

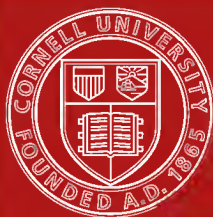


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John Lothrop Motley
From a painting by Bishop

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The Complete Works of
John L. Motley

VOLUME XVII



The Correspondence
of John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L.

Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History
of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death
of John of Barneveldt"

Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

VOL. III

The Jenson Society

New York

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LETTERS OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

CHAPTER XVIII

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To his Mother

January 27, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Since I last wrote I have had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter of 28th December. Although I regret to find that you are still so much a sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, it is a great satisfaction that your eyesight is so much improved, and that you are able to read as much as you like.

Fortunately you have it in your power to see all the new books, whereas we are obliged very much to do without them. Vienna is probably the city in the world where the least reading is done in proportion to the population, and the most dancing. Yet, strange to say, in the upper society there are but very few balls this carnival. Lily wrote you an account of ours, and on the following week there was a ball at the French ambassador's, the Duc de Gramont.

The society is so small that this seems to suffice. I shall add but little concerning our festivity. It was a tremendous undertaking in the prospect, and Mary excited my special wonder by the energy and completeness with which she superintended the arrangements. Our head servant, being an incapable donkey, was an obstruction rather than a help, and the only real lieutenant that she had was —, who was all energy and intelligence. Lily, who thoroughly understands the society of Vienna, was, of course, all in all in regard to the actual business of the ball, and we had an excellent and amiable ally in young Prince Metternich, who was the managing director. Well, at least we are rewarded for the trouble and expense by success, for I

cannot doubt, so much we have heard about it, that it gave very great satisfaction to the said upper three hundred, that noble Spartan band who so heroically defend the sacred precincts of fashion against the million outsiders who in vail assail it. I have said more about this trifling matter than you may think interesting. But to say the truth, I preferred that exactly in this state of our affairs the house of the American minister should be one whose doors were occasionally open, rather than to be known as a transatlantic family who went everywhere but who were never known to invite a soul within their walls. For me personally it is harder work than writing a dozen despatches.

There is, I think, but little of stirring intelligence to be expected from the United States before March or April, but I have settled down into a comfortable faith that this current year 1864 is to be the last of military operations on a large scale. To judge from the history of the past two and a half years, it will not take another twelvemonth for our forces to get possession of what remains of rebel cities and territory, or, at any rate, to vanquish the armed resistance to such an extent that what remains of the insurrection will be reduced to narrow and manageable compass. In another year or two, I am now convinced, there will be neither slaveholders nor rebels—which terms are synonymous. The future will be more really prosperous than the past has ever been, for the volcano above which we have been living in a fool's paradise of forty years, dancing and singing, and imagining ourselves going ahead, will have done its worst, and spent itself, I trust forever. In Europe affairs are looking very squally. The war has almost begun, and the first can-

non-shot, I suppose, will be heard on the Eider before the middle of February. At least, from the best information I can gather from German, Danish, and other sources, the conflict has become inevitable. If diplomacy does succeed in patching up matters in the next fortnight, it will show better skill in joiner's work than it has manifested of late years on any other occasion. We have at least the advantage of being comparatively secure from interference.

January 31. I shall bring the "United Netherlands" to an end by the end of this year. But how I shall feel when I come out of that mine where I have been delving so many years I can scarcely imagine. I shall feel like a man who has worked out his twenty years in the penitentiary, and who would on the whole prefer to remain. Good-by, my dearest mother, and, with my most earnest prayers for your health and happiness,

I am your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To the Duchess of Argyll

Vienna,

February 7, 1864.

DEAR DUCHESS OF ARGYLL: We get on very well in Vienna. We have an extremely pleasant house with a large garden. Many of our colleagues are very kind and agreeable; your ambassador most especially so—high-minded, honorable, sympathetic, good-tempered, amiable. Everybody respects and loves him for his fine qualities of mind and character. Lady Bloomfield

is very charming and accomplished, and has but one fault in the world: she has been away from us three or four months, and we all miss her very much.

I have purposely avoided speaking of the one topic of which my mind is always full, because when I once begin I can never stop, and I become an intolerable bore.

I am glad you spoke of Colonel Shaw. His father and mother are intimate friends of ours, and I have had a touching letter from Mr. Shaw since his son's death. I knew the son, too, a beautiful, fair-haired youth, with everything surrounding him to make life easy and gay. When I was at home in 1861 I saw him in camp. He was in the same tent with one of my own nephews, both being lieutenants in what has since become a very famous regiment—the Massachusetts Second. I had the honor of presenting their colors to that regiment, and saw them march out of Boston 1040 strong. Since that day they have been in countless actions, some of the bloodiest of the war. A large proportion of its officers, all of them young men of well-known Boston families, have been killed or severely wounded; and in the last papers received I read that the regiment, reduced to about two hundred, has returned on a few weeks' furlough and to recruit its numbers, having re-enlisted—like most of the other regiments whose term expires this year—for three years longer, or for the duration of the war. I believe that they would serve for twenty years rather than that our glorious Republic should be destroyed. But be assured that the government of the United States is firm as the mountains.

Young Robert Shaw is a noble type of the young American. Did you see the poem to his memory in the

January number of the "Atlantic"? It is called "Memoriæ Positum," and is, I think, very beautiful. The last verse is especially touching. It is by Russell Lowell, one of our first poets, as you know. The allusion is to his two nephews who were killed in Virginia. A third nephew (he has no sons), Colonel Lowell of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, is in active service in Meade's army. He lately married a sister of Colonel Shaw, and she is with him now. Shaw fought all through the campaigns of Virginia, in the Massachusetts Second, until he took the command of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth (colored). His was a beautiful life and a beautiful death.

I shall say no more. My wife and daughters join me in sincerest remembrances and best wishes for the duke and yourself and all your household.

I beg to remain,

dear Duchess of Argyll,

Most truly yours,

J. L. M.

I wish you would whisper to the duke that he owes me a letter, and that if he should ever find time to write I will write a short letter in return.

To his Mother

Vienna,

March 16, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I hardly know what to say likely to amuse you. Vienna has been dull this winter to an unexampled extent, and the spring is still duller,

parties and dinners being reduced to a minimum. Week before last Mary and I had the honor of being bidden to dine with the emperor and empress. Perhaps it may amuse you to hear how a dinner at court is managed, although it is much like any other dinner-party. The gentlemen go in uniform, of course (military or diplomatic), the ladies in full dress, but fortunately *not* in trains. We were received in one of the apartments of the palace called the Alexander Rooms, because once inhabited by the Czar Alexander I. There were three other members of the diplomatic corps present, the Portuguese minister and his wife, and the minister of one of the lesser German courts. There were some guests from the Vienna aristocracy, besides some of the high palace functionaries, ladies and gentlemen, in attendance. After the company, about twenty-eight in all, had been a little while assembled, the emperor and empress came in together, and, after exchanging a few words with one or two of the guests, proceeded to the dining-room, followed by the rest of the company. Each of us before reaching the reception-room had received a card from an usher signifying exactly where we were to place ourselves at table. Thus on my card I was told to sit on the left of Viscountess Santa Quitéria, the wife of my Portuguese colleague as aforesaid. Mary was directed to be seated on the right of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. So everybody was enabled to march to their places without any difficulty or embarrassment. The emperor and empress sat side by side in the middle of a long table. On his left was the Portuguese lady; on the empress's right was the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

During dinner the emperor conversed very agree-

ably with the lady next him and with me on topics such as generally come up at a dinner-table, and he asked many questions about manners and customs in America. He has rather a grave face, but his smile is frank and pleasant, and his manner has much dignity; his figure is uncommonly good, tall, slender, and stately. Mary had much conversation about Florence, the Pitti Palace, and the Gardens of Boboli with the deposed potentate her neighbor. The lady on my left, Countess Königsegg, the principal mistress of the robes, was very agreeable and is one of the handsomest persons in Vienna; and altogether the dinner passed off very pleasantly. After we had returned to the drawing-room the circle was formed, and the emperor and empress, as usual, went round separately, entering into conversation with each of their guests. He talked a good while with me, and asked many questions about the war with much interest and earnestness, and expressed his admiration at the resources of a country which could sustain for so long a time so vast and energetic a conflict. I replied that we had been very economical for a century, and we were now the better able to pay for a war which had been forced upon us, and which if we had declined we must have ceased to exist as a nation. I ventured to predict, however, that this current year would be the last of the war on any considerable scale.

The empress, as I have often told you before, is a wonder of beauty—tall, beautifully formed, with a profusion of bright brown hair, a low Greek forehead, gentle eyes, very red lips, a sweet smile, a low musical voice, and a manner partly timid, partly gracious. She certainly deserves a better court poet than I am ever likely to become. Both the emperor and empress asked

very kindly about the health of the girls, who, as they knew, had been seriously ill. The party lasted about two hours. We arrived at the palace a little before half-past five and were at home again soon after half-past seven. I have written this thinking it might interest you more than if I went into the regions of high politics. Next Sunday (Easter Sunday) the Archduke Maximilian accepts the imperial crown of Mexico, and within two or three months he will have arrived in that country. Then our difficulties in this most unfortunate matter will begin. Thus far the Austrian government on the one side, and the United States government on the other, have agreed to wash their hands of it entirely. But when the new "emperor" shall notify his accession to the Washington government, we shall perhaps be put into an embarrassing position.

I remain ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To Lady William Russell

Vienna,

March 17, 1864.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: A thousand thanks for your letter, which gave us inexpressible delight, not alone for its wit and its wisdom, which would have made it charming to read even if it had been addressed to any one else, but because it brings a fresh assurance that we are not quite forgotten yet by one of whom we think and speak every day. I should write oftener, dear Lady William, but for two reasons: one, that I am grown such a dull and dismal hermit, although always

in a crowd, that I consider it *polizeiwidrig* to expose any one to the contagion of such complaints; secondly, because yours is an answer to my last, after the interval of a year, and I never venture to write a second letter till the first one has been completed by its answer. It is an old superstition of mine that a correspondence can't go on one leg. I always think of letters in pairs, like scissors, inexpressibles, lovers, what you will. This is a serious statement, not an excuse, for I have often wished to write, and have been repelled by the thought. It was most charitable of you, therefore, to send me one of your green leaves fluttering out of the bowers of Mayfair as the first welcome harbinger of spring after this very fierce winter:

Frigora mitescunt zephyris: ver proterit æstas.

How well I remember that sequestered village of Mayfair, and the charming simplicity of its unsophisticated population! "Auch ich war in Arcadien geboren." I, too, once hired a house in Hertford Street, as you will observe. Would that I could walk out of it to No. 2 Audley Square, as it was once my privilege to do! I infer from what you say, and from what I hear others say, that you are on the whole better in regard to the consequences of that horrible accident in Rome, and I rejoice in the thought that you are enjoying so much, notwithstanding, for a most brilliant planetary system is plainly revolving around you, as the center of light and warmth. I am so glad you see so much of the Hugheses. They are among our eternal regrets. I echo everything you say about both, and am alternately jealous of them that they can see you

every day, and almost envious of you for having so much of them. So you see that I am full of evil passions. Nevertheless, I shall ever love perfidious Albion for the sake of such friends as these, notwithstanding her high crimes and misdemeanors toward a certain republic in difficulties which shall be nameless. What can I say to you that can possibly amuse you from this place?

Perhaps I had better go into the *haute politique*. We live, of course, in an atmosphere of *Schleswig-Holsteinismus*, which is as good as a London fog in this dry climate. I don't attribute so much influence as you do to the "early associations with Hamlet on the British mind." Rather do I think it an ancient instinct of the British mind to prefer a small power in that important little peninsula, that it may be perpetually under the British thumb. For myself, I take great comfort in being comparatively indifferent to the results of the contest. As to its being decided on the merits, that is of course out of the question. A war about Poland was saved, after a most heroic effusion of ink in all the chanceries of Europe, by knocking Poland on the head. And a war about Denmark may be saved by knocking Denmark on the head. As to the merits of Schleswig-Holstein, are there any? Considered as private property, these eligible little estates may be proved to belong to almost anybody. Early in the ninth century the sand-banks of the Elbe were incorporated in the Germanic empires, while those beyond the Eider were under the suzerainty of Denmark. In the first half of the eleventh century all Schleswig was Danish, and at the beginning of the thirteenth Holstein, including Lübeck and Dithmarschen, was incorporated

in the kingdom of Denmark. Then there were revolutions, shindies of all kinds, republics, *que sais-je?* Then came 1460, the election of King Christian I. of Denmark as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein. There is much virtue in the hyphen. The patent of that excellent monarch is extant, written in choice *Plattdeutsch*, by which he declares the hyphen eternal. The provinces shall remain eternally together, undivided, says the patent. What a pity the king, too, could n't have been eternal! The *bon Roi d'Yvetot* himself could n't have settled matters in his domain more comfortably for all future times.

But I forbear. Who can help approving the pluck with which little Denmark stands up to her two gigantic antagonists? But I am afraid there has been too much judicious bottle-holding. Anyhow, it is amusing to watch the chaos in the councils at Frankfort. The Diet is at its last gasp. Everybody has a different proposition of "combination" to make every day; everybody is defeated, and yet there are no conquerors. The Bund means mischief, and wriggles about, full of the most insane excitement, to the thirty-fourth joint of its tail, but can do no harm to any one. Decidedly the poor old Bund is moribund. What do you think of your young friend Maximilian, Montezuma I.? I was never a great admirer of the much-admired sagacity of Louis Napoleon. But I have been forced to give in at last. The way in which he has bamboozled that poor young man is one of the neatest pieces of *escamotage* ever performed. If he does succeed in getting the archduke in, and his own troops out, and the costs of his expedition paid, certainly it will be a *Kunststück*. The priest party, who called in the French, are now most

furiously denouncing them, and swear that they have been more cruelly despoiled by them than by Juarez and his friends. So poor Maximilian will put his foot in a hornets' nest as soon as he gets there. Such a swarm of black, venomous insects have n't been seen since the good old days of the Inquisition. Now, *irritare crabrones* is a good rule, and so Max is to have the Pope's blessing before he goes. But if the priests are against him, and the Liberals are for a republic, who is for the empire?

Meantime he has had smart new liveries made at Brussels, to amaze the Mexican heart. Likewise he has been seen trying on an imperial crown of gilt pasteboard, to see in the glass if it is becoming. This I believe to be authentic. But I am told he has n't got a penny. Louis Napoleon is squeezing everything out of him that he may have in prospect. In one of the collections of curiosities in Vienna there is a staff or scepter of Montezuma, but I believe his successor is not even to have that, which is, I think, unjust. The celebrated bed of roses is, however, airing for him, I doubt not. I put into this envelop a wedding-card of Rechberg and Bismarck,¹ which has been thought rather a good joke here, so much so as to be suppressed by the police. It has occurred to me, too, that it might amuse you to look over a few of the Vienna "Punches." "Figaro" is the name of the chief *Witzblatt* here, and sometimes the fooling is good enough. The caricatures of Rechberg are very like; those of Bismarck less so.

Julian Fane has been shut up a good while, but, I am happy to say, is almost himself again. I saw him a few days ago, and he bid fair to be soon perfectly

¹ Caricature of the time.

well, and he is as handsome and fascinating as ever. Dear Lady William, can't you send me your photograph? You promised it me many times. We have no picture of you of any kind. We should like much to have your three sons. We have one of Odo, however. Likewise we should exceedingly like to have one of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, if you think you could get it for us, with his autograph written below. He once promised it. Will you remember us most sincerely and respectfully to him, and prefer this request? I shall venture also to ask you sometimes to give our earnest remembrances to Lord and Lady Palmerston. We never forget all their kindness to us. But if I begin to recall myself to the memory of those I never forget, I should fill another sheet, so I shall trust to you to do this to all who remember us. And pray do not forget us.

Most sincerely yours,
J. L. M.

From Mr. Edward Everett

Boston,
April 11, 1864.

MY DEAR MR. MOTLEY: I received your welcome letter of the 22d March a few days ago, with the generous contribution to the East Tennessee Fund. I could not resist putting a few sentences of your letter into the newspapers, with the announcement of your donation, a liberty which I hope you will forgive. Commencing with the anonymous gift of three dollars from the teacher of one of our public schools, it has, without the

slightest organization for the collection of funds, nearly reached the sum of \$83,000, all spontaneously sent, like your own liberal subscription, to my address, at one time at the rate of four or five thousand dollars a day.

The event confirmed your anticipation that I should receive here, by means of telegraphic communications in Europe, the news of the archduke's acceptance of the Mexican crown before your letter could reach me. I fear it will prove a crown of thorns to his Imperial Highness, and that he and his archduchess will wish themselves well back from the somewhat mythical "halls of the Montezumas" to the more substantial splendors and comforts of Miramar. Mr. Seward has certainly managed the delicate affair with discretion, as he has many others. Our House of Representatives have, by a unanimous vote, passed a resolution couched in moderate terms, but of pretty significant import. What effect it will have depends upon other events of still more immediate gravity.

I presume, if the great powers of Europe are drawn into a war on the Schleswig-Holstein question, we shall not be any longer taunted with urging war for insignificant causes. It is three years to-morrow since the bombardment of Sumter. In that brief space the country has lived generations. I know no better proof of this than that Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Attorney-General in Mr. Tyler's cabinet, made a speech in the Senate, the other day, in favor of an amendment of the Constitution prohibiting slavery, and that the only party contests in Maryland and Missouri are between the friends of gradual and immediate emancipation. In fact, in Maryland even that contest can hardly be said to exist. Mr. Mayor Swann and my friend Kennedy,

who last autumn led the opposition to Mr. H. W. Davis, the Radical candidate, have accepted their defeat with a good grace and come out for immediate emancipation.

Praying my kindest remembrance to your wife, I remain, my dear Mr. Motley, with great regard,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

From Baron von Bismarck

Berlin,

May 23, 1864.

JACK MY DEAR: Where the devil are you, and what do you do that you never write a line to me? I am working from morn to night like a nigger, and you have nothing to do at all; you might as well tip me a line as well as looking on your feet tilted against the wall of God knows what a dreary color. I cannot entertain a regular correspondence; it happens to me that during five days I do not find a quarter of an hour for a walk; but you, lazy old chap, what keeps you from thinking of your old friends? When just going to bed in this moment my eye met with yours on your portrait, and I curtailed the sweet restorer, sleep, in order to remind you of Auld Lang Syne. Why do you never come to Berlin? It is not a quarter of an American's holiday journey from Vienna, and my wife and me should be so happy to see you once more in this sullen life. When can you come, and when will you? I swear that I will make out the time to look with you on old Logier's quarters, and drink a bottle with you at Gerolt's, where they once would not allow

you to put your slender legs upon a chair. Let politics be hanged, and come to see me. I promise that the Union Jack shall wave over our house, and conversation and the best old hock shall pour damnation upon the rebels. Do not forget old friends, neither their wives, as mine wishes nearly as ardently as myself to see you, or at least to see as quickly as possible a word of your handwriting.

Sei gut und komm oder schreibe.

Dein,

V. BISMARCK.

Haunted by the old song, "In Good Old Colony Times."

To his Mother

Vienna,

May 25, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: The sad news of my dear father's death reached me just before the departure of the last American post from this place. I did not write then because I felt so intensely anxious to hear as to your own health, and as to the effect of this terrible blow upon you, that I waited until I should hear more. Mary had a very kind and sympathetic letter from her aunt Susan, in which we learned particulars as to the sad event and as to your own condition and intentions for the summer, which we wished very much to hear. God grant, my *dearest, dearest* mother, that you may bear bravely up against this earthly termination of a bond which has lasted for so great a portion

of your life. May he grant, too, that you may be long spared to us, and that your feeble health may yet be invigorated, and that your naturally excellent constitution may get the better of the chronic ailments which have caused you so much suffering! Alas! I cannot express how much pain it has given me to be an exile from home at this moment. How deeply do I regret to have lost the privilege of being with my father, which the rest have had, and of listening to his dying words! But it was fated that I should never find employment of any kind at home, and the occupations of my life since I became a worker have compelled me to reside abroad.

No one appreciated more than I did the excellent qualities of mind and character which distinguished my father. I always thoroughly respected and honored his perfect integrity, his vigorous and uncommon powers of mind, his remarkable vein of wit and native humor, with which all who knew him were familiar, his large experience, his honorable prudence, his practical sagacity, and his singular tenderness of heart. I can say to you *now*, what it was difficult for me to write before, that it has always been a cause of sincere pain, at times almost of distress, that I could find no sympathy with him in my political sentiments. In this great revolutionary war now going on in our country, in which the deepest principles of morality and public virtue are at stake, and in which the most intense emotions of every heart are stirred, it would have been an exquisite satisfaction to me could I have felt myself in harmony with him whom as my father I truly honored, whose character and mind I sincerely respected, but whose opinions I could not share.

You may believe that it was a great pain that I could never exchange written or spoken words with him on the great subject of the age and of the world, and I therefore formed the resolution of always addressing my letters to you, in order that I might not seem to say to him what might cause controversy between us. I supposed that he would probably read or not, as he chose, what I wrote to you, and that he could not be annoyed by my speaking without restraint on such occasions. As to concealing my opinions, that neither he nor you would have wished me to do. And as to doubting whether I am right or not in the feelings which I have all my life entertained as to the loathsome institution which has at last brought this tremendous series of calamities upon our land, I should as soon think of doubting the existence of God. Therefore I was obliged to be silent to him, and I have often expressed the regret which that silence caused me. I could easily understand, however, that his age, and the different point of view from which he regarded political subjects, made it not unnatural that he should hold with tenacity to opinions which he had formed with deliberation and acted upon intelligently during a long lifetime.

As I cannot yet come to you, I am very glad that I can at least send Lily as a representative of my love and of all our love. She left us a few days ago with Mrs. Wadsworth, and their passages are taken for the 23d July, from Liverpool. I hope that my dear sister Annie can find a corner for her in her pleasant house at the "corner," so that she can be with you for a time. I do hope, my dearest mother, that you will be able ere long to write a line to me. A very few words

will be a great blessing to me and to all of us. Tell me how you feel in body and in mind. Susan describes you as angelically calm and gentle and affectionate, but it is impossible for you to be otherwise: you have been so all your life. I have no wish to say anything of ourselves, save that we are well.

Good-by, and God bless you and keep you, my ever dearest mother. All send most tender and affectionate remembrances, good wishes, and love. Give my best love to Annie and to all the others, and believe me

Your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To Baron von Bismarck

Vienna,
May 28, 1864.

MY DEAR OLD BISMARCK: It was a very great pleasure to hear from you again. It is from *modesty* that I have n't written—I thought that your time was so taken up with Schleswig-Holstein and such trifles that you would n't be able to find a moment to read a line from me. So I refrained on principle. Certainly I mean to come and see you in Berlin as soon as I can find a good opportunity. It is n't quite fair, however, for you to think me such a lazy fellow as you do. It is quite true that the relations between the United States and Austria are not very complicated, and I have n't, therefore, an overwhelming amount of diplomatic business on my hands just now; but you must remember that I am also a historical *gratte-papier* by profession, and that I write a big octavo volume every

two years. I am like one of the *Kunstreiter* in Renz's Circus, always astride of two horses at once, going at full gallop. One of my steeds is called the Sixteenth Century, the other the Nineteenth, and I have a good deal of trouble to keep one leg firm on each. Besides, my duties of a reporter to my government of all that is going on in this blessed old Europe of yours are not light, for you know as well as any man living how much the perturbations of our continent have to do with the great affairs of yours. You may be sure that John Bull would n't have been found with such a nose of wax in the Denmark business if he had n't felt how dangerous it was for him to be a belligerent in a great European war, *with the United States neutral*, after he had been laying down theoretically and practically that it is the chief business of a neutral to fit out, arm, and man ships of war in his ports to plunder and burn the ships of one of the belligerents.

The practical application by us of these English rules would have destroyed the commerce of Great Britain in two months and have brought destruction upon the empire. But, as you say, politics be hanged, and I did n't mean to say as much as I have already said.

About coming to Berlin. Hardly a week goes by but my wife is trying to send me off to see my old friend Bismarck. God knows that it would be the greatest delight to me to do so, and I certainly shall contrive it sooner or later. Just at this moment I am sad. A little while ago I received the intelligence of the death of my father, and although he was a very old man (nearly eighty-three), yet he was healthy and vigorous, and might have lived several years

longer. We all know that such events are in the course of nature, yet when they come they are great afflictions. You may well suppose, too, that the great war in our country does not tend to make us very gay. Every post brings the news of some dear friend killed. My eldest daughter left us a few days ago with an intimate friend of ours, Mrs. Wadsworth, on her way to make a year's visit to America. On the morning of their arrival in Paris they read in the telegram the death of General Wadsworth, her husband's brother, killed at the head of his division in the battle of the 6th May. We have many near relatives and friends in the Potomac army now fighting sanguinary battles every day, so that we almost shrink from looking at the lists of killed and wounded in the American papers when they arrive.

I feel hopeful, however, that this year may be the last of the war on a great scale. If *we* succeed it will be the last, for the rebels confess publicly that if they are driven from Virginia their power of resistance is gone. There is no doubt of it. They cannot reinforce their present armies, and as to their finances, they are a mere joke. They laugh at the very idea of ever paying their debt or redeeming their currency. It takes thirty dollars of what they call their paper money to make *one* dollar in gold. That is enough to say about *their* resources. Our new tax bill, passed almost unanimously, will give *us* four hundred million dollars a year. If *we* fail in this campaign (which I don't expect), then the war will last two or three years longer. There is no *possibility* of our giving up. No result to the war is possible, imaginable, except the triumph of the United States government and the *entire* suppres-

sion of the mutiny, whether it takes us one year longer or ten. If anybody tells you that the United States government, if unsuccessful in the present campaign, will negotiate for peace or dream of recognizing Jeff Davis and his Confederacy, tell him that he is an ass. There is exactly as much chance of Austria's recognizing Kossuth as President of the Hungarian Republic.

You asked me in the last letter before the present one "if we knew what we were fighting for." I can't let the question go unanswered. We are fighting to preserve the existence of a magnificent commonwealth which traitors are trying to destroy, and to annihilate the loathsome institution of negro slavery, to perpetuate and extend which was the sole cause of the Treason. If men can't fight for *such* a cause they had better stop fighting forevermore. Certainly, since mankind ever had a history and amused themselves with cutting each other's throats, there never, in the course of all ages, was better cause for war than we have—and there is n't a child in the country who does n't feel this. There, I suppose I had better throw this letter into the fire—I have bored you unmercifully, when you would much prefer that I should chaff.

Once more, politics be hanged. What are your plans for the summer? You have got it all your way in the North Sea. By the way, I consider myself the real founder of the Austro-Prussian alliance, as I told Werther the other day. Now that you have nothing to do but amuse yourself and snap your fingers at old Pam and Johnny, are you going to any watering-place? My wife says to me every day:

"Bless me! did I ever? No, I never
Saw a man grow so yellow. How's your liver?"

and wishes to send me off to Karlsbad or the devil knows where to drink waters. I hate watering-places; I hate dyspeptic, broken-down diplomats pottering about and cackling of the ailments of their own and their country's constitutions. But if *you* were going anywhere, don't you go to Gastein again. Are you likely to come through Vienna?

Rechberg will probably be at the station waiting to fall upon your neck and embrace you with tears of joy. And my *Wenigkeit* will not be far off. But I forget; you are such a swell that you always have to take your king with you,—*Ego et Rex meus*, like Cardinal Wolsey,—and this is an impediment to smaller mortals like me.

It will give me infinite pleasure to be with you again. Pray give my kindest regards to Madame de Bismarck. I never forget all her kindness and hospitality in those, to me, most delightful visits to Frankfort.

Alas that that period, too, should be melting into the past!

As to Logier, I am sure that his ghost still haunts the Friedrichstrasse No. 161, and will not be laid until you and I go up into the first floor front together and exorcise him. After that we will proceed to Servet's, and put our legs on all the chairs in the restaurant.

Good-by, my dear friend.

I will write again soon without waiting for a reply, for I know how tremendously hard at work you are.

It will always be a great pleasure, however, to get a line, if ever so short a one. My wife ventures to greet you and yours without yet having a personal acquaintance.

Where is Keyserling? Do let me know if you have

heard of him. I have n't had news of him since we parted in Frankfort.

Ever most affectionately yours,
J. L. MOTLEY.

A little memorandum, which please make note of. You can tear off this last page for the purpose.

A very respectable American, a friend of mine, and employed at this moment and for several years past in the chancery of my legation, is a fanatic for Beethoven—an ancient fiddler of whom you have heard.

He is writing the life of the said Beethoven. He wishes to consult the royal archives at Bonn, Düsseldorf, and various places in your realms in order to elucidate his subject. He will make a formal application for permission to do this, through our minister at Berlin, Mr. Judd. His name is Alexander Thayer, and I vouch for his respectability in every way.

Please let him have this permission when it is applied for in due form, and by so doing oblige your old friend of Colony times, who does n't sing any better than when he lived under a king.

P. S. When you write, please send me two or three of your carte-de-visite photographs, with your name written under each. My children wish very much for them for their albums.

To his Mother

Vienna,
June 15, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I hardly know whether it will interest you much to hear from me. Our last letters

describe you as very feeble, but as having borne the journey to Dedham, on the whole, very well. I still cherish the hope that the country air and summer weather will bring healing to you. Oh that I could come to you and be with you, as is the blessed privilege of the rest of the family! I feel as if I were almost an outcast, to be separated from you now that you are so suffering and so depressed by my dear father's loss. If I were not in Europe at a post of duty and utterly unable to leave it, I should not remain an hour longer on this side of the water. Europe has long since ceased to have attractions for me, and I have perpetually regretted that my literary profession and, subsequently, my present occupation have made me and my children exiles. All three of them long for home, and they envy the others who can see and help to nurse and watch over their dear grandmother.

I feel happy that you are comfortably lodged with Annie, and most sincerely do I rejoice that she has so providentially recovered her health and strength, and is able to take such tender and loving care of you. I do hope that I may receive a letter to-morrow from some member of the family which may give a cheerful account of your health. Poor Mrs. Lothrop! What a terrible blow to lose her young, gallant, excellent son, just as he was rising to distinction and increased usefulness! Well, I would rather have a dead son like Julius Lothrop than living ones who keep themselves safe from all danger, and manifest themselves incapable of feeling or comprehending the grandeur and the nobleness of the struggle in which all that is courageous, manly, and heroic, or intelligent, is bound up heart and soul. We are intensely, breathlessly waiting

for the next news. We have nothing later than June 1, and that left the two great armies confronting each other within half a dozen miles of Richmond, with a battle already begun. I shall say no more, for an hour or two may bring a telegram of four days later, with terrible or encouraging news. Thus far, Grant has proceeded with extraordinary energy and talent, and one tries to beat down the busy devil who tries to whisper fears which are rather born of past disasters than of anything unpromising in the actual circumstances. If I consulted reason only and not the dismal experience of the past, I should be very sanguine as to the results of the present campaign. Certainly, if Grant can take Richmond, and Sherman occupies Atlanta, the slave Confederacy falls, never to hope again.

It seems to me that Grant is the man whom we have been waiting for ever since the war began. I will say no more, lest what I am saying seem nonsense when you are reading it in the light of subsequent events. Good-by. May God bless you and watch over you, my dearest mother!

All send love, and I am

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,

June 27, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Of public matters, the war between Germany and Denmark begins again to-day, and it must soon be decided whether England is able to keep out of the business or not.

The sinking of the *Alabama* by the plucky little

Kearsarge will occasion great glee everywhere at home, and I can almost hear the shouts of delight at this distance. In Europe everybody is exceedingly vexed. All newspapers, except the very few Liberal ones of England and France, gnash their teeth with fury at the defeat of Semmes, but console themselves with the personal escape of the much-admired hero, and with the facts as they represent them, that the *Kearsarge* was an immensely superior vessel, *iron-clad*, and with three times as many guns, and so on, and so on.

Of personal matters there is not much to say. I rarely stir from home. Most fortunately for me, the four hundred people who make up the Vienna world go out of town by the 1st of June, so that I have my whole time for work and have no social occupations of any sort.

Occasionally Mary and the girls go into the country to pass a quiet day with the D'Ayllons, the Gramonts, and the Bloomfields. Thus far I have not accompanied them. Next week we shall probably make a visit to a very hospitable Austrian family, Count Spiegel, whose daughters are very intimate with our girls, and who wish them to see their fine old château. But my life is passed mainly in my library and garden. As I can't be in America and with you, my dearest mother, the best thing for me is to be occupied.

I am sorry to say that I no longer work with the same interest and passion for my work as before. The sixteenth century palls before the nineteenth. All join in love and dearest remembrances to you, and I remain, my dearest mother,

Ever most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

To Lady William Russell

Vienna,

June 29, 1864.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: You are always so kind in saying that you like occasionally to hear from us, and it is always such an exquisite pleasure when one of your green leaves comes fluttering in this direction, that I should long ago have replied to your last kind and delightful greeting of the last day of April, but for reasons. We have had domestic affliction. Since I last wrote, my father has died, and my mother, who is an angel among women, is so infirm that I dread every day to open my letters from home, and yet I am an exile and cannot leave my post. I shall say no more, nor would I have said so much, but I trust to your heart, for I know how tender and truthful it is, especially in regard to the most sacred tie between human beings, that of parents and child.

I am leading the life of a hermit, and try to occupy myself with the sixteenth century. I have written a volume or so since I have been here, but I always feel like a circus-rider, trying to bestride two horses at once. One of my steeds is called the Sixteenth, the other the Nineteenth Century, and both go at a tremendous pace. My daughter Lily has left us. She is on her way to make a visit in America with our friend Mrs. Wadsworth, and we are most desolate without her. She was my second secretary of legation, and a most efficient one—the pillar of my house; and it seems tumbling about our ears now she is gone. She is the very light of our eyes. Poor child! she does n't go home for amusement, but she is deeply interested in her *Vater-*

land. The very day after their arrival in Paris came the news that General Wadsworth was killed, the bravest of the brave, the noblest of the noble, a man of princely fortune, heroic sentiments, the most generous and genial of friends. We shall soon all of us have more dead friends than live ones. But this is an age of tragedy.

My daughter will probably pass through London on her way to the steamer at Liverpool. She will certainly find her way to your door, and I hope you will smile upon her for a moment, for her own sake and for ours. My wife joins me in kindest and most affectionate regards and good wishes, and I remain most sincerely and devotedly

Yours,

VARIUS.

To his Mother

July 27, 1864.

. . . I shall be disappointed if when this letter arrives Sherman has not taken Atlanta, and Grant taken or destroyed Petersburg.

Tell my darling Lily, who of course will see you long before you see this, that she must pardon me for not writing by this post. Mary has done so, however, and probably told her about my friend Bismarck. He is at present Prime Minister of Prussia, and is here to negotiate a peace with Denmark. We were very intimate in our youth, and have always kept up the association, having renewed our old friendship six years ago at Frankfort, where he was Prussian envoy at the

Diet. He dined with us yesterday *en famille*, asking me to have no one else except Werther, the Prussian minister here, that we might talk of old times and be boys again. Tell Lily that he regretted, he said, very much not seeing her, having heard so much in her praise from Baron Werther and many others. I regret it, too, excessively. Lily will tell you all about him politically. He is as sincere and resolute a monarchist and absolutist as I am a republican. But that does n't interfere with our friendship, as I believe that Prussia is about as likely to become a republic as the United States to turn into a military monarchy. The aspect of things is more pacific just now in Europe, but the peace is not yet made.

Good-by, and God bless you, my dearest mother. Give my love to Annie and to all the family, and to my darling Lily.

Ever most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

From Mr. J. R. Lowell

Cambridge,

July 28, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I write you on a matter of business. You may have heard that Norton and I have undertaken to edit the "North American"—a rather Sisyphean job, you will say. It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It was n't thoroughly, that is, thick and thinly, loyal, it was n't lively, and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject.

It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly was in great danger of running aground. It was an easy matter, of course, to make it loyal, even to give it opinions (such as they were), but to make it alive is more difficult. Perhaps the day of the quarterlies is gone by, and those megatheria of letters may be in the mere course of nature withdrawing to their last swamps to die in peace. Anyhow, here we are with our megatherium on our hands, and we must strive to find what will fill his huge belly and keep him alive a little longer. You see what 's coming. Pray imagine all the fine speeches and God-bless-your-honors, and let me proceed at once to hold out the inevitable hat. Could n't you write us an article now and then? It would be a great help to us, and you shall have carte blanche as to subject. Could n't you write on the natural history of that diplomatic cuttlefish of Schleswig-Holstein without forfeiting your ministerial equanimity? The creature has bemuddled himself with such a cloud of ink that he is almost indiscernible to the laic eye. Or on recent German literature? Or on Austria and its resources? Or, in short, on anything that may be solemn in topic and entertaining in treatment? Our pay is n't much, but you shall have five dollars a page, and the object is in a sense patriotic. If the thought be dreadful, see if you can't find also something pleasing in it, as Young managed to do in "Eternity." Imagine the difference in the tone of the "Review." If you are a contributor, of course it will always be, "Our amiable and accomplished minister at the court of Vienna, who unites in himself," etc., etc., etc.; or else, "In such a state of affairs it was the misfortune of this country to be represented

at Vienna by a minister as learned in Low Dutch as he was ignorant of high statesmanship," etc., etc. I pull my beaver over my eyes and mutter "*Bewa-r-re!*" etc. But, seriously, you can help us a great deal, and I really do not care what you write about if you will only write.

As to our situation here you are doubtless well informed. My own feeling has always been confident, and it is now hopeful. If Mr. Lincoln is rechosen, I think the war will soon be over. If not, there will be attempts at negotiation, during which the rebels will recover breath, and then war again with more chances in their favor. Just now everything looks well. The real campaign is clearly in Georgia, and Grant has skilfully turned all eyes to Virginia by taking the command there in person. Sherman is a very able man, in dead earnest, and with a more powerful army than that of Virginia. It is true that the mercantile classes are longing for peace, but I believe the people are more firm than ever. So far as I can see, the opposition to Mr. Lincoln is both selfish and factious, but it is much in favor of the right side that the Democratic party have literally not so much as a single plank of principle to float on, and the sea runs high. They don't know what they are in favor of—hardly what they think it safe to be against. And I doubt if they will gain much by going into an election on negatives. I attach some importance to the peace negotiation at Niagara (ludicrous as it was) as an indication of despair on the part of the rebels, especially as it was almost coincident with Clanricarde's movement in the House of Lords. Don't be alarmed about Washington. The noise made about it by the Copperheads is

enough to show there is nothing dangerous in any rebel movements in that direction. I have no doubt that Washington is as safe as Vienna. What the Frémont defection may accomplish I can't say, but I have little fear from it. Its strength lies solely among our German Radicals, the most impracticable of mankind. If our population had been as homogeneous as during the Revolutionary War, our troubles would have been over in a year. All our foreign trading population have no fatherland but the till, and have done their best to destroy our credit. All our snobs, too, are secesh.

But I always think of Virgil's

Pur a noi converrà vincer la punga
 . . . se non—tal ne s' offerse.

We have the promise of God's Word and God's nature on our side. Moreover, I have never believed, do not now believe, in the possibility of separation. The instinct of the people on both sides is against it. Is not the *coup de grâce* of the *Alabama* refreshing? That an American sloop of war should sink a British ship of equal force, manned by British sailors and armed with British guns in the British Channel! There is something to make John Bull reflect.

Now, do write something for us, if you can, and, with kindest remembrances to Mrs. Motley,

Believe me always

Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

To his Mother

Vienna,

August 3, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Just now we are rather a small family. Mary is making a little visit to our friends the Ayllons at Vöslau, so that we are but three just now to keep the pot boiling. The prominent topic of the last week has been the peace negotiations between the two great German powers (Prussia and Austria) and Denmark. The preliminaries were signed yesterday, and the armistice prolonged for six weeks. In short, the peace is made.

This is all the commentary I shall make to-day on the Schleswig-Holstein history. To me the most interesting part of these Vienna conferences was that they brought my old friend Bismarek to this place. He thinks it about as possible to transplant what is called parliamentary government into Prussia as Abraham Lincoln believes in the feasibility of establishing an aristocracy in the United States. I venerate Abraham Lincoln exactly because he is the true, honest type of American democracy. There is nothing of the shabby-genteel, the would-be-but-couldn't-be fine gentleman; he is the great American Demos, honest, shrewd, homely, wise, humorous, cheerful, brave, blundering occasionally, but through blunders struggling onward toward what he believes the right. I have a great faith in Grant; I think he is the man we have been wanting for these three years, but I don't feel absolutely certain. But this I will say, that if he takes Richmond before Christmas his Vicksburg and Virginia campaigns will prove him the greatest general

now living. But this is a great *if*, I confess. Still, I think he will do it. Good-by, my dearest mother. I am delighted to hear of you as improving in health and spirits. Try to write me half a dozen lines when you can. It is such a pleasure to see your handwriting.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,

August 16, 1864.

MY DEAREST LILY: We have a telegram this morning, date August 6, telling us that Grant has been repulsed at Petersburg. . . . This time I really believe we have had a defeat, notwithstanding that the telegraph says so, because I have been feeling these three days, ever since the attack was in progress, that it could not result otherwise. Since the days of Fort Donelson, few attacks made in front upon intrenchments by either belligerent have succeeded. It seems to me that they cannot succeed; and if anything could stagger my profound faith in Grant, it would be many repetitions of such assaults. If he can't make Lee attack him—which I always thought would be his game—I shall be disappointed. . . .

The only ripple we have had on our surface is when the bold Bismarck made his appearance. Your mother has told you about him, and it was the greatest delight to me to see him again. He and Werther dined with us one day *en famille*, and we drank three bottles of claret (not apiece); but we sat until half-past nine at

table, much to the amazement of the servants; for what well-conducted domestic in Vienna can tolerate any remaining at table after the finger-bowls? Of course the "Fremdenblatt" and all the other journals announced next morning that "Sir Motley," the American envoy, had given a "gala dinner" to Minister Bismarck, Count Rechberg, the Danish plenipotentiary, and a string of other guests, most of whom I have not the pleasure of knowing by sight. *En revanche*, three days afterward, as I believe your mother has informed you, we did give a dinner of a dozen, and the journals conscientiously stated next morning that Baron Werther had given a "gala dinner" to M. de Bismarck, adding a list of *convives*, not one of whom was of the party.

Ever your affectionate

P.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
August 23, 1864.

MY DEAREST LILY: We have had little of stirring interest since you left. The girls, with their mother, go pretty often to the Duchesse de Gramont's Thursday afternoons at Baden, and occasionally to the Spiegels' Saturdays. But I always back out. I cannot stand society, and my social duties are trampled underfoot. The incident of the week is the advent of the King of Prussia. He came Saturday night. On Sunday evening the diplomatic corps were invited to a theatrical exhibition at the Schloss Theater in Schönbrunn. As this was a mere act of business, not of amusement, of course we went. We drove out after dinner, arriving

at 8 P. M. Nobody wore uniform but the military individuals. We entered at once into the theater, a pretty little affair, rather freshly decorated, and, as compared with the dingy old Burg Theater, quite brilliant. No expense had been spared in candles and lamp-oil. The imperial box occupies the space exactly in front of the stage. On the seats on the right (there are no boxes) were the dips, the ladies in front; on the left the long rows of Schwarzenbergs, Liechtensteins, Esterhazys, and other swells. Below there was a pit full of attachés, officers of the guard, and similar blooming plants. The great Strauss, placed on high amid his tuneful choir, directed the orchestra.

The imperial party consisted of the empress, with our *hoher Gast* on the right, in an Austrian colonel's white uniform. His S. R. A. M. looked much as usual; and there were a few archdukes sprinkled about, among whom the pensive — is the only one I recollect.

The play was "Bürgerlich und Romantisch," which I never saw before and trust never to see again. It was wonderfully slow, although all the best actors and actresses were in it—Wolter, Baudius, those corpulent, *amoureux* Baumeister and Sonnenthal, and Beckmann, Meixner, and the rest. "And if the king liked not our comedy, why, then, belike he liked it not perdy." And if he did n't, his Majesty and I were both of a mind. When half our dreary task was done, we were all (that is, the chief dips, male and female) taken into a kind of drawing-room, at one side of which we were stood up like ninepins to be bowled down by their various Majesties. The King of Prussia had his first innings—a tall, sturdy, good-humored-faced, elderly man. Werther introduced us one after another, quite promis-

cuous. My interview was a short one. He said, "Ah, I have heard of you from my daughter-in-law. You are an author." I did n't contradict him. Then he asked if it was long since I had seen her. I, being more than usually weak-minded and hard of hearing, understood him to ask how long since I left America, but, being not quite sure, said interrogatively, "L'Amérique?" He replied, "Non ; ma belle fille." To which I said, "A few months since"—it being, I believe, about two years and a half. However, Werther was already goading him on to the next man, so our interview terminated, and all I can say is that if his Majesty did not set me down for an idiot he is not the king I took him for.

In about three quarters of an hour we were dismissed to hear the rest of the play, and then all sent home supperless to bed. We reached the Husarzewski Palace at 11 P. M., very hungry and exhausted (having dined at three), and I immediately sent for a pot of beer and drank my own health in solitary state; then went to bed. This is the beginning and end of the diplomatic body's participation in the festivities. I only had a glimpse of Bismarck. He promised certainly to come to see us if the king stayed two days more. But I think it very doubtful whether I shall see him. However, when he was here the other day, he came three times and dined with us twice.

Your affectionate

PAPAGEI.

If your dear grandmother should seem in any way surprised or hurt that we went to court, you must explain that a minister and his wife go to such cere-

monies as part of their official duties, and that it would be considered here a violation of the proprieties to be absent except in the case of a *very recent* domestic affliction. Certainly it was not a merrymaking.

To his Mother

Vienna,

August 31, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: The question—as it will appear to all men a few years hence—to be decided at the November election is simply, Shall the Union be restored with slavery or without slavery? I am very glad, at any rate, that the question is distinctly and broadly placed so that there is no dodging the issue. Thank God, we have done with humbug on the slavery question. Mr. Lincoln and his supporters have planted themselves firmly on the abolition platform, in favor of amending the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery forever in the United States. And if he is elected, the Constitution will be so amended within a couple of years, and the war will be over as soon. On the other hand, the great meeting for McClellan in New York has come out most nobly for slavery; and if he gets the nomination at Chicago, we know all of us that in voting for him we are voting for slavery. I do not by any means deny the possibility of his election. I do not expect it, but I dread it more than I can express.

God bless you. Give my love to Annie and all the family.

Ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
September 7, 1864.

MY DEAREST LILY: Your long, nice letter to Mary came yesterday, only fifteen days old, the *Persia* having made a short passage as usual. It was delightful to get so many and fresh details; we have read it over several times. Mary arrived the day before; otherwise her letter would have been broken open before sending it to Vöslau. She has, however, finished her month's visit to the dear D'Ayllons, and is now relieved by the Störenfried, whose departure from this establishment is always regretted by me, in spite of her noise, and because (if for no other reason) we are now obliged to decide for ourselves every afternoon whether we will drive to Dornbach, the Prater, or Schönbrunn, and whether or not we will go to the Opera. All these matters being decided by her usually with great promptness, our existence is simplified. Last night we drove over to Weidlingau, for the very first time this summer, except the day we all four dined there, and found nobody there as company but Mrs. Y——, who is staying with Lady Bloomfield; the Cramers, of course—the Callimakis, by the way, are supposed to have departed forever; Don T—— M——, C. E., M. P., of his Serene Majesty Maximilian I. of Mexico. Pretty little B—— has had his hair, not cropped, but almost shaven, and looks very funny, with his delicate cameo features and his *forçat échappé coiffure*. De l'A—— said, as I was expressing my wonder, "He wants to shave, and so has to shave his

head!" At which B—— was wroth, and smote the chaffer, for in truth "his having no beard is still a younger brother's revenue."

Everybody asks very kindly after you, and you are still very freshly remembered. As for us, we miss you more and more daily, and yet I am glad you have gone, for this Vienna existence is a very mummifying process. Your mother is seriously contemplating a visit to the Spiegels in Moravia. The three, Count and Countess Spiegel and Miss T——, dined with us last week, and were very cordial in their invitation. Also Count Waldstein came to me the other day, and urged our coming to Hungary for a visit. But there is no chance of my going. I have just had a great disappointment, by the way. Three or four days ago I marched down to the Archives, intending then and there to begin a long course of study during the remainder of my stay in Vienna. The archivist, a very civil little dried-up old gentleman, who has obviously occupied his present position ever since the Thirty Years' War, and professed great willingness to assist me in every way, observed, however, that a written form was necessary before I could go in and read. I had already spoken to Count Rechberg three months before, who said I had only to refer the archivist to him. I now went to Baron Meysenburg to request him to draw up the order, when what was my horror to find that it was an ancient and immutable law that no member of the diplomatic corps could have the entrance of the Archives! I tried in vain to assault, undermine, and flank the position. All in vain—I am excluded, and I am ready to knock my head against the walls of the Foreign Office in despair. I shall say no more on

the subject to-day. Perhaps yet I may find some loop-hole, but I doubt.

I observe what you say about the Women's League, and I feel disposed to say a few words about it. It is, and always will be, a mystery to me why we, who are the most intelligent and practical and earnest community in the world, have always refused to study the first principles of political economy. It is now about eighty years since Adam Smith published the "Wealth of Nations," a book of which Burke says (I think without exaggeration) that it has done more for human happiness than all the labors of all the statesmen and legislators of whom there is authentic record. And yet, so far as the American people is concerned, Adam Smith might never have written a line; and one can scarcely read a speech or a public document in our country without seeing the old fallacies which he destroyed, and which nevertheless flourish as greenly as ever on our side of the Atlantic. People are eternally talking of the "balance of trade," and of "preventing the export of specie," and of having the "exports larger than the imports, in order to make commerce profitable," exactly as they used to do in Europe in the last century, but as no one could talk in this hemisphere without showing that he had not taken the trouble to look even at the rudiments of political economy.

All trade being a barter of commodities, an equilibrium is the necessary condition to which it always tends. One year with another, or two years or so as it may be, the exports and the imports *must* balance themselves. A sum of gold and silver (the only commodity universally recognized as money or universal medium of exchange) is shoved to and fro to adjust

this balance, which *never* can be long unadjusted. Thus if the imports have been very much in excess of the exports during a considerable period of time, the necessity of paying the difference causes the sending out of some millions of specie week after week and month after month. This very export, diminishing the volume of the currency, makes (as is popularly said) money tight, and therefore causes prices to fall. Goods and produce becoming gradually less valuable in proportion to the precious metals as the latter go on diminishing in quantity, a point is ultimately reached at which it is cheaper again to export goods than gold. At the same time, prices having reached so low a grade, it is not desirable to *import* goods from abroad, for they would be imported at a loss. Therefore gold begins to come back in pay for the increased exports and in place of the diminished imports. The tide has turned again, and the ebb and flow is as regular as any natural phenomenon, when you compare periods of a few years with each other.

I don't mean to write a long chapter of political economy, but it is really painful to hear this perpetual talk about the imports exceeding the exports, and about keeping precious metals in the country, as if gold alone was wealth, and as if, in our present condition of having an inconvertible paper currency, the premium on gold (as it is called) was the result of over-importation. What I have been saying all along, about the laws of trade supposes, of course, a currency of gold and silver mixed with paper convertible into specie at the will of the bearer. So long as a country has this indispensable requisite to commercial health, there can be no such thing as a premium on gold, and the differ-

ence of exchange can never be more than a very few per cent. between countries so situated. But we are not in a condition of national health, but in the very crisis and delirium of a most terrible fever, the issue of which, as I believe most firmly, will be a longer national life and more vigorous constitution than we at one time dared to hope for. Nevertheless, we are in a diseased condition. One of our most dangerous symptoms and to be most anxiously watched is exactly this inconvertible paper currency. Government has issued some six hundred millions of it in addition to the three or four hundred millions emitted by the banks. As specie payments have long since been suspended, gold has no more to do with our currency than lead or pewter. If five hundred millions of it should be imported into New York to-morrow, it would not make any material difference in the value of the paper currency. It would not enter into the circulation any more than five hundred millions' worth of diamonds and emeralds would do, and would not make us any richer or more comfortable in any way than the diamonds and emeralds, or the same amount of broad-cloth or Brussels lace.

Gold goes out and comes in quite irrespectively of the depreciated condition of our currency, and in obedience to the great tidal law of which I have already spoken. If any proof of this were required (which is not the case, for these are among the axioms, not the demonstrations), you may have it in any newspaper. At this moment I read in the last American journals that gold is at 157 premium, and yet the exchanges are in our favor. Any merchant will tell you at this moment that it is cheaper to buy a bill of ex-

change at the current price in the market than to buy gold to send abroad. The truth is, we are perpetually confounding two sets of phenomena essentially distinct. At this very moment, therefore, gold, although (in common parlance) at 157 premium, ought not to be exported, and as a matter of fact it is not to be exported. I observe in the English papers of late that the packets bring no specie, or very little, and I suppose that very soon they will take specie to America. Yet that will not reduce the premium on gold, which is simply owing first to the enormous inflation of the currency, and secondly to the fear that, with the prolongation of the war and with the difficulty of obtaining loans from the people, government will be compelled to resort to still further inflation.

This very fear it is which makes cowards of us all, and with good reason. A paper dollar is now worth forty cents. With a fresh issue of currency its value would fall to thirty, twenty, or what you will, just as in the blessed Confederacy. In place of a regular and voluntary contribution of the people in the shape of a loan, there is always the fear *faute de mieux* of this forced loan in the shape of more greenbacks.

Now, what *is* the remedy for this? Plainly, a determination on the part of the people to economize in every possible way, and to lend (each individual as much as he or she can possibly spare) to the government in tens, fifteens, or fifty thousands. And this brings me to the application of my long parable. The Women's League might produce incalculable benefit. If all women would resolve to abstain from all useless expenditure, would sustain each other in buying no silk gowns, no laces, no jewels, no luxurious furniture, no

kid gloves at all, and if the men would pledge themselves to a similar economy, in abstaining from all unproductive consumption, whether of wine, tobacco, horses, or whatever, and would agree to lend, each man or woman, his savings to the government, so long as the war shall last, by investing in the new loans as fast as offered, the aggregate thus saved from wasteful consumption for the national exchequer would be very considerable, and the spectacle would be a very noble one.

Now, as it seems to me, and I say it with the most profound respect, the usefulness of this League, which might produce immense benefit, is nipped in the bud by one fatal error. As I understand it, the women of America propose not so much to economize and to deny themselves luxuries of dress, furniture, and so on, as simply to buy those articles of native manufacturers instead of the foreign ones. Now, I have just explained that the idea of affecting the price of gold by such a process is a mere delusion. In so far as it means economy and abstention, the plan is good, because those who abstain from unproductive consumption will have more to give away, and we know how ready our men and our women are to give away. The generosity of a national character was never exemplified in any country or age as it has been in ours during the war, and one is the more anxious, therefore, that this noble sentiment should be turned to the best account. Now, to abstain from buying a silk gown or French gloves abroad, and then to buy them, not any better and at a probably higher price, from a native manufacturer, is to become poorer and to have the less to give or lend to government. You tax yourselves, not for your noble soldiers and sailors, not to make the

burden of the government lighter, but simply for the benefit of the native manufacturer. The League (thus in my poor opinion misdirected), instead of accomplishing the noble purpose which the Leaguers intend, will result merely in an advantage to our home manufacturers at the expense of the people and the government. It might be said that I, for one, ought to be pleased at this, as much of my property is invested in manufactures; but that, I believe, is a consideration foreign from the nature of every honest man in America.

How I wish some one or other would take the lead in some such movement as this suggested: a woman's league to wear calicoes and cotton stockings, and to lend all their surplus savings to government! But to attempt affecting the market quotation of gold by buying the American fabrics instead of foreign ones is, as I have already hinted, like attempting to regulate the rising and setting of the sun, which is governed by an immutable law. So far as it accomplishes anything as at present arranged, I should think it would make people less able to help government in its need. There can be no doubt that silks, gloves, laces, and so on, are manufactured much cheaper in Europe than in America. Therefore, if they are to be bought at all, they should be bought where they are cheapest, if unproductive consumption is to be kept within any limits. I have said all this because the subject interests me deeply. But I need not warn you to be very modest, backward even, in expressing these opinions or quoting them as mine. They are not mine. They are simply derived by me, as one of their humblest and least accomplished disciples, from the teachings of Adam Smith, John Stuart Mill, and the other great thinkers on the most

important subject of the age. I have no objection to your occasionally reading what I have thus said to those who from old friendship will look with indulgence on what I thus say from patriotism and with the most perfect respect for and sympathy with the noble women to whom our country is so much indebted ever since the war began. I would go on much longer, but this is a letter, not a treatise. God bless you, my darling. Give my love to your dear grandmama, Aunt Annie, and the whole family.

Ever thine affectionately,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,

September 13, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: It is a dreary, rainy day, one of about eighty-two or -three out of which our ninety days of so-called summer have been composed. Now, having got into autumn, and having given up the summer to its fate, we are not getting on any better. I only wish we could export some of our early and latter rain from this country to America, where it seems, from all I can learn, that you are having it hot and dry, and that the crops and the armies are suffering. I can't say that I have much of interest to talk about here. We had a few of our diplomatic colleagues to dinner last Saturday, and to-day we are to drive out to Weidlingau, an hour's distance, to dine with the Bloomfields, and I wish that it was not to be a rainy drive, instead of a mild and moonlit one, which it ought to be.

These are about all the private incidents, and the dearth of public ones is about as great. The peace conferences between the Danish plenipotentiaries (poor victims!) on one side and the Austrians and Prussians on the other go on very slowly; but I don't suppose you take a feverish interest in their proceedings, and I am sure that I don't. If I had even the least reverence for red tape, which is not the case, it would have evaporated in the course of four years of a foreign mission. Certainly, if any lessons were wanted in the art of how not to do it, the world has received them in plenty these two years past from the bigwigs of the great powers, who flatter themselves that they direct the course of events, when they hardly even see, much less comprehend it.

The news from America received by telegraph to-day, if true, is very important. It is announced that Atlanta has been occupied by our forces, and that Fort Morgan has been surrendered. I trust that the former is not a false report. In regard to the latter I am not anxious, because it has been obvious from the beginning that Morgan could not long be held.

The other announcement, that McClellan had received the nomination at Chicago, was also expected. It has seemed certain that this would be the result for some time past. I don't conceal from myself that he is the most formidable candidate that the pro-slavery party could have selected, and they are wise in having thrown the peace-at-any-price party overboard. I had hoped or tried to hope that they would have selected a submissionist out and out, like Vallandigham or Seymour, but they were not quite such fools as that. They knew that the People would have rejected any such

candidate with disgust, and such a nomination would have insured the election of Lincoln. I admit that there is considerable danger of McClellan's election, and the very possibility of such a catastrophe fills me with unspeakable melancholy. I don't know how I could face such a terrible result to these four past years of progress. I don't mean anything in regard to him personally. In himself he is nothing. No individual is anything in the midst of this great revolution. As a military man he is, I suppose, a very good civil engineer; but even had the Chicago convention nominated a general immeasurably his superior, had they persuaded Grant or Sherman to bid for the candidacy, and had they nominated either, I should have been still more unhappy, because the chances of their election would have been still greater than are those of McClellan.

If after these four years of bloodshed, the like of which the world has rarely seen, but during which the People has gone with such gigantic steps toward the extirpation of the institution which has caused all our misery—if after all these terrible but still sublime years the People is capable of abasing itself in the very moment when its ultimate triumph seems certain, and of reëstablishing slavery just as it is underfoot and waiting to receive the *coup de grâce*, then indeed must one have cause almost to despair of human progress on this earth.

That this mighty revolution is to be stopped in mid-career by the politicians assembled at Chicago is what my reason forbids me to believe beforehand. If it does become a fact, which you will know on the second day of November, and I on the 13th or 14th, why, I shall try to bear it with as much fortitude as I may, taking

consolation in the conviction that the pro-slavery party (alas that such a thing should exist in the free States of America!) will find it difficult to accomplish its ends. The slaveholders know that the heart of the North is antislavery, and that although a weariness of the war may possibly bring about a temporary reconstruction of the Union on the slavery basis, it could not guarantee the existence of slavery beyond a very brief period. Therefore the result of McClellan's election will be, I think, to prolong the war very much.

This is the way I regard the election of McClellan and its inevitable results. My principal hope of the success of the Republican party is founded on military success. I admit that a great disaster to our armies would probably be fatal to Mr. Lincoln's chance; therefore the McClellan party are all looking forward with eager hope to a national disaster.

Well, I have said my say; I am intensely anxious but hopeful. New York and Pennsylvania may vote for McClellan, but New England and Ohio and all the Northwest will go for Lincoln, and if so he will be elected.

However, this is idle talk. The votes in all the great States are so evenly balanced, according to the latest statistics, that one must fall back on general principles, and on those and on the chance of victories by Grant, Sherman, and Farragut I found my hopes. Mary and little Mary join me in love to you, my dearest mother, and to Annie and all at home. Susie is making a long visit to the Ayllons at Vöslau.

Good-by, and God bless you.

Believe me, your ever-affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,

Tuesday, September 27, 1864.

MY DEAREST LILY: I am writing you a hurried note this morning at seven o'clock merely that you may have a line by the steamer to say that we are all well. I can absolutely do no more, for I leave by a railroad (how I hate railroads, and how I hope that the punishment of the man who invented them may be to wait for ever and ever through all eternity in a *salle d'attente* with a lot of frowzy travelers for a train that is always about to start and never does!) in about an hour.

Yesterday morning I left Wischenau, the château of Count Spiegel, at an early hour by post-chaise, traveled three hours to the station, then came in three hours' rail to Vienna.

Nothing could be more charming than the Spiegels, one and all. We went down last Saturday, arrived there at 9 P. M. The weather was a deluge at starting, but kindly assuaged at sunset. The Sunday was passed in going all over the estate, which is a very fine one. He has about four thousand acres under the plow, divided into four great farms with as many villages, and about as much more woodland and pastures. I went into peasants' houses, stewards' houses, farmers' houses, and asked questions by the thousand, like a youthful traveler improving his mind.

But I sha'n't give you all the information I derived, because there is n't time now, and because I shall forget it all before I do have any.

Suffice it to say that a day-laborer gets from fifteen

to twenty kreutzers per day when employed, and can generally have employment most of the year. Consequently by hard working he can earn about thirty-five dollars a year. No wonder the poor creatures emigrate, when they have a chance, to a country where they can earn as much in a fortnight as in their own diggings in a year. The farm-houses are clean. The better part of the peasant proprietors seem contented enough and very well off. In one which I visited, where the farm was of about thirty acres, there was good furniture and much neatness. There are many peasant proprietors, but the farms are not indefinitely divided. The eldest son, as in all Austria (where it is not a *Majoratsgut*), takes one half, while the other half is divided among all the brothers and sisters, himself included. But the eldest retains the property, and the portions of the rest are charged upon the estate.

It is a fertile country, producing all kinds of grain and much fruit. The peaches are good, and figs ripen very well in the open air, although in winter they have on an average two months' sleighing, and the cold is sometimes as low as 20° or 25° below zero of Fahrenheit.

The château is a large quadrangular structure of the last century, whitewashed and commodious, with rooms for forty guests at least. The "keeping-rooms" are elegant and homelike, and I am sure no family in the world, not even in England, has more genuine, frank, and delightful hospitality. Countess Spiegel, as you know, is a very well-instructed and most agreeable woman, and he is kindness personified. The girls you know better than I do. . . .

I must stop. It is going to rain, of course, and I am

about to start on a tour of pleasure. When I am very happy at home and miserable abroad I am *censé* to require change of air, and I travel for my health, although in truth I bear myself like the new bridge. If I was n't afraid I would back out at the last moment. Meanwhile Lippitt and I go off together for a fortnight to Gmunden, Ischl, Innsbruck, Verona, Venice, Triest. I feel sure that something will turn up requiring my presence during my absence. God bless you, dear child. Love to dear grandmama.

Ever yours,

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,

October 12, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I have n't written very lately because I have been absent on a little tour of about a fortnight. There was a theory that my health required change of air, and so I started with Mr. Lippitt, went to Gmunden and Ischl, the latter a famous summer place for the Vienna people. It is about ten hours' railroad journey from the capital, and is certainly a very beautiful place, a meeting together of three or four valleys, fertile, sylvan, and picturesque, inclosed on all sides by magnificent mountain-chains, with some peaks high enough to have snow upon them all the year. Thence we took a carriage-drive to Salzburg, a city which has probably the most magnificent situation of any town of so large a size in the world, the Styrian Alps, as fine as any mountain scenery out of Switzerland, stretching outside the city walls in all directions,

and inclosing the picturesque town and the broad and luxuriant plain of the Salzach in which it lies, with the remarkable fortress on a precipitous mountain rising in the very heart of the place. But I think you have been at Salzburg yourself. I shall only add, therefore, that we went from Salzburg to Innsbruck, thence across the Brenner Pass to Bolzano and Verona, and so to Venice, where we stopped two or three days. It is a delight to be in Venice, which is always a dream-city to me, and I have never been there long enough at a time to have its poetry turned into prose. But I won't prose myself on the subject, and shall simply add that after I had made satisfactory arrangements with a literary gentleman there, who, by a curious coincidence, was just about writing to me for authority to publish an Italian translation of my works, and who has undertaken to superintend certain researches which I am making by deputy in the Venetian Archives for my future volumes, we returned by easy stages to Vienna.

My health is perfectly good since my journey, which is the less remarkable as it was perfectly good before.

However, I am glad, on the whole, to have taken the tour, although I hate traveling more and more every year that I live. The morning after my return, day before yesterday, I was invited to a family breakfast at the Prince Augustus of Coburg's. He is married, as Lily will tell you, to one of the daughters of King Louis Philippe of France,¹ and resides here. It is a pleasant house, where there are often dinners and evening parties in the winter. The princess is most charming, amiable, and intelligent, like all the members of

¹ The Princess Clémentine.

her family whom I have ever known. The reason of my being invited on this occasion was that the Count of Paris, whom I had the pleasure of knowing in London a few years ago, was kind enough to wish to see me again. He is here with his bride, daughter of his uncle, the Duc de Montpensier. The Duchesse de Montpensier is sister to the Queen of Spain, and the company at breakfast consisted only of the Prince and Princess of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, the Count and Countess of Paris, the son and daughter of our host, one or two gentlemen and ladies in waiting, and my colleague and friend M. d'Ayllon, the Spanish minister, who looked rather mystified at seeing me at this little family party. I sat next to the Count of Paris, whom I remembered as a young man of much intellect, but I found him still more improved, and I venture to pronounce him almost a model of what a young prince ought to be in manner, in character, in conversation, in accomplishments. To be sure, he bribed me by his unaffected, sincere, and enthusiastic interest in my country. A more loyal and ardent *American* does not exist than this king's son. It was really refreshing to me in this isolation of mine to be able to talk and to listen with and to a man who understood the American subject as well as I do, and whose sympathies were so quick, so spontaneous, so frankly expressed. He has done himself honor by the personal gallantry which he displayed in the campaigns of 1862, but he is still more interesting to me by the clear and simple way in which he looks through and through our great revolution, over the causes and the certain results of which passion, ignorance, and malice have spread such a veil to the European mind.

You will say that I took so much pleasure in his conversation because he agreed entirely with my own opinions and sentiments, and that I consider him so intelligent and so true for that reason. Well, perhaps I do, for I have long since thrown off any mock modesty on this great topic. About many matters I am inclined to be dubious, skeptical, hesitating. On this great American question of ours, the most vital debate of this century, I *know* I am right, and refuse to admit the possibility of my opponents being otherwise than utterly and hopelessly wrong. But I believe that the verdict of the American people in November will show that my opinions and sentiments are shared by many millions of my countrymen, a vast majority of the population of the loyal States.

I don't doubt the reëlection of Mr. Lincoln on the basis of the antislavery amendment of the Constitution and a prosecution of the war. If these sacrifices, endured so nobly by the American people, are not to have for their fruit the extinction of the infernal institution which made the war and the rebellion, and which has been the only thing that has ever endangered the Union, then the demons in the infernal regions, or in Richmond, may laugh at the gigantic folly of this four years' war. . . .

J. L. M.

To his Mother

Vienna,
October 21, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Lily reports you as on the whole as well as usual, and I pray Heaven she may continue to tell us the same story. Our life has been

externally pretty quiet, and I have been able to do a good spell of work on my "History." Volume III. is done, and part of Volume IV. Meantime I am laying down the framework and preparing the materials for a History of the Thirty Years' War. It will take me rather longer to write it than it did the actors in it to fight it, and as I don't expect to live through the whole of this century, it will probably be left to my successors to complete it.

It seems almost like sacrilege for an American to write on any other subject than that of our own great struggle. Certainly there has never been in the world's history so great an encounter of principles, so vast a display of human passions, so many touching episodes, nor ever so sublime a moral. It will be for another generation to deal with this great subject. It would be impossible for contemporaries to obtain the necessary and indispensable materials, and perhaps difficult for them to be sufficiently dispassionate. But the writer is to be envied who in later days will undertake this magnificent theme. All other struggles that have ever taken place between the spirits of human liberty and despotism pale before it.

I am ever your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
October 27, 1864.

I like to show that I am capable of even a pretense of payment for all the delightful letters we get from you. I am always afraid of the regularity with which

they come, lest ere long they may cease for lack of material. I am in such a rage at the rain that stopped you from going to the front that I can't trust myself to speak on the subject. . . . Well, I will try not to gnash my teeth any more, particularly as Dr. North has gone to the South for the winter.

Of course I have no lack of topics to amuse you with. I went to the Prater yesterday. As your mama had a bad cold, I promenaded my *ennuis* and likewise the two girls in that place of resort, which I rarely frequent in person. Being holiday, the beggars' shops were shut, so that they thronged the Prater, where, therefore, there was an absence of swells. Then there is the Opera. Last night I went in solemn state to the Kärntner Thor alone. Your mother I forbade to go out. The two girls went to a *Comtessen soirée*. The piece was a new one, "Don Juan," by a composer called Mozart. There has been a pause in the whirl of one party a week—the Gramonts' soirées are over. I grow more amusing than ever when I go into company. "On voit bien que le monde Viennois est de retour dans les foyers." This striking remark I made to every person with whom I had the honor of conversing at the last soirée. . . . The children want me to take a box at the Karl Theater, to see an operetta called "Die schönen Weiber von Georgien." I am just now more interested in the success of the piece which Sherman is producing in Georgia. Our last accounts leave him in battle array five miles from Savannah. If he should come to grief, I am awfully ill prepared for it, for I have so much confidence in his luck and pluck that I have got to thinking him invincible. However, I won't talk of American matters. My mind is in other things!

Besides the Prater and the Kärntner Thor and the Karl Theater, have we not —? That star which shot so madly from its sphere a year and a half ago has just risen again above our horizon, and proposes to shed its mild planetary luster over Vienna for an indefinite period. He arrived before Christmas, and dined with us on that festive occasion, with the Lippitts and Consul Thayer. You are aware, of course, that the lictors with their fasces await the latter on his arrival at Triest, whither he departed this morning. . . .

We are yet, of course, without a word as to the election, which took place just a week ago. In order not to lose this last opportunity of "Don't never prophesy unless you know," I hasten to say that McClellan only got the electoral votes of New Jersey, Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Oregon, and that Abraham got all the rest. We shall not get the news until next Sunday or Monday. The advantage of my recording this prophecy is in the fact that you will have the comfort of seeing how tremendously I have written myself down an ass, in case when you have these artless lines the Young Napoleon has really been elected. . . .

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
November 23, 1864.

MY DEAREST LILY: I *must* write you a line by this steamer. Your mother wrote yesterday (Tuesday), and this goes via Queenstown by the same steamer. I wish you would remember when you write to state whether both letters reached you the same day.

I thought that I should have much to say about the result of the election. But I am, as it were, struck dumb. The more than realization of my highest hopes leaves me with no power of expression except to repeat over and over again :

“O grosser Gott, im Staube danke ich Dir.”

When I contemplate now the mere possibility, if it ever had existed, of McClellan's election, I shudder with horror at the depth of the abyss into which we might have been plunged. But as I have told you whenever I have written, and as I have always said to every one here, that possibility never did seem to me to exist.

I used to go over the records of the votings of the last four years in every State, and I never could twist out of them, by any sophistry, a doubt as to Mr. Lincoln's reelection. Before the State elections in October, I felt nervous about Indiana and Illinois, knowing that the soldiers were not allowed to vote there, and knowing that in 1860 Lincoln only obtained a meager majority in each of those States. Since the Indiana vote in October, a triumphant result has seemed to me quite as sure as it does now, while I was always persuaded that even should McClellan contrive to wriggle into a majority in one or two of the large States, like New York or Pennsylvania, it could not save him.

But as you know by a recent letter of mine, a note slipped into Mary's letter, I at least was convinced that New Jersey, Kentucky, the most magnanimous and peaceful State of Delaware, and perhaps Missouri, would be all that would not vote for Lincoln. The

telegraph informed us yesterday morning that all the States but the above-mentioned three (Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey) had gone for Lincoln. As the telegraph very rarely has been known to lie on our side, I am inclined to believe it. I don't know why I am saying so much about my own impressions and feelings, especially on an occasion when no individual is of much consequence. I certainly should not do so to any one but you, but I cannot describe the effect and the moral of the Presidential election except by marking the emotions which it has excited within my own microcosm.

Throughout this great war of principle I have been sustained by one great faith, my belief in democracy. The American People has never known a feudal superior, in perfect good faith and simplicity has always felt itself to be sovereign over its whole territory, and because for a long period it allowed itself to be led by the nose, without observing it, by a kind of sham aristocracy, which had developed itself out of the slave-dealing system of the South, it was thought to have lost all its virtue, all its energy, and all its valor. The People did not fairly realize for a long time that this doughty aristocracy of the cotton-planters intended to revolt against the sovereignty of the People. The People were wonderfully *naïf*, good-humored, astonished, and placable, for it took them a long time to understand that the rebellion was actually against popular sovereignty.

But when the object of the great conspiracy was fairly revealed, I suppose that no despotic monarch that ever lived, not Charles V. nor Louis XIV. nor the Czar Nicholas, was ever more thoroughly imbued with

the necessity of putting down the insurrection of serfs or subjects than was the American Demos. As to doubting its power to do this, such a sentiment has never entered my head. The democratic principle is potent even in Europe, where it only exists in solution and in hidden and mutually neutralizing combinations with other elements. In America it is omnipotent, and I have always felt that the slave power has undertaken a task which is not only difficult, but impossible. I don't use this as a figure of speech; I firmly believe that the democratic principle is as immovable and absolute a fact upon our soil (not to change its appearance until after some long processes of cause and effect, the beginnings of which for centuries to come cannot even be imagined) as any of its most marked geological and geographical features, and that it is as much a necessary historical and philosophical result as they are.

For one, I like democracy. I don't say that it is pretty or genteel or jolly. But it has a reason for existing, and is a fact in America, and is founded on the immutable principles of reason and justice. Aristocracy certainly presents more brilliant social phenomena, more luxurious social enjoyments. Such a system is very cheerful for a few thousand select specimens out of the few hundred millions of the human race. It has been my lot and yours to see how much splendor, how much intellectual and physical refinement, how much enjoyment of the highest character has been created by the English aristocracy; but what a price is paid for it! Think of a human being working all day long, from six in the morning to seven at night, for fifteen or twenty kreutzers a day in Moravia or Bohemia, Ireland or Yorkshire, for forty or fifty years, to die

in the workhouse at last! This is the lot of the great majority all over Europe; and yet they are of the same flesh and blood, the *natural* equals in every way of the Howards and Stanleys, Esterhazys and Liechtensteins.

I never can write a letter without turning it into a philosophical lecture, very learned and profound, no doubt, but consumedly dull. Let me break off at once and tell you whatever facts there may be. The Liberal papers have had, all of them, enthusiastic leading articles yesterday morning about the election. Especially the "Neue Freie Presse," which has been started since you went away by seceders from the old "Presse," was ablaze with excitement. As it is the most Liberal, so it is the most philo-American paper in Germany, and it is written with great talent. Not one of the official or semi-official papers has even alluded to the subject. Their silence is very amusing to me. M. d'Ayllon came up the evening of the news with B——, and was most warm in his congratulations. No other of "my little companions," as Susie calls the dips, has called on me, or will do so.

The *famille* D'Ayllon and Heeckeren dine with us to-day, and they will drink the honest President's health with pleasure, so that Spain, Holland, and the United States of America will have a funny *entente cordiale*.

To-night there is a reception at the Gramonts', and we are screwing ourselves up to give a friendly swarry for all the dips and such of the Viennese as are in town. Don't we wish you were here!

Pray give our kindest and warmest and tenderest regards to Mrs. Wadsworth. Don't ever forget also our very best remembrances to our old friend Mr.

Austin. I am so glad to hear that he is so staunch in the cause.

Give our best love to your dear grandmama and all at home.

Ever, my dear child,
Your affectionate
PAPA.

To his Mother

Vienna,
December 27, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: "My days are with the dead," as Robert Southey says, and I find the dead men much more lively companions than many I meet with when I go out into what is called life. Fortunately, I have very little public business, so little that I am almost ashamed to take a salary for doing it. At the same time, as the said salary does n't pay much more than half my necessary expenses as representative of the great Republic, I have the less compunction on the subject. I consider it a sacred duty at exactly this period in our affairs that a minister of the United States should not live less respectably than the envoys of the smallest German duchies, and accept hospitalities, such as they are, from his colleagues and render none in return.

There is a pause just now in the Vienna society, as usual at this season. The peg-top is set up in the early days of January, and all the world will be whipping it for the sixty days of carnival. This sounds very fine, but in point of fact there is far less gaiety in this

capital than in almost any other, that is to say, of gaiety in which the upper class participates.

The weather is cold and clear. At the beginning of this month there fell about six inches of snow, and it still lies unmelted and unsullied in our garden, although they take it away from the streets as soon as it falls, and sleighs are unknown in the town, although plenty in the Prater. The winter climate here is rather a puzzle to me. Thus for the last ten days we have had the thermometer ranging from 8° or 9° of Fahrenheit to 25°. In the daytime it has rarely been above the freezing-point since the beginning of the month. Yet there does n't seem to be the same world of snow and frost and prodigious icicles, such mighty masses of white granite, as our Boston winter creates. I begin to believe that it is the heat of our winter that is to blame—those few hours a day of intense sunshine which turns snow into water, followed by a midnight which metamorphoses it into marble again. You see I am getting to drivel, for here I am deliberately talking of the weather.

Well, unless I talk of Maurice of Nassau and Olden-Barneveldt, I can think just now of no more lively matter. I am determined I won't say a word about American affairs to-day.

Mary has been treating herself to a severe cold, but is better, I am glad to say, this morning. The two girls are well, and so am I. We all send you an ocean of love and good wishes, and pray you to distribute as much of it as you choose to all the family.

Ever, my dearest mother,

Your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

From Mr. J. R. Lowell

Cambridge,
December 28, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: Here I am again, undismayed as a fly which, though brushed away again and again, insists on making his perch on the tip of your ambassadorial nose. The "North American" has changed hands, and begins the new year with "Ticknor & Fields" on its title-page. Fields wishes to make a distinct offer, and it is this: He will pay you a thousand dollars for four articles, the first to be delivered, if possible, before the end of February. Now, it appears to me that you can't do better with your chips than to let him have them at this rate.

In gathering materials for your "History" you must have become intimate with a great many *historiettes*, of which you can't make use in your main work, where they would be parasites, and suck juice from the main stem instead of helping to feed it; yet, as monographs, they might be made charming. History travels by the highroad which has no end, and whose branches knit kingdom with kingdom; but is not the historian sometimes tempted into an *impasse*, whence he must make his way back again, but where, for all that, he may have come upon something that more than paid him for losing his way? I have found it so sometimes when I was meandering about an old Italian town, and stumbled on the tomb of some stock actor in our great tragi-comedy in whom I had an interest. In history you have to be even more thrifty than Horace, who allows three eminent parts to every play, and yet for all of us obscure fellows there is a sneaking interest in

the fates of those other obscure, to whom Clio is obliged to deny a speaking part in her drama. For instance, that unhappy young Königsmark, buried under the stairs; one would like to have all the facts and even the gossip about him. You must have plenty of such material. It does not matter that the man you write about should be known by name to a dozen people. So much the better—you will make him known. But I won't buzz round you any longer, only I warn you that I am starting on an expedition to the end of Long Wharf, there to make my feet sticky with molasses, and that I shall come back fonder of the tip of your nose than ever, and bent on making my toilet there.

I found your extract from Bunyan (which you have forgotten by this time) and its application so admirable that I took the liberty to read it aloud for the benefit of a few of the elect, who liked it as much as I did.

I am afraid we shall have a bad time of it with England yet. Our people are naturally irritated beyond measure, not so much by what England has done as by what she has said. I know it is not philosophical; but I am not sure that, under certain circumstances, we may not fancy we are philosophers when we are really cowards.

Everything here looks well. I think our last election fairly legitimizes democracy for the first time. It won't be long before Victoria addresses Abraham as *consanguineus noster*. It was really a nobler thing than you can readily conceive so far away, for the opposition had appealed to every base element in human nature, and cunningly appealed, too.

I think the war is to last a good while yet, unless (and I have some hope of it) some State should secede

from the Confederacy. Then, I think, it would go to pieces. However, the taking of Savannah (involving, as it probably will, that of Augusta) and the defeat of Hood are terrible blows. You observe how anxious the Canadians are becoming to set themselves right again. This is among the signs of the times.

I had the pleasure of meeting at Newport last summer a very charming young lady who bore your name, and whose patriotism was very dear to me. With cordial remembrances to Mrs. Motley,

I remain always, my dear Motley,

Your sincere bore,

J. R. LOWELL.

CHAPTER XIX

VIENNA, 1865 (*Continued*)

Dinner with the emperor—Davison, the actor—Capture of Fort Fisher—Serious illness of Mr. Motley's mother—Letter to the Duchess of Argyll—Assassination of the President—General Grant—Final victory of the North—Abraham Lincoln—Death of Lord Carlisle—Letter from Mr. Bright—Cobden and the Civil War—Free trade—Letter to Lady William Russell—Austrian Tyrol—Hall—Gmunden—Condition of the people—Suspension of the Constitution of the Austrian Empire—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—Marriage of Miss Motley—Sir F. Bruce—General Grant—His power of sleeping—Stanton—Admiral Farragut—Mr. Burlingame—Mr. Howells—Lieutenant-Colonel Wendell Holmes.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
January 31, 1865.

MY DEAREST LILY: Your last letter was from Washington, just after you arrived in that great mudopolis. It was addressed on the outside to me and on the inside to Mary, and as it arrived when that young female was reposing after the Spiegel ball, she permitted me to read it before she was up. We continue to be delighted with your despatches. We feel deeply obliged to the dear Grinnells for all their kindness to you, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hooper for giving you a chance to visit Washington. Do make a point of see-

ing everything and everybody. But alas! what is the good of my thrusting my long nose across the Atlantic into the matter? Long before this reaches you, you will have returned to your fireplaces.

Mary is writing to you by this post. Doubtless your mother will do so by the next steamer, and you will be duly informed that yesterday we had our annual invitation to dine with the emperor and empress. The dinner was very agreeable. The only other diplomat was the venerable Heeckeren. The Santa Quitérias were invited (as last year), but, being in Lisbon, did n't appear. In consequence of the absence of the said Portuguese, your mama was told to sit at the left of his I. R. A. M., while my delightful post was next to her I. R. A. M. You know the two Majesties always sit side by side in the center of the ring. Well, she was perfectly charming; she is in great beauty this year—more radiant, lambent, exquisite than ever. In the midst of the dinner, while she was prattling away very amiably, she suddenly said, "I am so clumsy," and began to blush in the most adorable manner, like a school-girl. She had upset a glass of Roman punch on the table-cloth; and the emperor, coming to the rescue, very heroically upset another, so that there was a great mess. Napkins were brought, damages repaired, but the mantling color on her cheek was certainly not less natural than the spontaneous, half-confused laughter with which she greeted the little incident, amid the solemn hush of all the rest.

How I do wish that I was a "sentimental sort of fellow," as honest K—— used to say! What pretty and poetic things I would say! How many sonnets I would have composed to those majestic eyebrows! Well, for

a grim republican like me, I think I have given you enough of the *eau bénite de la cour* for one week.

Day after to-morrow is our annual dinner at Rothschild's, after which I am not aware of any special festivities in prospect. We are lashing ourselves up into giving our third dinner next week. The Archbishop of Athens has not yet dined with us, videlicet, the nuncio. To-night we are going for the first time to see Davison, —he plays Richard III.,—and if we are satisfied we shall go again. As I remember him in Dresden, he was the best Shaksperian actor I ever saw.

Is it possible that we never told you that Thayer had been appointed consul at Triest? He feels rather lonely in the midst of his grandeur. Still, it is an excellent bit of luck for him, and I rejoice at it sincerely, and flatter myself that my intercessions in his behalf with Mr. Seward were not without effect. We have just heard of the taking of Fort Fisher; no particulars, but it is doubtless a most important success.

Your affectionate
P.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
February 22, 1865.

. . . My heart is too heavy to do more than merely to say that we are all in good health. God knows how dreadful a thing it is to me to say that I know not whether I have a mother. For a long time I have deceived myself into the belief that my dear mother was not materially worse than when I was at home in

1861; but the letters which we have been receiving during the last two or three weeks represent her as gradually sinking. . . . I know that she expresses great anxiety to be released, and that it is selfish on my part to wish her life to be prolonged. But I can't help it. It is a terrible blank to me to think of the world without her in it, separated as I have been from her for so long.¹

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
March 15, 1865.

. . . I am dreading by every post to receive the fatal news that I have no mother—my dear, dear mother! I think of her every hour of the day, and yet I have almost habituated myself to think of her as one already in heaven. Yet it is most bitter to me to think that I shall never look upon her face again. Certainly no one ever had a more angelic mother than we have had. It is, I believe, a sacred truth that I never had a word of difference with her in the whole course of my life. I cannot recall that she ever spoke a word to me except of love and tenderness since I was born; but this only makes it more painful to reflect that I shall never be blessed again with her sweet and gentle presence. Well, we are all growing old very fast: it seems to me that I have added twenty years to my life in the last twelvemonth or so, and individually there seems but little to look forward to. I suppose that the grandeur of the events now occurring in our country,

¹ Mrs. Motley died on March 7, 1865.

and the almost infinite issues depending on the result of our great struggle, dwarf all petty personal interests and ambitions. My own microcosm seems to shrivel to the dimensions of a nutshell. Yet sometimes I wish to live twenty years longer that I may witness the magnificent gain to freedom and civilization and human progress which is sure to result from our great triumphs of which the hour is almost striking.

Love to Mrs. Wadsworth. Thank your aunt Annie and uncles for their great kindness in writing me so constantly about my dearest mother.

Your affectionate
P.

To the Duchess of Argyll

Vienna,
May 27, 1865.

MY DEAR DUCHESS OF ARGYLL: It was with great delight that I received your very kind letter of 19th May. My daughter was in London but a very few days, and as she only learned of the Washington tragedy¹ on the day after her arrival in England, it was hardly possible for her to go anywhere, and she hurried to us as fast as she could get here. She has often spoken to us of the privilege she enjoyed in having a glimpse of you on her way to America last summer, and of your kindness to her on that occasion. I thank you from my heart for your genial words of sympathy in our national joy and our national bereavement. I felt perfectly sure before you wrote that the duke and

¹ The assassination of President Lincoln.

yourself had both rejoiced with us and wept with us. For myself, I can truly say that I did not—that the vast majority of my countrymen did not—indulge in a sentiment of exultation, of political and vulgar triumph at the sudden and tremendous blow with which the extraordinary genius of Grant shattered the Confederacy of the slaveholders in the brief space of a single week and sent the mutineers howling into the limbo which has so long been waiting for them.

I have never doubted—no American who deserves the name has ever doubted (except perhaps in one brief, dark moment in 1862, when there were indications of military treason in high places)—of the certainty of the suppression of the mutiny and of the extirpation of its cause; but I am sure that no man ever looked for so overwhelming and so dramatic a catastrophe as the storming of the Petersburg lines, the capture of Richmond, and the surrender of all the armies of the Confederacy in so brief a period of time. No man, I mean, except Ulysses Grant. I am no great admirer of military heroes, but we needed one at this period, and we can never be too thankful that exactly such a one was vouchsafed to us—one so vast and fertile in conception, so patient in waiting, so rapid in striking, had come, and withal so destitute of personal ambition, so modest, so averse to public notoriety. The man on whom the gaze of both hemispheres has been steadily concentrated for two years seems ever shrinking from observation. All *his* admiration warmly expressed is for Sherman and Sheridan. So long as we can produce such a man as Grant, our Republic is safe.

How very feeble seems the talk much indulged in on this side the Atlantic about military dictatorships and

all the rest of it, in America, to those who know something of that part of the world and its inhabitants! There is something very sublime to my imagination in the fact that Grant *has never yet set his foot in Richmond*, and perhaps never will.

I said that we were not in a state of exultation at our immense victory. On the contrary, I believe that the all-pervading genuine sentiment of the American people was that of humble, grateful thanksgiving to God that the foul sedition was suppressed and the national life preserved. The spectacle of twenty thousand men in the busiest haunts of trade in one of the most thronged cities of the world spontaneously uncovering their heads and singing a psalm of thanksgiving—"O Lord, from whom all blessings flow"—when the news of victory reached them, was not an ignoble scene.

I cannot trust myself yet to speak of President Lincoln, for I am afraid of possible exaggeration. I had a great reverence for his character—a sentiment which has been steadily growing for the last two years. On the very first interview that I had with him in the summer of 1861, he impressed me as a man of the most extraordinary conscientiousness. He seemed to have a window in his breast. There was something almost childlike in his absence of guile and affectation of any kind. Of course, on the few occasions when I had the privilege of conversing with him, it was impossible for me to pretend to form an estimate as to his intellectual power, but I was struck with his simple wisdom, his straightforward, unsophisticated common-sense. What our Republic, what the whole world has to be grateful for, is that God endowed our chief magistrate at such a momentous period of history with so lofty a moral

nature and with so loving and forgiving a disposition. His mental abilities were large, and they became the more robust as the more weight was imposed upon them, and his faculty of divining the right amid a conflict of dogmas, theories, and of weighing other men's opinions while retaining his own judgment, almost amounted to political genius, but his great characteristic was devotion to duty. I am very glad that you admire that little inaugural address of last March. The children in every American school ought to be made to learn it by heart. "With malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in"—those words should be his epitaph, and who in the long roll of the world's rulers has deserved a nobler one?

It is very kind in you to say that you wish you could see me again. I am sure I should esteem it a very great happiness to see the duke and yourself once more. But I am sure that the duke will always remember what he has so nobly spoken with pleasure, and I know that his name will be ever honored as it deserves in America.

But I fear that it is not the "Times" alone, but every organ of public opinion in England, save two or three, and all the "governing classes," with a very few exceptions, who not only believed our national death to be inevitable, but who are very wretched now that they find themselves mistaken.

I have to acknowledge a very kind letter from the duke of the 21st December. I don't venture to answer it just now, for I am afraid I have already trespassed too far on your kindness in this interminable letter.

But pray thank him most sincerely for the details he was so kind to give me of the last painful sufferings of Lord Carlisle, the memory of whose constant kindness to me I shall ever reverently and affectionately cherish.

With our united and kindest regards to the duke and yourself,

Pray believe me

Most sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

From Mr. John Bright

Rochdale,

July 31, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. MOTLEY: I hope I need not tell you that I received your letter of the 6th of June with great pleasure. It was written on subjects and events most astonishing and most sad, and yet I read it with pleasure, because the whole of it was so much in accordance with my own feelings.

I have often thought of the morning when we met at Mr. Layard's.¹ We were then entering, as it were,

¹ See Morley's *Life of Cobden*, ii. 373; ii. 478, note: "As we have seen more than once, Cobden was always prone to be led by his sympathies as an economist. The hesitation, however, did not last long. He tolerably soon came round to a more correct view of the issues at stake, partly under the influence of Mr. Bright, whose sagacity, sharpened by his religious hatred of slavery, at once perceived that a break-up of the American Union would be a damaging blow to the cause of freedom all over the world. At the beginning of the struggle, they happened to meet Mr. Motley at breakfast. With a good deal of liveliness, Cobden attacked something which Mr. Motley had been writing in the

into the cloud, and none of us could tell when light would again appear.

I thought my lamented friend Mr. Cobden was rather severe upon you, and I told him afterward that I thought his argument was hardly fair. He was so much shocked at the war that he seemed ready for any sacrifice to put an end to it, and he had no confidence in the statesmen whom the Republican party had raised to office. But he always insisted upon this—that an attempt to build up a new state on the foundation of human bondage could not succeed in our age of the world.

He watched the course of the war with intense interest, and, strange to say, his eyes closed in death on the very day on which Richmond fell. I was with him during the last hours of his life, but it was too late for love or friendship to render him any assistance. In the general mourning at his death there is something to rejoice over, and much to cause a feeling akin to regret. It is humiliating to remember how he has been pursued during his life by the malice and vituperation of large classes of his countrymen and of writers in the public press, and that death only could so make evident his services and his virtues as to silence the bitter

newspapers in favor of the Northern case. As they walked away down Piccadilly together, Mr. Bright remonstrated with Cobden on these symptoms of a leaning toward the South. The argument was continued and renewed, as other arguments had been between them. The time came for Cobden to address his constituents at Rochdale. 'Now,' said Mr. Bright, with a final push of insistence, 'this is the moment for you to speak with a clear voice.' Cobden's vision by this time was no longer disturbed by economic or other prepossessions, and he was henceforth as generally identified as Mr. Bright with support of the Northern cause."

tongue of slander. To me this event has been a heavy blow—so heavy that for some weeks I felt my whole existence disturbed and changed, and I left London for a time that I might escape the incessant pain which seemed to rest upon me. I am not deeply informed on history or biography, but I suspect there are few cases where the life and labors of one man have produced results at once so great and so useful to mankind. The notions which were held in almost universal contempt by our rich and ruling class twenty-five years ago are now received as the true wisdom of our statesmen; and these statesmen made their reputation on a policy which not long ago they despised.

A fortnight after the death of Mr. Cobden, my brother-in-law, Mr. Lucas, of the "Morning Star" newspaper, was taken from us. Mr. Cobden's death was a great shock to him. He was ill when that event occurred, and from that day he never left his house. On Saturday, 15th April (he died just after midnight following), he heard of the fall of Richmond. A smile passed over his languid face, as he said: "What a pity Cobden did not live to hear of this!" Mr. Lucas was a true friend to your country; and to me his loss, coming immediately after that of Mr. Cobden, was a great trial.

But death is common, and is seen or heard of daily, but not in the form in which it came to your good President. The shock produced in this country was very great. All your friends were plunged into sorrow, and all your enemies into shame, and from that time there has been a rapid change of opinion and of feeling here on all American questions. I have said nothing in public on the character and services of Mr.

Lincoln since his death. During his life I said all on his behalf that I knew how to express in our language. From the first I have marked his career with strong and growing interest, and I have seen in all his speeches and in all his public papers and addresses something different from, and something higher than, anything that has ever before proceeded from the tongue or pen of president or potentate. It is this "something" which has made him almost a member of every family in the Northern States, and which has endeared him to the great mass of the people in this country. His noble character and his sad but gentle countenance, as we see him in his portrait, will never be forgotten by this generation of our countrymen.

I am glad to read what you say on the question of free trade. With you it is not the question it once was with us. Protection with us was a political subjugation of our people to the owners of the soil, and our battle was infinitely more desperate than yours can be. When your people fairly examine the matter, they will soon see through the fallacies of Mr. Carey and his followers, and at the same time the necessities of your financial position will force them in the direction of a moderate tariff. The South and the West can have no interest in high duties, and the Eastern States will not be unanimous in their favor. I am anxious to see what Mr. McCulloch's commission will recommend. I have formed a good opinion of his good sense and capacity, and I am sure he must regard your present tariff with disgust.

We are all quiet here. Our elections have ended in disaster to the Tories, and I feel sure we are approaching another and a considerable step on the road to a

real representation of the people. Lord Palmerston's reign is nearly over, and with him will end much of our evil policy at home and abroad. Men of this generation will succeed, and there will be in our political condition something of "a new heaven and a new earth."

We have now a free press, a free platform, and if we get a free Parliament I think we shall see changes, startling to some, but full of blessing to the people.

I hope sometime you will come to England, and then I may see you again. In the dark hours and in the bright moments of the great conflict I have often thought of you.

I am now every day happy in the consciousness that the struggle is ended.

Believe me always sincerely yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

To Lady William Russell

Gmunden,
September 22, 1865.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: Your kind note of August 20 would not have remained so long unanswered had I not with my whole household been making a somewhat protracted villeggiatura. I thank you very much for the interesting details as to Arthur's engagement which you are so good as to send me, and I hope that he will accept my warmest congratulations and good wishes for his happiness and prosperity. Were it not for my desire to express my sympathy on this occasion, I should hardly write at all, but wait until I should be

in a little better spirits. We have been passing three weeks at a little spa, called Hall, in Upper Austria, for the sake of iodine baths for my second daughter, who is somewhat menaced with poverty of blood, and has been worrying us in consequence. She is, I think, better now, but bored, for with her mother only she had spent five previous weeks at the same place, in July and August. Hall is a dull little nest enough, but in the midst of a fat and fruitful country—a paradise of peasants, for the land all belongs to them, in small properties, and I never saw better farming or more bountiful harvests. There has hardly been one *Rittergutsbesitzer* in the whole province since the fifteenth century, so that those who believe that the earth will not yield its increase until its whole surface belongs to a few favored individuals may find something there to stagger their theory. I will trouble you to show better fields of wheat or clover or cider than in the archduchy.

Alas! I did not mean to babble of green fields, still less to preach political economy, but what topic can I find? . . . Doubtless you know Gmunden, where we are, and Ischl, where we are going, so I shall not describe their charms, which are manifest. I have seen hardly a soul in six weeks outside of my own household. I have been trying to forget the politics of the nineteenth century and of the seventeenth, and that Schleswig-Holstein *Meerumschlungen*, or that the Marquis Spinola ever existed. All of a sudden this morning we hear of our mild little *coup d'état* in Vienna. Here is our blessed little Constitution of February abolished, or rather *sistirt*—a fico for the phrase! The Ungarn Reichsrath and the Weiterer Reichsrath are

both gone to Abraham's bosom, and the Huns, with their passive resistance, have triumphed at last. Now, if the infuriated people are building barricades in the Kohlmarkt and Graben, and if a revolution is going on, I sha'n't be there to see, unluckily, for we stop here a fortnight longer. Probably there will be a few more bottles of Schwechater Bier consumed this week than usual. Alas for the beautiful new Parliament House which we were just beginning to build on the most solid foundations not far from the new Opera House! I'm afraid that the labors of that piece of architecture will be *sistirt*. The Schmerling Theater outside the Schottenthor was a shaky little temporary affair of lath and plaster, but it has lasted longer than the Imperial Parliament, of which it has been cradle and grave.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

VARIUS MINIMUS.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,

October 10, 1865.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: When Miss Lily left us last March, we hardly thought she would be so very soon back in America as we hear she is to be. I cannot let the day of her marriage go over without a line to her father and mother as a substitute for the epithalamium with which a century ago I should (if all parties had been extant) have illuminated the "Gentleman's Magazine." I hear from one of my Providence friends the best accounts of Mr. Ives. I hope that the alliance will prove very happy to her, to you, to your wife, and

all your connections. It is having a son, a brother, born full-grown, to receive a daughter's husband as a member of one's family. With all the felicitations which rise to my lips, for I feel now as if I were talking with you face to face, I cannot help remembering how much there must be of tender regret mingling with the blessings that follow the dear child over the threshold of the home she had brightened with her presence. Even the orange-flowers must cast their shadow.

Yet I cannot help thinking that the new attractions which our country will have for you will restore you and your family to those who grudge your possession to an alien capital, and that, having stood picket manfully at one of our European outposts through the four years' campaign, you may wish to be relieved now that the great danger seems over. So we shall all hope, for our sakes. What a fine thing it would be to see you back at the Saturday Club again! Longfellow has begun to come again. He was at his old place, the end of the table, at our last meeting. We have had a good many of the notabilities here within the last three or four months, and I have been fortunate enough to have some pleasant talks with most of them. Sir Frederick Bruce, the new minister, pleased us all. You may know him, very probably. White-haired, white-whiskered, red-cheeked, round-cheeked, with rich dark eyes, hearty, convivial, not afraid to use the strengthening monosyllable for which Englishmen are famous, pretty freely outspoken for our side, as if he were one of us, he produced on me at least a very different effect from that of lively Lord Napier or plain and quiet Lord Lyons.

I had a good deal of talk with Grant, whom I met

twice. He is one of the simplest, stillest men I ever saw. He seems torpid at first, and requires a little management to get much talk out of him. Of all the considerable personages I have seen, he appears to me to be the least capable of an emotion of vanity. He can be drawn out, and will tell his habits and feelings. I have been very shy of repeating all he said to me, for every word of his is snapped up with great eagerness, and the most trivial of his sayings, if mentioned in the hearing of a gossip, would run all through the press of the country. His entire sincerity and homely truthfulness of manner and speech struck me greatly. He was not conscious, he said, of ever having acted from any personal motive during his public service. We (of the West), he said, were terribly in earnest. The greatest crisis was the battle of Shiloh; that he would not lose; he would have fought as long as any men were left to fight with. If that had been lost the war would have dragged on for years longer. The North would have lost its prestige. Did he enjoy the being followed as he was by the multitude? "It was very painful." This answer is singularly characteristic of the man. They call on him for speeches which he cannot and will not try to make.

One trait, half physiological, half moral, interested me. He said he was a good sleeper; commonly slept eight hours. He could go to sleep under almost any circumstances; could set a battle going, go to sleep as if nothing were happening, and wake up by and by, when the action had got along somewhat. Grant has the look of a plain business man, which he is. I doubt if we have had any ideal so completely realized as that of the republican soldier in him. I cannot get over the

impression he made on me. I have got something like it from women sometimes, hardly ever from men—that of entire loss of selfhood in a great aim which made all the common influences which stir up other people as nothing to him. I don't think you have met Stanton. I found him a very mild, pleasant person to talk with, though he is an ogre to rebels and their Northern friends. Short, with a square head, broad, not high, full black beard turning gray, a dark, strong-looking man, he talks in a very gentle tone, protruding his upper lip in rather an odd way. Nothing could be more amiable than the whole man. It was pleasant chat mainly we had together. One thing he said which I could not forget. Speaking of the campaign of the Wilderness: "It was the bloodiest swath ever made on this globe." Perhaps a little *hasardé*, this statement, but coming from the Secretary of War it has its significance.

Old Farragut, whom I forgathered with several times, is the lustiest *gaillard* of sixty-something one will meet with in the course of a season. It was odd to contrast him and Major Anderson. I was with them both on one occasion. The major—general, I should say—is a conscientious, somewhat languid, rather bloodless-looking gentleman, who did his duty well, but was overtaken in doing it. Nothing would have supported him but, etc., etc.; but the old admirable—bona-fide accident: let it stand—is full of hot red blood, jolly, juicy, abundant, equal to anything, and an extra dividend of life left ready for payment after the largest expenditure. I don't know but he is as much the ideal seaman as Grant the ideal general, but the type is not so rare. He talks with everybody, merry, twinkling-

eyed, up to everything, fond of telling stories, tells them well; the gayest, heartiest, shrewdest old boy you ever saw in your life. The young lady (so to speak) whom you would naturally address as his daughter is Mrs. Farragut, the pretty wife of the old heart-of-oak admiral.

Mr. Burlingame has come home from China on a visit. It is strange what stories they all bring back from the Celestials. Richard Dana, Burlingame, Sir F. Bruce, all seem filled with a great admiration of the pigtails. "There are twenty-thousand Ralph Waldo Emersons in China," said Mr. B. to me. "We have everything to learn from them in the matter of courtesy. They are an honester people than Europeans. Bayard Taylor's stories about their vices do them great injustice. They are from hasty impressions got in seaport towns." This is the kind of way they talk.

Mr. Howells, from Venice, was here not long ago; tells me he has seen you, who are his *chef*, I suppose, in some sense. This is a young man of no small talent. In fact, his letters from Venice are as good traveler's letters as I remember since "Eothen."

My son, Oliver Wendell H., junior, now commonly styled Lieutenant-Colonel, thinks of visiting Europe in the course of a few months, and wants me to ask you for a line of introduction to John Stuart Mill and to Hughes. I give his message or request without urging it. He is a presentable youth, with fair antecedents, and is more familiar with Mill's writings than most fellows of his years. If it like your Excellency to send me two brief notes for him it would please us both, but not if it is a trouble to you.

And now, as I am closing my gossipy letter, full of

little matters which I hoped might interest you for a moment, let me end as I began, with the thoughts of you and yours, which this day brings up so freshly before me. Peace and prosperity and happiness to both households, the new and the old! What can I say better than to repeat that old phrase—the kindly Roman's prayer as a poor Christian would shape it on this "auspicious morning": *quod bonum, faustum felix fortunatumque sit!* Love to all.

Yours always,

O. W. H.

To Baron von Bismarck

Vienna,

January 15, 1866.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: I was deterred from writing you a line to wish you and yours a happy New Year by reading in the papers the distressing intelligence of the illness of Madame de Bismarck. Werther assures me, however, that now all danger is past, and I write therefore with a lighter heart to congratulate you most sincerely on what I doubt not is her complete recovery. Countess Bismarck was always so kind and gracious to me, and received me so like an old friend because I was your old friend, that I have felt keenly anxious about her. I know full well how much sorrow her danger must have caused you. God grant that she may be fully restored and that you may be all well and happy together. Pray give to her my most sincere remembrances and best wishes. Your children have long since forgotten my existence, and my little friend Marie is

now a young lady going to make her conquests in the great world.

I suppose that you will hardly find a quarter of an hour to write to me; otherwise it would give me great pleasure to hear how your dear wife is, and how you are yourself. I observe, however, that your *Abgeordnete* are coming together to-day, so that you will have plenty of leisure and nothing to do but to write to me.

I fear that the billing and cooing between Prussia and Austria is not now so fervent that there is any chance of your coming here again very soon, and there seems to be but little prospect of my getting a holiday at present, so as to beat up your quarters in Berlin.

Nevertheless, I am determined that I will see you once more before I get too old and crabbed to be fit company for one blessed, like you, with eternal youth.

I won't talk politics. You hate them, and I look at them with a gentle indifference. You see that I did not mislead you in regard to the American war, about which Europe made such an infernal ass of itself. That was the only politics about which I ever pretended to know anything, and I believe you were one of the few Europeans who ever cared to know my opinion (which was that of every loyal American), and who thought that an American might possibly know something about his own country. People in general were content to drop their buckets into those wells of truth, the "Times" and the "Moniteur," and now they have found out at last that the great Republic, disagreeable as it is, is not dead, but a fact to be dealt with in the coming centuries on this planet. So they are very bilious at being disturbed in all their little combina-

tions. But it does no good. They must try to get over their *Katzenjammer* as well as they can.

I have said much more of politics than I had intended.

I shall refrain from giving you any advice as to how you are to deal with Schleswig-Holstein. *If you have never thought on that subject*, write to Lord Russell—he will tell you all about it. He was always ready to instruct our cabinet at Washington. You have *my* consent to do as you like. Do you remember what the “formal old fop” of a parson in “The Antiquary” used to say to Miss Griselda, much to the indignation of her brother Jonathan Oldbuck?

“Madam, I drink to your inclinations—provided always they be virtuous.”

Well, I drink to your inclinations without that proviso.

I am very busy myself with the politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and am always amused at seeing how very much they resemble those of this age. The world is a cat always going after its own tail.

Do you ever hear of Keyserling? He wrote me a letter about two years ago, and I answered him with another. He asked me about American affairs, and on that hint I spoke, at unusual length, so that I fear he shrinks from bringing another such infliction upon himself.

Ah me! when shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

We are passing here a very retired winter. Vienna society moves round in its preordained zodiac, obeying

its elemental laws. There are the same balls, dinners, and drums as in past years. . . .

If you ever write,—which I hope, but have hardly a right to expect,—pray remember the promise.¹ It will give them very great pleasure. If you write your name at the bottom it will make them still happier. We have one of Countess Bismarck, which she was kind enough to give me in Frankfort. If she can spare us another we shall be grateful, and one of your children.

Once more, hoping that all will go well with you and yours in this and in the coming years, and that Madame de Bismarck will be entirely reëstablished in health, I remain,

As ever, my dear Bismarck,

Your sincere old friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

My wife desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

¹ To send his photograph to Mr. Motley's daughters.

CHAPTER XX

VIENNA, 1866, 1867 (*Continued*)

Andrew Johnson, President—A diplomatic party—The European crisis—Dealings between Austria and Prussia—Work on the “United Netherlands”—Rumored recall of Mr. Motley—Letter from John Stuart Mill—Introduction to Mr. O. W. Holmes—Progress of reconstruction in America—Outbreak of war between Austria and Prussia—The future of Prussia—Bismarck—Condition of Austria—Marshal Benedek—Rapid movements of the Prussian army—Benedek’s strategy—The Bund—News of the battle of Königgrätz—Action of Louis Napoleon—Panic in Vienna—Advance of the Prussian army—Lieutenant Sherman—The rapidity of the campaign—The *Waffenruhe*—Prospects of peace—Abolition of the Bund—Unification of Germany—Position of Italy—The Atlantic telegraph and its effects—“Charlemagnism” and “Americanism”—Louis Napoleon’s policy—The balance of power—Despatches and blue-books—Collapse of Austria—The King of Hanover—Letter to Mr. William Amory—Bazaar in Vienna on behalf of sufferers by the war—Letter to Lady William Russell—Condition of Austria—Letter to the Duchess of Argyll—The duke’s “Reign of Law”—General King—America and radicalism—“The Guardian Angel”—George W. McCracken—Approaching completion of the “United Netherlands”—Contemplated History of the Thirty Years’ War.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
April 23, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: . . . How long we shall be here is, of course, extremely doubtful, but if Mr. John-

son¹ turns me out, which may happen now at any moment, I should not return at present to America. My "United Netherlands" will be finished in a few weeks, but it will require much revising, and it will probably not be published until a year from next November. If I am turned out in the course of the summer, we might all go together to spend a winter in Nice, or Rome, or Palermo, or any place where sunshine is to be had. If I remain another winter here, you could go to the south of the Alps with whomsoever you may have arranged to come abroad with, making us a visit first in the autumn. Perhaps Mrs. Ives, or the Russells, or your aunt Susan, would come out.

I think such a course would be very good for all of them. I believe Mary or Susie told you of a little party at this house last week. Princess Trauttmansdorff had told Countess Spiegel that she would like to come some evening sociably, so it was arranged for last Wednesday; but on that morning Countess Czernin (*grand'mère*) died, so that the Trauttmansdorffs, Spiegels, Boucquoy, and Czernins, being all near relations, could n't come. As this was the whole, except the young people, the Ayllons, Erdödys,² Bray³ (father and daughter), and the young Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Russians, and a few old gentlemen, Heeckeren, Stackelberg,⁴ and so on, the party was small enough. However, they stopped till half-past twelve, and the irrepressible De l'Aigle and Bourgoing made themselves and every one else very funny. To-night, I believe,

¹ President Andrew Johnson.

² Afterward Countess Louis Karolyi and Countess Béla Szechenyi.

³ Count Bray, Bavarian minister.

⁴ Count Stackelberg, Russian minister.

Alice Rothschild and the Ayllons are coming to tea. To-morrow evening there is another small collection—Countess Hardegg and her daughters, and some other people, including, of course, the youthful dips of all nations. Then there is to be a croquet-party next week, and the deferred Trauttmansdorff festivity. However, I had better leave such small beer to be chronicled by the others, as I hope Mary or Susie will write by this post, and perhaps you would like me to say something of the *haute politique*.

It is an anxious moment in Europe. I have not been outside the house to-day, but I am going to dine with Henikstein,¹ where I shall find some colleagues and learn the latest news. Otherwise I shall be obliged to go to the Foreign Office to-morrow, for I must send the latest authentic news to the United States government. Up to this moment of writing, so far as I know, the Prussian answer to the last note has not arrived. Let me see if I can epigrammatize in six lines the situation thus far for your private edification.

1864. Prussia and Austria in the early months make war on Denmark, because Schleswig-Holstein belongs to Mr. Augustenburg.

1864, *midsummer*. Prussia and Austria, having conquered Denmark without allowing the Bund to participate in the war, accept Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark. Mr. Augustenburg fades out.

1865, *September*. Prussia and Austria agree at Gastein to have a temporary division of the booty, Prussia to have the administration of Schleswig, Austria to administer Holstein.

1866. Very early in the year Mr. Augustenburg be-

¹ Baron Henikstein, his banker.

gins to emerge, and gives trouble in Holstein. Austria remembers that she had once favored his pretensions. Prussia has forgotten all about it, and only remembers that she always meant to annex Schleswig-Holstein to her own dominions.

January 26. Prussia tells Austria that her administration of Holstein is dangerous to her peace of mind. Mr. Augustenburg is allowed to live in the duchy, and is a standing protest against their joint sovereignty and a general nuisance, and must be incontinently cast out into space.

1866, *February.* Austria replies that Prussia herself invented Augustenburg originally, and that Prussia now had better mind her own business. According to Gastein, Prussia is to administer Schleswig, and has no right to put her nose into Holstein. Correspondence drops. Prussia then inquires of all the German powers what they will do if Austria attacks her, or if she should find herself obliged to fight Austria. Chorus of small German states shout, "Appeal to the Bund." Now, the blessed old Bund has a machine in its armory called Article XI. This is a very superior article indeed. By its provisions no two German powers are allowed to snarl and fight; they are to come straight to Frankfort with their quarrels. Instead of lifting their little hands to scratch each other, the Bund must set it all right between them. So Prussia gets for answer, according to Article XI., that she is not to let her angry passions rise. Not believing so much in the Bund nor in Dr. Watts as one could wish, Prussia lets her passions continue to rise. She says she will and must have Schleswig-Holstein, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary, and begins to prepare for a great

fight with Austria. Austria meantime makes no preparations to fight Prussia.

Prussia, naturally much exasperated at this, makes loud complaint that Austria is getting ready to attack her, and sends word to Vienna, in goading language, to that effect. Austria denies it.

April 5. Prussia writes word that she knows better.

April 7. Austria replies that it is beneath her dignity to contradict once more a charge which she has so often contradicted.

Nevertheless, pocketing her dignity, she protests solemnly that all accusations that she is arming are contrary to truth, and she calls on Prussia, and this time in bumptious accents, to disarm.

April 15. Prussia replies acrimoniously that she cannot disarm unless Austria takes the initiative, not believing at all her statements that she has not armed.

April 17. Bavaria appears on the scene as umpire or judicious bottle-holder, and begs Prussia and Austria to disarm simultaneously.

April 18. Austria says, "With pleasure," and sends word to Prussia that she will disarm on the 26th of April, if Prussia will follow suit next day, having just stated with perfect truth that she has not armed at all.

And that is exactly where we are at present. To-day is the 23d, and Prussia has not yet replied. If she does not reply (and favorably) within two or three days, Werther will have to leave his P. P. C. at Vienna and Karolyi ditto at Berlin.

P. S., *April 24.* Prussia *has* replied. The note was given in yesterday at 2 P. M. Prussia will disarm "in principle," *au fur et à mesure* as Austria disarms.

Now will come a puzzling problem in Rule of Three.

Query: Austria not having armed at all, how much disarming will be required of Prussia to equal the promised disarming of Austria?

The boy who answers that deserves to have a double-headed eagle of the first class tied around his neck, and I wish he may get it.

I have been ponderously chaffing on this subject, my dear child, because I have been boring myself and the United States State Department with dreary despatches on this dreary *Schleswig-Holsteinismus* once a week these three months; and really I have not put down in the foregoing pages all that I know, or anybody knows, on the subject. I have felt all along that there would be war. I still feel so. Everybody else says there will be peace. Nobody doubts that Prussia will get the duchies, however. To resume the case between Austria and Prussia, in a single phrase, "They won't fight, and they won't make up, and they keep nagging."¹

Meantime Italy is flaring up, and on Sunday we were startled by the intelligence that Archduke Albert, at the head of his staff, was careering off to Verona, to take the command of the Southern army. He is n't gone yet, however, but it is thought that he is going this week.

In short, there is much mischief brewing. These people have been playing with edge-tools ever since the beginning of January, and somebody may get hurt.

"If I laugh at any mortal thing 't is that I may not weep," and I feel more like crying, a good deal, when I am writing to you. We miss you more and more every day, and find it harder and harder to get on with-

¹ Charles Reade's "Love me Little, Love me Long."

out you. God bless you, my darling. Remember us kindly to Mrs. Ives and Mr. and Mrs. Russell. All send love, and all are well.

Ever your affectionate
PAPA.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
May 2, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: I wrote *finis* to volume fourth and last of the "United Netherlands" day before yesterday at half-past five, while the croquet people were howling on the lawn through the open window.

The weather has been midsummery; to-day it has turned cold. The heaven is hung with black, and it is trying to rain. My occupation is not gone yet with my "History." I have many months' work in revising and annotating these two concluding volumes. But, anyhow, you can say to any inquiring friends that the work is finished.

When it will go to press is not yet settled; I am in no hurry about that.

A telegram in the Viennese papers this morning announces that the London "Times" stated yesterday that Mr. Seward has instructed me to leave Vienna instantly if a single Austrian volunteer is shipped for Mexico. He was probably kind enough to hand the despatch to the "Times" correspondent instead of to me. Anyhow, it has not reached me, and I don't expect it. There is nothing new about the war to-day, I believe.



JOHN STUART MILL

Nobody doubts that it will come soon. I should say that peace was now impossible except by a straight cave-in by Austria giving up the duchies to Bismarck, making peace with Prussia, and spending all her energies against Italy. It is almost too late for this, however. The triangular duel is about to begin. If you ever read Marryat's "Midshipman Easy," you will remember how this remarkable contest has been foreshadowed.

P. is going to fire into A. because A. is taking aim at I.

"Because," says P., "if I. should get hurt she would be harmless against A. should P. wish to rely upon her in a fight with A."

This is almost word for word the substance of P.'s last semi-official declaration when declining to disarm after having agreed the day before to do so. . . .

This is less a letter than a "posy to a ring." Despite its brevity it will serve to assure you that we are all well. There is no need of assuring you how much we daily miss you, my dearest darling. Don't forget what I told you in my last. You *must* not confront the New England climate next winter.

Ever your affectionate

PAPA.

From Mr. John Stuart Mill

Blackheath Park,
May 6, 1866.

DEAR SIR: I am afraid you must have thought hard things of me for being so slow in answering your very

friendly and most interesting letter of February 1. Had your introduction to Mr. Holmes not already been sent, but depended on my answer, I should have written at once, if even only a line, to say how glad I should be both to see and know him, both as his father's son, as your friend, and as one whose personal history has already been such as your letter intimates. Among the countless and inexhaustible blessings which you, from your national struggle, will in the end bring forth for the human race, it is one of the greatest that they have behind them so many who, being what your friend is, have done what he has done. Such men are the natural leaders of the democracy of the world from this time forward; and such a series of events, coming upon minds prepared by previous high culture, may well have ripened their intellects, as it cannot but have fitted their characters, for stepping into that vacant post and filling it with benefit to the world.

The new struggle in which you are now engaged, that of reconstruction, is well fitted to carry on the work of educating the political mind of the country. I have learned to have great trust in the capability of the American people at large (outside the region of slavery) to see the practical leanings of a political question truly and rapidly when the critical moment comes. It seems to me that things are going on as well and as fast as could be hoped for under the untoward accident of getting an obstinate Southern man, a pro-slavery man almost to the last, in the position of President. But the passing of the Civil Rights Bill over his head seems almost to insure the right issue to the contest. If you only keep the Southern States out of Congress till they one by one either grant negro suf-

frage or consent to come in on the basis of their electoral population alone, they may probably then be let in in safety. But the real desideratum (in addition to colonization from the North) is the homestead law which you propose for the negroes. I cannot express too strongly the completeness of my agreement with all you say on that point. Compared with these great questions, free trade is but a secondary matter; but it is a good sign that this also has benefited by the general impulse given to the national mind, and that the free-traders are raising themselves for vigorous efforts. I am not anxious that this question should be forced on while the others are pending; for anything which might detach the Western from the Eastern States, and place them in even partial sympathy with the South, would at present be a great calamity.

I have often during the years since we met in Vienna wished that I could talk with you, but always found something more urgent to do than to resort to the unsatisfactory mode of communication by letter, and this is still more the case now that I have allowed new and onerous duties to be placed upon me. They are not nearly so agreeable to myself, and it remains to be seen whether they will be as useful, as that of writing out my best thoughts and putting them into print. I have a taller pulpit now, but one in which it is impossible to use my best materials. But *jacta est alea*; I must make the best I can of it; and I have had thus far much more of what is called success than I could have hoped for beforehand.

I am, dear sir,

Ever sincerely yours,

J. S. MILL.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
June 20, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: I wish it were not just two hours before J—— goes with the letters. Another time I will write on Sunday, instead of waiting until Wednesday. My despatches are finished, but I shall be interrupted twenty times by correcting the copies thereof. Moreover, there is a fine instinct by which visitors, especially traveling compatriots, always discover that Wednesday between twelve and half-past, being despatch day, is exactly the proper moment to select for a friendly visit.

The noble three hundred and fifty who compose the Vienna world are gone into their "earths," or to the waters. The whiskered young pandoors and dancing hussars have all danced off to the front, and we are expecting, before many weeks have passed, to hear of some tremendous and terrible battle.

If the weather were only a little more encouraging, I should rejoice in the leafy solitude of my garden. But you know the howling and hlusterous nature of a Vienna June, and to-day and day before yesterday it has been outdoing itself.

The dips are all here, of course, save the Werthers,¹ who took their sad departure four or five days ago at 7 A. M., attended at the station by the faithful D'Ayllons, one and all. Had it been in the evening, I should have gone, for all like and respect Werther himself.

That blessed ambassador of the Sublime Porte has a

¹ The Prussian minister, leaving on account of the commencement of hostilities.

gala dinner next Monday to celebrate the anniversary of the Grand Turk's accession to the throne of his ancestors, and so we are all obliged to turn out in mufti. If it happens to be a hot day, as may well be the case, I for one shall sincerely wish that the said Sultan's predecessor had had the present incumbent bowstringed or drowned in his tender infancy, according to the good old Turkish custom.

The first constitutional step of a new sultan on the death of his father used to be to cause all his brothers and sisters, amounting usually to fifty or sixty in number, to be drowned like blind puppies in the Bosphorus. But the good old customs and traditions of this world are fast passing away.

What do you think of the Bund dying at last of old age? It is mortifying to me, in a personal point of view, as we are both of an age. To be sure, it has just voted itself indissoluble, and so might I. I feel in writing to you that I ought to say something serious of European politics; but I have to be so serious, solemn, and idiotic in my despatches that I feel inclined to say with Mephistopheles (whose acquaintance you said you were about making) when he throws off the doctor's gravity gown, in which he has been gravely chaffing poor Wagner, and says:

“Ich bin des trocknen Ton's nun satt;
Muss wieder recht den Teufel spielen.”

I hardly know which way my sympathies lie in this tremendous struggle just opening. It is impossible not to have a strong feeling for Austria, for she considered Venice her property just as much as Styria. From

her point of view, the treaties of 1815 are as sacred as Holy Writ. She believes in right divine, in *Durchlauchts* and K. K.'s of all kinds, as devoutly as Abraham Lincoln ever believed in the sovereignty of the people.

The excellent old —, in gorgeous array, holding the sword of state and other baubles, believes in it all with as much confiding simplicity and loyalty as we repose in our manifest-destiny principles on July 4. One must try to get into other people's minds, must try to look objectively at the world's events, if one would attain to anything like philosophy. I don't mean that we are to think and feel as those do whom we contemplate; far from it. But we must try to understand them a little.

The man in the moon may be an excellent person in his way—I don't doubt it. But they say there is no atmosphere there, consequently no liquids. His views on the temperance question must differ from ours. He can't swallow probably at all. From his point of view all our guzzlings and muzzlings must seem reprehensible. Well, there is no popular atmosphere here. The man in the moon can't comprehend Americanism. For the time being he has it all his own way. But he is getting antiquated, passing away perhaps.

It used to be said that heaven and earth shall pass away, but Schleswig-Holstein shall not pass away. Yet there are symptoms of changes in the universe. This brings me to the point. Suppose that Austria is quite conquered in this great tussle. What are the results? Prussia is aggrandized. She swallows Hesse-Cassel, Schleswig-Holstein (which is already done), Hanover, Brunswick, Saxony, "churches and steeples and all the

good peoples." The question will then arise, Will she make the same complaint as did the eminent Robin to Bobbin? I should say not. I think she would only be too well satisfied. She would have rounded out that celebrated *schmalen Leib* of hers, and would begin calmly to digest. She will have got the Main line. She is shaped now, as you will perceive by looking on the map, exactly like a wasp. But there is a future—a possible future—for Prussia. It may one day become liberal as well as powerful. Intellectually and industrially it is by far the leading power in Germany. Constitutionally it may become free. It is now a military despotism. The hard-cutting instrument, which is now personified in my old friend Bismarck, may do its work by cutting away all obstacles and smoothing the geographical path to Prussia's great future. Bismarck is a man of great talent and of iron will. Probably no man living knows him more intimately than I do. He, too, believes in his work as thoroughly as Mohammed or Charlemagne, or those types of tyranny, our Puritan forefathers, ever believed in theirs.

He represents what is the real tendency and instinct of the whole Prussian people, from King William to the most pacific *Spiessbürger* of Potsdam. They all want a great Prussia. They all want to Borussifize Germany. Only they want to do it *pacificaly*, God save the mark! As if it were possible to make an omelet without breaking eggs. As if the electors and grand dukes and other little fishes would put themselves of their own accord into the Prussian frying-pan. Well, then, suppose Prussia victorious, there is a great intellectual and powerful nation, which may become a free nation, in the very heart of Europe, able to coun-

terbalance France when it is a despotism, and to go hand in hand with it should that nation ever be free again. There will be a few grand dukes and roitelets the less.

But they have no longer *raison d'être*. Your mother already sees an advantage in the fact that the diplomatic corps will be diminished in numbers, and fewer wall-flowers for the salons. But I tell her that is a narrow view of the subject.

As for Venice, she will cease to be a disturbing element in the European system so soon as she has gravitated into Italy, always supposing that the black gentleman who lives in the Tuileries does not come down upon his Faust at Florence too soon and claim his soul and body together. On the other hand, suppose that Austria overwhelmingly conquers Prussia and gets to Berlin (as she expects) and dictates peace there, and reannexes Silesia, and having squashed her northern foe, turns her whole force upon Italy, Victor Emmanuel will be awfully mauled. Down comes the gentleman from the Rue de Rivoli, occupies Piedmont provisionally, sticks in Rome, sends an occupying force to Naples, and the last condition of Italy is worse than the first.

Austria, which contains eight millions of civilized Germans and nearly thirty millions of Asiatics in sheepskins and in tight pantaloons inside their boots, becomes once more the leading German power, and all the Serenities and Highnesses, big and little, whisk their tails again and frisk about from Croatia to Frankfurt, from Trieste to Sicily.

At present "On to Berlin!" is the slogan.

It is nonsense for me to talk to you of military mat-

ters. Of course newspapers give events as they occur sooner than I can write them to you. I should say that the game is a very even one at starting.

All send love to you, and I am your most affectionate
Aged P.

To his Eldest Daughter

July 3, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: I dare say you will think that I ought to write to you once in a while about political matters.

I hardly know why it is, but I have taken this war *en grippe* to such an extent that it is as much as I can do to read the daily telegrams and follow the course of the battles as they roll about hither and thither.

I suppose the reason of my want of interest is that I don't yet see the great good to come out of it for anybody. Since the war actually began, I have not written a despatch to the United States government. I wrote every week until the entrance of the Prussians into Holstein; as early as February I expressed my conviction that the war this summer was inevitable.

Prussia and Italy are two conspirators, combining with the Prince of Darkness, who, for the time being, has thought proper to assume the appearance of a sovereign of France and to inhabit the Tuileries.

Consequently, although I see no especial advantage in the continued existence of great military empires anywhere in Europe, yet I see no good to be gained to humanity in breaking up this one and sharing it among those said three conspirators.

To be sure, Venice ought to belong to Italy, geographically and ethnographically. But where would poor dear Austria be if she stripped herself successively of all her nationalities? She would vanish into space. She is only a heterogeneous bundle that was patched up fifty years ago at the Congress of Vienna. Still she is a political organism, and the first instinct of all organisms is to preserve their own lives when assailed. If she says to you, therefore, "Il faut vivre," you can't expect her to be satisfied with your "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité," philosophical as it may be. You see I am only speaking sentimentally.

It is then, after all, mainly as a military spectacle that the present war has interest. And I hate military spectacles. Yes, I confess to a good deal of *Schadenfreude* at the spectacle of imbecility presented by the blessed old Bund. I do hope that she at all events will get her burial-ticket and be decently entombed now at the public expense.

I think Austria ought to be the very one to wish it the most. And this brings me round to the actual position of things (as they exist on this midwinter morning of July 3, with a roaring wind and a black sky and a bitter atmosphere, such as Vienna delights in at this season). You are doubtless wondering whether Benedek is an overrated and "half-discouraged hayrick," or whether he is yet going to do something surprising.

It is impossible for me to keep at all near the current of events as they flow to you unless I speak of the future. Everything known to be at this moment of actual occurrence will of course be known to you in detail through the public press before this letter reaches you. I shall therefore presuppose that you

read the public narratives and that you are provided with good maps. You are to remember that Benedek was a good corps commander in Italy. Whether he can handle 200,000 men as well as he did 40,000, there is the whole question, one we used to hear occasionally in America. At first sight it looks as if he had been outgeneraled. The Prussians have been as nimble as cats. They have occupied Saxony, Electoral Hesse, Hanover, whisked three potentates off their thrones, neutralized at least 50,000 *deutsche Krieger* of the B. O. B. (Blessed Old Bund, as for convenience' sake I will henceforth denominate the Germanic Confederation), and are now in position on the heights of North Bohemia. The two armies of Frederick Karl and of the Crown Prince, beginning their movements respectively in Saxony and in Silesia, have effected their junction thoroughly at last, after the combats of the last three or four days of June at Skalitz, Náchod, Trautenau, Gitschin, and so on. Benedek, retreating from the line of the Iser, which is now entirely in Prussian hands, seems to occupy a very strong isosceles triangle, composed of Königgrätz, Pardubitz, Podebrad. With a railroad on two sides of him, and strong fortresses at his back, and a gentle rolling plain within his triangle, thickly sown with swamps and little meres, if the Prussians are only good enough to come into his triangle, he is very likely, I think, to "smash them to triangles."

They have almost as fair a chance of coming to grief as Victor Emmanuel had the other day when he walked into Archduke Albert's quadrangle. The only excuse I have ever heard for that royal warrior's stupendous strategy was that it was "taking the bull by the horns."

But what sensible man ever did take a bull by the horns? The king has been tossed back at least a month by this heroic effort. I doubt if the Prussians will be so stupid. They can go to Prague, if they like, to-morrow, make themselves happy there, do what they like with its plexus of railways, levy contributions, forage on the enemy, and make Benedek's life hateful to him until he comes forth to attack them on their own terms. The next week or ten days will show. Now, you will say that Benedek must have had an original plan of some kind. He did. P—— told me some weeks ago that Gablenz had written to a friend here expressing raptures with the *Feldherr's* plan. *Now* we all see what that plan was, and are in but mediocre raptures. *Then* he held the Iser line and the Josefstadt-Trautenau-Pardubitz line, with the Prague-Olmütz line for his base. Always a triangle. But his army was a great wedge, which was to be inserted between the two Prussian armies (of the Elbe and of Silesia), and to split them wider and wider asunder. Now, the proof of the wedge is in the splitting, and the Prussian armies, instead of being separated, have coalesced, and Benedek's cake is dough. Therefore we naturally cry out that the *Feldzeugmeister* is an imbecile.

People are dreadfully depressed here. The papers are actually calling out for the Southern army to be sent to Bohemia, which would be equivalent to giving up Venice. Everybody is lugubrious. They say that nothing can stand the *Zündnadelgewehr*. High officials and ladies in society with sons in the army are at their wits' ends, and already see the great *Heerenmasse* of the empire reduced to a brigade, and the empire

reduced to the archduchies of Upper and Lower Austria. In short, not even after Bull Run in America did I ever see so much conceit taken out of a people in the same space of time. Yet does it follow the F. Z. M. is an imbecile? Wherefore? I don't say so. All the Bunsby within me struggles for utterance, and again I come back to the B. O. B. I don't think that Benedek has been his own master. The political and diplomatic game has been perpetually interfering with the military one. I believe it to be an admitted fact that in a war between Austria and Prussia the possession of Saxony and the frontier ridges of Bohemia, Silesia, and Saxony is more than three quarters of the game. As everybody knows that, it is not probable that the F. Z. M. was ignorant of it. Count Mensdorff told me more than three months ago, while all that war of despatches and notes was going on, that the military people were all dissatisfied and anticipated the probability of some great disaster at the beginning of the campaign (if war could not be avoided) by reason of the want of preparation. He had, however, taken the responsibility of advising the emperor to defer arming and every warlike step in order to show the good faith of Austria and its determination to keep the peace. There is no more sincere, straightforward, chivalrous man in the world than Count Mensdorff; but I think advantage has been taken of this frankness by the enemy. The object of the Austrian government was to come with clean hands to the B. O. B., prove her own pacific proceedings, and get the vote of the B. O. B. against Prussia as the peace-breaker.

Well, Austria succeeded. By nine to six the B. O. B. declared Prussia *Bundesbrüchig*. Article XI. was duly

brandished in her face, and mobilization of the Bund army was solemnly decreed. Well, what is the result? Not an individual B. O. B. musket has yet been seen at the seat of war. Meantime Prussia has swept the Elector of Cassel, the King of Hanover, the King of Saxony, to say nothing of the Prince of Augustenburg, off the board; has gobbled 19,000 Hanoverians under the very nose of Bavaria, and is carrying the war into the very bowels of Bohemia. Now, it is n't to be supposed that Benedek, could he have had his own military way, would have looked on with composure at these bustling proceedings. Prussia has been very "spry." But it would have been easier for Austria to occupy Saxony with the consent of its king than for Prussia to do it without this consent. But then the B. O. B. would perhaps have called Austria the peace-breaker and contented itself with armed neutrality. And what is the position, after all, but armed neutrality? I believe that Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden will keep out of the fight (there are no other states worth talking about), in spite of the mobilization decree, until they see which of the two belligerents is successful. They might have saved the Hanoverian army by lifting their finger. I say nothing of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel. His incarceration at Stettin is great fun for everybody, and has occasioned prolonged and general hilarity.

It was a part of the political military program that a great army should be sent by the B. O. B against Berlin, moving from Frankfort through the Thuringian country toward the Prussian plains. Probably Benedek was obliged to take this into his general plan; and if those imaginary 150,000 Bavarians, Hessians,

Badians, and the rest of them had really marched to the rear of Frederick Karl's army, those two Prussian princes would not have been going it so easy in Bohemia just now.

The truth is, people have been persisting in believing that the Bund was a reality. There was a habit of speaking of the Diet at Frankfort as if it were a congress, a parliament, a national assembly of some sort; whereas the Bund is nothing but a perpetual treaty between a couple of dozen or so of monarchs, great and small, and the Diet is a conference of their envoys and plenipotentiaries.

There will be one or two good things to result from this war. The number of kinglings will be pretty considerably diminished, the old Bund will be buried, and I think that Austria may be induced to give up that source of weakness for her, Venetia.

Meantime I think you will hear of a big fight very soon in Bohemia, and I feel by no means sure that Austria may not be the victor. You see I am very objective in my whole epistle. Intellectually I can imagine that a great Prussia may, after a generation or two, be better than what now exists. But the first result of a great Prussian success will be a bumptiousness without parallel.

P. S. I add a postscript to my letter of yesterday merely to say, what you have already said, no doubt, that I have given another example of how good it is "never to prophesy unless you know." However, I prophesied on purpose, and intend always to prophesy when I write to you, because it will be an amusement to you when I am wrong and a glorious satisfaction

when I happen to be right, and because if I don't prophesy I had better not write at all. When these humble lines reach you, you will already know the details of yesterday's great battle. Yet *I* know absolutely nothing at this moment, save a telegram published this morning from headquarters in an extra "Wiener Zeitung," and dated 10:50 P. M., 3d July, that the Austrian army, after having had the advantage up to 2 P. M., was outflanked and forced back, and that the headquarters are now at Swiniarek, on the turnpike to Hohenbruck.

If you look on the map, you will see that this means, I fear, that the Austrian army has retreated across the Elbe and given up its whole position.

It would seem that Benedek never fairly got his army into the comfortable triangle which I prepared for them in the beginning of this letter, and that the Prussians, instead of wasting time at Prague, have gone in to win with their double army against the whole Austrian army. It looks awfully black for Austria at this moment, I fear. They have been jockeyed by the southwestern states, and the Bund army has been mobilized for the purpose of remaining immovable. My heart aches at the misery which the details of yesterday's work will bring forth. The mourners will be going about the streets from henceforth, if the action has been as general a one as the telegrams indicate. There is hardly a family here some of whose members are not at the front. And they believe as firmly in their cause as we ever did in ours. I hate the flippant tone of my letter; but I can't help it.

We are all going out to dine at the Gramonts', at Mödling, to-morrow.

The Bronsons (of Roman memory) dined with us yesterday, having been to Jerusalem with four small children.

Ever your affectionate
PAPA.

To his Eldest Daughter

July 17, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: I ought to write long letters to you from this half-beleaguered city by every post. Nothing would give me greater pleasure, only, as I am obliged to write to the Department by every steamer, and as my letters, if they are not to be idiotically ignorant, must be written at the last minute, you perceive that my time is awfully limited. As to giving you news, that is, of course, hopeless. I trust that you have some journals that will keep you up with the current of events, battles, marches, and the like, as well as I could do and much sooner.

I can please you best, I think, by giving you a kind of appreciation of the actual condition of things at the moment I write.

Ten days ago Louis Napoléon was considered by his flatterers, and perhaps himself, during a period of twenty-four hours, as master of the situation. Accordingly, he sits down at his writing-desk,

Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

He writes an article in the "Moniteur," orders that the war shall cease, accepts Venetia from Austria, in-

forms Prussia that she must at once make an armistice or fight France, and orders Italy to stop short on pain of finding France between her and Austria, and with an intimation that if she will sit up on her hind legs like a poodle and beg for it, he will one of these fine days toss her Venetia on certain conditions.

It never occurred to him that Italy might answer, "Is thy servant a dog, that she should do such things?"

Paris swam in ecstasy for twenty-four hours, illuminated itself in honor of the great intellectual victory achieved by the omnipotent and omniscient Louis Napoleon.

"Quel génie que notre empereur!" cry the *badauds* of the boulevards.

It turned out differently. The raptures did n't last long. To the profound amazement of Louis Napoleon, the King of Italy considered himself bound to his plighted word. He had promised not to make peace without Prussia, and the whole country was so disgusted and outraged at the position in which it would find itself should it accept Venetia from France after having been drubbed by Austria at Custoza that (even if he had been blessed with Napoleonic morals) he could not have done as he was bid without forfeiting his throne. So poor dear unlucky Austria has only added one more blunder to her long list in thus abasing herself fruitlessly to Louis Napoleon. I can forgive her anything but that. Prussia meanwhile, with one finger on her needle-gun trigger and another (let us suppose) upon her nose, laughed respectfully in the great Louis Napoleon's face. And Louis Napoleon had wisdom enough to see that it was not his cue to fight. So he straightway went over to Prussia within a week after

his magnificent threats. Benedetti was sent to the headquarters of King William to intimate war to that monarch in case he—etc.

The moral of this for Austria and for France is very much that if you *will* be a great military power you must keep up with the modern improvements. Especially if you will be dictator of Europe you must have something better than muzzle-loaders. I allow myself here to make a quotation from my despatch this day.

It is just two centuries since the “Annus Mirabilis,” in which Dryden described the position of France in a couplet as applicable now as then :

And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunders in his lifted hand.

If, however, those thunders had been breech-loading thunders they would probably not have been so idle, etc.

However, it is n't needle-guns, but the energetic will and the vivid intellect, the far-reaching and steadily pursued designs of the man who governs Prussia, that have gained these prodigious triumphs.

There is a general panic in Vienna. It is supposed that the Prussians will occupy the city within a week. There is much discouragement, dissatisfaction, and suppressed indignation among the people. All Jewry has suddenly discovered that it is a portion of the United States of America. Applications from American citizens of the Hebrew persuasion and of Austrian domicile and nativity are frequent, to know what I, as their “natural and legal protector,” propose to do for them when the city shall be sacked.

Mr. ——— informs me that he has forty thousand

florins' worth of petroleum somewhere in the vicinity. Mr. —— is taking flight, but would like me to "protect" his horses and furniture, and so on, and so on.

I can't take some thousand barrels of petroleum into my cellar nor stable the steeds of my compatriot (?) in my garden, so they depart malcontent, and will doubtless, as a tradesman in Pest, also a United States of America citizen, recently informed me that he should do, "write to Washington to let them know how I *fill out* my place." Meantime the Prussians are at Brunn in great force, and large detachments are already as far as Ober Hollabrunn and Lundenburg. This *distance* is now nothing. We have an intrenched camp at Floridsdorf, just outside Vienna, on the other side of the big Danube, which will be the basis of operations to defend the line of the river from above Linz to below Hainburg (in Hungary). If Austria is insane enough to risk another great battle for the sake of remaining in the Bund from which Prussia is resolved to exclude her, the consequence of a defeat will be ruin to her. If Prussia gains another Königgrätz victory and dictates peace at Vienna, King William will be crowned Emperor of all Germany before the year is out. My own instinctive, rather than reasoning, belief is that there will be peace preliminaries patched up before the great catastrophe occurs.

"On est exigeant," said Count M—— to me a day or two ago, "mais le vainqueur a le droit de l'être. C'est un beau joueur que M. de Bismarck."

He almost admires Bismarck, but he could hardly repress his indignation when he spoke of Louis Napoleon's proceedings. It is the general opinion in Vienna that a great battle will be fought this week, and the

expectation is almost as general that Vienna will be occupied. I don't share this conviction, nor the apprehension of pillage and violence should the event occur, and I have got two star-spangled banners on very long staves, one for the street and one for the portico of my "palace," with a shingle four feet long as sign-board of the United States legation. The Prussians are a civilized people and respect the law of nations.

Meantime, at the risk of being proved to be incapable of understanding the situation (by the very steamer which will take this letter), I repeat my belief that the chances are in favor of peace.

Can Austria eat so much of the insane root as to risk ruin twice for the Bund? Meantime the B. O. B. herself has packed up her goods and chattels and removed in an omnibus to Augsburg, where I hope she will confess at last that she is dead, and write her own epitaph.

"Therefore exhale," says ancient Pistol. I can't help being flippant, although I feel sad.

Good-by and God bless you, my dear child.

Your affectionate

PAPA.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
July 25, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: When I wrote to you last week I thought that some one of the family had already written to you all we knew of young Lieutenant Sherman.

I have every reason to believe that he is alive and well. As soon as we heard of the battle of Königgrätz,

in which his regiment was engaged, we made every effort to find out about him. Countess Esterhazy (Rohan) informed us as soon as she received a letter from her son, who is in the same regiment with Sherman. He mentioned no names, and we inferred therefore that he had nothing to communicate. He (young Esterhazy) had a narrow escape, his horse having been killed under him. He is, however, unwounded. We went to make inquiries of the *Rittmeister-Adjutant*, who, as we were informed, was a friend of Sherman's. He said that he had as yet heard nothing from him, but expected that he would write, in which case he promised to communicate with us. Subsequently I spoke with General Count Haller, Chancellor of Transylvania, and proprietor (*Inhaber*) of the regiment in which Sherman serves. He told me that he was all right, that he was unhurt, although he had been in the thickest of the fight. He expressed much interest in the young man, and, indeed, a short time before, when I happened to sit next him at dinner at the Turkish ambassador's, he had taken occasion to speak of him voluntarily to me in warm terms as an excellent young officer in whom he felt a strong interest—*un très brave et gentil garçon*.

Day before yesterday I again went to Countess Esterhazy, who had recently received a letter from her son. He said that only one officer in his regiment was killed and one wounded. He mentioned the names of both. They were certainly not Sherman. She was writing to her son, and she promised to ask him to communicate all that he knew about Sherman, and she would let us know all that she heard. If you will find some means of conveying this intelligence, meager as it is, to Mrs.

Sherman, the mother, who, I suppose, lives in New York, I shall be much obliged to you. He has doubtless found means to send a letter to her before this. But I can't help thinking that she would be glad to know that we do what we can to learn about him, and that we take a very warm and sincere interest in him. He used to come and see us when he had a few days' leave of absence from his old station in Moravia, and he will be doubly welcome now if he should come to Vienna, the war, from present appearances at least, being near its termination.

You have no idea how difficult it is to find out much about individuals. The Prussians being in occupation of all Bohemia and Moravia, and their lines extending almost to the very gates of Vienna, nearly all our communication with the outside world, save by way of Paris, is cut off. Almost all the young men whom we know in the Austrian army have been killed and have come to life again once or twice over.

I will now take a new sheet and say a few words as to the situation. I forget exactly what I said in my last letter (July 17). The situation shifts so rapidly that it is difficult without writing every day not to seem antiquated. Moreover, I am obliged to write long despatches to government, while I would much rather be writing to you, and I become awfully exhausted.

Nobody is likely to accuse the Germans, the Prussian part of them, that is to say, of slowness. This has been the most lightning-like campaign in all military history. Look on the map of Germany and see what has been accomplished in a week or ten days of fighting. At this present moment the headquarters of the Prussian king and Bismarck are at Nikolsburg. This is a

château belonging to Countess Mensdorff, just forty miles north of Vienna. The left of their army touches Pressburg, and would probably have taken that city last Sunday morning had not the announcement of the *Waffenruhe* for five days rather dramatically suspended the fight going on fiercely at the suburb Blumenau as twelve o'clock struck. The Prussian center is spread over the Marchfeld, that wide, flat meadow, twenty-five miles in space, on the left side of the Danube, opposite Vienna, in which so many historical battles have been fought, Aspern and Wagram among the number, and in which, should the present negotiations fail, a bloodier conflict than ever yet stained its turf will soon decide the fate of the Austrian Empire. The Prussian right extends toward the Upper Danube, and menaces Krems, where the bridge has been destroyed, but where the crossing with pontoons will perhaps be attempted. The Austrian line of defense is very strong. If there were men enough it would be almost impregnable. Its center point or basis is the intrenched camp of Floridsdorf, the tête-de-pont where both the Northern Railroad and the turnpike cross the Danube, just as that deep, rapid, wide, and dangerous river has swept through the portals of the Leopoldsberg and Bisamberg into the open plains which spread downward toward Hungary. From below Pressburg westward to Linz, a distance of some one hundred and thirty English miles, the river must be watched and guarded. One knows not at what point those audacious Prussians may make a fictitious or a desperate attempt to force the river.

The two Austrian armies of the North and the South, all that has been collected of both, are now united in

one—the Army of the Danube, under the command of Field-Marshal the Archduke Albert, conqueror of Custoza. His chief of staff is the same General von John who did such effective service lately on the Mincio. Much confidence is felt in the archduke, still more, I fancy, in his man John. Benedek still commands a corps, I believe. Gablenz commands the camp at Floridsdorf. Such is the military position. As I said before, look on the map. Observe the position and shape of Prussia when the campaign opened. She has swept down from Schleswig, Pomerania, and Silesia. In a week or two of battles she has conquered and occupied Saxony, Bohemia, Moravia, and is looking grimly across the Danube into the very windows of the emperor's palace. With her right wing, if we consider her whole mighty army as one, she has demolished Bavaria and the other southwestern states, and she has occupied Frankfort. All Germany is in her grasp or at her feet.

The famous Main line, so long the object of her persistent and, as it was thought, her fantastic ambition, is as much in her possession as the Unter den Linden of Berlin. That boundary, which now incloses all North Germany and makes it one as Prussia, will be as hard to take from her as her own capital. The attempt will never be made, I think. Before this letter reaches you (I am writing Wednesday) you will have learned whether the *Waffenruhe*, which ends at noon on Friday next, has given place to a lengthened *Waffenstillstand* (armistice) or to a resumption of hostilities. We are now completely in the dark, but being obliged, whether "I know" or not, to prophesy, I have no hesitation in expressing my belief that the war is

over. And yet when I write again it is *perfectly possible* that I may describe to you the Prussian occupation of Vienna. Austrian commissioners at this moment are at the king's headquarters (Karolyi, old Count Degenfeld, and another). If Austria is not mad, she will make peace.

Prussia seems rather moderate than otherwise, considering her enormous success. It is understood that she will take none of Austria's territory. She will exclude Austria from the Bund. She will claim permanent control of North Germany in military and diplomatic and external relations. As for the Bund, it does n't exist. Even Frankfort, that knew it, knows it no more. The new Bund won't be a Bund at all. It will be an empire in all save name,—a Great Prussia,—of which Hanover, the Saxonies, Hesses, and all the rest of them, will be provinces, self-administering in their local concerns, of which the potentates will call themselves kings, grand dukes, and the like, although having no armies of their own, and no connection with the outer world, and therefore no sovereignty. There will be a German Parliament, already summoned by Prussia, and it is very possible that before many years are gone even Bavaria, Baden, and Württemberg, the only powers not already in vassalage to Great Prussia, will acknowledge her suzerainty and send members to the German Parliament. Thus Austria will be left out in the cold. This result will be hastened in case the war is renewed and Austria loses a great battle in the Marchfeld. It will be postponed if she should gain a great battle. As I said before, she will make peace unless insane. The only reason why I doubt is found in the hackneyed proverb, the truth of which every day

in the world's history proves afresh, "Whom God wishes to destroy he first makes mad."

The "military party" here is all for war. The archduke and his man John are all for war. The army, burning to wipe out the defeats in Bohemia, and conscious of unabated pluck, is all for war.

The cabinet is for peace. The emperor is for peace (I think). It is no joke to put an empire on one throw of the dice. But if the Prussians throw sixes on the Marchfeld next week and walk into Vienna, *exit* Austria forever. If, on the other hand, Austria should gain as great a battle as the one she lost on the 3d July, a new face would be put on affairs. Louis Napoleon, after leaving her to drown, would "encumber her with help" after she had reached the shore. Saxony and Hanover would put their crowns on their heads again, and the Hapsburgs would regain prestige. More than this I don't think it in the nature of things to accomplish. Austria is n't likely to gain territory even by a victory. She loses none now. You observe that I don't take a heroic view of matters. Perhaps if I were an Austrian I might feel differently. But a looker-on in Vienna, a bystander, however friendly, shows no heroism in counseling to or hoping for desperate action. An Austrian Empire is not like an American Republic. A Hapsburg is not like a People-King, which cannot, save by annihilation, die. I see much that is brave in this people, but I see more that is frivolous and insouciant. Still more do I see of discontent fast growing into disaffection. The signs of the time are ominous. They would be portentous if Vienna should fall.

Poor Italy! Here she has a fresh mortification. It

was bad to be defeated by the archduke at Custoza. It was horrible to be insulted by the transfer of Venetia to France. But surely the deepest cut of all is to have her fleet signally conquered and two ironclads demolished by a small Austrian squadron, led by a colonel of hussars. Whatever our political sentiments, we can't deny that the battle of Lissa was a most plucky affair on the part of the Austrians. I am sure that Farragut would shake Tegetthoff warmly by the hand.

The Italianissimi are in a most uncomfortable position. France gave them Lombardy, Prussia gives them Venice. Their fleet goes to the bottom of the Adriatic, and yet "Italia farà da se."

Certainly it is unlucky to have greatness thrust upon her when she is all for achieving it. And doubtless she would have achieved it had not unkind fate been beforehand with her presents. The only revenge for her will be to ally herself with Austria one of these days and pitch into France.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
August 7, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: I don't feel very much inclined to write to-day, but I dare say that you may be expecting a letter from "your own correspondent" on the political situation.

The truth is that the Atlantic cable, if it prove a success permanently (which is, I believe, still an open

question), will ultimately abolish the post-office. We are at the beginning of the new era, and in some respects have the inconvenience of two systems. The telegraph has not superseded the written letter, because—who can pay a pound a word? At the same time the electric wire has effected a kind of insulation for human beings at remote distances. One could formerly imagine one's self *en rapport* with one's correspondent when writing a letter.

Now when I write to you, for instance, I have the proud consciousness that I must be either hazarding prophecies of twenty days ahead (which will be your present when you read them) or else as antiquated as last year's almanac.

Think what effect this has upon one's diplomatic correspondence. I might as well write despatches about the peace of Westphalia (in the year of our Lord 1648) as about the peace of Prague, the negotiations for which have just begun, but of which the whole result will reach America long before any letters of mine could get there. However, thank goodness, the peace of Prague will be a mere register of the decrees already issued by Prussia at Countess Mensdorff's château of Nikolsburg, so that news won't be expected of me. I am not in the least disposed to grumble at the results of the war. Poor dear Austria herself is even better off than before, if she only knew it. The funniest part of the whole matter perhaps is that the original, that is to say, the immediate cause of the war, "Schleswig-Holstein," is hardly ever mentioned. That falls to Prussia almost without a word. Yet to maintain her condominium over the two and her temporary administration of the one Austria apparently went to

war. Apparently only, for the war has been inevitable for years. Prussia has for years been steadily increasing in population, wealth, and cultivation, and in all the arts of war and peace.

Germany has for centuries been tending to unification. The people have been getting more and more restive under their three dozen independent sovereigns, great and small. The Congress of Westphalia recognized sovereignty in more than three hundred of them. The Congress of Vienna, a century and a half later, stewed them down to thirty-six.

And now they are all rapidly fading out. We have a dissolving view of kings and grand dukes, with nothing apparently stationary but one emperor and one king, likely for a time to be more powerful than any emperor.

Prussia, whatever may *nominally* become of Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and the like, is sovereign mistress of all Germany north of the river Main line.

And already there are strong indications that the populations of southwestern Germany will claim admission into the Northern Union.

Austria has consented to be excluded from Germany. But the inhabitants of Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria don't like being excluded from it, and don't like Germany being cut in two. The dynasties are not very powerful. The peoples are getting stronger. Somehow or other there is a dim consciousness in the Teutonic mind all over the country, from Schleswig to the Carpathians, that this miraculous success of Prussia is not needle-guns, nor her admirable organization, nor the genius of Bismarck, nor the blunders of the Bund in all its dotage, but the democratic principle.

Prussian military despotism, by the grace of God, is perhaps opening the way more rapidly for liberty in Europe than all that the Kossuths, Garibaldi, and Mazzinis could effect in half a century. If Germany becomes one, as may be the case in less time than any one now deems, she will probably become ultimately free, whether called empire or republic. Words are no great matter. For a beginning, you have got an emperor over thirty millions of Germans, who calls himself king, and is surrounded by a dozen prefects or state governors, who will for a time make believe that they are kings and sovereigns. But as they have no armies nor navies, nor the right to hold intercourse with foreign countries, nor the right to regulate commerce, and nothing to do with war or peace, they are about as sovereign as the States of Delaware and North Carolina, who also play they are sovereign. Well, thus far it is a North German Union, with a hereditary chief at the center and hereditary vassals around him, a central national parliament and local self-government by state legislatures—Charlemagnism, with Americanized institutions. The two strike one as incompatible. Either Charlemagnism must go under, or Americanism. A federation of monarchs on nominally independent terms is possible. Witness the defunct Bund. But an incorporation of many hitherto independent bodies into one whole must result either in a grand military despotism or a popular national government.

It will be an interesting question to see developed. Only history for us ephemeral mortals goes so slowly that we can't take in the whole meaning of movements going on before our eyes. The rhythm which always

exists in history is on too grand a scale for us to comprehend except by looking backward and forward.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.

I suppose one ought to have known that in the year 1866 Bismarck and his king would bowl down German sovereigns like ninepins in a three weeks' campaign. The question now is to find out the moral of it, and all I say is that it is democracy. Jolly old William the Conqueror, William I. of Germany and Hohenzollern, has about as much idea of the work he is probably doing as Sherman's horse had of the Georgia campaign.

The most consoling thing in the whole history is to see how delightfully Mr. L. N. has been jockeyed. His influence on the continent of Europe is for the time neutralized, and people will begin to find out before long that a quack who never did anything great or good in his life, while always pretending to miraculous power, is neither a genius nor a benefactor, but an intolerable nuisance. In these great transactions he has been a cipher. At the same time he has earned the intense hatred of Italy, and the cordial dislike which Austria always felt for him has been increased.

Prussia has amused and flattered him by pretending, while she dictated peace to Europe exactly according to her sovereign will and pleasure, that L. N. was mediator.

It is difficult to see how the diplomatic soothsayers could look in each other's faces without laughing. As the war was beginning, all the official papers of Paris were ordered to shout in chorus that the result of the

struggle between Austria and Prussia would be to exhaust and weaken both to such an extent that neither would dare to say a word or lift a finger when France at the proper moment commanded them to stop fighting and obey the decrees of L. N. as master of the situation.

The least that said master would put in his own pocket was Rhenish Prussia and Baden on one side, with Belgium and the island of Sardinia, Genoa, and perhaps all Piedmont on the other, with the continued occupation of Rome. Events have not quite realized this program.

On June 11, L. N.'s famous letter to Drouyn de l'Huys was published. Certain roundings-off (Heaven save the mark!) were therein accorded to Prussia, but no disturbances of the European equilibrium were permitted, and, above all, Austria's "great position in Germany was to be maintained."

Thus spake Sir Oracle, and no dog barked. But there was much cracking of needle-guns soon afterward. When the smoke rolled away what do we see? Disturbance of equilibrium, quotha. Here is a new military empire of more than thirty millions, united, wealthy, compact, in place of a staggering old Bund that has been so long trying for a burial-ticket, and has at last got it.

What does Balance of Power say to that? Austria's "great position in Germany" is secured by her signing her total exclusion from Germany; and this is an instance of Louis Napoleon, mediator and master of the situation.

Then what could be more ludicrous than all the shamming and humbug about the cession of Venetia? For the space of twenty-four hours there were people in

Europe who absolutely believed in it. Austria believed in it, but Italy and Prussia did n't believe in it at all. The bill was made out without consulting the landlord, who turned out to be the real master of the situation (as sometimes happens).

Well, Prussia is already a greater power than even she dreamed of in her wildest flights.

The union of Italy and the union of Germany, to prevent which has been the steady aim of Louis Napoleon, just as it was his steady aim to assist Jeff Davis in destroying the American Union, are in a fair way of accomplishing themselves in spite of him. We shall hear of no more Italian Confederacies with the Pope for President.

The B. O. B. has exhaled, and Austria is left out in the cold (for her own good, as I sincerely believe); and so much for Louis Napoleon as dictator to Europe and master of the situation. Alas, poor Louis Napoleon! Where be your Sardinias and your Genoas now? Your Rhenish provinces and your Belgiums? Quite chap-fallen. Go to Vichy.

I *will not* write another political letter. As I can't send news, I will in future supply you with occasional essays on zoölogy, botany, or the differential calculus—subjects of which I am master (as Louis Napoleon of the situation) and which are most interesting to you.

Of course there is no objection to your reading my letters confidentially to your private friends, if they wish. You can't be too careful. We are all well, and hoping to hear from you to-day. God bless you, my dear child.

Ever your affectionate
P.

To his Eldest Daughter

Vienna,
August 14, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY: I have an inclination to write a line or two to you this morning. My repugnance to inditing a despatch is very great. I have nothing to say, and I feel such a shiver when I think that all my platitudes to the Department are served up a year or two after date in that odious blue-book system which Seward ought to have had more sense than to imitate.

It is bad enough to be obliged to venture opinions and prophecies which may prove ridiculous in the eyes of the few to whom one's letters are addressed; but to correspond with the Great Public is the most staring nonsense of modern days.

I am immensely struck with this now, as side by side with my own modern diplomatic correspondence I am reading very diligently letters and reports of Venetian envoys in the days when the republic was in its glory, and its *ambasciatori* the sharpest, the most influential, and the most agreeable in the world.

I always think, when I am reading the despatches of Soranzo or Contarini or Priuli, and a host of others, how astonished the people about them, kings, ministers, generals, courtiers, and politicians, would be, could those despatches have been published in every newspaper in Europe a few months after date, and how exceedingly agreeable the position of the ambassador would be if his minute, photographic, un pitying, un-exaggerating, and unextenuating pictures of men and events around him had been hung up for the immediate inspection of those most interested.

Fortunately for literature, the system of blue-books was n't invented then, or all those magnificent materials for history would never have existed. If the future Dryasdust, delving in the United States State Department as in a historical quarry, finds no admirable blocks hewn to his hand centuries before by the humble individual now addressing you, let him thank the tyrant blue-book. What interesting *relazioni* I could write if they were for government and for posterity!

I feel as much injured as the excellent Grumio.

There is, however, nothing very new to say. It is melancholy to see the breakdown of this house of Hapsburg. They seem to be suffering, as is always the case, for the sins of former centuries, to say nothing of the early part of this one. There are no real catastrophes in history.

Sap, sap, sap; gnaw, gnaw, gnaw; nibble, nibble, nibble. A million insects and mildews, and rats and mice, do their work for ages, and at last a huge fabric goes down in a smash, and the foolish chroniclers of the day wonder why it tumbles. The wonder was that the hollow thing stood. I don't mean that Austria has disappeared, but the traditional German Empire or Confederation with a Hapsburg word to it, the Austrian prestige, the great imperial, military, dictatorial power, this is as far off as the empire of Cyrus.

Well, I sha'n't go into philosophical discussions in this letter. You know Austrian "society" as well as I do, and society, so called, governs Austria. It is the last aristocracy extant. England is a plutocratic oligarchy, not an aristocracy of birth. In Austria, birth is everything; wit, wisdom, valor, science, comparatively nothing. Fancy going about in a fashion-

able salon in Vienna to look for the Lyells, Murchisons, Gladstones, Disraelis, Tennysons, Landseers, Macaulays of Austria, if such there be. Fancy a London house where they would not be welcome guests. Well, thereby hangs a tale. Dancing well, driving well, a charming manner, and thirty-two quarterings can't be got to govern the world in these degenerate days, and so you have Königgrätz and the peace of Prague.

Did any one tell you that the only man who ever found out Benedek's "plan" was the old ex-Emperor Ferdinand? He found it out three weeks before the war opened (they say), and immediately left Prague and established himself triumphantly at Innsbruck! By the way, we are getting a curious collection of ancient relics here in Vienna. It will soon rival the Ambras museum of old armor. The King of Saxony, the King of Hanover, and Crown Prince the Duke of Nassau and Hesse, and a lot of other discrowned potentates are thronging hither. There is a faint scent in the atmosphere of mildly decaying royalty. May not that dread epidemic Democracy burst out some day in consequence? I forgot to tell you in my last that the King of Hanover wished to see our dear diplomatic body. So we all turned out in full fig the other day. The king is living quietly at Knesebeck's, his envoy having declined Schönbrunn, where Saxony lives. The apartment is the same where Count Waldstein once dwelt, in the Wallner Gasse. You remember dining there in his time. The king is very tall, personable, stately, handsome, but blind. There was something pathetic in seeing the earnestness and satisfaction with which he went round the circle.

It lasted longer than any one at the Burg. He paid

the expenses of the conversation with each dip. When he came to me he could not ask about the President's grandmother or brothers-in-law, not knowing them personally, but he had got himself up a little, even for me, with Knesebeck's coaching. Referred to the Civil War happily terminated, and then to his own troubles and those of Germany.

Not knowing what to say, I mumbled something about sympathy, which I could not help feeling at the sight of this blind, gray, discrowned Guelf, who had at least put himself at the head of his battalions and done his best to fight his way through for a cause, which, as it was that of crowned heads and the existing order of things, he believed to be identical with that of the human race. How should he think otherwise? He caught at my expressions of sympathy, said he felt much obliged to me for what I said, and that he had tried to do his duty as he understood it. And so he did.

All France is furious at the emperor's loss of prestige, that very subtle article, so potent, but liable to evaporate so suddenly. I don't think, with Prussia going it so easy in Europe, that Louis Napoleon will try to pick up his drowning prestige by the locks in the Gulf of Mexico. He must assert himself somewhat nearer home.

Your ever-affectionate
P.

To Mr. William Amory

October 18, 1866.

MY DEAR AMORY: This is a begging letter. There is unexampled distress prevailing in many portions of

this empire. War, pestilence, and famine have made greater ravages in its various kingdoms and provinces, especially in Bohemia, than has been recorded in European history for a generation of mankind. Great efforts are now making by the wealthier classes to relieve in some degree this great amount of human misery. Among other measures now in contemplation, a kind of bazaar is to be held in Vienna at some period not yet fixed in the course of the coming winter. It will be under the direction of the ladies of the country most conspicuous for high station, wealth, and energy in good works. The subject was brought to my mind yesterday by Count Chotek, a gentleman well known to me and distinguished in the diplomatic service of the empire. I was not asked for either contribution or subscription. I was simply asked to cause a letter to be conveyed to Mr. ——. I volunteered, however, in addition, to write a private note or two to some of my friends in the United States, soliciting contributions to this Christian work. I felt that there were other generous and kind-hearted people in our country, and it seemed to me that there has rarely been an occasion for many years when an appeal in behalf of sufferers in a foreign land could more legitimately be in aid. I know that generous hearts in America feel for human misery everywhere, and I know that the misery in this country is appalling.

I say nothing of politics. The object of this appeal is one which is quite beyond the limit of land, races, or political institutions and circumstances. I shall only say that I can imagine nothing more likely to promote a kindly feeling between two great nations so widely separated in many ways from each other, but

still two great branches of the human brotherhood, as such a spontaneous manifestation of good will and charitable sentiment on this occasion. Certainly if the consciousness that a gift is sure of doing good in a time of utmost need is a sufficient reward to the giver, that reward may on this occasion be entirely relied on. I should further state that the mode to be adopted for this bazaar is a lottery, a fee to be charged, of course, for the entrance, and such charitable contributions as are made in kind by the residents of the empire—as jewels and other objects of great value, bestowed by the principal ladies of the empire and other charitable individuals—to be the prizes. This form of charity is consonant to the usages of this country, is not offensive to public opinion, and is thought likely to be the most productive. I have, however, explained that there was a deeply seated moral objection to lotteries in many portions of our country, and therefore whatever cash I was so fortunate as to be able to collect would be simply handed over to the committee as a *donation in money* to the general fund.

I have written as short a letter as I could, my dear Amory, and I feel confident, both from your generous disposition and the old and sincere friendship which has so long existed between us, that I shall not have written entirely in vain. The amount of destitution and suffering of this poor people cannot be exaggerated. The government, in the excessively attenuated condition of its finances, is entirely unable to relieve all their misery, and the population have not the power of springing so elastically out of a depressed and impoverished condition as have the inhabitants of our young and favored land. The zeal, energy, and generosity

manifested by individuals of all classes, from the highest to the humblest, in giving relief during the dreadful war, by which the whole surface of Bohemia and Moravia has been ravaged, have been most touching. The great proprietors, who have of course themselves suffered to an immense extent by the invasion, have been foremost in the good work, turning their town palaces and country châteaux into hospitals and houses of refuge, where the highest-born ladies of the land, as well as those of lower degree, have ministered daily to the sick, wounded, and suffering with their own hands. We, who have seen the noble exhibition of self-devotion, munificence, and Christian charity made by all classes in America during our four dreadful years of war, can thoroughly appreciate and sympathize with generous efforts made here to relieve distress.

This is entirely a private appeal, and it would be therefore desirable that the letter should not appear in print on account of my official position, as its publicity might perhaps in part defeat its object. I send copies to our excellent friends William Gray and Nathaniel Thayer, so eminent for their munificence and public spirit. If you are so kind as to aid me in this matter, perhaps you and one or two other gentlemen would collect such subscriptions as you can, and when your list is closed remit to me in such way as is thought best.

Mr. Charles King, late President of Columbia College, who happens to be here on a brief visit, has promised to write for the same purpose to some of his friends in New York. I have consulted with no one else, and I wish to repeat that this is an entirely voluntary movement on my part, no hint of

the kind having been made to me by any Austrian subject.

Ever, my dear Amory, most sincerely yours,
J. L. M.¹

To Lady William Russell

Vienna,

November 12, 1866.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: I don't like to let this year run to a close without sending a greeting to you. Even in the midst of our great sadness a year ago, it was a most sincere pleasure to me to look upon you and listen to you in your delightful home. I fervently hope that you are going on even better in health than you seemed to me then, which was much better already than I had been led to suppose. If you can find a moment to send us a word or two, you know with how much sympathy and pleasure they will be received. What a year this has been! Do you remember Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis"? But, after all, this has been a far greater year of wonders than that which he sang of, and which was exactly two centuries ago. What were my old friends the Dutchmen banging away at English fleets in the Thames compared to the dance which this blessed old Germany has been performing this summer? I have n't a Dryden here, and I have n't read the poem in question these twenty years, but I think you will find a couplet therein to this effect:

And threatening France, placed like a painted Jove,
Kept idle thunders in his lifted hand.²

¹ The response to this letter was a generous subscription, received with warm gratitude in Austria.

² Annus Mirabilis, xxxix.

This seems to me to characterize the France of 1866 as well as 1666. The worst of those idle French themselves is that everybody has been laughing at them. The *Zündnadelgewehr* has proved so much more practical than Louis Napoleon's ukase of 11th June, 1866, declaring that Prussia might be rounded out a very little, but that Austria was to preserve her proud pre-eminence in Germany for ever and ay, and so on, and so on. Now we have got nineteen *Landtage* convoked for November 19. It makes one shudder to think of the coming din of parliamentary eloquence. German, Czech, and Slav, Pole, Croat, and Magyar, furious Frank and fiery Hun, how they will all shout in their sulphurous canopy! For seven mortal months of last winter and spring I read those endless speeches in the Pest Diet conscientiously, almost believing that something was coming of it, and now they are all to be made over again, for not one step toward an arrangement between Hungary and the rest of this successor to the Holy Roman Empire—so called, as Voltaire long ago remarked, because it is *not* Holy, *not* Roman, and *not* an Empire—has been taken.

There is a kind of a military party here, who talk of taking tremendous revenge on Prussia and reorganizing the army, etcetera. The finances will need a little reorganizing first, and the interior affairs. The chief thing now is to discover some glue to stick the thousand pieces of the old empire together with. If the Baron of Beust can make the cement required, he will deserve to be remembered in history. Poor dear Mensdorff! Everybody liked him. The foreign representatives adored him, one and all. He is one of the most charming types left of the chivalrous, truthful, loyal, high-

bred, perfectly naïf and perfectly pococurante Austrian. Most deeply do I regret his departure from office, for one. People are dismal enough here, or rather they are proposing to be dismal. Society is, of course, out of town, but they all threaten that they will not come back. They will all be virtuous, and there are to be no more cakes and ale, no carnival, no ball at Princess Schwarzenberg's, nor Marquise Pallavicini's, nor Auer-sperg's, no solemnities at court, no dinners, no dancing anywhere.

Credat Judæus Apella

Non ego. . . .

Nec, si quid miri faciat natura.

And certainly nature never yet did anything so wonderful as to prevent *Wiener Comtessen* from dancing a whole season.

Sadly and seriously, this empire is in a woeful plight. There is deep mortification, dissatisfaction, enormous distress. The poverty is something awful to think of. The great nobles have been liberal and patriotic and charitable, some of them energetic, in relieving the awful misery. But alas and alas! what can individuals do? There is no self-help, no ambition, in Austria herself. There is apoplexy at the top, atrophy in the lower members. Meantime Germany is constituting itself, and Austria is excluded from it; and it needs no ghost to come from the grave to say where Deutsch-Österreich will be ere many years are over, if the empire does not find some means of putting itself together again. The laws of political attraction are as inexorable as those of matter:

And when the mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease if *you* go by?

It would be very convenient if it would, but I fear there are awful indications of a catastrophe. It may be deferred, but I confess myself at the end of my Latin to discover how it is to be prevented. Let me conclude with an anecdote which I heard yesterday of a Vienna *Fiakerkutscher*.

The street was encumbered by many vehicles, as usual; especially a vegetable-cart drawn by two donkeys obstructed the path. Out of patience at last, the cabby bawled to the costermonger, "Aus dem Wege da, mit deinen beiden Feldherren."

Yours most sincerely and devotedly,

VARIUS.

To the Duchess of Argyll

Vienna,

January 3, 1867.

DEAR DUCHESS OF ARGYLL: You were so kind as to send me, not long ago, the duke's recently published work, "The Reign of Law."

I intended to defer the pleasure of writing to you until I had read the work, but I cannot resist the impulse to send a single line to you now, wishing the duke and yourself and all yours a most happy New Year. I trust that it may be full of blessings to you all, and believe me this is our most sincere wish.

I have purposely refrained from reading "The Reign of Law" until now, because the important nature of the work and my entire respect for the author demanded that I should have time not merely to read, but to study it thoroughly.

I have been, during the last few weeks, obliged to give every moment not taken up with official duties to finishing off my two concluding volumes of the "United Netherlands." These are now in Mr. Murray's hands, and the labor of many years is brought to an end—I say it with a mingled feeling of sadness and relief.

The first-fruit is, however, most agreeable, as I shall now at once have the pleasure of reading the duke's book, "unmixed with baser matter."

We were most delighted at the brief visit of Lord Lorne, and regretted only that it was so brief. He won our hearts at first sight by his remarkable resemblance to yourself, so that it seemed impossible that we were speaking to him for the first time. We thought him also like the duke.

It was very kind of him to come to us on so rapid a passage through Vienna. It was a sincere pleasure to hear so directly from you, as well as to listen to his fresh and interesting conversation of all that he had been hearing, seeing, and reflecting upon in our part of the world. Pray give him our kindest remembrances.

I envy you your winter in Rome. I hear that the weather is magnificent. It never seems to me to be otherwise in Rome, and one never wearies of being there. I hope that you have made the acquaintance of our minister, General King, a man of talent, culture, and character, who did good service in the war of freedom, and who is a most worthy representative of the Republic. He is of a family much honored with us; and I trust that you will also make the acquaintance of his father,—who must be in Rome now for the winter,—lately President of Columbia College, New York,

one of the chief establishments of high culture in the United States. They are all great friends of ours—the Misses King,¹ with their mother, excellent and accomplished people, much beloved by us all.

You will not like old Mr. King the less because, whilst being a most thorough American, he is in many respects more like an Englishman than any one not native to your soil I ever knew. He follows the hounds at the age of seventy-six, and, like so many of your public men, is a scholar as well as a politician.

This is partly owing to his having been many years of his boyhood in England, where his father for a long time was United States minister. He was brought up at Harrow, a classmate of Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and others.

Pray forgive me for running on so long about strangers, whom perhaps you may not know; my only excuse is that we are very fond of them all, and I think you will find General King's house agreeable in Rome.

The Storys you know, of course. Would you kindly convey to them our warm regards when you see them? I am ashamed to send so stupid a letter so far, but pray forgive me, as I said at the beginning, and now repeat, that I could not help sending your Grace a New Year's greeting.

My wife joins me in kindest remembrances to the duke and yourself, and I remain,

Dear Duchess of Argyll,

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

¹ One of them is Madame Waddington, whose husband was the French ambassador in London from 1883 to 1889.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Vienna,
March 12, 1867.

MY DEAR HOLMES: Boston, June 10, 1866; February 16, 1867. Such are the dates of two unanswered letters from you. You see that I am as unblushing in my iniquity as you are hardened in your benevolence. That you should really have kept your promise to write without expecting an answer, and have actually maintained this one-legged correspondence through all those years, is a proof that human virtue is not yet extinct. I had better not make apologies for my silence, for none are possible. I have read your two last letters several times. In the first there is much mention of Wendell, then traveling in Europe and carefully avoiding Vienna. I was delighted with the warm reception which he met with in the most distinguished society in England. I have heard from many sources of how much he was liked and appreciated by everybody. I am sure that he must have enjoyed himself, and I was glad that so true a representative of our genuine *jeunesse dorée*—not the electroplated article, but the true thing tried in the fiery furnace of a four years' war—could be shown in places where the ring of the true metal is known. Well, he will be all the better for his long and brilliant soldiering and his brief philandering in foreign meadows of asphodel. I am sure that he will become a better American and a deeper radical every year of his life. He is one of the fellows who have got to prove to the world that America means radicalism—that America came out of chaos in order to uproot, not to conserve, the dead and polished produc-

tions of former ages. Not that I think there is much sense in applying European party politics to our own system; nor am I talking politics, so called, whatever that word may mean. But if we cannot go ahead in America without caring how much we uproot in our upward progress, we had better have left the country to the sachems and their squaws. As if anything worth preserving could be uprooted! I do not believe it. We have been conserving slavery these fifty years, but when it became the question whether America or slavery was to be uprooted, it was not slavery that proved to be the granite formation.

I forget that we are not sitting together at the club jawing! When, oh, when shall those *noctes cænæque deorum* be a reality to me again? How I should like to listen to you and Lowell and Longfellow and Agassiz and Whipple and Tom Appleton, and all the rest of you whose names I will not fill up this sheet with! What a relief to hear you talk sublime philosophy, excellent fooling becoming nobly wise, not mad, as the Laffitte circulated! I feel almost as if I could even talk myself under such inspiration. A thousand bores are big within my bosom when I think how I could hold forth on a private stump like that, after five years' experience of the silent system in regions where it is a recognized truth that language was given to conceal the thoughts. I am glad that you called my attention to your touching and interesting obituary of Forceythe Wilson. I have never seen the "Old Sergeant," I have never seen many things which are familiar to you. I rarely hear such things talked of.

I am so unfamiliar with speech,
I start at the sound of my own.

I feel that I should enjoy the poetry from the weird, Rembrandt-like sketch you give of the poet. Well, one of these days I shall read up to my own epoch.

And that reminds me of a question I am now putting myself. Shall I read "The Guardian Angel" in numbers or wait for the whole? My judgment says wait. I know that if I nibble at it, a twelfth bit at a time, I shall not enjoy devouring it all at once. If I wait, my greediness will be rewarded. But I am sure that I shall not wait; I have already read the first number, and I see that I shall be *compelled* to go on with it as fast as the "Atlantic" arrives, which it does, I am happy to say, with commendable regularity. When I have read it all, I shall either talk to you some hours about it face to face, or write, if I am out of speaking distance. For the present all I can say is, the more you take your readers into cloudland and away from the prosaic every-day, which has been rather overdone by great masters of the positive and materialistic schools of novel-writing, the better I, as one of the faithfulest of your readers and admirers, shall be pleased. But you are already telling me to mind my own business. You are a blessed Glendower:

'T is yours to speak and mine to hear.

It is a fall from a steep precipice after speaking of your romance to allude to a late correspondence in the newspapers.¹ But as you say so many kind things in your last letter, and as so many friends and so many strangers have said so much that is gratifying to me in public and private on this very painful subject, it

¹ See Holmes's Memoir of Motley, 129.

would be like affectation in writing to so old a friend as you not to touch upon it. I shall confine myself, however, to one fact, which, so far as I know, may be new to you. George W. McCracken is a man and a name utterly unknown to me. With the necessary qualification which every man who values truth must make when asserting such a negative, viz., to the very best of my memory and belief, I never set eyes on him nor heard of him until now, in the whole course of my life. Not a member of my family or of the legation has the faintest recollection of any such person. I am quite convinced that he never saw me nor heard the sound of my voice. That his letter was a tissue of vile calumnies, shameless fabrications, and unblushing and contemptible falsehoods, by whomsoever uttered, I have stated in a reply to what ought never to have been an official letter. No man can regret more than I do that such a correspondence is enrolled in the Capitol among American State Papers. I shall not trust myself to speak of the matter. It has been a sufficiently public scandal. My letter, published by the Senate, has not yet been answered by the Secretary of State; at least, I have not yet received any reply.

My two concluding volumes of the "United Netherlands" are passing rapidly through the press. Indeed, Volume III. is entirely printed, and a third of Volume IV. is. If I live ten years longer,¹ I shall have probably written the natural sequel to the two first works, viz., the Thirty Years' War. After that I shall cease to scourge the public. I do not know whether my last two volumes are good or bad. I only know that

¹ He died May 29, 1877.

they are true, but that need not make them amusing. Alas! one never knows when one becomes a bore. That being the case, I will stop now, with kindest regards and remembrances to Mrs. Holmes and yourself and all your house.

Ever most sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

CHAPTER XXI

LONDON

Visits to old friends—Dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hughes—The Cosmopolitan—Ball at Stafford House—Disraeli's Reform Bill—Professor Goldwin Smith—Friends and engagements—Argyll Lodge—The Reform Bill—The Sultan in London—Breakfast with the Duc d'Aumale—Holland House—Dinner with Mr. John Murray—Sir W. Stirling—Pembroke Lodge—Lord and Lady Russell—Hon. H. Elliot—Mr. Bright—Speech of the Duke of Argyll in the House of Lords—The Philobiblon Society—Breakfast with Mr. Turner—Visit to Lord Stanhope at Chevening—Chiswick—Duchess of Sutherland—Dinner with Mr. Gibbs—Lord Houghton—Mr. Forster—Lord Lytton—Mr. and Mrs. Grote—Dinner with Colonel Hamley—Dean Milman—Strathfield Saye—Lord John Hay—The Duchess of Wellington—Bramshill—Silchester—General Grant appointed Secretary of War—Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis—Chevening—English feeling toward America—Knole Park—The Bishop of Oxford—Holland House—Visit to Lord Sydney at Frogmal—“Black Sheep”—“Cometh up as a Flower”—Lord Wensleydale—Visit to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—Professor Owen—Madresfield Court—Witley Court—The English aristocracy—Frampton Court—The Sheridans—Letter from Earl Russell on Vol. III. of “United Netherlands”—Letter to Lady W. Russell on Mr. Odo Russell's engagement—Neuralgia—Story's statue of Mr. Peabody—Letter from Mr. George Ticknor on the “History.”

To his Wife

Maurigy's, 1 Regent Street,
Sunday, July 14, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: I may as well write a line or two before I go out this morning (Sunday). Friday morn-

ing, day after my arrival, I went to Lady William Russell's. I found her full of sympathy and affection as usual. She is more infirm, and complains more of her age than she used. She stands erect in a kind of cage, and pushes herself about the room when she changes place. I sat with her half an hour. She made the most tender inquiries about Lily, most affectionate ones about you all, and is quite unchanged in feeling, and not at all weakened in mind. I promised—having, of course, no engagement—to go back and dine. I made no other calls that day except at Stirling-Maxwell's, who was out; the De Greys', who were out; the Sturgeses, who are all on the Continent, perhaps in Switzerland; and Mrs. Norton's, who was in. She is little changed in face, I think, and almost as handsome as when we last saw her. She was most affectionate, and talked much and tenderly of Lily and of you all. She asked me if I had seen Sir William, and I did not make it out at first that she meant Stirling.

I went to the Athenæum, and found myself at once in the Silurian stratum of my old acquaintances by stumbling on old Sir Roderick. He looks unchanged, but is unsteady. He regretted not to have met me sooner, that he might have asked me for that day to a dinner he was giving to Sir Samuel Baker, the African traveler; but now he had no place, and the next day they left town. I told him that I had promised Lady William, and he said that Mr. and Mrs. A—— were of his party. When I came into the morning room of the Athenæum I found Milnes, who lifted up both his arms, the Duke of Argyll, and Leighton. At Audley Square I found, to my satisfaction, that Mrs. A——

was to dine with us, having excused herself to the Murchisons on the ground of indisposition.

Mrs. A—— is very attractive and charming, pretty, gentle-mannered, naïve, instructed, accomplished. Lady William is delighted with her companionship. They live with her. She speaks English utterly without foreign accent, exactly like an Englishwoman, and of course French like any other Parisian. She has translated Mill's "Utilitarianism." Her mother, Madame de Peyronnet, writes in both the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Edinburgh," which sufficiently proves her cleverness.

Next day I called on the Argylls, sat in the garden, and lunched afterward. Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than they were in their inquiries for you. The duke made an excellent speech at the Garrison breakfast, and so did Lord Russell, as well as Bright and Mill. I will get the report (in the London papers of July 1) and send it to you. I am to dine with the duke and duchess on Thursday.

I called and saw both the Wensleydales. They are much less changed than one would expect. The old gentleman announced his eighty-five years in a triumphant manner, bullying old age quite fiercely. Mrs. Lowther was with them, and was very agreeable. They pressed me to dine that day,—likewise a Bakerian dinner,—but I had promised Lady William again, so I agreed to come in the evening to the Wensleydales'. Mrs. Hughes was the other convive at Lady William's. Of course it was most agreeable. She was sweet and warm-hearted as ever, and talked all the time of Lily, as did Lady William.

The first person I saw at the Wensleydales' was Crea-

lock. He was talking to a fair-haired dame, who rose from her chair, wailing that I did not recognize her. It was Lady ——, not in the least altered. I did know her, only she had not given me time to look. She was particularly jolly, and most friendly in her inquiries and regrets for you.

Mrs. St. John Mildmay with her white locks next accosted me. . . . I was introduced to Lady Had- dington, and to a very nice person, Lady Alwyne Compton. Justice Erle reminded me of my holding forth on American constitutional law, to his great edification, in that house six years ago; and while we were dis- coursing, up comes old Kennedy. I mean young John, formerly of Vienna. It brought Vienna back to me with an awful pang. I believe these are all the won- ders that I have to relate. This letter reminds me of those which Mary used to write at the age of seven. By the way, has that absconding party really got her trunk or not? Or has not she written yet?

Murray thinks the business can be settled by the end of this month. Stirling is going soon to Karlsbad— which I think knocks Scotland on the head for me. I would far rather come to you if you can give me any- thing like comfortable or retired quarters. But I can at least write and read, and have as many books as I want, and as much or as little society as I like. I for- got to say that I found the Adamses at home yesterday. He was as satisfactory in his utterances on my case as I could expect. He felt sure that Seward signed without reading the letter, and thereby made an awful blunder which led to all the rest. . . .

To his Wife

Maurigy's, 1 Regent Street,
July 17, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: My last letter was written last Sunday, the 14th. That day I dined quite *en famille* with the Hugheses, the only other guest being Kennedy of Baltimore, whom I was very glad to see, and who is as friendly and kind-hearted as he always was. By the way, it was on account of my letter of introduction given to him at Ischl that we now met at Hughes's. It being Sunday, the dinner was cold,—perfectly good in every way,—and I liked the plucky way in which all pretense of a small banquet was avoided. Some of the children, the eldest boy and two girls, dined with us, and I am sure that Susie would have been in raptures if she could have seen little May. She sat at my side and took me under her especial protection. The servant-man had been sent out of the room, and the two little girls helped us help each other at table. Little May was perpetually getting up and changing my plate and bringing me an immense salad-bowl, bigger than herself, and insisting on my gorging myself. I told her mother that she was conducting herself like H el ene in "Robert the Devil," and was putting me to the blush. She is a very fascinating little imp.

The Hugheses are, what they always were, genuine, kind-hearted, and delightful, full of warmest inquiries for you all.

We went afterward to the Cosmopolitan, where I fell in with one or two old acquaintances, George Cayley among the rest, and particularly Stirling. He is, I

think, quite unchanged, now that, having tarried smooth-faced all his life until his beard has grown white, he has adorned himself with a grizzly mustache and accompaniments. Our meeting was very cordial, and a great pleasure to me; he is going off to Karlsbad at the end of this week, I regret to say, and his wife leaves the same day *en route* for Scotland. He wishes me to come to Keir early in September. Monday I made some visits, beginning with Van de Weyer, whom I found at home, quite as cordial and agreeable as ever. He asked me to dine that day, saying that the Wensleydales and others of my friends were coming. I had no previous engagement, being just arrived. Bishop Eastburn of Boston was on one side of Madame van de Weyer, and Dean Stanley on her right. The rest of the company were the Wensleydales, Lowthers, Miss Emma Weston, Arthur Helps, and his sister.

After dinner I made the acquaintance of Lady Augusta Stanley, whom I thought very agreeable, and the company broke up at ten, some of us going to a great ball at Stafford House given for the Viceroy of Egypt. I had received a card through the kindness of Lady Wensleydale, and I was very glad to see a fête at this splendid mansion, never having been in it except at luncheon. Strange to say, it was full-dress, that is to say, in uniform, and I, of course, was ununiformed, having left my official finery at Vienna. However, I found an early opportunity to make my bow and proffer apologies to the duke, who said he was only too happy to see me in any costume. As he was so civil, of course I thought no more of the subject, particularly as Lord Granville, who greeted me on my arrival, had already told me that there were a good many black

coats. The duchess I never saw all the evening, as she was occupied with royalties, all the court being there. The very first person on the stairs whom I met was Lady Jocelyn, who came up to me very cordially, and looked as beautiful as ever. Then I came upon Adams and Moran, and then Stewart in his war-paint, with kilt and claymore, rushed forward and introduced me to his mother and several relations. I found a great many acquaintances—the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland (Lady Harry Vane), who had been marrying Miss Primrose that morning to Mr. Wyndham, son of Lord Leconfield. Then I came upon the Shaftesburys, Lord Clarendon, Lady Taunton. Then Bille of Vienna, now of Paris, collared me, and with him came up the Bülows. He looks rather better than he used; she is radiant, already speaks English very fluently and well, and adores London—“people are so very kind to her,” etc., etc. I walked about the magnificent house for half an hour with the Duchess of Argyll. The duke was in his Highland garb. There were two bands of music, a great supper, and everything to make you comfortable.

Tuesday I ordered a brougham to drive out to Holland House to make a call on Lady Holland, who had already sent me a card for an afternoon reception next Saturday. But a deluge prevented. Lord Stanhope came to see me early in the forenoon, and subsequently I received an invitation from him to come to Chevening on 27th and 28th. The rain by keeping me in the house did me a great service, for I had a visit from Lyulph Stanley, who sat with me an hour. He is only in town for a single day, being on the Northern Circuit as a barrister; he talked very agreeably and sensibly.

on American, English, and Continental politics, and I was much pleased with his liberal views.

Dizzy has produced a Reform Bill, and jockeyed his party into supporting it, which is far more liberal than anything Bright would have ventured to propose. Lord Cranborne has seceded from the government and left his office. Meantime the Tories, thanks to their sudden conversion to radicalism, have secured their places for at least another year. The metamorphosis is almost as great as if Jeff Davis, Toombs, and the rest of the slavery party, instead of going in for rebellion, had met Lincoln's candidacy for the Presidency in 1860 and his platform by a program abolishing slavery.

Soon after Lyulph's departure came in Goldwin Smith, much to my delight. He was only in town for a day, but I had left my name for him at the Athenæum, and he came. It was a great pleasure to listen to his weighty, thoughtful, and earnest utterances on the highest and gravest subjects that can interest full-grown men, and to find myself entirely in harmony with him. He was with me more than an hour. He believes England to be in more danger than she ever was. While approving and rejoicing in the Reform Bill, he fears as its result a combination between the Tory leaders and the lowest orders, something like the unholy alliance which so long existed between the Southern slaveholders and the extreme Democratic Irish party of the North.

I dined in the evening with Stirling-Maxwell. The guests were Lord and Lady Belhaven, old Lady Ruthven; then there were Mrs. Norton, Lady Napier, and Anthony Trollope. I sat between Lady Anna and Lady Napier. I like Stirling's wife very much; she is

decidedly handsome, with delicate, regular features, fair hair, and high-bred and gentle manners. She urged me much to come to Keir in September, and the Belhavens and Lady Ruthven invited me to their places in Scotland. There will be no difficulty in my spending as much of September as I wish in Caledonia; but I don't wish it, if you can only house me somehow.

Lady Napier only arrived from India two or three days ago; is going for two or three days to visit the Queen of Holland at The Hague, and returns to Madras in about three months. I don't know that there is any more small beer to chronicle just now, but I will leave this letter open for a day or two. To-morrow I dine with the Argylls; next day with the Tauntons; Saturday I go to Holland House, and afterward to dine with Murray at Wimbledon. Sunday morning I go to Lord Russell's at Pembroke Lodge to dine and pass the night, having received a very warm invitation to come Saturday and stay till Monday.

This is my program thus far.

Twisleton has just been paying me a visit—quite the same man as ever. By the way, Hay¹ made me a visit a day or two ago. I must say that he expressed himself with great propriety and modesty, was very respectful, and said everything that could be expected of him. He was offered the place, he says,—he being then in Illinois,—of secretary of legation to fill Lippitt's place when his resignation, both official and private, had been received. I think the indications are that Raymond will be renominated and confirmed.

I forgot to say that I liked Trollope very much; he

¹ Mr. John Hay, who was appointed chargé d'affaires at Vienna *ad interim*.

was excessively friendly, and wants me to come down to him where he lives in the country—I forget where. Perhaps I shall, 18th July. I also forgot to mention that Madame Mohl was at the dinner at the Van de Weyers'. She is better than when I last saw her, but looks haggard and weird.

Yesterday I called on Lady Palmerston, and found her at home and quite unchanged, except by her black dress. She seemed almost younger than six years ago, and was as charming and cordial as ever, making the kindest inquiries about you and Lily.

I called on Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and found him at home, looking much as he used to do—a little stouter, but very smooth-faced and erect, with no signs of senility in mind or manner. Certainly the “bloated aristocracy” of England have got almost as near the fountain of perpetual youth as Flick and Flock¹ ever did. I had no invitation to-day for dinner. It was the Naval Review at Spithead, to which I refused two or three tickets. I think I see myself going to a naval review, as long as I am not a midshipman. My virtue was rewarded, for it blew great guns; there was no review possible, and the Sultan and the people who mobbed him down to Cowes were all sold and returned malcontent.

I went to the Athenæum, met Hayward and Kinglake (whom I like much), and we three dined together, and sat talking after dinner until it struck *twelve*. Fancy the horror of a Viennese at such a proceeding—four hours, and two pints of table-wine for the whole party! Politics, literature, society, religion, education—how funny it seemed to talk of these things again! The

¹ Characters in a German ballet.

sleepy waiters were in despair, but could not help themselves, and we were in our home, and they were our slaves. After twelve I went to the Cosmopolitan, because I had promised Hughes to meet him there. Hughes had gone, but Stirling was left, and one or two others. I smoked a cigar and came off to bed at one. I think I had better stop, this being a pamphlet and not a letter.

God bless you all. Love to all. Do one of you write me a line every day.

Ever your most affectionate and loving

J. L. M.

To his Eldest Daughter

Maurigy's Hotel, 1 Regent Street,
July 22, 1867.

MY DEAREST LILY: Your two letters, 17th and 19th July, were duly received, and gave me much pleasure and some pain, for every day makes me realize more our homeless position. If I had only something to take the place of my present encampment, I should fold my portmanteau like the Arab and noiselessly steal away. Meantime I will duly notify you. Murray will not discharge me under a fortnight, however. On the 18th I had a long, pleasant visit from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. I don't know that either of us made any observations worthy of record. There was plenty of wisdom and wit, no doubt, but I made no notes at the time, nor probably did he. Afterward Twisleton came in—the same as ever, very amiable and cordial.

I went out to Argyll Lodge to dine. The company numbered about twenty. I sat between the duchess and Lady Edith, who, by the way, is pretty, agreeable, and interesting. On the right of the duchess was the Duke of Devonshire, whom I had never met before, a suave, courteous grandee. Then there were the Tauntons, Belhavens, the youngest brother of the duchess, Lord Ronald Gower (a handsome youth, who has much artistic talent), Charles Howard, and some others whose names I don't recollect. I had a very pleasant dinner and evening. It is really a comfort to talk earnestly for an hour without stopping, to feel that you can be a bore with impunity.

Of course the politics of America just now, although engaging much attention, pale before the newfangled radicalism of the Derby-Dizzy cabinet. There are to be malignant and benignant demonstrations to-night and to-morrow night in the House of Lords. It seems to be admitted that the Peers will denounce the Reform Bill fiercely, and then mildly vote for it, comforting themselves with the conviction that chaos is really come again, the flood-gates open forever, and all the rest of it. Meantime they dare not really oppose the popular verdict which Dizzy has so craftily and audaciously exploited to his own benefit.

The town has been violently engaged in mobbing the Sultan, the viceroy, and twenty-four hundred volunteers. There have been balls of 3000 to 4000 tickets at Islington and India House, patronized and participated by the bloated, to which all the world and his wife, the devil and his grandmother, were invited. I might have got tickets without difficulty, but I had two reasons: first, I would not have been paid to go; second, I

had n't my uniform, which, by the way, I suppose still molds in Vienna. Miss Coutts also gave a breakfast at Highgate to all the Belgian volunteers, from major-general to powder-monkey, and fed them all, including the nobility and gentry.

On the 19th I had a very pleasant family breakfast at Stirling's at ten. I then went by rail to Twickenham, having received per telegraph an invitation to breakfast at twelve with the Duc d'Aumale.

Too much of breakfast hast thou, Ophelia.

The consequence of which is that, in avoiding to overeat, I am apt to starve in the midst of plenty. The duc and duchesse were very cordial and agreeable, and are beginning to recover from the severe affliction of their son's death. They have but one other child, the Duc de Guise, a handsome, fair-haired lad of twelve. I sat by the side of the mistress of the house. Next to the duc was the mother, the Princess of Salerno. Madame Laugel was next to me. She was very indignant on the Seward-Johnson-McCracken conspiracy. She also informed me that her sister was to be immediately married to Mr. Dicey, the writer on America and other liberal topics. They are all immensely pleased, and Miss Emma Weston is now with the bride elect in Paris, buying the trousseau.

I returned to town at two, and dined with the Tauntons at eight. My place was next to Lady Taunton, who told me the names of the guests, most of whom were introduced to me afterward; but I have forgotten all but the Fortescues, and a youth who is just going to America, as most of the swells are now doing, by name

Earl of Morley. He seems ingenuous, well bred, and decidedly good-looking.

Saturday, 20th. I breakfasted with Mr. Frederick Pollock, son of the ex-Chief Justice of England, himself a lawyer and an eminent reviewer. He wrote the review of the "United Netherlands," six years ago, in the "Quarterly." The breakfast was one of some kind of club (I don't know how named); but there happened to be a very thin attendance present, there being only Lacaita, Sir Erskine May, author of the "Constitutional History of England," and Sir John Lefevre, who greeted me as an old friend, and was most warm in his inquiries about you and your mother.

We had a long, pleasant talk, and we walked back together through the park. How anything can be done in London but breakfast, lunch, dine, and squash, if one really goes in for "promiscuous Ned," I can't comprehend. The breakfast, taken miles away from home, and including two hours of talk, snips off the very head and brains of the forenoon. Then comes the lunch or breakfast-party, taking "a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle," out of the solid day, leaving barely time to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and dress for dinner. As I have nothing to do just now, and am faithfully doing it, I only speak objectively. Yet I do remember me, during our two years in London, I wrote and published nearly the whole of Volumes I. and II. of the "United Netherlands." All I can say is that I could n't do it again.

I drove at four to Holland House, to which abode I had received a card to an afternoon party. As you have so often been to parties in the same house, I shall describe nothing. Certainly the impression, after six

years, was the same as the first one. It is the most delicious house, with park, garden, and farmyard almost in the heart of a great metropolis. The exquisite furnishing and collection of rarities struck me as more wonderful than ever. I met several acquaintances, the Stanhopes, the Clevelands, Strzelecki (grunting and "you know"-ing as of old), Hayward, Higgins the big and Fleming the flea, the Tauntons, and many others, although the attendance was less than usual, owing to a review of volunteers at Wimbledon.

From Holland House I drove across country to Wimbledon, to dine with John Murray of Albemarle Street and of Newstead, Wimbledon. By the way, Adams had invited me for this day to dinner, but I was long engaged to Murray. I forgot to tell you, by the way, that at the Duke of Argyll's dinner I met Sir Henry Storks, the man of power and pith who was sent to smooth out as well as possible the Jamaica crimes under Governor Eyre. Storks is just on his way with a swell to carry the garter to our emperor (of Austria).

At Murray's dinner there was another governor, Sir Bartle Frere, who has ruled some part of India for a quarter of a century, and looks like a young man, his wife and sister; another Mr. Pollock and his wife; Lord Cranborne, well known to you and to fame as Lord Robert Cecil; Dr. Smith, editor of the "Quarterly Review" and author of the "Classical Dictionary," the "Dictionary of the Bible," and other immensely popular, learned, and profitable works. This was the company. Lord Cranborne was jolly and good-natured, and so was I, the subject of America not being mentioned by tacit consent.

Another guest was Dr. Thomson, whom you or I

knew at Oxford, and who has since blossomed into a full-blown Archbishop of York. You will say that my letters are mere catalogues of names, and remind you of the "Morning Post's" fashionable lists or the "Fremdenblatt"; but I don't know that a dinner conversation is apt to transfer its aroma next day to a sheet of newspaper any more than the dishes themselves.

On Sunday morning I breakfasted again with the Stirlings, by appointment, as I had promised to translate for him a couple of letters of Don John of Austria out of a Dutch chronicle, which I had cited and particularly translated in the "Dutch Republic." After we had finished, I dictating and he writing, he thanked me cordially, adding in his quizzical way that he should now be able to reproduce the letters with a delightful air of originality, and censure the author of the "Dutch Republic" for having given so incorrect and altogether defective a translation in that excellent work; and so we went to breakfast, to which the only other convive was Milnes (Lord Houghton, I should say, but never do), who had invited me to breakfast, and had now invited himself to meet me at Stirling's, eating up conscientiously nearly the whole of our breakfast, and talking all the time—in short, devouring and conversing for all five. He is the same hearty, jolly, paradoxical, genial companion he always was.

I went down at two by train to Pembroke Lodge. I found Lady Russell quite unchanged and cordial, and full of kind inquiries for you and your mother. Lord Russell has Americanized his institutions to the extent of wearing a full beard of iron-gray, which becomes him very much. Otherwise he is much the same. You

know he made a public and rather remarkable recantation of his errors in regard to America at the Garrison breakfast. Our talk was therefore without embarrassment. He glided glibly and gingerly over the Seward-McCracken misery, and discussed general topics in a satisfactory way. There was the usual sauntering and receiving in the gardens, looking out on that unmatched Richmond Hill prospect, which is the perfection of English scenery—itsself of its own kind a perfection too. I always think when I look upon it of the “Allegro”:

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
As the landscape round it measures :
Meadows green with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees—

and so on. Nothing can surpass this bosky-bowery, verdurous, deeply foliated, riotously yet placidly luxuriant nature, tamed but beautified by art and hallowed by history. There were Arthur Russell and his wife, Lady E. Romilly, Henry Elliot and his wife, with whom I had much pleasant talk and refreshing reminiscences of our dear old Husarzewski palace;¹ Sir Hamilton Seymour and Lady Seymour, with whom, too, I had much interchange of memories of Vienna. I liked them both very much, having never known them before. Henry Elliot is going soon to his new post of ambassador at Constantinople. He speaks of the Marshes,² as

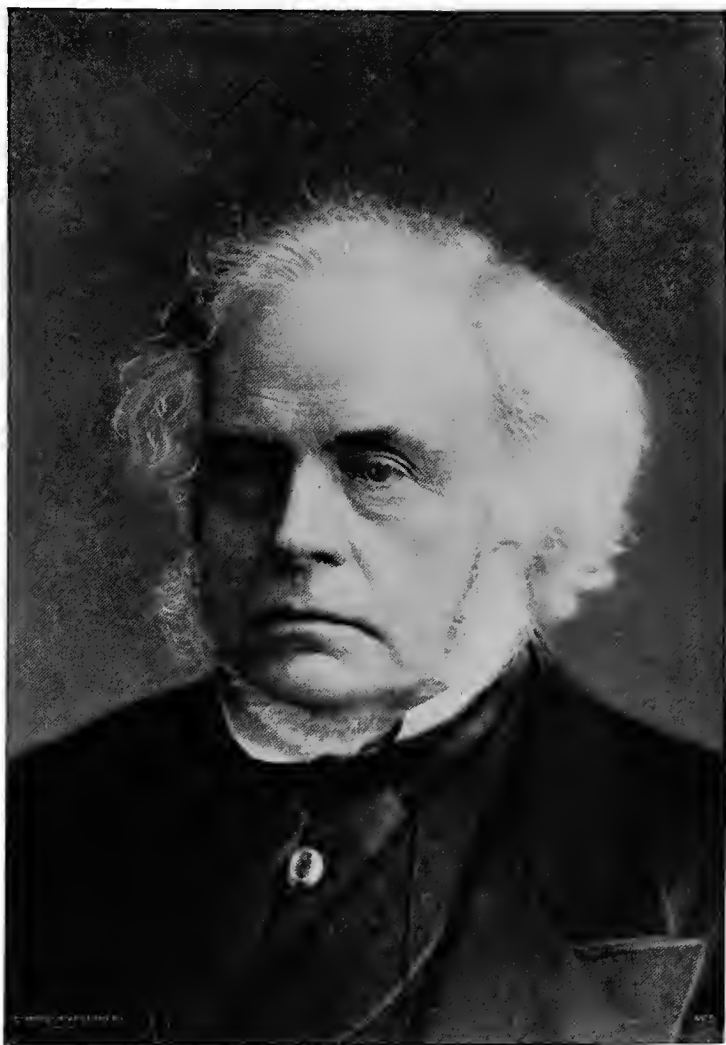
¹ The house in which both he and Sir Henry Elliot had lived in Vienna at different times.

² Hon. George Marsh, long United States minister at Turin.

every one does, as most admirable and superior people in every way, whose companionship they have both very much enjoyed. General Seymour, our old acquaintance, brother of Countess Lützow, was there, and Lady Waldegrave, with her *sposo*, from Strawberry Hill.

I found, by the way, in the autograph-book on the table, my last letter to Lord Russell in reply to his, and glanced through it with a shiver, fearing that I might have been indiscreet in what I replied to his expressed indignation in regard to my quarrel with the government. But I found that I had been very enigmatical and diplomatic as to the "deep damnation of my taking-off," and felt relieved, the letter being almost entirely literary. Monday I made a few calls, getting in only at Madame Mohl's—except, best of all, at Bright's. I drove up to his lodgings in Albemarle Street just as he was entering the door from Birmingham. I had a most interesting conversation with him on American and English affairs. He is of course pleased and hopeful with regard to America, and well satisfied with the Reform Bill, despite the effrontery with which Dizzy has metamorphosed himself and his chief into radicals and revolutionists. Bright has certainly a magnificent face, square-jawed, resolute, commanding, with a short, straight nose, a broad forehead, and a gray eye which kindles and glows, and a stern but well-cut mouth. I had forgotten how fine his head really was. I doubt if I shall see him again, as he leaves town very soon. N. B. He returned my call next day, but I was out, of course.

On coming back, I found Sudley's card and Henry Cowper's.



JOHN BRIGHT.

In the evening I took my modest dinner at the Atheneum, placing myself alongside of Lacaita, with whom I had some pleasant gossip. Thursday I had promised to go to the Kennedys, at the early hour of nine, to breakfast, in company with Hughes. I don't know how I happened, as your mother says, not to mention Hughes before. He is the same delightful companion and genuine fellow he always was—deeply interested in everything that is earnest and noble, and working himself half to death. The Kennedys and Miss Gray are nice, sympathetic, and genial as ever.

Subsequently I drove out to Argyll Lodge, by appointment, to lunch, and thence to drive with the duchess down to her mother at Chiswick. It turned out, however, that the Duke of Argyll was to speak that night in the Lords on the Reform Bill, so the expedition to Chiswick was postponed until Friday. I passed a couple of hours in luncheon and talk very pleasantly, and then they brought me in to town, and the duke got me placed inside the throne place in the Lords, where I heard Lord Shaftesbury, and then the Lord Chancellor (Chelmsford), and then the Duke of Argyll, who made an uncommonly effective and telling speech—much cheered by his party—an hour long. His elocution is excellent, his voice melodious and sonorous, and his action much more excited than is usually heard in those prim benches.

I must break off now, and reserve the rest of my wonderful and thrilling adventures till another day.

The Rodmans have just made me a visit. They are here on their way to Scotland, where he has hired a moor for the season. They were pleasant, looked well and flourishing.

Good-by for the present, and God bless you, my darling. My best love to your dear mama and to Mary and Susie. My next will be to Mary, in answer to her nice, pretty letter from Herschberg. This is concluded Wednesday, 24th July.

Your affectionate and loving

PAPA.

To his Youngest Daughter

Maurigy's,
August 3, 1867.

MY DEAREST SUSIE: . . . Friday last I made a few visits, I forget where, and having fortunately no dinner engagement,—having refused two for that day,—I dropped in at the Rodmans', and dined with them at the Bath Hotel, spending the whole evening very pleasantly with them talking over old times. They are now on their way to Scotland. Saturday morning I went to the last breakfast of the season of the Philo-biblon Society, given by Mr. Turner, a collector of rare books. In the hour before breakfast I had occasion to admire some wondrous specimens of *bouquins* from all countries and of all ages since the beginning of printing, with gorgeous bindings of the early periods, engravings, etchings, illuminations. My mouth watered at the sight, and I wished for a moment to be also an archbishop, or a royal duke, or a leading member of Parliament, or something of that sort, the society being composed of such, and all the members equally rich in similar stupendous treasures.

The company was not as numerous as usual. There was Mr. Gibbs, who has a splendid house called St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park, filled, I am told, with works of art, especially typographical wonders, and who has invited me to dine next Saturday.

Then there was the Bishop of Oxford; Houghton, of course, the ubiquitous, to whom I was indebted for my invitation. Lady Houghton is not in town, also in bad health, so that I fancy they receive no company at Fryston. Had I an invitation to that delightfulest of all country houses, I could hardly have refused it. Likewise John Murray, the publisher; Alexander Apponyi, who is also a book-collector. I can't recall at this moment the other guests; but the breakfast—which, contrary to London custom, was sumptuous, and was in most respects an inverted dinner, being served at 11 A. M. instead of 9 P. M., and beginning with coffee and tea and ending with sherry, champagne, and maraschino, fish, cutlets, *rôtis*, salads, game, puddings, and ices going on meanwhile in regular order—astounded me. If you ask me what I did, I can only say that I opened my ears to the animated and intellectual conversation, and my mouth, not to eat, but to gape and gasp with wonder at the prodigious consumption of victuals at that hour in the day. When I reflected that all those people would lunch at two and dine at eight, I bowed my head in humiliation, and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp.

I went down in the two-o'clock train to Seven Oaks, and thence, per fly, to Chevening. The Stanhopes were out driving for a little, but Lord Mahon and Lady Mary were walking in the grounds and welcomed me most warmly. Tell Lily that Lady Mary has grown

some inches since she knew her, and has become an extremely pretty and very charming girl—witty, very attractive.

Lady Stanhope, who came in soon, and with whom I walked about for an hour or two, is as agreeable as ever, and I always thought her one of the most fascinating persons I ever knew. She was very kind and tender in her inquiries about Lily, and had very affectionate remembrances of your mama. Lord Stanhope was quite unchanged in manner, somewhat aged in appearance. A few other guests arrived toward dinner, namely, Lord Camperdown, who has just succeeded to his earldom, graduating as a “double first” at Oxford, and has been making a successful maiden speech. He is going to make a tour in America, in company with Lord Morley and Henry Cowper. He was very grateful for a couple of notes of introduction which I gave him for Sumner and Longfellow. There came also our youthful Vienna friend, Lord Sudley, now the proprietor of a wife and two children, the youngest ten days old. Otherwise he looks and seems quite the same. Then came the Duke and Duchess of Wellington. This makes up the party. He is very noisy, amusing, good-natured, a sort of gray-haired W——, without that youth’s occasional solemnity, and less troubled with bashfulness.

The party at dinner was pleasant and unrestrained. We played billiards on a miniature table in the small room out of the drawing-room until half-past eleven, and then we young fellows sat up till two, smoking cigars and listening to the duke’s comical stories. The visit, all through Saturday and Sunday until Monday at twelve, was extremely agreeable; the weather,

strange to say, was splendid. The gardens were a blaze of glory. I had never seen them in their full magnificence before, and such roses and such profusion of them it was never my lot to see. I enjoyed the velvety turf, the verdurous groves, the weird-looking yews, the luxurious house, and I can't wonder that those born to such things wish, as Lord John said, to rest and be thankful. Unfortunately, the luxury, both intellectual and physical, of a few thousands is in awful contrast to the dismal condition of many millions.

Nothing can be kinder, more genial, more gentle than the whole family. They insist that I shall come again this month. The Duke of Wellington is bent on having a party at Strathfield Saye, to which he has invited the Stanhopes and myself, and has asked me if I would object to meet Disraeli. I said, "Quite the reverse," and have faithfully promised to go, but I am sure to fade out, I think.

The Sturgises are all back, and I agree with your mother that each is handsomer than the other. The most unchanged one in appearance is the *Familien-vater*. She is as cordial and affectionate as ever. I have dined there twice, and shall dine there again tomorrow. But I will close this letter and reserve the rest of my wonderful adventures for another letter. I have almost nothing to say, however. Murray, with his index, will detain me nearly ten days longer, I think, and I am not sure what I shall decide to do afterward. Town is so empty that I am actually thinking of doing a little work in the State Paper Office. I have now few acquaintances in London, and nothing is going on. I have plenty of invitations to the coun-

try, which I don't wish to accept. Embraces to your mama, Lily, and Mary, and to yourself.

Ever, my darling Susie,

Your affectionate

LAMB.

To his Wife

Maurigy's,
August 12, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: I suppose that Murray will have done with me in the course of this week. I fear I can't give you much entertainment or instruction this morning. My recollection of the few events which have occurred has become confused. I think I omitted to tell you that one morning, a good while ago, the Argylls took me down to Chiswick to see her mother, the Duchess of Sutherland. I found her apparently not much changed, although in reality she is a great sufferer. She was as cordial and genial as possible, really affectionate, and it delighted me to see her once more, although in so sad a physical condition. The place, too, the beautiful Italian villa of Chiswick, had a melancholy interest for me, for I used to be often the guest there, in former times, of her brother, the most genial and warm-hearted of men, Lord Carlisle, and met Macaulay, among others, there several times.

The duchess was very affectionate in her inquiries about Lily and you, and sent kindest remembrances. I parted with her with much regret.

I had a very agreeable dinner at Mr. Gibbs's some time since. He is, I believe, a rich merchant, of very

cultivated tastes, a member of the Philobiblon Society, and lives in a splendid villa in the Regent's Park, with a garden occupying four acres, and a ball-room seventy feet long, and other rooms *en suite* in proportion. This, in London, may be supposed to indicate comfortable circumstances. The house belonged to one of the great swells of the period, the Marquis of Hertford, now defunct.

The dinner, which I think was made for me, was very good and very agreeable. I can't tell you the names of the company, except Houghton, between whom and myself the hostess sat. He was as jolly and entertaining as ever.

The next day I lunched with Houghton, and for the first time this visit saw Lady Houghton, who is very much an invalid, and looks worn and thin, but has the same kind, genial manner she always had. She had come in, she said, on purpose to see me, and I was much gratified with the attention. No one else was there but his sister, Lady Galway, who is very intelligent, and who had a good deal to say of her Plombières acquaintances, my sister A—— and A—— L——.

I have dined with Forster, where I again missed Bright, who had been invited, but was engaged. I liked Forster and his wife more than ever, and I shall certainly try to go to Wharfside for a day or two if it be possible. They have invited me thither very cordially. The other guests on this occasion were a clergyman, named, I think, Temple, and Mr. Townsend, editor of the "Spectator," whose conversation, both on American and English affairs, was very interesting, outspoken, and thoughtful.

I have dined thrice with the Sturgises, and always

enjoy myself exceedingly with them, for it is a delight to feel so perfectly at home with old friends for whom I have so sincere an affection. I shall try to go to their farm, Givon's Grove, for a day or two this week. They have already left town, much to my dissatisfaction. Lytton¹ I have seen once, lying in his blankets and occupied with proof-sheets. Subsequently he has recovered, and invited me to dinner. I was engaged. I like him as much as ever. He is bringing out three volumes of poetry, some new, some old; among other things a short poem on America, called "Atlantis," very bold, enthusiastic, original, for which he will catch it from the critics, for our appalling success can never be sincerely forgiven.

I went one day to lunch with the Grotes. Stuart Mill and his stepdaughter were there; also Dr. Smith, editor of the "Quarterly." Poor Mrs. Grote, who had but just arrived from Wiesbaden, where she had been seeking for health in the waters, and finding, I fear, none, had been in much pain all the forenoon, and, funnily enough, had forgotten to tell the servants that she had company to luncheon. Luckily I had already told her that I almost never lunched. Mill and Grote could feast themselves and others on pure reason, so that the scraps of cold meat, with an incidental potato, sufficed for the somewhat Barmecidal revel. Mrs. Grote's reminiscences and the talk at table, as you may suppose, with such company, were most delightful and instructive. But alas! I have taken no notes, so that I can give you no politico-economical, philosophical, or Platonic apothegms fresh from the lips of Mill and Grote.

¹ The present Earl of Lytton.

A few days ago I dined at the Army and Navy Club—a little dinner expressly made for me by Hamley. But the best of the joke was that the company he invited to meet me were Delane and Morris (of the “Times”). These, with Frederick Elliot and Hamley’s brother, colonel of engineers, a quiet, intelligent, gentlemanlike, married man, made up the party. The dinner and wines were remarkably good, and I have rarely enjoyed myself more thoroughly. As I told him when I accepted his invitation, three years ago it would have been an impossibility, but that now by-gones were by-gones.

Just before, I had gone down to the Milmans at Ascot, where they have hired a pleasant villa, very near Windsor Forest. They had invited me and *you* to pass several days, but I popped down, with little warning, to dine and pass the night only. I was agreeably disappointed in his appearance. He had been described to me as very much more bent, stooping to the ground; so he is, but the bend is so circular at his back that it has the appearance of a hump; while the face, with the coal-black eyes and raven eyebrows, surmounted by snow-white hair, is really in a true plumb-line from his feet, and he appears to stand erect, like a benignant anthropophagus, with his head beneath his shoulders, at a height of three feet from the ground. He is a good deal more deaf, so that one must change the whole pitch of one’s voice. But he is full of life, interest in all things political, scientific, literary; full of work and of plans. She is as sweet, stately, genial, and gentle as she always was, as silvery-voiced; and also her sable hair has turned out its silver lining very completely upon the night. In the main I found them

singularly unchanged, and as you know them so well, that is their best eulogy. It is most delightful to see that Time, which has been so effective upon his backbone and his tympanum, has had no effect on his splendid intellect and his genial disposition.

There was no one there but their son Arthur. I passed a delightful evening and following forenoon, and came up to town in time for Hamley's dinner.

Last Friday, at two, I proceeded to Strathfield Saye, forty miles from London, in Hampshire. I have but little to chronicle of this visit. It was to have been a party—the Stanhopes, Dizzy, and Lord Lytton; but the duke had made a muddle. The Stanhopes had company themselves at Chevening, and of course Dizzy could not well leave town before the Reform Bill was through. To say the truth, I was not much disappointed. I was able to find myself more at home, and on terms of more intimate acquaintance with the host and hostess, than if there had been the proposed party. We were not entirely alone, for Fleming, who really is a very intelligent and agreeable companion, in spite of his make-up, was there. Also the duchess's brother, Lord John Hay, whom I like extremely. He is very chaffy; is a post-captain in the navy; has been all over the world; is a member of Parliament, valuing himself on being an extreme Liberal, which he really is. In short, he is an uncommonly good companion, with a good deal of mind and character, and a humor which reminds me a little of Stirling. The duchess is certainly beautiful. Praxiteles never cast more regular features. She has beautiful brown hair, olive eyes, charming mouth and teeth, and a low and gentle voice. Her manner is perfectly simple, unaffected, and kindly.

. . . She certainly looks, with her lap-dog under her arm, and her tall, stately figure, as much like a portrait of a great dame by Vandyke or Titian as you will ever see on canvas in England or Genoa or Venice. She drove me in her pony-phaeton all about the park as soon as I arrived. After an hour or two of search we discovered the duke and the Flea fishing unsuccessfully for chub in the river Loddon, a mild and sleepy tributary to the Thames, which flows through Strathfield Saye.

I was welcomed with the most cordial and unaffected hospitality, and made to feel myself perfectly at home. The park is one of the finest of the many verdurous, velvety, out-forested, stately homes of England—paradises very perverting to the moral and the politico-economical sense, and which must, I think, pass away, one of these centuries, in the general progress of humanity.

Without further boring, I may as well say that the house is not a palatial residence. It is a rambling old manor-house, with a good deal of room in it, very badly situated in the lowest, least attractive part of the domain, miscellaneously furnished, papered in almost all the rooms with prints from Boydell's Shakspeare and other high works of art.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were very agreeably spent. The weather was sumptuous, and we drove about, all of us, among the green lanes of pleasant Hampshire every day, and I feasted my eyes once more on that which is the perfection of commonplace scenery—the well-trimmed, well-swept, well-combed and -brushed and -cleaned hills and dales and farms and groves of merry England.

We visited a very remarkable old house in the neighborhood, Bramshill, built in the beginning of James I.'s time, belonging to a certain Sir William Cope, not rich enough to keep it up, so that the house is shabby, dilapidated, and therefore more picturesque. It has essentially the same characteristics as Holland House and Knole, which you remember in the neighborhood of Chevening.

The most interesting thing I saw in the neighborhood was Silchester, to which place the duke drove Lord John and me on Saturday forenoon. This is a hundred-acre farm on his estate, quite surrounded by the remainder of walls of an ancient Roman town, with the remains of houses, shops, and forum just six inches below the surface—a Hampshire Pompeii. The excavations, not on a very extensive scale, but most interesting, are made under the superintendence of the very intelligent and learned rector of Strathfield, Mr. Joyce; and the situation of the ancient town, of which absolutely nothing is known in history, is well mapped out and perfectly understood. Bushels of coin, with the heads of every emperor during the four centuries of the Roman occupation of Britain, have been collected, besides numerous other objects of interest; and, in short, I will bore Susie no longer on the subject. Altogether I was much pleased with my visit. The duke is certainly very agreeable company, amusing and rattling, good-humored, with a good deal of mother-wit and capacity, and a very hospitable and attentive host.

Coming up by rail this morning, we met with Goldwin Smith and the Bishop of Oxford,—not jointly, as you may imagine,—and subsequently Lord Stratford and William Harcourt. I found your letter, which I

have already acknowledged; also a note from Lady Wensleydale at Ampthill, inviting me there for Saturday, which I must decline, being engaged at Chevening.

Your affectionate and loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Maurigy's,
August 14, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: I think it may interest you to read the inclosed very agreeable letter, which I have just received from the governor of Massachusetts in answer to one written by me to him a good while ago, acknowledging receipt of his annual message to the Legislature.

It has no practical importance, of course, but it is pleasant to feel that the most influential and honorable people at home are so well disposed toward me.

My last letter to you was August 12. Since then we have had two very hot days—the first of the season. I am going down this evening with Sturgis to Givon's Grove, the name of their country house, and shall stay till Friday, when I come up to town, to go the same afternoon to Chevening for three days. I have just had a note from Lady Wensleydale, asking me to Ampthill for the same time, which, of course, I had to decline. I hope to pass a day or two there before I leave these shores.

I have also promised to go to the Lefevres for a day or two at Ascot, where they have a pretty villa, near

the one which the Milmans are now occupying. I have just seen Mr. Palfrey, who, with his daughter, arrived in the last steamer, and I have had a long, very agreeable conversation with him. He thinks that the Republican party is so strong, and daily growing stronger, that they can elect any candidate for the Presidency they choose—either Grant, if he come sufficiently out of his reserve to be acceptable as their candidate, or another man over his head, even should he run. I am only giving you his impressions, he being fresh from home. The telegram which you will read in the paper of to-day, that Johnson has suspended Stanton and appointed Grant Secretary of War, is, I suppose, likely to make a tremendous row when Congress meets in November. Grant, of course, cannot have been appointed Secretary of War; but he may have consented to act as such—*faute de mieux*—until the Senate reinstates Stanton. I hope that it won't damage Grant's popularity, but I suspect the time is fast approaching when Ulysses must cease to do the "dumb, inarticulate man of genius" business. Thus far it has answered; I should be sorry that he should lose his chance, which but yesterday seemed a certitude. Yesterday I had a very pleasant family dinner at the Pollocks', whom I like extremely; the day before I dined at the Athenæum with Hayward, Kinglake, Strzelecki, and Admiral Carnegie—very pleasant indeed.

God bless you, dearest; embraces to all. Write soon to your loving

LAMB.

Of course you will preserve Governor Bullock's letter.

To his Wife

Maurigy's,
August 20, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: I think my last letter was written just as I was going down for a couple of days to the Sturgises'. They have a charming villa, in a beautifully wooded, rolling, downy country, and their present plan of life seems to me far more judicious than the Mount Felix system. They can't have more than two or three guests at a time, but those who are there enjoy themselves highly. He has put a broad veranda (what we so comically call a piazza) all around the house; and as the Wednesday evening of my arrival was suffocatingly and deliciously hot, we all sat out of doors the whole evening after dinner, smoking and babbling. Exhausted by the effort of producing such a quantity of heat in twenty-four hours, the English climate broke down the next morning, and there was a soaking rain the whole of the next day, making out of doors an impossibility. We passed a very agreeable day, however. J—— and F—— were there, quite unchanged, I thought, in every particular. They told me much of Pau, and I fancy are likely to go there if we go. I won't go into the discussion of the point, however, to-day. I passed a part of Thursday in reading the first volume of Hepworth Dixon's "New America," because so much is said about it just now that I read it in self-defense. It is readable enough—amusing; only the Mormons are to me the most insufferable of bores and beasts, and I shall be glad when the advancing tide of civilization sweeps their filthy little commonwealth out of existence.

After a couple of very pleasant days at "Grove Farm," or Givon's Grove (the old name, and the one I humbly prefer), I came up on Friday morning to town. At 4:30 I again took rail for hospitable Chevening, where I spent three most agreeable days. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Sydney. He was the Whig Lord Chamberlain, and I think you must remember him by sight—the Vincent Auersperg of London. (By the way, you saw, doubtless, that poor Auersperg died about a month ago.) Lady Sydney is very nice—intelligent, accomplished, sympathetic. Then we had Mr. and Mrs. Meynell Ingram, whom I liked very much. He is a Yorkshire gentleman of high degree, with a vast estate—very agreeable. She is young, pretty, and *simpatica*, with a slight figure and lambent eyes, daughter of Lord Halifax, whom you remember as Sir Charles Wood, the perpetual cabinet minister for India when the Whigs were in. Then there was the stalwart Bishop of Oxford, with whom I have become on the best of terms. And here let me say that if I had come without the intention of burying the hatchet, in anything that regards the American war, I had better "have located myself in some adjoining country," because all English "society," except half a dozen individuals, were then entirely Southern. I don't think there is any desire to revive the matter now. We are now on the best possible footing, socially speaking. Mrs. Grote told me that all the Englishmen who came back from America were "perfectly overwhelmed" by the spectacle of American energy and power, and young Lord Mahon says that such hospitality as he and all his friends experienced in the United States was beyond all his previous notions.

Lord Stanhope said that every one said the same thing. As this is from the most hospitable of families in the most hospitable of countries, it has a good deal of meaning. We can certainly afford to be magnanimous, having achieved such a stupendous victory over giant Treason and his pale terrific bands (as the hymn-book has it), and to astonish England by our forgiveness.

And that reminds me that Delane also was of the party during a part of Saturday and Sunday. He is uncommonly civil to me, and it makes me laugh when I think of our noble rage against the "Times" three or four years ago. Now my indifference is absolute.

We went one day with barouches and ponies to Knole. But you know that magnificent old Jacobean mansion, so I won't describe it. It at present belongs to Lady de la Warr, and a branch of the family inhabits it. On the Sunday we had a sermon from the Bishop of Oxford, and I was immensely struck by his consummate style of pulpit eloquence—familiar without approaching the verge of vulgarity, didactic without the slightest boredom, fervid and touching without bombast, altogether a *maître accompli*, and one could not help lamenting that he should not have been at the bar or in the House of Commons, for he certainly would have been Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor by this time.

He is a capital story-teller, too, inimitable at the breakfast-table or when the dinner-cloth is removed—altogether too strenuous, too good and too bad for the feeble rôle of an Anglican bishop. As a cardinal in the days when Rome had power, or a prize-fighter in the great political ring, he would have had scope for his energies.

I don't know that I need to say much more of the visit, which was an uncommonly successful one. I parted with the Stanhopes with infinite regret, for although they insist that I shall pay them another visit, I am ashamed to show my face there again. Moreover, there will be hardly time. I have promised Lady Sydney to make them a visit.

Coming up to town yesterday, Monday, I found a note from Lady Holland, saying that she had just heard of my still being in town, and asking me to dine Monday or any other day.

I went accordingly to Holland House at eight, where I found the hostess as smiling and amiable as ever, and a small party, consisting of Madame de —, a Russian, whose husband is a diplomatist, and who knows all the Russians whom we know. She entreated me to visit her at Paris, which she inhabits—I don't know whether officially or not. Then there was jolly old Panizzi, with whom I am to dine to-day, to meet a popish priest, Father Secchi—so appropriate. I am supposed to be very familiar with his name, of which I never heard in my life. Doubtless he will stand in the same interesting relation to me. Then there was an ancient Orleanist minister, Comte de Pontoise, who was envoy at Washington in Van Buren's time—burly, white-headed, talkative, sympathetic; and Fleming and Charles Villiers. The party was pleasant, and it is always a delight to take coffee after dinner in that noble and historic library, and to imagine ghosts starting from every alcove. Certainly if ever a house deserved to be haunted, it is Holland House.

I have lost, I deeply regret to say, the faculty of being much amused with anything in the social way.

I thoroughly appreciate it all esthetically, I entirely recognize the kindness and the hospitality and the charm of English society, but I feel the want of work. If I once lose the faculty of enjoying work, what will become of me? I am also getting to be greedy of time. As I have more chance of doing a little work here for the next few weeks than anywhere else, I think I shall renounce the pleasure of seeing you before the end of September, although my mind is n't quite made up.

I was delighted with Lily's description of Mary's mad success at H——. The spectacle of the poor K—— of —— howling for her in his bereavement touches one deeply. It is very good of her to speak to beings without crowns on their heads, and even to write to me occasionally.

God bless you. Kisses to the girls.

Ever your affectionate and loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Frognal, Foots Cray,
Sunday, August 25, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: It is a most beautiful Sunday afternoon, and I may as well employ a part of the period between lunch and dinner in an English country house in writing a line to you, particularly as I don't see my way clear to writing for the next two or three days. This is a pretty, old-fashioned manor-house, in a rich, well-wooded park, embowered in roses and geraniums, with green umbrageous oaks on the wide lawns, like many other places in this verdurous England.

The host and hostess are very kind, genial, high-bred people; the guests are not many—Lord Sandwich, his wife and two daughters. Lady Sandwich was Lady Blanche Egerton, daughter of the late Lord Ellesmere, whom she accompanied to America when he went there for the New York exhibition. These, with an exceedingly jolly and genial old General Ashburnham, who might have sat for the portrait of any number of Washington Irving's sketches, and Stuart Wortley, make up the party. It is only a short-lived one. I came to dinner yesterday evening at 7 P. M., and shall go up at eleven to-morrow, having a good deal to do in town to-morrow and having promised to dine again at Holland House. We went to service this morning at a most beautiful church, in a beautiful country village, Chislehurst, where the dead Townshends, the family of Lord Sydney, are deposited, and where the eminent Sir Francis Walsingham, of whom I have had occasion to write a good deal, lies buried. His daughter, by the way, was the wife of Sir Philip Sidney,—I don't know whether that *preux chevalier* was a relation of this Lord Sydney or not,—besides being the wife of two other gentlemen successively, so that she did not break her heart for the illustrious Philip.

I saw Lady William Russell the other day, and Lady Palmerston came in, looking as fresh and talking as gently and smiling as sweetly and giving her left hand as cordially as if she were a score or two less than her eighty summers, which were well sounded last May. Harry Sargent and his wife and son are at Maurigy's, and I have had much pleasure in talking with them as often as I could find them in their room.

I dined the other day at the Athenæum with King-

lake, and I believe that is all I have to record. Tuesday I have agreed to go to Ampthill, where I shall stop but a day or two, for I am impatient now to know what I had better decide to do.

To his Wife

Grove Farm, Leatherhead,
September 1, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: I am down at this charming little place again for a couple of days.

As I have already told you about the place, and as you know the inhabitants rather well than otherwise, there is no need of my saying more of my temporary whereabouts than that I think I enjoy myself here more than I do anywhere away from home. The weather is very fine and the air delicious, the country beautiful. We are going to take a long walk after an hour or two, in which I shall earn my eight-o'clock dinner, as my breakfast is always very light, and my luncheon is a glass of sherry and three Boston crackers. I am getting very entertaining, I perceive, not to say sensational. By the way, what an amazingly clever book in the sensational line is "Black Sheep"! I read Vol. II in going up to Ampthill, and it was so enchanting that I could n't leave off even in the fly which brought me from the station to the door. It was luckily finished then. Otherwise I should have declined getting out until I came to "Finis." This brings me by easy and artistic transition to the dear old Wensleydales. (In a parenthesis let me answer

your question as to who wrote "Cometh up as a Flower." It is a Miss Broughton, of a good family in —shire—I forget which—a young lady. As you mentioned it, I took up the second volume this morning and read it through to the bitter end. It shows talent, originality, gushingness, and go, certainly. I should think the author might do even better another time.)

I believe I told you all there was to tell of the party at the Sydneys'. I came up on Monday, and that day dined at Holland House again.

Thursday I went to the Wensleydales' as aforesaid. There was no party, as I knew beforehand. There had been people staying there when I was first invited and could not accept. However, I was quite as well pleased. Certainly the spectacle of this extremely kind-hearted and most intensely mutually affectionate old couple is as beautiful a picture in its way as the more romantic and commonplace portraits in the spasmodic novels. Washington Irving or the "Spectator" could have made the world smile and weep at the same time by depicting them.

The second day there was a great party of school-children, two or three hundred in number, with an unlimited number of school-teachers and country parsons, to disport in the grounds, play games, and be fed with tea and bread and butter—mostly children of the humbler classes, day-laborers and the like. They enjoyed themselves from 2 to 7 P. M. very thoroughly. Simultaneously there was an afternoon tea-party of the neighboring gentry from the country round. Among them was Mrs. Thynne (Edith Sheridan), who looked rather prettier than ever. Also there were Lady Cow-

per, Lady Florence, and Lady Annabel, who, by the way, came over and dined the day before with us.

Ever most lovingly yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Maurigy's,

September 6, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: Your long, interesting letter of September 2 gave me infinite pleasure. Only it increased my homesickness, for I am every day more and more aware how much I depend upon you, and how impossible it is for me to get on long without being able to consult with you and talk with you about things important and unimportant. Not to put too poetical a point upon it, a scissor parted from its other half is not a more useless article than I am in my present isolated condition. This, I believe, is the real reason—apart from the fact that it is not easy to write interesting letters in railway-carriages and in country houses, where they are always amusing you—of my comparative taciturnity. I will try to do better, but really in the circumstances it seems to me that a letter every four and a half days, according to a very accurate calculation which I have just made in the interests of statistical science, is not so very bad. When we come together again—and, thank Heaven, the period is fast diminishing—we shall see which of us has been the most copious correspondent.

I have just returned from Westbrook Hay (the Stratford de Redcliffes'), where I have spent three or four

days (from Tuesday dinner to Friday morning) most agreeably. Nothing can be kinder or more affectionate, almost, than the Stratfords. She insists on my coming again and again, wanted me only to go to London and come back again the same day, and so on. He is charming, interesting, and straightforward, as he always was—a fine specimen of a manly, incorruptible, prejudiced, choleric, handsome, sympathetic, diplomatic, thoughtful, wrong-thinking octogenarian of the elder epoch. By the way, Lyons was to come, but was summoned to Balmoral. I should have liked to talk American politics with him privately. I generally eschew them with others. The other guests were the dear, delightful Stanhopes—three; Professor Owen, whom I like most hugely,—we met him, if you remember, at the Bateses' at Sheen,—a tall, thin, cadaverous, lantern-jawed, bright-eyed, long-chinned, bald-headed old man, full of talk on his own subject of the animal creation, a great friend and admirer of Agassiz—an immense man, I humbly think, and ever ready to be pumped on scientific matters: I only wish I had profited by my opportunities of listening. Miss C—— and Miss M—— were very cordial and nice. The eldest was away on a visit. A pretty little Irishwoman, Lady Sophia Maenamara, and her husband and Lord Beauchamp completed the party. Our days were passed in eating and drinking and going about to look at country places—Ashridge (the family, Lady Marian Alford and her son, Lord Brownlow, were absent) and Moor Park, where Lady Ebury did the honors and gave us tea. Lord Ebury, brother of Lord Westminster, was absent.

On returning this morning I find an invitation from

Tom Baring to Norman Court for now, which I decline, being engaged at the Sturgises'. Another from Lady Cowper to Wrest for the 14th.

Lovingly yours,
J. L. M.

To his Wife

Frampton Court, Dorchester,
September 19, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: To answer your most important suggestions first, I inform you that I hope to embrace you and my dear children by the 1st of October at Geneva.

I will also say nothing of politics; we can talk enough of that when we meet. Alas! I fear we shall never again have those long walks and talks under the chestnut-trees in the Husarzewski Palais.

I came to this delightful house last night. I shall write to the Duchess of Argyll, to Mr. Howard, to the Wensleydales, and many others to whom I have engaged to make visits, that I have decided to skedaddle to the Continent. I have grave doubts whether it would be worth while to get myself steeped again in the fascinations of Albion. The cultivated luxury of these regions has poison in it, I fear. It is well to enjoy it once, twice, even thrice, as I have done. But, after all, one is an exotic here, and it is difficult to become more than a half-hardy plant in an atmosphere and soil where one is not indigenous. Nothing can exceed the kindness and hospitality which I have re-

ceived from everybody, and I have n't heard one unpleasant word from any one.

I believe that my last letter to Lily told my adventures up to my arrival at Madresfield Court. I passed five days there most delightfully. The only other guests were the Ponsonbys, who went away a day before I did. They were friendly, sociable people.

Madresfield is an old moated house, dating far back into the Plantagenet days; but of those days nothing is left in the house but the moat and the foundation-walls. The rest is a modern structure, to which the present proprietor is putting the last touches; and it is really an imposing, picturesque house in very excellent taste. The estates are immense. A year or two hence, when the great drawing-rooms are finished, the gardens laid out about the house, and the lumber cleared away, it will be one of the most charming places in England. I have vaguely promised to visit it again at some such epoch, but I suspect that this is a very hazy future indeed. I like Lord Beauchamp very much. He is rather an *homme sérieux*, and excessively medieval, genial, companionable, and genuine—very good-looking, very much of a scholar and student.

You will like to hear how I have been passing my time. Well, one day we went—the Ponsonbys and we two—to visit Witley, the magnificent place of Lord Dudley, which I did not admire. They say that £200,000 have been spent in remodeling and furnishing it since he bought it of Lord Foley, brother of our Vienna colonel. But it is altogether too smart, gilt-gingerbread, for my taste.

We ascended to the summit of the Malvern Hills, and enjoyed the view over the smiling hills and vales of

Herefordshire on one side, with the hills of Wales in the background, and the wide sweep of beautiful, highly cultivated hills and dales of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and I know not what else. Another day I went with Lord Beauchamp and a very intelligent clergyman, Mr. Munn, to Worcester, to visit the cathedral, which is a not very admirable, but still in many respects historically interesting, church. We also visited and went duly through the famous Worcestershire potteries; but I dare say you know more about Worcestershire porcelain now than I do.

On the road I saw a splendid villa built by the proprietor of the Worcestershire Sauce. Subsequently I went with Lord Beauchamp to Tewkesbury, famous for the bloody meadow fight where "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence" committed his celebrated stabbing exploits, for its beautiful, stately, most imposing Norman abbey, and for its mustard. I will give you no more descriptions. We drove back thirteen miles to Madresfield, stopping a moment in the gloaming to inspect a most delicious old timber-skeletoned, many-gabled, antique manor-house, called Severn End, because on the Severn—a property of the Lechmere family, a branch of which once lived in Boston, and gave the name to Lechmere Point in our harbor. Lord Beauchamp, on my stating this, said that he would tell the fact to Sir E. Lechmere.

God bless you, my dearest dear, and my children. I hunger and thirst to see you again, which will be in a fortnight, I hope, at Geneva. I will try to write tomorrow. With love and remembrances to all,

Ever your most loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Frampton Court, Dorchester,
September 23, 1867.

MY DEAREST MARY: My last was from this place, dated 19th September. I have not much to add concerning my plans. I expect to leave England by Tuesday, 1st October, and to make not more than one night's delay before joining you in Geneva. If I should be obliged to make any little change, I will *telegraph*. So please don't be frightened or flurried *in the least degree* if you get one of those villainous despatches. It will be perfectly innocuous in such a case.

I have just been sending off my notes of regret to invitations for visits in various parts of the country.

I don't think there is any danger of my losing my American feelings and my republican tastes, and I trust that I can look on these scenes of exquisite and intelligent luxury objectively, as the Germans say, without confounding the characters of spectator and actor. I trust never to ask my contemporaries to get out of my way for fear I should walk over them, because I have been living among the Brobdingnags.

Moreover, it is only in one sense that these are Brobdingnags. And I have a sincere belief that a Brobdingnag people like ours is the most gigantic phenomenon that traveler or philosopher has ever seen or imagined, and that it is because the giant is so big and so near, and grows so fast, and feels his bigness so much more and more every day, that one sees the superficial defects of his complexion and the warts on his nose.

I am most sincere when I say that I should never wish America to be Anglicized, in the aristocratic sense. Much as I can appreciate and enjoy esthetically, sentimentally, and sensuously the infinite charm, refinement, and grace of English life, especially country life, yet I feel too keenly what a fearful price is paid by the English people in order that this splendid aristocracy, with their parks and castles, and shootings and fishings and fox-huntings, their stately and unlimited hospitality, their lettered ease and learned leisure, may grow fat, ever to be in danger of finding my judgment corrupted by it. At the same time, it is as well not to indulge too long and too copiously in the Circean draughts of English hospitality.

I do wish I could convey to you a spiritual photograph of this charming place. You know the Sheridans; she is so simple-hearted, kind-hearted, good, and yet so strenuous, straightforward, with cultivated tastes, appreciation of excellence, charitable, conscientious, and true. As for Sheridan, he is sunshine itself, and you are warmed on a rainy day by knowing that he is in the same room with you. He is so handsome, gentle, genial, with as much real charm, I think, as it is possible for a man to have. I intended to stay here a couple of days, but I have got to consider myself almost a part of the establishment; and although to-day completes my week, they won't hear of my going just yet. To-morrow we are going by rail on a little excursion to Weymouth and Portland. We were to have done so to-day, but a rainy equinoctial storm seems to have set in, and it is postponed until to-morrow. I have a little business in town, which can be done in two or three days, and I should like to pass one

night at the Lefevres', and see the Milmans (who are their next-door neighbors) once more. I also hope to go to the Sturgises' for one night.

There has been some little company here, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Damer. She is the daughter of Lord Rokeby, whose place we went to see when I was staying at the Stratford de Redcliffes'. He is a Crimean colonel, son of (I believe) Lord Portarlington, jolly, friendly, noisy, knowing everybody in the world intimately, from Mr. Jerome and young Bennett of the New York "Herald" to the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of the French. Two or three other ladies, one of the young Villierses, another young officer or two, and, last and not least, Mrs. Norton. She is, I think, in pretty good spirits, and particularly agreeable. She continues to take it for granted that I am going to stay here as long as she does, and that I am to make a long visit at Keir, where she goes next month. I have undeceived her, but she continues to know best. She talks very much about you all every day. Two sons of the Sheridans left us yesterday—one a young cavalryman, remarkably handsome, gentlemanlike; the other, Algernon, a jolly young naval hero, very fat, funny, and intelligent, evidently the noisy favorite of everybody far and near. Carlotta is here, and she trots about quietly and gently, and seems very obedient and well disposed.

The place is charming: a square gray stone house, with fine library, big dining-room, drawing-room, conservatories, aviaries, and a wilderness of bedrooms; grounds laid out with remarkable taste, beautiful verdure, splendid oaks and beeches; a smooth and silver trout-stream, the Frome, sliding sweetly along the

lawn. From Frome comes the name of Frampton, which is a little bit of a village, with gable-ended, honeysuckled, geranium-decked, ivy-mantled cottages, and an exquisite church beneath the yew-trees' shade, as pretty a village as can be found even in England. There, I have written enough of this weak-minded rubbish, and had better conclude. I am delighted at the thought of seeing you so soon again, my dearest; and as that happy time is so near at hand, I will say nothing of politics or plans, particularly as I have for the moment precious little to say. Mr. Sheridan has been wondering why and who has been sending him the Boston "Daily Advertiser," which he has kept carefully in his study, and has pored over conscientiously to find out some passage in which he might be interested. On the cover of one in the waste-basket I have just showed him the little yellow blob as big as a thumb-nail on which the name of yours truly was printed. Thus the mystery was solved. Also the mystery for you that they have not been reaching you regularly. God bless you, dearest, and my children three.

Ever your loving

J. L. M.

From Earl Russell

December 4, 1867.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I write to you, in the first place, to thank you for your kind present of your new volumes, and, in the next place, to express to you the great pleasure I have derived from the one volume (the

third) I have had time to read. Nothing more true or more just than your delineation of the characters and proceedings of Philip II., Elizabeth, and Henry IV. There is no one who unites our sympathy so much as William the Silent; but the skill in war of Prince Maurice and in negotiation of Barneveldt, together with the courage and perseverance of both in asserting the independence of their country, are admirably portrayed, so that I sha'n't wish you to go to sleep again; and I trust your Republic, though it has such trials still to go through, will never again encounter such dangers and such conflicts as the late Civil War brought forth.

If you ever again enter the ranks of diplomacy, I hope we may see you here. Adams, I suspect, must be nearly tired of us. Amberley is delighted with his tour.

With my best regards to your family,

I remain

Yours faithfully,

RUSSELL.

To Lady William Russell

Rome, 7 Casa Zuccaro, 64 Via Sistina,
March 7, 1868.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: I *will* write you a line this morning, having not exactly a respite from pain, but feeling a slight slackening of the grip with which the foul fiend has held me for these three months past.

I cannot bear that you should think me ungrateful or unmindful of your constant kindness and friendship, and I hope that Odo has told you how nothing

but physical incapacity to put pen to paper would have kept me silent so long, especially as I had a most kind and affectionate letter of yours to reply to almost immediately after my arrival in this place. But, more than all, I have wished to congratulate you on Odo's approaching marriage. You cannot doubt that so interesting an event to him has awakened my warm sympathy, and that I most sincerely wish him joy. Not having been able to go into the world at all this winter, it is only within a few days that I have had the pleasure of making Lady Emily's acquaintance, and I am glad to be able to congratulate you warmly on having gained so charming a daughter without having lost a son. I know that Odo is the apple of your eye, *animæ dimidium tuæ*, and I am delighted that his happiness is soon to increase yours. I thought Lord Clarendon was looking rather delicate, but he was as delightful as he always is, Lady Clarendon as agreeable and attractive as ever. I regretted that my constant seclusion had allowed me but a single glimpse of them. I hope most earnestly that the winter winds of your bleak island have treated you with tolerable civility, and not visited you too roughly. I should like so much to hear of yourself from yourself. I don't dare to ask, I don't even hope, that you will ever write to me again, but I assure you that writing has been to me an impossibility. Business letters I have occasionally dictated with much effort. The hag, fiend, fury—Megæra-Tisiphone-Alecto all in one prisoner-sorceress Canidia—who has been torturing me is named Neuralgia—Neuralgia of the chest and back. In the clutches of this demon I have lain for eight weeks, and have envied St. Laurence on his gridiron, and Montezuma on his

bed of coals, as being in comparatively cool and refreshing circumstances. One half, the right half of the nerve-network of the back, breast, side, and arm, has been one eternal pain, and I have been howling, like Prometheus, "Oïme! oïme!"

But enough of my groanings and gruntings; and I should not have said so much of them had I not wished to prove to you that if I have forfeited one of the great enjoyments of my life—that of receiving a letter from you—when it is not in my power to converse with you face to face, it is from no negligence, no wilful shortcoming, no lack in constant interest in you and all that is dear to you. There is not much stirring in my hermitage. I don't see the Storys half as much as I wish to do, for it is almost never that I can accept their hospitable invitations. His "Peabody" is an immense success, and I hope that the London folk will have the sense to discover that they have got a great work of art, really a triumph of genius, in the smoky atmosphere of Threadneedledom—a great statue of a good man. There have been several conquerors and statesmen, from time to time, on this planet, but there has never been but one Peabody. No man before, I believe, ever gave away in his lifetime one and a half million pounds sterling for the good of his fellow-creatures. This he has done, and he has n't yet stopped giving. He is a Christian, if there ever was or is to be one. The precept of Socrates, uttered 400 B. C., "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," which Philosopher Kant denounces as folly and humbug, has at last found one practical expounder. The Houghtons have just reached Rome. The "Bird of Paradox" is fuller of paradoxes than

ever. I delight in him immensely. He has a fine intellect and a warm heart, full of kindness and *Leutseligkeit*, a thinker and a good talker. My wife and daughter beg to send you their warmest love. Lily is, I am glad to say, a good deal better, and has found much comfort in going very constantly to the San Onofrio Hospital, to minister to the poor wounded Garibaldians. The remnant of those left alive are going to-day to Florence, and her occupation will be gone.

Most affectionately yours,

VARIUS PROMETHEUS-MARSYAS.

From Mr. George Ticknor

Boston,
March 22, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. MOTLEY: Your nephew Mr. Stackpole was, at your request, good enough to send me above a week ago the third and fourth volumes of your "History of the Netherlands," and I intended to have acknowledged the receipt of them at once and to have thanked you for remembering me in the distribution of your treasures; but when a man is past seventy-six he does what he can, and not what he may most desire to do. However, in justice to myself, I must say that I had been beforehand with you, and had not only run through my copy, but lent it to my old friend General Thayer, the maker of West Point, with whom I have been familiarly intimate sixty-three years, and who at eighty-three is as capable of enjoying and valuing your book as he was at fifty. I thank you therefore on his

account as well as on my own. But I have been over it only in haste thus far, and when I see you—you must come soon or I shall be gone—I intend to be able to speak of it more becomingly to yourself in person. At present I will only venture to say that I took great pleasure in all that related to France. It was newer ground to me than much of the rest. Mrs. Ticknor desires to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Motley as well as yourself; so do I.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. TICKNOR.

CHAPTER XXII

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND

Return to Boston—Washington—Interview with Mr. Sumner and other members of government—General Thomas—Washington society—Dinner with Mr. Evarts—M. de Magalhaens, M. Berthémy, General Lawrence, etc.—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes on Mr. Motley's appointment as minister to England—Letter from Mr. J. R. Lowell introducing Mr. Spelman—Letters to and from Count Bismarck—Invitation to Varzin—Mr. George Bancroft—Letter to the Duchess of Argyll—London fog—Confidence in Mr. Gladstone's government—Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—The club—Emerson—Longfellow.

[In June, 1868, Mr. Motley returned with his family to Boston. In the autumn he made an important speech in favor of the election of General Grant to the Presidency, and in the following winter he delivered an address before the New York Historical Society. In the spring of 1869 he was appointed by President Grant minister to England.]

To his Wife

Washington,
Friday morning, February 5, 1869.

MY DEAREST MARY: I am writing a line before breakfast merely to tell you that I arrived most safely at 5:30 yesterday afternoon. It was really impossible

for me to write to you before. The journey was perfectly comfortable. The snow persisted in a weak-minded way, amounting to nothing at all, for the first three or four hours; then gave up the attempt altogether, and faded into a mild rain. We got to New York at five exactly. In the evening there was thunder and lightning, with heavy rain-showers, altogether befitting the tropical winter. I found an excellent room all ready for me at the Brevoort. The next morning at 8:40 the journey began from the ferry to Jersey City; and we reached Washington at 5:30. I mention these facts for your future benefit, not as interesting otherwise. I had no cause to regret my exclusion from the compartment car, for the general through car to Washington was high, airy, very clean, not overheated, and not more than half full. There were one or two men and brothers comfortably seated in it, and not a being spat. The floor was of inlaid wood, the roof provided with ventilators. I found my host kindly waiting for me on the platform, to take me up in his coupé to his comfortable and elegant mansion. Sumner came to dine at six, and we all talked comfortably till ten, when he went off to work at his own house, and then Hooper read me a speech, which he is to speak probably to-day—a very sound, sagacious, and practical speech, in excellent style, clear and simple, altogether very creditable to him, and which I think will do good. I beg you to read it when it comes out. It shall be sent to you when delivered.

It was understood by Grinnell, whom I saw in New York, that General and Mrs. Grant, who accompanies him, were to stay with the Hamilton Fishes. But Sumner said last night that Mrs. Grant told him they

had decided to go to an hotel. Whether anything is to be discussed or decided in this visit about the cabinet I don't know; this I do know, that up to that moment, *i. e.*, Wednesday night, he had not said one word to Hamilton Fish on the subject, nor to Grinnell, nor to any one. Mrs. Grant asked Sumner on Monday if he knew anything about the cabinet, to which, of course, he said no, for he knows no more than you do; and she added that the general said to her that day: "Jule, if you say anything more about it I 'll get leave of absence, go off West, and not come back till the 4th of March." I am, of course, unable to guess the conundrum, and am tired of trying, and give it up like the rest of the world. I am called to breakfast, and must break off suddenly, else I might not be able to write to-day at all; so good-by, and God bless you, dearest. Love to the girls.

Ever thine,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Washington,
February 8, 1869.

MY DEAREST MARY: I wrote to you Friday morning, and I have really nothing to say as yet worth your reading. That evening we had Governor Boutwell and Senator Conkling to dinner. Next day Sumner had a little dinner, the only guests besides ourselves being Under-Secretary Hunter and Senator Frelinghuysen. Sumner's house is arranged with great taste and is a very pretty establishment. It is quite a museum of art. He has a good many very good paintings and a

vast number of very valuable engravings. The dinner was very good, and all the appointments excellent. Sunday we had Senator Howe, whom I like as much as ever, finding him very sympathetic and agreeable; Mr. Judd, the former minister to Berlin, a very lively, jolly little man, quick, intelligent, and most friendly, who had a great deal to say of Bismarck's affection for me, and that he was always talking about me, and so on; General Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga and Nashville, a splendid, soldierly-looking man, very friendly. All have an intense feeling about the Seward-McCracken business, and it seems as if nobody could ever express enough indignation about it. I have been up at the Capitol once, going on the floor of both houses. I was introduced to about twenty senators and as many representatives. I really don't think I could amuse you by describing them, even if I could recollect their characteristics.

I went to the Magalhaenses',¹ of course, sent up my card, heard a wild shriek, and he came flying down the staircase to precipitate himself into my arms, followed by the whole family. We had a meeting full of effusion and expansion. It was really refreshing to find people so glad to see one. I went to a reception at the Colfaxes' on Friday evening. They were both very friendly, and I was introduced to a good many people. The same evening we went to a reception at Mrs. McCulloch's, where also there were a lot of introductions. I made a few calls on senators and on some of the dips with Sumner. I found Berthémy at home, and liked him. Thornton, just before I came in to Sum-

¹ M. de Magalhaens, then Brazilian minister at Washington, had been a colleague of Mr. Motley in Austria.

ner's, had been waiting to see me there half an hour. We called there subsequently, but he was still out. We saw Mrs. Thornton. I saw Favernay a moment at Berthémy's. Lee has been to see me two or three times, likewise Judge Loring and Mrs. Loring, who thought you were here. I am going to call on Evarts to-day, that is to say, to leave a card, as he, too, waited some time at Sumner's the same day, and expressed a strong wish to make my acquaintance. I saw Stanton at his house yesterday. He has a bad attack of bronchial asthma, but was glad to receive visitors. He was so exactly what I expected to find him, and the girls know him so well, that I sha'n't describe him. I went last evening to a large ball or dancing-party at Senator Morgan's, who has a fine and very large house close by ours. There were not a great many interesting people there. I was introduced to a great many *des deux sexes et autres*.

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Washington,

Monday, February 15, 1869.

MY DEAREST MARY: I can speak at first of nothing but the weather. I am writing by a wide-open window, without a spark on the hearth. Thermometer at ten o'clock 60° in the shade. Saturday and Sunday were like the finest winter days of Nice—finer than Rome, because there, when the weather is perfectly clear, as it has been here, there is always a sharp tramontana,

and the difference between sun and shade is great. Here there is a faint breeze from the south, and the atmosphere cloudless. Last night it rained in torrents,—a warm summer rain,—and to-day it is like a fine morning in May. Enough of the weather, which I hope will be only half as fine when you arrive.

Saturday I dined at the Evartses'. He is very agreeable, lively, full of fun, very good company, brilliant, ambitious. Mrs. Evarts is agreeable and lady-like. I went in to dinner with Mrs. Senator Sherman, who sat on the Attorney-General's left; on his right was Mrs. Thornton; next to her, Sumner. On Mrs. Evarts's right was the Chief Justice; on her left, Mr. Thornton. The other guests were Senator Sherman; Senator Williams of Oregon, *mit Frau*; Mr. and Mrs. Riggs; Miss Chase; Senator Frelinghuysen, *sammt Frau*; Miss Hoar, sister of our Massachusetts judge, staying in the house, and one or two others. The dinner was good. There were twenty-two, and the table was placed diagonally across the room, a dodge to gain space which I have never seen before. I have not much to report about this banquet. I liked Mrs. Sherman very much, as I do her husband. The general is expected here next week. He is brother to the senator, and I shall like to make his acquaintance. Everybody says he is a man of genius and very magnetic. I like the Thorntons. He has been two or three times to see me, but I never met him before. I shall go there to-day. Yesterday Hooper and I both dined at Berthémy's, the French envoy, a man's dinner. Cerrutti, the Italian minister, Bille, Favernay, Sumner, Ford, and Ward, an unfortunate envoy from the United States of Colombia, supposed to be a general and a

president in his own country, but who literally speaks nothing but Spanish, not one word of French or English, and with whom conversation is therefore limited. General Lawrence was also there, with whom I dine Wednesday. He lost an arm in the war. Berthémy is a serious, agreeable, thinking, observing, capable man, who has probably a considerable future before him. His present ambition is the embassy at Constantinople. My dinner to-day is with the Magalhaenses, at which Ulysses is expected. By the way, he dines out no more after Lawrence's dinner. I went up Saturday morning to make a call on Mrs. Grant, it being her reception day. We found the general there likewise. The room was so dark, the curtains and blinds being closed tight on account of Mrs. Grant's eyes, that I really, coming out of the intense sunshine, could n't see either of them plainly. There were many visitors coming and going, so that beyond a few formal words I saw and heard nothing.

Ever thine,
J. L. M.

To his Wife

Washington,
Wednesday, February 17, 1869.

MY DEAREST MARY: I forget where my last letter left off. I think I told you that I dined Sunday with Berthémy. Monday I dined at the Magalhaenses'. Mrs. Grant did n't come; she has as bad a cold as you, I fear. We got General Grant to talk very glibly of his Mexican adventures in youth and Western life, and

he was very nice and genial. The other guests were the Gerolts; General Lawrence and his wife, a pleasing woman, blond and young; Badeau, the Portuguese minister, Berthémy, and I don't remember any others. The dining-room is small, holding hardly more than a dozen or fourteen, and a tight fit at that. After dinner we went up, four or five of us, to Magalhaens's study and smoked. Grant was chatty, genial, and nice.

Yesterday Hooper and I both dined with Blaque Bey, the Turkish envoy, a facile, knowing, agreeable sort of man, like many of those Levantines. He is a Catholic, so he told me, because he happened to be born so. He would as lief have been a Mussulman, only the renegades are not well considered, though their conversion is held a triumph for the church of Mohammed. The party was of men only. The company was Berthémy, Thornton, Sumner, Delfosse the Belgian minister, General Schenck, and the Portuguese. I think these were all, except a secretary or two. It was rather a good and jolly dinner, and it seems like old times to be among dips again, who all receive me as a colleague and old friend. Berthémy had a good deal to say about the McCracken affair, and of the immense sensation it produced, and the indignation excited in Washington and all over the country, far greater, he said, than it was possible for me to conceive of. He had written at that time a long despatch to his government entirely about that incident, and he attributed very much of the subsequent unpopularity of Seward and Johnson to their conduct on that occasion. To-day I dine with the Lawrences, to meet Grant. To-morrow we have half a dozen gentlemen to dine here. It is the greatest dining-place I have

seen since London. I could run on for an hour more, dear Mary, but I really must stop short, as I shall not accomplish half the nothings that must be done to-day. God bless you.

To his Wife

Washington,
February 19, 1869.

MY DEAREST MARY: On Wednesday I dined with General Lawrence—a regular banquet for Grant; thirty-two persons. Mrs. Grant was prevented by a cold from coming. The dinner was splendid, and lasted three hours and a quarter, from half-past seven to a quarter to eleven. The table was covered with camellias, like a garden. Madame Magalhaens, who was my dame, began counting the total cost at fifty cents per camellia, and I congratulated her on being so soon and thoroughly Americanized herself. Mrs. Lawrence sat in the middle of the long table, with Ulysses, of course, on her right, and Berthémy on her left. General Lawrence sat opposite, Mrs. Senator Chandler on his right, and Madame Magalhaens on his left. I was on her left, and just opposite Grant. On my left was Madame Bodisco. Next to Grant's other side was Madame Mazel, a very young and pretty New York girl, married a few weeks ago to the Dutch minister of that name. Other guests, so far as I remember, were Judge Field, General Meigs, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, Senator Anthony, the Italian minister, Badeau, and a lot more. I had no conversation with Ulysses. He came up to me before dinner, very amicably shook hands and ex-

changed a few words, and passed on to the other thirty guests. There was a very brief smoking-space after dinner, and Grant went off very soon. . . .

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

363 H Street, Washington,
April 16, 1869.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I knew that I should have a kind and sympathetic word from you, and I value the note just received from you very highly. You have always over-appreciated me. This I feel, but still it gives me pleasure, and your genuine and friendly sympathy always touches me deeply. I feel anything but exaltation at present, rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and at the same time that I am taking greater responsibilities than ever were assumed by me before. *You* will be indulgent for my mistakes and shortcomings, but who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel, and the times are threatening. I shall do my best, but the best may be poor enough, and keep "a heart for any fate." Pardon my brevity, but I have no time to do half what I have to do.

Always most truly and sincerely yours,

J. L. M.

From Mr. J. R. Lowell

Elmwood,
May 15, 1869.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I take great pleasure in introducing to you my friend Mr. Spelman of Cambridge, who

is to be your fellow-passenger to England. I am sure you will thank me for opening the way to a more cordial intercourse than is ordinarily reached by mere steamship communion. Mr. Spelman is on his way to join his daughter, Mrs. Ernest Longfellow, in Europe.

I need not say that all my hopes and good wishes accompany you and yours to your new post of honor and duty. I can think of no man so fit to bring back a more kindly understanding between the two countries. You will neither forget your own nationality nor irritate that of England.

May all prosperity attend you. I remain most cordially—no, that will never do—I take this opportunity of renewing my assurances of distinguished consideration,

And am faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

To Count Bismarck

London,
August 2, 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: I can't resist the impulse to write to you once more, although I am sure that you will never answer me. I don't know how many letters I have written without getting a reply. Nevertheless, I have the confidence in our old friendship to feel perfectly sure that you have not forgotten me, and that I should find you, whenever I have the good fortune to meet you, the same as of old.

I have been here since June 1. I think it highly probable that you may have noticed in some of the

newspapers my appointment as minister to this post, and very soon after my arrival here Count Bernstorff brought your two sons to me at an evening party, and I assure you it was a great delight to me to see these two young old friends, whom I knew so well when they were children in Frankfort, and the eldest of whom is about the age of ourselves when we first became friends in Göttingen. They only passed through London, leaving, so they told me, the next morning. I wish that I could have had them under my roof. Alas! at that time—and also at this time—I have *no* roof. Up to this moment I am houseless in London, living at an hotel and awfully tired of such a life.

We have been house-hunting without success two months long. The Republic which I have the honor to represent does not provide as comfortable quarters as Prussia House, in which our excellent friends the Bernstorffs are so delightfully established. We have no Legation Hotel, and each new minister, on his arrival, must provide himself as best he can.

My girls are now away at the seaside, and my wife and myself are going to look at three different houses this morning—probably to decide that not one of them will do.

I was extremely distressed at leaving Europe last year without seeing you. I had made a hundred plans for so doing, but they all failed. I had set my heart on seeing you once more, and looked forward with delight to the possibility of finding you in Berlin and enjoying the spectacle of my old friend in the very central point of his power, from whence the radiation is so brilliant, so creative, so invigorating to this fatigued and battered old Europe.

How I should like to talk with you of all your immense achievements, with which the world rings, and of which history will always be proud! You cannot gather, I am sure, with what deep interest and sympathy I have watched your splendid career. But I have no idea of taking a flight at this moment into the regions of the *haute politique*. Nor will I say anything of my own task in these eternal Anglo-American matters—rolling the stone of Sisyphus. As I once before observed to you, I think, grocers never eat figs in private life. I had a letter from Canitz a few days ago, giving me news of you. I hope sincerely that you are recruiting your strength in the vacation which you are taking. Pray give my affectionate regards to Countess de Bismarck, although she so persistently refuses to answer my letters, also to Mademoiselle Marie, who has long ago forgotten her *oncle d'Amérique*. Pray try and let me have a line to show me that you have not entirely forgotten me.

Always sincerely your old friend,
J. L. MOTLEY.

From Count Bismarck

Varzin,
August 7, 1869.

LIEBER MOTLEY: Dass Du mir schriebst war einer der besten Einfälle die Du seit langer Zeit gehabt hast, und gewiss wirst Du viele gute haben. Deine Beschuldigung aber, dass ich Dir nicht geantwortet haben sollte, klingt mir ganz ungläublich; Du sagst es, also muss es wahr sein, aber das Bewusstsein meiner Tugend ist

so stark in mir, dass ich lieber die Regelmässigkeit des meiner Leitung anvertrauten Norddeutschenpostdienstes anzweifle, als an meine persönliche Nachlässigkeit glaube. Keine Post taugt heut zu Tage Etwas, die Welt wird überhaupt immer schlechter. Doubt that the stars are fire u. s. w., aber zweifle nicht an meiner Tugend. Seit drei Wochen lag das Papier fertig um Dir nach London zu schreiben, und Dich zu fragen, ob Du nicht eine Woche oder zwei für mich übrig hattest; zur Genugthuung für deine heimliche Flucht über See solltest Du uns die Freude machen, alle Tinte, Häusemiethen und Engländer auf einige Zeit aus deinem Sinne zu verbannen, und dein Wigwam in die pommerschen Wälder verlegen. Die Sache is heut so leicht für einen oceanischen Reisenden, wie es früher war von Berlin nach Göttingen zu fahren. Du gibst deiner Frau Gemahlin den Arm, besteigst mit ihr ein Cab, bist in 20 Minuten auf dem Bahnhofe, in 30 Stunden in Berlin, und von dort in einem halben Tage hier; um 9 aus Berlin fahrend, bist Du zu Mittag bei uns. Es wäre reizend; meine Frau, Tochter, ich und Söhne, die ich in 2 Tage erwarte, würden sich kindisch freuen und wir wollen dann einmal wieder ganz so lustig sein, wie in alter Zeit. Ich selbst kann augenblicklich nicht reisen, ohne alle Gründe umzustossen, aus denen ich Urlaub habe. Sonst sucht ich Dich auf um Dich hier in die Backwoods abzuholen; aber bitte komm, wirf alle Sorgen und Bedenken hinter den Ofen, die findest Du da unversehrt wieder bei deiner Rückkehr, und richte Dich ein auf kurze oder lange Zeit, je länger je lieber, aber mache uns die Freude und komm her. Ich bin so in den Gedanken schon eingelebt, dass ich krank werde wenn Du nein sagst, und das würde die übelsten Ein-

flüsse auf die ganze Politik haben. Empfehle mich deiner Frau Gemahlin zu Gnaden.

Dein treuer Freund,

V. BISMARCK.

Translation

Varzin,

August 7, 1869.

DEAR MOTLEY: Your writing to me was one of the best ideas that you have had for a long time, and you are certain to have many good ones. Your accusation against me that I did not answer you sounds to me, however, quite incredible. You say so, so it must be true; but the consciousness of my virtue is so strong in me that I prefer to doubt the regularity of the North German Postal Service, which is confided to my care, rather than believe in my personal negligence. No post in these days is worth anything; the world generally is always growing worse. Doubt that the stars are fire, etc., but never doubt my virtue. For three weeks my paper has been lying ready to write to you in London to ask you if you have not a week or two to spare for me. To make up for your secret flight across the ocean, you should do us the favor to banish all ink, house-hunting, and Englishmen for a time from your mind and to transport your wigwam to the Pomeranian woods. The affair is as easy in these days for an ocean traveler as it used to be to go from Göttingen to Berlin. You give your arm to your wife, enter a cab with her; in twenty minutes you are at the station, in thirty hours in Berlin, and from there, in half a day, here; leaving Berlin at nine o'clock, you are here to dinner. It would be delightful. My wife, daughter, myself,

and my sons, whom I expect in two days, would be as pleased as children, and we would be as merry again as in old days. Personally, I cannot travel at this moment without upsetting all the reasons for which my leave is granted, otherwise I would come and find you and bring you to the backwoods; but please come, throw all cares and worries behind the stove, where you will be sure to find them unscathed on your return, and arrange to stay a short or a long time, the longer the better; but give me the pleasure of coming here. I have absorbed myself so in the thought that I shall be ill if you say no, and that would have the worst effect on politics. My respectful remembrances to your wife.

Your true friend,

V. BISMARCK.

To Count Bismarck

London,

August 13, 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: Alas and alas! Why must everything be impossible which we hunger and thirst to do?

Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren:
Das ist der ewige Gesang
Der täglich in den Ohren klingt.

Nothing in the world could be half so tempting as to get into that cab, *sammt F. Gem.*, and plunge into the Pomeranian wilderness, tomahawk and carpet-bag in hand. But, first, without *Urlaub* I can't leave my post, and before I could get it you would be gone from Varzin.

Your letter was so friendly in its invitation, and the two charming little postscripts signed "Johanna" and "Marie" added so much to its eloquence, that I resisted only with a very severe struggle. But, in melancholy seriousness, I cannot come this year. But the first step that I make out of this kingdom will be to come to see you. It will be next year at some time, for I mean to write for an *Urlaub* and keep it in my pocket, and wait to see when it will be most convenient for you to have me, either in Berlin, Varzin, or where you will.

Meanwhile, a thousand thanks to you and the countess and the Countess Marie for your kind invitation. My wife joins me in affectionate regards to them as well as to yourself. She will not admit that she is unacquainted with them, having heard so much of them from me.

As I hope that you don't mean to amuse yourself by turning Europe upside down next summer, I trust that one will be able to travel in North Germany then. Moreover, I have always prided myself on my geographical proficiency, and on knowing about the rivers, capitals, and political boundaries, mineral productions and religious arrangements, of Europe.

I am studying the new maps, or mean to do so when I have bought them; so please let Europe alone for a year or two, otherwise I shall "trust in ignorance" for the remainder of my days.

The season is over; London has gone out of town. My wife and myself are all that remain at present out of a population of four millions,—the last of the Mohicans,—and we leave to-morrow morning for a few weeks in the country.

Remember that I mean to invite myself next year.

Nimm es nicht übel that it was impossible for me to accept your invitation now, and don't revenge yourself by refusing to see me when I do come. *Tausend herzliche Grüsse an die gnädige Frau Gemahlin und Countess Marie.*

Always your true friend,
J. L. M.

From Count Bismarck

Varzin,
September 19, 1869.

LIEBER MOTLEY: Ich höre aus Paris, dass man uns Bancroft nehmen will, weil er angeblich Amerika nicht mit Würde vertrete. Die Behauptung wird in Berlin niemand theilen; Bancroft steht dort bei der ganzen intelligenten Bevölkerung, insbesondere bei der wissenschaftlichen Welt, in der höchsten Achtung, ist am Hof und in den Kreisen der Regierung geehrt und hat das volle Vertrauen. Man weiss, dass er unser Freund ist, er hat das niemals verschwiegen, und sich deshalb die Feindschaft aller in- und ausländischen Gegner des jetzigen Zustande Deutschlands zugezogen. Man hat für das Geld des früheren Königs von Hannover, des Kurfürsten von Hessen und für Rechnungen fremder Regierungen gegen ihn intrigirt in der Presse und voraussichtlich auch in Amerika. Aber ich glaube kaum, dass irgend ein Freund Amerikas und Deutschlands, irgend Einer von allen Denen, welche die brüderlichen Beziehungen zweier freien Cultur-Völker mit Vergnügen sehen, an diesen Intriguen theilhaftig sein

kann. Bancroft ist einer der populärsten Erscheinungen in Berlin, und wenn Du noch das alte Wohlwollen für die Stadt hast die Du aus dem Fenster des Logier-schen Hauses kennst so thue was Du kannst, damit wir ihn behalten. Nach den culturgeschichtlichen Auffassungen, die Du in der Lecture, die Du mir vor einigen Monaten übersandest, bekundet hast, gehen deine politischen Bestrebungen mit denen, die Bancroft bei uns vertritt, vollständig parallel, und man würde bei uns glauben, dass die Staatenregierung sich von diesen Auffassungen lossagte, durch die Rückberufung eines Ministers der als ihr Vertreter gilt, und mit Recht gilt. Er vertritt practisch denselben grossen Entwicklungsprocess in welchen Moses, die christliche Offenbarung, die Reformation als Étapen erscheinen, und dem gegenüber die cäsarische Gewalt der alten und der modernen Zeit, die klericale und die dynastische Ausbeutung der Völker, jeden Hemmschuh anlegt, auch den einen ehrlichen und idealen Gesandten wie Bancroft zu verläumdern. Verhindre wenn Du kannst, dass man ihn opfert, er ist besser als die meisten Europäer die sein, dein, und mein Gewerbe betreiben, wenn auch die glatten Lügner des Gewerbes eben so über ihn reden mögen wie früher meine intime Feinde mich den Diplomaten in Holzschuhen nannten. Mir geht es sonst hier gut, ich schlafe allmählig besser, aber noch zu spät am Tage um arbeitsfähig zu sein; täglich von vier bis elf, früher nicht. Dass Du uns nicht besuchen kannst thut mir über Alles leid; meine Frau hatte sicher darauf gerechnet, im Winter aber in Berlin rechne auch ich darauf. . . . Für uns hausbackne Deutsche bist Du nun schon zu vornehm geworden; behaglicher würdest Du bei uns leben, als

dort am Ocean vis-à-vis von zu Haus. Meine herzlichsten Empfehlungen an deine Frau Gemahlin, und dieselben von meinen Damen.

Dein,

V. BISMARCK.

Translation

Varzin,

September 19, 1869.

DEAR MOTLEY: I hear from Paris that they are thinking of taking Bancroft from us, under the pretense that he does not represent America with sufficient worthiness. This assertion will not be shared in by anybody in Berlin, as Bancroft stands in the highest esteem there with the whole intelligent population, particularly with the scientific world, is honored at court and in the government circles, and has full confidence. It is known that he is our friend, he has never concealed it, and therefore has drawn upon himself the enmity of all the opponents of the present state of things in Germany, both within and without. For the money of the former King of Hanover and of the Elector of Hesse, and on behalf of foreign governments, they have intrigued against him in the press, and probably also in America. But I hardly believe that these intrigues can be shared by any friend of America and Germany, or any of those who see with pleasure the brotherly relations between two free cultured people. Bancroft is one of the most popular personages in Berlin, and if you have still the old good-will for the town that you had when you looked out of the windows of Logier's house, do what you can to enable us to keep

him. According to the conception that you have set forth as to the history of civilization in the *Lecture* that you sent me a few months ago, your political aims and those that Bancroft expresses here entirely correspond, and it would be believed among us that the government had renounced these by the recall of a minister who is considered, and rightly considered, their representative. He represents practically the same great process of development in which Moses, the Christian revelation, and the Reformation appear as stages, and in opposition to which the Cæsarean power of ancient and modern time, the clerical and dynastic exploitation of the people, offer every hindrance, including that of calumniating an honest and ideal minister like Bancroft. If you can, do prevent him from being sacrificed; he is better than most of the Europeans who follow his, yours, and my profession, even if the smooth liars of the profession should talk about him exactly as my intimate enemies did about me when they called me the diplomatist in wooden shoes. Otherwise I am getting on well here. I sleep gradually better, but still too late in the day to be fit for work—every day from four to eleven, but not earlier. That you cannot visit us now grieves me above everything. My wife had counted upon it with certainty, but in the winter in Berlin I count upon it, too. . . . You have already grown too fine for us homely Germans, although you would live more comfortably with us than there by the ocean opposite your home. My affectionate compliments to your wife, and the same from my ladies.

Yours,

V. BISMARCK.

To Count Bismarck

London,
September 27, 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: Your letter of September 19 was received a day or two ago. It so happened that General Badeau, assistant secretary of this legation, was just going to America on brief leave of absence. I accordingly translated the portion of your note referring to Mr. B., and gave it to him to be placed before the President and Mr. Fish, Secretary of State. In this way your strong remonstrance and encomium will produce the greatest effect, and I have also taken care that your letter should be most carefully and confidentially kept private.

General Badeau sailed yesterday, and will be in Washington within ten or eleven days. I should add that I have never heard at all of the intrigues to which you allude. Whenever I hear from Badeau or any one else on the subject I will let you know.

How much I regretted not being able to visit you in Varzin! It would have been so jolly for us to turn ourselves into twenty years old again for a brief season.

But it was and is absolutely impossible for me to leave at present. In the first place, I have no leave of absence, and, in the next place, I have mountains of work. Moreover, I am still in search, not of the best of republics (that is already found), but of the most comfortable of houses; and that is most difficult to find, brick and mortar being very dear in London, and very bad.

Every house that I have thus far inspected has the dirt of ages accumulated in every room. We have all

been living in an hotel four months long, except with an intermission of a few weeks of country visiting.

You will not think me exaggerating about my work when I tell you that there are but two secretaries of legation, one of whom, as I said, is away on leave.

I have written to the Secretary of State asking for a discretionary leave of absence. I expect to get it, and when I see my way clear of business (if so blessed a time should ever come) for a few days or weeks, I shall invade you at Berlin. It will be the most agreeable holiday I could ever imagine for myself. Give my kindest remembrance and regards to Countess Bismarck and the Countess Marie, and to your sons if with you. Believe me always

Most sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

My wife and the girls join in kindest greetings. Suppose you should generously and magnanimously fulfil your often given and broken promise and send those photographs with your signature to my womankind.

From Count Bismarck

Varzin,

October 10, 1869.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: Feeling very proud that your ladies wish to see me photographed, I hasten to send you two melancholic civilians and a fat melancholy gentleman who seems not a bit concerned in all the plague that ministers and parliamentary life are subject to. I must be fully satisfied by the honor of their admission to the ladies' albums; but if you were good enough to

send me a return of male and female portraits, such an act of benevolence would increase and fortify my domestic authority. I am very much obliged for your prompt proceedings in the Bancroft question. They write me from Berlin that in his own opinion his position at home is a safe one; but it is a fact that French influence is at work against him, and that at Paris they believe to have been successful in upsetting him. Ich verliere so sehr die Gewohnheit englisch zu sprechen, da Loftus in Berlin der einzige Mensch ist, der mir Gelegenheit dazu giebt, und schreiben könnte ich es nie ohne Wörterbuch, da ich es nach dem Schall und aus der Uebung erlernt hatte. Entschuldige obigen Versuch, den ich als Schulexercitium für mich ansehe. Ich weiss nicht, ob ich bald nach Berlin gehe; vor dem 1sten Dec. schwerlich. Ich möchte gern abwarten ob mir der Landtag nicht den Gefallen thut einige meiner Collegen zu erschlagen; wann ich unter Ihnen bin, so kommt die Schonung die man mir gewährt den Andern auch zu gut. Unsere Verhältnisse sind so sonderbar dass ich zu wunderlichen Mitteln greifen muss um Anbindungen zu lösen, die gewaltsam zu zerreißen mir manche Rücksichten verbieten. Jedenfalls hoffe ich so bald ich wieder in der Stadt bin näheres über deinen Urlaub zu hören und Gewissheit über die Zeit deines Besuches zu bekommen; dann wollen wir uns einander einmal wieder in Logiers Haus an eine Schachpartie setzen, und darüber streiten ob Byron und Goethe in Vergleich zu stellen sind. Wir waren damals, glaube ich, bessere Menschen in bessere Zeiten, d. h. jünger. Empfehle mich deinen Damen.

Dein,

V. BISMARCK.

Translation of German Part of Letter

I am quite losing the habit of speaking English, as Loftus in Berlin is the solitary person who gives me an opportunity, and I never could write it without a dictionary, as I learned it by the sound and by ear; so excuse the above, which I look upon as a school exercise for myself. I do not know if I am going to Berlin soon; hardly before the 1st of December. I should like to wait and see if the Landtag will not do me the favor of killing a few of my colleagues; when I am there among them the forbearance vouchsafed to me is extended to the rest. The state of affairs with us is so singular that I have to resort to peculiar means of loosening relations which many considerations prevent me from forcibly rending asunder. In any event, as soon as I am in town again, I hope to hear more about your leave and obtain certainty about the time of your visit. Then we will sit down again to a game of chess at Logier's house, and dispute as to whether Byron and Goethe can be compared to each other. I think we were then better men in better times, this is to say, younger. Remember me to your ladies.

Yours,

V. B.

To Count Bismarck

London,

November 7, 1869.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: I did not intend that a month should slip by without a reply from me to your kind

letter of October 10, with thanks for the photographs, which gave immense delight to us all.

I waited day after day for some *carte-de-visite* of myself, but it is only within a day or two that I have been enabled to lay the inclosed grizzled head at the feet of Madame de Bismarck and her fair daughter.

My wife has no photograph, and resolutely refuses to have one done. Inclosed is one of my second daughter, Mary. Susie has none at present. When there are any I will send one. I now consider myself justified in claiming strenuously the heads of all your family. I am sure they will not have the heart to refuse us. Also pray add one or two more of yourself.

Lily (my eldest daughter) magnanimously gave one of those you sent to a lady at whose house we were visiting, and who is a great admirer of yours. She is, moreover, a young and beautiful person.

We are at last in a house, and a very pleasant one, with windows opening on one of the great parks.

London is delightfully still and empty, so that I can imagine myself in the country.

I wish you would drop in upon us as you did that evening in Vienna, for alas! I see no present possibility of my leaving my post.

One of my secretaries has gone home on leave of absence, and the other, as well as myself, has so much to do that it will be impossible to get a holiday for a long time to come.

Our republican system does not allow of a dozen secretaries to each legation, so that a great deal of routine work comes upon the chief.

I wish I could see my way to an invasion of Berlin, but the project must be deferred. It is, however, a

doomed city, for I am determined to enter that capital in triumph or perish in the attempt.

The sensation of the week in London has been the visit of the queen to the city to open a bridge. It was a civic affair, and doubtless most loyal and gorgeous. The dip corps fortunately were not invited to turn out on the occasion, so that I am unable to give you a glowing account of the festivities.

Our great philanthropist George Peabody is just dead. I knew him well and saw him several times during his last illness. It made him happy, he said, as he lay on his bed, to think that he had done some good to his fellow-creatures.

I suppose no man in human history ever gave away so much money.

At least two millions of pounds sterling, and in cash, he bestowed on great and well-regulated charities, founding institutions in England and America which will do good so long as either nation exists.

He was never married, has no children, but he has made a large number of nephews and nieces rich. He leaves behind him (after giving away so much), I dare say, about half a million sterling.

Good-by. Write soon again. It is so agreeable to hear from you, if only a line; it makes me young again.

Gieb mir doch die Zeiten wieder
Wo ich noch selbst in werden war.

Pray, sir, is your name Joyce—J-o-y-c-e?

Kindest regards to Madame de Bismarck and all your household, in which mine join.

Ever thine

J. L. M.

To the Duchess of Argyll

17 Arlington Street,
January 25, 1870.

DEAR DUCHESS OF ARGYLL: We had the great pleasure of seeing the duke yesterday, and of having therefore from the highest source the delightful assurance that you were going on as well as your friends could possibly hope.

Meanwhile the duke has told me that I might be allowed to write to you; and I only wish that I had anything to say likely to interest you. At this moment of writing, a yellow fog inwraps London, and my library table being close to a large window, looking out on the Green Park, I am just able to write without candles, while the depth of the room is as dark as night.

Piccadilly is entirely invisible, but the outlines of the skeleton trees in the park, close to the windows, look weird and ghostly. I am perpetually shocking people by saying that I am very fond of the fog, which is quite true. There is something to me excessively enlivening about it; but I can't explain the paradox. It is picturesque, poetic, Ossianic.

I suppose that you are looking forward with great interest to the coming session of Parliament. It seems to me one of the most important in recent English history. The tranquillity with which the immense revolution has thus far been accomplished by the disestablishment of the Irish Church makes me hope the best for the great measures which are to complete that revolution.

Certainly it is very long since an administration was so powerful and enjoyed so much confidence at home or abroad as Mr. Gladstone's government. And I am

convinced that the great cause of this, apart from the genius and eloquence of its chief and the great ability of his colleagues, is the conviction that the government is determined to do justice everywhere, and that therefore the country is safe in its hands. After all, the success of government, as the world progresses, is more and more seen to depend upon its conformity to the great elemental laws, to the simplest moral precepts. In short, Justice, Truth, and Faith are immutable, and the ship steered by that compass rarely gets among the breakers. Imagine that Ireland had been always dealt with, since the days of the Plantagenets, in accordance with those principles. Would there have been an Irish question at this moment striking down to the foundations of the empire? Your great minister has applied the heroic remedy with entire success to one abomination.

An alien state church over a conquered country is now numbered with the dead iniquities, and the wonder is that it should have been left to the latter part of the nineteenth century to extirpate this wrong.

And still the Nemesis remains but half appeased, and calls for other sacrifices before the confiscations and persecutions and violations of the holiest rights, which stretch through centuries, and of which that church was only one of the later instruments (for Ireland was comparatively heretic in the days when England was ultramontane), shall be atoned for. Nemesis is a goddess who will not be cheated of her sacrifices. We have found that out on our side of the water, Heaven knows, and I pray and I believe that your sacrifices may be neither as costly in blood nor in treasure as ours have been to atone for the slavery iniquity.

And certainly no English government was ever more earnestly inspired with the determination to do justice and to conform to the elemental law than the present government seems to be in regard to Ireland, and I hope in all things.

I have scribbled on most unconscionably. My wife and daughters join me in most sincere regards and heartfelt congratulations on your recovery,

And I am

Very sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

April 3, 1870.

I went to the club last Saturday, and met some of the friends you always like to hear of. I sat by the side of Emerson, who always charms me with his delicious voice, his fine sense and wit, and the delicate way he steps about the words of his vocabulary: if you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen the picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence feeling for its phrase or epithet; sometimes I think of an ant-eater singling out his insects, as I see him looking about, and at last seizing his noun or adjective, the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought. . . .

I hope Longfellow will find some pleasant literary labor for his later years, for his graceful and lovely nature can hardly find expression in any form without giving pleasure to others, and for him to be idle is, I fear, to be the prey of sad memories.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CHAPTER XXIII

HOLLAND, VARZIN, ETC.

Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—His son Edward's marriage—Engagement of Miss Mary Motley to Mr. Sheridan—Contemplated journey to Holland and resumption of literary work—Recall from his mission to England—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes on his daughter's engagement—Dislike of letter-writing—Letter to Lady W. Russell—Congratulations on promotion of Mr. Odo Russell—Excursion with the Queen of Holland to Haarlem—Brederode Castle—Work on the life of John van Olden-Barneveldt—European politics—Gift to Mrs. Motley from English ladies—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Russell—Visit to Dresden—Prague—M. and Madame de Seebach—The Holbein controversy—Baron Stockhausen—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—His domestic affairs—Articles in the "Atlantic Monthly"—Mr. Motley's house at The Hague—John van Olden-Barneveldt—A court ball—Letter to Prince Bismarck—Leeuwarden—Market-day—Groningen—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Engagement of his son Wendell—Affection between Russia and America—Three-hundredth anniversary of the capture of Brill—Popularity of Mr. Motley's works in Holland—"The Poet at the Breakfast-table"—Death of Princess Henry—Letter from Prince Bismarck—Invitation to Varzin—Visit to Varzin—Prince Bismarck's home and daily life—His reminiscences of the Austrian war—His interviews with Thiers and Jules Favre—His silver wedding—The Varzin and Lauenburg estates—Berlin—Dinner with Mr. Bancroft—Thale—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—"Undesigned coincidences"—"Table Talk"—Plans for the winter—Bismarck's achievements—United Germany—Letter to Archbishop Trench thanking him for his work on the Thirty Years' War—Visit of the Queen of the Netherlands to Frampton Court—Mr. Sumner—Prospects of General Grant's election.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Frampton Court, Dorsetshire,¹
December 27, 1870.

MY DEAR HOLMES: Let me offer you our congratulations on the approaching marriage of your son Edward. We heard of it recently and in a roundabout way. I trust sincerely that it gives you all pleasure, and that the young people will be as happy as every one belonging to you deserves to be. There is an impending marriage in our family likewise. Mary became, on a recent visit at the country place from which I am now writing, rather suddenly engaged to Algernon Sheridan, second son of Mr. Brinsley Sheridan (grandson of the famous Sheridan, and present head of the family). Algernon is an excellent young fellow, full of spirit and energy, of a happy temperament and unexceptionable character. All the members and branches of the family have taken a great affection for Mary, and as we have been intimate with them for many years, it is not as if she were going among strangers. Still, it is a sad drawback that she must be separated for life from us and from her country. We leave soon after the marriage, which will take place on the 18th of January, for Holland. We shall pass a few months there, and I shall try once more to get up historical steam. I fear I am too old for it, however. It is no joke to map out work for half a dozen years or more at our age. Still, life is work or it is nothing, and it matters

¹ In November, 1870, Mr. Motley was recalled from the mission to England. See Holmes's Memoir, 155.

but little whether a particular job gets itself done or not before the workman is discharged.

We are not going to live in a royal palace at The Hague, as I read in the American newspapers. The queen, with whom I have the honor of being acquainted for so many years, has placed a small house, which belongs to her and happens just now to be vacant, at my disposition. I am truly glad to accept the kind offer, as furnished houses are very difficult to obtain at The Hague. I wish I could repay you for your delightful letters by something better than all this egotistical trash. But you must forgive me if recent events have so disgusted me with political affairs that I do not like to go into them. I truly believe that I found myself, exactly at the moment when I was expelled from my post, in a position in which I could do much good. I thought myself entirely in the confidence and the friendship of the leading personages in England. And I know that I could have done as well as any man to avert war or even animosity between two great nations, and at the same time guard the honor and interests of our nation. Farewell. Write to me soon if you are to send an occasional message to one who now plunges into obscurity forever and without personal regret.

My wife and daughters join in affectionate remembrances and kind wishes for the New Year to you and yours, and I am

Always your sincere friend,

J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Kleine Loo, The Hague,
April 8, 1871.

MY DEAR HOLMES: My wife joins me in kindest congratulations to you all.¹ Turner Sargent cannot say more than the facts accurately warrant when he speaks to you of her sincere regard for him. She does not write to him or to you for the simple reason that she never writes to any person whatever, neither to her sister nor to her children nor to her oldest friends. She has taken up this position for good and all, and is ready to brave the consequences. Therefore I beg you to explain this, otherwise it might seem like a want of feeling on her part. This disgust for the inkstand is creeping over me likewise: I never write a letter if I can help it, and I look upon you as a supernatural being for being willing to write to me so often when I am growing almost powerless to reply. Pray continue your highly appreciated correspondence with one who is always grateful, and proves it by silence. Events at home fill me with disgust unfathomable. I am now amusing myself with the intrigues and the hatreds and personal and political jealousies and lyings and backbitings of the seventeenth century in the dusty archives here, as a relief to the same sort of commodities in the nineteenth. Renewing the expression of warm felicitation to your daughter and your wife and all your household on this interesting occasion, and with the kind remembrances of all, I am

Always most sincerely yours,

J. L. M.

¹ Dr. Holmes's daughter was just engaged.

To Lady William Russell

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
July 13, 1871.

DEAR LADY WILLIAM: This is not a letter. For the time being, at least, I am past letter-writing. I can't tell how it is, but the *dégoût de l'encrier* has become a disease with me. It seems such a poor substitute for living communication, that instead of knocking at your well-known and much-beloved door,—or rather ringing the bell, for the knocker is silenced,—ushered by your benignant chamberlain into the presence, I can only sit down at my own table and hold conversation with an idiotic inkstand. But I wished to send you my small and insignificant, but very sincere, congratulations on your son's advancement, which I am sure must give you great pleasure, and which seems to meet with the general approval. Odo has worked so long and steadily and effectively in important service, which really was that of chief of a first-class mission, that everybody looks upon it as a matter of course that he should all at once find himself at the top of the ladder: *Palnam qui meruit, ferat*.

Certainly he is now at the head of your diplomatic corps, for what embassy can be compared in importance to that sent to the Kaiser König? Pray give him my felicitations, if he remembers so obsolete and effete an individual as myself. I should like to know how you are in health. We rarely hear from London. My daughter, who is almost our only correspondent, seldom leaves Dorsetshire, where, by the way, she describes the summer as pitiless in its severity, as it certainly is here.

We have had nothing but howling winds, black skies, and pouring rain ever since that vile impostor June showed her ugly face and pretended not to be December. I sincerely trust that your health has not suffered from the rigor of the season. I have nothing especial to tell. We see, as usual, much of the queen, and like her more and more. Her kindness is inexhaustible, and the constant communication with so brilliant and cultivated a woman is certainly a great privilege and pleasure. Yesterday we made a long excursion with her, going to Haarlem by rail, being met there by M. and Madame Boreel van Hoogeland, in their carriage, and taken to see the picturesque ruins of Brederode Castle, built nine hundred years ago by one of the hard-fighting, hard-drinking, most obstreperous sovereign counts of Holland, and subsequently inhabited by truculent bishops and turbulent "Beggars" of the sixteenth century, till it tumbled to pieces a few hundred years ago. Thence we went to a charming country place of the Boreels, called Waterland, a very Dutch designation, to dine, and returned to The Hague before midnight. Would that you could have been of our little party, to add to it the charm of your wisdom and your wit! I live much among the dead men, and have been solacing myself for several months in reading a considerable correspondence of John van Olden-Barneveldt, who had the ill luck to be decapitated, as you remember, two centuries and a half ago. If they had cut his head off on account of his abominable handwriting, no creature would have murmured at the decree who ever tried to read his infinite mass of manuscripts. I take some credit to myself for having, after much time and trouble, enabled myself to decipher the

most of them. It is a system of hieroglyphics such as I have not before encountered, and I have had some experience in the cacography of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I wish that I could find something more amusing to talk about than myself, but The Hague is so retired a place at this season that it gives one few topics. When the weather is good, or rather should it ever become tolerable, the daily after-dinner drive to Scheveningen, and the walk on the terrace or beach, is a resource. Likewise one goes to the same spot before breakfast, and immerses one's self in the briny deep. This is a life of no great variety, to be sure, and is somewhat less whirling and vertiginous than a London season. I have lost interest for the present in politics. The great game has been played, and a cosmos is slowly coming out of the European chaos. One does n't see how any great war can occur again until the Eastern tussle comes. Was there ever anything funnier than the pronunciamiento of poor little Chambord, with his *drapeau blanc*? The two Misses Forbes, whom you are acquainted with, are come here for a few days, and will stay with us after stopping a couple of days with the Bunsens. They report your relative and our old acquaintance, Mr. Forbes, ancient minister at the vanquished court of Saxony, as living contentedly and comfortably at Geneva. There is to be a marriage here next week of the only daughter of Prince Frederick of the Netherlands with the mediatized Prince Zuwied. My wife had the great pleasure, a few weeks after our arrival in The Hague, to receive a charming present from a number of the ladies of England, accompanied by a most touching and gratifying letter, written, in behalf of all the subscribers to the

present, by Lady Stanhope and Lady Louisa Egerton. The gift was a beautiful *parure* of pearls and diamonds, and the letter accompanying it was as charming as the present itself. I can't tell you how much pleasure this incident gave her, and me as well. It was most gratifying to know that we were not entirely forgotten in a land which we love so much. We have had but few English visitors at The Hague since we have been here. The Stirling-Maxwells were here for a couple of days, and the Skelmersdales made the queen a brief visit. There are some Austrians coming for the bathing season, so the queen informs me.

Always your most affectionate

VARIUS.

To Lady William Russell

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
August 29, 1871.

DEAREST LADY WILLIAM: Your letter of 23d of August duly reached me, and I was very grateful for it, as I always am whenever you are so good as to remember your faithful and devoted Varius. Your second letter of Sunday the 27th has just arrived, but I am sure you have by this time ceased to be angry with me for not writing before. Mrs. Arthur, who duly received your letters to her or her husband, tells me that she wrote to you the day before yesterday. You will know therefore already why I *could* not write. So long as the little boy was ill,¹ I did not like to distress you

¹ A son of Lord Arthur Russell, who was taken ill during a visit with his parents to Holland.

with unnecessary anxiety, for I felt that it was a sickness which would soon pass away. He seems now perfectly well. I have this instant left his nursery, where he is as merry as a grig, whatever a grig may be; he desired me to inform his dear grandmama that he had been ill, but was now very well. He is certainly a most charming little fellow, and both my daughters have a *passion malheureuse* for him, alas! never to be requited. We are all in love with him, and are in despair at the idea of his taking his departure. The doctor has not yet allowed him to go out, but he puts on his hat and greatcoat, and has his windows open. The weather is so fine and warm to-day that if I had been the medicus I should have turned him out of doors for an hour. The little girl is as bouncing as a ball and red as a rose. She is in perfect health and spirits. We have gained by their loss, for we have had the pleasure of seeing a great deal more of Arthur and his wife than we otherwise should have done. We have had many Austrians here of late, several of our old acquaintances—the Karolyis, who are to be Odo's colleagues at Berlin,—his wife¹ is the charming Fanny Erdödy, as agreeable and unspoiled by flattery as she is beautiful,—the Countess Clam-Gallas, the Princess Lori Schwarzenberg, well known to you, and others, as representatives of the Kaiserstadt. Most of these have now departed. There remains Princess Dietrichstein, widow of poor Count Mensdorff, who died the other day, to the profound regret of all who knew him, one of the most sympathetic and attractive of men. He was Minister

¹ Countess Karolyi one day asked Mr. Motley the meaning of the Dutch word *mooi* (beautiful). "Do you ask because it is what you always hear as soon as you go out?" was the reply.

of Foreign Affairs during part of my time in Vienna. Charles Villiers has just been in here since I began to write. He is a fellow-boarder with your son and daughter at the Huis ten Bosch, having arrived yesterday. Her Majesty is as agreeable and gracious as ever; but you will have more information of her than I can give just now from your progeny. She is to leave for Switzerland about the middle of next month. Mr. Villiers does not give a very brilliant account of the condition of the Liberal party. But I know naught of such matters, having eschewed all present politics and buried myself up to the ears in the seventeenth century by way of a change. De Witt's ghost has not yet rapped at any of our doors. The poor man was torn into so many pieces by the vulgar and idiotic rabble who murdered him that it must be difficult for him to put himself together in any manner becoming a respectable *revenant* in his own house. This note is hardly worth sending, save that it will give you a very accurate and conscientious bulletin of that portion of your family, small and great, now in the Low Countries. The four are so entirely well as to be almost a matter of regret to our four, fearing that they will soon be fitting, and we left blooming alone. I must close at once, or this letter will miss the post. Pardon my abrupt close, and, with kindest remembrances of my wife and daughters, believe me

Always most affectionately and devotedly,

VARIUS.

To his Wife

Hôtel Bellevue, Dresden,
September 30, 1871.

MY DEAREST MARY: We have been here since Wednesday night. The house is an excellent one, on the river, in the Theater Platz. But an open space inclosed with board railings represents the pretty theater which was so familiar to us. It was burned a few years ago, and a temporary wooden structure round the corner accommodates (and must do so for some years) the theater-loving Dresdeners. We went there night before last, walking home sedately after nine o'clock, after seeing a very well acted little comedy and a dismal comic opera. At the table d'hôte we met John Bigelow, who seems to be cheerfully touring with his eldest daughter, a nice girl. They went to Prague yesterday, but are coming back Monday. The table d'hôte is too early,—half-past four,—besides being a bore; so to avoid falling helplessly into table dotage, we have resolved to dine in our salon at seven, unless we go to the play, which begins at half-past six. Yesterday forenoon we went to the old Dippoldiswalder house. We went through all the rooms—the salon with its pretty balcony looking into the garden, our room, Mary's room adjoining, where she always requested me to "leave the door a little open," Susie's room with the "little bedstead," and the library room, which used to look all over the Saxon Switzerland, and now only beholds a row of semi-detached houses, as a whole new quarter has grown up where used to be open fields. I did *not* observe that any marble tablet had been let into the wall with a Latin inscription setting forth that here

the "Dutch Republic" was written at an early period in this century. Unaccountable neglect!

It made one feel very old and very sad and very much like a dismal old ghost to go squeaking and gibbering about the places where two tranquil and happy years were passed so long ago. But I should have been less cut up if you had been with us.

Yesterday we met at the gallery M. and Madame de Seebach, who fell into conversation with us. Don't you remember meeting her once at some party in Dresden ages ago? She is a daughter of Nesselrode, and he (Baron Seebach) has been Saxon minister in Paris for the last twenty years. They were very friendly and complimentary; she said her father was one of my constant readers. There was a married daughter with them, who was very friendly with Lily, and said she had often heard of her.

M. de Seebach tried to find M. Grüner, director of the gallery, to introduce to us; but he was out at the time.

I wish very much to hear him talk about the great Holbein controversy. I told you, I think, in a previous letter that the opinion was prevalent that the great Dresden Madonna, called the "Madonna of Burgomaster Mayer," which you remember so well, is a copy.

There is nothing new in the fact, although to my shame I confess my ignorance of it until now, that another existed in Darmstadt, belonging to a princess of Hesse. There is now an exhibition here of the works of Holbein, as many as could be got together. It has been preparing for several years, and but for the war would have taken place last year. The chief object in

making the collection was to bring the two Madonnas side by side and let them grapple.

Well, here they hang, cheek by jowl at last, and I grieve to confess myself a good deal staggered. Having no pretension to connoisseurship, and therefore no reputation to lose, I will avow that the Darmstadt one looks like the original, and the Dresden one like a very careful and successful copy, done, perhaps, a generation or so after Holbein's death.

Of course every Saxon, from the king on his throne down to the humblest *Sesselträger* in his canary coat, would rise up in wrath at such blasphemy.

The object of the exhibition is for the connoisseurs to decide which of the two pictures—conceding that both are by Holbein—is the more masterly one.

The controversy has been going on, as I said, for years, and the literature is enormous, as might be supposed among such conscientious and inexhaustible and indefatigable critics as the Germans. They have been boring on and into the subject as if they were making a tunnel through Mont Cenis. But I will bore you no longer; but when I find out what M. Grüner's opinion is and the rest of the swells, I shall at once abandon my ground, and adopt their ideas and make them violently and unblushingly my own.

Lily is very well for her, and we get on very harmoniously. I have not been very fractious, and I think I feel the effect of getting my head above water. I am less lethargic and a little less gloomy, and certainly am not so easily fatigued as at The Hague. I trust soon to hear from you.

Ever your loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Hôtel Bellevue, Dresden,
October 2, 1871.

MY DEAREST MARY: I want to take another look at Prague (for literary purposes). I shall regret it if, being so near, I neglect the opportunity.

We have had enough of Dresden. The air is certainly more stimulating than at The Hague, and the treasures are wonderful. But the place has rather a deadly-lively aspect. And yet there is a new quarter extending from the Dippoldiswalder Street toward the southeast, covering a large space where were open fields in our time, and on which a large crop of flourishing streets and squares has sprung up, many of them extremely handsome. Also there are a great many attractive houses standing in gardens. There are hundreds of Americans, I am told, resident here, and, I suppose, a corresponding number of English.

We had the pleasure of finding out the Stockhausens.¹ They were out when we called, but they came over the same evening—I mean he and his daughter Julia. The other daughter is married and lives in Gratz, but as her husband is a great composer, they are going to remove to Leipsic. Stockhausen looks much as usual, and was very affectionate. He lives only in his souvenirs, he says. We are going to a family dinner with them to-morrow. To-day we do the same with the Charles Nortons.

Julia Stockhausen has been here an hour this morn-

¹ Baron Stockhausen, formerly Hanoverian minister to Austria, a valued colleague.

ing. She is very bright and intelligent, as usual, but hates the world, and they live in great retirement.

Poor M. Thies died here about a month ago, after a protracted illness. His widow is still here, and we shall call on her, but hardly expect to see her. Professor Grüner, director of the Engraving Cabinet, has just called on us and invited us to see the collection, although it is shut for the present to the public on account of cleaning. Likewise we have agreed to go at this instant almost to another great collection belonging to the late king or his heirs. Therefore reluctantly I must stop, but will write again to-morrow. Of course I don't call this a letter; but you will pardon it, as literally it will not catch the post unless despatched instantly, so that there are two imperious reasons for brevity.

Ever your loving and affectionate

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Hôtel Bellevue, Dresden,
October 3, 1871.

MY DEAREST MARY: I have not much to say; we go to the gallery every day. Sunday we went to high mass at the Cathedral Church and heard the fine music.

Lady Eastlake is staying in the house, and came to see us yesterday afternoon. Yesterday we dined with the Nortons. We had a pleasant dinner, esthetic, artistic, literary, and critical. They spend the winter here and return to America next year.

I wish I knew what our old lodgings in the Dippoldis-

walder cost now, but Lily forgot to ask Eichler. Of course I did n't remember to do so, but the prices seemed to have trebled. The population has increased fifty per cent. I don't know whence is all the influx. I shall say no more on the great Holbein question, except that, as I expected to be, I am staggered after talking with Professor Hübner, director of the gallery, and Professor Grüner. They and all the Dresden connoisseurs, and some of the Berlin ones, denounce bitterly the conspiracy to degrade the Dresden Madonna into a copy, and maintain that only the artist himself would have been capable of making the changes and improvements which it shows over the original one, which they admit the Darmstadt one to be. They say, however, that this latter has so suffered from bad varnish and much repainting that it is difficult to say how much of the original Holbein is left.

Your loving and affectionate

J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
January 22, 1872.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I will not let the first month of the year go by without sending to you and yours our best and kindest wishes for the remaining eleven and for many years after it. You are certainly the very best correspondent. You are also my only one. I do not deserve that you should write to me so often, except that no one could more highly appreciate your

letters, or be more sincerely grateful for them. You need not, however, express so much anxiety that what news you write may have already been furnished by others. I scarcely ever write to any one. Of course, therefore, as there could hardly be found a second friend so kind and magnanimous as yourself, I rarely receive letters. To you I am debtor for two letters in the last six months, one dated 1st July, 1871, and the other December 22. It was delightful to hear so many details of your own surroundings and of Boston doings and sayings. Your house must be a most agreeable residence. I always envied those who looked out from their snugly warmed libraries of a winter's day upon that wide estuary and picturesque environs which you paint so well in your letter, and which have always much impressed me when I was last at home. I am glad that you continue to take such pleasure in your daughter's and your son's marriage. A—— could not but be happy with so excellent a husband and so agreeable a companion. I am sorry that my wife should have come so near seeing them when in England last fall and yet miss them. For myself, I was not there. With the exception of a few weeks' tour in Germany at about that season to patch up my health, which is somewhat broken, I have not budged from The Hague since I came here a year ago, after being bowled out in so brutal a manner from a place where I did my duty as faithfully as man ever did.

I wish that you would tell me what your series of papers in the "Atlantic" is about. I have written to have the magazine, which somehow or another has stopped for nearly a year, so that I shall soon find out for myself. To give you a picture of my whereabouts

in exchange for yours. We are living in a house which I hired last May for a year, which is placed in the best and most agreeable part of this rather picturesque and peculiar little city. It is a square, commodious, brick mansion, and looks something like the rather old-fashioned-looking houses one used to see in Boston or Salem, with a large garden and the air of unmitigated respectability. It looks modern enough, and the proprietor has a considerable collection of admirable pictures, which embellish the rooms and make the house very homelike. Modern as it looks, it was once the residence of Frank van Borselen, the last husband and consoler of the unhappy Jacqueline of Bavaria. Subsequently it belonged for a time to Count Hohenlo, who figured much in the war of the Republic for independence against Spain, and who married one of the daughters of William the Silent. Last, not least, it was the residence of John de Witt, who walked out through the garden just two centuries ago toward the prison, a stone's throw from here, to speak with his brother Cornelius, who was locked in it, and whence they were both dragged and torn to pieces by the rabble on the square which is before my eyes. Looking up the street, instead of down, I see the house, not very much altered, of the great John van Olden-Barneveldt; and not very far off is the courtyard of the castle where he was beheaded. As I am engaged in getting up a history of this statesman and of his tragic ending from many documents in the Archives never published, it is not a disadvantage to find one's self on the spot.

I am afraid that I write history now rather from the bad habit of years, and because one must have a file to gnaw at, than from any hope of doing much good.

The desire to attempt the justification of the eminent and most fearfully injured Barneveldt inspires me, but I cannot help thinking, so far as my own small personality is concerned, that the public has had enough of me and will hardly absorb another book of mine. Moreover, I have at last the consciousness of being doubled up. I have suddenly fallen into old age as into a pit. And I hate it. I try to imagine that it has much to do with the climate and the marshy exhalations of a soil below the level of the sea, this sudden failing of intellectual and bodily vigor, languor, lassitude, moor-ditch melancholy. The place is in itself agreeable. We have many pleasant friends and acquaintances. People have been very polite and hospitable. Of all who live here, I should be ungrateful if I did not mention first and foremost the queen. I have rarely known a more intellectual or accomplished lady or a sincerer friend. Nothing could be kinder or more constant than her attentions to us. We see her every few days, either at her own palace or at our house. She is coming to pass this evening with us quite alone, and I wish you were to be of the party, and delight her with your wit and wisdom, for she would be sure to appreciate and enjoy your society.

Then we have a series of balls at the court, which are gay, brilliant, and not overcrowded, and which my youngest daughter Susie, who is in the midst of her dancing days, enjoys highly. At last Wednesday's ball the king selected her for his partner in the cotillion, which lasted two hours (it is called in Boston, I believe, the german) and was as merry as a marriage bell. These fantastic revels, which last till four or five in the morning, and recur very often, are better for

youth "with nimble soles," as Romeo says, than for their elders. I am sorry to say that my wife's health is anything but good. She is a martyr to chronic dyspepsia, and it would make you sad to see your old friend, she has grown so thin and slight. Still, the doctors insist that there is nothing organically wrong, and that she may entirely recover her health and be herself again. I have only left myself room to send her and all our warmest remembrances to you and yours, and to assure you of the constant friendship of

Yours sincerely,

J. L. M.

P. S. Pray continue your most Christian practice of writing as much as possible.

To Prince Bismarck

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
April 5, 1872.

MY DEAR BISMARCK: Only a line to acknowledge receipt of your telegram, and to send you a thousand best wishes and congratulations on your birthday. I could not do so on the day itself, although your telegram was sent upon it. By a curious coincidence, the 1st of April is also the birthday of the Dutch Republic; that is to say, the town of Brill was taken three hundred years ago on that day by the Water-Beggars, and I had been invited to the festival held at that ancient town in celebration of this three-hundredth anniversary of the national independence. I wish that I could

have been with you on your birthday. It would have been an immense pleasure to see the honors and congratulations showered upon you.

You have few older friends, I fancy, than I, and certainly none more sympathetic and attached. Alas! I cannot yet accept your kind invitation. But to make you a visit is one of the cherished projects for the last three years, and most certainly it shall be carried out before this year closes. If you permit, I will write to you some day when I see my path clear and make the proposition. If the time should not suit, we could make some arrangement for another day. Just now I have a variety of family arrangements which tie me here, besides some literary work which must be done now or never.

I am also expecting my daughter and her husband to pay us rather a long visit from England. She was married, just before we left that country, to Mr. Sheridan (great-grandson of the famous Sheridan), and I have not seen her since.

It makes me very happy to think that there are complaints in your family that I have not yet been able to fulfil my promise. It delights me to think that I am so kindly remembered by those of whom I think so often and with so much affection.

My only fear is that when I once get to you I shall never be able to tear myself away again.

Adieu, my dear friend. Give my kindest regards to your dear wife and daughter. They will allow me, I trust, this homely mode of greeting, and believe me, until we meet, as before and after,

Most sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

To his Wife

Arnheim,
Sunday, May 5, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: I have only a minute before breakfast to write a single line to say that we have returned from our brief pilgrimage to the north.

I wrote you Thursday from Leeuwarden, directed to "Hôtel d'Orient." The next day was market-day in that pretty little capital of Friesland, and it certainly was a very picturesque and agreeable spectacle. The whole town, that is to say, the principal squares and streets, was covered with booths and extemporized little shops, and there was everything to buy and sell, from a paper of pins to Frisian cows and pigs and funny antediluvian carts and carriages. The effect of thousands of women all dressed like helmed cherubim, with their gold or silver head-pieces glittering in a very bright sun, was most effulgent. I must retract what I said in my other letter about their faces. There is no doubt that the female type in this province is much superior to the rest of the country. There were many young faces with very delicate features and thin, well-cut noses, like yours, though not quite so perfect. The head-gear is most trying, as not a hair is visible; the forehead is made unnaturally high, and the sun glares pitilessly upon their above-mentioned noses.

We did a vast amount of shopping, in a small way, among the national jewelers. At three in the afternoon we took the rail (two hours) to Groningen; perambulated the place in a carriage, and afterward on foot. The town is a meek, modern, regular-looking place enough, which might be Salem or Newburyport,

or any other respectable one-horse New England city, but for a very beautiful church tower in the principal square, which is of stone, and exactly like the style of architecture called Early English in England. We passed the night there, and next morning at eight left for this place—a comfortable enough but boring journey of seven hours. The weather, which had been cloudless, broke Friday night, and it rained hard until we reached Arnheim. Then it cleared enough for us to take the same drive that Lily and I took last fall, to see the Pallandt-Keppel place of Rosendail, which is pretty enough.

If the weather is pleasant, we shall probably go to Alkmaar (three hours from Amsterdam) Monday morning, and get home from there by late dinner-time.

I find at this place a letter of invitation from the committee of arrangements for unveiling the monument at Heiliger Lee, a famous early battle-field which you will find described in the D. R.

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
May 7, 1872.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I am quite shocked that your kind and interesting letter of 10th March should have waited so long for a reply; the more inexcusable such a delay on my part because you then gave me the news of your son and my young friend Wendell's engagement to Miss Dixwell.

I thank you very much for writing to me on the occasion, and for the confidence you show that anything that touches you deeply is sure to interest me. Pray give him my earnest congratulations and kindest wishes for his happiness, in which my wife, although absent from home at this moment, most heartily joins, I know. Although I have not the pleasure of knowing the young lady, I have always known and highly respected that distinguished scholar her father, and much value the fine old Commonwealthian stock from which they descended. I have no doubt that you will have much pleasure in thus filling your pleasant new house again with this young *ménage* to replace those who have emigrated from your walls and established themselves so prosperously on their own account.

Many thanks for your two poems of welcome to the Russian prince. You are *facile princeps*, not only in your own country, but anywhere, in the art of throwing off these flashing, sparkling *jets d'esprit*, and the fountain seems perennial. The nation ought at least to furnish you with a yearly butt of sack. Whenever there is a call for a national outpouring, off everybody goes, as a matter of course, to tap you, and always you bubble fresher and fresher. It makes me feel more like a Silurian fossil than ever, when I read of these balls to your grand duke, to remember that I have danced at balls at his grandfather's court, when his father and mother, then the Czarevitch and wife, eldest son of Czar Nicholas the gigantic, were hardly out of their honeymoon. I do not know that I appreciate very highly that affection which is supposed to exist between Russia and America. At any rate, it is a very platonic attachment. Being founded, however, on en-

tire incompatibility of character, absence of sympathy, and a plentiful lack of any common interest, it may prove a very enduring passion.

I meant to answer your letter before, but I have been absent from home a little time, making a tour in the northern provinces, Friesland and Groningen. I put your letter in my traveling-portfolio, hoping to find a spare hour or two on the way, but brought it back last night unanswered. By the way, I suspect that your Netherland ancestors came from Friesland. At least, a Frisian acquaintance of mine, a distinguished painter to whom I have been sitting (not for myself), informs me that he has known the name of Wendell in his province. If so, you are maternally almost as much Anglo-Saxon as paternally; for the Frisians are the nearest blood-relations of the Angles, and, indeed, a thousand years ago spoke the same language and understood each other. I had, a few weeks ago, occasion to be present at an interesting ceremonial. On the 1st April was celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of the capture of Brill, a small place of no historical importance now, but interesting as the cradle of Netherland independence. If you care anything for the subject, you can find its capture described in the sixth chapter of the second volume of my first historical work.

I will not describe the celebration further than to say I never witnessed more genuine enthusiasm. The little, quaint, antique town was covered all over with flowers and wreaths and flags, and overflowing with excitement. I went from Rotterdam to the place, which is at the mouth of the Meuse, with the king in his yacht. His Majesty was to lay the foundation-stone

of a sailors' hospital to be raised on the spot in commemoration of the event. He was received with immense sympathy, for the hold of the house of Orange on the popular heart is very great, and with the best of reasons. We had cantatas and orations in the open air, and then we had a great banquet in the town house, with no end of toasts and patriotic speeches. The king, who is a manly, good-hearted, soldier-like man, spoke several times very well, so did burgomasters and ministers of state and professors; and your humble servant likewise was toasted, and informed that the University of Leyden had requested him to accept their degree of LL. D. *honoris causa*, and he made a speech in his vernacular, which was highly applauded, etc., etc. There were no reporters at the dinner, owing to some misunderstanding with the press, therefore I cannot send you any printed account of these doings, and all our speeches have exhaled with the champagne which gave them birth. So much the better. "Therefore exhale," says ancient Pistol. Pardon my little egotisms.

I like to tell so old and indulgent a friend as you that my efforts to illustrate the very heroic history of this country have been appreciated here, and that the books in the translation have gone through many editions. They are used in the higher schools also. I should have been sorry not to be known in the country to whose past I have devoted so much of my life. But we have been most warmly welcomed from highest to lowest, and I feel very grateful. I will say no more, and I blush to have said so much.

I read your new "Breakfast-Table" with infinite delight. It is the next best thing to talking to you. Per-

haps my affection for the writer blinds me (although I think not), but I cannot see that the new papers are not as fresh, fanciful, witty, philosophical as the first ones, and higher praise it would be difficult to give. I expect to finish a volume this summer. But where or when I shall publish I hardly know. I continue to write from vicious habit, but have lost all interest in publication. How is Lowell? What is his brilliant genius at work upon at this moment? Give my love to him when you see him. Alas! alas! when shall I see you all? I was grieved to hear what you say of W—— A——'s eyes. They never looked but with kindness on me and mine, and I am shocked that a film should come over either of them. I sincerely hope that the evil is not without remedy.

I must bring this rigmarole to a close. Pray write to me soon again. Your letters are most interesting to me, and do me good. Love to your wife, and believe me
Always most sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

The Hague,
May 9, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: The queen wrote to me immediately after my return, saying that "although very sad for her poor sister's death, she longed to see me." She seemed sad and lonely, but very affectionate. I was with her for an hour yesterday afternoon. She said the death of Princess Henry was unexpected; she regrets her much. The Prince of Orange is about the

same. She does not think that anything serious affects his health, although every one says that he is looking very ill.

We dined last evening at Clingendaal. Lady Milbanke and her daughter are staying there, but are likely to be gone before your return. They are setting forth for Switzerland next week. It was a merry young party—Madame de Pallandt and her husband, and some of the usual beaux, Lynden, Schuylenberg, Clifford, with a small addition in the evening, Harries and others. I hope you will stay away as long as it amuses you and does you good. I don't dare to think of how well you have been, by Lily's account. I won't say how much I miss and long for you both, because I don't wish to hurry you one moment.

Love to Lily. God bless you, dearest.

Your ever-loving

J. L. M.

From Prince Bismarck

Varzin,

July 6, 1872.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I was the more agreeably surprised in seeing your handwriting, as I guessed before opening the letter that it would contain the promise of a visit here. You are a thousand times welcome, and doubly if accompanied by your ladies, who, I am sure, never have seen a Pomeranian on his native soil. We live here somewhat behind the woods, but Berlin once reached, the journey is not a difficult one. The best

train leaves Berlin in the morning between eight and nine o'clock—I believe 8:45, Stettiner Bahnhof, fifteen or twenty minutes to drive from any hotel about the Linden. You go by railway as far as Schlawe, where you arrive at about four o'clock afternoon, and from where a trumpet-sounding postilion brings you to Varzin just in time for the dinner-bell, before six o'clock. If you will have the goodness to send me a telegram on your departure from Berlin, or the evening before, I shall make everything ready for you at Schlawe, so that you only have to step from the wagon to the *Wagen*. The Pomeranian gods will be gracious enough for me to give you a sunny day, and in that case I should order an open carriage, and one for luggage. Only let me know by the telegram your will about this and about the number of in- or outside places wanted.

My wife is still at Loden. I expect her to be back on the 9th inst., but *la donna è mobile!* At all events, she will not be detained by female frailty beyond the end of the week. She will be equally glad to see you again; your name is familiar to her lips, and never came forth without a friendly smile. The first day that you can dispose of, at all events, is the best one to come to see us, though we think to remain here until the end of summer. You do not mention that Mrs. Motley will accompany you, and by this silence I take it for granted that she will, as *Mann und Weib sind ein Leib*. We will be happy to see her with you, and *en attendant* give my most sincere regards to her and to Mrs. Ives.

Most faithfully your old friend,

V. BISMARCK.

To his Wife

Varzin,

July 25, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: I had better write a line to tell you that we have arrived in safety, although I fear that I shall hardly be able to say much just now, as I wish to go down-stairs to the breakfast-room. Lily told you all there was to say of Berlin. We had a pleasant half-hour with the Bancrofts, who were very cordial, and we promised to go and see them on our return. We left Berlin at a quarter to nine yesterday morning; reached Schlawe station at half-past four.

We had an hour and a half's drive from the station to Varzin. As the postilion sounded his trumpet and we drove up to the door, Bismarck, his wife, M——, and H—— all came out to the carriage and welcomed us in the most affectionate manner. I found him very little changed in appearance since '64, which surprises me. He is somewhat stouter, and his face more weather-beaten, but as expressive and powerful as ever. Madame de Bismarck is but little altered in the fourteen years that have passed since I saw her. They are both most kind and agreeable to Lily, and she feels already as if she had known them all her life. M—— is a pretty girl, with beautiful dark hair and gray eyes—simple, unaffected, and, like both father and mother, full of fun. The manner of living is most unsophisticated, as you will think when I tell you that we were marched straight from the carriage into the dining-room (after a dusty, hot journey by rail and carriage of ten hours), and made to sit down and go on with the dinner, which was about half through, as,

owing to a contretemps, we did not arrive until an hour after we were expected. After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters—without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, "This is the great Bismarck, the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived." When one lives familiarly with Brobdingnags it seems for the moment that everybody is a Brobdingnag too, that it is the regular thing to be; one forgets for the moment one's own comparatively diminutive stature. There are a great many men in certain villages that we have known who cast a far more chilling shade over those about them than Bismarck does.

In the evening we sat about most promiscuously, some drinking tea, some beer, some Selters water; Bismarck smoking a pipe. He smokes very little now, and only light tobacco in a pipe. When I last knew him, he never stopped smoking the strongest cigars. Now he tells me he could n't to save his life smoke a single cigar; he has a disgust for them. A gentleman named Von Thadden and his wife are the only guests, and they go this afternoon—a Pomeranian friend. He made the campaign of Königgrätz, and Bismarck was telling innumerable anecdotes about that great battle, and subsequently gave some most curious and interesting details about the negotiations of Nikolsburg. I wish that you could have heard him. You

know his way. He is the least of a *poseur* of any man I ever saw, little or big. Everything comes out so offhand and carelessly; but I wish there could be an invisible, self-registering Boswell always attached to his buttonhole, so that his talk could be perpetuated. There were a good many things said by him about the Nikolsburg conference confirming what I had always understood.

The military opinion was bent on going to Vienna after Sadowa. Bismarck strongly opposed this idea. He said it was absolutely necessary not to humiliate Austria, to do nothing that would make friendly relations with her in the future impossible. He said many people refused to speak to him. The events have entirely justified Bismarck's course, as all now agree. It would have been easy enough to go to Vienna or to Hungary, but to return would have been full of danger. I asked him if he was good friends with the Emperor of Austria now. He said yes, that the emperor was exceedingly civil to him last year at Salzburg, and crossed the room to speak to him as soon as he appeared at the door. He said he used when younger to think himself a clever fellow enough, but now he was convinced that nobody had any control over events, that nobody was really powerful or great, and it made him laugh when he heard himself complimented as wise, foreseeing, and exercising great influence over the world. A man in the situation in which he had been placed was obliged, while outsiders, for example, were speculating whether to-morrow it would be rain or sunshine, to decide promptly, it will rain, or it will be fine, and to act accordingly with all the forces at his command. If he guessed right, all the

world said, "What sagacity, what prophetic power!" if wrong, all the old women would have beaten him with broomsticks.

If he had learned nothing else, he said he had learned modesty. Certainly a more unaffected mortal never breathed, nor a more genial one. He looks like a Colossus, but his health is somewhat shattered. He can never sleep until four or five in the morning. Of course work follows him here, but as far as I have yet seen it seems to trouble him but little. He looks like a country gentleman entirely at leisure.

The woods and park about the house are fine, but unkempt and rough, unlike an English country place. We have had, since I began to write, long walks and talks in the woods, an agreeable family dinner, and then a long drive through the vast woods of beeches and oaks of which the domain is mostly composed. I don't intend to Boswellize Bismarck any more. It makes me feel as if I were a New York "Herald" interviewing reporter. He talks away right and left about anything and everything; says, among other things, that nothing could be a greater *bêtise* than for Germany to attack any foreign country; that if Russia were to offer the Baltic Provinces as a gift, he would not accept them. As to Holland, it would be mere insanity to pretend to occupy or invade its independence; it had never occurred to him or to anybody. As to Belgium, France would have made any terms at any time with Germany if allowed to take Belgium. I wish I could record the description he gave of his interviews with Jules Favre, and afterward with Thiers and Favre when the peace was made.

One trait I must n't forget, however. Favre cried

a little, or affected to ery, and was very pathetic and heroic. Bismarck said that he must not harangue him as if he were an assembly; they were two together on business purposes, and he was perfectly hardened against eloquence of any kind. Favre begged him not to mention that he had been so weak as to weep, and Bismarck was much diverted at finding in the printed account afterward published by Favre that he made a great parade of the tears he had shed.

I must break off in order to commit this letter to the bag. Of course I don't yet know how long we shall stay here; I suppose a day or two longer. I will send you a telegram about a change of address, so don't be frightened at getting one.

Ever yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Varzin,

July 27, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: I sent a telegram this morning to ask you to let me have a line at Berlin, where we shall stop a couple of days, in spite of the probable heat, in obedience to your orders with regard to a tailor. On the day we arrived, I ordered a few things, which I dare say will be as hideous as anything else I get, although made by the smartest *Schneider* in Berlin. We shall leave day after to-morrow morning, and sleep that night at the Hôtel du Nord. We have been having a most delightful visit, quite as agreeable as we expected, and that is saying a great deal. It has done me much good to be with Bismarck so familiarly

and pleasantly all this time. We have had long, long talks about the great events in which he has been the principal actor, and he goes on always so entirely *sans gêne*, and with so much frankness and simplicity, that it is a delight to listen. How I wish you could be listening to him, too! I find him little changed or aged, but his nervous system is a good deal shattered, and he suffers much from insomnia. She looks very much as she did, but is a good deal of an invalid; and when I tell you that she is by nature as anxious a person as you are, and was always in a state of alarm if the slightest illness occurred to her husband or any of the children, you may imagine what she must have endured in all these campaigns. To-morrow is their silver (twenty-five years) wedding. His brother and wife and son have just arrived, and another old friend, a certain Pomeranian squire, M. von Blankenburg. I thought that perhaps we might be *de trop*, as they had taken particular pains to let the public know nothing of the occasion, but he wished much that we should stay over the day.

The house is not large, a very moderate sort of château, but the woods and walks and drives are very pleasant, and there is room, I believe, for the company, although I don't feel very comfortable at occupying the best rooms in the house, when so many others are here. I don't mean this to be a descriptive letter from "your own correspondent," and so I will not put down any more of his talk, which, when noted down, loses most of its point, as a matter of course. We have just returned from a two hours' drive through the woods. We breakfast at any hour, dine generally at about half-past three, he not being allowed to dine

late, and after dinner we make these sylvan excursions, and go to bed after a scrambling, promiscuous supper about twelve.

We have promised to dine with Bancroft.¹ He sent me a letter here asking me to name a day, and I sent him a telegram this morning fixing Tuesday. The next day we expect to go as far as Brunswick, and then to make a three or four days' excursion in the Harz. This is about the extent of our ambition, and I have no doubt that when we get away from here we shall begin to be very homesick.

The weather is very fine and cloudless, without being excessively hot. The atmosphere is pure and invigorating, the country being covered with pine-forests, so that one might imagine one's self in New Hampshire.

God bless you, dear, and, with love to Susie,

Ever your loving

J. L. M.

My most devoted remembrances to H. M. the Queen.

To his Youngest Daughter

Varzin,

July 30, 1872.

MY DEAREST SUSIE: It is an infinite pleasure to listen to Bismarck's conversation, to hear the history of Europe during the last most eventful half-dozen years told in such an easy-going, offhand way by the man who was the chief actor and director of that amazing

¹ George Bancroft, the historian, minister of the United States to Germany.

history. Without giving you, however, a *cours d'histoire contemporaine*, I could hardly undertake to give you much of his conversation. . . . He does not dislike Louis Napoleon, and said that he had long been of opinion that his heart was much better and his head less powerful than the world was inclined to believe.

The *silberne Hochzeit* was very interesting. Letters and telegrams of congratulation kept coming in all day, from the emperor and crown prince down to students' clubs in all parts of Germany, *Schützenvereine*, all sorts of individuals and associations of men and women. We went to church in the morning, drove in the forest for several hours, and dined at six. There was no company but his brother, wife, and son, and one other old friend, and some of the adherents and officials of the household. In the midst of the repast M—— suddenly said to me, “You must propose the toast to papa,” and forthwith she rapped on a glass, stopped the whole conversation, and called general attention to my oration. It was a masterly effort in the German tongue, lasted twenty-five seconds, and ended with much clicking of glasses and hip, hip, hurrying. After dinner Bismarck made some little speeches to the villagers and the musicians. In the evening a mighty bowl of punch was brewed, and we smoked and made merry until past midnight. I believe the telegrams of congratulation have been counted, and they amount to about two hundred.

. . . To-morrow morning we leave the house at half-past eight, and arrive at Berlin at 6 P. M., having spent here a most delightful week.

Ever your most affectionate

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Hôtel du Nord, Berlin,

Thursday, August 1, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: I feel as if I had neglected you and written very few letters. But the promiscuous way in which life went on at Varzin made it very difficult to get a reasonable hour or two for the purpose of writing. And I thought that it would be as well to talk over with you all that we talked about in the woods, and at the breakfast- and dinner-table, or on the veranda, as to try to record all the slip-slop, *décousu*, but profoundly interesting conversation which we have been so much enjoying.

The way of life is very simple at Varzin, but the irregularity of the hours is great. I usually came down-stairs, as well as Lily, between nine and ten. Madame de Bismarck, M——, and the sons came in promiscuously and had breakfast with us. Bismarck came down about eleven. His breakfast is very light, —an egg and a cup of coffee,—and then he has a meerschaum pipe. While he is sitting there and talking to all of us, his secretary hands him the piles of letters with which he is goaded in his retirement, and with a lead-pencil about a foot long makes memoranda as to the answers and other disposition to be made. Meanwhile the boys are playing billiards in another part of the same room, and a big black dog, called “Sultan,” is rampaging generally through the apartment and joining in everybody’s conversation. I was very sorry that Susie could not have been with us; M—— said a great deal about her, and was extremely

sorry not to see her; and I am sure Susie would have liked her very much, she is so full of fun and nonsense and good humor, and much petted, but not spoiled. After breakfast Bismarck and I always took a long walk, during which he was always talking, generally about the events of the French war. I have given so many specimens in my letters to you and Susie and Mary that it would be foolish to attempt sending any more small bricks as specimens of the house. The nominal dinner-hour was three, but we rarely sat down earlier than a quarter to four. No dinner dressing nor evening costume. Dinner always good and simple; wine excellent.

On the courtyard side the house consists of a main building, two stories high, with two long windows projecting from the house, in which are servants' rooms and offices, making three sides of an open quadrangle. On the lawn or wood side there is a long veranda running in front of the main house. Inside is a square hall, with wide staircase leading to a large hall above, out of which open four spacious bedrooms. On each side of the hall below is a suite of one or two rooms, which are the family and reception rooms, besides his library and the private rooms of the ladies of the family. The estate is about 30,000 morgens, equal to 20,000 acres. A great part—certainly two thirds—is forest, pine, oak, and beech. Of the rest, a small farm, some 200 or 300 acres, is in his own hands. The rest is let in large farms of 800 or 900 acres. The river Wipper, which runs through the property, is a valuable water-power. He has built two or three mills upon it, one of which is already let and in operation. The other and larger one is not yet finished. Both are

pasteboard mills, pine-wood being the raw material, which, of course, furnishes a great demand from his estate.

The Lauenburg property is about of the same dimensions, but much more valuable. This was given to him by the king when he made him prince. Both his sons are manly, active, well-mannered, good-looking. The intense affection which he has for his wife and children is delightful to contemplate, and, as you may imagine, he is absolutely worshiped by them. The week passed here is something for Lily and me to remember for the rest of our lives. The parting was painful to me, *for heaven knows when I shall ever see him again*. He sent most affectionate messages to you, and they were all very sorry you could not come, and Susie also.

I am sorry that I telegraphed so soon for you to write to the Hôtel du Nord. Nothing had been said about the limit of our visit, but when on Sunday night I spoke of ordering the post-chaise next morning to take us to the railway-station, Bismarck remonstrated so vehemently about it that we were only too glad to postpone our departure two more days; and I think I mentioned to you that Bismarck telegraphed to Bancroft asking him to postpone his dinner for us until Thursday. *I never can adequately express to you how kind and affectionate they have all been to us*. She is kindness and cordiality itself, and we have felt all the time as if we were part of the family. As for Bismarck himself, my impressions of his bigness have increased rather than diminished by this renewed intimacy. Having been with him constantly fourteen or fifteen hours a day for a whole week, I

have certainly had opportunity enough to make up my mind. . . .

Mr. Bancroft came this morning and made us a long visit. He is excessively cordial. We dine with him to-day at six, and he has invited some people to meet us.

Pray give my devoted and affectionate respects to the queen when you see her.

Love to Susie, who I hope will not abuse my new clothes got on purpose to please her.

Ever, dearest, lovingly yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Berlin, Hôtel du Nord,
August 2, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: We had a pleasant dinner at Bancroft's yesterday. Mommsen and Ranke were not there, both being in Munich.

Bancroft had done his best to make a variety, and had two dips—Balen, now minister of Germany in Brussels, and the newly arrived Spaniard Escosura. Then there was a distinguished naturalist and very agreeable man, Helmholtz, connected by marriage with the Mohls, the first painter of Berlin, Richter, and his wife, a daughter of Meyerbeer.

Then there was a young and most friendly man in white trousers, whom I took for a youth, but who turned out to have been with me at Göttingen—one of the Grimms, who has written lives of Michelangelo and Raphael; an old gentleman whose name I did not catch, but who was celebrated for something, I doubt not, made up the party. To-day Bancroft is coming at two, and we shall go to the gallery.

Meantime a more pressing affair is my tailor, who has been sending fashions to adorn my body during the past ten days, and is coming presently to torture me by trying them on. Herbert Bismarck says he is the first tailor of Berlin, but *furchtbar theuer*, the complaint which Toots made of Burgess & Co. I have done my best to comply with Susie's instructions, and expect nothing but unfriendly criticism and bitter irony in return. No matter; I shall have an easy conscience and tight-fitting clothes. I care not for my conscience, and wish that the clothes were easier.

To-morrow morning we go to Thale, and we expect to content ourselves with mild excursions on comparatively level ground. As we come nearer the scene of action, the enchantment of the Brocken seems to subside. It is so easy not to go up the mountain and survey the panorama from the summit at sunrise that I think we shall remain below. I have "Faust" in my bag, and can read the "Walpurgisnacht" over again comfortably in bed, which will be much jollier. I don't see why we should n't be back by Saturday at latest, and perhaps sooner.

Ever, dearest, affectionately and lovingly yours,
J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
August 17, 1872.

MY DEAR HOLMES: Yours of 26th May was duly received, and, as usual, gave me much pleasure. I will try to look up some Dutch children's books and send

them by the first opportunity if they are worth sending. I have been a good deal in your company of late, as I am a constant listener to "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table." By the way, you may be amused by an accidental coincidence in an expression quoted by you from Bancroft and one in an unpublished chapter of mine. Let me first put the two side by side—I have your "Breakfast-Table" before me: "Setting himself up over against the privileged classes, he, with a loftier pride than theirs, revealed the power of a yet higher order of nobility, not of a registered ancestry of fifteen generations, but one absolutely spotless in its escutcheon, preordained in the council-chamber of eternity." In my unpublished work a paragraph runs thus: "Against the oligarchy of commercial and juridical corporations they stood the most terrible aristocracy of all—the aristocracy of God's elect, predestined from all time and to all eternity to take precedence and to look down upon their inferior and lost fellow-creatures." This is not a plagiarism, for it was written two months before I received the "Atlantic," and I never read the article on Jonathan Edwards. But of course every good-natured critic who happens to stumble on the coincidence will enjoy himself highly in detecting and exposing the transparent petty larceny. I made a note of the two passages, and being in Berlin the other day, read them to Bancroft for the fun of the thing.

Your last "Table Talk" was especially interesting to me, as it deals with many subjects in a masterly way which have been occupying me a good deal from time to time. I am very sorry that the series will close with the year. My wife's health has given me of late a

great deal of anxiety. She is a little better, I am happy to say, to-day, than she has been for three or four years past, and has spent four-and-twenty hours almost without pain. We are wavering about our winter. It is plain she ought to have a change of climate, although the especial malaria of Holland does not seem to affect her as much as it does many others. We shall probably go to Cannes or Nice for the winter—not that those climates are especially good for her case, so far as I know, but she feels an inclination toward them, and, at any rate, they are bright and bracing, and she will be able to have a good deal of air and sunlight and gentle exercise, which she likes, and which are beneficial to her. We had thought of going home this autumn, but this is for the present out of the question. Lily and I have been making a few weeks' journey in North Germany.

The best holiday that I have had for a long time was a week which we spent with Bismarck at his country-seat, Varzin, in Pomerania. I dare say you remember that he and I were fellow-students almost forty years ago, and very intimate, and we have always kept up our intimacy. I had not seen him since 1864, when he was in Vienna after the Schleswig-Holstein war. During those eight years he has accomplished what I always dreamed might be done, but after about a century's work. It is not an exaggeration to say that he has done a hundred years' hard work since 1864. A great, powerful, united Germany has been the dream of every enthusiastic youth in the fatherland for generation after generation. The substitution of the solid, healthy Teutonic influence for the Latinized Celtic, the control of Central Europe by a united nation of deep

thinkers and straightforward, honest strikers for liberty and fatherland, instead of a race who have overrun all neighboring countries century after century for the sake of *la gloire*, and who avow that their grandeur is necessarily founded on the weakness, distraction, and disintegration of other nations, that united Italy and united Germany are insults and injuries to France, only to be wiped out by war—this has been the national aspiration ever since the peace of Westphalia, when Germany was cut up into three hundred and seven pieces. All this has been at last accomplished in two blows. But what blows! One sent Austria reeling out of Germany, to find her center of gravity at Pest, having hitherto claimed to control Germany. The other has smashed forever the pretensions of France to control Europe and forbid the union of homogeneous peoples—the Teutons on one side and the Italians on the other.

These are not dynastic victories, military combinations, cabinet triumphs. They are national, popular, natural achievements, accomplished almost as if by magic by the tremendous concentrated will of one political giant, aided by a perfected military science such as I suppose the modern world never saw before. At least, I fancy that such enormous results were never before reached with so little bloodshed in comparison. Four or five hundred thousand soldiers taken in two or three nets and landed high and dry, to be thrown all alive again into the sea of population when the war is over—this is superior to butchering the same numbers. It is for such considerations as these that I have always felt an intense sympathy with the German movement. Intellect, science, nationality, popular en-

thusiasm, are embodied in it. They must unquestionably lead to liberty and a higher civilization. Yet many people are able to see nothing in it but the triumph of military despotism.

Mr. Motley to Archbishop Trench

6 Kneuterdyk, The Hague,
October 5, 1872.

MY DEAR LORD: On my return from a journey in Germany, which I recently made, I had the pleasure of finding on my table your volume of lectures on Gustavus Adolphus and the Thirty Years' War, sent to me by the author. I hasten to thank you very sincerely for your courtesy, and to assure you that I have read the book carefully and with close attention, and have found much profit and much pleasure in so doing.

I am struck with the great amount of information and of philosophy which you have compressed into comparatively so small a space.

Your appreciation of Gustavus seems to me an eminently just one, and your pictures of Germany, both before and after the war, are very impressive.

As I am likely to be occupied with the task to which you are good enough to allude in your preface for many years to come, your book will lie on my table and be often in my hands.

The recently published books to which you refer are mostly in my possession. A few of them, however, are new to me, and I shall not fail to get them. I have

been occupied for a year past with a preliminary study to the Thirty Years, and have found a good deal of new material in the archives of this kingdom and of Belgium for the epoch of Barneveldt, Maurice of Nassau, the last year of Henry IV., and the quasi war in the duchies of Cleves and Juliers, which was a kind of dress-rehearsal of the awful tragedy which was to begin so soon afterward.

Besides the materials for the Thirty Years' War in the various archives of which you speak in your preface, there is much in Venice, in Brussels, and in this place; and I found some years ago some remarkable documents in the private archives of eminent families in Rome. As to the invaluable foreign and other correspondence in the Vatican, I fear it will be many long years before the student of history will be allowed to enter upon that golden harvest.

But I did not intend to intrude upon your patience so long, but only to express my thanks for your book, which I now do once more,

And am, my dear Lord,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

To his Wife

The Hague,

Sunday, October 6, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: I gave the queen the message of Mrs. Sheridan, having already read her, at our last dinner at the House in the Wood, as you know, Mrs. Sheridan's first letter, placing Frampton at her dis-

position. She expressed great pleasure on both occasions, and wished me to convey her best compliments and thanks, and acceptance of the invitation. I told her that the Sheridans would like much to know whom her Majesty would like to meet, but she only said that she should be only too happy to meet any of their friends. Thus far neither you nor I have made any suggestion to the queen or to the Sheridans from beginning to end. The queen has not mentioned any names to me, and it is obvious that she quite prefers that the Sheridans should invite their own guests.¹

Ever your loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

The Hague,

Wednesday, October 16, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY: The queen left the Bellevue station at 7:15 A. M., by special train for Rotterdam, yesterday. I went down to see her off,—the only person in The Hague that did so,—getting up at the unearthly hour of six. It blew an awful gale from the west, and the rain was coming down in floods. I did n't feel very anxious, for I felt almost sure the voyage would not come off. She went to Rotterdam, thence by small steamer to Hellevoetsluis, where the *Valk*, an old tub of a steam-frigate, was awaiting her to take her in pomp to Woolwich. She would much have preferred,

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan had invited the Queen of the Netherlands to pay a visit to Frampton Court and stand godmother in person to Mrs. Algernon Sheridan's second daughter Sophie.

I think, to go to Calais, but the king, from various reasons of state, I suppose, chose that the *Valk* (*Falcon*), so called from her slowness, should be her conveyance. Gericke received a telegram in the course of the day that the queen had remained at Brouwershaven (at the mouth of the Meuse), doubtless on board the *Valk*. It blew great guns all day. I was looking out of the window and saw almost the whole of one of the large trees nearly opposite on the Kneuterdyk blown down with a crash; at which many street boys, emerging apparently from underground, like toads in a shower, uttered yells of triumph. The weather moderated toward midnight, and there was a bright moon, so that I incline to think the queen would have started at about that time from Brouwershaven.

Our dinner went off well enough. The queen came in about nine, as she proposed the day before to do, and was very amiable and gracious. She went away about ten. The rest of the company remained an hour longer.

I have heard nothing from Sumner; I suppose he went to Munich, and perhaps won't come here at all. I will mention his name to Sheridan, and say that, as the queen wished much to make his acquaintance, I ventured to make an exception in suggesting an invitation to him. I was interrupted by a visit from M. Groen van Prinsterer. I mentioned to him that I was going to ask Madame Groen to accept a small sum to dispose in charity from Lily and you.

Your very affectionate

J. L. M.

Sumner arrived Tuesday afternoon, spent the rest of that day, the next day, and departed Thursday after-

noon, taking the Harwich boat at three o'clock. I gave him and read him all your messages and Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan's, with which he was much pleased and touched. He will certainly come to Frampton, if it be a possibility. He means, I think, to go to Inveraray, which he is engaged to do for a day, but even then thinks he might have one or two days for Frampton during the queen's visit.

He looks much as usual, and I fancy is much improved since his departure from America.

I don't think he doubts much as to Grant's election. Certainly, since the October successes of the Republicans, it is difficult to doubt. We are dining out now every day. Thursday, a family dinner at Schimmelpennick's; Friday, what would have been a pleasant and jolly dinner at the V. Brienens, only it was turned into a tragedy for Susie and me by the sad news of H——,¹ which Türkheim communicated as a piece of interesting news at the beginning of the dinner.

Your affectionate

J. L. M.

¹ News of the early death of beautiful young Countess Béla Szechenyi.

CHAPTER XXIV

LAST YEARS

Bournemouth—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Great fire in Boston and its consequences—"The Poet at the Breakfast-table"—Bournemouth and its climate—Sir Percy Shelley—Boscombe House—Relics of Shelley—Burial of Lord Lytton in Westminster Abbey—Visit to Poltimore Park—Asking for advice—Mr. Motley's illness—Desire to go to America—Visit to Mentmore—Letter to Baroness Meyer de Rothschild—Miss Thackeray—Education in Massachusetts—Return to London—Hatfield and its archives—Panshanger—Ball at Grosvenor House—Improved health—Work on Barneveldt's "Life"—Chiswick—The Shah—Dinner with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll—Various entertainments—Fête at Northumberland House—The Prince of Wales—The emancipated-slave singers—Progress of the "Life of Barneveldt"—Letter from Dean Stanley—Fresh attack of illness—Publication of the "Life of John van Olden-Barneveldt"—Letter from Dean Stanley—Cannes—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Account of Mr. Motley's illness—Death of Mr. Sumner—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—Boston gossip—Mrs. Agassiz—Literary work—Birth of a grandson—Naworth Castle—Death of Mrs. Motley—Letters to Baroness Meyer de Rothschild and to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Letter from Mr. Carlyle—Letter to Mrs. W. W. Wadsworth—Plans for the future—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—The monotony of lecturing—Friendship and sorrow—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Failing powers—Mr. Dana's nomination—Mr. Motley elected a member of the Institute of France—Visit to the Queen of the Netherlands—Huis ten Bosch—Visit to Allenheads—Letter to the Duchess of Argyll—The Lakes—The Eastern Question—Letter to Dean Stanley on Vol. III. of the "History of the Jewish

Church"—London in winter—Lady Marian Alford—Hengler's Circus—The Eastern Question—Sir William Harcourt's speech—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Marriage of Lady Vernon Harcourt in Westminster Abbey—The Turco-Russian War—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne—Letter from Dr. O. W. Holmes—Reverence for the past—Death of Mr. Turner Sargent—Letter to Mr. H. Cabot Lodge—Death of Admiral Davis—Letter to Dr. O. W. Holmes on the death of his son-in-law and of Turner Sargent—English politics—The Eastern Question—Visits to the Duke of Somerset at Bulstrode and to Mr. L'Estrange at Hunstanton—Miss Martineau's autobiography—Kingston Russell—Rumors of war between England and Russia—Extract from Dean Stanley's sermon—Conclusion.

[The winter of 1872–73 Mr. Motley passed at Bournemouth, where he was seriously ill from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs.]

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Tankerville, Bournemouth,
January 26, 1873.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I am your debtor for two delightful letters, 16th November and 26th December. Your account of the great fire¹ was most interesting. It is exactly this kind of calamity which makes an exile, and almost an outlaw, feel specially homesick. One wishes to share in the common sorrow, and exchange sympathy with those who are hit hardest and those who have escaped. As I understand the matter, it is hardly the very poor that have most suffered, but the rich, who can bear it, as the saying is, although I never saw a rich man yet who enjoyed losing two or three hundred thousand dollars, nor do I see why he

¹ In Boston.

should. I should suppose people of limited incomes, who had good dividends from insurance stock, which they looked on as regularly productive as the milch-cow or the pump, and who now see the whole swept into nothingness, are among those to be commiserated. I have not come off scatheless myself, having had stock in the Merchants', Boston, National, and American Insurance Company, all of which yielded, I think, fifteen or twenty per cent. annually on the investment, and all of which, save the last-named, have gone to Abraham's bosom. But every one is plucky and energetic,—I believe that is the consecrated expression,—and I am so likewise. Not that I see how my pluck and energy will bring me back the lost dividends, or prevent the *hiatum valde deflendum* in my year's accounts. Nevertheless, I have sent one hundred dollars for the general relief, and another hundred for poor old Harvard, which, under the circumstances, is all that duty seemed to require from a lame duck like myself.

The quarter of the town burned was to me a ruin when I surveyed it last; that is to say, it was a new commercial quarter, which had risen like an exhalation over the grave of the good old Franklin and Summer streets, Winthrop and Otis Place, and the like, which were the familiar haunts of my youth, and filled with most agreeable memories of middle age. And when I came back and tried to trace the old landmarks amid the crop of granite warehouses which had usurped their places, I felt forlorn. And now this has vanished, too, like a scene in a pantomime. For me, I can see the old street scenery of 1840-50 with perfect distinctness now in my mind's eye, while the things just

destroyed leave hardly a wrack behind in my memory. I am none the less deeply sorry for the calamity, and those whom it touches most.

I think I have already told you how much I enjoyed "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table," of which I read every number as it came out in the "Atlantic." You have no idea how much pleasure it gives me to see your familiar and beloved face on the outside of cheap editions at railway-stations everywhere. It is odd how tolerably good and not intolerably caricaturish they get you on those yellow covers, and sell you for one or two base shillings, to the detriment of your purse, but to the increase of your renown. Everybody I meet in society knows and appreciates thoroughly your delightful trilogy or trinity—*tria juncta in uno*—Autocrat, Professor, Poet. I wonder whether you could not send me, care Baring Brothers & Co., the three volumes, with your name inside? You know how much pleasure it will give me. I can buy easily enough, but I hate not to have a presentation copy. I believe I have sent you all my ponderous volumes. If not, pray let me know, that I may repair the omission. I know I always meant to do so. I have another volume written, and am waiting to get a little more strength before finishing it off for the press. But I have entirely lost all pleasure in publishing. I shall go on writing, that is to say, I shall do so when I get over the horror of the inkstand, the kind of *delirium tremens*, which I suppose is the natural result of committing excesses in the fluid, by which I am now oppressed; but I dare say what I write may be left to my executors, who will think it perhaps best to light fires with the MS.

I have very little to amuse you with. We are living in a very quiet, dull, seaside nondescript, for it is neither town, village, watering-place, nor spa, but a most heterogeneous collection of villas and semi-detached houses, sprinkled about, with hardly a street, over a pitch-pine-covered barren heath along a pretty curved sea-coast in the south of Hampshire. "Marry, good air!" as Justice Shallow says. What a strange thing that Gulf Stream is, for I suppose it is that which at this moment forces me to throw open wide the window at which I am writing, although the fire is almost dead in the grate. The sound of the surf comes sleepily in from the sandy cove over which our villa looks, the laurustinus is in full flower, the gorse is never without its yellow stars, and there is a pleasant fragrance from the pine-woods behind the house. Snow and ice are as undreamed of as if we lived in Egypt, and yet here we are ten degrees nearer the north pole than in Boston, which, I suppose, is buried in a white deluge about this time. Yesterday the sun was shining, and I sat a long time on the cliffs, looking out on the Channel.

The sun was warm, the sky was clear,
The waves were dancing fast and bright,

as if it had been the Bay of Naples, which the dejected Shelley so exquisitely sang.

And that reminds me that Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, is our nearest neighbor here. He called the other day. I was sitting alone when the servant announced "Sir Percy Shelley"; it gave me a start, and I could not help saying, "Your name is one of the most familiar to me from boyhood up," or words to

that effect. They are rather famous for private theatricals. And I am glad to say that he and his wife have a veritable *culte* for the memory of the poet. They are not able to live at the family seat in Sussex, on account of their health, but have created a very pretty home near this. Boscombe House, in one of the rooms of which is a sort of shrine to Shelley, a cast of the marble monument erected to him in the neighboring church at a place called Christchurch, and tables covered with glass, under which are memorials and relics, locks of his hair and of Byron, Trelawney, Leigh Hunt, and other of his companions, a glove found in the boat in which he was drowned, a soaked little volume of Æschylus, which he had with him in his last moments, and other things. The very beautiful and poetical picture of him, which is the frontispiece to all the editions of his works, is the only portrait of him (except one done of him as a child by the Duc de Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, and by him given to the two old ladies who lived together in eternal friendship and seclusion in the Vale of Llangollen), and it turns out to be authentic. I always supposed it to be imaginary. It was done by an amateur, a Miss Somebody, and there was but one sitting. I saw a beautifully executed copy on ivory the other day at the house, and am to see the original a few days hence, when we are going to dine with them. Perhaps I am boring you with all this about Shelley. Perhaps you think me wrong in my admiration of his poetry. You are a much better judge, being a poet yourself, than such a prosaic animal as I am, but I hope you will sanction my enthusiasm.

So Lytton is gone to Westminster Abbey. It was,

on the whole, a noble life, for its untiring industry, energy, and many-sidedness both of genius and scholarship and practical business. He died pen in hand, and they say his novel soon to appear is among his best. His play of "Money," which I have read, is running hundreds of nights now at one of the chief theaters in London. He was a good Grecian, Latinist, German. He was a respectable cabinet minister. He achieved a peerage for his declining years, and a tomb in Westminster Abbey. I knew him very well, and once spent a few days with him at Knebworth, and always thought him delightful company. His son Robert, who succeeds him, is a particularly sympathetic and interesting fellow, with a good deal of talent, and who will get to the top of his profession (as diplomat). We were very intimate with him in Vienna, and like him much. We have been making a few Christmas visits in Devonshire, at Poltimore Park, a pleasant and rather stately country house, whose proprietors are connections of my daughter Mary, Lord Poltimore having married her husband's sister, a beautiful and agreeable person. Subsequently we passed a week at Stover with the Duke and Duchess of Somerset—the latter, sister of Mr. Sheridan. We have been back here a fortnight, and have Mary and her two pretty children on a visit to us, to our great delight. I do not find the climate very invigorating, although it is agreeable. The truth is, I am afraid it is awfully depressing. We came here for my wife's health, and I am happy to say that it seems to have done her good. Did you get a "Saturday Review" I sent you about six weeks ago? You mention having seen agreeable notices of "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" in

the "Spectator." I thought this in the "Saturday Review" a well-written and appreciative article, and sent it, supposing it just possible that you might miss it. It was not warm or enthusiastic enough, but warmth and enthusiasm do not sprout in the "Saturday."

You were kind enough in your letter of 26th December to allude to my attack, of which my brother N—— had told you. Perhaps, as an old patient of yours, who never had so good a doctor, and who gave up the business of being ill when you retired from practice, I may venture to present myself to you in the fag-end of this letter as a case. Perhaps you will not mind giving me, without assuming any responsibility, however, from which I entirely absolve you, a bit of advice on one point as to which I mean to ask. My "case" is briefly this: Turning myself in bed one morning, as I was about to get up, I felt a slight rattling on my chest, coughed a little spasmodically, and found my mouth full of blood, red and frothy. I coughed again and again, still bringing up pure blood at every spasm. This continued some ten minutes, and then ceased. I had no cold, cough, or any previous indisposition. After a few minutes more I determined to treat the matter with contempt, got up, took my bath as usual, and came down to breakfast. I had little appetite, and eat almost nothing, felt faint soon afterward, and took some weak brandy and water. Very soon afterward the hemorrhage returned, and very copiously. The doctor was sent for; the usual remedies of hot foot-bath, with mustard, ice on the chest and in the mouth, were applied. The bleeding continued till evening without intermission. The next day but one

it was renewed, but the hemorrhage, although rather copious, was less violent than on the first day. I was kept in bed for about eight or nine days, and forbidden to talk or move, which commands, of course, I did not obey, and fed on milk and water and other refreshing things. There was no further bleeding, except coughing up what the M. D. called the plug or clot. Since then I have been about as usual, and, although debilitated somewhat, I am as I have been during the two past years. I liked The Hague so much, and had such lots to do in the Archives, that I was most unwilling to leave, but I have left it at last, and I fear not half the man physically or mentally that I was when I went into it. I mention this as you are not here, alas! to put leading questions. I can hardly think the walk in the high wind can have been *causa causans*. If so, what would become of me around Park Street Corner in February?

I am not in the least fidgety or anxious about myself—can hardly look at the matter seriously. In the first and second appearance of this unwarranted and unexpected hemorrhage, I did for a moment feel, as Yorick said to Eugenius, that “as this son of a — has found out my lodgings, it is time for me to change them, and give him a dance for me,” or words to that effect, but the impression soon wore off. I am sure that my lungs are sound, not so sure about the heart, although I dare say that it is only shaky in its action, without being degenerated. The theory of my doctor here, who seems an intelligent man, is that, in consequence of an enfeebled action of the heart, there was congestion of the left lung, followed by rupture of a blood-vessel. Does this sound philosophical to you?

I do wish I could talk with you and hear you philosophize about it, and "moralize it into a thousand similes." There would be some satisfaction in being shaky then. I shall perhaps consult Gull one of these days in London. He did examine me thoroughly about two and a half years ago. I consulted him about that spasmodic suffocating tendency which seems to increase upon me and becomes at times almost intolerable. He could discover then no organic disease whatever. I think he found the heart over-large, but not necessarily overgrown. But I should a thousand times rather hear you talk about it than all the doctors in England. I will now put my question, which is a practical one: I wish to go home to Boston this summer; do you think that the mechanical action of seasickness, to which I am liable if the weather is very rough, would *probably* cause the rupture of a blood-vessel and consequent hemorrhage? I say *probably*, because you would not commit yourself to saying it was not possible. A hemorrhage on board ship in a gale of wind would be a confounded mess. The remedies for that would hardly help the seasickness, and in fact it might be a rather difficult matter to deal with. I intend to go, for no one can possibly be sure that I should not escape both seasickness and hemorrhage, or that the one would necessarily cause the other. Still, if it does not bore you too much, I should be grateful if you would kindly let me know what you think on this one point. When I do see you I shall make you thump me and bump me to a jelly. Pray pardon me for the frightful egotism of this letter, and do not believe that I have taken up the line of being a chronic invalid. I repeat that I am neither fidgety nor hypochondriacal,

but I really thought you would be artistically or scientifically interested in the "case."

Mary and the rest send much love to you and yours, in which I heartily join, with best wishes for the still New Year.

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Mentmore, Leighton Buzzard,

February 22, 1873.

MY DEAREST MARY: . . . This more bracing air than Bournemouth has done me so much good that I could not resist the urgent and most cordial invitation they gave us to stay on, although when we came we hardly expected to stay more than four or five days. . . . Nothing can be kinder and more hospitable in every way than the master¹ and mistress of the house and their daughter. I like them all exceedingly. The house is finer even than I expected, and it is really wonderful that such a splendid palace should have been built and decorated, with the grounds and parks, and dairies and gardens, and stables and home farms, and plantations, in so brief a space of time. The house is very imposing on the outside—a structure reminding one a little of Highclere, only it is a good deal larger. Inside the great hall, which I suppose (at a venture) is seventy feet square and as many high, is arranged comfortably as well as gorgeously (with old Arras tap-

¹ Baron Meyer de Rothschild.

estry and Venetian chairs, and a vast fireplace from Rubens's house), that it is as agreeable a place to sit in as many a salon of smaller dimensions. The splendid dining-room is upholstered entirely from the Conti palace at Paris; style, Louis XV.: and the White drawing-room is of Louis XVI. epoch, with furniture; pictures by Fragonard. The Green drawing-room contains a wonderfully fine Rubens (his Fourment wife), a Rembrandt, a Titian, and one or two other old masters. There is a perfect museum of *objets de goût* in étagères and cabinets. . . .

It is a splendid creation, Mentmore, where wealth has been guided by science and taste. It is impossible not to have a great respect for the Rothschilds. They do an immense amount of good, and practise the Christian virtues more than most people who belong to the Christian churches. . . .

This evening a fresh party is expected—Granvilles, Couttses, Lindsays, and others. I am sorry that the Dudleys have been unable to keep their engagement, but he has been taken ill. I should have liked to see so beautiful a person as Lady Dudley once more. . . .

Don't I wish I could see that darling little duck of a May, and turn her loose among two or three cabinets of gems and curiosities, each one worth a king's ransom, or considerably more, as kings go nowadays! I delight in all you write about her.

With love to Algy,

Ever your affectionate

AGED P.

To Baroness Meyer de Rothschild

Tankerville, Bournemouth,
March 2, 1873.

MY DEAR BARONESS: I write a line to inform you of our safe arrival at our retired abode, and to have the pleasure of saying to you once more how thoroughly I appreciate—as well as my wife and daughters do—your constant and untiring kindness and hospitality during our delightful visit at Mentmore. Pray assure the baron and Miss Hannah that nothing could have been more agreeable than those fourteen days and nights, which passed away for us, alas! only too rapidly, and that we shall always look back upon them with delight, mingled with regret that they are already in the past.

My journey to London would have been bleak and cheerless enough that stormy and rainy morning, but Miss Thackeray turned it all into sunshine, and her conversation was so interesting that I was very sorry when we arrived at Euston, and were obliged to get into our respective hansoms and diverge into foggy space. My wife and Lily had barely time to reach Waterloo in season for the 3:15 train for Bournemouth, and I had been fidgeting up and down the platform for twenty minutes before they came, so that I had plenty of leisure to indulge in my besetting and detested sin of punctuality. I called at Prussia House, and had a long and satisfactory interview with Countess Bernstorff. She seemed in much better spirits, and was looking much better than I had anticipated; and I feel that there is an instinctive conviction in her mind,

perhaps almost against reasoning, that her husband will recover.

I send herewith, as I promised, the latest annual address of the Governor of Massachusetts that I possess. I have turned down the pages relating to education. You will see that the amount expended that year is, as I thought, about one million sterling for educational purposes. As the sum is steadily increasing, it is probably a little more than a million, as the report sent is for the year 1869. The population of the State is about 1,200,000. As you are so widely and practically benevolent yourself, you may find some of the other topics treated of, especially those relating to State charities, to have interest for you. My wife and daughters unite in warmest regards to yourself, the baron, and Miss Hannah. Her magnificent voice is always ringing in my ears. I wish I could hear the "Erl König" to-night. Our kind remembrances to Miss Morek.

Ever, my dear baroness,

Very sincerely yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

To his Eldest Daughter

The Deanery, Westminster,

Friday, March 28, 1873.

MY DEAREST LILY: . . . We are very glad to hear such brilliant accounts of Mary and the babies, and are looking forward with great pleasure to seeing them at Bournemouth. . . . We made a good many calls in the afternoon. Saw the Duchess of Som-

erset. Went to Lowther Lodge, where Mrs. Lowther had people calling and meandering—it was such a splendid day—in the garden; and a call at Lord Russell's, and found him and Lady Agatha. He talked a good deal, and was very amusing. I think we got into no house afterward except Baroness Meyer's. Our dinner-party in the evening consisted, as the "Court Journal" would say, of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Beaumonts, the Granvilles, Mrs. T. Bruce, the Master of the Temple and Mrs. Vaughan, Dasent, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, a very excellent and interesting clergyman, Lord Clanwilliam, and Susie, whom Lady Augusta was kind enough to go yesterday and invite, and ask Mrs. Bruce to bring. That dear little woman lives in Hill Street, in the house which faces down the street. As you know the composition of the party, I need not say how agreeable it was; but I must again repeat in all sincerity that it was spoiled for us by your not being there. I felt that you would have enjoyed it so much. God bless you, my dear child.

Your affectionate and loving

P.

To his Second Daughter

Bulstrode,¹

June 8, 1873.

MY DEAREST MARY: I have n't much to say, but I thought I would like to let you know that we are as comfortable and flourishing as the awful east wind will allow us to be. We had a delightful visit at Hatfield. I suppose Lily has told you who the company were—Selbornes, Lyttons, Lord Sligo, Venables, and others.

¹ The Duke of Somerset's.

I enjoyed myself highly in reading some of the papers—the family archives, which are very valuable and interesting. I wish I could have had access to them while I was writing the “United Netherlands,” as there are masses of letters of Burghley, Queen Elizabeth, and other swells of the period, which would have been of immense use to me. . . .

They¹ like nothing better than to have one take interest in these treasures. I read in the few days that we passed there a good many things which I can make some use of, and Lord Salisbury has kindly directed his secretary to copy them for me. . . .

We had a charming little visit at Panshanger. It is by no means so splendid a house as Hatfield; but they have a very fine gallery of pictures, mostly Italian. The house is a very cheerful one, and the park almost the finest I have seen in England—beautifully undulating ground, with magnificent trees. Lady Cowper, as you know, is beautiful and very attractive in her ways. The only other guests are her father and mother and sister, and Dicky Doyle and Lady Ripon. We came here Thursday. The next day we drove to Cliveden, which now belongs to the Westminsters. I had seen the place before, in the late Duchess of Sutherland's time. It is a princely villa, with the finest view in England except that from Richmond Hill. . . . There are no guests here but Alfred Montgomery. Lady Hermione and her two daughters were here the first night. I thought them perfectly charming. . . . Love to all.

Your loving

GAPPA.

¹ Lord and Lady Salisbury.

*To his Wife*¹

42 Hill Street, Berkeley Square, London,

June 27, 1873, 10 A. M.

DEAREST MARY: . . . The ball last night was really magnificent²—the finest thing I have seen this season. It was not crowded, and the beautifully decorated rooms, with the splendid pictures and the illuminated garden, were a fine spectacle. All the world was there—the prince and princess, the Czarevitches, and others. I had hardly time to speak to Lady Westminster, as she was so deep in royalties. But I made a point of finding her and thanking her. She was very benignant and radiant, as she always is, and looked very handsome. The Prince of Wales came up to me and saluted me very cordially, and expressed his pleasure at seeing me. Our interview was very short, as he had the Duchess of Manchester on his arm, and was walking in an opposite direction through the crowd. I had also a little talk with the Duke of Teck. I did not come in contact with any other royal personage.

The Shah, thank Heaven, was n't there, being, as you know, at Trentham, Liverpool, Manchester, etc. . . .

I am going round to see Murray. By the way, I find I have the photographs of The Hague which I bewailed in my last night's letter. I hope you won't delay the MS. till after searching for these.

I have just had an interview with the baby—a dear little, fair, plump thing, two years old, who talks very

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² At Grosvenor House.

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¹ On a visit to the Hon. and Mrs. Thomas Bruce.

² At Grosvenor House.

fast in a language known to herself. But nothing can ever compare to May. The little boy and girl were both present at my breakfast, and were very jolly and friendly.

I will write again to-morrow.

Love to Lily and Susie.

Ever your loving and affectionate

J. L. M.

P. S. It is extraordinary how well I feel in London. I went to bed about four, got up before nine, and am perfectly fresh. There can be no doubt that the air is bracing—I wish Bournemouth was.

To his Wife

42 Hill Street, Berkeley Square,
June 29, 1873.

MY DEAREST MARY: I have really made a beginning with my MS., having got up at half-past six this morning and worked until ten. We have just finished breakfast, and before taking up Mr. Barneveldt again, I wish to write to you, and will leave my letter open until night. If posted then, it will reach you at luncheon-time.

The party at Chiswick was very successful. I do wish you could have been there; there seemed pretty much everybody one wished to see, and very few bores. The day was magnificent. The Bruces and I went down in an open victoria. The road the whole way from Hyde Park Corner almost to the very door of the

Chiswick villa was lined with triple and quadruple rows of spectators—men, women, and children, on windows, balconies, and housetops. It is astonishing the interest the Shah excites in all classes. We got down early. The princess received her guests at the door opening on the lawn, and I was gratified that she recognized me without my being announced.

I had an excellent sight of the Shah, as he passed slowly by close to me, on arriving, with the princess on his arm, and escorted by the prince. On the whole, he is rather a disagreeable-looking “nigger,” with no Oriental beauty about him, and a thick, ugly nose. I saw and conversed with hundreds of old friends and enjoyed myself very well. It is certainly marvelous how much stronger I am in London than anywhere. I am never sleepy in the daytime, however early I get up, and never fatigued after walking about the streets half the day. I saw Sir W. Gull at the fête, who approved of my course in avoiding Bournemouth, and wished me to shorten my stay as much as possible at The Hague. There were some astoundingly *mirobolant* costumes, but on the whole I imagine the dresses would have been considered effective and chic even by Susie.

The dinner at the Argylls' was quite delightful. It was a family party; the only outsider besides myself was Holman Hunt. As I went in with the duchess, I was of course out of speaking distance with the princess. But I could n't help looking at her often. She has a most attractive and sympathetic face, and her voice is so delicious that one stops to listen to it involuntarily. I never saw the duchess more agreeable and sympathetic, and he was especially jolly.

After dinner we sat outside in the veranda, and I

talked an hour with the princess. The duchess sat by, too, and altogether the evening was so agreeable as to be long remembered. Only it absolutely spoiled my pleasure that Lily was not there, and that she so unnecessarily and perversely returned to Bournemouth. I should like to go on writing to you, dear Mary, but I really must clutch my MS. again and get to work. I hope when printed it won't bore the gentle reader as much as it does the gentle author. . . .

Affectionately and lovingly yours,

J. L. M.

To his Wife

42 Hill Street, Berkeley Square,
July 2, 1873.

MY DEAREST MARY: For myself, it is astonishing how well I am. There is no doubt whatever that the climate of London is an excellent tonic and suits my constitution remarkably. It is not because I am amused and interested by the society. But I can do so much work here so easily.

Last night I did n't return from Northumberland House before half-past three, and here I am writing to you at eight o'clock. I can't sleep later than six if I try, so I may as well get the benefit of the time. I grudge writing to any one but you, because I am so greedy of my time.

Monday I dined with Lady Margaret Beaumont. I can't quite recollect what I did during the day—nothing very memorable, I suspect, except to pound at my

MS., in which I make good progress. On Sunday we had a few people here to dinner—Lady Galway and her husband, and Kinglake, whom it is always a great pleasure to me to meet. I went with Bruce after midnight to the Cosmopolitan. Had we got there a few minutes earlier we should have met the Shah's Grand Vizir. The only persons left were Morley, Stirling, Evelyn Ashley, etc.

M—— is getting rather tired of the Shah. He is specially appointed to wait on him. They had just gone that afternoon promiscuously to visit Lord John at Pembroke Lodge. I saw Lady Russell yesterday afternoon, and she said Lord Russell was immensely amused by the Shah. I will not say a word more on that boring subject, so return to Monday.

Yesterday I went and lunched with dear old Lady Molesworth. . . .

At five I went to Montagu House. The duchess, who is the most amiable person in London, had sent cards for all our family for these two Tuesdays. The day was very fine, and all the world was there. You know those fêtes, so you may be spared a description. It was a very brilliant one of its kind. I saw many people.

In the evening I dined with the Nesbit Hamiltons, where were the Bülow, the Graveses (the painter), Lord Camperdown, Browning, Lady Elgin, and some other people I did n't know. I sat next to Lady Mary, Bülow taking her in; I went with Mrs. Graves.

In the evening I went to Northumberland House. I apologized, of course, for your unavoidable absence. I had a good deal of talk with the duke; told him I was so glad to have an opportunity of seeing this

splendid house, which I had never done before. He seemed to be surprised that I had never been there. What a pity that it should be destroyed, after having been for three hundred years so conspicuous and familiar a feature in the street landscape, merely that the omnibuses may have another pathway to the City!

The fête was really splendid. The garden, which is large and reaches down to the Embankment, was brilliantly illuminated. There are two stories of reception apartments, with rooms almost innumerable; and the house is like a Genoese or Venetian palace, with gorgeous gildings and some splendid pictures, among others a very large and remarkable Titian.

Thank Heaven, the Shah was n't there. He goes, I believe, Thursday, and there will be a sigh of relief from the British public. They have awfully overdone the business, I think. To-day I dine with Lady Marian Alford, and in the evening there is the Apsley House ball.

Much love to Lily, Susie, and Mary, and a thousand kisses to dear little May from "Gappa." I was much touched by her knocking at my door and calling me, as I learn from Lily's letter, which has arrived since I have been writing, and which I will answer to-morrow.

Ever, my dearest Mary,

Your affectionate and loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Brown's Hotel,
Tuesday morning, July 15, 1873.

Yesterday I went to the Gladstones'. There were very few people at the luncheon—the Prince and Prin-

cess of Wales and Princess Dagmar, Duke of Cambridge, and their attendants, the Buccleuchs, Granvilles, the Bishop of Winchester, John Bright, and I.

I had some talk with the princess, and by an unlucky accident was prevented being introduced to the Czarevna. . . .

There were two small round tables.

The emancipated slaves, who are singing to raise money for the negro Fisk University, were singing Methodist psalms and hymns during the whole repast. Grace consisted in their singing the Lord's Prayer in chorus. . . .

After luncheon the prince sent me word by Colonel Ellice that he would be pleased if I would come down into the little tent on the terrace and smoke a cigar with him. So he gave me a cigarette, and we had some talk, Bright being also present. . . . Some thirty people came after luncheon, and altogether it was a very successful little party.

I spoke to the leader of the negro singers and to several of the men and women (ex-slaves) afterward. They seemed pleased. I promised to send them a contribution this morning. . . .

I am getting on swimmingly with the MS., and should n't be surprised if I put it all into the printer's hands before going to The Hague—certainly three quarters of it. . . . I hope you will send me the latest exploits and utterances of little May, which I am never tired of hearing.

Ever your affectionate and loving

J. L. M.

To his Wife

Brown's Hotel,
Wednesday morning, July, 1873.

MY DEAREST MARY: I was very glad to get your letter this morning. The sight of your handwriting always does me good. I had already inclosed you the queen's (of the Netherlands) letter. We can hardly put off our visit. . . . There is no reason for you to fidget about me. The inability to sleep late in the morning I attribute to the rather more stimulating character of the London atmosphere and the absence of shutters. I have got nearly to the end of my MS., and hope to have it all in the printer's hands before I leave. I don't think I have been overworking myself, but I do hope that some more bracing air for a few months will do something for me. I was delighted with what you say about little darling May, and envy you your visit to Kingston Russell. I dined last night with the Cowper-Temples, the Airlies, Lionel Ashleys, Lady Augusta, and one or two more. I went at half-past ten to the Stratfords', where I had been likewise asked. The guests were all still there—Skelmersdales, Elchos, Browning, etc. I was requested to go and talk with Princess Louise, whom I found as charming as ever. She says she is to be all the autumn and late summer at Inveraray, and was very civil about hoping to see us there. I don't know that there is anything more to say, my dearest. Pray don't worry about my health. I am not neglecting it, and perhaps will see Gull before we leave for Scotland. I feel rather weak, but I am not overworking myself. I am in hopes

of sleeping better, or rather longer, for I sleep soundly the four hours that I do get. Good-by, my darling. Love to Lily, Susie, R——, and F——. Saturday and Sunday I shall be at Hatfield.¹

From Dean Stanley

July 27, 1873.

DEAR MR. MOTLEY: I cannot forbear, after reading your speech this morning in the "Times," to express my renewed regret that the necessity of recovering a broken engagement, which I mentioned to you last night, should have deprived me of the pleasure of listening by your side to words which it would have been so great a pleasure to have heard with the hearing ear, rather than see in the retrospect of the eye.

I do not speak only of the too kind terms which have covered me with confusion, but of the exquisite descriptions of the Abbey—and I must add, although it is not within my jurisdiction, of Stratford-on-Avon. I am sure that you may console yourself for the painful experiences which we shared or discussed at dinner, with the successful result. Max Müller read the speech to us aloud at breakfast this morning, and two strangers who were present, and who had been praising the

¹ Immediately after this letter he was joined in London by his family, and within a day or two occurred the sudden attack of illness at the house of a friend, from which, although at that time it was not considered paralysis, his health never recovered. The winter of 1873-74 was passed at Cannes, where he had an attack of internal congestion, and in the spring Mrs. Motley was seized with typhoid fever.

wonderful ease and cadence of Gladstone's eloquence, exclaimed: "Surely it is impossible that any music of rhythm or grace of diction should go beyond what you have just read to us."

I trust that you are not the worse for the effort. I must again apologize for my compulsory absence, as perhaps also for having drawn you into such an agreeable torrent of converse when you were possibly wishing for the "grim repose" which the eve of such an exertion demanded.

Yours sincerely,
A. P. STANLEY.

From Dean Stanley

February 6, 1874.

DEAR MR. MOTLEY: Many were the sighs heaved over the accumulated letters and books which awaited me last week on my return from Russia. But in this mass there was one object which elicited not a sigh, but a cry of delight—the joyful sight of the "Life of Barneveldt," with your kind inscription. I sincerely congratulate you on having added this coping-stone to your great work, crowning the edifice with so noble a statue. I have not had time to do more than dive here and there into the volumes, but I have already found that charming anecdote which you told me of Maurice and the Arminian. I trust that you will feel, as you read the pages in the more genial climate of the South, "an ampler ether, a diviner air," not only from the sense of brighter sun and sky, but from the sense of labor accomplished and deserved repose.

We had a highly interesting sojourn in Russia, and we had also a highly interesting passage through Berlin. There we saw your great friend rejoicing "as a giant to run his course"; full of kindly remembrances to you and yours, and kind also to us, partly, I think, for your sake. Now we are again taking root in our Westminster home, as though we had never moved. We shall hope to hear good tidings of your stay at Cannes.

Yours sincerely,
A. P. STANLEY.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Cannes,
April 17, 1874.

MY DEAR HOLMES: You must think me the most ungrateful and the most stupid of mankind to hint at the possibility of your letters not being always the greatest delight to me, not only for their intrinsic and most characteristic style, wit, and humor, but as proofs of the old affection, which I hope will continue to exist between us as long as we are both above-ground. Indeed, I value your letters most highly, and am very proud as well as pleased in receiving them. But alas! I cannot reply, and therefore can claim nothing from my friends. I am physically a bankrupt, and, as months roll on, fear that this is my fate for what remains of life. But if a bankrupt, one does not like to be a beggar. I receive charity with gladness, such as you so nobly and spontaneously bestow, but I cannot adopt the professional whine and sue for it. You

are almost my only correspondent from the other side of the water, if that can be called correspondence which has only one leg, like half a pair of scissors. You can hardly doubt, therefore, that when the general silence is broken by such a voice as yours, it can be other than most pleasant to me. You ask about my health so kindly that it is impossible for me not to speak a word to one who is so great a physiologist as well as so warm a friend. But I should find it difficult perhaps to make even you understand my condition. It is no fractional disturbance. Some part of the machinery has been taken away, which I suppose cannot be restored. The brain was first affected, and it telegraphed at once to the right arm and side and both legs. The shock was instantaneous. At 5:30 P. M. (or thereabouts), on July 29 last, I was in my usual health, making an afternoon call on an intimate friend of ours. At 5:51, say, I was doubled up, and a doctor called for, and within a short time I was carried downstairs, put to bed for ten days, and then crawled out, and have been crawling about ever since, in search of health, but find it not. I have had the best advice, and it is the general (but not unanimous) conclusion that it was not apoplexy nor paralysis, but some mysterious stroke on the nervous system to which no name has been given. I have been here (by order of Sir W. Gull) since the end of last year. I am not quite so strong as when I left, but perhaps should have been worse but for the perpetual sunshine and stimulating dryness of this atmosphere. I never lost consciousness nor free speech, but my brain I feel to be weakened. I can do nothing but read novels which I have read before. I cannot write. A pen is as heavy as a sledge-

hammer. I feel now as if I had been swinging the hammer of Thor for a whole day.

I could give no better proof of my weakness than my inability to say a worthy word of Sumner's death. I have not the presumption to speak of my personal grief, although he honored me with a warm, constant friendship which dates back very far. But when a whole nation is widowed by such a loss, what is the sorrow of an individual? . . . That a man should go through the fiery furnace of Washington politics, nay, live in it half a lifetime, and be found at his death like an ingot of finest gold, is something for a country to be proud of. I do not think we ever had exactly such a public man, and it will be most difficult to replace him. What was remarkable about him, it always seemed to me, was his progressiveness. As a scholar he was always improving, always a hard student. As a statesman he had always an ideal goal far ahead of present possibilities, and yet he lived to see the nation come up to the mark which had seemed so long in the cloudland of fanaticism, while he had again moved far in advance of those original aims. The great gift of keeping his eyes fixed on something far away which was to benefit the nation and the world, of stopping his ears against the chatterings and howlings which had made so many others turn back and so be changed to stone, was never more marked in a public man in any country, while the utter absence of self-seeking and vulgar, commonplace ambition was equally remarkable. His loss is irreparable to the country and to his personal friends. To the very last moment in the Senate, to be released just as he was putting the armor off in which he had won a lifelong

battle, was, after all, euthanasia. Good-by. You must excuse my inability to write, and pray believe that you cannot send me too many letters. With love from all to all,

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
May 18, 1874.

I know you will want to hear something about the friend that we have lost lately, but I hardly remember what I have already written. I am sure, at any rate, that we had not had Schurz's "Eulogy." It was a remarkably satisfactory and successful performance, happy in its delineation of the grand features of Sumner's character, picturesque in its details of scenes in which he figured, written in miraculously good English for a foreigner, and delivered in a very impressive way. I dined with him and his wife and daughter at Mrs. Lodge's after the "Eulogy," and passed a very pleasant evening. Of course, let me say *en passant*, Mrs. Lodge always has something affectionate to say about you and your family whenever I meet her. Your estimate of the loss the nation has sustained in Sumner's death does not seem in the least an exaggerated one. I should say that the general verdict would concur very much with your opinion.

I dropped my pen here, and went out to see Turner Sargent, who has greatly improved, and is looking forward to Nahant (where he has taken Charles Amory's

house again), with hopes of really enjoying it. He has turned out a phenix in full feather since the great fire, finding himself much better off since the rebuilding than he was before. Well, on my way, whom should I meet but Mrs. Lodge herself, and we stood there on the sidewalk talking about you seven minutes by the clock. She wanted to know all that I could tell her, and has not quite given up the hope of seeing you at Nahant this summer. I judge from what your relatives tell me that the journeyings and the voyage would be more than you would feel equal to just now, but if you could come I need not say how glad your many friends would be to see you and your family again. Coming home from Turner Sargent's, William Amory joined me, and wanted to know all I could tell him about you. I always find him good company—in some ways better than anybody else, for he has known Boston on its fairer side longer, as well as better, than almost any other person I can talk with easily, has a good memory, talks exceedingly well, and has a pleasant, courteous way, which is exceptional rather than the rule among the people that make up New England society.

Yesterday I went out to Cambridge, and called on Mrs. Agassiz—the first time I have seen her since her husband's death. She was at work on his correspondence, and talked in a very quiet, interesting way about her married life. What a singular piece of good fortune it was that Agassiz, coming to a strange land, should have happened to find a woman so fitted to be his wife that it seems as if he could not have bettered his choice if all womankind had passed before him as the creatures filed in procession by the father of the

race! I have been, too, to see Hillard, and seen him for the first time. He is quite crippled, cannot move his arm, and walks with a crutch, but talked not without a certain degree of cheerfulness. I was told that he had improved very much within the last few weeks. Another invalid whom I visit now and then is old Dr. Bigelow. He is now eighty-seven years old, and, I think, rather proud of saying so. . . .

Since I wrote I have got through my winter course of lectures, and enjoy my release from almost daily duties, which I like well enough, and which probably make me happier than I should be without them. I begin now, since the new order of things came in with the new president, in October, and lecture five and four times a week until the beginning of May. It used to be only four months. But even in the interval of lectures I do not get free from a good deal of work of one kind and another. I have done enough to know what work means, and should think I had been a hard worker if I did not see what others have accomplished. I can never look on those great histories of yours and think what toil they cost, what dogged perseverance as well as higher qualities they imply, without feeling almost as if I had been an idler. But I suppose it is not worth one's while to think too much about what he might have done or might have been. Our self-determination is, I suspect, much more limited than we are in the habit of considering it. Schopenhauer says that if a cannon-ball in its flight suddenly became conscious, it would think it was moving of its own free will. I must not let my metaphysics take away the merit of your labors, but still I think you were in a certain sense predestined, and forced by some mysteri-

ous and invisible impulse, to give Holland a history and make yourself generally a name in the world of letters.

I have not yet read the "Life of Barneveldt," and cannot do justice to it until I have finished up some things that have been waiting to be done and will not be put off any longer. But I think I shall have a special enjoyment in it, not merely because it is one of your pieces of historical tapestry, but for a reason I will tell you: I happened to see on a London catalogue which was sent me the name of a book, which you no doubt know well enough, and which may be of small account in your valuation, "Meursi, Athenæ, Batavæ." It had something more than fifty portraits of professors in the university, together with plans of Leyden and the manner of its relief, etc. I have become so familiar with the features of Gomarus and Arminius, of William of Orange, of Grotius and Joseph Scaliger and the rest, that I am all ready to read about the times in which they lived. I took down your volume with the siege of Leyden in it, and read it with infinite delight, having the plan of my little quarto volume before me. I began to understand as I never did before the delight which must have blended itself with your labors in bringing to the light the old story of that little land of heroes, and my own Dutch blood moved me to a livelier sense of gratitude to you for all you had done to rescue that noble past from oblivion than I had ever felt before.

To his Son-in-law

Hôtel Bristol,
May 23, 1874.

MY DEAR ALGY: Only a line to wish you and dear Mary joy with all my heart at the arrival of "Conny."¹ I was alone when the telegram was brought, the others having gone out shopping. It arrived from Dorchester to the Hôtel Bristol in about three hours, so that we knew of the happy event soon after noon. I trembled for a moment before opening it, feeling sure that it was from Dorchester, then set my teeth by a desperate effort, tore it open, and was rewarded in an instant. I am afraid I was a little spoony by myself for a moment, but I had the pleasure of telling them all myself—Lily and Susie first. Tell Mary that her mother knew it all by the expression of our faces *without a word being said*, and of course began to shed torrents of tears in an open carriage in the middle of the Place Vendôme—where luckily there is no other fountain. We are hoping for a letter from you this evening with full particulars.

They all thought it unreasonable that a minute description was not sent by telegraph; but I observed that at sixpence a word or so that might have come expensive. So they are willing to wait until this evening to know how many fingers and toes the baby has. The prejudices of society are in favor of ten, I believe. All send every possible message of good wishes and congratulations to Mary and yourself.

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

¹ Mr. Motley's first grandson, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, so called after his grandfather and great-great-grandfather.

*To his Second Daughter*Naworth Castle,¹

August 30, 1874.

MY DEAREST MARY: I want to write you a little letter, all to yourself, although my hand, I regret to say, remains somewhat unsteady and uncertain, and writing is very fatiguing. However, as five weeks ago I could not write better than dear little May, I have no reason to complain, and I don't. I am getting on very well, and as rapidly as I had any reason to expect, and have made very good progress. My right hand and arm are still very lame, and I can't say very much in praise of my pedestrian talents. But all this will soon pass away. We have been passing a week here most delightfully. Nothing can exceed everybody's kindness, and the old castle is most picturesque and very comfortable.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Tait went away this morning after staying two or three days. He had a severe paralytic stroke three years ago, as you may remember, and hovered between life and death for a long time. Now he seems almost robust and well, and is certainly very kind and agreeable. We have also had the new Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Browne for some days. They went yesterday. . . .

To Baroness Meyer de Rothschild

5 Seamore Place, Curzon Street,
Thursday afternoon, January, 1875.

MY DEAR BARONESS: I am not able to write much, but I must, with my own hand, thank you from the

¹ Staying with Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Howard.

bottom of my heart for your words and acts of kindness in this bitter anguish.¹

I shall never forget whose tender hands sent the flowers which were strewn upon her grave—the grave where half of myself lies buried.

And I will also thank your daughter most truly.

God bless you both.

Your affectionate

J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Frampton Court, Dorchester,

March 29, 1875.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I must try to write a single line to thank you for your letters, all of which were very grateful to me. I must also thank you for that most touching and tender tribute to her in the paper, which moved me deeply. You can hardly conceive of the intense emotion which every word of appreciation of her causes in my heart. I think but little of myself. Indeed, it almost seems as if there were no such person now, so completely was my identity in many ways blended with hers. The loss of that almost lifelong companionship with one much nobler, purer, wiser, and truer than I could ever hope to become, has left me a wreck in which I can take but little interest. I am thankful for the many expressions of sympathy with my misery which I receive, for I know how warmly and tenderly they are meant, but I find the

¹ Mrs. Motley died December 31, 1874.

only possible alleviations in hearing her virtues and high qualities acknowledged by those who had known her best and longest. All that you say is most truly, delicately, and affectionately said. But you could not know, none but myself and God only ever knew, all that she was. There is hardly any one to whom I should so much long to speak of her as I should to yourself. You knew her so well and so long, and she had such true affection and admiration for you, that I should feel myself justified in speaking in a way that to many would seem exaggeration. Yet I know that I could not if I tried even to do justice to the highest qualities of her character, and I should not be afraid of speaking of them to you. She stands before me now almost transfigured. Every hour she becomes to me more and more a kind of religion. I *cannot* believe that the simple and unwavering religious faith with whose aid she confronted death with such unaffected courage and simplicity, and bore with such gentle patience the prolonged tortures of a most painful malady, during which her chief thoughts, as they had been all her life, were for others rather than herself, was all delusion and mockery. And yet I am compelled to struggle daily with doubt which often turns to despair, and to cling to hopes which vanish almost as soon as they form themselves. I expect to come home in June for a few months, and trust that I may often have the chance of talking with you. I cannot *write* of her, for my physical weakness makes it almost impossible, but I should like to speak of her to one who would at least not wonder at the kind of worship I feel for her; and I should like to speak to you, and hear you speak of themes which you, as a thinker and

poet, a physiologist, a man of heart, and my lifelong friend, are so singularly competent to discuss. I am not strong enough to say more to-day. I hope you will write to me as often as you are able. Kindest regards to your wife.

Always affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

From Mr. Carlyle

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,

April 19, 1875.

DEAR MOTLEY: Your letter of Saturday last touches me to the very heart; not for many years have I had any word addressed to me which stirs up so many deep and tender feelings. Alas! I know too well what depths of suffering you are struggling with; how dark and solitary is all the universe to you, suddenly eclipsed in this manner; and how vain is all human sympathy, how impossible all human help. Courage, courage, nevertheless! Time and pious patience do bring relief by slow degrees. Oblivion can never come, should never come; but the piercing vehemency of these feelings will at length subside into composure, and only a voice of love, infinitely mournful, yet infinitely beautiful, be the requiem of those we have lost for this world. Immortality itself, with all its infinitudes of splendor, if there were to be no meeting again, would be worth nothing or even less to us. As Goethe says, "Wir heissen euch hoffen."

It is a real regret to me that you are not to be in

London "in a week or two," that there is no chance of my seeing you for the present; I feel for my own behoof, too, as if there were no man with whom I might have so much of genial, profitable, and cordial intercourse as even with yourself, when bodily illness permitted you. I was too procrastinative and inert while you were still in my neighborhood; but it is a fixed purpose that should a new possibility be offered, I will make a far more effectual use of it. God bless you, help you, and be with you always.

Believe me ever, if it be the least comfort to you,

Yours, with deep sympathy, affection, and respect,

T. CARLYLE.

To Mrs. W. W. Wadsworth, America

New Lodge, Windsor Forest,

January 3, 1876.

MY DEAR EMMELINE: You wrote me a most kind and touching letter exactly a month ago. I should have answered it much sooner were writing as easy to me as it once was. But the physical discomfort which seems to be in the arm (although I know very well that the arm is a liar, and the real culprit is the brain) has made me the worst correspondent in the world. I used to tell my beloved Mary that she would lose all her friends if she persisted in the absolute abstention from all letter-writing which came over her in the later days of her life. But she felt instinctively, perhaps, that it was impossible for her to lose a friend. No one who ever loved her could forget her, however silent in

absence she might be, and certainly she never allowed a friend to slide out of her heart with any lapse of time. No one knows that better than you, dear Emmeline, to whom she was always so fondly attached. I did not mean to speak of her at all this morning, but as she is always present with me, it was natural that she should join with me in these New-Year's greetings to you. All that you say of Lily gives me great pleasure. She has certainly been a most devoted and loving daughter to her mother and to me, and I sincerely hope and honestly believe that her future happiness is as safe as can be expected in this world, and that is saying as much and hoping as much as ought to be said or hoped. For certainly happiness is not, and was never intended to be, the object of human life. I was expressing this thought to Carlyle the other day, and he replied: "Certainly, if to be happy in this world was the reason for man's being put here, the Maker of it is a wretched blunderer."

Meantime I am contriving as well as may be to accommodate myself to my new circumstances, and I must say that no human being could be more loving and more devoted to another than my dear Susie is to me.

We have n't yet fixed on a scheme of life, except temporarily. We are staying for a few days with our old and kind friend Madame van de Weyer, and there are some agreeable people here or coming to-day, among others the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, whom I always like to meet. She is singularly sympathetic and attractive, and was always very kind to my dear Mary. We shall make one or two more visits, and then, until Easter, we have taken a small house, or rather the best

part of it, in Clarges Street. Our house in Seamore Place is to be sold. After Easter, when the London season begins, in which turmoil I never mean to take part again, having neither the health nor the heart for it, Susie and I go down to Dorsetshire, to stay a couple of months with Mary, in the quietest and most secluded manner possible. And I am going to try if I can do a little head-work, or to satisfy myself that the hole made in my skull three years ago is beyond mending. "Not as broad as a barn door, or as deep as a well, but it will do," I am afraid. At any rate, we shall have the pleasure of being with Mary and enjoying the society of my little eldest granddaughter, who is certainly the most dainty and exquisite little creature, to my thinking, in the universe. But this you will think my dotage. I am quite ashamed of the egotism of this letter. If I should pick all the I's out of it, the whole would vanish into thin air.

I hope the air of Cannes suits you. That climate is certainly a very positive one. It either suits or it does n't. It is also a treacherous one to those with weak chests. That mistral runs you through the lungs, even while the sun is grinning in your face, as it does all day long. It is funny to think of the sun. That orb has not been seen here for weeks, and we have a daily deluge. I hope you see a good deal of the dear Harrises. They are most charming people. I love them all dearly, and wish I could look in upon them to-morrow. Pray greet them affectionately from Susie and me. Has Herbert inveigled them into his yacht? For I don't think, for an admiral's daughters, they are specially nautical.

Do you know Dr. Frank? If so, pray give him and

Lady Agnes our warmest remembrances. He is a most superior man, intellectual and sympathetic, besides being a very skilful and devoted physician. You don't say anything of your health, but I hope that the sunshine has done you good, and I believe that the climate must suit you. Susie joins me in most loving remembrances, and, with kindest regards to Herbert, believe me

Always, dear Emmeline,
Your very affectionate friend,
J. L. M.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,
May 8, 1876.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I am most devotedly thankful that my seven months' lectures are at last over, and I am gradually beginning to come to myself, like one awakening from a trance or a fit of intoxication. You know that the steady tramp of a regiment would rock the Menai Bridge from its fastenings, and so all military bodies break the step in crossing it. This reiteration of lectures in even march, month after month, produces some such oscillations of one's mind, and one longs after a certain time to break up their uniformity. If they kept on long enough, Harvard would move over to Somerville. Your letter of March 26 gave me great pleasure. It relieved me from the fear that you were condemned to the disuse of your eyes, which had seemed to me under the circumstances a trial too hard to think of. I am rejoiced to find that you

can read, even though you have to use glasses—as I have had to do these twenty-six years. I was pleased, too, to know that you were thinking of a little possible work for the summer. If it is in place of another visit to America, Boston, Nahant, *Home*, I should personally regret it more than I can tell you, for I count the hours I passed with you last summer among the sweetest, the holiest, the dearest, and, in one sense, the happiest of all my social life. It seems strange to speak of this happiness when I saw you so often with all the freshness of grief coming over you. But these are the hours when friendship means the most, when we feel that we come nearer than at any other time to our intimates; and the sense that we are, perhaps, lightening another's burden makes even the commonest intercourse a source of satisfaction. Besides this, you must not forget that you, whose presence from your natural gifts was always so peculiarly agreeable to me, have known the world in such a way that your conversation cannot help being interesting to one who has lived so purely provincial a life as I have. So when your sorrow came over you, my heart was for the time full of it, and when you for a little while were beguiled into forgetfulness and talked with the life of earlier times, I was sure of being pleased with hearing a hundred things nobody else could tell me. I have told you, and I must tell you again and again, that my life has run in a deeper channel since the hours I spent in your society last summer. They come back to me from time to time like visitations from another and higher sphere. No, I never felt the depths and the heights of sorrow so before, and I count it as a rare privilege that I could be with you so often at one of

those periods when the sharpest impressions are taken from the seal of friendship.

You may be sure that I copied every word you said about Dana, and sent it to him. He was greatly pleased with your remembrance and with what you had said.

We have had three new Boston books since I have written, I think—Ticknor's *Life and Letters*, eminently readable, much sought for; a new *Life of Hamilton*, by my wife's nephew, J. T. Morse, junior; and within a few days Tom Appleton's "*Nile Journey*," which I find very pleasant and lively, much more like his talk than the other little book. I dined with Longfellow at Mr. Fields's the other evening. He seemed pretty well, but still complained somewhat. Lowell was at my house the other day; he has been complaining, but is now better.

Affectionately yours,

O. W. H.

Do not forget my kind remembrances to your children. My wife will not let me close this letter without a postscript of kind remembrance.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

5 Seamore Place, Mayfair,
May 26, 1876.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I do not like to give in and acknowledge myself incapable of responding by a word or two to your kind and interesting letter (February 18), which I need not assure you gave me great pleasure. How often I look back to your eagerly

looked-for visits at Nahant!¹ I hardly thought it possible for me to add to my past anything of sadness and regret, but I do constantly remember those long conversations by the shores of the infinite sea, which is so perpetual a living symbol of that invisible infinite, to whose mournful, and sometimes inspiring and gladdening, voice we are always listening. A word about my condition, because to you, as a physical and mental pathologist and philosopher, I know I should always have some interest as a *case*, even if we were not tried and lifelong friends. My failing eyesight has little to do with the eyes. I need not tell *you* that this is no paradox. The same little clot on the brain is the subtle thief that has stolen the strength out of my right arm, and the vigor from my thought, and now the clearness from my vision. At least, this is the opinion of Gull and of the oculist Baeder, a German, who has, on the whole, as high a reputation as any one here. But the thing is not so very bad, and with a peculiar kind of spectacles which he has recommended to read with (I never read with glasses before, having always been near-sighted, and having always bragged of it), I shall do very well. Do not consider me an egotist for these details, for you will find them curious, I am sure. Do not believe me inclined to complain, or to pass what remains of life in feeble lamentations. When I think of all the blessings I have had, and of the measure of this world's goods infinitely beyond my deservings that has been heaped upon me, I should despise myself if

¹ Mr. Motley went to America for the last time in the summer and autumn of 1875, where he and his daughters passed many weeks at the house of an intimate friend, Mrs. J. E. Lodge, at Nahant, a seaside resort near Boston.

I should not find strength enough to bear the sorrows which the Omnipotent has now chosen to send.

We are still quite ignorant as to the fate of Dana's nomination in the Senate. Most devoutly do I hope he is coming. It is better than anything I dared to hope for. Tell him, when you see him, that he can scarcely realize how intense was the satisfaction with which his appointment was hailed by the best and most influential people here, and how universal the delight expressed by all the leading organs of public opinion. But I have not the power yet to write much objectively. A good many people come to see me, and I have dined out at small dinners with very intimate friends. I do it from a sense of duty, especially to my daughters, but it is rather a pain than a distraction to myself. If you will pardon one other bit of egotism, I will say that I was pleased a few weeks ago by reading in an English newspaper that I had been elected a member of the French Institute. I had never thought of it or spoken about it to a living soul, and did not know that an election was to be held. The notification of my having been chosen was sent to Boston, so that it was slow in reaching me. I was made a *correspondant*, or corresponding member, fifteen years ago, but this is full membership to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in which there are but seven foreigners in all. I was glad to know that I was still supposed to be alive, although I am but too conscious that there are many far more deserving of the honor than I pretend to be.¹

¹ The official notification of the honor referred to was contained in a letter from M. Mignet, which had gone to America, and the first information was therefore received from a para-

I had better conclude this before I fall into any more of it. I wish that Lowell had accepted the appointment to Petersburg, not for his own sake so much as that it would have been good for us to have his name on our fasti. I hope we are not to be again disappointed in Dana's.

When you see Susan, will you tell her that we are all very well, and that I mean very soon to answer her kind letter?

Farewell, and, with my love to your wife and all yours,

Believe me most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

House in the Wood ("Huis ten Bosch"), The Hague,
August 18, 1876.

MY DEAR HOLMES: We came in a steamer from Harwich to Rotterdam, and so by an hour's rail to this spot, a week ago. We shall return by the same route (about fourteen hours) to London at the beginning of next week. The Huis ten Bosch, where we are staying, is the summer palace or villa of the queen in this country, and we came only for the purpose of making her graph in the "Pall Mall Gazette." A friend (Lady Arthur Russell) volunteered to inquire as to the correctness of the paragraph, and wrote Mr. Motley a note confirming the rumor.

By a further accident the official note, directed and sent to

"Monsieur Motley (Lothrop),

Membre de l'Institut de France,"

was the one intended for M. Minghetti, who was elected at the same time, and who doubtless received the one addressed to Mr. Motley.

a visit. You have often heard me speak of her in terms of deepest admiration, respect, and affection. I have known few persons in my life more deserving of these feelings. She is very accomplished. Half a dozen languages are to her like her mother-tongue. She is singularly accurate in modern European history, and very familiar with most important personages who have played a part in politics, letters, and science in our day from actual acquaintance, or in several previous generations from intimate and intuitive study and reflection. She has a noble presence, and has had very considerable beauty. Her manner is almost perfection, combining the innate grace and dignity belonging to her station with perfect simplicity, absence of vanity and egotism, and most abundant sympathy; full of charity, constantly occupied with thoughts of others, forgetful of self, and deeply interested in all great subjects which occupy the attention of the more elevated intellects. I hardly know why I am speaking so fully of her at this moment, except that I am, as I have often been, domesticated under her roof, and because I always feel when I see her that it will be for the last time. Her health is shattered. She herself considers that her life hangs by a thread. She had an alarming illness early in this year, and the doctors have no doubt that she has disease of the heart. She is much changed in the three years which have elapsed since I saw her. More than and most of all I am attached to her because of her undying and unabated affection for my beloved Mary. No one on this side of the water more truly loved her, and more finely, accurately, and warmly appreciated that great and noble nature than she did.

This house is swallowed up, literally embowered, in the beechen forest which surrounds The Hague. It is about two miles from the town, and in this forest I used to walk with her almost daily during our residence. You may judge whether or not she is actually visible to me at every turn in every path. But I will forswear this egotism of grief. Even you will begin to think me unmanly, although I hardly need say that I scarcely speak or write to any one else as I am doing to you, and this occasional relief is almost a necessity. It is not easy to make a very interesting letter from this distance. The place is full of memories for me, and besides there are a few acquaintances and friends whom we are very glad to see again. It is the dead season here, but within twenty minutes' drive is the North Sea, with the cool and comfortable bathing-place of Scheveningen; and it is difficult to imagine that land and water could throw themselves into forms so absolutely different from each other as Scheveningen and Nahant. Here there is nothing but one long, mathematically straight line of sea-beach, running fifty miles without cove, rock, indentation, nor any shadow of turning. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their children, have been staying here. The parents were gone before we came, but the young ones, five or six, remain.

Yesterday we went with the queen to dine (at 2 P. M.) with her uncle (or rather the king's uncle), Prince Frederick, a most excellent old man, at a very beautiful summer château, to which three of these German princesses, from sixteen to six, and one little prince of seven or eight, were invited—all merry and natural and browned in the sun, and furnished with

English and French and German governesses and *bonnes* and conscience-keepers. It was pleasant enough, and the *déjeûner dinatoire* was worthy of the imperial guestlings. I am afraid you have had enough of my babble. Otherwise I would talk of a fine portrait of Jean de Witt, and another of his brother and fellow-victim, Cornelius, which hang over my writing-table. The house which John, the great pensionary, lived in at the time they were both murdered is the same we lived in for two years. It is now the residence of the queen's youngest son, Prince Alexander.

This House in the Wood is the especial residence and property of the queen, and she lives here in perfect liberty, and has those she likes to dinner and as her guests, the king never coming here, and being always absent from The Hague in the summer.

You will forgive my prosing so much about the country of your maternal ancestors. Do write to me soon. You know how much I value your letters, and what comfort they are to me.

Both my daughters join me in kindest remembrances to your wife and yourself.

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

To his Second Daughter

Allenheads, Allendale,¹ Northumberland,
Friday, September 1, 1876.

MY DARLING MARY: Your letter of the 30th to Susie was received just now, and I said I should like to write to you instead of her doing so. . . .

¹ Belonging to Wentworth Beaumont, Esq.

This is a small but pretty and comfortable house, standing fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level—the highest gentleman's house in England. It is surrounded by vast, wild-looking moors, abounding in grouse, which the young guests staying here slaughter faithfully every day, and filled beneath by vast mines filled with lead. . . . The air is pure, stimulating, and bracing. To-day, after three days of storm, wind, and rain, we have a bright, clear sky and a sharp, almost frosty air. We are going to lunch out of doors, somewhere in the moors, although Beaumont advised sticking to the dining-room, opening all the doors and windows so as to establish a thorough and chilling draft, which would answer the purpose as well.

I like being here. Lady Margaret is always so kind and agreeable. R—— is a very sweet, intelligent, and attractive little girl.

Good-by, my dear child.

To the Duchess of Argyll

Isel Hall, Cockermonth,
October 13, 1876.

MY DEAR DUCHESS: I was not able, as I intended, to write a line the day after we arrived here to tell you once more how very glad I was to have been able to make the journey to Inveraray, and to satisfy myself with my own eyes that the condition of your own health was so much better than I had ventured to hope. . . .

This is a lovely place, with almost as much natural charm and artistic grace as the beautiful châtelaine herself. I like Mr. Wyndham very much also. We

have taken drives to Bassenthwaite Lake and Cocker-mouth Castle, and, I dare say, may make one or two more excursions into the pretty and famous lake country before we leave next Monday for London. Mr. R. Doyle is here, who has been making some beautiful sketches at Drumlanrig, and I believe that some young people are coming back with our host and hostess, who went last night to the county ball at Carlisle.

You may suppose that the politics of this house are *somewhat* different from those at Inveraray.

But as the great Eastern matter is to me, an outsider, a very wide and general one, and, I should think, swelling every day into dimensions beyond the control of diplomats, I like to hear everything that can be said about it. I entirely agree with the duke and yourself and Mr. Gladstone as to the Turks, but I can't put much faith in temporary measures, and feel as though the fifth act of the five centuries' tragedy has got to be played out before long. Awful for the spectators, still more so for the actors! And I hope that the spectacle may be postponed a little longer, but it is almost hoping against hope.

Believe me, my dear duchess,

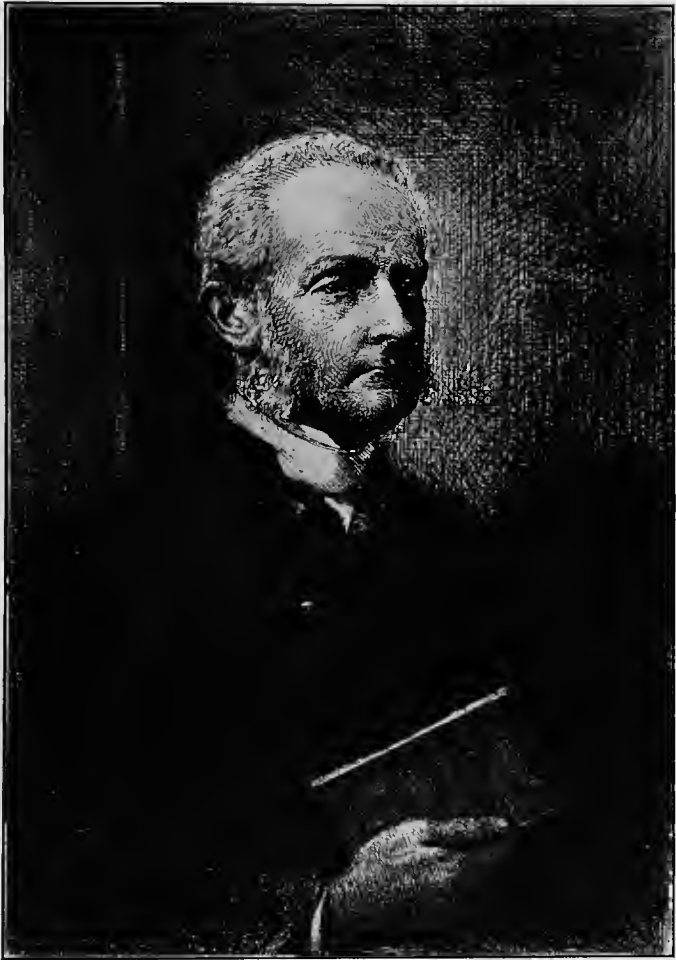
Always affectionately yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

To Dean Stanley

5 Seamore Place, Mayfair,
November 10, 1876.

MY DEAR DEAN: I wish it were in my power to tell you adequately how very grateful I am for the pleasure and solace which I have been deriving from your



DEAN STANLEY

third volume on the Jewish Church. As I think I mentioned to you one day, if you had written the volume expressly for my own behalf, it could not have been better adapted for the purpose. For it deals with subjects which exceedingly occupy my mind, and abounds with suggestions, explanations, and sympathetic aid toward the solution of problems and mysteries which press more and more upon the thoughts of those whose life's evening is closing in dark shadows and sorrows. You and I have both been struck almost simultaneously by that irremediable blow which drives the soul forth into the vast and unknown void, and causes it to rebel at times at the bars which must restrain it so long as those mortal conditions last. I have been reading the book very slowly, for my mind wanders after attempting for a time to grasp great subjects, and I am obliged to take rest. How glad I am that your mind and body are both so vigorous and fresh, notwithstanding the great calamity which God has sent to you, and that you are not only able to find some relief in work, but furnish relief to others! How acutely you must have felt, in the painful but sacred circumstances attending your work, that *laborare est orare!*

The delicate and masterly manner in which you have traced out the connection between the idea of the one invisible God revealing himself at many intervals of space and time, and through differing races, to the highest of what we call *human* intellects, and the idea of a future life under unknown and unimaginable conditions, is to me most striking. Intense love seems to me to annihilate death, and love is the foundation of the Christian revelation. But it is not only for this

steady sequence of thought on the one great subject that I have taken so much pleasure in your volume. I have learned in it a great deal on the historical themes in which I especially desired instruction, and have thus learned from one in whose teachings I feel absolute confidence. The story of the captivity, the return, the restitution of the records of Ezra and Nehemiah, especially the history of the rise and fall of the Asmonean dynasty are full of deep interest and abound in passages and pictures of remarkable power and splendor. I would venture especially to allude to the description of Babylon and of its destruction, to the most heroic and pathetic presentment of the great achievements of Judas Maccabæus and his brethren; above all, to the tragic story of Herod and the august and noble Mariamna. How much I envy—no, *non equidem invideo, miror magis*—the transparent purity of the style in which, however tempted by enthusiasm or intensity of feeling, you have always the reserve, the temperance which, as Hamlet says, “doth give the torrent smoothness.”

But I beg your pardon for writing so much in what was intended as a simple letter of thanks. Meantime, my dear dean, believe me, with deep regard,

Very sincerely your friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

To his Eldest Daughter

5 Seamore Place,

Friday evening, December, 1876.

. . . The quantity of rain is appalling. There is little chance of any kind of loafing here, and won't be

until they organize some kind of boats. That gondola of London, as the great Dizzy calls a hansom, is entirely inadequate to the occasion. I have seen scarcely a soul. I paddle sometimes to the club, and see a lot of fogies in a comatose state. I rarely find an acquaintance. Sometimes the voice of old Abram, I hear it complain from the whist-room, which is refreshing. I hope you admire the beauty of my handwriting to-day. It is because I am using a swan-quill, one of six Melbury ones which Mrs. Wyndham has just sent me as a New-Year's gift, with a very agreeable letter. . . . May is perfectly well, and diviner than ever. She interrupts me every minute or two, and she is running a railroad between the drawing-room and library, and insists on my taking tickets for "London Station." . . . Your account of the dinner at the Kings' reminds me of the ballet they used to give so much at Vienna, "Les Willis." I am glad you saw those dear, jolly people. Tuesday we go to the Van de Weyers for a week. . . .

5 Seamore Place,
December 14, 1876.

MY DEAREST LILY: I was glad to see by your letter to Susie, received this morning, that you are well and happy, and enjoying yourself. I had a letter from the Queen of the Netherlands, in which she speaks very kindly of you and your marriage, and alludes to the letter she had received from you. I had also a letter from W. Story to the same effect. . . . Tuesday I went at about half-past six to call at Kent House. Miss Hosmer came rushing down with a message to collar me and retain me to dinner. I had been pre-

vented from dining there the day before. We had a most pleasant little scratch dinner with Lady Ashburton at a little after seven. That hour was because Miss Baring and two or three others of the party were going to the Geographical Society meeting. The two or three others were one of the arctic expedition officers, Conybeare by name, and his father and mother. Lady Marian Alford also came to dinner. After the arctic explorers went off, we had a pleasant evening, H—— and I being the only gentlemen. Lady Marian had been painting some fans—one for the queen. She was persuaded to send over to her house for them. They are wonderful. I stood aghast, and felt convinced that Fra Angelico must have really done them. Lots of little Cupids or angels' heads, it does n't signify much which, lovely trellises of grape-vines, and allegorical groups of various kinds, with bits of landscape. Truly, I never saw anything so exquisite. . . . H—— was full of fun as usual, so that there could hardly have been found better company in the world than I stumbled upon that evening. Yesterday I went with Mary and Susie to take May and Toto to Hengler's Circus. May was quietly and deeply interested, especially by the "beautiful fairy on horseback in a golden dress," as she expressed herself—said fairy being a battered kind of harridan on an awful screw of a horse. Toto wished the clown might be removed and the geegees come back. I rather liked the clown. He was the very same I used to see, when I was a small boy, at the Boston circus—the same face, the same voice, the same jokes. The circus is at least a conservative institution, quite proof against progress. . . . God bless you, my dear child. . . .

To his Eldest Daughter

Amphill Park, Amphill,
January 11, 1877.

MY DEAREST LILY: You will like to know that we accomplished our arduous journey to this place in perfect safety, and arrived in time for dinner. In the evening we saw dear Lady Wensleydale for a few minutes. She has had a bad attack of gout in the knee, and has suffered a good deal of pain, and seemed rather low, although glad to see us. Froude and his daughter came in the same train with us. There are no other guests, but Charles Howard is expected.

I read Harcourt's speech with great admiration and sympathy. I am glad that I could agree with every word of it. I knew, of course, that it would be very eloquent, forcible, and interesting, but I had not supposed that I should be so exactly in accord with all his views. I don't think it was at all superfluous for him to slay the slain, for these Turco-Dizzy people require a good deal of killing, and I am very glad that he has shown up in such masterful fashion the pitiful alternation of bumptiousness and backing down which has characterized the Tory government during the past year. . . . Our own political affairs look better. Even the "Tribune" seems inclined to think it bad for the Republican party if Hayes should be "counted in" against the general sense of the country. The people themselves are behaving with a magnificent calm, and one can't help feeling proud of them. I don't believe there is the slightest possibility of fight-

ing, and it is generally agreed that Congress will settle the question, and that their decision, whatever it is, will be acquiesced in quietly.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

Brighton,
January 30, 1877.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I have three letters, delightful ones, as your letters always are, to acknowledge. The very last was one regarding Lily's marriage, and it gave her and her husband much pleasure. I wish you could have witnessed the marriage, for to an imaginative, poetical, and philosophical nature like yours the scene would have been highly suggestive. It was strictly private, on account of deep mourning in both families. It was in Westminster Abbey, because Dean Stanley is a very dear and intimate friend of ours and also of Harcourt's. No one was invited, except one or two nearest relatives, and it was necessary courteously to decline all applications from representatives of the press. The ceremony was performed in Henry VII.'s gorgeous and beautiful chapel, dimly lighted by a rain-obscured December sun. The party stood on the slab covering Edward VI.'s tomb, and at the dean's back was the monument in which James I. had his bones placed along with those of Henry VII., the first Stuart fraternizing in death with the first Tudor. The tombs of Mary Queen of Scots and of Elizabeth were on either side. As there were but very few people sprinkled about in somber clothing, one could hardly

realize amid all this ancient dust and ashes that a modern commonplace marriage was going on. Afterward the wedding-party went through the long-drawn aisle and beneath the fretted vault to the Jerusalem Chamber, where Henry IV. died:

How call ye the chamber where I first did swoon?

'T is called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

In that Jerusalem will Harry die.

You remember all this, and would have thought of it, as I did, as one was signing and witnessing the marriage in the dim and dusty old apartment, now a kind of record-chamber to the Abbey. The business was soon despatched. The couple then drove down to Strawberry Hill, once the famous gingerbread Gothic castle of Horace Walpole, and now the property of Lady Waldegrave, Harcourt's aunt, who lent it to them for a part of their honeymoon.

We have had rather a *décousu* winter, Susie and I. It was a great wrench parting from Lily, who has been my constant and always interesting companion for so long. At the same time I always felt a kind of remorse at the idea of her devoting her life to me, and now I feel a happiness in her happiness. Our establishment in Seamore Place is broken up, and the house, endeared to me by the saddest and tenderest memories of my life, is sold, and is, I believe, soon to be pulled down, to make room on its site and that of the adjoining house for a very large one. I am rather pleased with this idea than with that of seeing others, perhaps acquaintances, living in what was her last home on earth. We have been passing a few days for change of air with some old friends, and very kind ones, Lord

and Lady Minto. He is brother to Sir Henry Elliot, the ambassador at Constantinople, of whom you have read much in the papers of late, who also is a very old friend and colleague of mine. There was never a more straightforward and conscientious man in diplomacy or out of it. Lady Minto is one of the most intellectual and agreeable of women. You may suppose we talk a good deal here of the Eastern question. My opinions and tendencies and beliefs are all on the Russian side. At least, I feel convinced that this extraneous and foreign substance called Turkey, which has been so long lodged in the European constitution, has got to be eliminated before there can be health in Europe. Also I believe that Russia must ultimately succeed to Turkey, who can assimilate what Turkey could not. This, however, the English of all parties refuse to see, and I believe, after all is said and done, they would rather fight with Russia than see her in Constantinople.

We have been making some other visits, among others a very agreeable one to Lord Lorne and Princess Louise, at their pretty villa near Tunbridge Wells. Your son Wendell knows him very well, and he often speaks of him, as they do all, and of his visit to Inveraray, and your own name is as familiar as household words. He has literary and scientific tastes and pursuits, a good deal of character, and a refined mind; and the princess is exceedingly sympathetic, merry, light-hearted, and as little *quindée* as it is possible to be. She has decided artistic talents, draws, paints, and models, and does your likeness in a few sittings very successfully. Nobody could be a kinder or more graceful hostess. . . . We return to London the

day after to-morrow. Our address until April 1 is 11 Clarges Street, Piccadilly, a temporary habitat until we can suit ourselves more permanently. I have found the surf, sea air, and sea sounds bracing and sympathetic. It reminds me a little, very little, of the magnificent scenery of Nahant, of our long, to me delightful, walks and talks there. Not that the scenery here is anything but straight and tame and insipid, with an esplanade three miles long, a pebbled beach, and no rocks nor caves. But there has been a gale of wind and some surf, and the air is bracing, although mild at times as if it were the south of France. So much can warm equatorial currents do for these favored islands, while we in New England are left out in the cold.

Farewell for the present. Give my love to your wife, and

Believe me always affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

From Dr. O. W. Holmes

Boston,

March 14, 1877.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I should have acknowledged and thanked you for your letter of the 30th of January, but for many unusual distractions. I cannot and I need not tell you what singular enjoyment I had in reading that letter. It is too good a letter, too striking a one, for any *particulier* to receive and appropriate. The account of your daughter's wedding was like a passage from a stately drama. It was, *is*, I

ought to say, enough to thrill any American to his marrow, to read of those whom he has known so long and well among the common scenes of our not over-poetical existence, enacting one of the great scenes of this mortal life in the midst of such shadows, treading over such dust in an atmosphere of historic immortality. I lived the occasion all over, and I do sincerely pity the New England major or the Western congressman who has not enough of imagination or reverence for the past to be kindled into something like poetical enthusiasm, as much as Johnson would pity the man whose patriotism did not grow stronger at Marathon, or whose piety did not warm among the ruins of Iona.

Oh, this shallow soil of memory on which we live, we scratch it, and we find—what? The Indian's shell-heaps and stone arrow-heads. It would be worth a year of my life (if I had a good many to spare one from) to walk once more under the high groined arches of Westminster Abbey. I never expect to see England or Europe again; but it is something to say I have lived and looked upon Alps, cathedrals, and the greatest works of the greatest artists.

We have lost our good friend, and your good friend, Turner Sargent. You know how precarious his health had been of late. He had been suffering from a disease of the valves of the heart, which obliged him to lead the life of an invalid, and yet allowed him to enjoy much and give much enjoyment to others. He got chilled during a visit of kindness to an old friend just out of town, and was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, to which his enfeebled constitution yielded in the course of less than a week. He left the

world very peaceably, keeping up his courteous and even cheerful bearing all through, and with only occasional turns of severe suffering. I inclose a brief notice of him, which I wrote and published in the "Daily Advertiser." Henry Sargent wanted some copies of it, and I had them struck off at the Riverside Press. The mourning border was the printer's addition. I do not know that it is an improvement.

My daughter has lived most happily with her husband, and is left very lonely by his death; but she will still be able to keep the home which he loved to beautify for her, and her friends are all kindness. She is young and elastic in temperament, and I hope may find occupation and happiness, as much as she has a right to look for.

Believe me always affectionately yours,

O. W. H.

To Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge

London,
March 22, 1877.

MY DEAR CABOT: Your last letter was more than six months ago (11th July, 1876), and I did not think that one so interesting and instructive would have remained so long without a reply.

But before I say another word on any other topic, let me tell you that my object to-day is to beg you to express to your wife and her mother my deep, true, and tender sympathy with them in the great affliction which has befallen them in the death of Admiral Davis.

It is only within two or three days that I learned the

sad event in the newspapers, for I have had no letters from home for some time.

I grieve most truly for you all, for I know full well what he was, and although he has been permitted to attain to a ripe age, and to round into fullness a bright, noble, and consistent career, yet these reflections cannot mitigate the pangs of such a loss. The longer such a man lives, the more he must become endeared to those nearest and dearest to him.

All that friends can do is to utter words of sympathy, and of full appreciation of his virtues and high qualities. His public career is part of our history. To be highly distinguished both in the practical and scientific part of the noble profession to which his life was devoted, and which he adorned, is much. But it was permitted to him to write his name in bright letters on the most trying, eventful, and heroic page of our history, and there it must remain as long as we have a history.

Death comes to all, but when it comes to end a life which has been filled full of honorable actions, of devotion to duty, of chivalrous inspiration, our deepest regrets are rather for the survivors than for the dead. For myself, I shall always be glad that I had the great pleasure of seeing him in the midst of his family at Nahant during the summer of 1875, which I passed among you all.

He was, I am proud to say, my friend from early years, and he is associated with many of the brightest and tenderest remembrances of my life. He was the valued friend of one dearer to me than life, and it is impossible for me to think of him or your mother-in-law without thinking of her.

And he always seemed to me the same man, in youth and in advanced years, with the same simple, truthful, genial, sympathetic, unaffected presence, thoughtful and appreciative of others, undemonstrative of himself, unchanged after he had achieved so much from what he was when his career was just beginning.

I shall always cherish his memory; and once more I beg you to say all that can be said on my part of true feeling to Mrs. Davis and her daughters.

I will say no more. I reserve to another day a letter which I mean to write in answer to yours very soon. I hope you will write to me again whenever you can. Your letters are always very interesting to me. Give my best love to your mother, in which, as well as to your wife, Susie begs to join,

And believe me

Sincerely your friend,

J. L. MOTLEY.

To Dr. O. W. Holmes

11 Clarges Street, London,
March 23, 1877.

MY DEAR HOLMES: Strange to say, I am writing you a second letter before I have received an answer to my last. This is the first time for long years that I have not had a debt of two or three letters to pay you when I took up the pen. And I wish that it was not so sad an occasion which moves me to write, for I wish to express as strongly and as sincerely as I can how thoroughly I feel with your daughter and with you all on the great affliction which has come upon her in the

death of her husband. It is but very recently that I read of the event in the Boston "Advertiser," and directly afterward I read the touching and discriminating portraiture of him, which could have come from no hand but your own. I receive so few letters from Boston, few or rather no friends being so magnanimous as to keep up, like yourself, a kind of unilateral correspondence with me, that I might have remained still longer in ignorance of your daughter's bereavement had I not been in the habit of receiving regularly the "Daily." I hope you will kindly be the interpreter of all our warm sympathies for a grief which can hardly be less poignant because the event has so long been almost daily and even, I suppose, hourly expected. The eternal absence is so immeasurably different from the suffering present.

For myself, I have an honest right to claim a portion of your sorrow. Indeed, I cannot remember when I did not know him intimately and esteem him much. Turner was one of my own earliest friends. We must have been, I think, nearly of an age, and I never in my life called him by anything but his Christian name. He always seemed to me exactly the same individual from childhood to manhood, and so on into the shadows of advancing years. He is associated with many of my most tender remembrances, with many scenes which I look back upon with a regret which must always be mingled with buried joy; for my dear Mary was very fond of him, and among the letters from many friends which came to me at the epoch which has forever darkened my life, one received from him was among the most touching and the most genuine. Words of mere sympathy and attempted consolation are of little use

in the bitterness of grief, but affectionate and sincere tributes to the virtues and fine qualities of such a man as Turner Sargent from those who knew him can hardly be unwelcome. There never was a more agreeable companion, kind, courteous, sympathetic, merry, and amusing at will, even in the pain and anxieties of broken health. Forgetful of self, thoughtful of others, refined and delicate in taste, appreciation, and sentiment, with the varied knowledge which comes from extensive travel and observation of the world, and with a genuine, straightforward, affectionate nature, he had a right to be called by that one word which means so much and which can be said in no language but our own, but which has been so promiscuously used as to be in danger of losing its deep meaning—"gentleman." You have already said it, but even if I had not read what you wrote, I am quite sure that I should have instinctively used it in attempting to characterize our beloved friend. I will say no more to-day, except to beg you once more to give my most sincere and sympathetic remembrances to your daughter and your wife.

Always your true friend,

J. L. M.

To his Eldest Daughter

Sunday, April 6, 1877.

. . . I should like to hear as much as I can about politics, and am grateful to you for all you have written, which always interests me deeply, for I like to know what Harcourt thinks and intends. I am a good deal

puzzled by English party politics, and in my own ignorance now should be the more ready to forgive (if I had not long since done so) the gross ignorance and hatred manifested from 1861 to 1864 by many parliamentary chiefs in regard to America. My opinions about the Eastern question are purely academic and historical, and therefore quite superfluous, even if I could write them. To me, the appalling danger for Europe and Christendom is a war of England with Russia, and that seems the drift and the howl just now.

God bless you; love to Harecourt; all well here.

To his Eldest Daughter

Hunstanton Hall, Kings Lynn, Norfolk,¹

April 11, 1877.

MY DEAREST LILY · I am your debtor for three very agreeable letters. Our days were passed at Bulstrode in perfect tranquillity, a condition which suits me more and more, and I am quite content when I am not called on to make any exertion, bodily or mental. The duke is very good company, as you know, caustic, not unsympathetic, one with whom one can talk about anything and everything without fear of shocking some ponderous prejudice. The duchess is as witty as ever, and very kindly to us all. That branch of the Sheridans certainly retains its monopoly of beauty. Miss S—— G—— is as pretty as the two elder sisters, and as for R——, she seems to me likely to be a greater

¹ The home of H. L'Estrange, Esq.

beauty than any of the lot, with a singular fascination of eye like a loving little serpent. We came down Monday morning, and, after a few hours' tour through Holland, arrived at Hunstanton at 7 p. m. Certainly the track of the railway through Cambridgeshire and Norfolk shows a dead level of green pastures, enlivened by canals, windmills, and pumps, such as I did n't suppose possible on this side of the North Sea. This house, I believe, you have never seen. It is certainly full of character. It is on rather level ground, moated, with a double courtyard, a sort of Buitenhof and Binnenhof in miniature. The best part of the house was burned to the ground about twenty years ago, and was Elizabethan. The part now occupied was built in James I.'s time, and L'Estrange is going to rebuild the burnt portions. There is a large, formal garden, with long walks, sheltered from the winds by hedges of holly, and a good park. There are one or two good family portraits, particularly a Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, by Holbein. E——'s portrait, by Watts, is the chief beauty exhibited on the walls of the old house. Parts of the mansion are of Edward II.'s time, and the L'Estranges have been living here since "Richard Conqueror," being an old family, like Christopher Sly. L'Estrange is a very good fellow indeed, manly, intelligent, straightforward, entirely a gentleman, and they seem a happy married couple. I sent back Mother Martineau's three volumes to Cawthorn and Hutt. Certainly that autobiography is as neat a monument of human conceit and self-satisfaction as can be found in English literature. I have been much pleased with Doudan's letters. The style is exquisite, and the thoughts, often original, and always subtle and sugges-

tive, are those of a man who had great admiration of others, none of himself, and who "doffed the world aside and bid it pass" from mere lack of ambition, literary or political. He seems to have known intimately most of the *personnages marquants* of the first seventy-two years of this century, which was the span of his life, and, according to the introduction to the published *Nachlass*, was much cherished by them.

God bless you, my dear child.

To his Eldest Daughter

Kingston Russell,
Sunday, May 13, 1877.

DEAREST LILY: I am going to write a single line to thank you for your proposal that I should come up to you after Whitsuntide. But I think it infinitely better that I should stop here; I should only be an encumbrance in London. I am quite beyond the possibilities of a London season, and am very contented here. Don't let Susie put it into your head that there is anything the matter with me. It is altogether a mistake. I am quite "in my plate." Writing becomes more difficult as the arm becomes stiffer, and the effort strains the head; but there is nothing whatever in my general condition different from what it has been for the last four years. There is not much need of forcing myself to take exercise, although that is sometimes good for one's spirits; "but I care not for my spirits if my legs were not so weary." I shall look with interest for Harcourt's speech, which I hope and suppose he will make on Monday, now that the debate is ad-

journed. It was very generous of him to announce through Lord Hartington his willingness to abstain. I am utterly unable to understand English politics. I think the idea of self-governing little states strung together between Turkey and Russia the most preposterous notion the mind of man ever conceived, and it does n't make it more impressive to call them autonomies. However, I am not going to write a political letter—*tant s'en faut*. The only one thing that seems to me clear in the not very remote future is war between England and Russia. Meanwhile the polishing off by Russia of Turkey will be a tremendous business to look upon. It is a pity, now that the Eastern question seems to be approaching its solution, England should be governed by an Oriental, and be perpetually receiving votes of thanks for Turkey. May is divine as ever, and Toto almost as pretty and exceedingly original. Brin Brin, in his "itty-taty-too," is magnificent, and looks as if you could not knock him down, as Falstaff says, "with a three-man beetle." I hope you will write as often as you can, my dear child; your letters are exceedingly interesting, and they are the only ones almost that I receive. But I know you have an immensity to do, and I implore you not to fatigue yourself. It is very hard for me to write, or I would send you a letter every day. You must take the will for the deed. I have at last written to the queen¹ and answered one or two other letters, and now I must pause. . . . If you by chance should see Princess Louise, don't forget to remind her that we hope to have some day the photograph of the drawing. I think it the best likeness ever made of me. Good-by. God bless you.

¹ Of the Netherlands.

To his Eldest Daughter

Kingston Russell,
May 17, 1877.

DEAREST LILY: Many thanks for your very interesting letter. You know how very agreeable it is to me to hear of your enjoying yourself in the world political and social, and your letters in this profound solitude do one good. It must be an immense pleasure to you to see and hear your husband's great success, and to be so warmly and justly congratulated upon it. I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart; indeed, I should not be writing at this moment except to add my mite to the applause which his speech on the Eastern question has so generally evoked. I have read it twice with great interest and admiration, and only wish I could hear him. But that, alas! can never be. I also read and liked very much his speech at the Artists' Benevolent Society. He must be getting very tired, and I am glad for his sake as well as yours that you are to have a holiday. It was a very great pleasure to us having N—— and N——¹ here even for so short a time; it was very kind of them to come. We all admired N—— very much, from Algy down to Brin Brin; she is certainly exceedingly pretty, attractive, intelligent, and sympathetic. I do fervently hope she is not going to bury herself in that gloom thought by some people eternally *de rigueur* for very youthful mourners; it is unnatural and fictitious for one so young and with a long life before her. The children are well and sweet. I must stop, as I must write a line to Donald Mackay,² and also to his *Braut*. It seems

¹ His brother and niece.

² Now Lord Reay.

to me a wonderfully good marriage, exactly what one might have planned for both. God bless you. Love to Harcourt.¹

The following sympathetic allusion to Mr. Motley, made by Dean Stanley in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on June 3, 1877, is given as forming a fitting conclusion to these volumes:

“ . . . But there is a yet deeper key of harmony that has just been struck within the last week. The hand of death has removed from his dwelling-place amongst us one of the brightest lights of the western hemisphere—the high-spirited patriot, the faithful friend of England’s best and purest spirits, the brilliant, the indefatigable historian who told, as none before him had told, the history of the rise and struggle of the Dutch Republic, almost a part of his own.

“We sometimes ask what room or place is left in the crowded temple of Europe’s fame for one of the western world to occupy. But a sufficient answer is given in the work which was reserved to be accomplished by him who has just departed. So long as the tale of the greatness of the house of Orange, of the siege of Leyden, of the tragedy of Barneveldt, interests mankind, so long will Holland be indissolubly connected with the name of Motley, in the union of the ancient culture of Europe with the aspirations of America which was so remarkable in the ardent, laborious, soaring soul that has passed away.

¹ This was the last note written to his daughter. Mr. Motley died suddenly at Kingston Russell, on the 29th of May, 1877.

“He loved that land of his with a passionate zeal, he loved the land of his adoption with a surpassing love. . . . He loved the fatherland, the mother-tongue of the literature which he had made his own. He loved the land which was the happy home of his children, and which contained the dearly cherished grave of her beside whom he will be laid to-morrow.

“Whenever any gifted spirit passes from our world to the other, it brings both within our nearer view—the world of this mortal life, with its contentions and strifes, its joys and griefs, now to him closed forever, but amidst which he won his fame, and in which his name shall long endure; and the other world of our ideal vision, of our inexhaustible longings, of our blank misgivings, of our inextinguishable hopes, of our everlasting reunions, the eternal love in which live the spirits of the just made perfect, the heavenly Jerusalem, which being above is free, the city of which God himself is the light, and in whose light we shall see light.”

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