

Private

Sunday Evening

Dear Sir

17<sup>th</sup> Oct / 58

I ~~pass~~ <sup>posses</sup> this moment your note of Friday with the enclosure which I have read attentively.

The difference between your theory & mine is that you pursue the enemy after the victory and Surrender while I am content to halt and reorganise the army expelling thieves & Camp followers whatever may be their complexion. You see danger of a slave oligarchy in the national government when in my opinion that danger is passed forever. If you are right in your theory then your warfare will be perpetual and you will require all the aid of all the allies invited to your Standard in your header. If on the contrary the danger is only imaginary it will only prove a wind mill fight and your real danger will be from the character of the "Swiss officers" of your allies. You think that they are not necessarily to be benefited by the results of this campaign. If you are right in this conclusion I should be obliged if you would indicate what its objects are & who will be likely to derive advantages from its favorable result. It seems to me that you raise up a man of straw in men's crinoiden garments in order to demolish him before the eyes of his astonished friends. He scarcely exists in a political sense having buried himself alive in the ruins of the whig party where I have heard some apprehension that I might with some of my best friends find partial sepulture. His <sup>chief</sup> friend John Bell still looks through the gratings of the Bank from the inside while Webb who chattered the same sum

with Werd Mateson & Scriven are permitted to look into  
the same place of dead mens bones from the out side  
of the walls, thus <sup>by living with us</sup> proving that justice is blind. Finally  
I will admit frankly to you that I do not feel like  
writing the letter you indicate to my friend Loomis and  
I defer thus far to your better judgement in respect  
to that which I read to you. <sup>as I said long ago</sup> The Clay is in the hands of <sup>the other deny</sup>  
the potter & I am content to let him make a vessel to honor  
or dishonor as seemeth good in his <sup>own</sup> eyes. It is inevitable.  
Let Mr. Buchanan be whipped at the town post - he  
deserves it - the example will be salutary

faithfully yours

A. Mann Jr

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