut shell and (far right) carved Philippine bookends and painted wooden seabird are typical of the mementos that personalize the President's office.*

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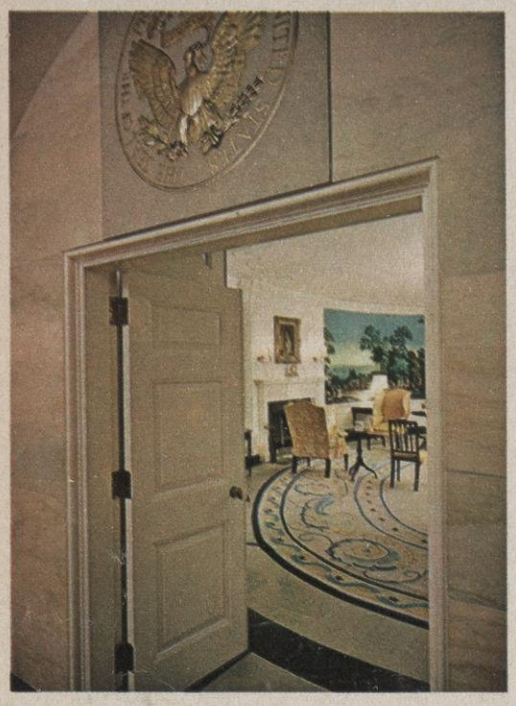
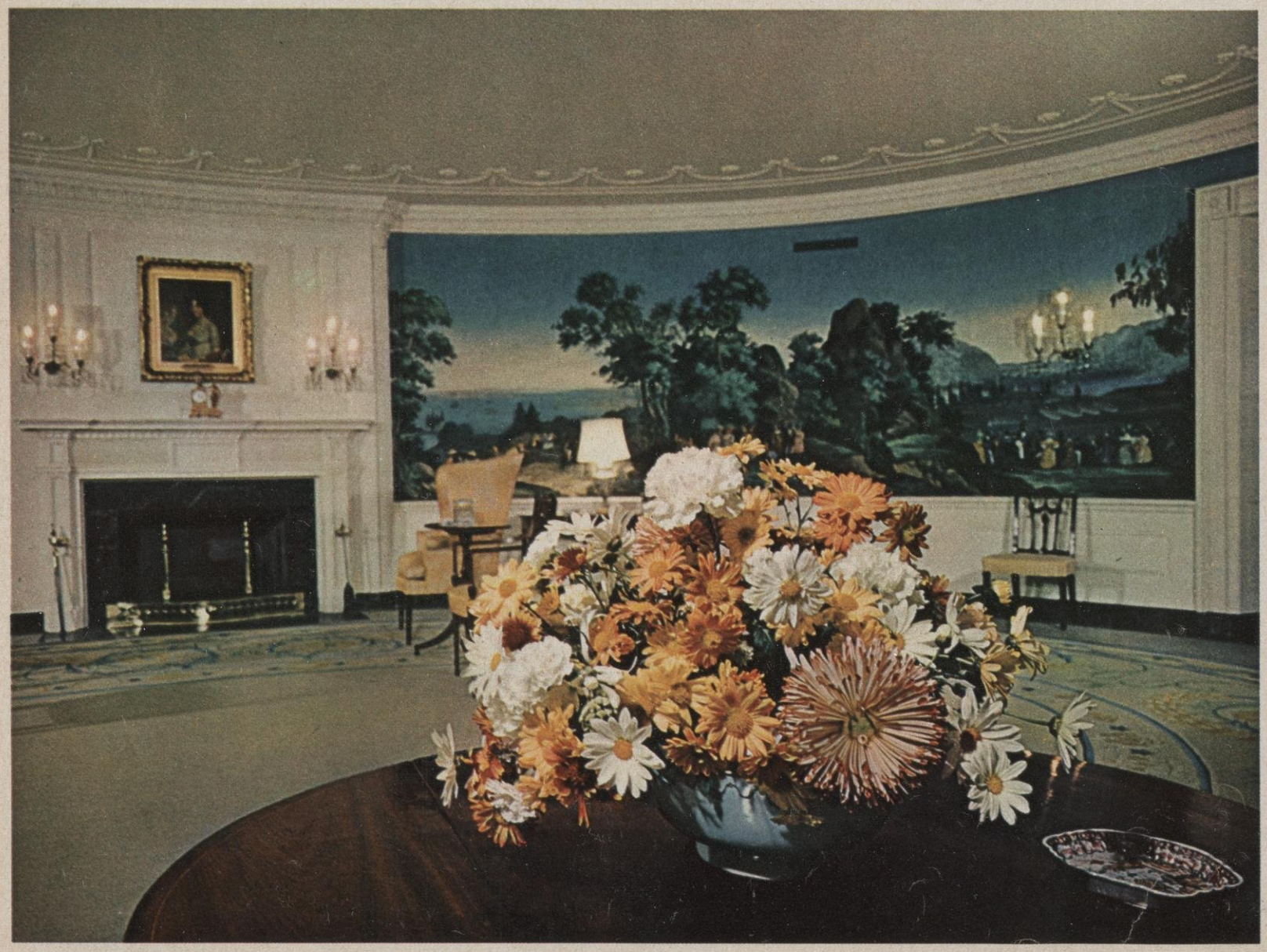
WALLPAPER DRAMATIZES OVAL RECEPTION ROOM



The most-publicized new look in the White House since Mrs. Kennedy became First Lady is in the oval Diplomatic Reception Room. Its curved sides are now decorated with 127-year-old wallpaper, printed from wooden blocks by Jean Zuber in France. Called "Scenic America," it depicts such scenes of the 1830's as Boston Harbor, New York Harbor, West Point, Niagara Falls and Natural Bridge, Va.

The paper was recently discovered by a young lay minister, Peter Hill, in a house about to be demolished in Maryland. Hill bought the paper for $50 and laboriously removed it from the walls with a putty knife. Mrs. Kennedy wanted at least one room of the Executive Mansion wallpapered, as most of them were in Jefferson's day. To make this possible, the National Society of Interior Designers bought the paper from Hill for $12,500, for the Diplomatic Reception

Room. The society had previously donated its other furnishings, such as American Hepplewhite, Sheraton and Duncan Phyfe mahogany furniture from the workshops of leading 18th- and 19th-century craftsmen. The entrance to the room, with Presidential seal above the doorway, is pictured at left. While the wallpaper has created a stir, many people have overlooked the fact that the entire interior has been re-created and furnished with remarkable skill and distinction.



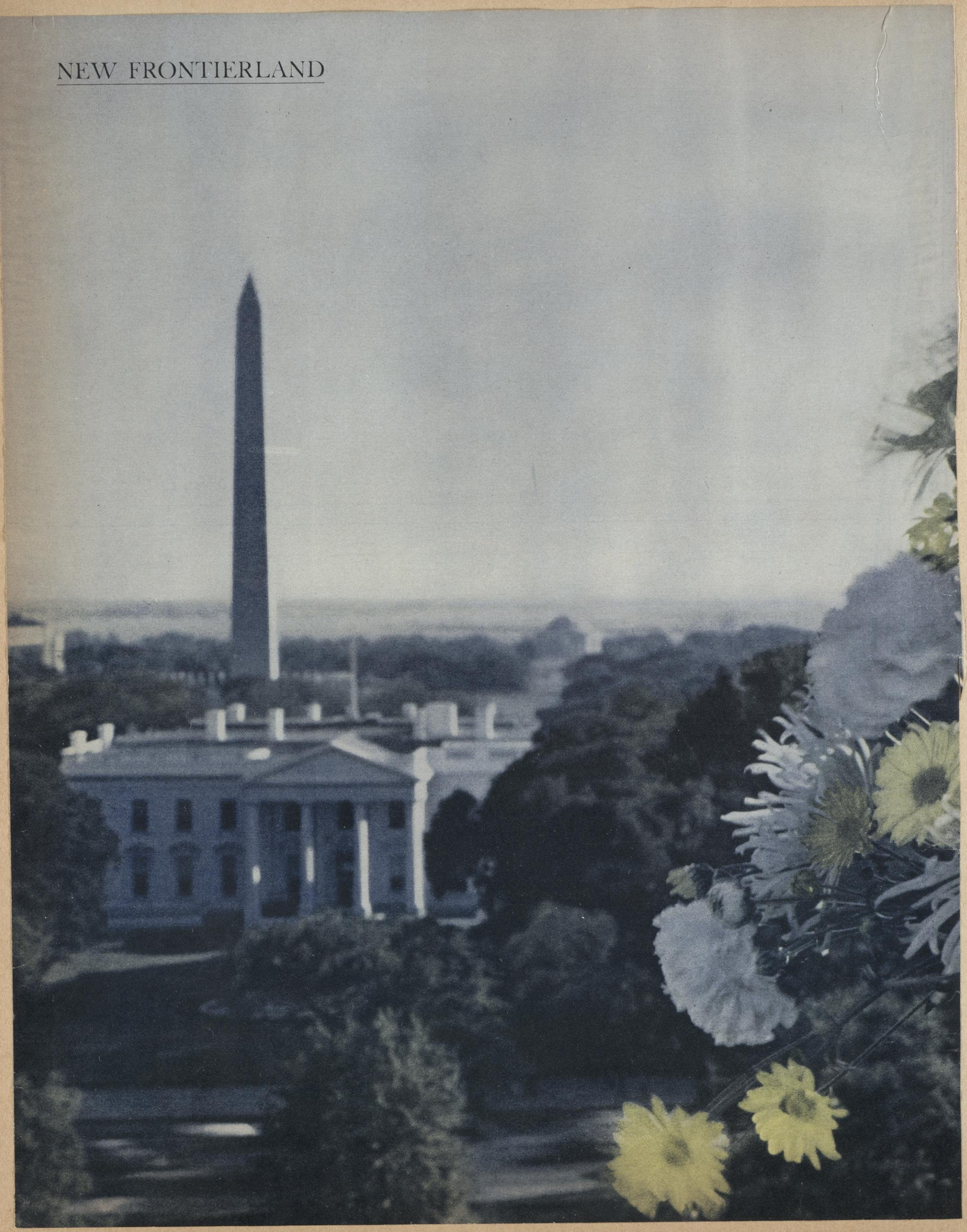
Historic panoramic wallpaper covering the walls of the Diplomatic Reception Room richly complements its rare antique American furnishings.

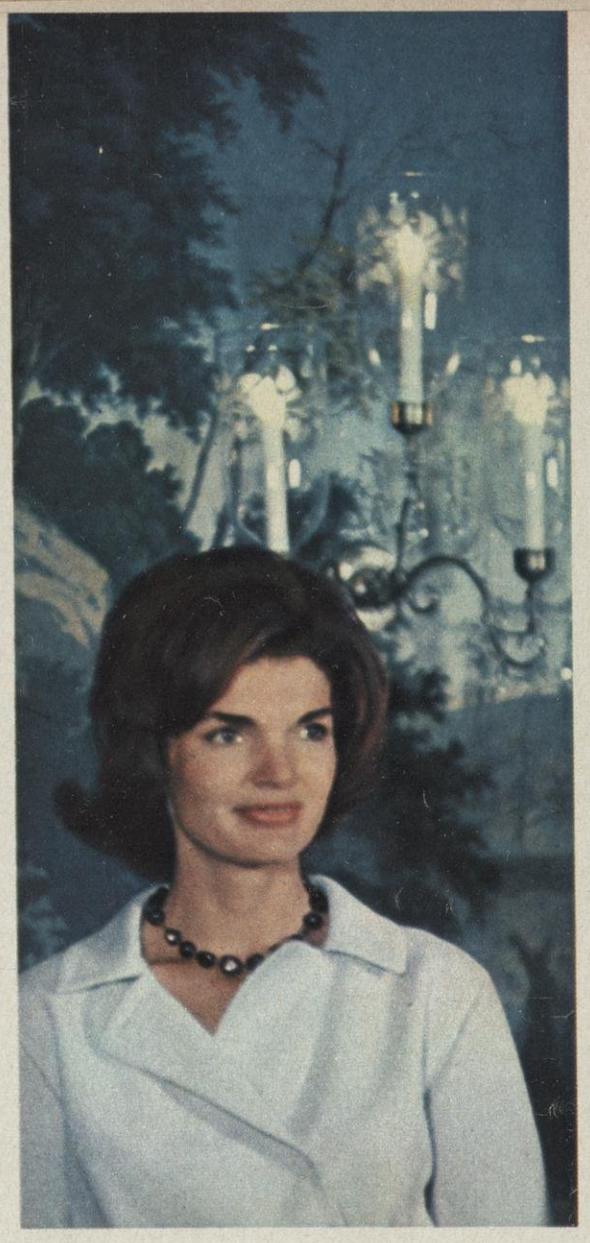
Close-up (opposite) shows a portion of the Niagara Falls scene, with one of the room's eight gleaming wall sco

conti


Mrs. Kennedy

NEW FRONTIERLAND





The First Lady aims to restore historical authenticity to the White House. Here, she pauses in the re-created Diplomatic Reception Room.

NEW LOOK IN THE WHITE HOUSE

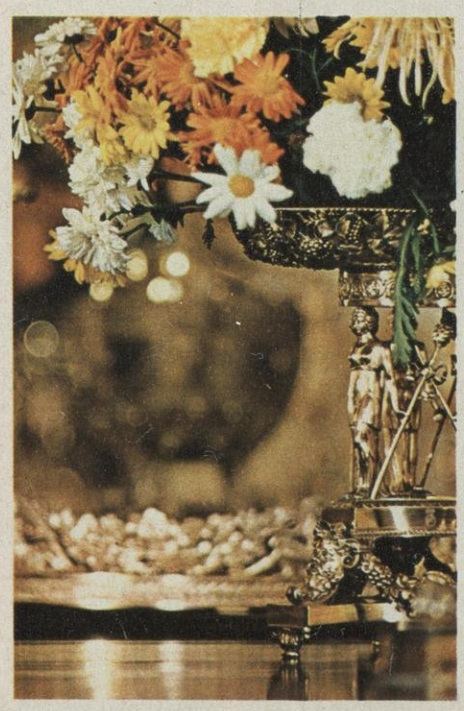
ONE OF THIS Administration's most popular projects is in the charge of Mrs. John F. Kennedy. The First Lady's plan to suit the White House décor to its illustrious past has met with unprecedented bipartisan support. Encouraged by her historically minded husband and advised by a distinguished Fine Arts Committee, Jacqueline Kennedy is making the White House a showplace of American history. Public attention has focused on historic finds and heirloom gifts. But the record number of more than one million visitors who have toured the Executive Mansion since the Inauguration are struck by something even more important: the absence of museum remoteness in the New Frontier White House. In less than a year, Mrs. Kennedy and her talented aides have deftly combined history with taste to bring to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue a new sense of warmth, elegance and beauty.

continued

Rooftop photograph shot past Jacqueline-style bouquet shows the White House and a Washington vista.

STATE DINING ROOM HAS A GOLDEN GLOW

Five coats of paint have changed the Williamsburg-green walls of the State Dining Room to an airy antique white. Bouquets of informally arranged garden flowers contrast with their formal surroundings. As in the other public rooms, the First Lady, the Fine Arts Committee (headed by Henry Francis du Pont, creator of Delaware's famous Winterthur restoration) and Lorraine W. Pearce, full-time White House curator, have filled this dining room with pieces rich in tradition. Of different periods, tastefully combined, they reflect the 161-year history of the White House. A portrait of President Lincoln by the mid-19th-century American artist George P. A. Healy looks down here on the glitter of President Monroe's flower-filled ormolu centerpiece. Below the portrait is the simple mantel, lettered in gold with a prayer by John Adams, first White House occupant: "I pray heaven to bestow the best of blessings on this house and on all that shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof."



The great banquet table in the State Dining Room (above) is set for a formal dinner. Gold-on-sterling-silver vermeil from the White House's rare collection adds splendor to the setting.

Detail of Directoire candelabra (op reveals the masterly work of early-19th- London craftsmen Benjamin and J Smith. It is one of the vermeil pieces w the White House by Mrs. Margaret

Left: Ancient Chinese Coromandel screen, gold silk drapery tassels, flower-laden compote by the celebrated English silversmith Paul Storr show the variety of decorations in "new" State Dining Room.

PRODUCED BY JOHN PETER PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED J. MAROON

NEW FRONTIERLAND

Mrs. Kennedy Changes Art in White House

Paintings by Cezanne, Cassatt Are Added as Relief From Presidential Portraits

By DONALD KEY
Journal Art Editor

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Some great paintings are shouldering aside official portraits in the White House.

The stately walls of the nation's first residence on Pennsylvania av., long known for their pictures of presidents, now are enhanced by the art of Cezanne, Cassatt, Delacroix and Fragonard.

The changes are the work of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy and a White House fine arts committee, of which she is honorary chairman.

A tour through the public rooms reveals the refreshing and significant changes. Most important is the addition of two excellent landscapes by the father of modern art, French painter Paul Cezanne (1839-1906).

The paintings, "House on the Marne" and "The Forest," are among eight Cezannes bequeathed nearly 40 years ago to the United States government by Charles A. Loeser for use at the White House or the American embassy in Paris.

Loeser, an art collector who lived in Florence, Italy, was one of the earliest to recognize Cezanne's work. When he died, he left the eight paintings to the government with the stipulation that they be allowed to remain with his daughter, Mrs. Mathilda Calnan, during her lifetime. In 1950 Mrs. Calnan renounced her claim to them and they were put on loan to the National Gallery of Art.

Cezanne Paintings Being Rotated

Advised of the Cezannes, Mrs. Kennedy devised a plan by which they will be used as stipulated by Loeser.

"I selected only two of the paintings available to the White House and have decided on a system of rotation, so that the public will have the opportunity to see these masterpieces in the beautiful setting of the National Gallery of of Art as well as at the White House," she explained.

The Cezannes are done in the distinctive plastic style in which the artist combined neoclassical form with the fresh outdoor colors.

Also to the Green room Mrs. Kennedy has brought two works by the American impressionist, Mary Cassatt. "Cup of Tea," an oil painting, is on loan from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York city; "Woman Arranging Veil," a pastel, is loaned from the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Miss Cassatt (1845-1927) is considered one of America's greatest women artists. She spent most of her adult life in Paris, where she was associated with Edgar Degas and other leading impressionists.

Few artists have painted women and children with as much understanding and sensitivity as Miss Cassatt. These two works are typical of her ability to capture with tender colors the cares and compassions of her subjects.

Other White House newcomers are French artists Jean-Honore Fragonard (1732-1806) and Eugene Delacroix (1798-1863).

The Fragonard is a beautifully drafted pencil and sepia drawing, "Apotheosis of Franklin." It allegorically represents Benjamin Franklin as seated on clouds, crowned with laurel and clad in flowing drapery, in the typical rococo style, the rounded lines and soft shading of the artist.

Fragonard did the drawing during Franklin's trip to France in 1776 to seek support for America's fight for independence. Valued at $30,000, the work is the gift of New York art historian and dealer Georges Wildenstein. It hangs in the Blue room.

Best Portraits Are Returned

"The Smoker," a small oil painting by Delacroix, hangs near by in the Red room. It is one of numerous paintings inspired by the artist's trip to Morocco. Like the others, it is richly romantic in mood and tone, with a deep brown background and lush reds in the costumes of Algerians.

The best of the presidential portraits, including paintings by Gilbert Stuart, George Peter Alexander Healy and Chester Harding, retain important positions in the White House display. But Mrs. Kennedy also is hanging portraits of members of presidential families and historical figures.

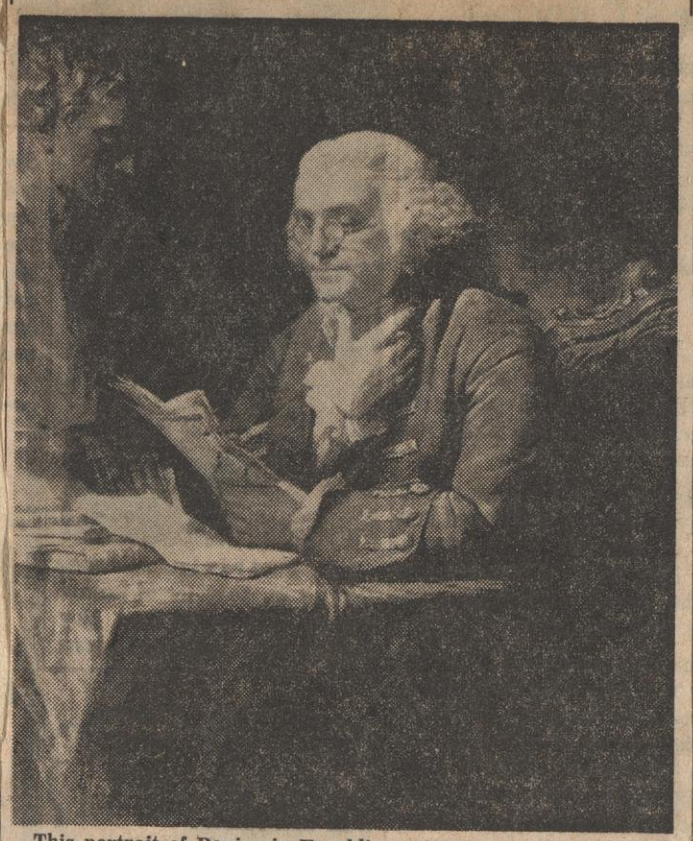
This has opened the walls for exhibition of Harding portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Bushrod Washington, and of Charles Carroll, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; Stuart's brilliant portrait of "Commodore John Barry," and the painting of "Gen. John Stark," a hero of the American revolution, by Samuel F. B. Morse.

A genre scene featuring Abraham Lincoln, by the 19th century American landscape artist George Innes, has been added to the art display in the state dining room; "Mates on the Seine," a landscape by British artist Richard Parks Bonington (1802-1828), has been hung in the Red room.

Some of these works are loaned by anonymous donors; others are from the collections of the National Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institution, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Corcoran Gallery of Art and the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

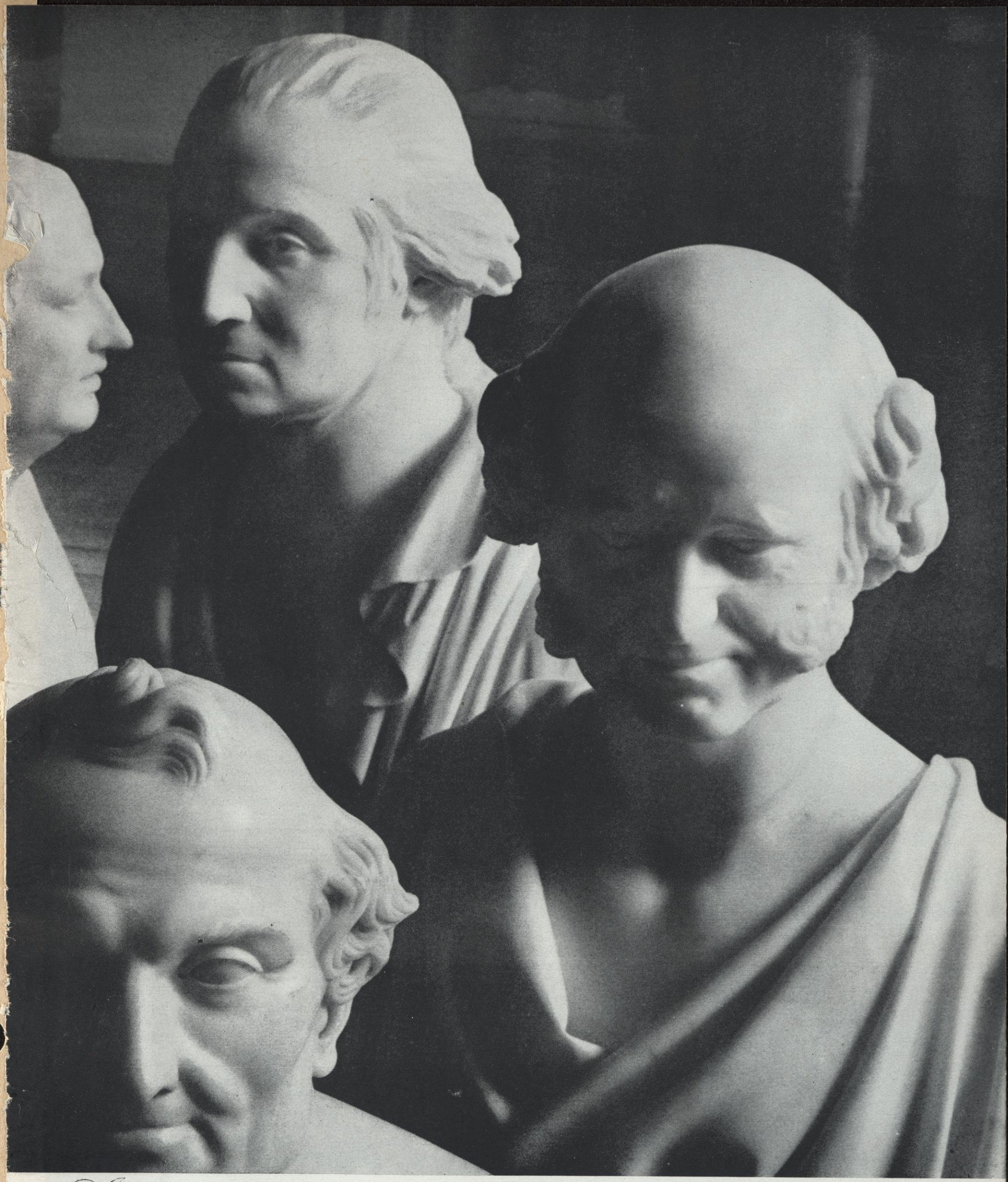
The changes in the art display are somewhat limited by the highly formal decor of the public rooms. But they break up a display policy that long has made the White House walls a gallery of presidential poses. The changes have been long overdue.

Gift to White House



This portrait of Benjamin Franklin, painted from life in 1767 by David Martin, a Scottish artist, is a gift to The Wihte House from Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Annenberg of Philadelphia, Pa. The portrait will hang in the Green Room at the White House. (AP Wirephoto)

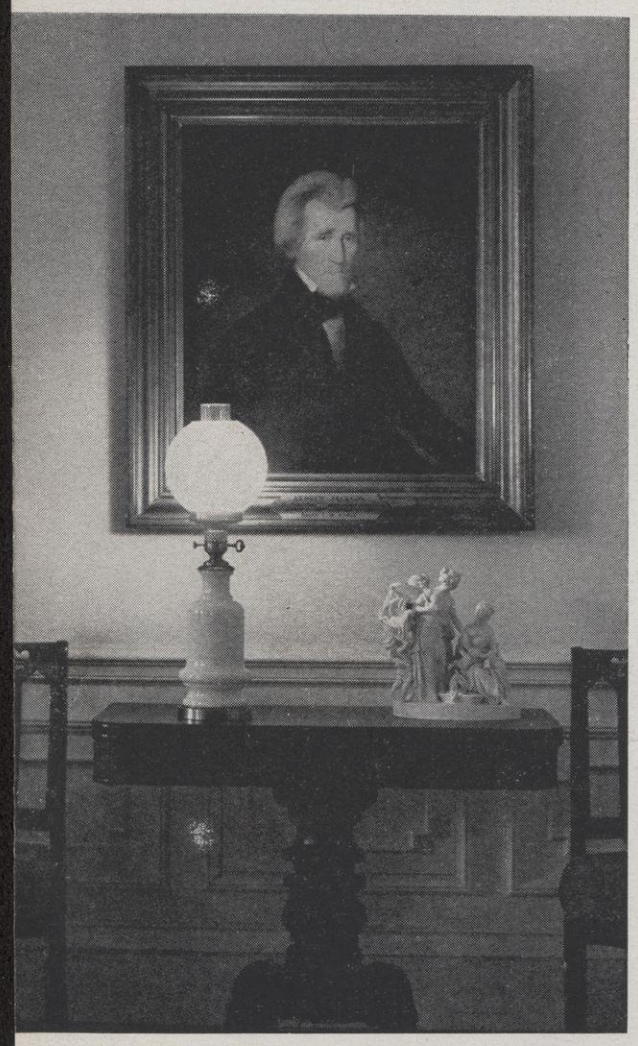
"The Cup of Tea" (above), an oil painting by American impressionist Mary Cassatt, and
(left)



A convocation of early busts was discovered by the intrepid ladies stored in men's room—except for that of George Washington which was donated. The others, clockwise from Washington, are Van Buren; Columbus; John Bright, a British statesman; and Amerigo Vespucci. The bust of Bright, done for Lincoln, has been returned to Lincoln Room.

CONTINUED 61

In the Blue Room, under portrait of Washington, stands Monroe pier table, found by Mrs. Kennedy in the carpenter shop. Vases and Washington bust were also Monroe's.



An old photograph of Lincoln with his Cabinet showed this portrait of Andrew Jackson in the background. Mrs. Kennedy put the portrait in the same spot, now the Lincoln Room.

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

First Lady

the White House does and must continue to represent the living, evolving character of the executive branch of the national government. Its occupants have been persons of widely different geographical, social and economic backgrounds, and accordingly of different cultural and intellectual tastes. . . . It would therefore be highly inadvisable, even if it were possible, to fix on a single style of decorations and furnishings for a building that ought to reflect the whole history of the presidency. . . ."

"This," says Mrs. Kennedy, "should put to rest the fears of people who think we might restore the building to its earliest period, leaving out all that came after, or fill it with French furniture, or hang modern pictures all over it and paint it whatever color we like. The White House belongs to our past and no one who cares about our past would treat it that way."

Instead of trying to make the White House look the way it did at some particular period, Mrs. Kennedy intends to incorporate in the restoration authentic reminders of the great Americans who lived in the mansion during its 161 years. To accomplish this she must lure back to the White House furniture used by past Presidents but later sold or given away. Equally important, she must inspire collectors to part with choice pieces of Americana. This presents a major problem: no collector wants to give a cherished object to the White House if it may someday disappear, as has so often happened in the past.

To meet this problem, two members of Congress, Representative J. T. Rutherford of Texas and Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico, introduced a bill last month under which White House objects of art not in use will be displayed at the Smithsonian.

"I hope the Smithsonian will also maintain a permanent curator at the White House to see that things are properly cared for," Jacqueline Kennedy says. "For example, the famous Healy portrait of Lincoln in the State Dining Room has a damaged spot that measures eight inches across. Many other presidential portraits are in disrepair. We asked for estimates to restore pictures and frames and the total came to $55,000. How can we ask Congress to appropriate that much when in these days the money is needed for so many things?

"The White House belongs to the American people. A curator would take care that it is preserved for them."

Subconsciously Jacqueline Kennedy may have first felt the desire to restore the White House long before she ever dreamed of becoming the mansion's chatelaine. "My mother brought me to Washington one Easter when I was 11," she recalled recently. "That was the first time I saw the White House. From the outside I remember the feeling of the place. But inside, all I remember is shuffling through. There wasn't even a booklet you could buy. Mount Vernon and the National Gallery of Art and the FBI made a far greater impression. I remember the FBI especially because they fingerprinted me."

She became even more aware of the White House and what she calls its "interior remoteness" after marriage when, as the wife of a senator, she was invited there for receptions and occasional lunches.

And so, after the gradual build-up of her interest in the building, she was all set for the joys and trials of living there when it began to look as though she might become a resident. "The minute I knew that Jack was going to run for President," she recalled, "I knew the White House would be one of my main projects if he won."

Her resolution carried with it a momentary wifely disloyalty from which, however, she soon recovered.

"When I first moved into the White House, I thought, I wish I could be married to Thomas Jefferson because he would know best what should be done to it. But then I thought, no, President's wives have an obligation to contribute something, so this will be the thing I will work hardest at myself.

"How could I help wanting to do it?" she asks. "I don't know . . . is it a reverence for beauty or for history? I guess both. I've always cared. My best friends are people who care. I don't know . . . when you read Proust or listen to Jack talk about history or go to Mount Vernon, you understand. I feel strongly about the children who come here. When I think about my son and how to make him turn out like his father, I think of Jack's great sense of history."

Soon after her son was born last November, Mrs. Kennedy began ransacking libraries for material on the White House. These books are now multifariously thumbed and dog-eared with cross-checking references to objects of furniture, pictures of bits of bric-a-brac which at one time or another graced the mansion and since have maddeningly vanished.

Abigail's laundry in the East Room

The house, she learned, has had a past as diverse and fascinating as the personalities of those who occupied it. It was hardly more than a new-built shell when the first tenants, the John Adamses, took up occupancy in the autumn of 1800. Mrs. Adams wrote to her daughter that, "The house is made habitable but there is not a single apartment finished. . . ." Indeed, things were so bare that Abigail Adams felt free to use the East Room to hang her wash.

Since funds were as skimpy as the furnishings, Mrs. Kennedy found, both Adams and his successors, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, padded out the echoing emptiness with their own furniture. Adams and Jefferson, presumably, were able to take their belongings along when they left, but Madison had the bad luck to be there when the British came roaring down on Washington during the War of 1812.

On Aug. 23, 1814, just before fleeing the invaders, Dolley Madison wrote her sister, "At this late hour a wagon has been procured. I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. . . ."

At the last minute Dolley Madison ordered her servants to smash the frame of a famous painting of George Washington so that she could roll up the picture and save it (it now hangs in the East Room). But she could not take one of her most cherished items—a tin bathtub—or the furniture. Nearly everything was lost when the British burned the building.

The task of refurnishing the rebuilt mansion fell to James Monroe. With funds he wangled out of $500,000 Congress appropriated for the restoration of war-damaged government buildings, he ordered pieces from native and European sources. He had to slip the latter into the country quietly to avert the wrath of American craftsmen.

Aside from British vandalism, the White House has had its rough brushes with home-grown American eccentricity and carelessness. Andrew Jackson left a lasting redolence, if not a permanent scar, by having a 1,400-pound cheese brought in for a farewell reception. During the Civil War, Union soldiers parked themselves on White House sofas, leaving them smeared with the mud of battle. They also cheerfully slashed draperies and carried off pieces as souvenirs.

In addition to Monroe's refurnishing of the mansion, at least three Presidents undertook extensive redecorating jobs. They were Chester A. Arthur in 1881, Theodore Roosevelt in 1902 and Harry Truman

Lincoln's ornate walnut bed stands in his old Cabinet room,
now a bedroom used by visiting dignitaries. Portrait of Lincoln, by Douglas Volk,
was borrowed by Mrs. Kennedy from Washington's National Gallery.

CONTINUED

Dishes Lincoln used

'Everything must have a

by HUGH SIDEY

Jacqueline Kennedy paused recently in the graceful Oval Room on the second floor of the White House and looked out between the white pillars and down across a majestic sweep of the capital to the Jefferson Memorial and the Washington Monument in the distance. At the end of the lawn could be seen a line of tourists, four abreast. She spoke regretfully.

"All these people come to see the White House," she said, "and once inside it they see practically nothing that dates back before 1948. Every boy who comes here should see things that develop his sense of history. the girls, the house should look beautiful lived-in. They should see what a fire in the place and pretty flowers can do for a ho the White House rooms should give the sense of all that."

Even as she talked, Mrs. Kennedy

BLANCHE SYFRET MC KNIGHT

The "Jacqueline Kennedy Look" in flowers for the WHITE HOUSE

Like any lady of the house, the First Ladies of the White House have always delighted in filling their home with the flowers they love best. Each has expressed her personality through the types of blooms she selected, and the way she arranged them.

Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower loved carnations, pride of her home state, Colorado. She kept sweetheart roses in her bedroom, and one or two orchids in a dainty turquoise vase in her sitting room. Mrs. Harry Truman favored 'Talisman' roses; her daughter, orchids. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who said one of the greatest pleasures in her White House life was the flowers, liked old-fashioned yellow roses, pansies, and lily-of-the-valley. Mrs. Herbert Hoover loved sweet peas and 'Ophelia' roses; Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, 'White Killarney' roses; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, orchids; Mrs. Grover Cleveland, daffodils.

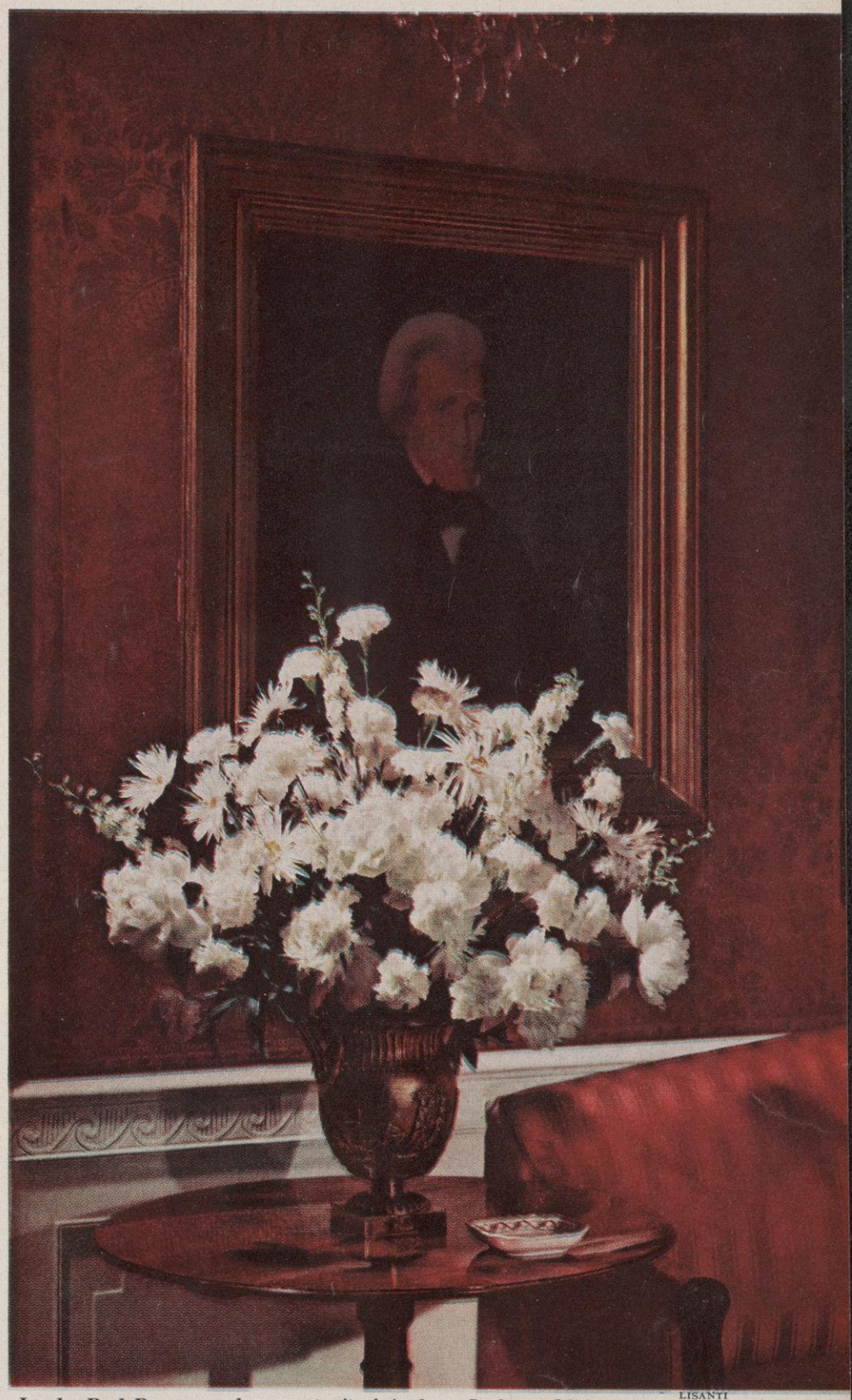
Now Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy is First Lady in the White House, and her influence on flowers and flower arrangements promises to be as powerful and personal as her influence on fashions and hair-do's. The new look in flower arrangements at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is the natural, informal look. "It's as if a housewife had done them for herself," commented one observer. After the Kennedys' first Diplomatic Reception, the wife of the French Ambassador said, "You can tell a different hostess lives here . . . the lighted candles everywhere . . . the flowers done the way Frenchwomen do them—natural, loosely arranged, even a little wild."

In contrast with the massive, formal, hard-to-see-over banquet arrangements of the past, the Kennedys' first State Dinner table displayed small, loosely massed, casual groupings personally supervised by Mrs. Kennedy—bouquets of tulips, carnations, roses, orchids, and white lilacs in delicate vermeil vases.

Garden flowers—tulips, daffodils, lilacs, lily-of-the-valley, Shasta daisies, anemones, and Queen Anne's lace—all are in evidence. Branches of crabapple and cherry trees are brought indoors.

Mrs. Kennedy takes an intense personal interest in the flowers for the White House, feeling that they are a vital part of decorating. Flowers are considered, along with furnishings and paintings, in conferences with her unique Fine Arts Committee for the White House. The arrangements are executed by Mr. Robert Redmond and his assistants.

See how exquisitely at home Mrs. Kennedy's casual, informal, gardenlike bouquets are in their historic surroundings, as shown in these exclusive pictures.



LISANTI

***In the Red Room**, under a portrait of Andrew Jackson, Mrs. Kennedy places a brilliant, eye-catching all-white bouquet of familiar flowers. Snowy peonies, carnations, larkspur, and hybrid Shasta daisies are grouped with careful casualness to provide a fresh accent in this very formal room. On another occasion, a diplomatic reception, the First Lady chose old-fashioned Queen Anne's lace for this magnificent, richly furnished room.*

In the Green Room, *an unstudied arrangement of fresh carnations shows Mrs. Kennedy's aversion to tightly massed or contrived formal arrangements. The use of four different colors of the same flower is fresh, imaginative, and extremely decorative. The Cézanne oil, "The Forest," is one of the new paintings the First Lady has added to the White House. Flowers come under discussion by the Fine Arts Committee, as well as furnishings and art for the White House.*

In the State Dining Room, *during an official visit in June of Japan's Premier Hayato Ikeda, Mrs. Kennedy decorated an elegantly appointed sideboard with this charming, unpretentious bouquet of mixed flowers. You'll see carnations, hybrid daisies, golden coreopsis, vivid gaillardia, and fragile baby's breath. Thomas Jefferson, whose great love of beauty is well known, seems to look down with approval from his portrait (by George P. A. Healy).*

In the Blue Room, *a glowing blue vase stands before the window, filled with a soft, feathery mélange of delicately tinted flowers—pale blue larkspur, blue delphinium, yellow hybrid Shasta daisies, and yellow carnations.*

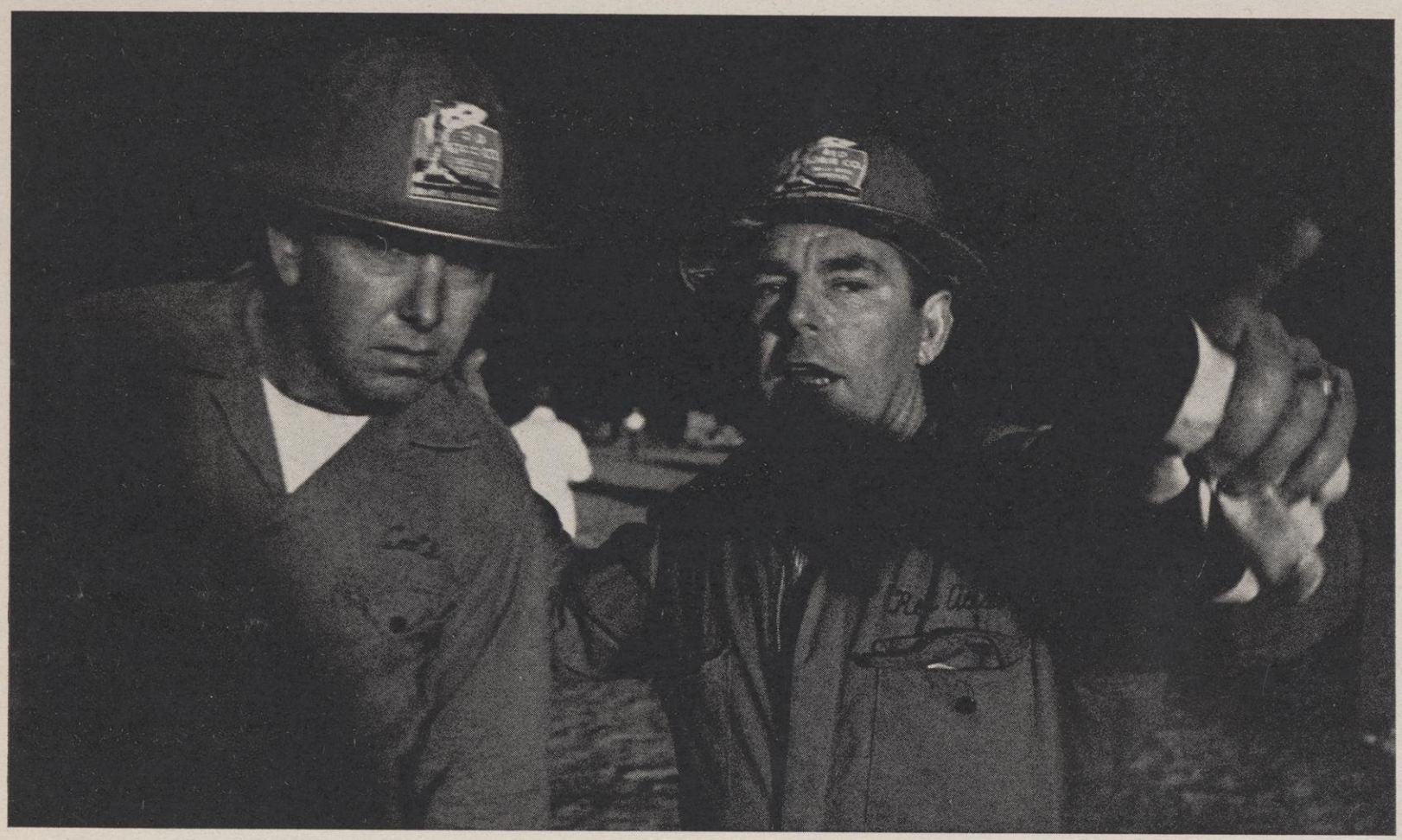
In the East Room, *the sun filters through on a handsome urn that holds a loosely arranged assortment of glorious lilies—including auratum lilies, Easter lilies, regal lilies, Aurelian hybrids.*

In White House hallway, *our photographer was struck by the appropriateness of this bouquet in patriotic colors beneath a portrait of George Washington by Charles Peale Polk. Creamy white peonies, red carnations, delphinium, and hybrid Shasta daisies have a garden-fresh charm.*

BENDING BIRCHES—slender and elegant young ladies—lean to catch the words of Poet Robert Frost in talk after dinner. As the evening ends, the President, holding an affectionate hand on his wife's shoulder, chats with his guests, including Writer Pearl Buck (*left*).

LIFE on the Newsfronts of the World

A Texan and a hellish fire . . .
An airborne steeple . . .
Titov makes the swing . . .
Goldwater's daughter . . .
High flier, higher hopes . . .
To be nuzzled, lose 15 lbs.



A Texan blows out 'The Devil's Cigaret Lighter'

Like some Dantesque figure taking the measure of a fountain of Hell got out of hand, Paul ("Red") Adair (*right above and silhouetted at right*) dourly sized up the shrieking Sahara gas-well fire in southern Algeria. Adair and his storied crew from Houston, Texas—the world's only oil and gas fire snuffing specialists—were ready to extinguish what the French called "The Devil's Cigaret Lighter," a 450-foot tower of flame which had been burning almost six months and was visible for 90 miles across the hot sand. Water had to be pumped for newly constructed reservoirs, men trained and equipment (including emergency medical gear, left) gathered from all over Western Europe and North Africa. After the painstaking build-up, the "blow" itself (*turn page*) was quick and spectacularly effective. Ignored, the well fire could have burned in the desert for centuries at a cost of $109 million a year, ruining one of the richest natural gas deposits known to man.