

Laboulaye, Gasparin, Guizot, Goldwin Smith, John Bright, Sumner, Garrison, and George Thompson. In the course of the day I called with Sumner on the foreign Ministers.

In the evening at Mr. Seward's, who was in a very genial mood and conversed freely. He told me that in 1833 he went to see Lafayette at La Grange. The latter, who had just fallen out with Louis Philippe, predicted that the new dynasty would survive only eighteen years. "Would he were there to-day," said I, "to make as accurate predictions!" "You have," answered Seward, "a revolutionary cycle in France. When, in England, I saw Queen Victoria and her children, the idea never occurred to me that anything could disturb the future of that family and the order of succession [this was uttered with a smile intended for Mr. Rose, the Canadian delegate, then in Washington]. At Compiègne, when the Empress presented her young son to me, I kissed him on the forehead, thinking that if his father should die, his only portion would be exile." "It is not my judgment," he continued, "that the Emperor is hostile to us. It seems to me that I could bring him over." And again: "In France you appear to me to have four parties—Legitimists, Orleanists, Republicans, and Bonapartists. Under each government the beaten parties coalesce against the more fortunate rival."

January 9.—Visited the Supreme Court, Chase Chief Justice with seven associates. In the Senate, while chatting with Sumner on a sofa, Senator Powell, ex-Governor of Kentucky, came up and said to Sumner: "When will you accept delivery of the twenty-five niggers I've been offering you for three years? I will pay their travelling expenses. Your bill [the bill under discussion emancipated the wives and children of blacks enrolled in the army] is going to make more unfortunates—as if you had not made enough already. You are a handful of fanatics engaged in destroying the country. It is very nice of you still to talk about the Constitution; why not frankly trample it under foot?" He went on for a long time in this strain, with frequent interruptions of his wrath to eject a yellow saliva on the carpet. Sumner listened to him without a word. When Powell had retired, "That," he said, "is what I have had to bear for years. From the manner in which they treat us when in power, you may guess what it used to be."

Evening reception at the White House. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Sumner, Seward.

January 10.—Soirée at Senator Harris's (of New York). Trumbull, Sprague.

January 11.—In the evening, called with my wife on Mrs. Lincoln. Her language now and again betrayed her humble origin, but she said nothing indiscreet or out of place. There was some very critical talk of General Butler, but she was very diplomatic. She spoke becomingly of an old female friend now a flaming secessionist. Of the soldiers she spoke, quite unconsciously, as a Princess might have done: "In our public ceremonies, what I always like to see best is our dear blue-coats."

January 12.—Drove to Arlington with Mrs. Hooker and Miss Motley, crossing the Potomac at Georgetown. On the Virginia side there is a pretty steep ascent of the heights on which the Army of the Potomac was so long encamped. The ground we traversed formerly belonged to Mrs. Washington; before the war, to Gen. Lee. Lee's

house is small and dilapidated. It commands an admirable view. From the portico, Washington determined the plan of the Capitol of the United States.

Visited the freedmen's village on Arlington Heights.

In the evening, dined at Seward's with Sumner and Farragut. The service was of Sèvres, presented to Seward by Prince Napoleon.

January 13.—Mrs. Lincoln drove us through the suburbs. From the Soldiers' Home the prospect is even finer than at Arlington. In the evening, with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and Charles Sumner, we went to the theatre direct from the White House. There was no private entrance to the proscenium boxes, and we had to pass behind the spectators in the galleries. The double box we occupied was very spacious, but so plainly furnished that they had not taken the trouble to cover with velvet or cloth the front planking, but had just tacked some red velvet on the rail. The play was "King Lear," with Forrest in the leading rôle. His part was fairly well rendered, but with too much exaggeration. The rest of the troupe was wretched. The President listened very attentively. He seemed extremely familiar with Shakspeare, and in several places remarked on the changes made in performance. His boy of eleven was beside him, and the father often clasped him very tenderly, as the child leaned his head upon his shoulder; and when the little fellow, as he often did, asked for explanations, Lincoln invariably made answer, "My child, it is in the play." When the traitor was thrust through with a sword, Lincoln said: "I have only one reproach to make of Shakspeare's heroes—that they make long speeches when they are killed."

THE EXCAVATION OF CORINTH.

OFF THE COAST OF DALMATIA.

June 25, 1902.

It is from no mere desire to exploit an enterprise in which I happen to be interested, but from a sense of duty towards the American public, that I have from time to time given in the columns of the *Nation* information concerning the progress of the excavations carried on at Corinth since 1896 by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

Last year I omitted my usual letter, because our results were not important. In fact, in my report of that year to the Managing Committee of the School, I frankly admitted that we had for the first time suffered a defeat. While holding to the principle that a war is not lost by the failure of a single campaign, I entered upon the campaign of the present year with the conviction that it would either be the last, or would show that our work would have to go on and perhaps take larger proportions than ever. The latter has proved to be the case.

It would be an overstatement to say that last year's work was an *absolute* failure. In excavations like ours, a negative result is, after all, worth something as a guide, telling us where not to dig. We happened to choose a part of the Agora which proved to be empty, and to uncover which involved the removing of an enormous quantity of earth that contained nothing of interest. But we found a considerable number of

inscriptions, both Latin and Greek, of the Roman city, two statue bases inscribed with the name of Lysippus, as well as a considerable quantity of Proto-Corinthian bases, mostly in fragments. We also found part of a line of vaulted chambers on the south side of the Temple hill (similar to that found in 1898 on the east side, bordering the street leading from the Agora towards Lechaum), with remains of a stylobate of a porch thrown out in front of them, as in the east-side system. To say nothing of the fact that we cleared the Temple foundations of all the earth covering them, we got one positive result in the last three days of the campaign in the discovery of the stumps of two Doric columns resting on a stylobate. These pointed out a hopeful place for beginning work this year.

We began early in order to push matters to a conclusion, and had the longest campaign of all that we have had, from the beginning of March to June 14. The columns just mentioned proved to belong to the front line of a Greek portico running east and west back of the vaulted chambers found last year, as long as the well-known stoa of Attolos at Athens, over 100 metres long. Its breadth was so great that it was provided with an interior line of columns of the Ionic order, with intercolumniations twice as great as those of the Doric columns at the front. At its back the rock of the temple hill was cut away to make room for it. It had perhaps already been destroyed when the Roman vaulted chambers were built in front of it, inasmuch as there is an interval of only about three feet between its front and their back line. But stumps of the Doric columns remain all along the line, with here and there one lacking. Of the Ionic columns we have for the most part only the bases and capital. Enough remains of the Doric capitals and entablature to allow a restoration of the whole on paper. The architrave and triglyphon are in every case composed of a single block. The cornice blocks bear a great deal of paint on their under sides.

When we had uncovered about fifty metres of the east end of the portico, it became impracticable to carry the earth to our railroad, which had been stopped by intervening walls; and to find the dimensions of our portico we tapped the line of its front stylobate farther west, then tunnelled for a space, and then tapped again, until at last we found the end imbedded in a mass of late masonry. The uncovering will have to be completed next year by bringing the track to this west end and securing dumping privileges in this quarter. But to secure dumping privileges, "there's the rub."

As far as we did clear the portico, we also cleared back of it, following the slope of the bed rock up to the temple. We did the same back of the east line of chambers, the north end of which we excavated completely, ascertaining its extent, and found that there were eighteen chambers in all. In this part of the work we found another Greek stoa of larger dimensions than that already described on the south side of the hill, but much more broken up, only one column being found *in situ*. The Romans probably broke it up when they laid out their system in front of it and lower down. Back of the Greek stoa and much higher up the hill is the stylobate of a late Roman or Byzantine stoa, which

probably coexisted with the Roman chambers with their porch at the front. Porch above porch must have given this side of the Temple hill a fine aspect from Pirene and the Lechaëum road. The whole area between this upper stoa and the back of the vaulted chambers was filled up to make a broad area for circulation of the populace.

Our excavation back of the Roman systems and to a much deeper level in front of the corner where they approach each other at the southeast, brought a rich reward in single finds. Old Corinthian and Proto-Corinthian pottery in abundance, measured by bushels; terracotta figurines, some of them extremely archaic, and at the same time finely wrought; several old Greek inscriptions, one of them at least as old as the sixth century, and in the local Corinthian alphabet; two hundred terracotta lamps with interesting representations and inscriptions on them, ranging from the sixth century B. C. to the fifth century A. D., most of them found in a large water conduit which ran about fifteen feet below the south-side porch—all these are far from making a complete catalogue of our finds.

But it is, after all, the parts of the ancient city now laid bare to the inspection of the modern world that constitute the real success of our undertaking. Corinth now claims attention as a place that must be visited as must Olympia and Delphi. Six years ago it seemed to many as hopeless to attempt to find Greek Corinth under the modern, the Byzantine, and the Roman Corinth, as it would be now to try to find Greek Byzantium under the modern Stambul. But we were singularly fortunate in getting upon the track of Pausanias at once. In the first campaign we found the Theatre; in the second, Pirene; in the third we found the Agora and the fountain Glauke, and gave the correct name of Temple of Apollo to the venerable ruin, the only landmark of ancient Corinth up to 1896. After that we ceased to be under heavy obligations to Pausanias, and in our work of this year we could give him points. We have been dealing with things that were already underground at the time of his visit.

Our work in the Theatre in 1896 was of value chiefly as giving us the necessary starting-point in the topography. We found the cavea in an absolutely ruinous condition, and decided to let the Theatre lie while we grappled with the more interesting region east of the Temple. But it had always troubled my conscience that we had made no serious examination of the stage building. This year we dug a trench from what appeared to be the centre of the orchestra, at right angles to the supposed line of the stage. As a result, we found so many walls all running at right angles to our trench, that we hardly knew what to make of them. When we reached virgin soil at a depth of about eight metres, our trench, which was six metres wide at the top, was narrowed down to about two metres, and we could not move to the right or left without going beyond the limits of a tentative excavation. But it now seems clear that the orchestra and stage ought to be thoroughly cleared. The walls which we found probably belong to two stage buildings, the Greek and the Roman. In our trench we found a great quantity of marble fragments, mostly architectural; other

pieces seemed to belong to a large medallion containing a head of Medusa in high relief. In addition to these fragments there was found at the very bottom of the trench a marble head of a youth, which is not only the best head found at Corinth, but is a real prize, and would be an ornament to any museum. Close beside it was a piece of marble inscribed thus:

Σ ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ

It is unfortunate that of the artist's name only the last letter, and that a sigma, survives.

It will be seen, then, that our future work is prescribed for us in two places. It would be a thousand pities to turn over work of this kind at this stage to another nation. There is no question that somebody will do it. Although I have not been able to make a large plan and carry it out as I could have done had I had a large fund put at my disposal at the outset, yet I have no more right to complain of my support than of the results. Men were thanked in ancient Rome "because they had not despaired of the Republic." I should like to thank the good men and women in America who have not despaired of this enterprise. At the head of the list I should put the name of the Hon. John Hay, who, in 1898, when we were in a tight place, grappling with Pirene, sent us £100 from London, not his first contribution, with the remark, "I am glad to be interested in your work to that extent." The late Benjamin T. Frothingham, Esq., of Brooklyn, who from the beginning sent in his contribution unsolicited, sent it this year when we were already in the field, with the remark, "I hope my contribution is not too late." I do not mention these as the largest contributors—they are not—but as showing the spirit in which the work is supported. It would hardly be befitting to parade here the names of the donors, which are given in the official reports of the School. Without trenching upon such a list I may add that Gen. William J. Palmer of Colorado Springs, on leaving Greece five days ago, put into my hands fifty pounds (not his first gift), as a nest-egg for next year. No question is more frequently asked me by foreigners visiting the excavations than: "What funds does your Government give you?" I reply, "That is not the American way. I depend on American men, and so far they have not failed me."

A whole generation of young men engaged in this work have by it become archaeologists. It stirs interest to handle material which you take out of the ground yourself. As for myself, if I should live to be an octogenarian, I never expect to associate myself with so honorable an enterprise.

RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

THE CHOISEULS.—II.

PARIS, July 18, 1902.

A short time after the death of Madame de Pompadour occurred an event of great importance—the expulsion of the Jesuits from France. Choiseul has been accused of having taken the initiative in this matter; not quite accurately, as he took sides against the celebrated society only after the Parlement had engaged in hostilities. That body ordered the Jesuits to present their constitutions for examination, and

afterwards issued several judgments against them; finally, the Order was suppressed. The Jesuits had been expelled from Russia in 1719; in Portugal, in 1758, Pombal had taken Draconian measures against them, after an attempt which had been made on the life of the King of Portugal; in 1764 they had been turned out of Spain by Charles III. The powerful Company has survived all the attempts made against it. It has been said of its members, "They go out by the door, and return by the window." This persistence should be a lesson to those who resort to violent measures against any spiritual force.

The Society of Jesus had powerful friends at court, the Queen and the Dauphin in particular, and Choiseul became the object of their enmity. The place of a favorite was vacant, and Choiseul's adversaries tried to give it to a friend of the Jesuits, the Countess d'Esparbès. She was already on the point of being recognized (what was called *déclarée*), when Choiseul intervened, threatening to leave his post of Prime Minister. He accompanied a letter to the King, in which he complained of all the intrigues of his enemies, with a long memoir, in which he recalled, not without some pride, all the acts of his ministry; he set forth the state of all the departments at the time when he was put at their head, and explained the situation in which he left them. After having read this memoir, the King sent for Choiseul and asked him to remain in power. Choiseul consented, without having many illusions as to the future. "Your Majesty," he said, "will have it so. I remain; but a time will come when, after all these marks of kindness, your Majesty will send me into exile." These words were prophetic. The same day Madame d'Esparbès received a *lettre de cachet*, which exiled her to Montauban, near her father, the Marquis de Lussan. The Jesuits had some hope that the Dauphin would obtain their recall; but he fell ill at Compiègne after some manœuvres, and died soon afterwards. His wife was not long in following him, and Choiseul's enemies did not hesitate to spread calumnious reports about these successive deaths; the word poison was pronounced, but it is absolutely certain that both the Dauphin and his wife died from natural causes.

It was in the year 1765 that Madame de Choiseul met Horace Walpole at the house of Madame du Deffand. All the readers of Walpole's charming letters know the pages in which are found portraits of those two ladies. Walpole was immediately drawn to Madame de Choiseul, but his sympathy, which was rather cold at first, became by degrees a real admiration, even a sort of enthusiasm. He was not so much charmed with the Duke, and found him rather too volatile. Towards the sister of the Duke, Madame de Gramont, he felt sentiments almost of hatred, and did not hesitate to give credence to the rumors which were current as to the nature of the relation of the brother and sister. In the curious collection of the drawings by Carmontelle of which I spoke lately, and which are preserved in the château of Chantilly, there is a very interesting one representing Madame du Deffand with Madame de Choiseul; they are beside each other in the chamber of the Convent of St. Joseph where Madame du Deffand lived. She is sitting, as usual,