

THE
WORKS C+
OF
JOHN ADAMS,
SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY
HIS GRANDSON
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

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26. Tuesday. Cloudy, and begins to rain; the wind at northeast. The men gone up the hill to rake the barley. In conformity to the fashion, I drank this morning and yesterday morning about a gill of cider; it seems to do me good.

The Christian religion is, above all the religions that ever prevailed or existed in ancient or modern times, the religion of wisdom, virtue, equity, and humanity, let the blackguard Paine say what he will; it is resignation to God, it is goodness itself to man.

27. Wednesday. B. and S. making and liming a heap of manure. They compounded it of earth carted in from the ground opposite the garden, where the ha-ha wall is to be built, of salt hay and sea weed trodden by the cattle in the yard, of horsedung from the stable, and of cowdung left by the cows. Over all this composition they now and then sprinkle a layer of lime. Bass and Thomas hoeing potatoes in the lower garden.

I rode up to the barn, which Mr. Pratt has almost shingled, and over to the plain, but found my tenants were at work in my father's old swamp, which I could not reach without more trouble than I was willing to take.

Dr. W. came up, with two young gentlemen from New York, Mr. John and Mr. Henry Cruger, the youngest of whom studies with my son Charles, as a lawyer, who gives him an excellent character. They are journeying eastward as far as Portland, and return by Albany. The eldest of them has lately returned from the East Indies.

28. Thursday. B. and S. are gone to the beach for a load of sea-weed to put into their hill of compost. B. and T. hoeing still in the lower garden. James sick of a surfeit of fruit. I continue my practice of drinking a gill of cider in the morning, and find no ill, but some good effects.

It is more than forty years since I read Swift's comparison of Dryden in his translation of Virgil, to the Lady in a Lobster, but, until this day, I never knew the meaning of it. To-day, at dinner, seeing lobsters at table, I inquired after the Lady, and Mrs. B. rose and went into the kitchen to her husband, who sent in the little lady herself, in the cradle in which she resides. She must be an old lady; she looks like Dr. Franklin, that is, like an Egyptian mummy. Swift's droll genius must have been amused with such an object. It is as proper a subject, or rather

allusion or illustration for humor and satire, as can be imagined. A little old woman in a spacious habitation as the cradle is, would be a proper emblem of a President in the new house at Philadelphia.

B. and S. brought up in the morning a good load of green sea-weed. B. and B. have been carting dirt and liming the heap of compost. S. and T. thrashing barley at the little barn.

29. Friday. Hot, after thunder, lightning, and an hour's rain. The two Lathrops threshing. B. and B. brought up a third load of sea-weed. They go on making the heap of compost with lime, sea-weed, earth, &c. &c. Still reading the second volume of Petrarch's Life.

31. Sunday. A fine northwest wind, pure air, clear sky, and bright sun. Reading the second volume of Petrarch's 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. In the absence of the Pope at Avignon, and the people having no regular check upon the nobles, these fell into their usual dissensions, and oppressed the people till they were ripe to be duped by any single enthusiast, bold adventurer, ambitious usurper, or hypocritical villain who should, with sufficient impudence, promise them justice, clemency, and liberty. One, or all of these characters belonged to Rienzi, who was finally murdered by the people whom he had deceived, and who had deceived him. 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 practised upon a virtuous and wise people.

August 4. Thursday. Of all the summers of my life, this has been the freest from care, anxiety, and vexation to me, the sickness of Mrs. A. excepted. My health has been better, the season fruitful, my farm was well conducted. Alas! what may happen to reverse all this? But it is folly to anticipate evils, and madness to create imaginary ones.

6. Saturday. *Omnium rerum domina, virtus.* Virtue is the

mistress of all things. Virtue is the master of all things. Therefore a nation that should never do wrong must necessarily govern the world. The might of virtue, the power of virtue, is not a very common topic, not so common as it should be.

7. Sunday. I am reading a work of Cicero, that I remember not to have read before. It is intituled, *M. Tullii Ciceronis, si Deo placet, Consolatio*; ¹ remarkable for an ardent hope and confident belief of a future state.

10. Wednesday. Mr. Howell, of Rhode Island, came up to see me, and conversed the whole evening concerning the St. Croix and his commission for settling that boundary.

11. Thursday. Mr. Howell lodged with us, and spent the whole morning in conversation concerning the affairs of his mission. He said, by way of episode, that the President would resign, and that there was one thing which would make Rhode Island unanimous in his successor, and that was, the funding system. He said they wanted Hamilton for Vice-President. I was wholly silent.

13. Saturday. Three loads of salt hay yesterday from the beach marsh. Got in fifty-one bushels of barley, winnowed and raddled. T. burning bushes on Pen's Hill. Reading Tully's Offices. It is a treatise on Moral Obligation. Our word obligation answers nearer and better than duty to Cicero's word, *officium*.

14. Sunday. One great advantage of the Christian religion is, that it brings the great principle of the law of nature and nations, — Love your neighbor as yourself, and do to others as you would that others should do to you, — to the knowledge, belief, and veneration of the whole people. Children, servants, women, and men, are all professors in the science of public and private morality. No other institution for education, no kind of political discipline, could diffuse this kind of necessary information, so universally among all ranks and descriptions of citizens. The duties and rights of the man and the citizen are thus taught from early infancy to every creature. The sanctions of a future life are thus added to the observance of civil and political, as well as domestic and private duties. Prudence, justice, temper-

¹ Generally conceded to be spurious.

ance, and fortitude, are thus taught to be the means and conditions of future as well as present happiness.

26. Friday. "Inflexible to preserve, virtuous to pursue, and intelligent to discern the true interests of his country." Flattering expressions of a toast, the more remarkable as they originated in New York. God grant they may never be belied, never disproved!

Mr. Sedgwick and Mr. Barrell came up to see me, and give a sanguine account of the future elections of senators and representatives.

September 8. Thursday. B. and P. laying wall. B. and J. picking apples and making cider. S. widening the brook.

I think to christen my place by the name of Peacefield, in commemoration of the peace which I assisted in making in 1783, of the thirteen years peace and neutrality which I have contributed to preserve, and of the constant peace and tranquillity which I have enjoyed in this residence.