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John Lothrop Motley  
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Édition de Luxe

The Complete Works of  
John L. Motley

VOLUME XV



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. I

Society of English and French Literature

New York

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MARY LOTHROP SHERIDAN, SUSAN MARGARET  
STACKPOLE MILDMAJ.

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## PREFACE

THE admirable Memoir of Mr. Motley by his friend Oliver Wendell Holmes renders the addition of any biographical notice to these volumes unnecessary.

The letters now published were written mainly to members of his family, and have been collected by his daughters. In preparing them for publication, the editor has withheld whatever he believed that the writer's good judgment and thoughtful consideration for others would have omitted. This rule excludes comments upon persons and affairs which, however innocent or playful, might cause needless pain or misapprehension. It excludes, also, much of the repetition which naturally occurs in such letters, and a large part of the domestic and friendly messages and allusions, which, although illustrating the writer's generous sympathy and affectionate disposition, are essentially private. If much of such matter is still left, it is because, with all his interest in literary pursuits and in public affairs, Mr. Motley was essentially a domestic man, and a more rigid exclusion could not have been made without injustice to his character. Otherwise the letters are printed as they were written.

Occasional breaks in the series of letters—especially after the death of Mr. Motley's mother, with whom he maintained a full and affectionate correspondence for forty years—are due chiefly to the fact that, when surrounded by his family and engrossed by many cares, he had but little inclination or leisure for friendly letter-writing. This was the case in 1870; and the editor has been able to give but two letters written during that year—one addressed to the Duchess of Argyll, and the other to Dr. Holmes.

The circumstances of Mr. Motley's resignation of the mission to Austria, and of his retirement from the English mission, are told accurately and adequately in Dr. Holmes's Memoir. The publication of private correspondence upon the subject would add nothing to the facts as related by the biographer, and would needlessly reopen controversy. Mr. Motley's deep feeling upon the subject, however, which was well known to his friends, is expressed in a few brief allusions which have been retained in the letters now published, and for the facts the reader is referred to the Memoir.



# LETTERS OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

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## CHAPTER I

### EARLY YEARS

Letters from school — Studies and pastimes — Death of Governor Brooks — “Lionel Lincoln” — Goes to Round Hill School — Cooper’s novels — “Hope Leslie.”

[At this time Motley was ten years old, and a pupil at the school of Charles W. Greene, near Boston.]

*To his Father*

Jamaica Plain,  
May 13, 1824.

MY DEAR FATHER: I want to see you very much. I suppose you remember that it is my turn to come home on Saturday next? This is Thursday, the day on which we speak. I was third-best. The pieces which I spoke were Mr. Sprague’s Prize Prologue and a most delectable comedy entitled and called “The Cruel Tragedy of the Death of Pyramus and Thisbe,” in which I took the part of Thisbe. My nose has bled

very often lately, but I believe it will not bleed much more. I have had a pain in my side once or twice. I hope you, mother, and all the family are well. Mr. Greene is very well. Mrs. Greene has a headache.

I am, dear father,

Your affectionate son,

LOTHROP.

*To his Brother*

Boston,

February 21, 1825.

MON CHER FRÈRE: J'espère que vous êtes bien; je suis très bien. Édouard a été indisposé, mais il est mieux. Nous reçûmes votre lettre aujourd'hui, et nous fûmes bien aises d'apprendre que vous êtes bien. Vous avez été mépris, car Monsieur Adams est le Président. Nous cappons maintenant, l'examen doit avoir lieu le prochain Mercredi. Nous tous sommes très bien et nous envoyons bien de l'amour.

Votre affectueux frère,

J. L. M.

(N. B. This letter was lost, or it would have been sent before.)

L'inauguration du Président était aujourd'hui: l'école d'Édouard n'était pas ouvert; il n'allait pas. Édouard a reçu les lettres. Écrivez-vous à me s'il vous plaît le prochain fois que vous écriez à eux.

J. L. M.

Edward is now writing you a letter, which he makes quite a business of. Our shop is an excellent one.

We have made a drawer, a thing to wind twine on, exactly like those in grocers' shops. We have to write exercises now, and I have got used to them, so that I can write them without many mistakes. There is a report that a flood was to have been to-day, but I suppose that it was put off in deference to the President. Mr. Thomas K. Jones sent round a card saying that he would be at his house on the 4th March (to-day), at any time after twelve o'clock, to congratulate each other on the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States, on which occasion he expects the favor of Mr. ——'s company. Father and Uncle Edward received one of them, and went (his house is in Roxbury) and dined at Faneuil Hall. Messrs. Sprague, Percival, and Wells wrote an ode on the occasion, of which that of Mr. Percival was considered the best.

I believe Mr. Labasse is going from Boston to New York, to teach there during the summer. I have not told you that the flood is postponed till Monday next. A great many guns were fired this morning, and continued through the day. Mr. Leverett's father is very sick, for which reason he was not at school on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday.

Governor Brooks died Monday morning, and was buried Thursday privately, as he made that request. I have read "Lionel Lincoln," which I think very interesting. There is a great deal about the Revolutionary War in it, and it contains a full account of the battle of Bunker Hill. Lionel Lincoln is an English lord, and is the principal character in the book. When he comes to Boston, which he does in the beginning of the book, he goes to a near relation, called Madame

Lechmere, who is very rich, and is another very principal character in the story. Mrs. Lechmere's house is in Tremont Street, which Governor Phillips now lives in.

Good-night.

Yours affectionately,  
J. L. M.

---

*To his Mother*

Northampton,<sup>1</sup>  
May 29, 1825.

DEAR MOTHER: I intend to have now the pleasure of writing you a few lines. I do not know when I have enjoyed myself so much as I did yesterday (Saturday). In the morning the gardens were distributed, and I worked in it an hour before school, and in the afternoon we worked a good while in them. After that we went to ride in a nutshell, otherwise a monster of a carryall, with five seats in it; each seat holds five, so we had twenty-five in it: and another carryall behind us as full as it could hold. After we came back we went into water, and it refreshed us very much. I wish you would send me up some nankeen pantaloons, as my woolenette ones are so tight that they are uncomfortable, and besides that woolenette is too thick. I should like to have you send me up my French dictionary. I am reading Hume's "History of England,"

<sup>1</sup> The Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts, under the direction of Mr. George Bancroft and Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, was at that time well known throughout the United States.

which Mr. Cogswell lent me, and think it very interesting. I wish you would write as soon as you possibly can. I have commenced Spanish, which I like very much. I think this is a beautiful place. From my bed I can see a branch of the Green Mountains; Mount Tom and Holyoke, too—I should like very much to go up them.

Give my love to all at home,  
And believe me,  
Your affectionate son,  
J. L. MOTLEY.

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*To his Mother*

Round Hill, Northampton,  
May 31, 1825.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I am going to keep a journal this week, and have begun to-day, Tuesday, as you will see by the date. Our gardens are excellent ones, being twenty feet broad and eighty long. Three other boys and myself own one together. We have made several beds and planted a good many things, such as corn, radishes, water- and musk-melons, etc. It is now about a quarter to one o'clock, so that, as we eat dinner at one, I shall not have time to write much, but I will continue it in the evening. A boy of the name of Barrett came to Round Hill just now and into the school, where I am sitting now; he is an old scholar and has cheeks as big as pumpkins. We have several new scholars, amongst whom is a boy by the name of Wilkinson, who owns a garden with me, and two Jews, by

name Moses and Aaron David, and two Baltimore boys by the name of Treeze. I have been working in my garden this morning, and very hot work it is. We went into water yesterday, and last Saturday, so that we have been in three times this season. Mr. Bancroft said that the boys who pleased might go and work in their gardens, and that the rest might go in a-swimming; and I assure you that there was not one that did the former.

I study "Charles XII." in French, which I think very interesting, and it is much more by its being in French; I can read French books very easily, which I do very often.

Half-past one o'clock, I have just finished my dinner, and I have a half-hour to write you before school. You must certainly send me up some thinner clothes than woolenette.

In the morning, from half-past five to seven, I study French; after breakfast I study Spanish, from nine to half-past ten, when we go out and stay about ten or fifteen minutes; and when we come in, I study Greek until twelve, when we are dismissed; and in the afternoon I study Cicero and recite to Dr. Beck, a German.

I think there is near sixty scholars in the school. We go down-town to "meeting"; we go, Thomas and I, to Mr. Hall's. We had a blind man preach for us last Sunday; he had got the hymns and his sermon by heart.

Good-by for this afternoon.

I have got acquainted with all the boys now. I translate a Spanish book, "Collections Espagnol," with T. Bond. I wish you would send me up, if you can find it, my old French exercise-book that I finished.

I like Northampton every day more and more. I sleep in the same room with Tom, W. Brewster, and a boy by the name of Forbes, a boy from South Carolina.

Good-night; it 's about nine o'clock.

J. L. MOTLEY.

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*To his Father*

Round Hill,

April 29, 1826.

DEAR FATHER: I hope soon to receive a letter from you or mother. Almost all the boys are here now; a few from Baltimore and Philadelphia are wanting. Some of the Philadelphia fellows came yesterday afternoon, and with these came a new boy, the smallest boy by far in school. I don't believe he is a bit bigger than Preble; I suppose he is older, though.

I wish I had some marbles up here. It is what the boys principally have up here, but there are not many up here in all.

I received my paint-box by Tom Appleton. I am in the upper school this term. There are not half so many this term as there were last. It is not very long before I shall come home in August, about four months.

Mr. Cogswell says he should think I might enter sophomore, but I do not think I could, or at least if I should manage to shuffle in, I should always be the worst in my class, and should not be able to take any part at the end of my stay there, nor I don't believe that I shall be able to get a part in the freshman class, but I will do my best.

There have been very few new fellows this term,

about ten, no more. All the Salem and Boston boys have come now. I never knew the Boston boys come so late—some did not come till Thursday night; some of the Salem boys did not come till Friday evening (day before yesterday).

I study Virgil and Tacitus in Latin, “Græca Majora” in Greek, and Lacroix’s “Arithmetic” and Euler’s “Algebra” in mathematics, besides which, out of school-time, I review the “Greek Reader” with Dr. Bode, and am going to study the Greek Testament.

Good-by.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN L. MOTLEY.

---

*To his Father*

Round Hill,

May 13, 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER: I received mother’s and Thomas’s letter. I received mother’s a week ago, and Thomas’s two or three days ago, more than a week after it was written. The reason was that the boy to whom Mr. Cogswell gave the letters to give to the boys lost it, and it was found about a week after.

The apple- and pear-trees have all been in blossom for a good while; the trees in the woods are beginning to have their leaves.

There are six or seven boys going down in August besides myself. We had our gardens given us a week ago. I have got some radishes growing. We do not ride yet, but I heard we were going to ride to-morrow. I wish I had some books up here to read. I wish, when you send me up my paint-brushes, you would send



some. I do not want you to send me up anything to eat or drink, but I wish you would send me some books by the stage with the paint-brushes. I guess you have some in the house that I have not read; you may have some possibly.

The drawing-master has not come yet; he comes to-morrow, I believe. I believe Charley Appleton is going to write to Edward to-day; he told me he was. Everything goes on the same as ever, and I close my letter with entreating you to send me up some books and paint-brushes.

Your affectionate son,  
J. L. MOTLEY.

---

*To his Father*

Round Hill,  
May 16, 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER: AS I wrote you so lately, I of course can have nothing to say. I asked you for books. If Cooper's new novel is out, I wish you would send it to me—but stop, I have thought of something. Mr. Cogswell has fixed a reading-room for us. That is a very good thing, and what the boys have long wanted. Mr. Cogswell told the boys that, if they chose, he wished that they would put in their newspapers after they read them, and he said that he would put his own in too; so I wish you would send me up the paper regularly that you used to send me, that I may put it in after I have read it. There are also going to be books there too.

Your affectionate son,  
JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

P. S. Cooper's novel was to be published on the 12th of May, I saw in a paper, so I suppose it is out; the name is "The Prairie." Don't forget to send some books by the stage.

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*To his Brother*

Round Hill,  
July 26, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I have received yours of 24th this morning. We had not had another for nearly three weeks, except Edward's note in "Hope Leslie," which I received a week ago. Tell Edward my next shall be to him. I do not think I am bound at all to write you long letters, for I always write as long ones as you, and about three times as often. I wish your next would be as long as this, and do write at least once a week. I have had but two letters in six weeks, for your last was three weeks ago, and the last before that was three weeks before.

I think "Hope Leslie"<sup>1</sup> is a great deal better than "The Prairie." It is the best new novel that I have read for two or three years, excepting Scott's.

We ought to have gone to draw from nature the day before yesterday, but we did not because there was no time, and I am afraid we shall not go Saturday; and it is so rainy to-day that I am afraid it will continue so for a week, and we have nothing at all to do in rainy weather. Perhaps you will ask me why we do not go to the reading-room: there is never any papers in there

<sup>1</sup> A tale by Miss C. M. Sedgwick.

but what are a hundred years old; the boys will not put them in now, and with reason, for they are all torn up before they have been in there an hour. *Drawing* is about the only thing to do now in rainy weather. Reading is not to be thought of, as there are no books in school.

George Gardner came here last night, and some of the boys saw him. Bill Edgar, Bill Sturgis, and Sam May, and Wadsworth are coming up too, I believe.

I have finished Euler's "Algebra," and our class was partly examined in it yesterday, and is going to be examined more in a day or two, Mr. Walker says.

Tell father and mother they must write to me. I will write them more to-day or to-morrow. Do send in your next a recipe for making good large T's; I never can make a good one. Tell father to do the same; when I am in a hurry I always make very bad T's.

I have just finished reciting geography, and in a few minutes shall go to breakfast.

I believe there is to be an examination or exhibition in speaking before we go to college. I am going to speak "Antony's Funeral Oration," the whole of it. There are several dialogues, both comic and serious, to be spoken at this exhibition. I hope it will be a good one. I have not decided, and I leave it to father, whether I shall study in Boston or go to college the first year. I do not want to come up here, though, any more. I have been here now two years and a half.

Bill Edgar has been up here, and stayed two or three days, and has gone now. I shall be glad when the time comes to go. Tell father that I want him, if he pleases, to come up and bring me down about the middle of August. W. Gorham is going down in a little more

than a week, but the boys will not go till the last of August, and then we shall not have a bit of vacation. I don't want to be examined the very day I get to Boston. If I do not have a vacation before commencement, I shall not have one till the middle of winter. I have to study a good deal now. Tell father to write to me directly, to tell me about this; and tell him also that I had rather study in Boston the first year than go into college, if he is willing. I think that I have fulfilled my promise to write a long letter.

Give my love to father and mother and all the family, and believe me

Your affectionate brother,

J. L. MOTLEY.

## CHAPTER II

### GERMANY—UNIVERSITY LIFE

First voyage to Europe—Cuxhaven—The weather during the voyage—Incidents of the voyage—Göttingen—Arrangements for his first semester at the university—Plans for the vacation—The German language—Account of journey from Hamburg to Göttingen—German postilions—The Harz Mountains—German university life—Costume of the students—Dueling customs—“Brüderschaft”—Plesse Castle—George Washington’s letter on the Humane Society—Berlin—Studying law—Public galleries and public money—Daily routine at Berlin—Amusements—Taglioni—Devrient—“Götz von Berlichingen”—“The Vons and the not-Vons”—Visit to Potsdam—Plans for the future.

[Mr. Motley graduated at Harvard College in 1831, at the age of seventeen, and after a few months went to study in Germany.]

#### *To his Mother*

Brig *Cyclops*, at anchor off Cuxhaven, mouth of Elbe,  
Thursday evening, May 24, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I hope, by the time this letter reaches you, you will not have become anxious on my account, for although we have had a long and in part rather a stormy passage, we have at last arrived at this place in safety.

I hoped to have had a chance of writing to you in the English Channel, but although I had a thousand opportunities of sending a letter ashore, either to France or England, yet as I knew nobody in either country to direct it to, there was no possibility of its reaching you.

It is now twelve o'clock at night, and y<sup>e</sup> brokers and y<sup>e</sup> doctors and "y<sup>e</sup> like" have just left us, and all hands have turned in, and I take the first moment of leisure to write you an account of my voyage. Of course, as we have not yet got to Hamburg nor left the ship, I can tell you nothing else. We are at anchor for the night off a small town called Cuxhaven, just at the mouth of the river, where the vessels are "cleared" before going to Hamburg, which is between fifty and sixty miles farther up. To-morrow morning, between two and three o'clock, we shall probably be under way again, and, if we have a fair wind, shall be at the city early in the afternoon.

It is just seven weeks to-day since we sailed—making fifty days' passage, which is an exceedingly long one in any season of the year. We came out in half a gale of wind, and before we were out of the bay it blew a whole one, and the wind very soon shifted to the east, where it continued to blow for about a month. We were about a week beating about the Grand Bank, in a northeaster, and were regaled with a series of rain-storms and wind-storms and all kinds of storms from the time we left Boston till we made the English coast. I have not been at all seasick (with the exception of the first few hours), but the weather for a long time was so excessively cold that I was below for the principal part of the time, and had plenty of time for reading and rumination—although one is not able to

study or reflect to much advantage in the cabin of a small brig in a gale of wind.

The last day of April and the first of May we had a severe gale from the northeast, and were obliged to "lay to" under bare poles for forty-eight hours, and I had then an opportunity of seeing and feeling what the ocean is. I was on deck the greater part of the time, although it was impossible to stand or sit without being secured by a rope or two, and in the cabin I was able to realize what "King Corny," in one of Miss Edgeworth's stories, means by "not being able to lie on the ground *without holding on.*" I should have been very sorry to have crossed the Atlantic (or the pond, as the sailors call it) without a single storm, but one every day in the week is rather too much. However, I enjoyed them well enough, and I considered myself very fortunate in being neither sick nor nervous, as Mr. Grund and his wife were generally. She was very anxious when the vessel leaned over on its side, and as the brig is built very narrow in proportion to its length, it did that all the time; and she was not out of her berth eight-and-forty hours the whole passage from seasickness. I contrived, however, in the course of the voyage to learn a good deal of German, by talking and reading and writing, and I have been talking all day with the German pilot (who speaks very little English), and have acted in some sort as an interpreter between him and the captain, as Mr. Grund a few days ago went ashore in the Straits of Dover, to proceed to Hamburg by land, on account of his wife's sickness,—but of that I will write you presently,—so that I think I shall not have much difficulty in speaking the language pretty soon.

We made the English coast (Start Point) May 4, and since that time the passage has been very pleasant, although until within these last three days we have not had a single fair wind. But the weather was very fine, and we were sailing between *France and England*, in sight of both sometimes, and always between one and the other, and fishing-boats were coming alongside twenty times a day, from which we had fresh news and fresh fish in plenty, and there were always fifty or seventy vessels in sight of all nations and all descriptions, and the shore was constantly offering something or other of interest (although the seaboard of England and France on the Channel has not much of the picturesque), and the idea of being really in sight of those two countries was exciting and pleasing in itself. We were at anchor a whole day (to prevent drifting to leeward with the tide), in a dead calm, off Dover, and I amused myself with reconnoitering the old turrets of the castle with the glass; but the town is built so low that I could not see much of it.

Of course I can tell you in this letter nothing about my arrangements, as I am still at sea to all intents and purposes, although I expect to dine in Hamburg tomorrow; but I shall write in a day or two to father, telling him about the whole, and both letters will probably reach you at the same time.

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that I have become quite a sailor since I have been on board. I have been several times up to the topgallant-masthead, and my usual seat in fine weather is the "maintop," where I sit smoking, reading, and "chewing the eud of sweet and bitter fancies" for hours together. By the way, it was lucky that I did not forget my cigars, for they



have been of great service to me *pour tuer le temps* in disagreeable weather. "You know my old ward," as Falstaff says, and tell Edward that I am very much obliged to him for getting them for me the morning we sailed, and that I have thanked him in every puff. I hope by the time this letter reaches you that Tom will have safely arrived; and do not be anxious if he overstays his time a little, for it seems to me now that one is as safe at sea as on land. In a gale of wind I can half join in the sailors' song:

Lord help me, how I pities all  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

And, by the way, that puts me in mind that my old friend the ship *Corso* has kept us company for the last two or three days, and is now anchored close by. Good-night, my dear mother. Give my love to Edward and Preble and Emma, and give little Annie as many kisses as she will accept for me. I shall write to father to-morrow or next day, and tell him of all my own arrangements and expectations, and send him all the news in Europe, which, by the way, is somewhat surprising. There is no need of my asking you to write, for I am sure that you will do so by every opportunity. Remember me to all who may recollect me; and when you next write to Cousin Anne, tell her that I shall open the correspondence that we agreed upon very soon, although not exactly from the same place, and tell her she might send a letter to me inclosed in the very next she writes to you.

Affectionately your son,  
LOTHROP MOTLEY.

P. S. I do not know that you will be able to read half or understand a tittle of what I have been writing.

My ideas are in such a whirl that I cannot string them together intelligibly, and I shall write more at length and more coherently from Hamburg. The hurry and confusion that we have been in for the last six to seven hours with doctors and pilots and merchants and brokers, etc., etc., has confused me, and this has been the only hour in which I have been able to be alone. But good-night; I am going to turn in now, and hear for the last time the "gurgling noise of waters in mine ear," which has been my lullaby for the last forty-nine nights.

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*To his Father*

Göttingen,

June 23, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER: I have delayed writing to you during the fortnight I have been here, because I wished to wait till I could inform you of what I was about, and how I was settled. I have now got rooms, etc., etc., arranged what lectures and lessons I shall take this term, and provided in some degree for the next semester.

I got here about a fortnight since, just when the Pentecost holidays began, and consequently had to wait till they were ended before I could do anything except engage rooms.

I found here, much to my satisfaction, two Americans, one Englishman, and one Scotchman. The Amer-

icans are both from Charleston. One is Mitchell King, of exactly my own age, and the other Amory Coffin, about a year older, with both of whom I am very intimate, as also the Englishman and Scotchman, who, however, are going away very soon. I have got rooms in the Buchstrasse (Book Street), the next door to King's, and a few minutes' walk to the library and to my lectures. I breakfast either at my own room or my neighbor's, and we all dine at the "Crown," the best hotel here.

My room for the rest of this semester, that is to say, from about the 1st of June to the 1st of September, costs me three louis d'or and a half (about fourteen dollars). Dinner at the Crown, eight rix-dollars a month; and then there is the house bill, for coffee, etc., etc. Each course of lectures costs from one to three louis d'or; and I have a private lesson in German from Professor Benecke three times a week for the rest of this semester, which will probably cost eight more. This term (about ten weeks are left) I intend to devote to German, for I have not enough of the language to understand the lectures well, and so it is, of course, useless to take them. I, however, attend one lecture (five times a week) of Professor Hugo, as the introduction to a course of civil law, of which I am able to understand the general drift by taking the text-book with me to the lecture-room. Next term, however, I shall have a lecture on the Pandects, a lecture on the Institutes, a lecture on natural law, a lecture on the history of Roman law, which, with the introductory lecture of Hugo,—which I now attend, and which I shall hear again next semester,—form a complete course of civil law. Besides which I shall probably attend Heeren's

lectures on history and Saalfeld's political lectures (he is a tremendous Liberal, and lately a member of the Diet), which altogether will be quite a sufficiency.

The rooms which I have taken I have engaged only for this semester. Next semester (which begins six weeks after Michaelmas) King and myself intend taking rooms in the same house, as we shall be the only Englishmen—I mean Americans or Englishmen—left in Göttingen. I cannot, of course, tell you what my expenses are likely to be, and of course they have been at first more than they will be. But I think that my necessary expenses will amount to between five and six hundred dollars at the most, probably to about five hundred and fifty dollars; and if I travel about in the vacation, which everybody does, and principally on foot, which everybody does, my whole expenses will amount to between six and seven hundred dollars, probably not so much as seven hundred; but I state the maximum rather than the minimum, that I may not in reality exceed what I say, and this is about the amount of credit you have given me with Mr. Gossler.

I have not exactly determined what to do or where to go in September, when there are six weeks' holiday. But I think of going on foot to the Lake of Constance, and returning down the Rhine, and so home to Göttingen. This would take about six weeks, I should suppose, and I do not know how many louis d'or, but I suppose not more than thirty or forty, which, as I told you, I have left with the banker.

Neither can I exactly tell how long I had best remain at Göttingen. It is seldom the custom with German students to study more than one year at one university, since, by staying on one or two semesters at

Göttingen, another at Berlin, another at Munich, another at Jena, and so on, they combine the advantages of all, because in each semester a student may hear a course of lectures from each of the most eminent professors in each university, and a year studied in one university counts in another, and so on.

But I shall certainly stay here this semester and the next, and after that I do not know whether I shall go to Berlin or Munich, or remain in Göttingen, but I shall have time to decide and to advise.

My first object at present, as I said, is to possess myself of the language, and I study it five or six hours a day, and, as I said, have a lesson from Professor Benecke from seven to eight every other morning. As soon as I have acquired enough of the language to write it and speak it and understand it, I shall feel at my ease and ready to begin my lectures, and that will undoubtedly be by the end of this semester. This has been a long, stupid letter about louis d'or and rix-dollars, and in fact I hope you will not consider it a letter, but merely a necessary statement of statistics. To-morrow is Sunday, which is *Feiertag* (holiday) all over Germany, and I shall then write a voluminous letter to mother, telling her all about the miraculous things seen, heard, and acted in Germany by

Your affectionate son,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

If you ever see Fred Brune, Tom Appleton, Hillard, or John Sullivan, or Mr. Snow, I wish you would tell them that they have all got to write to me too.

I know that you will not excuse this writing, so I say nothing about it.

*To his Mother*

Göttingen,

July 1, 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I wrote you just before I left Hamburg, and my journey to this place was as uninteresting as can well be imagined; in fact, it surpassed my beau-ideal of a bore. The first day was through the Lünenburger Haide (or heath), and the greatest rate of traveling a German mile an hour (four and one half English). The two next days—for it took me three days to come about one hundred and thirty miles—were little better, except that I was a little amused by the coolness of the German postilions. I came from Hanover by extra post, as there was to be no diligence to Göttingen the day I arrived there, and, being alone, was almost at the mercy of the postilions. These creatures are certainly the most phlegmatic specimens of mankind that exist. I recollect in particular one fellow who drove me out of Celle, who incontinently determined on first setting out to walk the whole way. He did go for about a mile, and at last I asked him if he could go no faster. “Oh, ja,” he said, and continued the same pace for another ten minutes. I began to get incensed and to remonstrate in broken German, but he turned a deaf ear to my invectives, and, instead of mending his pace, laid his whip on the top of the chaise, took out his bugle, and solaced himself with practising the overture to “Tancredi.” At last I recollected a very convincing argument in all languages, and took out a rix-dollar, and said to him: “*Schwager*” (*Schwager* means brother-in-law, and is a very pleasing title to a postilion), “if you go no faster you get no

*Trinkgeld*" (drink-money, a regular item in every reckoning in Germany). The appeal was decisive, and he whipped his horses into a trot.

Göttingen itself is an unpleasant town enough, and the country about it uninteresting. But the Harz country, that El Dorado of superstition, is in sight, and there are some lesser hills nearer. You know how celebrated the Harz Mountains are for goblins, etc. On May-day night they have from time immemorial kept carnival on the Brocken, although I have not seen a ghost yet, but mean some fine dark night to go there on a ghost-hunt. There is nothing here to mark out the university except the library and the students that you meet in the streets, for there are no university buildings for the students, as with us, but the professors lecture in their own houses, and the students lodge with the *Philisters* (tradesmen) of the town.

The library is an immense collection of books, and all have been purchased in one hundred years; the precise number is not known, but it is thought about four hundred thousand. It contains, however, few rare books and manuscripts, and but few splendid editions of books. Everything is for use, and the students may have almost as many books out at a time as they wish by obtaining a number of cards from a professor.

I got here, as I told you in my last letter, in the Pentecost holidays, and had to wait a few days before I could be matriculated, which matriculation is simply this: I was summoned before the senate of the university, and then wrote my name and my whences and whats, etc., etc., in a great book. I then gave the member of the senate who officiated three rix-dollars for his trouble, and put another into the poor-box. I

have signed an immense list of promises (which are, I believe, never in the slightest degree kept by any of the students, and consequently a very improper exaction), the principal of which were to obey the laws *in toto*, to join no *Landsmannschaft*, drink no beer, fight no duels, etc., etc., etc. The next day I went to the prorektor of the university, Herr Hofrath Goesehen, who gave me my matricule and legitimation *cartes*, observed that the laws were binding, and, shaking my hand, informed me that I was a member of the university. The next day I was introduced to Professor Hugo, who has been a very celebrated lawyer and professor, but is now "a noble wreck in ruinous perfection." His lectures now are dull and stupid, and his titles of Aulic Counselor, Guelfic Knight, Hofrath, Professor, etc., etc., cannot bring more than three or four students into his classroom. He still lectures, however, on the law, but his great peculiarity is an unbounded passion for thermometers. He has four or five hanging in every room of his house, and two on each side of his head in the lecture-room; the window opposite him is raised and lowered by a cord which crosses the room and is hitched just over his head, by means of which he very carefully regulates the temperature of the room at the conclusion of each paragraph of his lecture. He presented me with a book which had been lately published in England and dedicated to him, and I presented him with a louis d'or for a course of lectures on Roman law.

But I have said nothing yet of the students, because I am afraid of attacking such a boundless and inexhaustible subject. The German students are certainly an original and peculiar race of beings, and can be compared to nothing.



The university towns are the homes of outré-ness, or rather they are places where it is impossible to be outré, except by dressing or behaving like "a Christian or an ordinary man." You can hardly meet a student in the streets whose dress would not collect a mob anywhere else, and, at the same time, you hardly meet two in a day who are dressed alike, every man consulting his own taste and fashioning himself according to his beau-ideal.

The most common outer garment is a red plaid or a blue velvet frock-coat, twenty of which you find to one of cloth. The head is covered with a very small cap with the colors of Landsmannschaft to which the individual may belong. The boots are garnished with spurs universally, albeit innocent of horse-flesh; the forefinger of the left hand always with an immense seal-ring, often of iron or brass; and the upper lip and chin fortified with an immense mustachio and beard—in fact, I have seen several students with a depending beard more than four inches long, and there is hardly one who does not wear mustachios. A long pipe in the mouth, a portfolio under the arm, a stick in the hand, and one or two bulldogs at the heels, complete a picture not in the slightest degree exaggerated of a Göttingen student. The most promising article in the formation of a German student's room is the pipe. There are generally about twenty or thirty of different kinds hanging in his room, of porcelain, meerschamm, and stone, all ornamented with tassels combining the colors of his Landsmannschaft; and you have no idea how beautifully some of the pipes are painted with landscapes, portraits (there are often beautiful miniatures painted on them), or coats of

arms. Pipes are a favorite present among the students, and you have anything you wish painted on one when you wish to give it away. Every one smokes, and smokes at all times and in all occupations (except that they are not allowed to smoke in the streets), reading, writing, talking, or riding. I prefer a pipe now to a cigar, and I am hardly ever without one in my mouth (for instance, I have been smoking a great meerschaum all the time I have been writing this), and I always breakfast at half-past five o'clock (!) on a cup of coffee and a pipe, and continue the "cloud-compelling" occupation through the day. I find I grow fat on it, for I never was in such health in my life.

I find that I have said nothing as yet about the German duels. These things are such a common and everyday occurrence that I have ceased to think at all about them. I must, in the first place, tell you that the accounts you have read in Dwight, etc., of the frequency of these things are not in the slightest degree exaggerated—in fact, it is entirely impossible to exaggerate them. I have been here now about three weeks, and during that time as many as forty have been fought *to my knowledge*, and I know of as many as one hundred and fifty more that are to take place directly.

I have seen a few of them, and though you have read accounts of them in Dwight's "Travels in Germany," I suppose you will be willing to hear a short description of them. The duels are not allowed to be fought in the town, and accordingly an inn called the "Kaiser," just outside one of the gates, is a very celebrated rendezvous. As they generally take place between members of different *Landsmannschaften* (*Lands-*

*mannschaft* means countrymen-club or -society; there are as many of these as there are sets of students from the different states of Germany; the most prominent are the "Hanoverian," the "Lünenburger," the "Bremenser," and the "Westphalian" *Landsmannschaften*, besides which there is a club called the "Börenschaft," which is composed in reality of the refuse of the whole university), the arms offensive and defensive required in the duel are provided for the duelists by their respective *Landsmannschaften*. These arms are a *Schläger* (or saber), about four feet in length, blunt at the point, but very sharp-edged, and a suit of stuffed leather to protect all the vital parts, leaving only the face and breast exposed. The last time I was at the Kaiser about sixteen duels were fought in the course of the day, ten of which I saw; and they are, on the whole, stupid affairs, and, I think, could exist nowhere but in Germany. It is not, however, a perfect trifle to fight one of these duels, although it is very seldom that any lives are lost, or even important wounds received. But the face is often most barbarously mangled, and indeed it is almost an impossibility to meet a student who has not at least one or two large scars in his visage.

In the two that I saw the other day, one man was cut, not very severely, in the breast, and the other received a wound that laid his face open from the left eye to the mouth, and will probably enhance the beauty of his countenance for the rest of his life.

Both these affairs were *Landsmannschaft* duels, the Hanoverians and the Bremensers and the Lünenburgers and the Westphalians being *los*, that is to say, at

variance; in which case each Lünenburger has to fight with a Westphalian, each Hanoverian with a Bremenser, till every member of each Landsmannschaft has fought. In these four Landsmannschaften I suppose there are from eighty to one hundred students. So here, you see, are a pretty number of duels to be fought directly. Besides this, a single Westphalian has challenged every one of the Lünenburgers to fight him, which challenge has been accepted, and a single Lünenburger has challenged every one of the Westphalians. Here, you see, are two men, each of whom has about twenty-five duels to fight this term. This Lünenburger who has challenged all the Westphalians is somewhat noted for the number of his duels. He has already fought seventy-five, and has been second in about two hundred, and he has here twenty more to fight. Besides which he has yesterday challenged another student, who had insulted his Landsmannschaft, to pistols at ten paces, to be reloaded till one is hit. This same fellow who is thus challenged is also challenged by each member of the insulted Landsmannschaft to one *Gang* of sabers. The meaning of this term is, a duel to be continued till one of the parties falls, or confesses himself unable to fight longer. These duels arise in every sort of way; a very common one is the one which you have read in Dwight, of pushing or being pushed into the gutter.

There is also a regular code by which the different offenses are meted and the degree of saber satisfaction determined. The most common and slightest insult is the "Dummer Junge" (stupid boy), which demands a duel of twelve Gangs. (A Gang I cannot exactly describe. It is the closing of the two combatants and a

certain number of blows and parries.) The parties have each a second at his side to strike up the swords the moment a wound is received. The doctor then steps in, examines the wound, and if it proves to be *Anschiess* (a wound of a certain length and depth), the duel is discontinued.

A more gross insult demands twenty-four Gangs, and a still more important one forty-eight. But the most severe duel is that of one Gang, in which, as I have said, the duel continues until one drops.

You need be under no apprehension about my returning with a disfigured visage, for as a foreigner is seldom or never insulted, and if he be, has the right of choosing his own weapons (which in my case would be pistols or rifles, and the Germans have an aversion to gunpowder), in which event the offender generally makes an apology and backs out of the business. I assure you I have not at all exaggerated this dueling business. If you cannot have faith in it, you have only to say:

Travelers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them.

And though it is beyond all contradiction a brutal state of things, yet I cannot help thinking it is not without its uses. For instance, some of the students are perfect knights errant, and if they hear of a lady being insulted (for it is not uncommon for a German student who wishes to manifest his independence to push a lady off the sidewalk), are sure to seek out the offender and salute him with "Dummer Junge," in which case twelve Gangs of the *Schläger* must necessarily ensue.

You will probably not have imbibed a very exalted opinion of the character of German students from the picture I have sketched, but I have found a few friends here whom I admire very much, and with whom I have already drunk *Brüderschaft*; and here, I suppose, an explanatory note is needed. The usual way of addressing a person in German, as perhaps you know, is in the third person plural; the second, as with us, is seldom or never used. But between brothers and sisters, parents and children, and very old and intimate friends, the second person singular, *Du* (thou), is used. The students have a way of cementing a friendship by dropping the third person plural in conversation and substituting forever the *Du*, in which case they drink a glass of wine together, ringing the glass, crossing their arms and kissing, after which ceremony the parties can never fight a duel together, or speak to each other otherwise than with *Du*, in which case they are said to be *Du* together.

The Germans are certainly the most musical nation on earth. It is almost impossible to meet a student who cannot sing a thousand songs and play at least one instrument. We have at dinner a full band of music playing, and there are concerts in the public gardens here as often as once a week. The Germans appear to me the most affectionate and (but you will not think it) the most enthusiastic people on earth. Certainly they are infinitely the most industrious and studious. Almost all the students study somewhat, and the greatest part of them immensely, besides writing off at the lectures nearly every word the professor says. But the character of these students is a labyrinth out of which I cannot find my way, and must snap the

thread at once if this letter is ever to cross the Atlantic, and it is now of unconscionable length and weight.

Your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Parents*

Göttingen,

August 12, 1832.

MY DEAR PARENTS: I believe that it is a longer time than it ought to be since I have written home, and I am now so much pressed for time that I shall almost be ashamed to send the letter. The vacation begins in two or three weeks, and my lessons and the one lecture that I had are ended, and to-day at one o'clock I am going off with a party of three students on a foot-journey to the Tyrol, a part of Switzerland, and through the Rhine valley. I have no doubt you will be very glad that I have had the opportunity of traveling through this part of the country in the manner in which I shall now do it—that is to say, as a German student and with German students, and on foot the principal part of the way. The expense of the journey will be very small, considering the time we are to be absent and the length we are to go; and by the arrangement that Mr. Gossler has made about my money, I shall not throughout the year spend a groschen more than you have allowed me, including the expenses of the journey. You must not think that I am neglecting my business to amuse myself; the vacation begins in two or three weeks, and we return before the beginning of the next semester. But of course I

shall be back in time to arrange my lectures and lessons (the rooms which I have now I shall retain). This term I cannot pretend to have done much in the way of studying law, because it was impossible for me to attend lectures with any profit before I knew enough of the language to understand them perfectly. But I have studied German a great deal this term, and by mixing a good deal with the students on all occasions I have made some progress in speaking and understanding the language. By reading a great deal of German every day, too, I have become able to read it almost as easily as English.

Next term I shall remain here, and attend a course of lectures on the Institutes and the history of the civil law, which I think I shall be able entirely to understand; and after next term I shall go either to Munich or Berlin to continue. I shall advise with some of the professors to know which is the best university for the summer term and which for the winter term, and arrange my plans accordingly. It is, at all events, not worth one's while to remain long at Göttingen, because most of the professors who were ornaments of the university are dead or decayed, and the town itself is excessively dull. I am, however, myself very pleasantly situated here. I have formed very agreeable acquaintances among the German students, and I have mixed with them on all occasions and in all places, like one of them. I believe I told you in my last letter about the ceremony of drinking *Schmollis*, or brotherhood. It is a very pleasant way of sealing a friendship, and I have drunk it with several of the best students here.

There are five or six ruined castles near Göttingen,



the finest of which are the Hardenburg and the Plesse castles, both complete and deserted ruins, but very well preserved. The Plesse is much the finest of the two. Large parts of the walls are standing, and two turrets; but the moat is choked up with shrubs and bushes of a century's growth, and there are great oaks growing in the midst of the hall. It is probably near a thousand years old, and has been a ruin for centuries. It was, as all these German robber knights' castles were, built upon a very high and steep hill, and surrounded by a deep moat with a drawbridge. The hill still remains in its primeval steepness, as my muscles could vouch for many days after my visit; but the moat is now a thicket, and only the ruins of the portal, to which the drawbridge conducted, remain. The deep cellar-vaults are also still perfect, where plenty of Rhenish wine has ripened, and part of the donjon and the watch-towers, with their deep shot-holes and broken staircases, still remain.

The great hall, too, is marked out by its broken and weed-covered walls, and a huge stone fireplace is hanging on the wall, half covered by the branches of the trees that have taken quiet possession of the banqueting-room of the Grafs von Plesse. I could not help thinking that the last party who sat round that fireplace would be somewhat surprised if they could come into their old premises again, and see what a fresh supply of firewood was close at hand.

I have been giving a very tame description of a ruin, and I shall undoubtedly see many a thousand times more interesting on the Rhine; but the effect which this first antiquity had upon my brain was so turbulent that it effervesced for some time, and at last evaporated

in a disagreeably long ode in the German taste, which, however, I will not increase the postage of this letter with. There are two or three things which I have yet to describe, and which illustrate well the character of the students, such as the *Landsmannschaft Kneipen*, or drinking-parties, and the ceremony of the *Landsvater*. I will, however, on the whole, postpone them till I can give a fuller account of them, which will not be till after I return.

With best love to all my brothers and sisters,

I am

Your affectionate son,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

P. S. Do write, write, write. I have had no letters for an age.

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*To his Parents*

Göttingen,

November 25, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: . . . With respect to my local habitation after this term, my intentions are somewhat altered. I think after Easter of removing to Munich, which has now become one of the most eminent universities in Germany, and where are several very useful and wise expounders of the laws, and which, moreover, is a much more agreeable tarrying-place in the summer (besides, my friend King and another American friend of mine, Amory Coffin, who was here last summer, are both going to Munich next summer), and then of passing the winter in Berlin, be-

cause it is only in winter Savigny, the most celebrated jurist of Germany, reads, and him I have been advised by everybody by all means to hear. By the time I have done with Berlin, I think I shall have the civil law tolerably perfectly, that is in a year from April next, and then—but we won't cast so many "retrospections on the future," as Mrs. Malaprop says; but some day, when I am in a very philosophical mood, I will write you as practical and wise a letter as I can about the ways and means I must find to open what ancient Pistol calls "this oyster world," being a setting forth of the praiseworthy ideas which every young gentleman is oppressed with at the time of life when he leaves off writing bad verses and discovers that immortality is not seated in every goose-quill. Thank Heaven,—and I am sure you will join in the thanksgiving,—I have quite done with Pegasus, and begin to affect the "beauty of utility." But till such time as my philosophical humor cometh, we will leave all reflections on future destination.

Will you indulge me in one request? Don't wait always to send your letters direct to Hamburg; they seldom come one bit sooner, if the vessel sails the moment the letter is sealed, than if they came by England or France; and if you write to me once in two or three weeks, and drop the letters into the post-office via Havre or Liverpool, they will be always in my hands in seven or eight weeks. Here am I now with my direct letters (I ought to have thanked you before for all those pleasant letters) in the end of November knowing nothing at all about you since the end of July. And King has plenty of September letters, because they come by the packets and through France.

I am very much obliged to you for Washington's letter,<sup>1</sup> and you may be quite sure I shall keep it very religiously, and should like very much to have Franklin's letters, which mother speaks of, and can certainly very easily send. I have also received your Morris, which was a very agreeable present.

I am

Your most affectionate son,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

<sup>1</sup> *From George Washington to Motley's grandfather, the Rev. John Lothrop.*

Mount Vernon,

June 22, 1788.

REVERED AND RESPECTED SIR: Your acceptable favour of the 16th of May, covering a recent publication of the Proceedings of the Humane Society, has within a few days past been put into my hands.

I observe with singular satisfaction the cases in which your benevolent institution has been instrumental in recalling some of our fellow-creatures as it were from beyond the gates of eternity, and has given occasion for the hearts of parents and friends to leap for joy. The provision made for ship-wrecked mariners is also highly estimable in the view of every philanthropic mind, and greatly consolatory to that suffering part of the community. These things will draw upon you the blessings of those who were nigh to perish. These works of charity and good will toward men reflect, in my estimation, great lustre upon the authors, and presage an era of still further improvement.

How pitiful in the eye of reason and religion is that false ambition which desolates the world with fire and sword for the purposes of conquest and fame, while compared to the minor virtues of making our neighbours and our fellow-men as happy as their frail conditions and perishable natures will permit them to be!

I am happy to find that the proposed General Government meets with your approbation—as, indeed, it does with that of most disinterested and discerning men. The Convention of this State is now in session, and I cannot but hope that the Constitution will

*To his Mother*

Berlin, Friedrichs Strasse, No. 161, up one pair of stairs,  
September, 1833.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I am settled in this most right-angled of cities, in very comfortable lodgings. I dine in a neighboring hotel. Every morning my expounder of the divine science of LAW comes to my room for an hour and a half. I have an *abonnement* at a circulating library in the neighborhood, and as soon as the term begins (I forgot to tell you in what good season I got here, for the holidays are not finished till after two or three weeks) I shall have myself matriculated at the university.

In the winter there is generally a good deal of society here. I have a letter to Mr. von Savigny, a celebrated professor, who sees a good deal of company, I believe, which I intend to deliver in the course of a week or two; and with the help of one or two old acquaintances whom I have met here, I shall see as much of society as I wish.

I suppose I ought to describe the wonders and sights be adopted by it—though not without considerable opposition. I trust, however, that the commendable example exhibited by the minority in your State will not be without its salutary influence on this. In truth it appears to me that should the proposed Government be generally harmoniously adopted, it will be a new phenomenon in the political and moral world, and an astonishing victory gained by enlightened reason over brutal force. I have the honour to be,

With very great consideration,

Revered and respected sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

of Berlin, and I shall take the first opportunity to drive to Potsdam and see the palace Sans Souci, of which you have heard.

When I see here in Europe such sums of money spent by the government upon every branch of the fine arts, I cannot help asking why we at home have no picture-galleries or statue-galleries or libraries. I cannot see at all that such things are only fit for monarchies, and I cannot give myself any reason why our government should not spend some of its surplus money upon them. They have certainly money enough, and in many respects the United States may be called the richest country in the world; at least, if we may reason as Lovelace in the play does, who calculated his wife's fortune, not by the definite number of pounds, shillings, and pence which she has,—for she had nothing,—but by the many possible species of extravagance which she has not: thus, £500 a year because she does not *play*, £500 more because she has no passion for dress, etc., etc. So we may say of America, \$50,000 a year because we have no army, \$50,000 more because we have no debts, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now, why cannot the “good and senseless” men (as Dogberry tells them) in Congress vote a sum for a library or a gallery or anything of the kind, instead of going to loggerheads about surplus dollars which are lying so comfortably in the treasury?

In every possible improvement that is strictly utilitarian, America is taking the lead of Europe. One finds nowhere better railroads and steamboats, warehouses or ships, than at home; but there is not a library worthy of the name in the whole territory of the United States, from Passamaquoddy Bay to Okefenoke Swamp;

and in Germany alone there are dozens of public libraries, any single one of which would weigh up all that we have put together; and so there are in England, France, Italy, Spain, etc., etc.

I shall fold up this letter now, that it may be ready for the post to-night. I shall write again in the course of the next week or two, and I hope you will be as liberal to me. I have heard nothing yet from home since I left. Why can't you write regularly by the New York packets, which sail to Havre or Liverpool half a dozen times a month?

With love to all at home,

Your affectionate son,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

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*To his Parents*

Berlin,

November 4, 1833.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I told you in my last that Berlin had no great menagerie of lions, and I have since seen very little to alter my opinion. My "way of life" is very regular. After tea and the newspaper every morning, comes my *Rezensent*, that is, a doctor of laws, who reads and expounds to me for a couple of hours the Institutes and Pandects of the Corpus Juris; and I then spend another couple of hours in "stuffing noting" books with the wisdom I have gained. Savigny, whose lectures on the Pandects I intend to hear, does not begin to read for a few days. His lecture will probably be the only judicial one I shall hear,

and I have not determined on the other. My principal study is, of course, the Roman law and its history, and this I hope to have learned tolerably, with the assistance of the above-mentioned "learned Theban," by the end of the semester, that is to say, somewhere in March, and then I shall have done with Berlin and with Germany as a residence. There are three theaters,—the Royal Opera, the Royal Playhouse, and the City Theater,—all equally good. The first is, however, the finest house, in which all the fashionable operas and theaters are given. In the Playhouse is an excellent French drama, and in the City Theater an Italian opera and a very good comic company. The ballets are particularly good in the Opera House. The Terpsichore of Berlin is Taglioni—not the Taglioni of London and Paris celebrity, but her sister-in-law.

The great tragedy star of Berlin and of Germany, Devrient, is dead. He was particularly celebrated in Shaksperian characters, Shylock, Lear, Richard, and others, and, singularly enough, the study of Lear's character was the cause of his death. In order to perfect himself in the character of the crazy king, he spent daily many hours in different madhouses, observing and imitating all possible kinds of madness; the consequence of which was that after a short time he became raving mad himself, and died a victim to Melpomene. At present they have no one to supply his place. Shakspeare's tragedies are seldom given, and, notwithstanding the richness of the modern German literature, they have very few fine-acting tragedies. The chefs-d'œuvre of Goethe and Schiller are not adapted to the stage. Some of them are occasionally given, but seldom with success. The other evening the drama of "Götz von



Berlichingen with the Iron Hand," a magnificent picture of the old time in Germany, and one of Goethe's masterpieces, was given, but with so many stage alterations that from a serious martial tragedy it was metamorphosed into a farce or a sort of Tom Thumb melodrama, full of scenes excellently fitted "to amuse the ears of the groundlings," and to disgust everybody who had read a line of the original. The character of Götz von Berlichingen, the best possible portrait of a knight of the middle ages, part robber, part soldier, and part *preux chevalier*, was given by a thick-set, periwig-pated fellow, whose sole effort was to represent Götz as a lusty knight "most potent at potting," who could never keep his fingers from the flask of Rhenish, except when he was slaughtering legions and committing unheard-of exploits with his iron fist. And this same Mr. Rott, as I believe they call him, had the other day the impertinence to play Shylock, which I was so lucky not to see.

A favorite author of mine, Lichtenberg, in his lifetime a celebrated wit and professor at Göttingen, said that he never knew his own language until he had learned another. The opinions in Germany concerning America are singularly contradictory. The Germans generally may be divided very conveniently into two great classes—the Vons and the not-Vons. Those who are lucky enough to have the three magical letters V O N before their names belong to the nobility, and are of course aristocratic to the last degree. Those who have not these three may have all the other letters of the alphabet in all possible combinations, and are still nothing but plebeians. This proud class are all *ne plus ultra* radicals. It is as impossible to persuade

one of the first class that in the United States anything exists but democracy and demagogues as it is to convince the others, particularly those of the lowest and emigrating class, that they will not find the streets paved with dollars and their pockets stuffed with bank-notes as soon as they arrive in New York, that El Dorado of their expectations.

Your affectionate son,  
J. L. M.

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*To his Father*

Berlin,  
January 17, 1834.

MY DEAR FATHER: Day before yesterday I took a drive to Potsdam, which I had not before seen. You know it was the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, and it is only on his account that it is interesting. It is about twenty English miles from here, and looks like a continuation of Berlin, having the same right-angled streets and yellow-stuccoed houses. We drove there in the diligence, after having first "legitimated" ourselves, as the German phrase is—that is to say, informed the post-office what our names, characters, religion, etc., etc., were. (How amusing it would be if one should be obliged always to take a passport with him when he went in the stage-coach, for example, from Boston to Salem; and yet the Prussian police is as strict as that would be.) The first thing we looked at was the palace Sans Souci, which was built by the famous Fritz. Here everything has been left in the same state as at his death. You are shown into his

study, where his table stands covered with ink-blots, into his bedroom, etc. The whole house is very simple, and the gardens around it in the French style. You know he was a passionate admirer of everything French, which he spoke and wrote much better than anything German; in fact, he knew very little of his own language, and all his works are written in French. Near the house are the tombs of his favorite dogs, and not far from them the white horse which he rode so often in the Seven Years' War lies buried.

There are two other palaces here, one of which is a fine building, and the only splendid residence which the King of Prussia has, the palaces in Berlin being all very simple, private-looking houses. Here is also a very elegant and tasteful villa in the Italian style, belonging to the present crown prince.

In the evening we were invited to a kind of military ball, where, as is proper and fitting in Prussia, all the ladies were of ice-gray nobility, and all the gentlemen were officers with a profusion of gold lace and orders, or civilians with most portentous stars on their breasts. It was rather dull, but it must be confessed that the Germans are very polite to strangers, and I have experienced nothing but kindness and civility in every town that I have been in. The most important part of my letter is to come, although I have already nearly finished my paper.

You remember I was to stay in Berlin for the winter, that is to say, about six months. I now write to tell you my plans for leaving, and I beg of you to answer me as soon as possible, and by the way of London or Havre, because your letter cannot reach at soonest before I am ready to leave Berlin. I shall not

give you a long *compte-rendu* of what I have done since I have been here; you must examine for yourself when I return. I think I could bear a tolerable examination in the civil law in a few weeks, at which time I shall have finished the study of it. I hope in the course of two months to have some knowledge of the German common law and of the law of nations, which I have also been studying. Of my other studies, which have been merely for myself, I shall say nothing.

As soon as your answer to this reaches me, which I hope will be early in April, I should wish to leave this for Weimar, from thence to Leipsic, Dresden, and Vienna, and so to Paris, where I should not wish to stay long, but rather spend the summer in the south of France. I wish to stay long enough to perfect myself in speaking and writing the language and to see the country, which I could do, I think, in the course of four or five months—no longer. (With the Italian language I hope to do the same afterward.) My plans for the winter are not fully arranged, as I said, but before that I have time enough to send them for your approval. Those for the next summer are so, and I hope that you will consent to them.

Your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

## CHAPTER III

### AUSTRIA—FRANCE—ITALY

Vienna—Madame de Goethe—Tieck and his works—Journey from Vienna to Styria, Tyrol, etc.—German postilions—Styrian Alps—Melk—Amstetten—Neubach—St. Florian—Salzburg—An ancient hermitage—Burial customs—Hallein—Salt-mines—Salzach valley—Bad Gastein—Nassfeld—“Old Testament scenery”—A remote village—Rome—The “Apollo Belvidere”—Naples—Hadrian’s villa—Reviving old scenes—Guido’s “Aurora”—Reflections on the art treasures of Rome—Tour in Sicily—Catania—Taormina—Classical associations—Etna—An ascent under difficulties—An arduous climb, and a disappointment—Girgenti—A perilous voyage to Malta—Return to Paris—Salisbury Cathedral—Comparison of English and foreign cathedrals—Stonehenge.

#### *To his Mother*

Vienna,  
June 2, 1834.

MY DEAR MOTHER: . . . Madame de Goethe, of whom I spoke in my last letter, gave me a letter to a Countess Finkenstein of Dresden, an old lady who lives in Tieck’s family, and by whom I was introduced to this author. I had been very much disappointed, as you know, in not having been in Germany before Goethe’s death, that I might have seen that Nestor of

literature, and this has been in some sort a compensation. I do not know if many of Tieck's works have been translated into English. If they have, you will get them at the Athenæum. Inquire for "Phantasmus" or "Puss in Boots" or the "World Upside Down," or Tieck's novels (which last are a set of exquisite little tales, novels in the original meaning of the word), full of old German legends and superstitions, and the authorship of which will entitle him to the title of German Boccaccio. The other works are the old nursery tales of "Fortunatus," "Puss in Boots," "Bluebeard," etc., etc., done into plays (not for the stage), and as full of playful and sharp satire, poetry and plain sense, as they can hold. If they have not been translated we shall have a chance of reading them together one of these days. I was invited by Tieck to tea on Sunday evening, when there was a small party. He is at present just about finishing his translation of Shakspeare (in company with Schlegel), and is in the habit of reading a play aloud to a party of select auditors. I did not hear him, and rather regret it, because he seems to be rather vain of his elocution. His head and bust are fine, and it was not till he got up from his chair that I observed he was slightly deformed (hump-backed). His conversation was like his books, playful, full of bonhomie, good-natured sort of satire, and perhaps a little childish vanity. He spoke of Cooper, Irving (whom he knew in Dresden, and whom he admired very much), steamboats, homeopathism, himself, elocution, with Shakspeare and the musical glasses. His conversation was pleasing and quiet, but without any great show or brilliancy; "and so much for Buckingham."

*Extract from Diary sent to his Parents*

Paris,  
July 8, 1834.

*June 11.* Leave Vienna for Styria, Salzburg, and the Tyrol, meaning to go afterward by the way of Munich to Strasburg, and so to Paris. An old calash (a Vienna acquisition), drawn by two post-horses tied by ropes to the carriage, and driven by a postilion with gold lace, cocked hat, feathers and spurs enough to set out a whole dozen militia generals, is our conveyance for the present, because in Austria two together can post cheaper than they can go in the diligence. The postilions all over the Continent are certainly the most perfect race of caricatures in existence, and the Austrian was the most absurd of all. Road up the Danube. Misty, moisty morning, and hills covered with clouds. Clears up toward noon, and shows us the chain of Styrian Alps on the left, but not quite near enough, except one fine broad-shouldered old mountain (the Eschenberg), with ribbons of snow hanging about his head. Pity we took the upper instead of the lower road, and so missed seeing the best part of Styria. Dine at Melk, where we revisit the glimpses of the Danube. Melk monastery, a pretty old abbey on the edge of the river and in the very midst of the fattest and sleekest part of Austria. Road continues through an ocean of wheat and rye, with snug cottages, white villages, distant Alps, and occasionally the Danube, the mother of German rivers. Sleep at a little town called Amstetten.

*June 12.* Drive out at four. Mountains more gaunt

and grim. Styrian and in part Salzburg Alps. Pass another sleek abbey, with two hunting-lodges appertaining and wide fields and farms. These are your true monks—none of your barefooted, rosaried, and roped friars, but jovial old gentlemen, living complacently on the fat of the land at the peasants' expense, to whom

They show the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
While they the primrose path of dalliance tread,  
And reck not their own rede.

Weather all day perfect. Fields all waving with wheat and corn and clover, and in this carnival season of the year the old earth looked as if dressed for a planets' ball and determined to eclipse all other stars. Alps all day on the left, with Traunstein, black, shag-eared, beetle-browed old mountain, tallest of the clan. This mountain is near Ischl, is the highest in Upper Austria, and was our companion all day.

Dine at Neubach. Wide, dry, unfruitful-looking plain for two or three German miles. Cross the railroad, which, wonderful to relate for Germany, is actually begun, and is to go from Gmunden to Linz on the Danube, and thence to Prague, opening the communication, in conjunction with the Danube, between the salt-mines in Salzburg in the south and the interior of Bohemia in the north with Vienna, owned by a company of which Rothschild and houses in Hamburg and Vienna are the principal, but is to revert to the government in fifty years.

Houses becoming more Swiss-like, wooden, with porticos and large stones on the roof, which last is universal in Switzerland and Tyrol. Among other Catho-



lie images which are strewed all along the roadside, one in particular puzzled me for a long time—the figure of a saint in armor, with a sword in the right hand and a bucket of water in the left, which he is emptying on a burning house. I have found that it is St. Florian, the patron saint of burning houses and firemen, and also, according to the popular legends, of inn-keepers and brewers, to whom he always sends a sufficient quantity of water to temper their wine and other potations, and who in gratitude, as I have observed, have always his figure over their doorways.

Night at Frankenmarkt, twenty German miles from Amstetten, where we stopped last night. All day weather as perfect as if sent express from Eden.

*June 13.* Two posts through—better and better mountains—to Salzburg on the Salzach, a town too beautiful for reality. A rapid river and the greenest valley. On one side an old cloister, on the other a magnificent impregnable-looking old castle. Streets and houses all white and Italian-looking, and the whole in the richest little valley (just large enough to hold it), where summer is eternally smiling, while around and above are immense ice-mountains, where everlasting winter sits shivering on his throne. In this town, where we stayed but six hours, and would have been content to have stayed as many weeks, besides its natural beauties, which are beyond those of any town I ever saw, there are a great many curious things worthy of note, as, for instance, a very handsome gateway to the town, cut four hundred feet through the solid rock of one of the inclosing mountains, projected and accomplished in ten years by an ambitious archbishop, Sigismund.

There also still exists a curious and very ancient hermitage, consisting of a cell and little chapel, cut in the very heart of the mountains, originally belonging, according to tradition, to the holy Maximus, a Roman monk of the fifth century, who with his brother were pitched over a precipice by Odoacer the Goth as a reward for their labors. This little chapel hangs over the Church of St. Peter, an ancient hut of a later date than itself. I amused myself for some time in the churchyard here in looking at a few queer old family tombs, which are adorned with some rude and fantastic paintings representing Death's doings, with queer explanatory inscriptions—for instance, the figure of Death playing at skittles with nine cross-bones and a skull for a ball. Another, Death shuffling off the body of a courtier into the grave in a very unceremonious manner. On most of the tombs I observed the singular custom of preserving the skulls of the deceased in a little open case. I took up one which the inscription informed me belonged to a "beautiful and accomplished young lady, who spoke four languages," I suppose, as Sir Toby says, "word for word without book," and I dare say, too, "played the viol da gamba and had all the good gifts of nature." Just above it was one of old Death's doings, pictures of a much earlier date, in which the old gentleman is making very merry with a scholar, whom he is tumbling with all his library into the grave, with an inscription which is rather too long for quotation.

Pass through the mountains one post to Hallein, where are the celebrated salt-mines, which we visited, formerly belonging to the sovereign archbishops of Salzburg, and furnishing for them a very comfortable

revenue of some millions of florins. They are now a monopoly of the Austrian emperor, and, like all the Austrian monopolies, are so dear that they do not produce half as much as they should. After enduing ourselves at the entrance in the graceful and picturesque costume of a miner, viz., a yellow canvas jacket and brown leather breeches and a red woolen nightcap to keep out the damp air, we entered the principal shaft (which is for a considerable distance cut through the solid marble) in order to descend to the principal receiver, *Behalter*, or basin, which is fifteen hundred feet below the surface of the earth. The descent is principally made in a peculiar kind of slide, on which you lay yourself almost horizontally, feet foremost, and, taking hold of a rope made fast above and below in one hand and holding a torch in the other hand (which answers no earthly purpose that I could discover except to make darkness visible), you slip down as mechanically and almost as fast as a weaver's shuttle, in which operation you may believe that the above-mentioned brown breeches were of no small advantage. Here we go, swift as lightning: the picture is enough to make one's blood run cold, is it not? We soon arrived at the basin, which, as I said, is about fifteen hundred feet below the earth, and had leisure to look about us. Such a basin or receiver, of which there are thirty-two in the mines, is a part of a shaft or gangway enlarged on all sides into an artificial cavern of perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and some ten or twelve feet in height.

Fresh water is conducted by wooden pipes into the cavern till it is nearly half full. The salt of which the inside of the mountain is almost entirely composed is

then dissolved and mixed with water, which, after becoming sufficiently impregnated, is conducted out of the mines into the valley, where it is boiled, etc. While the water remains standing, which of course it is suffered to do for a considerable time, the whole cavern appears, or is, in fact, a gloomy subterraneous lake. The miners employed there row about it in little canoes; the whole appearance is most surprising, and when the cavern is lighted up, as it was when we were there, and the little lighted boats flitting across in all directions like fire-specters, you might believe that you were assisting at the carnival of the kobolds and gnomes and all sorts of sprites, such a strange, bewildering, unholy aspect as the whole scene was. We emerged through another shaft, and after resuming our earthly habiliments we returned to our calash and our journey.

7 to 10 P. M. Drive through the narrow pass of the mountain toward Werfen. Got out to look at the opening of the river Salzach, where the stream makes its way apparently through the rock, and where the hills are jammed so closely together that nothing but a river could get through. Drive continues through the dark, deep valley of the Salzach: faint moonlight, black, gloomy mountains with glittering snow-tops, fire-flies, cascades, pine forests, an attempt at a thunder-shower, a precipitous road, and a postilion fast asleep the whole way—altogether romantic enough to have enchanted the whole Fudge family. At 11 P. M. reach Werfen, where we stop for the night, tired enough, having been on the road since four in the morning.

June 14, 4 A. M. Two posts to little town of Lend. Morning, as usual, cold and foggy. Summits of the

mountains covered with snow, and clouds in so singular a mixture that it was impossible to separate the one from the other, and it looked as if the scene were all sky or all *mountain*. Lend, a cascade and a fine rainbow. Detained two hours by a broken bridge. Drive through the Klemme, a narrow pass, much resembling, though I think not quite so magnificent as, the Scotch and White Mountains. Road built along the side of the mountain, for there is no valley, and the immense masses of rock reach from the region of clouds and ice down into the bed of the river Acha, far beneath us in the smooth, unbroken, perfect precipice. The bridge over the river, with St. Melchior story on the roadside.

Continue a few miles to Bad Gastein, a wild and primitive-looking village with a mineral spring, on a plain nearly four thousand feet above the sea. Mountains all round, cascades in great number, and the fine fall of the Acha in three separate leaps, all foam and thunder.

Walk in the afternoon to Nassfeld, a little valley about a thousand feet higher than Gastein. Three waterfalls, two tolerable but rather commonplace cascades, but the third, the Schleierfall, very beautiful and singular. A thin, narrow, unbroken snow-brook, falling from the tiptop of an iced mountain, with the bed of a river below, and so blue and clear and transparent that it looks, as it is called, like a veil for a giantess, for Queen Kunigunde, or for the Spirit of Solitude, who is at home in this valley. A strange, silent-looking valley, with snow lying unmelted in large patches in the middle of June, no signs of life excepting a few goats, all shut in by immense mountains, and looking like a very fortress of solitude. Walk back by

another path, through the same patriarchal, *Old Testament kind of scenery*, to Gastein.

15th June. I suppose that no transatlantic travelers ever happened upon this little place before, for as soon as we had written our names down in the travelers' book as Americans, a most prodigious sensation took place among the bath company. I never was such a lion in my life. Everybody, the ladies and all, were determined to make our acquaintance, and a jovial old Austrian field-marshal (who, I afterward found out, was no less a personage than the governor-general of Bohemia) patronized us particularly, and we were pressed to stay on all hands. But fearing that some Sandwich Island ladies or New Zealanders might arrive if we stayed too long, and strip us entirely of our *lionship*, we determined to vanish while we were in our zenith, and such exchanging of cards and such tender farewells among acquaintances of twenty-four hours' standing I never saw before. I expected that on our departure the children would come out in procession and strew flowers in our path, but it was very early in the morning, there was nobody stirring, so we went off quietly.

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### *To his Parents*

Rome,  
November 24, 1834.

MY DEAR PARENTS: . . . The common casts, prints, etc., had given me no better idea of the "Apollo Belvidere" than they had of the "Venus of Medici." I have heard of persons being disappointed

in both. This term "disappointment" is a cant and favorite phrase which I don't profess to understand. If a person expected an elephant and found an Apollo, I can conceive of his being disappointed; but if he was looking for a divinity when he saw the Apollo, and was then "disappointed," I can only say that the fault was in him. The whole figure of the Apollo is slight almost to spareness, but at a little distance the nose is a thousand times more scornful than I expected, and the whole face has almost a chilling repulsiveness. But on approaching nearer, this expression melts away, all the anger concentrates in the nostril, and the eternal beauty of the face and figure dissolves itself and floats almost like a drapery around the whole statue. The god, the divinity, speaks, breathes, moves in every line, limb, muscle. Every deity of the ancient temple has lent this face his brightest attributes: the forehead of Jupiter when it was pregnant with the goddess of wisdom, the eye of Juno, the lips of Venus, and the hair floating on the shoulders and bound on the forehead as if by the very fingers of the Graces. The very first sight of the statue transports you to Delos. The Muses in their hallowed vales rise around you, and in the midst of them, and presiding over them, and over everything which makes life lovely, stands the god of eternal youth and light and beauty and poetry in his full divinity before you. It is no longer a piece of chiseled marble which enchains your eyes: the figure expands into life, into immortality, while you are gazing; the ground seems to sink away before his lofty, godlike steps; you see the glittering chariot of fire, and hear the snorting steeds, and you start lest the god of the sun shall have already sprung

into his ear, and be already rolling in light and glory and divinity above the earth.

There is, on the whole, more divinity, more of the godhead, in the Apollo than in any ancient statue, at least that I have seen. One may have more loveliness (as, for instance, in Meleager) and another more nature, but the Apollo is not flesh, is not marble; there is nothing earthly about him. It is a being to whom none but Ganymede or Hebe has administered. He has never been fed but with nectar and ambrosia; there are no protruding veins, no swelling muscles—all is perfect, godlike, beautiful repose. He is the embodiment of the ethereal essence which is the being of gods, and there is not a particle of materiality about his whole system. It seems impossible that labor and time should have created such a statue. It seems to have waked into existence like a single thought, a single impulse. It seems the sudden and startling realization of the brightest dream which the genius of its artist had ever conceived. It is impossible to imagine that it could have been produced by degrees, that the sculptor could have seen the future divinity concealed in the heart of the shapeless marble, that he could have watched his own bright original thought gradually unfolding itself from the bosom of the stone, breathing upon him slowly and mysteriously like the birth of day and night, and bursting at last from its marble chaos in full, perfect, immortal loveliness of his first burning conception. It seems impossible; it seems to be the thought itself waked into immortal existence by the stroke of a wand, so ethereal, so immaterial, so godlike is the statue.

There, I have prosed so long about this same Apollo,



this Dandy of the Vatican, that I have left myself no room to speak of the other treasures of this museum. As I may as well have a little method in my madness, and a little system in my letters, I will discourse in my next of St. Peter's, the Capitol, and some of the endless villas, palaces, and churches stuffed full of pictures and statues which occupy our mornings and will occupy them for some time to come.

Very affectionately your son,  
LOTHROP MOTLEY.

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*To his Parents*

Naples,  
December 28, 1834.

MY DEAR PARENTS: . . . Two miles beyond are the vast remains of the Emperor Hadrian's famous villa. This is an immense heap of ruins, and, as in most buildings of this kind (see the baths of Caracalla, Titus, Dioeletian, etc., in Rome), little remains to testify of their former magnificence but their extent.

This villa is supposed to have been seven miles in circumference, and contained, besides the imperial palace, baths, temples, theaters, libraries, barracks of the pretorian guard, and, in short, everything necessary to constitute that counterpart to a cockney's paradise, the *urbs in rure*, always supposing the latter to be the much-coveted *rus in urbe*.

It was built under the direction of Hadrian on his return from his seven years' tour in the East, and seems to have been a sort of embodied epitome of his

voyage. The "canope" was in imitation of that near Alexandria; the lyceum, pœcile, etc., were copied from those at Athens; and the Vale of Tempe was made in imitation of the famous happy valley of Thessaly.

The cicerone conducts you round to several different portions of ruins, to which names, but in general most arbitrary ones, have been given, and the *giro* commenced with the "Grecian theater."

Here the forms of the proscenium and the seats of the spectators are still distinctly to be traced, and in the neighborhood are the ruins of the porticos, etc.

The next is the pœcile, in imitation of that of Athens; and next the library. Afterward an immense heap of rubbish with one entire wall, dignified with the name of the imperial palace; next the barracks of the pretorian guard; next the canope; near it the remains of another theater; other baths at the entrance to the Vale of Tempe. The ruins are generally of brick; sometimes a vault, sometimes a portico, sometimes a wall remains entire, but it is generally a confused mass of rubbish, from which the most interesting remains, such as statues, vases, etc., have been extracted and carried to Rome. And thus is repeated for the thousandth time the often-told and dull *catalogue raisonné* of the ruins of Hadrian's villa.

If you will allow me to mount my hobby, as Tristram Shandy would say, and call fancy to the side of history, the scene will be different, and at least more lively. The shattered columns rise; the moldering walls, the fallen arches, the broken statues, the faded pictures, and all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of the luxurious abode of the most glorious Roman emperor start again to life and grace and beauty. The

palaces, the temples, the theaters, the baths, the halls of sports, the fields of military exercise, the haunts of the poets and philosophers, revive and appear as they were thousands of years ago.

The scene becomes alive and animate, and is repopled with the dust which has long since floated and vanished on the wind. The forms and voices of the long-forgotten dead rise again to being, and the halls and courts of the stately villa swarm with their shades and in the gay phantasmagoria of a dream, and ring again as they were wont to the mirth and laughter of the crowd. Here rises the proud, commanding form of the imperial Hadrian, there lounges the graceful Antoninus, from the neighboring courtyard is heard the steady, martial tramp of the pretorians.

In yonder theater rises a buzz of admiration or a shout of laughter at a gay comedy of Terence or Plautus.

In the neighboring and stately library are seen the dignified forms of the old philosophers and poets; they saunter leisurely through the lofty alcoves or descend through the luxurious mazes of the gardens, and the voices of wit and wisdom fall again upon your ear as they join in sweet communion together. From yonder palestra the roar of merriment rises on the wind and proclaims the assembly engaged in the light-hearted games of the baths.

A serious crowd in the distance are bending their steps to the temples; the priests, in the splendid array of their office, are administering the rites of the altar.

Farther off a careless crowd are thronging to the luxurious baths. All around the voices of command, of mirth, of admiration, of discussion, of devotion,

float through the air and mingle in strange variety together.

Everywhere is *life*, cheerful, busy, bustling, noisy, impatient *life*. Baths, halls, temples, theaters, are all swarming with human figures and resounding with human voices. The stately fabrics of imperial grandeur are around you, the masterpieces of Roman and foreign genius decorate the apartments; the porticos, the gardens, all look as if for eternity, strong, stately, durable, magnificent.

The day before we determined to leave Rome for Naples I had taken my last look at the Apollo and Meleager and the rooms of Raphael, and at midnight I had walked to the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, and taken from thence my last look at the Forum and the Curia and the temples and the Colosseum; and the next day, having a call to make in the vicinity of the Capuehin church, I paid a farewell visit to Guido's wonderful archangel (which is the Apollo of canvas in spite of all gainsayers), and then, as it was not far off, I thought I might look once more at the wonderful "Aurora."

This is painted in freseo on the ceiling of a garden-house in the palazzo Rospigliosi. The ceiling of a private nobleman's garden-pavilion adorned with one of the most immortal pictures of the immortal Guido may be a fair offset to a niche in the basement story of an emperor's palace filled with a group of the "Laocoon"; but search through the world out of Italy and you will scarcely find in all the palaces and pavilions of all the emperors and noblemen of all the world such a refinement of luxury.

The design of this painting is one of matchless

poetry, and executed by the hand of a magician. The chariot of the sun is just rolling over the first gray cloud of morning, preceded by Aurora, who drops flowers and dew over the still sleeping land and sea, and by Light, in the figure of a boy, whose torch is just beginning to touch the cloud with the brightness of daylight; and surrounded by the train of Hours, every one of whom is a being of eternal youth and grace and beauty. The whole is wonderful; there is not a stroke of the pencil that does not breathe of morning and daylight; all is fresh, brisk, and startling in the step of Aurora, and the individual and different beauty of each figure is almost incredible. If I should find a fault it would be with the figure of Apollo, who is, in fact, no Apollo, and furnishes the only exception to the vivid and godlike beauty of all the other figures. He has, in fact, no business in the clouds, being a most earthly figure—a red-haired, clownish-looking bumpkin, who looks as if taken from an ox-cart, and is totally unfit to drive the four-in-hand of Phœbus, whose place he is clumsily usurping.

Generation after generation shall throng these places, and still the pile shall endure, the delight and wonder of Rome and of the world. Alas! throw down the wand of imagination and look around you. What meets your eye? Heaps of confused and shapeless ruins—a dreary and desolate mass of decay and corruption, overgrown with weeds and ivy, and choked with rubbish. The theaters, temples, porticos, palaces, lie alike in one mighty and indistinguishable mass of ruin and desolation; and not a voice is heard through the vast and dreary silence to testify the existence of humanity.

After indulging in all these heroics, which you will perhaps think excusable when one is "putting his foot on such a reverend history" as this villa of Hadrian, we continued our route up the hills, and through a forest of olives to Tivoli. . . .

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*To his Parents*

Naples,  
April 30, 1835.

MY DEAR PARENTS: I sent off a very short letter yesterday to let you know where I was and whither I was going, and intended writing you a very long one to-day. I have, however, already taken my passage in the steamboat from this to Genoa, whence I shall go directly to Paris, and I shall accordingly hardly have time to give you the whole of my tour in Sicily; for I find, on looking at my notes about it, that it is the most voluminous one I have made. Besides, as I shall see you all in a few months, I may as well leave something to be told *viva voce*. We came down, as I believe I have told you in a former letter, through Calabria to Reggio, and so crossed over to Messina. From Messina we went down along the eastern coast of Sicily to Catania; from Catania we ascended Etna; afterward came to Syracuse; from Syracuse to Girgenti, the site of the ancient Agrigentum; and from Girgenti we crossed in a small vessel to Malta. From Malta, as I have already told you, I returned in a brig to Naples.

*24th March.* Left Messina for Catania in a carriage, for this distance, about one hundred and twenty miles,

is the only part of Sicily where one can travel in any way but on mules. The two days we were coming, the weather squally, rainy, wretched, and the road, which should have presented different and constant views of Mount Etna, presented nothing. But the island is so beyond all description lovely: such a wild, fabulous, overflowing vegetation; such millions of flowers and fruits; lemon-trees and oranges springing again into blossom, while the boughs are still golden with fruit; grain bursting ripe and ready bearded from the ground, for all the fields are at this moment in full ear; the banks all gaudy with anemones, marigolds, daisies, violets, and a thousand garden-flowers, springing wildly and spontaneously into existence at the first breath of spring.

And then, as one draws near Catania and the base of Etna, such wild, wonderful contrasts—a boundless ocean of lava, black, dismal, awful; and yet, such is the eternal and ever-vivid quality of the atmosphere that the gaudiest flowers and the most luxuriant vegetation spring in the very bosom of the lava before it is hardly cold. All this together makes a drive in Sicily, although not under the most favorable sky, a thing to be remembered.

Half-way between Messina and Catania is Taormina, the ancient Tauromenium, and here are the beautiful ruins of an ancient theater; and the second day we passed the pretty and finical town of Aci, which is immortally associated with one or two exquisite fables of the Greeks. The river which runs by the town is the Acis, the liquid lover of Galatea, for it was here that the jealous Titan crushed the unfortunate shepherd as he sat by his beloved sea-nymph, and the river into

which he was changed by his mistress still rushes impetuously to the ocean, as if to seek and console the sorrowing sea-nymph. Two or three miles from the town brought us to the beach, to look for seven small islands or rocks close to the shore, and which are said to be the rocks of the Cyclops—the rocks which the same ill-tempered Polyphemus threw down upon Ulysses and his companions. According to accurate people, they were thrown into the sea by Etna, and not by the Titans; but the long point of Cape Mollini on the left, the seven mysterious rocks on the right, the sea black and angry in front, and Etna, which ought to have been smoking, behind, made up together a very epical picture, and so I resisted the volcanic theory, and in the midst of the scene I recollected the adventures which occurred on the spot to Æneas. I saw the ancient Anchises grasp the hand of the unfortunate and defeated Achæmenides. I listened with him to his tale of distress, and was startled in the midst by the appearance of the truculent Titan. I saw the grim, ungainly form of Polyphemus striding from his cave, and beheld Æneas and his companions scampering into the boats to escape him, and I heard the disappointed roar of the infuriated giant, which shook the sea and the earth, and even Etna itself, to the center—but I will spare you the rest of the description.

I see that, although I have carefully left out the description of the two days' journey to Catania, I am already loitering on the way; but I have no time to spare, for we have got Etna to ascend, countless ruins to explore, and a shipwreck to outlive, before we get to Malta. And so let us hasten at once to Catania. Catania is just at the base of Etna, and is the most vol-



canic town possible, literally built on its own ruins, whole foundation in land made from water by fire. The sea formerly reached beyond the *Porte di Ulysse*, now considerably beyond the city on the outside, for the ocean has been filled with lava, and on that stands the town. The harbor is the most singular spectacle in the world, high rocks and cliffs, in as wild and fantastic shapes as those of Nahant, but all lava, which in 1669 swept from the top of *Etna*, over and nearly destroying the town, and ran far into the sea, thus forming a breakwater, and thus a safe harbor which subsequent eruptions destroyed. Catania's history is all earthquake, leaving ancient history out of the question, and beginning with comparatively modern times. In 1169 every house and every inhabitant was destroyed; in 1348 it was devastated by the plague; in 1669 the lava overwhelmed and destroyed it; in 1693 it was again destroyed by an earthquake; and still, at this moment, it is a gay, flourishing, and, for Sicily or Italy, a neat and thriving town, and even now its light-hearted inhabitants live and laugh and dance and sing with an abyss of fire yawning beneath them, *Etna* thundering over their heads, and in danger every moment to see striding back upon them the ancient awful chaos. There are no human battle-fields here, no places celebrated by the wars of the Greeks or the Romans, the Romans or the *Hohenstaufen*, as are to be seen in most parts of Sicily and Italy, but other and far more imposing battle-fields. Two great elements have been on this spot continually at war—fire and ocean. The plains and places of this terrible encounter are distinctly, awfully visible, and of the wrecks and ruins which have attended them the least are man's; and

even now, when one sits on the rocks of fire and hears the sea foaming and howling around them, old Ocean seems to be sounding defiance to the god of fire and daring him to another conflict.

*March 28.* Start from Catania at 11 A. M. to Mount Etna. My most exquisite reason for joining in the party I should be puzzled to say, probably because Abbate's and my own opinion were decidedly against it. Mules from Nicolosi, twelve miles, through the first region, or Reggio Coltivato, of the mountain. The greatest peculiarity in the appearance of Etna, and one which renders him the most striking mountain I have ever seen, not excepting even Mont Blanc, is his single and solitary situation. Other high mountains are usually the highest of a chain of mountains, and generally the vicinity of a multitude of hills detracts from the effect of the highest peak. But Etna rises all alone from a dead plain; suddenly and singly with one stride he is in heaven, and there he stands and stood to-day, with the sunshine wasting itself on his icy forehead, all alone, the whole sky and the whole earth to himself, and looking like the god and ruling spirit of the island. The three regions into which naturalists divide the mountain are the Reggio Primo or Fecondo, Reggio Secondo or Selvoso, Reggio Terzo or Nevoso—the fruitful, the woody, the snowy and desolate. They are, in fact, paradise, purgatory, and hell. Nothing can surpass the overflowing, wonderful fertility of the first, the mystic gloom of the second, nor the wholly infernal, hideous, sulphureous sights and smells of the last. Gradual ascent toward Nicolosi. Soil of the side of the mountain all ancient lava, which in the course of centuries becomes the richest mold, and is covered with a

prurient and fabulous vegetation. Thus here nature is cradled in fire and nursed by earthquakes, and a new Sicily seems constantly springing from the ashes of the old one, for the hackneyed phenix is no trope here, but reality. Wide base of Etna, which is nearly one hundred miles round.

Life and laughing with plenty—corn-fields, vineyards, flower-gardens, fields of flax in flower, Indian figs, mulberries, lemons, oranges, golden with fruit and fragrant with flower; in fact, wherever one looks one sees Ceres, who was anciently, with justice, the presiding deity of the island, sitting in beneficent majesty, with the boy Bacchus laughing in her lap. At Nicolosi finishes the first region. Here are the Monti Rossi, two tolerable hills thrown up in the tremendous eruption of 1669, and the course of the lava down the side of the mountain to the sea is still darkly and awfully distinct. This side is girt round with a line of *bocce*, or craters, and the whole scene is black with lava and ashes. The previous sight of Vesuvius had not enabled me to conceive of such a scene of horrible and unearthly desolation as I saw here. The black, broad line of lava looks like the wake of a ship of fire. It seems as if the ancient Chaos had strode from Etna to the sea and left the trace of his footsteps and desolation behind him.

At Nicolosi, which is a little village about a sixth of the way up Etna, we dismounted and ate a dinner brought with us from Catania. A certain Dr. Gemmalo, a fat old professor and a kind of second Empedocles, lives up in the clouds here, apparently to study the mountain and make notes thereof. This seeming to be his only occupation, Abbate, our landlord at

Catania, had advised us to hold converse with the learned Theban, and we did, but to no purpose except that he sent us our guides. At 8 P. M. mount mules again, for, as if the difficulties of ascending the mountain at this season of the year were not great enough, we must needs increase them by going up in the night, in order to enjoy the cool breezes of March at midnight among the snows of Etna. From Nicolosi to the Casa della Neve is about ten miles, the second stage of the journey, and comprehends the second or woody region. Night pitch-dark, but starry; guides with lanterns. In an hour commence patches of snow, increasing, and night-cold. Arrive at Casa della Neve at half-past eleven, expecting to find a tolerably comfortable hut with a dry floor and perhaps the sybaritish luxury of a chair and table; have the inexpressible satisfaction to find the house of snow well deserving its name—a stone hut, minus its roof, and filled with snow about two feet deep. Make a fire of branches before it, and cower shivering over it in a most melancholy state, listening to the wind sougning through the trees and howling hideously on the still distant and icy top of the mountain.

After indulging for half an hour in pleasing anticipations of our night's walk, leave the paradisaical house of snow at about midnight to perform the third and principal stage of the journey. At midsummer the ascent from the Casa della Neve to the Casa degli Inglesi, at the foot of the cone, is practicable to mules, the distance nine miles, and then there remains only the ascent of the cone, which is, however, for a mile nearly perpendicular, to be made on foot; consequently in warm weather and by daylight it is an easy—com-

paratively easy—affair. At present from the Casa della Neve to the top is all deep, hard-frozen snow. The guides had told us we must leave the mules here and make the whole ten miles' ascent on foot. Attempt riding a little farther through the thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice. Mule and I flounder about a few hundred yards through the snow, until at last he tumbles fairly over, and we roll together most amicably head over heels some dozen yards down the snow-bank, till we are stopped by a thicket of ilexes. Get up and shake myself, and finding myself unharmed, saving a few bruises, proceed, with the help of the guides, to assist the amiable companion of my misfortunes to his legs again. Finding that the girths and bridle are broken all to pieces, and experience showing that the slippery side of an iced volcano is not the best place to show off one's horse- or rather mule-manship, determined to accede to the prayers of the guide, and all leave the mules and commence the ascent on foot.

The ascent to the Casa Inglese lasted from a little after midnight to 5 A. M. Cold gradually increased, the ascent excessively steep, the ice intolerably slippery, the wind piercing. The remainder of the journey and the ascent of the cone, which must be always performed on foot, is difficult. Difficult on a warm summer's day, and after dismounting, fresh, comfortably warm, and untired, from our mule's back, and taking repose and refreshment in the Casa Inglese before commencing the ascent. *Ecco la differenza!* On a cold, piercing night in March, in the coldest part of the twenty-four hours, viz., an hour before dawn, arriving at the base of the cone, fagged, half frozen, and worn out from a nine miles' and five hours' walk up the steep, slippery

ice of the mountain, through the whole night, too, instead of dismounting from an agreeable ride, finding the Casa Inglese buried deep in snow, and with nothing for it but to commence the last and closing scene of the momentous history without resting, with the addition to our misfortunes that the guides had neglected to take up water or even an orange, so that there was nothing to slake our constant thirst but the ice, which we had been so much warned against that it seemed like swallowing poison to attempt it. On my arriving at the Casa degli Inglesi, one of the party was a little ahead, and the other was half an hour behind. My guide was an old man, quite unequal to his office, and being very much fatigued himself, advised me to stay and see the sun rise from thence instead of from the summit, adding coolly that any farther ascent was quite impossible. Spur him on, and, both nearly exhausted, commence crawling up through the ice and knee-deep ashes which form the almost perpendicular and almost mile-long ascent of the cone. Both drop with fatigue every dozen yards, till at last the guide fairly tumbles over in the ashes and refuses to budge another step. Leave him to his fate, and scramble and creep through clouds of hideously smelling sulphur to the top; see the sun rise just as I reach the top of the ridge, and such a lame and impotent conclusion to the night's labor was intolerable.

The night had been clear and bright, but toward morning mists had begun to collect in the south, and at last the sun rose red and lurid above the sea, and after glaring a few seconds like a culprit from a barred prison-window through the long, dun, vapory mists which stretched all across the horizon, hid himself from

the day in a dark, heavy mass of clouds, which almost filled the whole heaven. I was in no favor with Apollo, certainly, and looking down toward the islands, which was the only part of the vaunted prospect not quite obscured by the vapors, I found that the king of the winds was not in a bit better humor; he seemed to have unchained every one of his tempests, and they came sweeping coldly and dismally across the top of the mountain, and had nearly blown me into the sea. Struggle against them a little while, and look about me. The objects to be gained by our ascent were: first, to see the sun rise; second, to see the celebrated pyramidal shadow of the cone formed on the southern side of the island; third, the extensive view of the island; fourth, a sight of the crater. Of these only the last was attained. The sunrise was anything but brilliant, the clouds prevented the phenomenon of the shadow, and the darkness and mistiness of the atmosphere toward the south obscured a great part of the view. In fact, the Lipari Islands, the extremity of Calabria, and the coast of Messina were almost all that could be seen. All that I got was a look at the crater; but that was, after all, worth all the trouble. Such a hideous, horrible, infernal sight I had never conceived of. The yawning and almost fathomless gulf, its sides formed of precipitous cliffs of ancient ice and brimstone and lava and ashes, the dull, heavy, sulphurous vapors rising along the sides and suffocating all who attempt to inhale the atmosphere, and seeming like the breath of the rebel giant who lies chained and howling and writhing in agony beneath the mountain, altogether gave me an idea of the Inferno which I could never have conceived of: the fumes of Vulcan's workshop,

the breath of the demons who infest the mountain, the cradle of Chaos, nothing is too vile, hideous, and ghastly to be associated with the place.

Forgot to mention what was one of the most striking circumstances of the whole expedition. At about two hours after midnight, when we had gotten about a third of the way up, and were toiling through the snow half tired and half frozen, we descried what seemed a black ridge of lava above the snow, and promised a deal of satisfaction in resting there. It seemed about five minutes' walk. We hastened toward it. Five minutes passed, and it seemed still five minutes; another five minutes, still the same. Another half-hour, another hour, still it receded before us, and I got nervous. It was as if some of the demons with which the caves of Mount Etna are peopled were mopping and mowing at us from that black and ghastly mass of lava, as it still fled in silent mockery before us. At last morning broke, and lo! the ledge of rocks where we were to have reposed ourselves when about a third of the way up the mountain now hung still high above us, and was—the summit, the black, awful summit itself, of Mount Etna. After five minutes spent in gaping and gasping at the crater and endeavoring to make something of the view, return to the base of the cone, seat ourselves and warm ourselves by the sulphurous and stinking fumes of a bocca, and thaw some of our hard-frozen food in the steam, and in that moment I think I never saw six more unearthly and devilish-looking individuals than we three, with the three guides, as, haggard with the want of sleep and the night's fatigue, half famished and half frozen, we hung over the deep, sulphurous fumes of that infernal



boeca, gnawing our frozen victuals. Descend from the Casa Inglese to Casa della Neve in about two hours, which in ascending occupied five; fold cloak under me like a sledge, and slide down comfortably and quickly. Reach Casa della Neve at eight, devour a cold chicken and a bottle of wine, and resume the mules. Jog down to Nicolosi, falling asleep on the mule two or three times, and reach Nicolosi at half-past eleven. Rest until 3:30, and then proceed through the paradisaical region to Catania again. As we approach the base, weather fine again. Sunday, and the peasants in holiday suits, air full of perfume and earth full of flowers, butterflies swarming, bees humming, lizards creeping, etc., etc. Reach at last Catania and the most excellent Albergo della Corona, and rejoice in a good dinner and a good bed. The latter, you may be sure, was acceptable after having ridden on mules fifty miles and walked twenty without sleeping.

On the 9th of April, having been the day before rolled and half drowned, mules and all, in a river, we arrived at Girgenti. After having admired the beautiful temples here for two or three days, we joined a party of English who had hired a small vessel to take them across to Malta. The distance is about one hundred miles, and we hoped to get there in about twenty-four hours. The vessel was not quite thirty tons burden, and besides ten passengers and seven sailors, had been loaded with brimstone, contrary to our express contract. We got on well enough the first night. We set sail at nine in the evening, but as there was nothing like a cabin, and the hold would only contain two or three at a time, the night, which was an excessively cold one, was anything but pleasant. Toward morning,

however, the wind, which had been pretty strong all night, increased to a hurricane. One of our sails, not taken in in time, was blown to pieces, and the others being furled, we drifted under bare poles quite at the mercy of the wind. The sea rose to a height which I think I never saw in the Atlantic, and our vessel, which in calm weather was hardly a foot above water, was now washed over by every wave. She was heavily laden, and labored excessively, and strained to every wave almost to cracking. We were drenched through by every wave and expecting every moment to be swamped. The captain lay in a corner, crying like a child, and calling on St. Joseph; the crew were praying to the Madonna; and at last all the passengers, at the request of the captain, by a sudden impulse commenced discharging the cargo in a very summary manner.

After having thus presented Mr. Graset's brimstone to the fishes, the vessel rode lighter, and the wind lulling a little, we became encouraged. The captain and crew resumed command of the vessel, and we all lay drenched, shivering, and miserable on the deck. At last we made land, and then commenced a violent dispute among the sailors whether it was Sicily or Malta. Conceive of these sages, men who have spent their whole lives in navigating between these two islands, and not able to distinguish one coast from the other! At last the wind, which luckily was in our favor, blew us about twenty past twelve of the second night into Malta; and there we had the inexpressible satisfaction of waiting close to shore in our wet boat till morning, no vessel being allowed to discharge its passengers after sundown. When the sun at last rose I think it never shone on a dozen more forlorn and wretched-look-

ing individuals. Sick, pale, haggard faces, begrimed with brimstone, clothes torn and drenched and waterlogged, we looked altogether more like a deputation of the devils of "Der Freischütz" than like human creatures. At last we were let out, and the first thing I did on reaching the hotel at eight in the morning was to jump into bed and sleep until nine the next morning.

My letter of the 15th of April has informed you of my disappointment at Malta, and you may believe that the eight or nine days which I was allowed to spend there waiting for a vessel to the Continent, instead of going with my companions with the steamer to Greece, where I should have been the third day after leaving Malta, were anything but pleasant. The English fleet was there, and as I had acquaintances in some of the officers, I went on board most of the vessels. My voyage from Malta to Naples hardly contained much of interest. The first five days were my usual luck, constant head winds; so that on the close of the fifth day we were not fifty miles from Malta. At last, however, we got a fair wind, and came through the Straits of Messina and past the Lipari Islands, and made the coast of Naples the sixth morning, thus having seen Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius, the three celebrated volcanoes of the world, in one and the same day. On arriving I find, to my great disappointment, that I have lost a great eruption of Vesuvius which has taken place since I have been gone, and this is almost as mortifying as my other disappointment. I have taken my passage to Genoa in the steamer which sails day after to-morrow. I should have taken it as far as Marsailles, but the cholera at that place and the consequent quarantine at Naples prevent the boats from running

thither. I shall probably consequently go by land from Genoa to Marseilles, and from there to Paris. At Paris I shall wait until I hear from you in reply to my last letter; you will think me to blame, but I cannot feel that I have anything to reproach myself with the miscalculating the expense of my journey, and having been almost in sight of Athens without going there is a disappointment which cannot be forgotten.

I remain your most affectionate son,

J. L. MOTLEY.

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*To his Mother*

Dublin,

July 27, 1835.

MY DEAR MOTHER: The last time I wrote I was, I think, on the point of leaving London for a tour in England, Scotland, and Ireland. This is the first time we have been stationary in any place for as much as twelve hours, and, consequently, the first time I have had any chance of writing. As it is, I am afraid I shall send you but a short letter; we stay here only till to-morrow (having arrived yesterday), and during this time we wish, of course, to see as much of the town as possible. We cannot, of course, help returning to Dublin on our way back to England, and shall stop here another day or two to see what we leave unseen now. The day I left London I reached Salisbury, after a drive in a stage-coach of five or six hours. Here, as I dare say you know, is one of the finest cathedrals in England, and decidedly the finest specimen I have yet seen, not only of what is called in architectural

technology the Early English, but generally of English architecture. The evening I arrived I strolled out with my pocket stuffed full of cigars to see the lions of Salisbury (or rather the lion, for the cathedral is the only thing of interest). This was the first specimen of English Gothic I was to see, and as I walked thither my head was full of the Continental Gothic, which was as yet all I knew. I thought of the cathedrals of Cologne, of Vienna, of Rouen, of strange, unfinished, unfinishable buildings, built according to no plan, or rather according to a dozen different ones, and rising helter-skelter from the midst of a multitude of old, sharp-gabled, red-tiled, ten-story houses, all looking as if built in the time of the crusades. The idea of a Gothic cathedral was associated in my mind with hundreds of tumble-down hovels, booths, and shops, mixed grotesquely here and there with a magnificent palace of half a dozen centuries, and with groups of amiable ragamuffins and lazzaroni, which on the Continent form such a constant and indispensable ingredient of every picture. Although I knew I was in England, I could not help thinking of the filth and misery, squalor and magnificence, neglect and decay, which usually makes up in equal portions every scene of the Continent, so that, on the whole, when I came to look on Salisbury Cathedral, I was most ridiculously half disappointed.

It was my own fault or my own stupidity. The church is of beautiful proportions, of the most beautiful (at any rate, the most regular) of the Gothic styles (namely, the Early English), is built of a fair colored stone, which looks as fresh as if of yesterday, and with its light and graceful and very high spire,

its long lancet-headed windows, its massive walls and stately buttresses, is certainly one of the finest cathedrals I know. Influenced by the associations I have mentioned, I thought the whole scene at first too tidy, too notable, too housewifish, but, as I said before, this was only my own dullness; on second thoughts I acknowledged to myself that filth and poverty and ugliness were not necessarily concomitants of a cathedral, and I confessed that I had rarely seen a more lovely picture than this same church presents. The scene is so softly and sweetly English. The stately and graceful cathedral, with its green and smooth-shaven lawn in front, the surrounding elm-trees in their magnificently massive foliage, the tidy cottages half covered with honeysuckles and rose-bushes, the hawthorn hedges, and the green meadows with their sleek cattle (to say nothing of the macadamized turnpike and the new hotel), altogether made up a scene purely and exclusively English, and perhaps, after all, as pleasing a one as you can find anywhere. From Salisbury I made a short detour to see the celebrated Stonehenge, of which I dare say Preble will give you a more vivid description out of Worcester's "Geography" than I can do, although I have seen it so lately. In fact, a very barbarous monument (in the matter of the fine arts, at least) has no particular interest when one has seen the much older monuments of much older nations, which preceding ages have only been able to gape at and admire without even being able to imitate, much less to equal. Stonehenge is merely a rude and rather awkward grouping together of about a score of huge and shapeless stones. It may have been a Druids' temple or Queen Boadicea's drawing-room for aught

that I (or I believe any one else) know to the contrary, and I can't find enough interest in the grotesque monuments of a parcel of barbarians to detain me from the continuation of my tour. I shall turn it over to the antiquaries.

Your affectionate son,  
J. L. M.

## CHAPTER IV

### RUSSIA

Mr. Motley's marriage—Voyage to Europe—Discomforts of steamers—Manchester—The MacLeod case—London—*En route* to St. Petersburg—Lord Lyndhurst—Mr. Clarke—Sir Charles Vaughan—Prussia, her vicissitudes and her condition—Königsberg—A local legend—Tilsit—Taurogen—Arrival at St. Petersburg—Russian winter—Official formalities—Expenses of living—The climate of Russia—John Randolph's despatch—Russian society—The Winter Palace—Presentation at court—Court formalities—The Czar—A court ball—The Grand Duke Michael—More presentations—Count Levachoff's house—Miss Porter—Taglioni—Resignation of secretaryship of Legation—Nesselrode—Sir James Wylie—Peter the Great—St. Petersburg and its public institutions—Casimir Périer—Quarrel between French and Russian courts—Journey to Berlin—Halle, a quizzical town—Maurice Church and its legend—Weimar—Madame de Goethe—Frankfort-on-the-Main—Paris—Guizot—Thiers as a speaker—Brussels—John van Eyck, the inventor of oil-painting—Diary in Russia—The Great Bazaar—How it is guarded at night—Russian taxes and gilds—Food-supply—Army—Manufactures—The blessing of the waters—Peter the Great's house—Military hospitals—The Hermitage gallery—Orphan asylums.

[In 1837 Mr. Motley was married. In 1839 appeared his first novel, "Morton's Hope." In the autumn of 1841 he was appointed secretary of legation to the Russian mission.]



*To his Wife*

Halifax,

Friday morning, October 8, 1841.

MY DEAREST MARY: I write again this morning in order that there may be a double chance of your hearing from me. I wrote yesterday by the brig *Arcadian*, which sailed this morning for Boston, and you will probably have got that letter before this reaches you. I told you in that that we had experienced very rough weather and heavy gales from the northeast, which delayed our arrival here three days beyond the usual time. I flatter myself that nobody can beat me in long passages, go whither or how I will. However, we have every reason to be thankful that we arrived at last in safety, and I make no complaint at the length of the passage. Of the accommodations of the boat I do make complaint, and I may as well tell you now, if you come out in the spring, by all means come in one of the best and largest New York packet-ships. The average gain by taking a steamer is only a week, and the loss in comfort—no, not comfort, for there is no such thing at sea, but the loss in those appliances which make existence endurable at sea—is immense.

Everything is dirty, disorderly, and disgusting. There is no room in the state-rooms to put so much as a toothpick, not a drawer nor a shelf, but everything is left to knock about on the floor at its own sweet will. There is no cabin to sit in, the narrow piggery in which we are fed being entirely filled up with the troughs and benches. There is no deck to walk on, as the whole or nearly the whole of the space is occupied by the upper cabin, the state-rooms being below. As for the

ladies' cabin, I have not been in it, but I am told that they are much worse off than the gentlemen. Recollect, my dearest Mary, that I am not painting this disagreeable picture because I have been myself so uncomfortable, but only to prevent you from being exposed to the same evils. It has been my greatest consolation thus far that you and my little darlings were not on board the *Caledonia* with me. I believe you would have been driven to despair, and I am very sure that if you had been with me we should have all stopped in Halifax and gone home as soon as possible. Neither do I know that a great many of the discomforts of these ships can be avoided. They are mail-boats, intended for speed, and so carry the greatest number of passengers in the least possible space. We are accordingly packed down like salt fish, compressed into nothing, and are of course uncomfortable. Now, this is worth bearing in going to America, where the saving averages two or three weeks, but in going to England it is most "intolerable and not to be endured."

The captain seems to be a thorough seaman, and always at his post, and inspires us with perfect confidence. The boat has proved herself a stanch and admirable sea-boat. These are the great essentials before which everything else is as nothing; but you can unite all in a first-rate packet-ship from New York, and if ever I should go to Europe again—but no, upon that point my resolution is taken most decidedly. If I get home in safety I shall never leave it again. I knew I should be homesick enough, but did not anticipate the reality; I can hardly bear to think of you and all at home for an instant without being sick at heart, and as

I cannot say a word upon the subject without becoming very foolish, I shall say nothing.

I shall say nothing now upon the point of your coming. I intend to keep an exact account of the expense and of everything else bearing upon the subject, so that in the course of the winter you will have the whole matter before you, all the pros and cons, and then I shall trust you to decide for yourself; you know I have often told you, my dearest, that you always decide right and that I always repent not taking your advice; I tell you so still, that in order that you should decide upon this point you must have everything before you and look fairly at both sides. Above all things, do not be governed by your feelings, but by your judgment.

If we are to be separated till my return, of course my return will be so much the sooner. If you join me, the pleasure of being together will be embittered by the length of the journey and the great fatigues which you and the little ones will have to endure, to say nothing of the expense, which will of course be great. However, it is premature to attempt to form an opinion now.

Good-by. We sail from here at three o'clock this afternoon.

Ever your own

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

Manchester, of all places in the world,  
October 20, 1841.

MY DEAREST: I have just opened this letter to add a word or two. I came round this way, having nothing to do in Liverpool, and because Tom was coming to

this place. I dine here, and go up to London to-night. I saw the Mackintoshes in Liverpool, whom you will see very soon, as they go in the *Britannia*.

The MacLeod case causes an inconceivable fuss and anxiety throughout her Majesty's dominions. The first question asked at Halifax was about it, and in Liverpool we had hardly got into the hotel coffee-room, reeking from the *Caledonia*, when several stout elderly gentlemen rushed frantically across the room, leaving their beer untasted, to inquire concerning the MacLeod case. In short, everybody in the house scented us and came upon a point at once. I thought that the ferocity on the subject was confined to the provinces,—provincial patriotism is always ferocious,—but the excitement was very great in London. God bless you.

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*To his Wife*

London,  
October 21, 1841.

MY DEAREST MARY: I arrived here this morning by the railroad between five and six o'clock, having left Manchester at seven the evening before. The whole tour being in the dark, you will hardly expect a description of the journey. I left Tom at Manchester, who, after stopping there some days, intended to go to Scotland.

Contrary to my expectations, I found Colonel Todd<sup>1</sup> still in London. He had a passage of twenty-five days, so that, after all, I did better than he. Our steamer, however, was beaten by several of the packets; that of the 1st October from New York arrived before us; and the *Great Western* (unquestionably, from all I hear,

<sup>1</sup> United States minister to St. Petersburg.

the best steamer between England and America), which sailed some few days before us, made her passage in thirteen days. Mr. Frank Gray goes out in her the day after to-morrow. He is here at the same hotel with me (Long's in Bond Street). He will see you probably on his arrival; and if it gives you half as much pleasure to see him as it would me to see any one who had lately seen you, it will certainly be a satisfaction to you. I cannot tell you how much I long for letters, and yet I must leave England without any.

Augustus Thorndike is also at this house; his family are in Paris. Mr. Stevenson leaves in the *Great Western*; Mr. Everett has not arrived, so that, ridiculously enough, at the present critical period of our English relations there is nobody in London accredited to the court, the secretary of legation having left some time ago.

I am not yet decided upon my route. Colonel Todd had made up his mind to go by the Hamburg and Lübeck line, but is somewhat inclined to adopt my plan of going by way of Stockholm. There is some difficulty in getting information about several points. It is plain sailing enough as far as Stockholm, but some question whether there be a steamer running at present between that place and Åbo in Finland. London is such an immense place that nobody knows anything about anything. I am going with Colonel Todd to-morrow morning to see Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador here, who will give more information probably than any one else can do, and I shall be guided a good deal by what he says.

It is unfortunate, my dear Mary, that I am obliged to write thus a second time without having anything

to say to you, except . . . how heart-sick I am at being separated from you. It is indeed "to drag at each remove a lengthening chain" to be thus pushing onward toward the Finns and Calmucks, while my heart and my eyes are ever turning backward over the thousands of miles which separate me from all I love in the world:

But where my rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There are my young barbarians all at play,  
There is their Dacian mother.

Tell me all about the rude hut on the river when you write. I suppose it is nearly finished by this time. Be sure and attend to it in all its details, for I hope it will be our home for many years, and I shall never be happy till I see it again. Tell me all about little Lily and Lottie, and mother and father and all of them. Tell mother I shall certainly write to her from St. Petersburg. I am so hurried now, and shall be till I get there, that I have hardly time to scrawl these jejune and most unmeaning lines to you.

Ever yours,

J. L. M.

*To his Wife*

Hamburg,  
November 1, 1841.

MY DEAREST MARY: I have again a roosting-place for a few hours, and hasten to employ it by writing to you. I reached this place an hour or two ago in the steamer from London. We sailed last Wednesday morning, and ought to have made the passage by Fri-

day noon, from fifty-five to sixty hours being the average passage, instead of which we were six days about it. We had a head wind and very heavy weather the whole voyage, so that it seems that I have only to form a resolution, however secretly, to go by sea to any given place for the wind instantly to make a point of blowing a gale exactly from that direction. I found here a couple of notes from Colonel Todd, who has been expecting me at Lübeck every day according to our agreement; but this most unconscionable passage has kept me beyond the day of sailing of the Lübeck packet, in which we were to have gone together, and as it is the last boat which goes all the way to Petersburg this season, he was obliged to go without me, and I have to make the journey by land. This is nobody's fault but the steamer *John Bull's*; and on the whole I do not much regret it, as a November voyage up the Baltic is not a very desirable amusement, and, from my experience of steamboating lately, I dare say it would prove quite as tedious and fatiguing as the journey by land.

Let me see. I wrote you last, I think, by the *Great Western*, a day or two after my arrival in London. After that I left my letter and card at Lord Lyndhurst's, and also at Mr. Clarke's, his cousin, to whom Copley Greene, or rather Mrs. Greene, was kind enough to send me letters. Mr. Clarke called upon me immediately, and was particularly attentive to me. I dined with him once, and received another invitation from a friend of his during my short stay there. Lord Lyndhurst was in the country when I arrived, and came to town only the day upon which I left. He, however, wrote me a very polite note, hoping to see me when his family returned from the country the next week, and upon my

informing him that I was leaving that day, he sent me a letter of introduction to Lord Stuart de Rothesay, the British ambassador at Petersburg, and hoped to see me when I returned to London.

Mr. Clarke is a very agreeable, gentlemanlike person, and I feel much obliged to the Greenes for their introduction, for which I wish you would make a point of calling upon Mrs. Greene and expressing thanks. Tell Sumner that I left his letter and my card at Sir Charles Vaughan's door; the servant, however, told me he was leaving town the next day, so that I expected to hear nothing from him. However, he came round to my hotel within an hour, and sat some time in my room with me, expressed great regard for Sumner and great regret that his departure from town and mine for St. Petersburg, etc., etc. In fact, everybody is out of town as a matter of course; the end of October and the beginning of November is the hanging season in London and the commencement (I believe) of the hunting season in the country, so that of course everybody is supposed to be hanging themselves or hunting, and I was very lucky to find as much as I did in London. Sir Charles is a plain, unaffected, agreeable man, and I hope to have the pleasure of seeing him again in London some time or other.

I leave this to-morrow (at noon), I believe, for Berlin, and shall stop one day there and then push on for Königsberg. I expect to meet a fellow-passenger on board the *John Bull*, a young man<sup>1</sup> (son of Lord Minto) who is attached to the British legation at Petersburg, and who left in the diligence for Berlin to-night. Being both upon the same expedition, we have

<sup>1</sup> Now Sir Henry Elliot.



agreed to rough it together in the diligence, and I hope we shall reach Petersburg by this day fortnight.

Colonel Hamilton of New York stopped at the same hotel with me in London. He came out in the *Kamchatka*, which arrived two or three days after us, having made a very long passage, delayed originally by the same severe gale which attacked us between Boston and Halifax. Schuyler did not come up to London, but stayed at Southampton with the frigate. I shall find them there undoubtedly, as they were to sail again on Tuesday for Kronstadt, the day before the one I left London for this place.

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*To his Wife*

St. Petersburg,

November 18, 1841.

I wrote to you last from Hamburg; the next day I went in an abominable diligence to Berlin. Stayed there two days. Saw Mrs. Kirkland and George Cabot constantly; they were both perfectly well and perfectly tired of Berlin, but uncertain whether they should leave this winter or remain. Staying in the same house was young Welch, who has joined the university, I believe. I went with Cabot to the Fays one evening (the secretary of legation); he and his wife are very agreeable people. Mr. Wheaton<sup>1</sup> I called upon, and he upon me, but I did not see him, both being out. The next night left with my traveling companion, Mr. Elliot, for Königsberg, a long pull of fifty-eight hours

<sup>1</sup> The distinguished writer on "International Law," then United States minister to Prussia.

in a diligence. We had the cabriolet or front part, where one is very comfortable. The roads are excellent in Prussia, but the country most uninteresting, our whole route, in fact, from Berlin to Petersburg, traversing a portion of that immense plain which reaches from the Netherlands to the Ural Mountains. It is a good country to travel at night in, because there is nothing to see, and the roads having all the smoothness and directness of a railroad without its rapidity, you are able to sleep in the well-cushioned diligences very comfortably.

Prussia has no history. The reigning family is an ancient one; but the state is new, and an artificial patchwork, without natural coherence, mosaicked out of bought, stolen, and plundered provinces, and only kept together by compression. A Prince of Hohenzollern-something-or-other-ingen bought the mark of Brandenburg, with the dignity of elector of the empire, and his successors, after having in the course of two or three centuries subjugated the barbarous Prussia Proper (already well hammered by the Teutonic Knights and the Polish kings), helped themselves to a slice of Poland, and stolen Silesia, had the pleasure at the beginning of the present century of seeing their ingeniously contrived kingdom completely sponged out of existence by Napoleon, and then repaired and put together again by the cabinet-making of Vienna. Since then, Prussia is a camp, and its whole population drilled to the bayonet. It is the fashion to praise its good administration; but I have no sympathy with your good administrations.

Prussia is a mild despotism, to be sure. 'T is the homeopathic tyranny—small doses, constantly admin-

istered, and strict diet and regimen. But what annoys you most is this constant dosing, this succession of infinitesimal government pills which the patient subject bolts every instant. Everything, in fact, is regulated by the government; the royal colors are black and white, and government is written in black and white all over the kingdom. The turnpike-gates are black and white; the railings of the bridges are black and white, and so are the signs of the taverns, post-houses, etc., etc. In every inn a royal *ordonnance* stuck up against the wall informs you how much you have to pay for everything—for your dinner, your bed, your schnapps, or your glass of sugar and water. This is well enough for the traveler, but a sort of arrangement neither complimentary nor gratifying to the inhabitants. But what nonsense it is for me to be wasting all this time in such a tirade. I believe it is because I was annoyed at having to go back (after having walked down to the Berlin post-office to take my place in the diligence) for the sake of having my passport put in order; for unless the American minister, the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs, the police inspector, the Russian minister, and the Lord knows who beside, all signify in writing their perfect approval of your taking a seat in the *Schnellpost*, the said seat in the *Schnellpost* is refused to you by the prigs of the post-office.

At Königsberg we waited a day—

A town whose greatest vaunt,  
Besides some mines of zinc and lead and copper,  
Has lately been the great Professor Kant;  
But we, who cared not a tobacco-stopper  
For metaphysics, still pursued our jaunt  
Through Germany, whose somewhat tardy millions  
Have princes who spur more than their postilions—

like the respectable Don Juan, who went to Petersburg by the same route that we did. We, however, killed one lion there, and the only one worth killing—the old cathedral, a building five hundred years old, as the sexton said; built by the grand master of the Teutonic Knights, and containing several tombs, monuments, and rude portraits of the old grand masters by whom Königsberg and “Prussia Proper” (I like that expression, because all Prussia is so extremely proper) were governed in old times. One of the monuments, rudely representing a knight in a reclining position and dying, with some singular devices scattered about, attracted my attention, and the old sexton insisted upon giving me a long legend about it, which had a strong resemblance to the story of the maid and the magpie. This story, in three words, was that the knight lost a favorite ring from his finger. Circumstances convinced him that his favorite servant had stolen it, and so he incontinently cut off his head; afterward a raven’s nest was found with the ring in it, and the dead servant’s innocence being thus demonstrated, the knight had nothing for it but to die himself. So, upon Tristram Shandy’s principle that “man bears pain best in a horizontal position,” he threw himself at length upon his elbow, with his toes to heaven, and so died. “So Johnny Pringle he laid down and died.” A device of a raven with a ring in his mouth, and a servant with his head cut off, and other quaint devices, decorate the monument. The church itself is venerable from its age, but very plain. The windows are the narrow lancet-shaped ones, without tracery, which in England are called the Early English; but there is very little of ornament in any part of the building—none of that elaborate carv-

ing, that needlework in stone, that sculptured Brussels lace, which is the charm and the wonder of the more splendid Gothic cathedrals.

The same night we went to Tilsit, twelve hours from Königsberg (if you take any post-map of Europe or even any common map, you may easily trace our route), a place where Napoleon dictated peace upon a raft in the river Memel to the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and remarkable for nothing else, where we stopped a day and night. These stoppages, by the way, were owing to our having neglected to inform ourselves at Berlin about the diligence hours of starting from the different places. If we had used due diligence in using the diligence we might have shortened the time four or five days. However, as that would not have shortened the road, and as our fatigue was the less, it was of no great consequence.

From Tilsit we went to Taurogen, on the Russian frontier, passing through the custom-house so much dreaded by travelers unseathed and untouched, thanks to our diplomatic capacity (which, by the way, has carried us through every custom-house with flying colors). At Taurogen we stopped a day and night, the inn or post-house most comfortable, giving one an agreeable impression of Russian arrangements. The next morning at ten we took our seats in the Russian mail for Petersburg. These carriages are, without exception, the best public conveyances in Europe; they carry four persons only, and the vehicle consists of two coupés or chariots, one placed behind the other, and each containing two persons; they were filled with spring-cushions, leather-padded pillows, lamps to read by in the night, and, in fact, as comfortable as a private carriage.

The road from Taurogen to Petersburg is fourteen versts, and half of it is what is called in Europe very bad, and what we should call pretty good in America. We got stuck in the mud regularly every night, but as we were only passengers we did not mind, and slept comfortably until they lifted us out; this lasted only two or three nights. At Riga, the capital of Livonia, we got our first snow-storm, after which the weather became very cold (13 of Réaumur one night, the 12th of November, equal to about zero of Fahrenheit), but "it was fine times for those who were well wrapped up, as the ice-bear said when he met the gentleman a-skating," and I was uncommonly well wrapped up. I was immersed to the hips in a pair of fur boots (furred on both sides), without which an attempt to make such a journey would have been a bootless undertaking, and had a pelisse lined with fur reaching from my eye-lashes to my heels; thus attired I was independent of the weather. It was, however, not very cold long. The weather, in fact, since the 12th of November, has been like our average weather in January and February. How it will be later you shall know as soon as I do.

I have nothing more to say of the journey. The country is dull and uninteresting beyond all description, and as we had sixteen hours of dark to eight of daylight, "the whole of its tediousness was not inflicted on us." I had provided myself at Berlin with some new novels of Balzac and Paul de Koek, and passed most of the time in reading, slept very well every night, and breakfasted, dined, and supped very comfortably at the stations or post-houses along the road, which are in general very well regulated establishments. The

villages through which we pass are all of wood, generally log huts thatched; the houses in the towns are mostly of wood, painted of a dark color and sometimes stuccoed, and the people dirty, long-haired, long-bearded, sheepskin-shirted savages. We reached St. Petersburg the 17th of November, at half-past two in the morning.

This letter I consider both entertaining and instructive; unfortunately, it is illegible. It will puzzle the spies at the post-office, if they undertake to read it.

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

St. Petersburg,

November 19, 1841.

I am about moving to-morrow, from the hotel where I am just now, to apartments in the house which Colonel Todd has taken. Lodgings are very high in St. Petersburg, and I am assured by Mr. Gibson, the consul here, that these are very cheap compared with other lodgings, and that though more elegant than I should care for, they cost actually less than many much more ordinary ones elsewhere. They are well situated in the Admiralty quarter, large and handsomely furnished, and when you come, if you conclude it best that you should, there are additional rooms sufficient to accommodate us comfortably, for a very small additional rent.

You ask about Colonel Todd. I cannot say anything further at present but that he seems to me a very amiable, kind-hearted man, and disposed to make things

agreeable to me. We shall probably make a common table together this winter. He is undecided yet whether his family will join him or not. Colonel Todd has not yet had his audience of the emperor, who is in the country. He is expected, I believe, to-morrow. I dare say I may be presented next week, but know nothing yet. As soon as I am settled in my quarters I shall make my calls of ceremony which the etiquette prescribes.

I hope before long I may be able to send you something amusing in my letters. Thus far I have hardly looked about me at all. The weather has been cold, though not disagreeable, since the 12th November; good sleighing since that time, with the thermometer in the daytime a degree or two below the freezing-point. The Neva has been some time filled with ice and the bridges taken up, although the ice still floats slowly, so that there is no crossing at all at present, and everybody is waiting for the ice to fix, which is expected every day. Tell me about the weather you have, when you write. I should like to compare it with this, and, besides, it gives an additional touch to the picture of home. I was delighted with your description of Riverdale at that delicious season (the middle of October). There is nothing in the whole world besides like an American autumn. How absurd it is in you to call your letters dull! You know they are not. I only hope you will write me thousands just such dull letters as your last. They had the effect of enchantment upon me, and while I was reading I heard the voice of my darling little Lottie, and saw my little Lily's bright eyes, and for a moment was transported quite across the dreary waste of land and sea which separates us, and was at



home again. You are very right in agreeing with me that I have the worst of the separation. New scenes and new faces, what are they to home scenes and home faces? Besides, new scenes and new faces are to me no novelties. I do not know how much to ascribe to the lonely feelings I experience, how much to my having already traveled a good deal, and how much to the character of the place I am in, but I actually feel at present a perfect want of curiosity, and the lions of St. Petersburg are likely to remain a long time un-killed in their cages for all me. I shall, however, make a business of it soon, and I hope to be able to entertain you a little, if not myself, with the process.

God bless you.

Your own  
J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

St. Petersburg,  
November 28, 1841.

I have not yet been presented. I am writing this in my chancery or office, from which Colonel T. has this moment gone in full rig to have his first audience of the emperor. On account of the colonel's not having had his audience, I have been unable to make any calls on the *corps dramatique*—I mean *diplomatique*, which is much the same thing. He had sown his preliminary quantity of cards broadcast over the town and had reaped his return crop before my arrival. Etiquette prescribes to a minister to renew his calls after his presentation, and accordingly to-morrow I shall accom-

pany him in his coach and four to honor the whole of them with my pasteboard. After that I have a right to expect return calls and occasional invitations; if I get none, it will be no fault of mine, for, like the general in "Tom Thumb," "I shall have done my duty and have done no more." I have as yet made no calls, except that day before yesterday I left my letter from Lord Lyndhurst and my card upon Lord Stuart de Rothesay. He was out, but called upon me the next day and sat half an hour with me—a veteran diplomatist, having been minister here in the year one, that is to say, 1801. He says that Petersburg has degenerated since that time. That generation, the grandparents of those he is now associated with, spent all the money, and left them only the great empty houses.

The weather has been most extraordinary. The river closed a day or two after my arrival (about the 20th, I think), and up to that time it had been a steady cold (not very cold) weather, say 28° of Fahrenheit at noon. But for the last week it has thawed every day, not a warm, sunshiny thaw, such as we have in January, "not by no means," but a cold drizzling, something between a fog and a rain, with the glass a degree above the freezing-point, under the influence of which the snow and ice which covered the ground have nearly disappeared, and the droshkies, the most awkward and inconvenient of all jarveys, have succeeded to the sledges, which were cutting about when I arrived. The worst of it is that if we get no snow soon I don't know what I shall do for a vehicle. To keep something is as necessary here, where it is as far across a street as it is from one end of some towns to the other, as to keep a pair of india-rubbers in Boston. It

is not decent for a secretary of legation to go about in haekney vehicles, which are all very dirty, but luckily it is perfectly correct to go about in a one-horse sleigh, which you can take by the month and which does not cost much more than half a coach and two, which would be the only alternative. But without snow there is no sleighing; fortunately, it is snowing now, and perhaps we may have a change of weather.

This brings me to speak of the expense of this place. Tell Mary that, if my opinions and experience do not soon change very much, the expense alone will make me beat a retreat immediately. Everything is dearer here than in Boston, which you know is a high standard, but besides that, very great expenses are incurred for things which I should dispense with there. I should be afraid to tell you how much I have been obliged to spend for furs, and that not to please myself, for I hate the very sight of them, but because they are indispensable in themselves; and although I tried to keep as near the bottom of the ladder of prices (up which you may go for a single wrapper to \$10 or \$12,000) as was consistent with decency, yet the price was tremendous and would have clothed me for a year in Boston and three in Dedham. . . .

I remain

Your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

I forgot to say that, owing to the death of the Queen Dowager of Bavaria, the court are in mourning for twenty-four days, so that I shall not be presented until the 18th of December. Colonel Hamilton of New York (son of the great Hamilton and whilom Secretary of

State under Jackson) and Schuyler, his son-in-law, who both came in the *Kamchatka*, are to be presented on the same day. They are my only American acquaintances except the consul, Mr. Gibson.

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*To his Wife*

St. Petersburg,  
December 14, 1841.

MY DEAREST MARY: . . . I pass my time almost entirely alone. There lie upon my table, to be sure, cards by the dozen of princes and potentates, diplomatists, cup-bearers, and functionaries of all possible names, some of which, being printed in French, I can read but can't pronounce, and some, being in Russian, I can neither read nor pronounce, but not one of the owners of which do I even know by sight. With the exception of a slight acquaintance with the members of the English embassy and with the Dutch chargé d'affaires, I do not know a soul. I know that it is in part my fault, and that many men in my situation would have rushed round the town, established intimacies with people whose names I have not yet learned, and been quite at home by this time. But this is what I can't and never could do. I cannot take root so easily anywhere, and in such an inhospitable and ice-bound soil as this it requires more than I am capable of.

I am going to a party at the grand master of ceremonies (Count some long name or other) to-morrow, and I believe I am to be presented at court on Satur-

day next. As it is the "name-day" of the emperor, he will probably give a great blow-out of some kind or another—ball or "swarry," or something to make us comfortable, I suppose, of which see further particulars in my next. Whether there have been any parties or not hitherto in the town I know not; there have been none at court; and, with the exception of the English ambassador's levee a few days ago, where we all went in our gold-laced coats, made bows, and walked off again, I have darkened nobody's doors but my own since I moved into my quarters in the same house with Colonel Todd.

In the absence, then, of anything agreeable to tell you, I propose giving you some statistical and topographical facts, which may enable you to come to a decision after reading this letter, as well as at any other time, concerning our future plans. First, with regard to the climate, I cannot speak with very great certainty from my own experience, because this, they tell me, has been the most extraordinary winter hitherto that has been known for forty years. When I arrived here first, a month ago (17th November), the ground was covered with snow and ice, the sleighing was excellent, the Neva was filled with floating masses of ice (which stopped about three days after the 20th, making the river passable), and the thermometer ranged every day a few degrees below the freezing-point. The winter appeared to be settled at about the ordinary time of its setting in. About the end of the month, however, there came a thaw, not a warm, sunshiny thaw such as we have in January, but a cold, drizzly, foggy thaw, which gradually broke up the ice, melted the snow, and *opened the river again*, a thing

which does not occur twice in a century before the end of April or beginning of May. This weather has continued without intermission up to this moment; that is to say, the glass varies from two to three degrees below the freezing-point, with a sky constantly overcast, and occasional slight showers of rain and snow. This is unnatural, and therefore probably unhealthy. I am, however, very well myself, but it is a great consolation to me to think that the children are not here, shut up in these close, stove-heated, double-windowed, unventilated rooms. As to going out, it would have been out of the question, with the exception of two or three days; and it is a positive fact that since I have been here there has not been one clear, bright, sunshiny day; and as to their length, you may judge of it by the fact that I shave by candle-light very often at half-past nine, and just now, when I sat down close by the window to write this letter, I was obliged to order candles, although it wanted a quarter to three.

I know that it is not fair for me to judge conclusively of the climate; neither do I. I am only giving you facts. But it is certain that the only chance of a change is that of extreme cold weather, which everybody is looking forward to with great anxiety, the more so as at this season of the year all the supplies consist of frozen meat brought hundreds of miles from the interior to this market, which of course at present is impossible. I cannot quit the subject of the climate without quoting to you a passage or two from the erratic John Randolph's first and only despatch from St. Petersburg during his five weeks' residence here:

“I shall avail myself of the indulgence which the President has been pleased to accord me, and leave this worse than Stygian atmosphere, in time to escape the rigors of its arctic winter. This country may well be likened to a comet; we are now in the perihelion—I shall not wait the aphelion. Never have I seen so many severe cases of summer disease. St. Petersburg, built upon a morass, resembles Holland in everything but cleanliness and health. An inundation of the Neva, the only outlet of the vast Lake Ladoga and its tributary swamps, lays the city under water. The mark of the last inundation is four feet above the surface of the streets, which are all on a dead level. The water for drinking is detestable, worse even than that of Norfolk or New York, and never fails to engender the most fatal diseases. Dysentery in its worst form, bilious fever of the most malignant type, are now raging. The *Concord*” (the ship which brought him) “is a perfect hospital. I have written thus far interrupted every quarter of a minute by innumerable flies, gigantic as the empire they inhabit, which attack the face in all its vulnerable points—nose, mouth, ears, and eyes under the cover of the spectacles. This is the land of Pharaoh and its plagues. It is Egypt in all but fertility. The extremes of human misery and human splendor here meet. Although I succeed an Anglo-Russian (in his house) who considers himself very neat, yet an exact description of the house prepared to receive me, the public rooms excepted, would not be very pleasing to him or the reader,” etc., etc.

Is it not a hearty ebullition of spleen?

I like the office part of it very well. In fact, the

only part of the whole business that I do like is the office business—that is to say, I should like it, but there is none of it. The relations between the United States and Russia are at present so completely settled that there is nothing at all to do. But as a stepping-stone it is nothing. The fact is, the profession of diplomacy, which I should prefer to any other (and which I conceive myself better fitted for than any other), does not exist with us. There is no promotion, and if there were it would not be desirable; for I assure you that if I were offered the post of envoy extraordinary to St. Petersburg at this moment, I would not take it unless I could spend at least from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars per annum. To me it would be a constant mortification and annoyance to fill such a post, unless with proper respectability and dignity.

Your own  
J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

St. Petersburg,  
December 25, 1841.

This is Christmas day, my dearest Mary, according to our style of reckoning, which is twelve days ahead of the Russian calendar, and I hope to-morrow will prove a merrier Christmas to you than to me. I feel that I have no right to communicate any portion of the depression under which I am constantly laboring to you, and so I will say no more about it.

Since I last wrote, I have been a little into society,



and could go a great deal more if I chose. I go to two or three balls a week, and might go to one every night if I chose to make the least effort to do so; but, to say the truth, I am totally unfit for society. Staying at home here by myself is bad enough, but it depresses me still more to go into society and see other people dancing about and enjoying themselves. "They have dancing shoes with nimble souls, I have a soul of lead," and if it were not for the fear of being snubbed too much by you, when I see you, for neglecting what you will call my advantages, I would go nowhere. As it is, I go quite enough to see the general structure of society, which is very showy and gay, but entirely hollow and anything but intellectual.

Now, as you will wish to hear about the ceremony of presentation at this paradise of ceremonies, the Russian court, I may as well describe it to you at once.

The Winter Palace is one of the largest domestic buildings in Europe, being about seven hundred and fifty feet upon the Neva by five hundred and fifty feet toward the Admiralty; but as I intend to go one of these days and kill all the lions like a man, and as this, with its adjoining Hermitage and its Spanish pictures, is one of the principal, I shall reserve a description of the palace, of which I have only seen a few rooms, and content myself with describing my own exploits.

We drove round to the Neva side of the palace, where we alighted, walked in through a moderately sized door, up a few marble steps, into a long, vaulted corridor with a tessellated marble floor. Coming to

the end of this gallery, we ascended a broad and splendid staircase, upon the top of which were several pages in waiting, dressed in a fantastic uniform combining the Highlander's bonnet with the checkered clothes of Harlequin. One of these skipped out and led us through several fine large rooms to the Hall of the Throne, where the diplomatic body were assembled. There we were left with our companion in arms to await the arrival of the emperor and empress. The room is spacious, with crimson hangings, the walls are starred all over with little double-headed eagles in gold, and a richly decorated throne occupies a large recess upon the side opposite the windows. Here we talked and walked about, mingling in a mob of gold-lace dignitaries, amongst whom the ubiquitous Nesselrode was bobbing about as usual, until a flood of courtiers, pouring into the hall from an inner one, and passing out, followed by a stately procession of dames of honor and ladies of the court, with golden tiaras and sweeping robes of velvet and brocade, indicated that their Majesties were approaching, having despatched the victims which had been offered up to them in the hall immediately preceding. We were now drawn up in "solemn column" by Count Bosc, the master of the ceremonies, and formed a very respectable semicircle, beginning with the "dowager of St. Petersburg" (as he calls himself), Lord Stuart de Rothesay, at one end, and tapering off with those who had not yet been presented. By this arrangement I was of course very near the foot of the class, and stood between a Danish attaché and Sir Robert Porter, British chargé d'affaires at Venezuela. Presently a file of ladies marched in and stationed themselves along by the windows of

the hall opposite the diplomatic circle. Among these were the Grand Duchess Helena, the Grand Duchess Olga, and various others whose faces I was too blind to distinguish, and who were too great to be aimed at with an eye-glass, and immediately afterward came their Majesties male and female.

They attacked the ministers first, beginning with the English ambassador, and so on along the line of diplomats, stationed according to their official rank and seniority of commission. His Majesty, on reaching our end, despatched each victim with a bow or a single question, passing to the next man as soon as each name was fairly announced. My introduction consisted of the announcement of my name and office, and an exchange of bows, for just as he was about to address me with probably the usual question of "How long have you been here?" his eye caught sight of Sir Robert Porter, who had lived formerly a great many years in St. Petersburg, and whom the Czar welcomed with great cordiality—very flattering to me, wasn't it? The empress stopped a moment after I had kissed her hand in my turn, and the following amusing and instructive conversation took place, which, as you like details, I give you verbatim. "Did you arrive with the minister?" "Non, votre Majesté." "How did you come?" "By the Berlin route." "Ah, did you stop some time in Berlin?" and with this she tottered off to the next man. After she had reached the bottom of the class and heard us all say our lessons, she passed with the emperor into the next hall, and the school broke up, or rather we had a recess. The old stagers were dismissed, but the youngsters who had not yet gone the rounds were requested to stop to

be presented to the Grand Duke Héritier and his spouse.

We waited accordingly, and after a little while Count Bosch again took charge of us, assisted by a quizzical old chamberlain as whipper-in, and marshaled us through other rooms (a description of which is of course out of the question, because we passed so rapidly through them, and because there are more than a hundred splendid apartments upon this floor) till we reached a long, high, vaulted hall in white and gold. The walls and pillars of this room are of white stucco (they ought to have been marble), the floor, like all the floors, of beautifully polished and inlaid woods of different colors arranged in graceful figures, the ceiling is massively gilt, and in the center of one side looking out toward the great quadrangle of the Admiralty Square, with the column of Alexander in the center, is the triumphal arch with its car and horses of victory. Beyond is a deep, spacious oriel-window. This is the size of a small boudoir; the three sides are formed of vast plates of glass, comfortable fauteuils are in each recess by the window, and in the center is a fine statue of a ball-player. We lounged about this hall for some time, dancing attendance upon their Imperial Highnesses, who were probably taking a comfortable lunch in the meantime, while every now and then a covey of maids of honor and that sort of people would flock into the hall, and stately *dames de la cour* would sail into the room and sail out again with their long trains sweeping after them. The morning court costume of the Russian ladies, by the way, is very beautiful, and was introduced, or rather restored, by the present emperor. The diadem-like head-dress and

short tunic, which constitute the historical costume of Russia, and which, made of ruder materials, you see constantly worn by the better sort of the lower orders, has a very picturesque effect when united to the long velvet trains, and is very becoming to pretty women.

Moreover, the halls of the palace are so vast that they have plenty of room to sweep about and display their finery without danger of being jostled or incommoded. For these reasons a fête at the Czar's court is a very picturesque show. As Sir Philip Sydney's life was "poetry put into action," so a court circle at St. Petersburg is a ballet in real life. All this pomp and procession, the gorgeous *locale*, the glittering costumes, the fantastic ceremonies, the farcical solemnity of the whole, remind me constantly of some prodigiously fine ballet. The tableaux were constantly varying, the grouping was good, the colors were gaudy, yet harmonious, and excepting that the materials were brocade and bullion, instead of fustian and tinsel, and that the scene was a real instead of a mimic palace, you had every element of a successful spectacle.

At last we were ushered into a room (adjoining the one in which we had been waiting), which was crimson and gold, the drapery and furniture being crimson satin and the walls actually plated or sheathed in gold. This is but natural in a city where they gild the domes and spires of nearly all their churches and public buildings. Here we were again drawn up in a phalanx, "still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm," and presently the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrine, wife of the hereditary grand duke, made her appearance, and commenced operations by flooring

Gevers, the Dutch chargé, who was at the head of the row. She is a sweet, pretty, blond, and bright-eyed creature, a daughter of Hesse-Darmstadt, whom the young duke married for love, and she went through the present task very gracefully. Her conversation with me was pretty much the stereotyped form, consisting of two questions, videlicet, "Have you been long here?" "Only for a week." "Is it the first time you have been in Russia?" "The first time I have had that honor." With that a bow and a smile, for she has rosy lips which can smile, and she passed on to the next man, my friend Sir Robert. The Socratic method, by the way, is the one universally adopted by sovereigns. Their observations always come to you in a questionable shape, and I should think a little catechism might be composed for them, with which they might make themselves familiar beforehand, and which would make the bore of presentation much less fatiguing and embarrassing to all parties. A few staple questions, such as "How long have you been here?" "Did you ever see a white bear?"—such questions as these, varied a little according to circumstances, and framed to combine amusement with instruction, should form the vade-mecum of sovereigns, and would, if diligently committed to memory in early youth, answer the double purpose of imparting pleasure and eliciting information.

As the grand duchess retired, her page, immersed to the hips in military boots, tried very hard to tread upon her train or to lift it up, I could not exactly make out which, but I could not sufficiently admire the incongruity of his boots with his office, and comment upon the necessity of our shivering in our silk stock-

ings and small-clothes to the ball the next night, while the grand duchess has a squire in jack-boots to carry her petticoats.

After we were bowed out of the room, we marched back through the hall with the oriel, into a suite of two or three rooms filled with pictures, where we were to wait the Hereditary's leisure. I amused myself so well with the pictures, among which were several fine Velasquezes, a fine "Descent from the Cross" by Rubens, one or two Paul Potters, and a good many fine Spanish pictures, that I came near being left behind. I came up with the rest, however, before they left the room where we were served up to the grand duke, a fresh-looking young man, who, like his august father, swallowed half a dozen of us at a mouthful, myself included, only bowing as we were successively introduced, and asking questions of but one or two. However, as the ladies talked to me, I have no reason to complain. After this ceremony we marched off and went home.

The Czar is deserving of all the praise I have heard of him. He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw, six feet three inches at least in height, and "every inch a king." His figure is robust, erect, and stately, and his features are of great symmetry, and his forehead and eye are singularly fine.

The front of Jove himself,  
An eye like Mars to threaten and command.

In short, he is a regular-built Jupiter; and so much for the court circle, or what would be called in England the drawing-room. Now for the ball, of which, however, I am afraid I shall not be able to say anything new or anything very interesting. The small-

clothes being *de rigueur*, I was obliged to exhibit my unlucky legs

In brilliant breeches spotless as new milk,

without, unfortunately, being able to add:

On limbs whose symmetry set off the silk.

However, as there was no help for it, I endued myself with fortitude and the dreaded breeches at half-past eight, and we drove off early in order to see the grand "star and waltz entrée" of the royal family into the ball-room. We arrived "au perron indiqué," as the etiquette-book directs, alighted, gave our furs and boots to our faithful Jäger, and then marched along across the tessellated marble of the corridor, up the same grand staircase, upon the top of which a cluster of the same pages were lounging as upon the day before, and after being led by one of them through a few "halls of dazzling light," we were at last met by the quizzical old chamberlain who had been our yesterday's Palinurus, and who now piloted us safely into the Salle Blanche. The imperial family had not entered, so we had leisure to look about a little.

This ball-room, as its name indicates, is white, richly and massively decorated with gold. It is of vast dimensions, spacious enough for a whole nation to dance in without jolting, and absolutely overflowing with light. The great charm of scene was the extraordinary brilliancy of the hall. White and gold light up well, of course, particularly when a few millions of candles are stuck into the myriad sockets of the many massive, glittering chandeliers. There were three rows of these



immense chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, thousands of candles placed along and in front of the massive gilded gallery which runs completely round the hall. This gallery was completely filled with spectators, all female, well dressed, and some of them pretty, realizing in part the suggestion of the imitation of Tom Moore in "Rejected Addresses":

If, instead of those lamps, that a row of young beauties  
Shed light from their eyes between us and the pit—

except that in this case the young beauties and the candles were combined.

The floor of the hall was thronged with dignitaries glittering like goldfinches and chattering like magpies, and the great variety of costumes, the civilians with their stars and garters and gold stieks, and military officers in every variety of uniform, with the ladies in the latest Parisian toilets, furnished a constantly shifting succession of rich and striking pictures. The most picturesque figures were the officers from the various Asiatic provinces of Russia and from the regions of "frosty Caucasus." The Circassians, with their keen eyes, black beards, and white caftans, showed their purer descent from the original stock of the European race, and were well contrasted with the Cossack officers, some of whom looked as if they might have served in Attila's army. While I was lounging about and talking to a few acquaintances, a strain of solemn music announced the arrival of the imperial family, and immediately the emperor and empress marched in hand in hand, like Adam and Eve, followed by their whole family. The empress was looking better in her ball-dress than in her ceremony robe, and the emperor was

as fine as possible in a red coat and green ribbons and jack-boots. Next there came the Grand Duke Michael, the brother of the emperor, with his wife, a pretty woman blazing in diamonds and emeralds, and then the Duchess Olga, the daughter of the emperor, who is a blonde, a stately and magnificent beauty, with the Czar's forehead and eye—

Who stepped as doth a Spanish barb  
Or Andalusian girl from mass returning.

And then came the Héritier and his pretty wife, and then all the other little grand dukes and duchesses, down to a little grand duckling of seven or eight years, looking like Puss in Boots in a cavalry uniform, and who is the youngest but two of the emperor's children. They marched round the hall in a solemn polonaise, followed by about a third of the company, while the rest looked on for an hour or two to the tune of slow music; and after this had continued quite long enough, quadrilles were formed of the *haute volée*. At first and afterward there was "still vaulting by the whole company," till we went in to supper. This was served in the great banqueting-room (which is about two hundred feet by one hundred and twenty), where the four or five hundred guests sat down without the least crowding.

The effect was very fine, and the banquet, with the brilliant lights, the sumptuous furniture, the dresses of the guests, the elaborate liveries of the countless servants, and the pillared and vaulted architecture of the hall, resembled a colossal picture by Paul Veronese. The supper was of many courses and very good. After

it was over we all rose and marched back through a long suite of rooms to the Salle Blanche, where dancing was resumed for a little while; but at twelve the imperials retired and dismissed us. I was very glad that it broke early, for I was constantly thinking that "it was a most excellent piece of work, would it were over"; and I dare say you are willing to say the same thing of this interminably long letter. I know you are fond of details, but I think I have given you enough of them for the present.

I am going to write to mother by this opportunity. Tell Stackpole that I am much obliged to him for his letter, and that I shall write to him by the next courier. Tell him it will be a real charity in him to write often. You have no idea of the absolute and dreary solitude in which I live; and as to hearing anything about what goes on in America, it is entirely out of the question here; and if he had known this, I am sure he would have given me a little more information about what is going on in public matters. Not that I take a very great interest therein; but still, as he wrote after the Massachusetts election, I should like to have known whether the Locofocos<sup>1</sup> carried the state or not, as they seem to have done every other. We know nothing about it here, and shall not perhaps these three months. The only channel of information is private letters, as our newspapers come very irregularly and are always as old as the hills.

Ever your  
J. L. M.

<sup>1</sup> The Democrats were so called from an incident in 1834, when a meeting, at which the lights had been suddenly put out, was re-illuminated by locofoco matches.

*To his Mother*

St. Petersburg,  
December 26, 1841.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I have just finished a long letter to Mary, and am going to spend part of this day and solitary evening in writing to you. It seems hardly right that I should communicate a part of my dullness to you and to her, and I feel that I necessarily must, or not write at all; but still I will do what I can to amuse you, although I am quite sure that my letters must be as stupid as the place they are written from. The fact is, I find that I have undertaken a task almost beyond my strength—that of coming away and leaving all my home behind me. Still, I do not regret having come, because nothing but my own experience would have satisfied me upon the subject, and now, being fully satisfied upon every point, I have nothing to do but to look forward to a not very distant meeting. I have also one constant consolation—that I did not bring Mary with me, and my little darlings,

Whose breath was given  
By milder genii o'er the deep.

For say what you will of the American climate, there is none which has more sunshine or is more cheerful; while here in this morass, although that well-known person, the oldest inhabitant, has repeatedly declared that he never knew so mild a winter as this has been thus far in St. Petersburg in the whole course of his life, the sun has not shone but three days out of the thirty-nine I have been here. The weather has not

been extremely cold, to be sure, the average temperature having been very much the same as that of Boston for the same months last year; but the shortness of the daylight (between five and six hours) and the constant gloom of the atmosphere make it excessively disagreeable.

I have given Mary a long and tedious description of the ceremony of presentation to the emperor. To-day I have been to see the Grand Duke Michael, the brother of the emperor, having received a note from the grand master of the ceremonies yesterday stating that two o'clock to-day was the hour appointed. I found waiting in the antechamber the same people who were presented at the diplomatic circle the other day, among whom were my traveling companion Elliot and some other acquaintances. We were received only on the lower floor, in very ordinary rooms, so that I did not have a chance of seeing his palace, which is said to be very fine, and which the emperor built and presented to him upon his marriage some years ago. However, next Sunday I shall probably receive a summons to be presented to his wife, the Grand Duchess Helena; for such is the ceremonious style of doing things at this imperial court, always reminding me of Dogberry's observation, "Were I as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all upon your worship." And such is the number of the people to whom one has to be trotted out that it will probably be a month or two before I have got through my presentations. Next Sunday, then, I shall probably see the show-rooms of the Michaeloffsky palace, and I suppose they give balls occasionally during the winter.

This week the first of the *bals de la noblesse*, a series

of assemblies, commence, to which I have received a ticket through Prince Basil Dolgoruki, a gentleman whom I don't know by sight, but whom I shall investigate next Tuesday; and there is another on Thursday at the Countess Woronzow's, the wife of the grand master of ceremonies, who, as his title indicates, is a grand and rich seignior. She is a pretty, graceful woman, very much admired at St. Petersburg, and has a very splendid house, where she gives balls once a fortnight. I was there at the last one. The party was given in the "small rooms" of the house, consisting of a suite of six, averaging about thirty feet each in size, of great height, with the ceilings all painted in fresco and incrustated in gold. The principal rooms on the lower floor were not opened.

The prettiest house I have yet visited is that of Count Levachoff, whither we went to a ball a few nights ago, and of which I will now send you the last of my upholsterer's descriptions. We entered through a small vestibule with the usual arrangement of treble doors, padded with leather to exclude the cold, and guarded by the "proud young porters" in severe cocked hats and formidable batons, into a broad hall, threw off our furred boots and cloaks, ascended a carpeted marble staircase, in every angle of which stood a statuesque footman in gaudy coat and unblemished unmentionables, and reached a broad landing upon the top, thronged as usual with servants. Thence we passed through an antechamber into a long, high, brilliantly lighted, saffron-papered room, in which a dozen card-tables were arranged, and thence into the receiving-room. This was a large room with a splendidly inlaid and polished floor, the walls covered with crim-

son satin, the cornices heavily incrusting with gold, and the ceiling beautifully painted in arabesque. The massive fauteuils and sofas, as also the drapery, were of crimson satin, with profusion of gilding. The ubiquitous portrait of the emperor was the only picture, and was the same you see everywhere. This crimson room had two doors upon the side facing the windows. The innermost opened into a large supper-room, in which a table was spread covered with the usual refreshments of European parties, tea, ices, lemonade, and etceteras, and the other opened into a ball-room, which is a sort of miniature of the Salle Blanche of the Winter Palace, being white and gold, and very brilliantly lighted with ormolu chandeliers filled with myriads of candles. This room (at least forty feet long by perhaps twenty-five) opened into a carpeted conservatory filled with orange-trees and japonica-plants, covered with fruit and flowers, arranged very gracefully into arbors, with luxurious seats under the pendent boughs, and with here and there a pretty marble statue gleaming through the green and glossy leaves. One might have almost imagined one's self in "the cypress and myrtle," instead of our actual whereabouts upon the polar banks of the Neva.

Wandering through these mimic groves, or reposing from the fatigues of the dance, was many a fair and graceful form, while the brilliantly lighted ball-room, filled with hundreds of exquisitely dressed women (for the Russian ladies, if not very pretty, are graceful and make admirable toilets), formed a dazzling contrast with the tempered light of the Winter Garden. The conservatory opened into a library, and from the library you reach the antechamber, thus completing the

giro of one of the prettiest houses in St. Petersburg. I waltzed one waltz and quadrilled one quadrille, but it was hard work; and as the sole occupation of these parties is dancing or card-playing, conversation apparently not being customary, they are not to me very attractive. The lady of the house and her daughters are nice people, and so are some of the guests. But Russian society to a stranger is freezing and formal, and it seems to me to a person of my reserved habits it would take a great deal longer to become intimate here than to thaw the Baltic.

One of my acquaintances here is Miss Porter, the authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw." She is staying here this winter with her brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, who is British minister at Venezuela. She is a very agreeable, sensible person, and so is he. He was aide-de-camp to Sir John Moore at the battle of Coruña, and has been seventeen years in South America. I like them both, for there is something frank and expansive about them, which is refreshing after these frigid and rigid Russians.

Last night I went to see Taglioni in a new ballet. The subject seemed to be something about Montezuma and the Spaniards; but the play-bills are in Russian, and pantomime is panto-Hebrew to me, so that I don't know the name, and could only guess at the subject. I have seen her a good many times, and Mary will never forgive me when I say that she is decidedly more graceful and a better dancer than Fanny Elssler. Nothing can equal her swimming, sweeping, whirling, floating motion; her dancing is a perfect abstraction or emanation. Elssler has more *espièglerie*, is prettier, dances with more elasticity and power, and I dare say excels



her in pantomime,—which I hate and don't understand,—but she is not so graceful as Taglioni. The charm of Taglioni's dancing is its absolute freedom from effort. Her most difficult steps and postures seem to produce themselves without any volition of her own, and the most graceful and in reality the most elaborate movements seem as artless as those of a "three years' child."

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

St. Petersburg,

January 10, 1842.

MY DEAREST MARY: The English courier goes to-morrow, and you will not be surprised nor disappointed, I hope, to hear that I have already written to Fletcher Webster announcing my resignation. I have had a talk with Colonel Todd, and he has consented that I should leave whenever it suits my convenience. As there is not an earthly thing to do at the legation, I have no hesitation in resigning a sinecure whenever I please, and, as the minister has made no objection, I shall leave this sometime in March.

I shall leave this in March for Berlin, go to Hamburg, and from there to the Netherlands, where I wish to pass a few weeks, and then, if you decide to remain at home, I shall cross to England, and take passage about the end of May for Boston.

Todd has been perfectly kind and considerate toward me ever since we have been here, and I have stated this in my letter to Webster explicitly, mentioning that we have never had a word of difference on any sub-

ject, and that therefore my reasons for leaving were unconnected with any disagreement with him.

I dined a week ago at the British ambassador's, and two days ago at Sir James Wylie's, where there was a large and pleasant company. The Prussian minister, the English, and several other notables were present. Count Nesselrode was to have been there, but received orders to dine with the emperor on the same day. I don't know whether I have ever described to you the great bureaucrat of the great autocrat. He is a small man, with a hooked nose and spectacles, of affable and supple manners, and apparently gifted with ubiquity, for I have seldom been where he was not. I have been honored by several short interviews with him, and I regret that I did not take down his conversation in shorthand, that I might transmit it to you. The topics have usually been the state of the weather, the heat of the rooms, and a comparative view of the state of the thermometer this year and this time last year. Upon all these subjects of general and exciting interest he seemed full of general information, and delivered his opinions with decision, and at the same time with a frankness hardly to have been expected of a man so deeply versed in the wiles of diplomacy.

Sir James Wylie is a remarkable man. He has been in the Russian service fifty-two years, and is now "Inspecteur-Général du Service des Armées," with the rank of major-general, having emigrated originally from Scotland as an apothecary's apprentice, I believe. He is a hearty old gentleman, upward of seventy, and goes out bear-shooting in winter with the ardor of a youth. There has been nothing at court since last I wrote. The day after to-morrow is the Russian New

Year's day, and we are bidden to what is called a *cercle* at the palace, which is a showy, formal, and most insipid ceremony. There is to be a ball the same night at Count Woronzow's; but I believe there are to be no more at the palace this winter, of which I am very glad. I have been driving round occasionally in my sledge to look at some of the churches, in the hopes of seeing something worth describing to you. Some of these, with their graceful cupolas and clusters of turbaned minarets of green and gold, have a pretty, fantastic effect on the outside, but internally they are mostly bare and barren. I have been young lady enough to keep a journal (for your amusement when I return); but on looking over it I find it to be so meager and so impregnated with my own dullness that I fear to communicate a portion of it to you if I transcribe from it, and, after all, there is nothing worth transcribing.

There are no fine buildings here, although there are many large and showy ones, and the architectural effects of some of the streets and squares are very imposing from their vastness and regularity. The best thing in St. Petersburg is the statue of Peter the Great. This, in my opinion, is the finest equestrian statue in Europe. There is something uncommonly spirited and striking in the action of the horse and the pose of its rider. He waves his hands as if, Scandinavian wizard as he was, he had just caused this vast collection of palaces and temples, this mighty, swarming city, to rise like an exhalation from the frozen swamps of the Neva with one wave of his hand. Peter the Great was a great man unquestionably. He was addicted to drinking, murdering his son, beating his prime minister, and a

few other foibles, to be sure, but still he was a wonderful man. He alone raised Russia out of the quagmire of barbarism, just as he raised St. Petersburg out of the morass; but it seems to me that just as this city may at any moment, by six hours' too long continuance of a southwest wind, be inundated and swamped forever, so may Russia at any moment, through a succession of half a dozen bad czars, be submerged in its original barbarism. The present emperor is unquestionably a man of great energy; but how can one man uphold this mass, even in the state of crepuscular civilization to which they have reached? What is really admirable in the construction of St. Petersburg are the quays and walls along the Neva and the canals. These are all of granite, of great extent and most massive and admirable architecture, and, with the many bridges of the same material, are really Cyclopean works, and worth all the gilt gingerbread of all these stucco streets and palaces. These latter, compared to the marble halls of Venice, Florence, and Rome, are most tawdry and insignificant, although of great size, and ornamented, like Job Johnson's coat, with the most lordly indifference as to taste and expense.

Your own

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

St. Petersburg,

February 6, 1842.

MY DEAREST MARY: I shall take this letter as far as Berlin myself. My previous letters will have prepared you for hearing that I am now upon the point of leav-

ing St. Petersburg. A good opportunity has presented itself, which I should make a mistake not to seize.

I have been to half a dozen parties and a dinner or two since I wrote; but as I have already described the general appearance of St. Petersburg balls in my letters, I have really nothing to add about them. There was to have been a great ball at Princess B——'s two or three nights ago, given to the empress; but just as we were dressing, we received notice that, in consequence of the death of a near relation of the princess, the ball was put off for *nine days*, so that I shall not have the honor of assisting at it. I have likewise been going the rounds of the various public institutions and things—hospitals, for instance, which are admirably arranged in every respect as far as meets the eye, although I hear great complaints about the insufficiency of the attendance upon the patients. To give you an idea of the character of the climate, there are 50,000 beds in all the hospitals for a population of about 475,000; and yet there are not nearly enough, and it is with great difficulty that a sick person can obtain a place.

I have also visited the Academies of Sciences and Arts, the Mining School, the Engineer Corps; some of their factories of cotton, linen, playing-cards, etc., etc.; the picture-gallery of the Hermitage, which is very rich in Flemish paintings, containing the best collection of Wouvermans and Teniers that I have ever seen; the great Foundling Hospital, which has in its capacious nurseries 18,000 children, which is, however, not much more than half the amount of those in the Moscow institution, which numbers 30,000. Understand, however, that these immense numbers are not all in

the building itself. The St. Petersburg hospital contains accommodation for 1000 infants and 1000 nurses, for each infant is provided with a nurse. This building is the receiving-house, and it receives to the tune of 7000 infants per annum. We met two well-dressed women bringing in each a baby as coolly as a bundle, and depositing it without any mystery in the porter's lodge. The infants are kept six weeks or so in the building, and then sent with the nurses to the country, where they are brought up and apprenticed, as they become old enough, to different trades. A great many of them find their way to the Alexandroffsky imperial factory, where they are supported, and receive trifling wages besides. From a third to a half of the whole number, however, die in infancy.

*Monday, February 7.* I have just returned from an unsuccessful expedition to Casimir Périer's, the French chargé d'affaires. I was invited to a *soirée musicale* there, to hear Cinti-Damoreau sing; but the father of Vicomte Ferronays (attached to the embassy) was just dead, and the *soirée* deferred. There was also to have been a ball at Madame B——'s, also given to the empress, but that also has been deferred, owing to sickness or death of somebody. It really seems to me that I carry destruction and devastation wherever I go. So sure as I dress myself to go to a party, somebody or other makes a point of dying. This is the third case within three days.

Speaking of Casimir Périer, I dare say you have not taken the trouble to read in the newspapers the farcical quarrel between the courts of France and Russia, which has furnished the main topic of conversation lately in this place. Count Pahlen, the Russian ambas-

sador at Paris, left his post unquestionably to avoid making the speech to the king on New Year's day, a duty which devolved upon him as senior ambassador. Louis Philippe retorts by ordering his chargé (the ambassador being already away on leave) to be taken ill upon the day of the emperor's fête (or day distinguished both as the name-day of the Czar and the epoch of my presentation), but at the same time to exhibit his convalescence immediately afterward in the most public manner. Accordingly, Périer abstains from the court circle on the plea of indisposition, and the next day appears in the Nevskiy Prospekt, and the same evening at the theater. The Czar, in a great huff, immediately despatches a courier to Mr. Kisseleff, Russian chargé at Paris, ordering him to be immediately taken ill, in order not to go to court on New Year's day. Mr. Kisseleff accordingly excuses himself and *his aunt* at the same time; makes his appearance at various salons, announcing himself *indisposé par ordre*. This completes the first act of the farce. The second act opens at St. Petersburg, with the countermanding of the court circle on the Russian New Year's day, which luckily for the successful development of these operations is twelve days later than that of the rest of Christendom, and with the appearance of the French chargé at the court ball on the following evening. The court circle was (probably) postponed because the emperor would at that ceremony have been obliged to converse with Périer, while at the ball he was able to cut him in the sublimest manner. The act closes with the appearance of the Russian at a court ball at Paris; the reconciliation is, superficially at least, effected, and the curtain falls. The whole thing, how-

ever, is chiefly interesting in so far as it illustrates the character of Russian society. Since the beginning of the affair, the whole St. Petersburg nobility have discontinued all intercourse with Périer; dinners, etc., were countermanded, because he happened to have been invited before the plot was discovered; and their whole course displays the entire and abject dependence of the whole fabric of society as well as of government upon the will of the Czar.

Yours ever,  
J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

Berlin,  
February 13, 1842.

MY DEAREST MARY: I am going to open the letter which I wrote just before leaving St. Petersburg, in order to slip in this note. I have but half a moment's time in this apology for a letter to tell you that I left St. Petersburg on the 8th, and reached here last night at eleven o'clock. I traveled with Colonel Townley, the English messenger. He has a comfortable carriage, and as we had most singularly fine weather and still more extraordinary fine roads, with hard, frozen rivers, we made the journey of twelve hundred miles in exactly six days and six nights, not having stopped at all on the road.

This is very good traveling, and although this is a pretty long journey, yet by far the worst part of my journey to Paris is over, and the consciousness of being twelve hundred miles nearer to you, dearest, makes me feel quite happy. I shall leave Berlin by the rail-



road by Leipsie to-morrow, I think, but possibly may be obliged to stop till the next day; thence I go to Weimar, where I shall probably stop a day; thence to Frankfort and Paris.

I have been fortunate in my traveling companions over the dreary and monotonous route I have just finished.

Townley is a frank, amiable, and agreeable fellow as ever was; and, by the way, in your last letter you asked me about Elliot, who was my companion on my first journey. He is a very nice fellow indeed, manly, unaffected, and intelligent, and if it had not been for the immense distances at St. Petersburg and the shortness of the days, which altogether make all social intercourse such a labor, I should have found the three months hang less heavily. He was at my lodgings just before he went away, and, quite without any request on my part, offered me letters of introduction to his family, which the next day he brought, namely, one to his brother, Lord Melgund; one to his sister, Lady John Russell; and another to a friend of his in Paris, attaché of the embassy, Mr. Howard, brother of Lord Morpeth. These letters I shall deliver, if I can be in London long enough to make it an object.

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*To his Wife*

Paris,

February 17, 1842.

I am very glad to find, my dearest Mary, from the tone of your letters which I had the happiness of receiving on my arrival here, that you will not be dis-

satisfied or disappointed at the step I have taken, or rather stride, from St. Petersburg to Paris. But as I have nothing very interesting to tell you of this place, where I only arrived day before yesterday, I may as well tell you how I got here. My last letter was from Berlin. I stayed there two days, and went by railroad to Halle. At Halle, where I arrived at 5 P. M., I found, by some ingenious blundering upon my part, that I was obliged to stop till the next afternoon. However, I did not object to wandering about once more in one of the most quizzical of old-fashioned towns of quizzical Germany.

I had never happened to pass through Halle before, although I have seen hundreds of just such towns; and it was amusing enough to poke about through those narrow, tortuous, entangled streets, which look as if laid out by an ignis fatuus, and look up at the tall, toppling, crazy old houses, crowned with gables like cocked hats, reeling against each other till their heads knock together, looking like rows of tipsy specters, although this was an amusement which would have been soon exhausted. The Square of Halle, with its fountain guarded by two grim lions in the center, a clumsy and most Gothic statue of a nondescript French Prince Roland made of painted stone stuck up on one side; its fine old church with its needle spires and weather-beaten towers, whose bells have rung out many an alarm in the days of Tilly and Wallenstein; the rickety old Rathaus; its narrow, thread-like streets (arteries almost too slender even for the slow and torpid circulation of its population) emptying themselves at all corners into the great Square, is just such an old-fashioned Gothic picture as I like occasionally to look upon.

In the evening I ordered dinner, and was regaled with a sumptuous repast, which was so perfectly German that I will describe it to you exactly. It would be easy by borrowing a little from the imagination to concoct a much more absurd description; but I give it you literally and unembellished. First, soup, of course; then course first, beefsteak and fried potatoes; then course second, boiled pork and cabbage; then course third, slices of sausage swimming in a sad-colored sauce, sprinkled with capers and thickened with flour to "make the mixture slab and good"; then course fourth, roast venison with a sauce of stewed gooseberries and a salad of water-cresses; then a piece of cake with four apples, then bread and butter and three kinds of pestilential and uneatable cheese, the whole irrigated with a pint of Médoc and concluded with a tumbler of wooden toothpicks.

In the morning, to kill the time, I engaged an ingenuous youth as a valet de place, and began grubbing up the antiquities. I went first to the Moritz Burg, or Maurice's Castle. This is a mixed fastness, of which the guide related to me this legend: Prince Maurice (of some Saxon house or other, he did not know which) laid a bet with his sister that he would build a church, now existing, and called the Maurice Church, in less time than she could build a castle. They set to work accordingly, but the sister gave two hellers a day to the workmen and he but one, and so she finished her castle soonest. Whereupon Prince Maurice was wroth and very naturally murdered her. The ghost may be seen at any time by applying at the ruins of the castle. The Burg is a gray old ruin with swallows' nests in the heavy mullioned windows and fruit-trees in the

foss. The remains of the chapel are picturesque, and the view from the rampart over the boundless plains of Saxony is rather striking. The vault under the castle, and which extends under a greater part of the town, is occupied as a storage-place by a respectable manufacturer, who will be happy to furnish you with any quantity of starch at reasonable prices. In the interior of the Maurice Church, which, like all the churches in Protestant Germany, has been stripped of its monuments and escutcheons, there is nothing of interest except a quaint painted old statue of the desperate Maurice. He appears, if his portrait be correct, to have been a short, duck-legged man, with the grimmest of beards, and is represented with a girdle of bells about his waist, which he is said to have always worn during his architectural operations, to apprise the workmen of his coming, that they might be diligent.

It was certainly good-natured of the cat to bell himself, and he must have been an excellent person after all. He was called "Schellen Moritz," or Maurice with the bells, in consequence of this part of his costume.

At 2 P. M. I left in the diligence, and reached Weimar the next morning at daybreak. In spite of the railroads, upon which one gets an occasional lift, traveling in Germany by the public conveyances is exceedingly slow and disagreeable. The German world, like the ancient world, rests still upon the back of the tortoise. You must travel day and night as a matter of course; the diligences are carefully constructed to prevent you seeing anything, and to pass night after night pent up with six frowzy travelers who will have the windows shut is anything but exhilarating. Still,

“’t is not quite so bad as going to sea,” and that is the best that can be said about it. I went by way of Weimar to see Madame de Goethe. She was glad to see me, and the two days I passed in Weimar were spent principally at her house. She is the same lively, agreeable, and intelligent person that she was eight years ago; but she has grown much older, her hair is entirely gray, and I fear she is in a decline.<sup>1</sup> She thinks so herself, and is going to Italy in the spring. Her sons are neither of them in Weimar. I gave her my article on Goethe, which she read and was pleased with; but I refused to tell her even the name of my unfortunate novel, of which she had heard and about which she was curious. I also passed an evening with my old acquaintance Mr. de Froriep, and another at Madame de M——’s, a pretty little woman. Her husband is the Russian chargé at Weimar, and brother to the one who married William Lee’s sister, who is chargé at The Hague. Mr. Froriep wished me to go and see the grand duke; but I thought it not worth while to go through the presentation, as I was going away immediately. Weimar is not what it was in the old duke’s time, a little Athens inhabited by all the most illustrious literati of Germany. Of that splendid army of genius the coffins of Goethe and Schiller are all that remain.

I left Weimar with regret, and proceeded by way of Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, Fulda, etc., to Frankfort-on-the-Main. The road is pretty, and the weather was delightful, the last patches of the winter’s snow melting rapidly in the sunshine. In fact, the weather has been

<sup>1</sup> She was living at Vienna in 1861, when Mr. Motley arrived there as minister.

as mild in northern Europe as by your letter it seems to have been with you, and while south of the Alps I hear this winter has been unusually severe. I passed a day and night at Frankfort. Having nothing to do, I tied myself to the heels of a valet de place and allowed myself to be dragged through the town. I looked at Goethe's house and at the "Ariadne," a celebrated statue by Dannecker. It is spirited certainly, but it is not so fine as I thought it was when I first saw it eight or nine years ago. I went to the square in the heart of the old town called the Römerberg, which is one of the most picturesque places in Germany. Gable-ends are my weakness; but I spare you any further descriptions after what I have given you, although the Römerberg in Frankfort is far worthier being described than the market of Halle. It was across this square that the emperor and his train walked, after the coronation had taken place in the cathedral, a few yards off, to the Rathaus, where a great banquet was provided for the courtiers, while an ox roasted whole in the square, and the fountain in the center spouted red and white wine for the populace. The old dining-hall contains portraits of all the emperors of Germany, and it is singular that the picture of Francis II., who was the last Holy Roman Emperor of Germany, occupies the very last space that was left. In the old cathedral is a clock placed there in the year 1470, which is a model of timekeeping to this day. I looked with something like awe at the grim face of this venerable chronometer, whose pendulum had thus been swaying for near four centuries, and whose pulses were beating their loud and healthful music over the escutcheoned tombs of the devout barons who are recorded as having

placed it in the cathedral, and who were ashes before the country of the respected individual who has been trampling upon their graves had been discovered. A part of the church dates from Charlemagne, the rest is five or six centuries later. It contains a few crumbling monuments of families long since extinct, and a picture by Albert Dürer.

The next morning I packed myself up in the *malleposte*, which transported me first by railroad to Mayence, where I crossed the Rhine and proceeded by way of Forbach, Metz, Châlons-sur-Marne, etc., to Paris. On crossing the Rhine, I took leave of frost and snow. The weather here in Paris is spring weather, shower and sunshine, capricious, but most delightful after the death-like monotony of St. Petersburg weather, although the winter there has been milder than for forty years before.

I don't know exactly what my plans are yet, whether I shall stay here a few weeks and then go to England, or go there immediately. I begin to talk seriously of returning in a sailing-ship. I am rather skittish, to say the truth, with regard to the steamers. There has one just put back after being at sea seventeen days. However, I shall not return certainly before April, and perhaps not till the middle of it, so I have time enough to consider.

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*To his Wife*

London,  
April 15, 1842.

A few days before I left Paris I went with General Cass to one of Guizot's soirées. I was introduced to him, and "huge Plynlimmon bowed his cloud-capped

head," but said nothing, for just as he was going to observe that the weather was very cold for the season, somebody else was announced to whom he was obliged to repeat his bow, and upon whom he probably bestowed his atmospheric observation. Guizot has a fine, monastic sort of face, and a short, uncourtly figure. Unfortunately, though I went several times to the Chamber of Deputies, I did not hear him speak. However, on one occasion I heard several of the ministers speak, besides several of the opposition.

The only person, however, of those whom I heard who is really an orator is Thiers. The others were merely lecturers (Laplague, Hermann, Duehatel, etc.), who take their speeches (apparently written out in full) into the tribune, and drone away like preachers in a pulpit. But Thiers had very few notes, and spoke almost without recurring to them. The subject was a very uninteresting one to a stranger, being a debate upon the project of a new law for the assessment of direct taxes, submitted by a member of the opposition. Thiers hopped up into the tribune after a recess, rubbing his hands and smirking about with the most delicious aplomb. The house would not come to order for a great while, and he looked down upon them with the most provoking sang-froid, while the president was ringing his bell like a dustman, and the greffiers (or whatever they are called) were bawling, "En place, messieurs, en place!" like so many diligence-conductors. At last, when order was restored, he leaned over the tribune and began to squeak, not to speak; and yet, in spite of his funny voice, every word that he said was distinctly audible, and his style was so fluent, so limpid, and so logical, his manners so assured and



self-possessed, that, in spite of the disadvantages of his voice, his figure, and his great round spectacles, which give him the appearance of a small screech-owl, I thought him one of the most agreeable speakers I had ever heard. The Chamber is evidently afraid of him without respecting him, and his consummate brass, added to his ready wit, makes every one of his speeches gall and wormwood to his enemies.

I left Paris on the 10th April.

Traveling alone, and by the abominable public conveyances of the Continent, is such a tedious business that I gave up the regular tour through the Netherlands which I had at first proposed, and contented myself with taking a flying look at the three or four most interesting towns in Belgium. The old history of Belgium is so picturesque, the towns where its most striking and stirring tragedies were enacted—Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges—are so picturesque with the cobweb tracery of their architecture, the colossal filigree of their town halls, the transparent and fantastic lace-work of their cathedrals, in which stone looks as if it had been spun by spiders, the elaborate quaintness of their old burgher palaces, with their gables fashioned like Spanish galley-sterns or Jacob's-ladders or any other massive whimsy, and all in such admirable keeping with the turbulent history of the Hanseatic republics gradually changing into Spanish provinces, and with the showy actors, whose portraits, painted by so many immortal painters, from John of Bruges to Van-dyke, still with their point-lace ruffs and gold chains and velvet robes, harmonize so well with the scenery, that a loitering tour made at one's ease through their towns might be a very pleasant summer's amusement.

But to do this one should remain long enough to learn something of the history of the towns and their monuments, and to study their painters, some of whom are wonderful. John van Eyck, or John of Bruges as he was called, was the inventor of oil-painting, but when you look at his pictures, remembering they were painted nearly a hundred years before Pietro Perugino, the invention seems like a revelation. His color is not only as vivid and beautiful as if painted yesterday, but it really seems as powerful and as true as any of later date. His flesh is almost as good as Vandyke's, and although there is, of course, great stiffness and ignorance in the drawing, yet he has much feeling, much sentiment and ideality—more than the earlier Italians. There is a Madonna at Ghent by his brother, Hubert van Eyck, and there are two or three heads by himself, both at Ghent and at Bruges, which for mere sentiment and perception, and expression of the ideal beautiful, may be compared with the works of Leonardo da Vinci and even Raphael, while the coloring is inferior to that of scarcely any later painter.

I went from Paris to Brussels, swallowed up, like Jonah in the whale's belly, in the interior of the diligence, and of course obliged to travel day and night. I saw nothing, and know nothing of the road. I got to Brussels the morning of the second day. The next morning I despatched Brussels in the most summary manner, throwing myself into the lions' den with the vigor of a Daniel. I left Brussels at one o'clock the same day by the railroad for Bruges, where I slept, and the next day I executed Bruges and Ghent (a few miles farther on) with matchless rapidity. That evening I went to Antwerp, and the next morning swal-

lowed the cathedral and its contents, the town hall, the Church of St. Paul, and a gallery of five hundred pictures all at a single mouthful, and at twelve o'clock noon of the same day found myself on board the Antwerp steamer for London—delightful and improving work, traveling against time, is it not? I reached London the following morning at nine o'clock, and here I am, wishing I could annihilate time and space and find myself with you. I shall certainly sail in the *Patrick Henry* from Liverpool 25th April, and hope to be not much more than thirty days, but it may be sixty, you know. Still, a steamer is so crowded and uncomfortable that I cannot make up my mind to put myself on board one again. I shall leave a letter for you to go by the steamer of the 4th May, which will of course arrive before

Ever your own  
J. L. M.

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*Extract from Diary*

*St. Petersburg, November 28, 1841.* Shopping in the Gostivoi Dvor, or the Great Bazaar or market, as they call it, in the Nevskiy Prospekt. This a triangular, two-storied areaded building, with one apex or angle obliquely striking the Prospekt, and one running along the side. Three hundred and forty shops inside, or rather booths in rows one above the other. Shops are like cells; no fire being allowed in them, the shopkeepers are walking about in the arcade wrapped in their furs. As you walk along, every one officiously makes a bow, or rather salaam, and invites you to enter his cell—to

be fleeced most unmercifully. The safest way, accordingly, for a stranger is to take a shepherd with him, in the shape of an interpreting servant, who will allow no shears to be applied to you but his own. The appearance of these fellows in their caftans and caps, moving about the long corridors of their bazaar and popping in and out of their cells, is peculiar—a combination of Mount St. Bernard monastery and an American penitentiary.

Shaft says butter is about equal to 2 rubles paper at present. The pot I bought to-day cost 20 copecks copper, equal to about 6 copecks silver. I should think it was about the tenth part of a pound, but will inquire the next time I send. A roll of bread, two of which make my breakfast, costs  $1\frac{1}{2}$  copecks silver. Tea (which comes overland, and therefore better and dearer than ours), costs from 100 rs. R. N. down to 9 or 10, which I pay, and somewhat lower, I suppose. Beef is about 3*d.* English now. Pork, 4*d.* (because the Germans eat so much pork, he says). Veal and mutton, sold by the quarter, dearer in proportion. Fowls the pair, about a silver ruble. These things all dear now, because they have to be brought from the neighborhood. In the winter (which it should be now) the frozen things are brought from all parts of the empire at a much cheaper rate. As no fire nor light is allowed in the Gostivoi Dvor, they shut up at dark, which is now about 3 P. M. (I shave by candle-light every morning about nine). The doors are first locked; then they are sealed with a lump of shoemaker's wax and an impression, for the Russian burglars are supposed to have an objection to breaking seals—a superstition, unfortunately, not shared by their superiors at the

post-office; a rope is then run along the outside pillars of the arcade to prevent the drunken from falling in, and a dog is then turned out on a swivel and string to guard the whole. Imagine an English burglar being stopped by shoemaker's wax and a dog on a swivel! How much might have been saved by Gilbert, Davis, and Palmer, and the other victims of the English swell-mob deputies, if superstition, instead of the schoolmaster, was abroad in England and America! The length of the Gostivoi Dvor on the north prospect is 1015 feet.

*Thursday,  $\frac{\text{November } 27}{\text{December } 9}$ .* . . . Take a long, soli-

tary walk, nearly the length of the Nevskiy, as far as the bridge where are the new bronze horses by Baron Kloth. They are very spirited, though faulty. The effect is good, and the bridge is splendid—the pedestals of the statues, the masonry. These bridges are, in fact, the finest things in St. Petersburg. Call to see Mr. G——. Long Socratic conversation with him, I catechizing. Results: First, very difficult to obtain any information here. Source carefully sealed up. He has tried for years to obtain an account of the annual revenue and expenditure of the empire, the source whence the revenue is derived, and the way it goes. By paying a 1000-ruble bribe to some employeé one might get it, but the budget is not published, nor to be got at. As to the sources of the revenue, they can be conjectured, though, of course, neither the gross nor the relative amount. An enormous tariff (protective for Russian tobacco-growers, sugar-refiners, linen-makers, cloth-makers, etc.) upon tobacco, refined sugar, . . . must defeat itself to a degree and lessen the consumption. Still, as the production of articles of

consumption is not sufficient for the demand, the customs must still furnish a large amount of revenue. There is a high duty, and to be increased (they are hammering out a new tariff), on cotton twist, for they have been establishing cotton mills and manufactories in this neighborhood, which are thriving, and the quantity of cotton and twist imported is increasing. High duty upon tobacco, sugar, coffee, linen, woollens (teas?), and in general, I should think, all manufactures; but everything is taxed in Russia immensely.

The tax paid by the first gild merchants is about 4000 rubles per annum; by the second, about 2500; and the third, about 500, say. Then there is a lower class still, the shopkeepers, for instance, in the Gostivoi Dvor. They are too low, for the gilds form a class by themselves. But all pay a tax to government, and a heavy one. The gilds are nominally divided according to amount of property in their members, but, in point of fact, the payment of the tax to government is the test. A first gild merchant has a right to own a house, to drive a carriage and four, to carry on the foreign trade; while a second gild merchant can have but a carriage and pair, and confine himself to the inland trade and manufactures. The first gild merchant is exempted from the quartering of soldiers upon him. No trade or calling, from highest to lowest, can be practised without some emolument, and the emolument is heavily taxed. Everybody is taxed in his calling. There is high tax upon the transfer of real estate, ten per cent. The foreign trade has been for a long time confined to foreign merchants, but the Russians are coming into it now. The inland trade confined chiefly to Russians.

The nobles have not only the right of refusing to sell a serf his freedom, but they often do. Prince —— has a slave (a Russian merchant) who is worth two or three million rubles, and who has repeatedly offered his master a million rubles for his freedom, who refuses it. All the property in reality belongs to the master, and there are some (though rare) instances of the master really enforcing his right to the acquired property of his slave. The serf is allowed to work three days in the week, upon land allotted to him by his master. . . .

I cannot admire the vastness and length of the squares and streets. To be sure, the architectural effect of some of them, particularly the part of Isaae's Square where the column of Alexander stands, is imposing, and reminds one of some of Martin's architectural fantasies, representing imaginary views of Nineveh, Babylon, etc.; but, on the whole, the want of proportion ruins the effect. Perhaps it is because I am near-sighted, and so lose all details in attempting to take in the whole picture; but it seems to me that the breadth, the enormous and incredible breadth, of the streets, and particularly of the great square, dwarfs the houses and diminishes the grandeur of the whole. To be as imposing as it ought or was intended to be, the heights of all the houses should have been doubled; the statues, already colossal, should have been magnified, and the whole inclosed in a panoramic building, so that one might have looked at and taken in the whole at one *coup d'œil*, by means of some telescopic arrangement. But the effect would have been the same if merely the distances had been lessened. Peter the Great's statue, one of the finest things in Europe, is lost sight of in the

dim distance before one reaches the other end of the square which it ornaments; and so with the column of Alexander, the Church of St. Isaac, and the entrances to the three great perspectives.

December 7

December 19

. . . The legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments are all, of course, embodied in the emperor, who is, like "Cerberus, three gentlemen at once." He is also the head of the church; and as the nobility all take rank, not according to birth or title, but by seniority in his service, the whole society of Russia, through all its myriad links, dangles like a great chain from his aristocratic thumb. He is Jupiter Juvans, and he looks the character and fortunately is equal to it. Social rank in Russia has an entirely military organization. There are fourteen or fifteen ranks of nobility. An ensign is *ipso facto* noble, and transmits nobility to his children, and this is the lowest or fourteenth order. A captain is of a higher class, a colonel of course still higher, and so on. There are corresponding grades in the civil service, but here it requires a relatively higher rank to match the military order. Thus a major in the civil service, that is to say, an employee who by seniority in his profession ranks as high therein as a major would in the army, is only equal to an ensign in the army, and belongs to the fourteenth class of nobility; and so on up and through all professions, including physicians and clergymen. It is, in fact, a sort of horizontal tariff struck through all classes of society and rating them into different categories *ad valorem*.

According to this rule, for instance, an archbishop is equal to a general-in-chief, that is to say, they both



belong to the same (the first or second) class of nobility; and by the same formula of social algebra, the relative proportions of admirals, archbishops, ambassadors, field-m Marshals, judges, cup-bearers, cabinet ministers, theater-directors, masters of ceremonies, clerks, cornets, and middies are assigned. This artificial arrangement was first invented, I think, by Peter the Great (*vide* Voltaire's "Pierre le Grand"), and was most admirably contrived by that sagacious despot to break down the power of the Russian nobility and to strengthen the autoeracy on the ruins of the aristocracy. His principle that rank should be assigned according to merit, and not according to birth, carried with it the necessary corollary in a despotic government that rank should be assigned according to the imperial favor; and the whole system has been fully developed and carried out by all his successors. It needs a strong hand, however, to hold all these powers, and the autoerats accordingly are as apt to get murdered here as in Turkey. Peter the Great disbanded and annihilated the strelitz or Russian janizaries, but the nobles retained strength enough to murder his descendant Paul.

It would require a long residence and very close and strict attention to acquire accurate information with regard to the structure of the Russian executive and judiciary departments, and it certainly would not repay the trouble or time expended; the barbarous, the arbitrary, the confused, the contradictory, and the mysterious are the prevailing features. The more I see of other countries, the more I like America. The faults, the blemishes, which are so apparent and so magnified when we are close, diminish wonderfully

as we recede, while at the same time the simple and just proportions, the liberal and open structure, wide open to the daylight of truth, of the American Republic, present themselves more boldly and strikingly to the view. . . .

Thirty million pounds of food (*Lebensmitteln*) are brought in two months (midwinter) to St. Petersburg — frozen meats, oxen slaughtered by thousands of hecatombs. All other animals (fish from the Volga), game, vegetables, etc., are brought from a distance of two thousand versts<sup>1</sup> to the capital, which itself is built upon a morass, and utterly helpless so far as regards its own resources. The direction is taken by compass, and away they go over thousands of miles of frozen snow, without road or railroad. In summer the water-communication by canals is very admirable, connecting the Caspian with the Baltic.

The Russian soldier is reckoned to cost one hundred and eighteen francs a year, and is the cheapest soldier in Europe. A lieutenant gets about six hundred rubles paper a year. A colonel very often makes his fortune; but as he is always supposed to have his regiment full and fully accoutred, with horses, men, and equipments, a sudden demand is very apt to ruin him; still, the post is very lucrative. A private soldier may be promoted to a lieutenancy, in which case he acquires nobility; but the choice of promotion or retreat with a pension is given him, and he almost always prefers the latter. A soldier serves fifteen years, then at home five, then five years more, and then is free. In point of fact, however, the conscript is a soldier for life. The peasants are furnished for the army upon

<sup>1</sup> A verst is 3501 English feet.

requisition made by the crown upon their owners, according to the proportion of ownership. There are certain rules by which the proprietors exempt some peasants. There are not many poor in Russia; generally the law requires each proprietor to take care of his own poor. As the means of life are cheap, and the Russian wants of food, raiment, and lodging are very few, there ought not to be a great deal of poverty. Black bread costs at St. Petersburg seven copper coppecks to a cent and a half of our money a pound; and wheat flour in Moseow is about a penny and a half or three cents. Wood, of which they require a good deal, is abundant and generally cheap. Very often, in a season of bad crops, there is literally famine, and very often the peasants die literally of hunger. The crops are sold standing by the proprietor, who is often head over ears in debt, carried off, and the peasants who planted, sowed, and reaped them are left to starve, while the fruit of their toil pays the debts of their owner in St. Petersburg or Moseow. The prisons and jails I know nothing about. The hospitals (under the immediate and efficient superintendence of the Duke of Leuchtenberg) are admirable, particularly the military hospitals, and I shall go to see them as soon as I have contrived some means of seeing them to advantage.

The policy and pride of the Russian emperors, from Peter down, have been to encourage and protect domestic manufactures by enormous and constantly increasing tariffs. Moseow is the great seat of the Russian factories. Lord Stuart says it looks like Birmingham. In St. Petersburg there are immense factories of looking-glasses, of porcelain, of cloth, of cotton. In short, in spite of Storck's book written expressly for

the use of Alexander and Nicholas when they were youths, and which advocates free trade, they have gone on in the same dull protective career, which all nations begin now, at least in theory, to repudiate. . . .

*Friday, December 31.* Thermometer 28° (Réaumur). Snowing slightly all day. At twelve go to a rehearsal of the *chanteurs de la cour*. In the Greek Church there is no instrumental music, but the effect of this admirable harmony and variety of voice must be very fine. I have not yet been at mass. These are the singers of the royal chapel (in the palace). It is, in fact, a living organ; the thin, clear pipes of young boys, mixed with the deep and sonorous bass and thrilling trebles of men, produce all the volume and all the variety and all the swelling and sinking cadences of an immense organ. . . .

*Wednesday,  $\frac{\text{December 31, 1841}}{\text{January 12, 1842}}$ .* Thermometer 18°.

Drive at twelve o'clock to the annual sitting of the Academy of Sciences, to which we received cards of invitation. Went in uniform. Members of academy, behind a horseshoe table, all in uniform (something between a military and diplomatic dress). Handsome hall, portraits of Alexander and Nicholas, Catherine I. and II., Elizabeth and Paul. Bust of Peter the Great on granite pedestal. Brazilian minister and Sir R. Porter only diplomats present. Archbishop of Moscow sat in front of me—blue caftan, with a white napkin on the head, grizzled beard, altogether as reverend a figure as any of those most venerable individuals the Russian coachmen. All his acquaintances kissed his hand. Ceremonies consisted in the reading of the *Compte-rendu* by the perpetual secretary, Dr. Frys, in

French, and an oration or memoir in Russian by the vice-president, Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff. Introduced to Admiral Ricard and the vice-president. As we were coming away, Prince Dondoukoff gave us each a copy of the printed Acts of the Academy of last year.

*Thursday, January 1-13, 1842.* Thermometer  $10^{\circ}$  all day. A frozen fog filled the air; the trees were frosted all over with silver, ditto the beards of the venerable coachmen and the manes of the horses. The effect on crossing the Isaac's Place through the mist, as I took my noonday walk, was singular. Peter's colossal statue dilated through the mist into gigantic and spectral proportions. The towers and domes of the Isaac's Church behind him loomed up in shadowy grandeur, and the sun hung like a globe of half-extinguished fire, round and rayless, in the center of its low arch, and apparently but a half-hour above the rim of the horizon. The day was cold, but one did not feel it through one's furs because it was so still. It has been judiciously said that at St. Petersburg "on voit le froid, mais on ne le sent pas." Still, this is not what is called cold weather. Everybody says that  $25^{\circ}$ , day and night, for a week or ten days together, is the usual state of the weather at this season.

Dine with Colonel Todd. In the evening go to the ball at Woronzow's. Observe for the first time the Duke of Leuchtenberg, Josephine's grandson, who is son-in-law to the Czar—a tall, slender, commonplace-looking man, in a hussar's uniform. The only other members of the imperial family present were the Grand Duke Michael and the Hereditary, the "Perpetual Grand," as Dick Swiveller would call him, for he is

at all the parties perpetually, and perpetually dancing the mazurka.

*Tuesday, January 6-18.* This being the fête of the blessing of the waters, go by appointment of Count Woronzow to the apartments of Prince Wolkowsky at the Winter Palace, where one of the palace servants conducts us into the great banqueting-room, filled with military, at one of the windows of which we took our station, directly opposite the pavilion where the ceremony takes place. As to effect, it makes no difference in a procession whether the material be velvet, satin, or fustian; the arrangement of the colors, grouping, drapery, etc., may be equally produced in coarse materials. Here go two or three notes to serve as memoranda.

1. Square space in the ice of the Neva, lined and thronged with multitudes of spectators, say fifty thousand. Their bearded faces agitated like a strong sea, particularly when they crossed themselves all in a mass at the appearance of the procession.

2. The pavilion, a gaudy affair of wood, painted and gilded, open all round, and carpeted with red cloth, on a platform ascended by some dozen steps.

3. The procession, which was of course not very large, coming only from the palace gate across the quay to the edge of the Neva, where the pavilion stood. First, a double line of popes, in yellow satin and white robes, their long hair streaming on their shoulders (bareheaded), and their long beards, three deep; behind them a row of pages, all bareheaded. Between this open line of clergy, the procession of archbishops, bishops, in rich embroidered cloth of gold robes, bearing banners and emblems, marched; then the principal

archbishop, then the emperor, followed by his suite of great embroidered functionaries, all bareheaded, walk up the steps and then descend the interior ones leading to the hole cut in the ice. Then the archbishop blesses the water, which of course we could not see, and then a salute of artillery from the fortress announces the fact. Then they return, the archbishop with a little mop or swab twirling water on all the dignitaries from the emperor down. As soon as they have left the place, general rush from the ice to dip into the water. Came home, and was raised to fever-heat of happiness by finding dear, dear Mary's letter. I shall now begin a letter to her to thank her, although it can't go until next Tuesday.

*Thursday, January 8-20.* Passed out of the citadel and went a few rods farther to the house of Peter the Great. This fetus of St. Petersburg is a one-story log hut, painted red, and inclosed lately for protection in a brick case. The interior consists in a small room on each side of the entrance (low-studded, so that you may touch the rafters of the ceiling with your hat or hand), and a smaller bedroom. One of these is now consecrated as a church, and filled with frippery of all sorts, gold and silver pictures, arms and legs tied up with satin ribbons, and other votive offerings from devout invalids cured of every bodily ailment by the virtues of the throne. In the other room, which was Peter's audience-room, is an old wooden arm-chair, upon which throne Peter received the foreign ambassadors.

*Wednesday, January 14-26.* Thermometer 8°-10°. Dr. Cavill came, and we went a round of military hospitals. It is certain that the soldier is taken good care

of in Russia. We visited four hospitals. The first, that of the Ismaisoffsky regiment: small, 120 patients; very clean; polished floors; about ten or twelve in a ward, well dressed and with clean bedding. Over the head of each patient is a board containing his name, regiment, disease, and diet. . . . There are 3000 men in each regiment and three physicians. There is a physician night and day in the hospital, and the patients are visited morning and evening. It is reckoned that the food costs about eleven silver copecks for each inmate of the hospitals, the medicine two or three, making about thirteen, and the cost of wood, attendance, etc., etc., makes it up to about thirty silver copecks per diem for each patient: The food is pretty good—white bread for the sick, rye-bread for the convalescents. They are allowed two pounds of bread and one pound of meat per diem, but Wednesdays and Fridays are always fast-days, when they get cabbage soup. They have quassia and a sort of drink made of rye and meal and small beer. It is not known exactly what all these hospitals (of which there are seven in St. Petersburg for the thirteen regiments, and a proportionate number of equally good ones all over the empire) cost the government, at whose expense they all are, but an approximation may be made out of the cost of each patient. They are economically arranged, for the overseer told me there was no waste, everything was consumed.

From the Ismaisoffsky we went to one occupied by three regiments. Here were 283 patients, a very small number for 9000 men. The arrangements were similar to the last. Thence to the Prebazensky Hospital—this the oldest hospital, having been founded by Peter



the Great; very clean, pure, and regular, but no difference between it and the others. The officers of the regiment have a library in the same building, which they showed us,—a good collection of history and travels, about 6000 volumes,—and they subscribe a fund of about 1500 rubles per annum to add to it. There were two Russian newspapers. They showed also the collection of MSS., including a book full of the notes, orders, etc., of Peter the Great, Catherine, and Alexander, all written in Russian. From this we went lastly to what is called the Great Hospital, not appropriated by any one regiment, but receiving patients from several. This was built by Nicholas. Nothing peculiar, except being on an immense scale. There were 800 patients in it; there are beds for 1300, besides 20 for officers. There are three stories, and water forced up to reservoir on top, and let into various washing-places for the patients along the corridor. There is an internal and external corridor opening to each ward. Each ward contains eighteen beds. Good ventilators. Fireplaces, as well as an equal warmth all over the building by Russian stoves. . . .

*Thursday, January 15–27.* Thermometer 10°–12°. Visit the Hermitage gallery. This is one of the best collections in Europe. I know of none which has fewer bad pictures. . . . One room is full of exquisite Wouvermans—battle-pieces, hunting- and hawking-pieces, fights of banditti, and all the favorite equestrian subjects of that great painter of life in action, of wild, tumultuous, thrilling action. Another room is full of Teniers—boors, banquets, village dances, cottage interiors, many of them masterpieces. Strewed about here and there are several most delicious Ruys-

daels, with their dark masses of wood and bubbling brooks, cool valleys and embowered church spires. One of these pictures, representing a grove with the trees up to their knees in water, was a perfect portrait of a maple swamp in Massachusetts. Several fine Breughels and Berghems, Paul Potters and Cuyp, and one room full of Rembrandts. Unfortunately, the sun was shining so powerfully upon the best of these that I could not see them, and only remember one or two grim portraits in his very best and strongest manner. There are two or three Raphaels in his early Perugino manner. . . . In one room are the pictures forming part of the Houghton collection, embracing some of the best Vandykes in the world—Charles I., his queen, portrait of Sir J. Wharton and the Earl of Danby, and a most delicious picture of William II., Prince of Orange, at the age of twelve, in which I think the flesh and blood has been put upon canvas more perfectly than I remember in any picture. One of the most difficult things in painting is to hit the exact color of the human face. The rich olive of the boy's cheek, with an undertone of vermilion, is the *ne plus ultra* of complexion-painting. . . .

*Monday, January 19-31.* Thermometer 10°-4°. Visit the institution for the education of female orphans of officers. Large, splendid building, of course, connected with the Enfants Trouvés. The two institutions together are well endowed, so that, although the expense exceeds eight millions per annum, they lay by something every year. In the orphan institute there are 1123 pupils, divided into six classes. They are taught all the "humanities," reading, writing, history, music, three or four languages,—in short, everything,—

and the institution constitutes a great manufactory of governesses which supplies the whole empire as far as it can: but the demand is so great that every scholar of good capacity is certain, on completing her education, to obtain a situation as governess. Those whose want of capacity condemns them to a humbler sphere are finished off as *ouvrières*, *brodeuses*, seamstresses, washerwomen, servants, and some of the *enfants trouvés* are at present among them, but it is not intended in future that they should mingle with the others. We went through all the class-rooms; examined the best class in Russian, much to their edification and ours; saw their kitchen, dormitories (iron bedsteads and clean bedding, but too many in a room), and saw them come into their dining-hall. They marched in two by two, with merry little faces trying hard to look sedate, but with smiles stealing out of all the corners of their mouths and seeming very happy, into the hall, where they all sang (as is the universal custom of all the institutions) a Russian hymn, devoutly crossing and sometimes prostrating themselves the while, and then all sat down to table, chattering and laughing. The effect of the chorus of small, sweet voices piping out a thanksgiving was delicious, and they certainly ought to be thankful, for how many young ravens are fed who but for this institution would necessarily drag through a life of misery and starvation!

This, like all the noblest charitable institutions of Russia, was originated by the late empress mother. Baron Stachelberg, the director of the *Enfants Trouvés*, was with us—a very gentlemanlike and intelligent man, of whom the children were evidently excessively fond, thronging round him with smiles and all sorts of

caresses, "and plucked his gown to share the good man's smile." The *Enfants Trouvés* has been so often described that there is nothing for me to add. There are about 18,000 at present belonging to it, and 30,000 to the one in Moscow. There are in the house at St. Petersburg about 1000 infants and a nurse to each. They keep them here six weeks, and then if well send them with their nurses to the country, where they are brought up to trades, etc. There are received 3000 or 4000 per annum. Two or three had already been brought in the morning that we were there. We met, in fact, two well-dressed women, each bringing in a child. The mothers, if they choose, can come in as nurses. The children are brought openly and deposited in a little room below stairs. After the depositor is gone, the child is washed, ticketed, and delivered to a nurse. The food of the nurses is good. Each child has its cradle, which is clean and good. About one third of the whole number die.

## CHAPTER V

### COMMENCEMENT OF THE "HISTORY"—RESIDENCE AT DRESDEN

Commencement of the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic"—Arrival in Europe—The Rhine—Holland—The duel with the sea—Polders—The Dutch masters—Dresden—Its climate—The Opera—Sontag—A picnic excursion—Prospects of the Presidential election—The Madonna di San Sisto—The Green Vault—Progress of the "History"—Prince John of Saxony—Death of Daniel Webster—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the Slavery Question—The King and Queen of Saxony—The court and its etiquette—Marriage of Princess Vasa and Prince Albert—Court festivities.

[Mr. Motley returned to America in 1842, and in 1844 he took an active interest in politics. In 1845-47 he contributed historical and literary papers to the "North American Review," and began to collect materials for a history of Holland. In 1849 he served for one term in the Massachusetts Legislature, and in the same year he published his second novel, "Merry-mount." In 1851, finding that he could not properly write a history of the Dutch Republic without consulting archives and libraries in Europe, he threw aside all that he had written, and sailed with his family for Europe.]

*To his Mother*

Ship *Parliament*, off Point Lynas,  
July 4, 1851, 1 A. M.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Mary has just been writing a hurried line to Susan to announce our safe arrival at the pilot-ground, and I thought you would like a single line from me at the same time. They have just been burning blue lights and firing off rockets on board the ship to celebrate 4th July, and the pilot has come on board. We expect to reach Liverpool by six or seven o'clock in the morning. Our plans are still indistinct; but I am afraid we shall find it difficult to avoid London, as all the roads seem to tend in that direction. We shall, perhaps, remain there for a few days, a very few, and then cross to Holland. I shall, however, write to you again very soon, and the only reason for my sending this most unsatisfactory serawl is that I am unwilling that the first steamer after our arrival should sail without taking to you an expression of my affectionate remembrance. I am determined, however, not to allow myself to be homesiek yet, although it is very hard to think of Riverdale and all which it contains with anything like composure. I feel, however, very grateful that the children have been so well. Susie<sup>1</sup> has never acknowledged any difference between ship and shore, proved herself the best sailor from the very first, has exchanged locks of hair with the captain, and has been the especial favorite of both the mates.

Good night, my dearest mother. You will hardly derive much satisfaction from this note, except that it

<sup>1</sup> His youngest daughter, now Mrs. Herbert St. John Mildmay.

assures you that we are well and that our first thought on reaching a foreign coast is of you and of home.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Königswinter,

August 11, 1851.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I write from a little village some half-dozen miles above Bonn, with the castled crag of Drachenfels over my head, and the wide and winding Rhine under my nose, so that the situation is as romantic as nature and art, history and poetry, can make any spot in the world.

Much to my satisfaction, Mary decided to give up visiting Paris this year. I was very glad, for the idea was anything but agreeable to me, and we are now (having left the bulk of our luggage at Cologne) making a slow and easy tour on the Rhine. We came to this place from Cologne three days ago, and shall leave to-morrow for Koblenz. We could loiter away a much longer time here, for it is a quiet, dreamy place, lying at the gateway of the Rhine glories, and full of natural beauty and romantic associations. I am glad to have Mary wait a little while here till she can form a definite and clear idea of the stream which we are about to descend. It is striking enough for me, having just come from Holland, where I saw the noble river in its feeble old age dribbling languidly by Leyden, and suffocated at last on its dull Dutch death-bed on the Katwyk

sands, to witness the copious and exulting flow of its waters here. It was a melancholy sight enough in Holland. The river, after having commenced its career by a magnificent somersault over the precipices of Schaffhausen, and having pursued its winding and fertilizing course through so many romantic regions in Germany, subsides into the most stagnant imbecility in the Netherlands, hiding itself in quicksands and miseries, and forgetting its identity and even its time-honored name, which is changed and extinguished before its waters are lost in the sea. I believe I alluded in my last letter to this inglorious termination of its career. The river actually becomes too feeble even to die, and is pumped out of existence by artificial means at Katwyk. It had lain strangling there one thousand years, its mouth having been choked with a vast mass of sand driven up by a tempest in 840, till at the commencement of the present century it was helped into the ocean of eternity or the eternity of ocean by means of windmills. Up to that period it was lost in nameless bogs and quagmires. What a dreary termination to its Swiss childhood and its picturesque and impetuous career through the Land of Song! Here the stream is beautiful. Probably no river in the world has been so lavishly endowed by nature and by art, by poetry and truth. Its written history extends with unbroken links from Cæsar to Napoleon, the two notorious individuals whose names are the two greatest epochs of recorded time. Across that chasm of two thousand years the embroidered belt of the Rhine is flung, emblazoned all over with historical emblems and hieroglyphics.

How different from the silent and solitary course of our own beautiful but deaf-and-dumb rivers! Great



events, thick as the stars of heaven, have illuminated almost every day of its existence, and ten thousand charming fables from the misty and legendary mythology of the middle ages have lent a charm to every rock on its banks and to every brook that mingles with its waters. Here, where we are at present, is the first but one of the most enchanting spots which engage your attention as you ascend the stream. This village is at the foot of the Drachenfels, one of the renowned Seven Mountains. These hills are all of volcanic origin, having been spouted up by craters long since extinguished, and consist of basaltic crags broken into fantastic and jagged outlines. Corn-fields and vineyards grow now in deep hollows, which are very visibly volcanic craters whose lips were closed long before those of history were opened. Each one of these crags has its vineyards on its lap, its crumbling baronial ruin on its brow, and a little white village at its feet. The Drachenfels, or dragon's rock, is the most picturesque although not the highest of these cliffs. . . .

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*To his Mother*

Brussels,  
August 6, 1851.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: . . . Holland is a stranger and more wonderful country than I had imagined. I did not think that you would so plainly observe how it has been scooped out of the bottom of the sea. But when traveling there you see how the never-ending, still-beginning duel, which this people has so long been waging with the ocean, remains still their natural con-

dition, and the only means by which their physical existence as a nation can be protracted a year. They are always below high-water mark, and the ocean is only kept out by the most prodigious system of dikes and pumps which the heart of man ever conceived. It is like a leaking ship at sea after a tempest, the people are pumping night and day for their lives. Tell the governor that the low land at Riverdale would be an excellent miniature Holland. He has only to dike out the Charles as the Dutch do the Rhine and the Meuse, cut twelve or fifteen canals at right angles, and keep them dry by a series of mighty pumps worked by twenty or thirty windmills. Such an apparatus would add very much to the picturesqueness of your place, and would improve the value of the land incalculably. We could cut up an immense quantity of English grass and pasture the cows afterward.

By the way, this is the universal system in Holland. The country is one meadow, and it is strange enough to witness thousands of cattle grazing quietly, as it were, in the bottom of the sea, usurping the ancient feeding-ground of the cods and haddocks. I visited the great polder of all. A polder is the designation of a drained lake or pond converted into arable land. The one I mean is Haarlem Lake, which, within the last two years, has been nearly drained. The task, which seemed Hereulean, has been talked about for centuries, but at last the danger of inundation which seemed impending over the whole of Holland caused the job to be seriously undertaken. The lake is about seventy square miles in extent and about sixteen feet deep. By means of three colossal suction-pumps, worked by three engines of 350 horse-power, they have drained three

fourths of the depth. They expect to finish it in another year. I doubt it, however, for the hardest seems yet to come. Still, the wonderful feat will be accomplished within a very short time. I had, of course, but little time to see the pictures in Holland.

The collections at The Hague and Amsterdam contain some of the most wonderful paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools. I could only, of course, look at them for a little while and see how much one loses by traveling in a hurry. It is strange that those two amphibious, half-submerged republics, Venice and Holland, should have instructed the world in color. Nothing certainly can exceed the brilliancy and profound mastery of color possessed by Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van der Helst. You see these masters nowhere in such profusion as in their native land. The landscapes, too, the Ruysdaels and Berghems, you would be delighted with. After your eyes have been put out by the effulgence of their great historical pieces and dazzling portraits, such as Rembrandt and Van der Helst and Rubens only could paint, they are refreshed by those cool, calm, rural scenes, with shady groves and gurgling brooks, such as only their landscape-painters could produce. They seem to have had a deeper sentiment for landscape, and a greater power in reproducing natural beauties, than any people.

How strange that this genius should have risen out of the very bottom of the sea, that a people should have so faithfully and poetically represented on canvas those charming pastoral scenes, of which they could have only dreamed among their native dikes and ditches, without ever seeing them in their own land! The Dutch have certainly done many great things. They

have had to contend with two of the mightiest powers in the world, the ocean and Spanish tyranny, and they conquered both. Neither the Inquisition nor the Zuyder Zee was able to engulf them, and yet it is very funny to see a people, after having achieved such triumphs, seat themselves so contentedly in their summer-houses over their very ill-savored canals. Every country house has its garden, every garden its canal, and every canal is always creaming and mantling like no other standing pool in the world out of Holland. Nobody knows how stagnant water can be till he has visited this country. The canal smells of anything but Araby the Blest, and yet every summer-house is always planted directly over it. There sit the placid burghers, pipe in mouth, and inhale the odors, hanging over them as if increase of appetite did grow by what it feeds on.

Ever your most affectionate son,  
J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Dresden,  
November 17, 1851.

We live in the most profound solitude. We have exchanged calls with the British minister and his sister, and with this ceremony our acquaintance with the society of Dresden is likely to have begun and ended. I certainly do not regret this on my own account, nor much upon Mary's, because I think that we have become so very much addicted to solitude that we adorn it more than we should society. We should feel like

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego if we should ever venture into the fiery furnace of fashionable life, and might n't get out of the scrape as respectably as those excellent and unsinged individuals are said to have done.

Our autumn is drawing to a conclusion, but everything is very deliberate in this paternal government. I suppose the weather is regulated, like the price of meat, by the police, in consequence of which we have never very good or very bad weather, as we certainly have never anything but most indifferent beef and mutton. The first frost was, I think, about ten days ago, or say about the 10th of November. The month of September was very cold and rainy. The sun hardly shone once, and the rain was not omitted in more than three out of the whole thirty days. The glass was never so high as  $70^{\circ}$ , and generally was at about  $58^{\circ}$ . The month of October was very fine, and fine nearly all the time, as our best October, which is saying a great deal, as that is the month we brag the most of. Even till the last week of that month the glass was for many days in succession as high as  $67^{\circ}$ , and was hardly ever  $20^{\circ}$  lower. Since the beginning of this month it has not been higher than  $40^{\circ}$ , and rarely lower than  $30^{\circ}$ , although for the last two or three nights it may have been as low as  $26^{\circ}$ . I talk by the thermometer on purpose, because all other talk about the weather means but little. Figures in this respect don't lie, for they have no interest to do so, that I know of. The horse-chestnut trees in our garden were full of leaves, which were almost green until about a week since, when the first sharp frost stripped them. The acacias (rose-acacias) under my window and the other shrubbery

in the garden are not yet leafless or yellow. The dahlias and roses have been dead about ten days; the grapevines were laid down last week. The grapes here are sweetwater, and are plentiful, but this year they were not sweet. They are cheaper than isabella's, but I think not much better. We have already had two trifling snow-storms.

Good-by, my dearest mother. Love to all, for I am closing in great haste.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

*To his Mother*

Dresden,

April 13, 1852.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: . . . As for Mary,<sup>1</sup> she will of course write, but the serious labor of selection will probably devolve upon me. She continues to retain her epistolary mania, which she sometimes wreaks upon me, not rarely addressing upon me billets and even lengthy letters while I am in the same room with her. Poor little thing! both she and Lily have had a somewhat severe illness, a kind of catarrhal fever or influenza, which kept them in bed and their mother in a worry for a few days. They have now recovered, but have not yet been out of doors, and will not if the sun declines to show his face so resolutely. I don't know where he is, probably engaged elsewhere, starring it in some more profitable region; at any rate, he is rarely visible here nowadays, not at home to company at all events. Still, the season is about three weeks in

<sup>1</sup> His second daughter, now Mrs. Sheridan.

advance of our spring, and there is at least as much more tacked to autumn's skirts, so that the vegetable year is from six weeks to two months longer, nature, death, and resurrection being brought just so much the nearer. Your accounts of winter, however, remind me that in the American, that is New England, sense there is no such thing as winter here.

We have had an absence of warmth rather than the presence of cold. Once or twice, but that very rarely, we had the glass as low as  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit above zero, but generally the temperature in the coldest months hovered about the freezing-point, not going much up or down. The grass has been green two or three weeks, and the shrubbery is now in leaf. We have no blossom yet, however, and as the cherry- and plum-trees are usually in bloom with you by the last week of April (if I am not mistaken), you see that there is no very great difference after all. Thus far I am disappointed in the spring. We have had one or two warm days, and thought spring, that genial season of which you read, and of which we considered ourselves to have been defrauded in America, had arrived. We get occasionally a bright, shiny, silvery spring day, fine as four-pence, but we are sure to have to take the change for it afterward in at least six coppery and cloudy ones. Still, the blackbirds whistle away under my windows every morning as merrily as any other little niggers, in spite of the fog and general grimness of the landscape, and there is a "glory in the grass," and our gardener has dug up his half-hardy roses, multifloras, and monthlies from their temporary graves and erected them again on their respective Ebenezers, and lettuce is already two cents a head, while asparagus, owing to the

sunless atmosphere, remains obstinately at a grosechen a spear. Strange to say, however, the east wind seems as natural here as if it blew from the end of Long Wharf, and it has as bad a character almost as with us. It 's very odd, but entirely true, that in spring an east wind is detestable and disreputable in every part of the world where I have ever been. As the Englishman discovered in Paris that, although the French had no *bread*, they had a substitute called "pain" which could be used in the same way and which answered the purpose, so I have always found almost everywhere a very good imitation of Boston east wind; not quite equal to the original, but sufficient to answer the purpose—a fact I leave to the meteorologists, at the same time boldly affirming that a Boston winter cannot be equaled anywhere in Europe so far as I know, and out of Russia not even imitated.

Since Sontag departed we have had nothing at the Opera. She played seven nights here, of which we went six, the seventh being a repetition of a part in which we did not admire her the most (Rosina). The best tickets, the best places (and we had always the best seats in the house, owing to a small *douceur* judiciously administered to the box-keeper), cost three thalers (two dollars and fifty cents) each. You will probably pay much more. It was rather an extravagance, but Mary has not much amusement here, and she is very fond of music. I think you cannot help being pleased with Sontag, and advise you to go very often. *La Fille du Régiment* is her best part, but she is quite charming in all. She is very pretty at forty-seven, looks twenty-seven, is an uncommonly good and graceful actress in light parts, and her voice, although it is



of course faded, and indeed effaced as to some of the notes, is exceedingly sweet, and she possesses to perfection the flowery, arabesque, decorated style of singing, which is so rarely heard. Of course it is not equal to the passionate and tempestuous style of the Italians, of Malibran, Pasta, Grisi, but it comes next to that, and is at least perfect of its kind. She was much admired here, and the house was always brimming over, a thing which I have not seen before or since, although the prices of the seats were tripled. She is to go to America this summer. Lady Adelaide Forbes told me the other day that she had informed her she should be afraid to say what immense offers she had received from America, for fear she should not be believed. This reminds me that we had a dinner-party at Mr. Forbes's, the British minister, a few days ago. The party was in a manner given for us, I believe; at any rate, he led Mary into the dining-room, while his sister Lady Adelaide and I brought up the rear. The dinner was very elegant, and Mr. Forbes and his sisters were very attentive and polite to Mary, but they receive company very seldom. My dear mother, I have now come to the end of my paper.

Good-by, and God bless you, dear mother.

Your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Dresden,  
June 22, 1852.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I really believe that your letter of May 10 has not been answered. I am sure you

will soon write again and not punish me for my negligence by silence. In truth, the time, now that our course of life has subsided into a monotonous current, goes by so quickly that I forget one post-day after another. I can't say "how happily the days of Thalaba went by" as an excuse for negligence; rather flows the stream of time so muddily that but little gold seems to sparkle in the sand as it goes by. At any rate, when I try to sift out a few events that may be worth the postage (fortunately, however, you don't have to pay it), nothing seems to turn up but copper and lead. Spring has gone by and summer has come. The spring was very like an American one, and at the end of May we were surprised by a week of full-blown summer weather, just as you seem to have been at home. It was not quite so hot here, the glass hardly rising much above 80° or 81° Fahrenheit in the shade. Since the month of June came in, it has rarely been much above 70°, and there has been rain very frequently. I am afraid a cold and rainy summer is the rule here, because I find that those who have been long resident complained bitterly of the heat, during the few days of summer weather, as something they were not used to and did n't intend to put up with. In consequence it has been frigid enough ever since to satisfy an Esquimo. The summer is generally improved, by people who remain in town here, in making excursions into the country in small squads. We have been on one or two. The Noels got up one a little while since, a picnic to an uninhabited château on the banks of the Elbe. I am not much of a hand at chronicling this sort of small beer, which is apt to get very stale when it has been once uncorked, and I had hoped that it would fur-

nish Lily or Mary with a topic for a letter or two, seeing that we all complain so much of the want of topics.

The excursion had been projected for a long time, and at last, on the day when it was finally to come off, it naturally rained in torrents, so of course it was countermanded, and as soon as that was done the weather naturally began to clear. So Lily's friend, O. Paget, who did duty as an aide-de-camp, general, and chief clerk to the weather department, after one or two missions, again announced that the *Gesellschaftswagen*, or company's wagon, would soon be at the door. Accordingly, an enormous and wonderful Noah's ark soon appeared at the corner of the street. "Six doors off the carriage stayed," not so much for fear that men should say that we were proud, as because our street was narrow, and the machine could by no possibility be insinuated therein. It had places inside for eighteen human beings, and outside for three quadrupeds—rather a liberal allowance of humanity, you will think. The precious souls all agog to dash through thick and thin, but who were obliged to dash rather moderately, as you may suppose, consisted generally, besides ourselves, of the Forbeses, the Noels, the Pagets, and her daughter-in-law and husband, Countess and Count Bethlen from Hungary, and an English family. On reaching the old *chatce* (as Mary used to pronounce the word), we were joined there by some young ladies of the family to which it belongs, the daughters of an old General von Miltitz, whose ancestors have inhabited the spot for nine centuries, as stated on a tablet in the courtyard. Their present residence is a few miles farther down the river, where they have a very beau-

tifully situated and baronial residence. The young ladies were very pretty and agreeable, as agreeable as they could be considering that there were none but middle-aged beaux provided for them, and those all married. The table for a miscellaneous entertainment was spread in the courtyard of the castle, and just as each of the company held a potato on his or her respective fork, down came a magnificent thunder-storm, which had been saving up for us all that time. Everybody clasped his potato and plate in agony and rushed up-stairs. In *moins de rien*, as we say in French, the tables were spread in "the banquet-hall deserted" of the old château. Everybody, having held on to his own plate as aforesaid, was reinstated in his original rights on taking up the new position, which in my opinion it would have been much better to occupy at first.

I don't know that anything else very remarkable has occurred. We met one evening at the Forbeses Lord Wynford and his daughter. The next day they were kind enough to call upon us. A few days afterward they invited us to dinner, when besides his family there were nobody but the Lady Paulett, the secretary of the English legation, and another youth belonging to some Spanish embassy. Lord Wynford is an uncommonly agreeable and unaffected person, and Miss Best is also very agreeable and intelligent. They have certainly been very friendly to us, and insist that we shall visit them at their country place as soon as we come to England. I believe these are the only new acquaintances we have made of late. The Forbeses, I fear me, will go before long. We shall certainly go to Scotland some time or other merely to visit them.

Good-by, my dearest mother. Excuse this hurried scrawl. I will write soon again.

Love to all, and believe me

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Dresden,

September 13, 1852.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I have not answered your very kind and acceptable letter of 3d August, the last letter which we have received from anybody. I take it for granted that General Pierce is destined to win next November in a canter; at any rate, to my unsophisticated judgment out here in the Teutonic wilderness, I don't see how it is to be prevented. I shall look anxiously, however, for the next intelligence to see whether there is anything in the contemplated Southern movements for Webster. When, however, I remember that the Southern aristocracy is always democratic, with the exception of one or two States, I confess I don't see much room for hope. Perhaps the governor will enlighten me on the subject.

Our general life here is very calm and solitary, infinitely more so than yours in Dedham. Our acquaintances are almost all departed, some few to return, others for good. Our garden is very beautiful, and I wish daily that you could see it once in a while, for you would appreciate it. We have had a constant succession and profusion of every flower known to horticulture—I mean to hardy horticulture. The roses in

their season were uncommonly fine, and now there is a wilderness of dahlias, asters, gladioli and day-lilies, geraniums, fuchsias, and countless others. In the midst of the garden is a sand-bank, and in the midst of the sand-bank may be seen burrowing, at any hour between noon and night, Susie and Mary, with their friends Adolf and Lulu, children of Madame de Rumohr, the lady who occupies the other part of our house. I regret to say that she leaves Dresden before the winter. Our young prince is going to Prussia to enter the army, and Captain de Rumohr accompanies him to Berlin. We shall miss them all very much, for they are very amiable, kind-hearted people. The prince is quite a nice-looking, good-tempered young man of twenty, with very agreeable manners. The captain is a very intelligent and amiable man about my age. The eldest brother of the prince has just assumed the government of his principality on attaining his majority. Waldeck is the name.

The gallery remains as much a resource as ever. I find that I have (and Mary also) a most sincere and unlimited love for the fine arts, and particularly for painting. I am pretty well persuaded that the Madonna di San Sisto is the first picture in the world. I don't think any painter has ever so well hit the exact combination of the supernatural with the natural which is always attempted in the face of the Infant Saviour. The expression, without ceasing to be that of an infant, has still something infinitely imposing and majestic. The Madonna is faultlessly beautiful and very human, yet there is an expression beyond humanity: not elevated, for it is humble; not triumphant, for it is sad; but prophetic and wondering, as of a face gazing

vaguely but earnestly into the depths of the future, and dimly conscious of the coming struggles of humanity. There is a sentiment that the child in her arms is the Saviour and the Judge of unborn millions; there is the submission of a mortal to a superhuman destiny; there are tenderness, patience, pathos, and transfiguration above the clouds of common emotions; everything, in short, which painters have from the beginning of Christian art endeavored to typify by that mysterious image, the Madonna. I don't think that it is possible to exaggerate the beauties of this picture with regard to its suggestive effects. It has no fault as a composition, which is a great virtue, for even Raphael often has something which jars upon the mind, even in his most harmonious pictures. But here there is nothing discordant; everything is musical. The Madonna and Child are inexpressibly beautiful and lofty. The venerable figure of the kneeling pope is full of piety and fervor. The Barbara is a model of grace and modesty, and the two cherubs at the base of the picture are exquisite expressions of innocence and infantine devotion.

As you are perfectly familiar with the composition by the engraving, I do not apologize for speaking of the picture; otherwise I should do so, for I hold that to have to listen to the description of a painting of which you have never seen any copy or sketch is an infinite nuisance. I said that this picture was the best in the world, and I have tried to explain why I think so—because it is the highest flight into the regions of the sublime and beautiful to which the mind of Raphael ever attained. I never wish to criticize it. It hushes criticism. It is the only picture which awes me into silence. When I go away I readily admit that

there are many paintings much superior as works of art. It does not compare to the "Transfiguration," nor to Titian's "Ascension," nor to Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," as a finished exhibition of color and handling and technical power. There is, in truth, but little color, and that is fading. It looks almost like a fresco already. The body of the Child is a mere smooch of lampblack; the shadows are generally without transparency, except in the drapery, which has been retouched. The face of the Virgin, however, is exquisitely colored, and that of the Child, although by no means strongly painted, has still warm, lifelike tints. The truth is, the picture is a sketch wholly from the hand of Raphael, and dashed off in a moment of enthusiasm. It is thought that it was painted *for a banner to be carried in a procession*. Only imagine a wonder of the world originating in such a way. Of course a standard is only a peg above a sign.

Nothing is known of its history. Contemporary writers don't speak of it. I don't know that there is any historical proof that Raphael painted it. Ten or fifteen years ago they found that the top of the picture behind the frame was closely rolled, and the canvas cut into such a shape as to make it probable that it had been fastened on a pole. This idea seems to explain the thin, sketchy, and slight manner in which the whole was executed. Raphael, having dashed it off at a few heats (some people talk most ridiculously of eighteen hours as the whole time occupied upon it), probably thought it good enough for a banner, and gave it to the monks of Piaenza without thinking more of the matter. And in the refectory of the jolly friars it remained till the middle of the last century,



when it was purchased for twenty thousand dollars. I suppose it would be worth a king's ransom now if offered for sale, and kings have risen lately as well as Raphaels.

The engraving by Müller gives a very good idea of the composition. Even that old thing which we left at home, which you have often seen, an impression taken after the plate had been retouched over and over again and was almost worn through, is worth looking at. It is perhaps the best engraving which was ever made of any picture. Of course you can form no idea of the value by looking at one of these worn-out impressions. Ours has nothing left of the original power or beauty of the engraving; it serves only as a memorandum of the composition. It cost \$5. The value of a copy before the latter, when it can be found, is 1000 thalers, say \$750. I don't mean to purchase one even if I find it. The king has got six, but I have not heard that he thinks of sending one to me! Müller's engraving is really a work of genius. Yet one would think the engraver's profession must make a man of genius frantic. To work upside down, scratching away upon a half-covered plate of copper with a kind of cobbler's awl, producing no effect from day to day, being obliged to wait so long before an opinion as to the result can be formed, must be a severe trial to the nerves, and seems enough to drive an impatient person mad. And, by the way, Müller did go mad over this very engraving. Poor fellow! he was so excited, exhausted, and used up after finishing it that his brain was turned. He jumped off a precipice and broke his neck.

Besides the gallery there are a great many other remarkable collections in Dresden. These and the beau-

tiful environs of the city have made its fame. The engraving cabinet is perhaps the best in the world. It contains four hundred thousand prints, comprising a full history and exemplification of the progress of the art, and of course a large supply of all that is most masterly and curious and celebrated among its achievements. Then there is the collection of rarities and *objets de goût* and jewelry, called the Green Vault, the name given to a series of rooms in the royal palae where the remarkable museum of trinkets is kept: all sorts of beautiful toys, statuettes, drinking-cups, carved in ivory; exquisite cabinets and caskets of every age, of mother-of-pearl, agate, amber, ivory, buhl, and ormolu, adorned with topazes, emeralds, rubies, carbuncles, sometimes of very considerable value; magnificent goblets and basins of silver, carved, engraved, embossed by the hands of the most eminent jewelers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; beautiful paintings in enamel, splendid vases, cloaks in Louis XIV. style, and in style much earlier and much richer than that of Louis XIV., with numerous puppets once bobbing about and performing all sorts of antics in obedience to the same machinery which moved the hands, but now silent and motionless, run down and worn out, used up forever; splendid tables of Florentine mosaics; jars and obelisks of jasper, sardonyx, and chalcedon; drinking-horns, baptismal fonts, lavers, and wine-coolers, all of beaten gold; caskets of elaborate workmanship erusted all over with beryls, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies as thickly as Aaron's breastplate or ephod, or whatever you call it, which contained all the precious stones in the world, besides others; bushels of intaglios and cameos, both antique and modern; eu-

rious cuttings in wood and alabaster; two small and very singular landscapes or hunting-pieces in waxwork, so minutely done that the leaves on the trees, the nails in the horses' shoes, the lace on the riders' ruffles are distinctly finished.

Perhaps, however, the most remarkable part of the collection is the complete department of the works of Dinglinger, the Saxon Benvenuto Cellini, a man who wasted a good deal of real genius and the whole of his life in the production of these curious and exquisite, but, after all, somewhat tasteless toys. There are whole rows of monster pearls, some of them as large as a pullet's egg, but so misshapen and embedded in their shells as to be inseparable from them. These, according to the taste of the seventeenth century, have been made use of as caricatures, legs and arms, heads and wings, having been ingeniously fitted to them, so that they furnish counterfeit presentments of little niggers, Dutch women skating, cobblers and peddlers, humpbacks and eripples, dragons, goblins, and chimeras dire with tails and without, and a whole wilderness of monkeys, lizards, toads, and other oddities, as curious and expensive a collection of gewgaws as could well be found in Christendom, and a most wonderful baby house, not without beauty, and even utility, in its way, but one not likely to be formed again by anybody. Perhaps the most curious thing in the whole museum is a representation of the court of the Grand Mogul Aurung-Zeb, who sits on his throne in the center, and is surrounded by hundreds of figures in every variety of costume known to that region as described by travelers. This is Dinglinger's masterpiece. It occupied him seven years (from A.D. 1701 to 1708), and he re-

ceived for it 59,000 thalers (about \$45,000). Certainly an expensive toy. Ask the governor to calculate how much the money would have come to if kept in the savings-bank to this day. For his behoof I have given the date as above. The Madonna di San Sisto was a better speculation viewed in that ignoble light, but I doubt if Dinglinger's chef-d'œuvre would bring much if offered for sale now.

The old electors of Saxony had a turn for the magnificent. I could fill a dozen more sheets by telling you of the different museums which they have here. The armor collection is remarkably fine, for example—one of the first in Europe. The Elector Christian II., who died at the close of the sixteenth century, had no less than ten suits of armor, of which one was by the most celebrated armorer of Germany, Holman of Augsburg, and another was by the world-renowned Benvenuto Cellini. This last is a most interesting object of art, and stamped throughout with the genius of that remarkable personage. It is a complete panoply for the horse and rider, is of hammered steel, and is covered all over with the most exquisite sculpture or alto-relievo, representing the wars of the gods, the combats of centaurs, and other mythological battles, all portrayed with the boldness, accuracy, and beauty which always distinguish the hand of the man who made the statue of Perseus at Florence. After all, it is a luxury to have your toys by Dinglinger, your Madonnas by Raphael, and your coats of armor by Benvenuto Cellini. Those Saxon princes, obscure as they were, except in the Lutheranism which they have since repudiated, certainly knew how to spend their money like gentlemen.

And now add to the advantages here enumerated a magnificent library of four hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and very excellent opportunities for education, besides a very beautiful and picturesque country surrounding the city in all directions, and you will understand why Dresden is so often selected as a residence. It is a dull little place, no doubt, but I like it the better for that. It is better for dull little people like ourselves. If I could get the hang of it, I could live as well for \$2500 as in Boston for \$5000. Unfortunately, it always takes as much time as you can spare for a place to learn to live in it. The children and Mary are all well, and send much love to you and the governor, and to all. Susie's mind is beginning to expand. She told me last night that when she was a thousand million years old she should know how to sew and should be as big as the washerwoman. Rather a commonplace result to contemplate through so long a vista. Good-by, my dear mother. My paper is exhausted, and your patience.

Ever affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Father*

Dresden,

May 18, 1852.

MY DEAR FATHER: My last despatch was, I think, about a month ago, and included a letter to Tom and another to mother. Since that time we have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Susan and another from Lodge. There has literally been nothing on our side of the world to communicate. Political events

and general news reach you from the great centers of intelligence quite as soon as they do us. There is so little active existence, and so little interest felt, or allowed to be felt, in what is going on in the world around, that one soon finds the old-fashioned drowsy Rip Van Winkle feeling coming over him, and begins to think on the whole that it is better to be governed than to govern, to accept a paternal government as ordained from heaven, and to behave as good boys should, go to bed at ten, shut the door after you, smoke a pipe, drink a pot of beer, listen every day to a gro-schen-worth of instrumental music, never allude to politics, nor to anything which interests grown-up men, but leave all that to your betters, and rely for your personal and political rights on the Emperor of Russia, and Austria, and the police, and so "easy live and quiet die," as comfortable burghers should.

There is something almost refreshing in the utter inanity which seems to form the atmosphere of these people's lives, which is refreshing for a time after the noisy, spluttering politics which constitute our vital elements. I don't think I should like it always, but now, occupied as I am ten hours a day with folks who lived three centuries ago, it is rather a convenience than otherwise not to have my attention taken off by anything that is going on about me. It is a comfort, as I can't make speeches or write articles in the newspapers (if I wished) against General Haynau, or Emperor Nicholas, or President Bonaparte, to be able to pitch into the Duke of Alva and Philip II. to my heart's content. It is quite satisfactory to express sentiments which, if I had had the advantage of living three hundred years ago, and had had the audacity to express

myself as freely, would have entitled me to be burned alive on an average twice a day, and to know that the only martyrdom I am likely to experience is that of not finding a publisher for my treason, for fear that it won't pay; the only rack that of being roasted on the gridiron of some singeing, scorching, red-hot review.

I have just finished volume No. 2, begun since I was established here—that is, about a seven month's child. A year more will carry me as far as I mean to go alone, particularly as the expense of publishing three volumes at my own risk, which perhaps I shall be obliged to do, will be as much as I shall choose to venture. I don't fear much of a loss, although I sha'n't stand much chance of making a fortune. At the same time I don't care to venture much more. Money is the thing of which I have n't quite as much to spare as time and labor. These I am very profuse with. Time, they say, is money. No doubt of it, only I never could get mine into active circulation. Labor is the foundation of all value. Equally certain it is, then, that I have been digging a cellar big enough, and laying a foundation extensive enough, for a most valuable edifice, if one would only bring his pigs to market. Still, there is something very healing in these portable maxims. You can always stick one like a piece of court-plaster over the wounds of your vanity. Moreover, it should never be forgotten that Milton's "Paradise Lost" was sold for five pounds, that Samuel Johnson's "Dictionary" brought him in about as much for his labor as if he had been sawing wood or sweeping a crossing. Furthermore, Galileo confessed before the Inquisition that the earth did n't move, and Harvey was laughed at for circulating a story about the circulation

of the blood; so whenever a charlatan can't find and believe in his tricks of mesmerism or biologism, or whatever may be the latest neologism, when a literary blockhead can't sell a book, he has only to call from the vasty deep the spirits of Milton and Galileo and Harvey, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Jenner, and all the rest. They are sure to come when called for, being no doubt by this time quite used to the business; though they probably think that their last condition is worse than their first, being thus obliged to console and sanction so much mediocrity. So if a man can't make anything of his writings, it proves nothing but that he is probably a second Milton in disguise.

I wish you would say to Mr. Tieknor, with my particular regards, that I should have written to him before this, as a slight acknowledgment of the friendly interest he took in providing me with introductions and advice before starting, but that I was really ashamed to write so very uninteresting a letter from Europe as mine must necessarily be at present. To one's immediate family one can write about one's self, but it is a most disagreeable and barren topic to me, and we live so retired, and see so little, that beyond the incidents of our family circle there is nothing to state. We might as well be on the Charles as on the Elbe; at the same time I have enough time to do my work, and the children, particularly Lily, who is really making progress, are very well disposed of. I have not (as Mr. Tieknor knows, I believe) presented myself at court. Mr. Forbes and his sisters, owing to the letters given by Mr. Tieknor and Mrs. Ritchie, have been very friendly, invited us to a dinner, and offered all that we can require whenever we wish to go into general society.



Moreover, please say to Mr. Ticknor that after the court festivities were finished I thought it proper to pay my respects to Prince John of Saxony,<sup>1</sup> who is a regular correspondent and friend of Mr. Ticknor. I called in company with my friend Noel on Baron O'Byrn (not an Irishman, but of Irish extraction), the head chamberlain of the prince.

A few days afterward the said baron called on me in a friendly way, and said the prince would be happy to receive me the next day informally. I went accordingly, and had an interview of half an hour with his Highness, who received me with great kindness. Mr. Ticknor had been good enough to mention me to him, and he hoped therefore, as I purposed staying another year, to cultivate my acquaintance, etc., etc. He spoke with much affection and respect of Mr. Ticknor, and alluded in terms of high praise to his "History." He also spoke of Prescott's works, particularly the "Conquest of Mexico," with admiration. Please also, by the way, to inform Prescott that if I meet with anybody, prince or plebeian, who does n't ask me about him, I will be sure to write and let him know. It will be rather refreshing than otherwise. I find, by the way, that his Highness had just that morning received a fresh letter from Mr. Ticknor, which he had not had time to read, but of these matters, of course, there is no need of my writing. As Mr. Ticknor, by the way, has so good a correspondent at Dresden, it would hardly be necessary for me to apologize for not troubling him. You are perhaps aware that the said Prince John would have been a distinguished professor if he had not happened to be born in the purple. It is not

<sup>1</sup> Subsequently King of Saxony, father of the present king.

as a prince merely that his acquaintance was worth cultivating. Mr. Ticknor might have said to him, as Voltaire did to Congreve when he was disposed to sink the shop and put on the fine gentleman, "If you had only your genteel birth, it would have been long before I should have sought your acquaintance." Prince John's translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia" has really great merit. The notes and illustrations, furnishing a running commentary on that great poem, have been translated and are much esteemed in Italy. He certainly received me with great politeness, and I beg you to express my thanks to Mr. Ticknor for having taken so much trouble about us, which our inclination for retirement and obscurity has prevented our turning to so much account as we should have done.

Our society consists principally of the persons already introduced to you in previous letters. The Noels (Mrs. N., by the way, is a near relation and friend of Mr. Ticknor's friends, the Counts Thun; she is a Bohemian and a very amiable person), the Pagets, the Mellys (Americans), and the Forbeses. These last, a mother and two daughters, are distant relations and intimate acquaintances of the minister here. They are the most affectionate people in the world. Lily speaks French certainly as well as I do, and begins to speak German very tolerably, and in general matters she is in quite a satisfactory condition of mental health and improvement. Mary has not yet found a school. We have sent her to a kindergarten (child's garden), but this is nothing more than an infants' school, and she already reads German better than the little children there. Speaking, too, she can practise with her little Rumohr friends and neighbors, and the *bonne*

is quite competent to give her lessons. As for Susie, she is as sweet and saucy as ever, much the most amiable of all the children, and therefore much the more spoiled. She takes a great deal of spoiling, which I consider high praise. Lily and I took a long walk yesterday in the Grosser Garten, or park. When we got back, about seven in the afternoon, she said: "This is just the time I used to go and sit with grandmama on the piazza. I wish I could go to-night." You may be sure I echoed the wish most heartily, though hopelessly.

Most affectionately your son,  
J. L. M.

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*To his Father*

Dresden,  
December 23, 1852.

MY DEAR FATHER: Our life is, as usual, monotonous, furnishing few topics for letters. I am working as hard as a wood-sawyer, and am of course as independent as his clerk. I find the atmosphere congenial to literary labor, or perhaps because my time is so wholly my own I have it more in my power to make long pulls without getting out of the traces. I dare say, like the remarkable cab-horse immortalized by Pickwick, I should fall flat if taken out of the shafts, and I only keep up because I keep a-going. That you may see that this is not an idle brag so far as work goes, I will state that I have written a volume since the 13th July of this year, one which will make rather a large printed octavo, and which is the second that I have written since I came to Dresden. As this labor includes, of

course, the digging out of raw material out of subterranean depths of blackletter folios in half a dozen different languages, all which works are dark, grimy, and cheerless as coal-pits, you may suppose that I am not likely to be a very agreeable customer when I come out of my diggings. The worst of it is, when a man is smashing quartz with a sledge-hammer he gets paid for his pains; but here am I working away with my pickax or sifting painfully the sand of buried ages over which the river of Time has so long been flowing, and yet I don't know whether I shall at last find a few grains of pure gold in my eradle, to reward me for my labors. Metaphorically, of course, not literally, for I don't employ myself in writing and studying history to make money out of it. "Base" as the "slave who pays" is the slave who pursues money and not truth in any scientific field.

But I confess that I have not been working underground for so long without hoping that I may make some few people in the world wiser and better by my labor. This must be the case whenever a man honestly "seeks the truths in ages past" to furnish light for the present and future track. And if you only get enough oil to feed a very small lamp it is better than nothing. A little lantern may help you to find an honest man or so in the dark corridor of history, but not if you look for them in the spirit of Diogenes. It is always much harder to find commendable than accusable characters in the world, partly perhaps because the world likes better to censure than to commend. I flatter myself that I have found one great, virtuous, and heroic character, William I. of Orange, founder of the Dutch Republic. This man, who did the work of a thousand men every

year of his life, who was never inspired by any personal ambition, but who performed good and lofty actions because he was born to do them, just as other men have been born to do nasty ones, deserves to be better understood than I believe him to have been by the world at large. He is one of the very few men who have a right to be mentioned in the same page with Washington.

*Christmas, Saturday.* I was interrupted the day before yesterday, and my letter has lain unfinished in my drawer till now. . . . I have the greatest sympathy for you and the country for the loss of Daniel Webster. It is one which can never be made good to us. He was not only the greatest living statesman, but the greatest whom we ever produced in America, so much beyond all of them, past and present, in intellectual force that it is hardly a compliment to speak of him as first among the political men of the country. Very little is known of him in Europe. On the Continent few have ever heard his name. One literary old maid, who has written and published books, asked me if he was not one of our principal poets, and then when I laughed, confessed she had never heard of him. Yet she had lived fifteen years in England. The English had of course heard of him, and he was known to the statesmen; but nobody imagines that he was a personage to be compared to their great men, and probably not one hundred men on the continent of Europe have ever read a line of his speeches, if indeed there be as many who know that he ever made any. The fact is, no interest is felt in America or American institutions among the European public. America is as isolated as China. Nobody knows or cares anything

about its men, or its politics, or its conditions. It is, however, known and felt among the lower classes that it is a place to get to out of the monotonous prison-house of Philistines, in which the great unwashed of Europe continue to grind eternally. Very little is known of the country, and very little respect is felt for it, but the fact remains that Europe is decanting itself into America a great deal more rapidly than is to be wished by us.

When I say that nothing is known about America, I am wrong. Everybody knows that slavery exists there, for everybody in Germany has read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I am glad of it, because I believe the only way the curse is ever to be taken from the nation is by creating such an atmosphere all round the slave States that a slaveholder may not be able to thrust his nose outside his own door without scenting that the rankness of his offense is tainting every wind of heaven. The only way in which the system can cease to exist is, it seems to me, by working the children of the present slaveholders. The coming generation in each of the fifteen slave States are the people who must grapple with this question; but the question won't be staved off for a third. It is all up for your generation or for mine. If one or two States, like Kentucky and Tennessee, should come to abolish the system and should succeed, well; afterward the great obstacles would be removed. Of course the black race is not by nature capable of social or intellectual equality with the white; nor have they ever desired it, so far as I know. But it is begging the question to say they will be insolent, and that they won't work after emancipation. Certainly they are orderly enough and industrious in Mas-

sachusetts. Besides, slavery is an immense crime, while refusing social equality is a matter of taste, and is only denying to the blacks that which does not exist and never did exist anywhere with regard to the whites. But here in Europe nobody knows anything about the matter, saving only that slavery exists. They have no idea that America is a confederation of States, each of which States is competent to establish and abolish slavery at its pleasure, and that the general government has no power to do one or the other. I believe everybody in Europe thinks, so far as he thinks at all, most of them contenting themselves with bragging, that the President of the United States could abolish slavery to-morrow by an edict, just as the Emperor of the French abolished the Republic by half a dozen lines of proclamation; or if that can't be, nobody goes so deep as to conceive a doubt that the Congress could abolish it as easily as it could pass a tariff law.

To revert to Webster. I hope you will send me Hillard's eulogy, and also his and the other speeches which were made formally. I always take great interest in everything Hillard writes or says, for I have great respect and regard for him. As for thinking of America without Webster, it seems like thinking of her without Niagara, or the Mississippi, or any other of the magnificent natural features which had belonged to her since I grew up, and seemed likely to endure forever. You see now why I don't write oftener. It is absolutely impossible to amuse or edify under my circumstances, and therefore I have no self-reproach to make for being silent longer than I should be if I had anything to say. Here I have written three or four pages of stuff which would have been bad enough

if uttered between sleep and wake at the fireside corner, but which deliberately put upon paper "is enough," as Mr. Macaulay says of Bob Southey's printed pleasantries, "to make a man ashamed of his species." Therefore I will now pause for a reply.

Very affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

P. S. Up to this time we have had no more snow nor cold weather than we often have at home in October. The grass is perfectly green in the fields, which stretch out before my study window as far as Saxon Switzerland. Please to say to Mr. Cabot that his young friend and kinsman, Mr. Higginson, presented himself not long ago to us. He is a very honest, ingenuous, intelligent lad, who is taking a vacation on account of his eyes. He comes and dines whenever he chooses, which is generally once a week, and he dines with us to-day, Christmas. Please tell his father I am happy to have made his son's acquaintance.

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*To his Mother*

Dresden,  
February 3, 1853.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: We jog on as usual, the days and nights succeeding and certifying each other with the regularity of your kitchen clock. The monotony of our life was interrupted a little while ago by our going to court, and perhaps you will think that I ought to send you a minute description of the ceremony. But, to tell you the truth, these things are to me so



insipid that I am unable to extract juice enough out of them to flavor a letter with. I wish I could tell you anything that would entertain you concerning our presentation on New Year's day, and the court ball which followed the succeeding week. But I do lack something of the gamesome spirit which enables one to be amusing on such topics. Besides, I prefer to leave the details to Mary, who will wake from her slumbers one of these days and send, either to you or to S—— or A—— L——, an account of her achievements. The palace here is a rambling old barrack externally, but within the rooms are spacious and sufficiently elegant. The principal apartments have been recently painted in fresco by an artist called Bende-mann, who is thought by the Germans to be inferior only to Raphael and Rubens. The frescoes have certainly considerable merit as far as drawing and grouping are concerned, but in grace and color they are not above mediocrity.

The king and queen receive masculine friends on New Year's morning. His Majesty is a mild old gentleman, wadded and bolstered into very harmonious proportions. He has a single tooth worn carelessly on one side, which somewhat interferes with his eloquence. I do not think that I took notes enough of his conversation to be able to give you a report. He was glad to hear in answer to a question that I proposed passing the winter here. And as I felt how much unalloyed satisfaction the circumstance must really cause to his bosom, I internally resolved not to change my plan. The queen is very tall and very queenly. Nothing can be more elegant or more winning than her manner. She is, I believe, very benignant in character, and cer-

tainly her address is perfectly in accordance therewith. I am not at liberty to mention her conversation with myself. Indeed, I did not understand a single word she said, and was entirely ignorant in what language she was speaking, but I have since ascertained that it was probably French. This is a general observation. She speaks in so low a tone and with such a kind of gentle *roucoulement* that it is almost impossible to catch her words with any distinctness except after considerable practice. The king and queen have no children. The heir to the throne is Prince John, whom I have already described to you. He made many inquiries of me again about Mr. Ticknor, for whom he certainly entertains a sincere friendship. He is more fortunate as a *père de famille* than his brother; his progeny sing, "We are seven." Two of the princesses (Anna and Sidonie) are very pretty. The ball was not particularly brilliant. The costumes of the gentlemen were slightly shabby. Those of the ladies were not remarkable. The royal party were of course well dressed. The queen wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds. The Princess Augusta was in a green blaze, being covered with the most gorgeous emeralds I ever saw. Some few of the high court ladies were well jeweled also, but the rank and file were rather ill dressed so far as I could judge.

Turning from the fair women to the brave men, it was funny to observe the profusion of orders and decorations with which every other person was covered. There were the statesmen of world-wide reputation, the sages and lawgivers on whose accents the world hangs with enthusiasm, the generals of a hundred stricken fields in which the fate of empires has been decided,

whose names I cannot yet give you, because I have not ascertained them, but they must all be as eminent as Metternich or Talleyrand, Wellington or Blücher, Marshal Ney or King Murat, to judge from the trophies on their bosoms. Each manly chest, like the spacious firmament on high, was covered with stars innumerable. I am quite satisfied that they are all destined for immortality. As I before observed, there is something like constraint in the general atmosphere of one of the balls. The etiquette is perhaps more formal since the reaction after '48. I suppose it is thought necessary to effect thorough repairs in the divinity which hedges kings, the said hedge having had so many gaps made in it by irreverent poachers in latter days. So the good people all fall back, opening to the right and left, standing (not at ease) on both sides of the ball-room, when it is understood that their Majesties and the august family are approaching. After a little preliminary flourish and flutter, you hear two or three mysterious raps (something like your spiritual knockings, I suppose), and then enters the royal cortège, headed by an old chamberlain with a gold stick in his hand, the personage who, from his high rank or great services or his imposing bald head, is supposed to be the most "fit and desartless man" for court constable. After this Dogberry in high life come a few court cards, whose costumes look a deal like those of Tommy Crehore's after the pack has seen a little service. Then come their Majesties with the rest of the family, bowing to the right and left with great benignity, and making happy the "upturned, wondering looks" of the mortals who fell back to gaze on them. They pass, and the solemn hush is succeeded by a chatter of relief.

The ducks, who have been rolling their eyes as the thunder-storm was passing (as is their well-known nature), now begin to quack again and to waddle about and to expatiate generally, till another rap and another gathering cloud in the distance make all silent once more.

This is thought very good fun in Dresden and in many other places, and no doubt some amusement may be extracted from such scenes, but then you must have more inclination and more time to make acquaintances than I have. I work like a mule all day long, and I am therefore not equal to the fatigue of requesting introductions and making myself agreeable to the big-wigs. You will naturally ask why, having these dispositions or indispositions, we take the trouble to go out at all. My reasons are twain—one furnished by Lord Bacon, the other by some anonymous philosopher of almost equal wisdom. The sage of Verulam enumerates, among the things for a traveler to see and study, "the courts of kings and princes." As Mary has never been in Europe before, and as we could go through the kindness of Mr. Forbes with very little trouble, I thought it best that she should take the opportunity.

Your most affectionate son,

J. L. M.

Tell Uncle Edward that my next letter will be to him. I am ashamed that I have not written to him for so long, because I know it gives him pleasure, and I should like to give him all the amusement in my power. I have been so dull myself, and at the same time working so hard, that I have let a long time slip by without writing anything but my book, which will

be finished this week, that is to say, Part I., in three or four volumes, and all perhaps that will ever be written, unless its publication gives me encouragement to continue. Part I. is a complete whole in itself, therefore posterity will not be injured by a total stoppage.

Affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Dresden,  
June 30, 1853.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: We have, contrary to my expectations, been obliged once more to turn out at court. We have been marrying the Princess Vasa to the eldest son of Prince John, and heir eventually to the Saxon crown, or throne rather, for there is no crown. This young lady was, as you may have read in the papers, the object of Louis Napoleon's aspirations. The Princess Vasa is of a family which was sovereign for three centuries, having risen from obscurity in the early part of the sixteenth century, in the person of Gustavus Vasa, a man of great talents and very humble birth. This is but a brief pedigree to brag of, particularly as the be-all of the end-all is already arrived at, and it must be confessed that in any historical or philosophical sense the house of Bonaparte is more illustrious *per se*, according to the common notions of illustrations, than that of Vasa.

The Swedish family is, however, connected by numerous alliances with all the potentates of Europe, and is a recognized party to the family compact which unites all the Lord's anointed into a band of brethren and

sisters. The present marriage was one of affection, a rare thing among people in their line of life. Prince Albert, a fine, manly young man, fell in love with the young lady, a pretty, pleasing, gentle young damsel of eighteen. The reception in the town was early in the forenoon of the 18th of this month, by a cavalcade of burghers, peasants, and military. The streets were very prettily decorated, the houses being hung with garlands, and triumphal arches as smart as paint and gilding could make them, and the citizens all putting on their best attire and culling forth a holiday in the most approved fashion.

The nuptials were solemnized in the Catholic church. All persons who had been presented at court were invited to the wedding. It was also intimated that the ladies were to go in trains, and be presented to the bride afterward at a drawing-room to be held at the palace, between which and the church adjoining there is a gallery of communication. Mary had, however, already turned her train into a gown, and was not inclined to buy another, and you may suppose that I was most happy to escape the drawing-room. It was well known that many people would go to the marriage and to the ball a few days afterward without going to the presentation. We sent an excuse, therefore, like many others, and received tickets for the body of the church instead of the gallery, where the ladies in full dress were accommodated. In the nave below, the ladies, all much dressed, of course, but in morning costume, were arranged on one side, and the gentlemen, all in uniform, military, civil, or diplomatic, on the other. The day was fine, the hour about noon. The church is spacious but modern, and of no great beauty

of architecture or richness in decoration. The grand altar was a blaze of light. Numerous candles, glittering sacramental furniture, and the splendid robes of the priests made a very effective show, at the end of a long vista formed by a vast tulip-bed of gaily dressed ladies thickly planted in rows upon one side, and by a noble army of fine gentlemen, gorgeous as hollyhocks, on the other.

At the appointed moment, the bishop, with his miter on his head, his crozier in his hand, an effulgent gown of brocade embroidered with gold on his back, and a lackadaisical simper, intended to be a general benediction for the world at large, heretics excepted, upon his pumpkin face, set forth from the high altar, followed by a string of highly bedizened ecclesiastics. The procession passed close to me, as I was fortunate enough to have a place at the end of one of the benches or pews directly upon the principal nave. (Mary, on her side of the church, was equally fortunate.) The clerical procession went forth to the main door in order to meet the bridal party, which was now advancing through the gallery above, and which, though invisible to us, was sufficiently manifest in its effect upon the serried ranks of the ladies in the galleries. A general rustle and flutter of the whole throng, a simultaneous bending of feathered heads like the swaying of a field of ripe corn when the summer breeze passes over it (my similes seem to be very agricultural this morning), made it obvious that the glorious presence was revealing itself to them, although it was yet hidden to the upturned eyes of mortals who were gazing from below. Directly afterward the two streams mingled at the church door. The bishop received the royal party and

countermarched them all to the altar. So the whole procession advanced through the aisle for our gratification. First came the said bishop, his head bobbing from side to side, with an expression of "goneness." Then came the mob of ecclesiastics. They were followed by a long train of menials in brand-new clothes. The royal livery being a most intense yellow, this swarm of lackeys looked like a flock of gigantic canary-birds. After these came a troop of underlings in sky-blue habiliments, a set of officials occupying a middle position between servants and gentlemen, household divinities of one kind or another, ushers, inspectors, or what not. Then the grand dignitaries of the kingdom, in fullest fig, made their appearance, chief marshals, lord chamberlains, ministers of state, gold sticks and silver sticks, equeries and cup-bearers, all "fine" as Adam, Ralph, and Gregory.

Thus heralded came the king and queen, followed by the young and pretty bride, wearing a wreath of diamonds and orange-flowers on her head, and walking between her mother and her future father-in-law, Prince John. Her train was held up by her future sister-in-law, young Princess Sidonie, who is very good and very handsome. Her train, again, was held up by her lady of honor who came behind her. Various princesses and grand duchesses followed in like manner, all staggering under loads of diamonds and all strung together by their long satin tails. Then came the bridegroom with his friends and relations of the masculine gender, looking as little sheepish as could have been expected under such trying circumstances. In due time the party were arranged round the altar, the two sufferers got themselves comfortably on their



knees, and the ceremony began. The good bishop, thinking it necessary in compliment to his company to be "as tedious as a king," held forth at a most unmerciful length. But as all things come to an end, so did his exhortation, and at last the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry outside, with a magnificent *Te Deum* thundered forth by the organ within, announced to the world that the marriage was complete. Soon afterward the same procession again moved down the aisle, and up through the galleries into the palace. Those who had chosen to go to the drawing-room went up-stairs after them. The rest of us went home to dinner.

On the following evening there was a very general and effective illumination of the town. On the next evening there was an opera at the theater, to which no tickets were sold, all being distributed by the court. To this *théâtre paré*, as it is called, because everybody must go in full court dress, we received tickets, but could not go, as it was on Sunday. On the next was the court ball, at which we made our appearance, and which was a particularly brilliant one by reason of the numerous foreign princes and dignitaries who were present. Among these the observed of all observers was the Duke of Genoa, brother of the King of Sardinia. He is very handsome and picturesque in appearance, looking like a knight of old, such as Titian might have painted, having the chevalieresque air which befits a man who has fought well in the field for Italian nationality against Austrian tyranny, as becomes a son of Charles Albert, and a scion of a house which, almost alone in Europe, recognizes the possession of political liberty by its subjects.

I had hoped that Mary would have mustered up energy to send you a description of these fine doings. It would have been a topic which she would have described with much more vivacity and emotion. I am not good at these gauds. In truth, they weary me beyond measure, but I think Mary would have made a grand mistake not to have improved the opportunity of seeing what she could for once in a way of the humors of a court. This ceremony of a royal marriage, too (and a Catholic one), does not often turn up for outsiders, and she was very much pleased and interested. As for me, I am mackintoshed into impermeability, and such things all descend upon me and run off, leaving me as dry as ever.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

## CHAPTER VI

### PUBLICATION OF "THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC"

The Hague—Residence at Brussels—Mr. Motley's daughters—Letter to O. W. Holmes—Daily life at Brussels—Companions of past generations—The river Senne—The Archives—Literary silkworms—Rubens and his art—The Shakspeare of painting—Arrival in London—Mr. Forsyth—Preliminaries of publication—John Murray—English and American politics compared—Preparations for publication—Mr. Prescott—Frankfort—Basel—Visit to Herr von Bismarck—His character and career—His family life—Return to England—An English hotel—Florence—Theodore S. Fay—Paris under Louis Napoleon—Americans in Florence—Miss Alexander—Thomas Ball—Mr. Motley's constitutional melancholy—Description of Florence—Her brilliant past—Her achievements and her feuds—Her present condition—Publication of the "History of the Dutch Republic"—Mr. Prescott's praise of it—Criticisms in the English and in the American press—Sorrento—Letters about the "History" from T. S. Fay—O. W. Holmes—C. C. Felton—Letter to O. W. Holmes on his poem—Letters about the "History" from G. Bancroft and Washington Irving.

#### *To his Mother*

Brussels,  
November 20, 1853.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: The six weeks we passed at The Hague were pleasant for Mary and the children, and useful for me. The children were ducked in the

North Sea, and I was buried in the deep bosom of the Dutch Archives, much to the invigoration of all. The Hague is a mild, stagnant, elegant, drowsy, tranquil, clean, umbrageous little capital, smothered in foliage, buried in an ancient forest, with the downs thrown up by the North Sea surging all round it, and the ocean rolling beyond. We made a good many pleasant acquaintances at the tables d'hôte, where Susie was the observed of all observers. The hotel where we stayed had its dinner at 5 P. M., and as there were not many foreigners staying there, the company were principally of the natives and of the very best class. Many members of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate, ex-ambassadors, and cabinet ministers were constantly there, and all were exceedingly cordial, affable, and agreeable. A very warm attachment sprang up between Susie and an old gentleman named Donker Curtius, the Minister of Justice, who was exceedingly diverted with her talk and her comicalities at table.

Our chargé d'affaires there, Mr. Folsom, and his wife, were very polite to us. Mary drove out with them almost daily, and the children were all very intimate with each other, and got on very well together. Since we have been here they passed through the town, where they dined with us and spent the evening. They have now gone to Italy to spend the winter. Our friends the Forbeses, of whom you have heard us speak so often and with whom we have been intimate so long in Dresden, came here as much as anything to visit us, and have just terminated their stay here, having left for England by the way of Antwerp two or three days ago. We are now entirely alone, and we do

not wish to make any acquaintances. Of course I came here to study in the library and Archives. It is, however, as good a place as we could find for the children to learn French. Paris would be out of the question from its dearness, but we have found a most excellent little day-school, kept by a lady from Paris.

You asked me to tell you of the children when I wrote. To begin with Lily. She is improving very much in character and is much more willing to be gentle than she used to be. Mary is constitutionally irritable, but she is one of the most single-hearted and disinterested children that ever lived. She is always thinking of something to do for other people. She is singularly industrious; I never saw her a moment idle. She is, like her mother, very handy with her fingers, and is already very distinguished in rugs and crochets, or whatever you call them, and furnishes all her friends in parlor or kitchen with caps and pinafores. Moreover, she has long since constituted herself almoner-general of the establishment, and for years has always confiscated every piece of copper money that her mother or I may be in possession of for the benefit of the poor of the parish. And as the poor we have always with us, you may suppose that she has always recipients for her bounty. If her means were as large as her heart she would feed and clothe the whole continent. She often thinks and talks of home, and has a most tender remembrance of her dear grandpapa. I am sorry to say that she is about as feeble as ever. She is complaining, and has been for some days, of a pain in her side. Sometimes she has a cough. At the same time I don't believe but that she may

turn out right after all. I don't want to go to a doctor and have him tap her all over and hint suspicions of tubercles, for then we should never dare to look her in the face again, for fear of reading confirmation of his doubts. Moreover, I really believe that she will yet conquer a constitution for herself.

As for Susie, she is the light of our eyes and the sunshine of our lives; she is perfectly good, amiable, and gentle. Coming so recently from the hand of God, she has lost nothing yet of her innocence and happiness, and has all the freshness of daybreak still about her. I never saw such insolent happiness, as if she had been put into this prison-house for no other purpose but to sing and chatter all day long. She has brought a good phial full from the fountain of perpetual youth, and she means it to bubble and sparkle as long as possible.

Poor creature! she will find out soon enough that the world was not made for singing and laughing; but in the meantime she is happy. She speaks German quite as fluently and correctly as she does English. Of course she makes mistakes, as she does, and all children do, in whatever language they speak; but it is quite the same as her mother-tongue to her, and nothing can exceed the swiftness of her jabber in either language. She observed this morning at breakfast that "very few people had seen so much of the world as she had," and then began to enumerate the places she had visited, beginning with Dedham and ending with Brüssel, as she always calls Brussels.

Your affectionate son,  
J. L. M.

*To Dr. O. W. Holmes*

Brussels,

November 20, 1853.

MY DEAR HOLMES: Most certainly both Mary and myself felt deeply your kindness in writing to us, for although your letter was addressed to me personally, she assumes a joint and several character with regard to it in all respects except in the responsibility of responding; and if I could have merely taken up my pen (style of the earlier part of this century, in which you and I began to flourish) and acknowledged the kindness, and so rendered you my debtor instantly for another letter, you may be very sure that you would at this moment be writing to me your sixth or seventh. Honestly and most warmly I asseverate that my delay in answering was only because I felt unable to write anything that would be worth your reading. I was too conscientious to think that one sheet of paper with a postmark was equal to another sheet of paper with a postmark, and I hoped not to be forced, as I am at last, to tender a pound of lead in payment for a pound of gold. Do, however, be merciful; take your pen and write foursecore, as if I had really discharged the debt. If you knew how often we have read your letter, and how much pleasure it has given us, and how often Mary has been goading me into answering in the mere sordid expectation of getting a second, till at last even the incrustations of time and self-conscious stupidity have penetrated, you would, I am sure, be willing once more to write to us. You may be sure even if I have myself "no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary

man," that I am quite able to appreciate and to treasure yours.

I do not really know what to say to you. I am in a town which for aught I know may be very gay. I do not know a living soul in it. We have not a single acquaintance in the place, and we glory in the fact. There is something rather sublime in thus floating on a single spar in the wide sea of a populous, busy, fuming, fussy little world like this. At any rate, it is consonant to both our tastes. You may suppose, however, that I find it rather difficult to amuse my friends out of the incidents of so isolated an existence. Our life is as stagnant as a Dutch canal; not that I complain of it,—on the contrary, the canal may be richly freighted with merchandise, and be a short cut to the ocean of abundant and perpetual knowledge,—but at the same time few points rise above the level of so regular a life, to be worthy of your notice. You must therefore allow me to meander along through the meadows of commonplace. Do not expect anything in the impetuous and boiling style.

I do not know whether you ever were in Brussels. It is a striking, picturesque town, built up a steep promontory, the old part at the bottom, very dingy and moldy, the new part at the top, very showy and elegant. Nothing can be more exquisite in its way than the Grande Place, in the very heart of the city, surrounded with those toppling, zigzag, ten-storied buildings, bedizened all over with ornaments and emblems so peculiar to the Netherlands, with the brocaded Hôtel de Ville on one side, with its impossible spire, rising some three hundred and seventy feet into the air, and embroidered on the top with the delicacy of



needlework, sugarwork, spiderwork, or what you will. I haunt this place because it is my scene, my theater. Here were enacted so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, and even so many farces, which have been so familiar to me so long, that I have got to imagine myself invested with a kind of property in the place, and look at it as if it were merely the theater with the coulisses, machinery, drapery, etc., for representing scenes which have long since vanished, and which no more enter the minds of men and women who are actually moving across its pavements than if they had occurred in the moon. When I say that I know no soul in Brussels I am perhaps wrong. With the present generation I am not familiar. *En revanche*, the dead men of the place are my intimate friends. I am at home in any cemetery. With the fellows of the sixteenth century I am on the most familiar terms. Any ghost that ever flits by night across the moonlight square is at once hailed by me as a man and a brother. I call him by his Christian name at once.

When you come out of this place, however, which, as I said, is exactly in the heart of the town, the antique town in the modern setting, you may go either up or down. If you go down you will find yourself in the very nastiest and most dismal complications of lanes and culs-de-sac possible, a dark entanglement of gin-shops, beer-houses, and hovels, through which charming valley dribbles the river Senne (whence I suppose is derived senna)—the most nauseous little river in the world, which receives all the outpourings of all the drains and houses, and is then converted into beer for the inhabitants—all the way, breweries being directly upon its edge. If you go up the hill instead of down

you come to an arrangement of squares, palaces, and gardens, as trim and fashionable as you will find in Europe. Thus you see that our Cybele sits with her head crowned with very stately towers, and her feet in a tub of very dirty water.

My habits here for the present are very regular. I came here, having, as I thought, finished my work, or rather the first part (something like three or four volumes octavo), but I find so much original matter here, and so many emendations to make, that I am ready to despair. However, there is nothing for it but to Penelopeize, pull to pieces and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labors, nobody can say that I have not worked hard like a brute beast; but I do not care for the result. The labor is in itself its own reward and all I want. I go day after day to the Archives here (as I went all summer at The Hague), studying the old letters and documents of the sixteenth century. Here I remain among my fellow-worms, feeding on those musty mulberry-leaves of which we are afterward to spin our silk. How can you expect anything interesting from such a cocoon? It is, however, not without its amusement in a moldy sort of way, this reading of dead letters. It is something to read the real, bona-fide signs manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexander Farnese, Philip II., Cardinal Granvelle, and the rest of them. It gives a "realizing sense," as the Americans have it. However, you see how insensibly I fall into talking about myself, and yet no topic is more distasteful to me. I hate myself and am bored by myself, and I rarely commit the sin of egotism. Yet I feel as if it were in writing to so old and kind a friend as you, whose good

opinion I so highly value, and to whom I feel grateful for thinking that I am really industrious and capable of being useful—I feel, I say, bound to say something of my occupations, and feel that it would be affectation to be altogether silent on the subject. At the same time I am, in German slang, rather objective than subjective, and would rather entertain my friends with anything than with myself.

There are not many public resourees of amusement in this place if we wanted them, which we do not. I miss the Dresden gallery very much, and it makes me sad to think that I shall never look at the face of the Sistine Madonna again, that picture beyond all pictures in the world, in which the artist certainly did get to heaven and painted a face which man never saw on earth, so pathetic, so gentle, so passionless, so prophetic. “half of earth and half of heaven”—you see I cannot break myself of quoting you to your face. There are a few good Rubens here, but the great wealth of that master is in Antwerp. The great picture of the “Descent from the Cross” is free again, after having been two years in the repairing-room. It has come out again in very good condition. What a picture! It seems to me as if I had really stood at the cross, and seen Mary weeping on John’s shoulder, and Magdalen receiving the dead body of the Saviour in her arms. Never was the grand tragedy represented in so profound and dramatic a manner. For it is not only his color, in which this man so easily surpasses the world, but in his lifelike flesh-and-blood action, the tragic power of his composition. And is it not appalling to think of the large constitution of this man, when you reflect on the acres of canvas which he has covered?

How inspiriting to see with what muscular, masculine vigor this splendid Fleming rushed in and plucked up drowning Art by the locks, when it was sinking in the washy sea of such creatures as Luca Giordanos and Pietro Cortonas and the like! Well might Guido exclaim, "The fellow mixes blood with his colors!"

He is certainly the Shakspeare of painting. I did not say that originally: I wish I had. It is worthy to have been said by you. How providentially did the man come in and invoke living, breathing, moving men and women out of his canvas! Sometimes he is ranting and exaggerated, as are all men of great genius who wrestle with nature so boldly. No doubt his heroines are more expansively endowed than would be thought genteel in our country, where cryptograms are so much in fashion; nevertheless, with all his exaggerations there is always something very tremendous about him, and very often much that is sublime, pathetic, and moving. I defy any one of the average amount of imagination and sentiment to stand long before the "Descent from the Cross" without being moved more nearly to tears than he would care to acknowledge. As for color, his effects are as sure as those of the sun rising in a tropical landscape. There is something quite genial in the cheerful sense of his own omnipotence which always inspired him.

There are a few fine pictures of his here, and I go in sometimes of a raw, foggy morning merely to warm myself in the blaze of their beauty.

I have just read over your letter again, rather well thumbed by this time, in order to see whether there was anything especially requiring an answer. I find no interrogations, but you speak of Thackeray and his

lectures. Of course I know nothing of them, but I heard here that he was very much delighted *with you*—not the citizens of the U. S. A., but with O. W. H.

Mary sends you an infinite deal of the kindest remembrances. I wish you could come in and enliven our silent fireside (silent after the children have been got to bed) for one evening. My children are all very well and none the worse for their European experience.

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

Long's Hotel, New Bond Street, London,  
Monday morning, May 8, 1854.

MY DEAREST MARY: You see I have arrived at my destination safe and sound. I reached the hotel last night about 11 P. M. The journey was not fatiguing to me. The trains were not crowded, so that I was able to sit in a corner and read quietly all day. We got to Calais at about 2:30, I think. It blew pretty fresh, and there was a nasty, chopping sea, so that the deck was very wet. Almost every passenger was sick. I was not, but should have been much better if I had been. My head was so twisted about that it will take another four-and-twenty hours to put it straight again. If I had been turned inside out, I should have been all right to-day. Instead of which, I am sorry to tell you I am suffering from one of my worst headaches at this moment, so that I feel almost unable to write coherently. I knew you would wish to hear of my safe arrival, and as my first and last thought is you, I could not set about anything to-day till I had sent you a

line. I have a decentish kind of room here, and I think I shall stop. I was certainly very fortunate in the weather yesterday. The day was perfect for traveling—no rain nor dust, nor too much sun. There was no rain in crossing, so that I was able to go on deck the whole time. If I had gone into the hospital below, I don't believe I should have emerged alive. The groans which occasionally ascended seemed as from a Gehenna. The vessel shipped so many seas, however, that I was completely drenched; but as I never catch cold, you know, that was of no consequence. You will be sorry to hear that my greatcoat, which you think shabby, was almost entirely ruined with dust and salt water commingled, so that I bashfully requested the porter of this hotel this morning to accept it, and was afraid that he would answer that he did not like to deprive me of it. However, he thanked me and took it. I am afraid when he looks at it he will return it. My dear, dear Mary, I can't tell you how forlorn I am at being separated from you. It seems to me that I can't go along through the day without seeing you. I have become, I fear, altogether too dependent upon you. I hope that you will not be melancholy. My company is not very lively; but in the evenings it is better than nothing, perhaps. You have the dear children, however. I hate to think of them now. Dear little Susie, she looked so wild yesterday morning sitting up in bed half awake, wondering at my going. Kiss her twenty-one times for me, and give as many to my dear Lily and to my dear little Mary. I hope they will all be good children, and not give you any trouble while I am gone.

Ever thine,

J. L. M.

*To his Wife*

Long's Hotel, Bond Street,  
May 10, 1854.

MY DEAREST MARY: I wrote to you day before yesterday under the influence of a most ferocious headache, the natural consequence of my journey. That letter was all that I was capable of accomplishing that day. I called at the Sturgises' to-day, but all were out. Gardiner Hubbard and his wife are staying there. Gardiner called to-day upon me, but I was not at home. Yesterday I made an ineffectual attempt to see Mr. Forsyth. To-day I was more fortunate. I found him at his chambers in the Temple—a most intelligent, agreeable, gentlemanlike barrister, about my own age, I should guess. He was kind enough to look up for me all the English law of copyright as regards foreigners, and there is no doubt that the property of the American author is protected if he publishes *first*, by however small an interval, in England. We talked over the whole matter very thoroughly. He decidedly recommended my trying Murray first: gave me a note to him, with which, and with that from Dr. Thompson, I forthwith proceeded to the renowned publisher's door. Murray received me most civilly, and impressed me very agreeably. He seemed interested in my subject, and entertained the question of publishing as favorably as I could expect. When I went away, his porter accompanied me to my hotel, which is only one street from Albermarle Street, where Murray resides, took away the whole of the MS. in his bag, and it is at present in the publisher's possession. Murray is to give me

an answer in a fortnight at furthest. So, at any rate, I have made one step forward, and I don't see that I can take another. If Murray refuses it after all, there will not be time to offer it to another and to wait for the decision. Therefore I shall in that event try to make some arrangement to have it offered, and have the answer sent me by letter. If Murray declines, however, I shall doubt very much whether anybody will accept, because history is very much in his line, and as I have been particularly recommended to him, he would be more likely to treat with me than anybody else. I must therefore pause for a reply. Of course I shall let you know as soon as I hear from him.

Meantime Mr. Forsyth came to see me here to-day; invited me to dine next Monday; and is going to take me to the courts to-morrow, and to the House of Lords, before a committee of which he is to argue a case. In the evening I mean to go, if I can get a ticket, to the opera—"Don Giovanni," and Bosio as Zerlina. But it makes me so sad to think that you will not be at my side that it will destroy all my pleasure. I went at four o'clock to-day to the Noels'; found Mrs. Noel at home. She received me in such a warm-hearted, affectionate manner that I felt very much delighted. I called yesterday at the legation, and was introduced by Bigelow Lawrence to Mr. Buchanan. He has obviously no intention of returning my call, but he hoped I would call again. I shall probably omit "calling round," however. I went to-day to see Bigelow Lawrence's new wife. She is very pretty and pleasing. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Arthur Forbes called on me yesterday. I had called on him in the morning, found him out, but was fortunate enough to be at home



when he called. He is just like them all—frank, agreeable, kind-hearted. There, my dearest Mary, I have said all I have to say. The amount is meager enough. I am dreadfully homesick, and long to be in your arms. My dear children—it seems impossible for me to exist the rest of the month without them and you. To-day the weather has been fine but cold. Monday and Tuesday it poured pitilessly all the time.

Ever thine,  
J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

Long's Hotel, Bond Street,  
Wednesday morning, May 18, 1854.

MY DEAREST MARY: As it is three days since I wrote last, I am sitting down in my den before going down to the coffee-room for breakfast, in order to scratch you hurriedly a few lines, merely to say that I am very well, and to thank you for your dear letter, which I found upon the table the day before yesterday morning. I like Mr. Forsyth very much. He is a very good advocate. I heard him argue an appeal ease yesterday before the House of Lords, that is to say, before the lord chancellor, two ex-chancellors, and one or two other peers, sitting as a high court of appeal. He spoke very well, as did his colleagues in the ease, although they are sure to lose it. By the way, I had also an opportunity of hearing the lord chancellor, Lord Brougham, and Lord St. Leonards deliver judgment successively upon another ease, and that was about the most interesting thing I have seen in London.

Brougham is much flattered in "Punch," the actual physiognomy being much more quizzical, but his manner is impressive, and the old man has still much blood in him. The present chancellor, Lord Cranworth, is charming, presiding with most unaffected grace and suavity of manner, courteous, smiling, gentle, with a constant attention to everything said by the counsel, and making all his interlocutory observations in a most musical voice.

I dined on Sunday at the Sturgises'. She is certainly extremely handsome, must more so than she ever was. Mrs. Hubbard and Gardiner made a thousand most affectionate inquiries about you. After dinner Mr. Cabot's health was proposed by Sturgis. Yesterday, in Bond Street, I came plump upon Lord Wynford. He was passing, but half looked at me. When I accosted him and told him my name, he was extremely cordial, shook me warmly by both hands, hoped I could come to see him, etc., etc. We talked five or six minutes in the street, and separated affectionately. He made the most earnest inquiries after you, for whom, I am sure, he has a sincere liking.

Ever your own

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

. . . I went last Friday night and heard a long and dull debate in the House of Commons. Such speakers as Webster and Choate are not to be scared up in England just now. I don't say this in glorification of our free and enlightened republic. Don't sus-

pect me of too much patriotism. I have vastly more respect for the government of England than for our own; the nation I can't help considering governed by higher principles of action, by loftier motives. They at least try to reform abuses and admit their existence. We love our diseases, and cling to them as the only source of health and strength. When you look at America from a distance, you see that it is a great machine for constantly extending the growth of cotton and expanding the area of negro slavery. This is the real motive power of our whole political existence, and such a principle can only carry us over a precipice; yet all who lift their tongues and voices against the course, or who express their disgust at the hypocrisy of a nation prating of freedom when its whole aim is to perpetuate slavery, are esteemed mischievous and malignant. England is just now, with the most tremendous naval armament which ever existed in the world, engaging reluctantly in a war of duty to oppose the encroachments of the Eastern despotism; and we are playing the part of Russia in the West, and seizing the opportunity, while France and Great Britain are otherwise occupied, to pick a quarrel with Spain, and so steal Cuba and annex half a million more negroes. However, I don't see the use of my boring you with all these profound reflections. If the governor abuses me for want of patriotism, he ought to recollect that his patriotism took root and grew up when General Washington, Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, George Cabot, and others were the guiding spirits of the country. We are now in the epoch of . . . , and it is hard to revere such creatures, or the country which looks to them for guidance.

*To his Father*

Vevey,  
March 3, 1855.

MY DEAR FATHER: In answer to your P. S. to Susie's letter received yesterday, I would say that I am quite aware of the dictum of Lord Cranworth to which Mr. Prescott alluded. I am not able to take advantage of it, however, as the expense of going a second time to England would be more than the copyright is worth. I suppose the time of publication will be about Christmas, at which season I should be in Italy. To leave my family and go to England and return again would be very expensive, and hardly worth while to secure a copyright which I could not sell for £100. It may be very well for Mr. Prescott to do so, as he can sell his books for £1000 a volume or more. Please tell him, by the way, with my particular regards, that I have been upon the point of writing to him every day for the last four years; that I have not done so is because I cannot overcome my repugnance to writing and talking about myself, and I have nothing else to talk about, leading such a recluse and obscure existence. We had a perfect understanding about our respective plans before I went away. I remember that he thought that it might be better if we should arrange to publish at somewhat different times, as the works are a good deal upon the same subject. As this is a consideration, however, which only affects me, as my work can't interfere with the sale of his, I have never thought it a matter of great consequence, particularly as I don't know, and never shall know, when I ought to publish.

Now I am on the subject, however, I wish you would

add that my work (that is to say, the portion of it which is ready for publication) stops at the year 1584, with the death of the Prince of Orange. This was unavoidable, as it was quite impossible for me to speculate in more than three volumes at once; and although I have cut away at my MS. with a broadax in order to reduce it, I can't squeeze it into less. If I receive enough encouragement, which I don't expect, to finish this work, I shall write three more volumes, in order to bring my history down to the peace of Westphalia, 1648. Philip II., although he is, of course, the *deus ex machina* in much of my present work, is not my head devil, and he will have still less, and almost nothing, to do in the continuation.

I still mean to write to Mr. Prescott, but I thought I would send him this message through you, for I would not have him think me forgetful of the many acts of kindness and friendship which I have received at his hands, and it is possible that he might wish to hear my plans. With regard to my time of publication, I am inclined to leave that to you.<sup>1</sup> You, in the most generous manner, have constituted yourself my fellow-victim, and you shall choose the time of immolation. I suppose by the time this reaches you, or very soon afterward, the two copies of Volume I. will be received. I have already mentioned in my letter to Annie<sup>2</sup> all that I have to say thereanent. I should not like Mr. Cabot to see it till it is finished, because I know he would feel an interest in it, and it will seem so flat taken in piecemeal. The same principle applies to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Motley's first historic work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was published in 1856.

<sup>2</sup> His sister, Mrs. Alfred Rodman.

Uncle Edward. I should not like him to read it till he can do it all at once and make a job of it. At the same time it is, of course, quite at his service if he chooses to do so. I am afraid that he will be a good deal of the opinion of the old gentleman to whom Jedediah Cleishbotham showed the first series of the "Tales of my Landlord." The friendly critic informed the author, you know, that he had lately been reading a work which gave him no peace at all, that he had not been able, however desirous, to lay it down till he had read every line of it. On the other hand, he congratulated Jedediah that his work had no such defect, but that it was one which could be laid down at any moment with the utmost tranquillity. This would be rather a reason for the sage of Fort Hill<sup>1</sup> to begin upon the ponderous task at the earliest opportunity. At the same time I advise him not to do so. I shall write again before long, before it will be necessary to square our accounts, which won't be till the autumn, I suppose, when the job will have to be paid for. My love, and all our loves, to my dear mother, as well as yourself.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

Frankfort,

July 27, 1855.

MY DEAREST MARY: The waiters have brought me a tremendously large sheet of paper. but I am afraid that I shall hardly be able to fill it up in a very inter-

<sup>1</sup> His uncle, Edward Motley, a most kind friend.

esting manner. My journey to Basel, notwithstanding the rain, was pleasant enough. The road is not at all interesting, all the beauty being in the Münster Thal, in the other direction. My companion in the coupé was an old *épicier*, or something of the kind, from Berlin, who appeared to have been making the first journey of his life. He had been up the Rigi, the Wengern Alp, etc., and although he seemed about seventy-five, he assured me he had suffered no fatigue. He had no teeth, but, *en revanche*, had a bouquet of Alpine roses in his hatband. His artless prattle was very refreshing for a little while, but when he began to put the usual questions about my intentions, objects in life, occupations, etc., he became a bore, and I took refuge in a novel. . . . The journey to Basel only occupied ten hours, the last hour on the railway, so that you get to the hotel soon after five. . . . The next morning I started from the railway terminus (the railroad is finished to Basel) at 7:30, and reached Frankfort at 4:30. As soon as I was dressed I started for Bismarck's house, having previously learned that Keyserling,<sup>1</sup> to my great regret, had not arrived.

When I called, Bismarck was at dinner, so I left my card, and said I would come back in half an hour. As soon as my card had been carried to him (as I learned afterward) he sent a servant after me to the hotel, but I had gone another way. When I came back I was received with open arms. I can't express to you how cordially he received me.<sup>2</sup> If I had been his brother, instead of an old friend, he could not have shown more

<sup>1</sup> Count Hermann Keyserling, a fellow-student at Göttingen.

<sup>2</sup> It was the first time they had met since leaving the universities of Göttingen and Berlin.

warmth and affectionate delight in seeing me. I find I like him even better than I thought I did, and you know how high an opinion I always expressed of his talents and disposition. He is a man of very noble character and of very great powers of mind. The prominent place which he now occupies as a statesman sought *him*. He did not seek it, or any other office. The stand which he took in the Assembly from conviction, on the occasion of the outbreak of 1848, marked him at once to all parties as one of the leading characters of Prussia. Of course I don't now go into the rights and wrongs of the matter, but I listened with great interest, as you may suppose, to his detailed history of the revolutionary events of that year, and his share in them, which he narrated to me in a long conversation which we had last night. He wanted me to stay entirely in his house, but as he has his wife's father and mother with him, and as I saw that it was necessary to put up a bed in a room where there was none, I decidedly begged off. I breakfasted there this morning, and am to dine there, with a party, to-day. To-morrow, I suppose, I shall dine there *en famille*. I am only afraid that the landlord here will turn me into the streets for being such a poor *consommateur* for him, and all I can do is to order vast quantities of Selters water.

The principal change in Bismarck is that he has grown stouter, but, being over six feet, this is an improvement. His voice and manner are singularly unchanged. His wife I like very much indeed—very friendly, intelligent, and perfectly unaffected, and treats me like an old friend. In short, I can't better describe the couple than by saying that they are as





PRINCE VON BISMARCK.



unlike M. and Madame de — as it is possible to be.

In the summer of 1851 he told me that the minister, Manteuffel, asked him one day abruptly if he would accept the post of ambassador at Frankfort, to which (although the proposition was as unexpected a one to him as if I should hear by the next mail that I had been chosen governor of Massachusetts) he answered, after a moment's deliberation, yes, without another word. The king, the same day, sent for him, and asked him if he would accept the place, to which he made the same brief answer, "Ja." His Majesty expressed a little surprise that he made no inquiries or conditions, when Bismarek replied that anything which the king felt strong enough to propose to him, he felt strong enough to accept. I only write these details that you may have an idea of the man. Strict integrity and courage of character, a high sense of honor, a firm religious belief, united with remarkable talents, make up necessarily a combination which cannot be found any day in any court; and I have no doubt that he is destined to be prime minister, unless his obstinate truthfulness, which is apt to be a stumbling-block for politicians, stands in his way. . . .

Well, he accepted the post and wrote to his wife next day, who was preparing for a summer's residence in a small house they had taken on the sea-coast, that he could not come because he was already established in Frankfort as minister. The result, he said, was three days of tears on her part. He had previously been leading the life of a plain country squire with a moderate income, had never held any position in the government or in diplomacy, and had hardly ever been to

court. He went into the office with a holy horror of the mysterious nothings of diplomacy, but soon found how little there was in the whole "galimatias." Of course my politics are very different from his, although not so antipodal as you might suppose, but I can talk with him as frankly as I could with you, and I am glad of an opportunity of hearing the other side put by a man whose talents and character I esteem, and who so well knows *le dessous des cartes*. M. de Voh is here, but goes back to Vevey, I believe, to-morrow. Bismarck has invited him to dinner to-day. He is as surprised as I not to find Keyserling, and can't account for his absence. Good-by, my dearest Mary. I have got to the end of the sheet without saying a word about you and my darlings. . . .

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*To his Wife*

Frankfort,

Saturday, July 28, 1855.

I have just consented to wait here until Wednesday morning. . . . I sent the despatch from Bismarck's house, and I have just come back to write you this hurried line, as I must go back to dine with him at four. Madame de Bismarck begs me to convey the kindest messages on her part to you, and to say that she depends upon the pleasure of making your acquaintance here this autumn or the end of the summer, and I have promised that we will stop a day or two in Frankfort on our way to Paris. I am perfectly sure that you will like her—you could not help it. She is so amiable, gentle, and agreeable in every way that I feel as if we had been ten years acquainted. She and

her mother have both assured me over and over again that Bismarck was nearly out of his wits with delight when he saw my card. *I should certainly not say such a thing to anybody but you*, but you and I are not so overburdened with self-esteem but that we may afford to tell each other the truth in such matters, and it really gives me pleasure to know that a man of whom I think so highly has such a warm and sincere friendship for me. I am sure that you will like him, and I only regret that we can see so little or nothing of each other for the rest of our lives. There are three children—a little girl named Marie, as sweet as Susie, to whom I gave this morning a little locket in Susie's name, and told her that Susie would give her a lock of red hair to put in it when she saw her. She put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and trotted off in the greatest glee to show it to her grandpapa and grandmama.

I feel as much at home already as at Mr. Cabot's, and I should have almost as little fear of wearing out my welcome here as there. At the dinner yesterday were some strangers, Prussians—Count Roedern, brother of the Prussian minister in Dresden, and his wife and sister. M. de Veh was there, and as friendly and agreeable as ever. He is off this morning to Schwalbach, and to-morrow returns to Vevey. After dinner, Bismarck and his wife, myself, and a youthful attaché with the terrific name of Baron Schreckenstein, took a long ride on horseback in a beautiful forest on the other side of the Main, and on our return found M. de Veh and the father-in-law still deeply absorbed at the chess-table, where we had left them. At eleven o'clock we tried very hard to eat supper, but nobody succeeded very well, and at twelve I came home.

*To his Wife*

Frankfort,  
Monday, July 30, 1855.

. . . The Bismarcks are as kind as ever; nothing can be more frank and cordial than her manners. I am there all day long. It is one of those houses where every one does what one likes. The show apartments where they receive formal company are on the front of the house. Their living-rooms, however, are a salon and dining-room at the back, opening upon the garden. Here there are young and old, grandparents and children and dogs all at once, eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing, and pistol-firing (in the garden), all going on at the same time. It is one of those establishments where every earthly thing that can be eaten or drunk is offered you; porter, soda-water, small beer, champagne, Burgundy, or elaret are about all the time, and everybody is smoking the best Havana cigars every minute. Last night we went to the theater to see the first part of "Henry IV." The Falstaff was tolerable, the others very indifferent. By the way, I was glad to find that both Bismarck and his wife agree with me that Emil Devrient was a very second-rate actor. I must go out directly and buy a brooch for my dear little Mary. Little Bill, as the Bismarcks call their youngest boy of two years, was born on the same day, and I am going to buy him a trumpet. A thousand kisses to Lily, Mary, and Susie, and accept for yourself the fondest and deepest affection of

Your own  
J. L. M.

*To his Wife*

Long's Hotel,

Thursday morning, October 18, 1855.

MY DEAREST MARY: I write these few lines merely to tell you that I arrived *sain et sauf* in London yesterday forenoon at half-past ten. I crossed the Channel at three. The weather was very good, and the sea very smooth. The ladies on board were all desperately seasick, much to my astonishment, such demonstrations being entirely unauthorized by any of the circumstances. I stopped at Dover for the night, finding it very ridiculous to hurry up to London at midnight, as everybody in that metropolis was likely to get on very well without me till the following morning. The inn, the "Lord Warden Hotel," is one of the best in England. My washing-stand in itself was enough to inspire one with veneration for the whole British nation; two great water-jugs as big as those in the "Marriage at Cana," by Paolo Veronese, a wash-basin big enough to swim in, celestial slop-jars, heaps of clean towels, etc., and more water than was ever seen in one place in Paris, except in the *écoles de natation*, all made one feel very comfortable. A Frenchman would have been wretched, however, for there were not two clocks or even four mirrors in the chamber; but I solaced myself with the remembrance of the splendor I had left in Paris, and with the potentiality of being clean a few brief days in England. I am sorry, however, to say that I am not as well off here. I have a good enough bachelor chamber, but it looks like a hospital for invalided or incurable furniture. The bed is as wide as

Oxford Street, it is also quite as hard, the mattresses being evidently stuffed with paving-stones from that classic and stony-hearted stepmother. I stopped at Chapman's on my way up from the railroad, so commenced business sooner than if I had not slept at Dover, filled up the form of application for the copy-right, and, in short, did all that was necessary before coming to Long's. We have decided, of course, to defer actual publication till the other (American) edition is ready. . . .

Ever your own

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Florence,

November 18, 1855.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: We have arrived at the only stopping-place which we shall have for a long time to come, having taken lodgings for three months in a quiet house with the southern sun upon it. . . . You have been aware of our whereabouts by the letters which Mary has occasionally written, and by the notes which have been dropping between the governor and me from time to time. I can't omit this opportunity of expressing my deep gratitude to him for his most efficient and generous assistance in the matter of my "History." I am highly gratified with the pleasure which the work seems to have afforded to him, to you, to Uncle Edward, and other members of the family, and I beg you to thank Tom for the great trouble he has taken in regard to the matter. I fear very much, however, that the governor and the rest are doomed to much disappointment in regard to its success. It cannot



take in England, and, moreover, the war, Macaulay's new volumes, and Prescott's will entirely absorb the public attention. I am extremely gratified that Hillard has been so kind as to write an article upon the book. I think that the governor quoted his opinion as upon the whole favorable, and certainly nobody could be more competent to review it, or can write more brilliantly. I think something was said about his only having time to write a short article. I would rather he should take time and defer it to the April number, than not have ample room and verge enough allowed him. The book is so ponderous that it ought to sustain a weighty article. Of course the governor will pay heed to this suggestion, and so no more of this subject. We left Vevey, after more than a year's residence (very profitably employed for the children), toward the end of July. We passed some little time in Bern, at which place I left my family in charge of the Fays, in order to make a visit to an old university friend of mine, Baron Bismarck, with whom I was very intimate twenty years ago in Göttingen and Berlin, and who is now almost the most important statesman in Prussia.

During my absence Mary and the children have passed the time very agreeably in Bern, owing to the constant and unremitting attentions of Fay<sup>1</sup> (our minister to Switzerland) and his wife. I believe I have mentioned them often in my letters. If not, I will only say that he is almost the best man I ever knew, one who is never thoroughly happy unless he is conferring a favor upon some one else. You may judge of the pain which was caused to all of us, a few weeks afterward,

<sup>1</sup> Theodore S. Fay.

by our hearing at Interlaken of Mrs. Fay's death. Fay wrote to me repeatedly during her illness, and telegraphed to me at its melancholy termination, and I went immediately to Bern, and was with him till after the funeral. She was a very honest, frank, kind-hearted, devoted person, and is an irreparable loss to her husband and her only child. They came afterward to Interlaken for a little while. He bears the loss very well, being, fortunately for himself, the most believing and devout Christian I ever knew. I have not heard from him since we left Switzerland, but I shall write to him to-morrow.

Upon leaving Switzerland we passed a month in Paris. I don't like to say much about that episode in our history, because the immense fatigue and expense of passing four weeks in that place so entirely counterbalances all satisfaction which can be derived from it that I cannot speak upon the subject without injustice and exaggeration. At the same time, there is no doubt that the city itself is the most beautiful in the world. Most of the works of improvement going on there now are very extensive and expensive, and many of them have been carried on at a sacrifice of much that was striking and picturesque in ancient Paris. They are occasioning vast outlay, for which a heavy debt has been created, partly by the state, partly by the municipality, to defray the interest of which the taxes are rising daily. It is also very difficult for small tradesmen and mechanics to get houses and shops, all having been pulled down in many quarters to make room for lengthening lines of palaces and arcades, which yield no lodgings for poor devils. Yet it is the custom to say that Louis Napoleon is doing wonders in providing

work for the poor people. I suppose if the Massachusetts Legislature and the Boston city government should create a debt of forty million dollars in order to build a palace reaching from the old State House to Roxbury Line, for Governor Armstrong and his descendants to live in, and if they should create a further debt in order to knock down all the town between Park Street Church and Copp's Hill, and put up in the place of the demolished buildings a series of granite, eight-story palaces with continuous arcades, it would be considered an act of great wisdom and benevolence, considering the number of Irish hodmen and other laborers who would be sure to get employment; and yet this is pretty much what is going on in Paris.

After leaving Paris we took the train to Lyons, stopping one night in Dijon. At Lyons we found by appointment an Italian vetturino, with whom we had made many journeys in Switzerland, and who has four very good horses and a comfortable carriage. With him we went to Chambéry, over the Mont Cenis to Turin, and then by rail to Genoa, where we resumed our vetturino, and came with him to Florence; for a vetturino's horses are like "the pampered jades of Asia," which, according to ancient Pistol, cannot go but "forty miles a day." We found Frank Boott here, who had kindly saved us much trouble by looking over the vacant lodgings, so that our work was much simplified. . . . We spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Putnam last week. The Alexanders were there, and we saw a large quantity of Fanny Alexander's drawings, and I assure you they are really wonderful.<sup>1</sup> She draws entirely with pen and ink, composing out of

<sup>1</sup> Miss Alexander still lives at Florence.

her own imagination or from her recollection. But her facility and grace and purity of style are unequalled by any modern drawings which I ever saw. She has the good taste to form her artistic education in the school of the wonderful Quattro Centisti of Florence, the painters, I mean, of the fifteenth century, whose works have spread such a halo of glory around this city, and which heralded the extraordinary effulgence which was to illumine the world in the early part of the sixteenth century. In these Preraphaelite productions Florence is very rich. Miss Alexander has not tried her hand at painting yet, although she believes herself to have more feeling for color than for any other department of art. She draws outlines, human figures, Madonnas, peasant girls, saints in endless variety, and illustrates old Italian songs, of which she furnishes herself very pretty translations. She is a young person of unquestionable genius, and as simple and unaffected as she is clever. There is also a sculptor here named Thomas Ball, who came out here a year and a half ago, and who is now going home again. He has modeled a very admirable statuette of Washington Allston, and would like very much to have an order to execute it in marble. I wish you would go with the governor to see it when he arrives, which will be in spring or early summer. Ask Mr. Frank Gray to look at it. I should not have written you to-day, my dear mother, feeling that I have nothing to say which can possibly amuse you, had I not received a letter from Chapman yesterday, in which he says he is to publish my "History" forthwith.

Ever your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

*To his Uncle, Edward Motley*

Florence,  
December 13, 1855.

MY DEAR UNCLE EDWARD: I have been intending day after day and week after week to write to you. I am sorry that your last generous present of one hundred pounds arrived before I had written, because it looks almost now as if I proposed to make payment by a few sheets of note-paper, and I am afraid that even your indulgence would hardly consider my letters as cheap at such a price. I don't pretend to thank you for all your generosity. I have already told you that your constant kindness has made me a bankrupt in the means of repaying you even in words just now; I feel, as it were, overwhelmed by the liberality with which I have been treated both by you and the governor. I am sure I don't know how I should have extricated myself from my printing and publishing difficulties but for the timely and most generous assistance which I have received.

I wish I knew how I could make a letter interesting or amusing to you. The truth is that I am so oppressed by a constitutional melancholy, which grows upon me very rapidly, as to be almost incapable of making myself agreeable. You know how to sympathize with this frame of mind, and I should apologize to you for talking about my blue devils, when I know that you are yourself haunted, except that I thought by sending a swarm of them across the Atlantic they might have an encounter with the legions there, and mutually destroy each other.

Florence is thought in many respects to be the most beautiful town in Europe, yet I suppose few people ever look about them at first without astonishment that it should ever have attained such a reputation. The reason is that the city itself is but the central point of a vast periphery of palaces, villas, castles, and villages, which extend over the large basin of the Arno. The city itself is compact; the gates are narrow; the houses vast, massive, and somber, with fortress-like walls, narrow windows, and huge butting cornices; the churches heavy, stern, and gloomy. The territory in the midst of which the town has been standing one or two thousand years (to be precise) is singularly beautiful. The City of Flowers (for that is its fragrant appellation) is built upon a garden. A flat, verdant, luxuriant plain of three or four miles in width is encircled by a chain of gently flowing mountains; and if there ever were any little hills which "clapped their hands and skipped like lambs," according to the psalmist, these are the ones to do it. The character of the environs is as jocund as that of the city is somber. All the hills are sown broadcast with palaces and castellated mansions, monasteries and villages gleaming whitely through silvery forests of olives, luxuriant vines, and solemn cypresses. The town itself, with the towers and belfries in its center, is but the heart of the vast flower; the stamens and pistils and inner petals are here, while the beautiful and vast corolla unfolds itself far and wide as far as the eye can reach. To feel this, one has but to ascend any steeple of any height outside the town, and see how Florence is wrapped up and encircled by a series of little Florences.

The Arno is not much of a river in appearance, yel-

low and shallow and full of gravel-banks, yet it serves to keep green the velvet cushions upon which the luxurious city lies extended like Cleopatra on a couch. The river is, however, capable of much mischief, and in times past has produced inundations very like the deluge. Five hundred years ago the whole town was laid under water to the depth of ten feet. Since the canalization of the river to Leghorn, however, such pranks have become impossible; but even last year the whole country round was overflowed, and it was almost as bad this autumn. It is not used, I need not say, for purposes of navigation, and it would be quite impossible now for a city placed as this is to attain to a title of the commercial and political importance which it enjoyed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. If one subtracts from the list of articles of commerce such trifles as tea and coffee, sugar, tobacco, and cotton, which make up pretty much the whole bulk of the world's merchandise just now, one can understand how a city which from its position could take no part in such traffic could rise to eminence at a time when those necessities of life had not been invented. Before compasses, Capes of Good Hope and Horn, Californias and Hongkongs, came into fashion, it was easy for a few cities to monopolize the business of the world's little interchanges of commodities. Genoa had its factories in the Crimea and received the caravans from the North and East; Venice, its colonies in the Levant; and Florence, with its great banking houses and manufactories, its large capital, its sound metallic currency, its corn and oil, received the golden streams as they flowed from the urns of its sister cities, and conducted them northward through the marble

aqueduct of a few splendid cities in Germany and the Netherlands. All this is changed now.

Moreover, the trade and the enterprise of the city flourished only during its republican organization. I think the advocates of a democratic system had better rest their case on the achievements of two cities, Athens and Florence. I doubt if either, in the day of their greatness, were very comfortable places to live in, but there can be no question that the amount of intellectual vigor displayed by both at the epoch of their utmost turbulence was superior to anything ever heard of in history. The fierce rivalries and passions of Florence, the constant conflicts of mind with mind, man with man, and mass with mass, the never-ceasing human attrition, brought out intellectual electricity enough to make the whole world vibrate so long that its throbs are still distinctly felt and traceable to their cause; intellectual flame enough to light the torches of civilization over the earth after they had been extinguished in the Gothic deluge; intellectual names brilliant and numerous enough to people the whole firmament with immortal constellations. We are proud of Boston as the Athens of America, but we shall be prouder when she has produced, even with Portland and Newburyport to back her, such names as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Cimabue, Giotto, Arnolfo, Brunelleschi, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, and Galileo; and I only mention names such as rise spontaneously like spirits when the magic name of Florence is pronounced—names which have echoed for centuries everywhere in the world where the progress and the triumphs of the human intellect in the various fields of the arts and sciences are looked upon with



sympathy. Hundreds of other names might be mentioned, known not only to scholars but to the world at large; and it must be confessed that no satisfactory reason can be given for such splendid coruscations of genius around one single spot but the vivifying presence of political liberty.

The period of this liberty was a short one and a turbulent one. It was coincident, however, with the revival of letters and of civilization. It was in Italy that the spirit of municipal liberty first roused itself, after it had been crushed by Rome, and buried under Roman ruins by the brutal, blundering, but juvenile energies of the German races. Five centuries after the fall of the Western Empire—until nearly a thousand years from the birth of Christ—lasted the syncope, the comatose trance of Europe, and with her first struggles after awaking from her lethargy, the little, now almost forgotten republics of Amalfi and Naples became visible. Here the elements of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Saracen civilization are preserved and combined, and transferred to the more vigorous municipalities of Pisa and Florence. A couple of centuries of fighting between the emperors of Germany and the popes of Rome succeeded, during which the cities of Italy seek a shield against imperial oppression in the assistance of the church. Here was the fatal flaw by which the vase of Italian liberty was cracked when it was first molded. To go for liberty, human progress, intellectual development, and to expect these things by fighting under the banner of the church, was a delusion, to be sure, but it was a fiction which, like many other poetical fables, did good work. The Church party, the Guelfs, were in reality a phalanx of intellectual opposition to im-

perial and brutal dominion. Papal Rome, even while inventing the Inquisition and the mendicant orders, was the champion of cities against kaisers; and this is the principal good that the church has ever accomplished.

With the downfall of the Swabian dynasty, at the close of the thirteenth century, Florence, which has long had a republican but aristocratic organization, while alternatively resisting and acknowledging the sovereignty of the emperors, is strong enough to set up for itself. Thirty years the noble families of the place have been at feud, fighting like Kilkenny cats till nothing is left but their tails, calling themselves Guelfs and Ghibellines, but ranging themselves on one side or the other solely according to their relationship to one of two families which had been set by the ears in consequence of a young gentleman jilting a young lady whom he was to marry thirty or forty years previously. Thirty years of this kind of work have weakened the pugnacious capabilities of these families, and their result is that the tails as aforesaid—all that is left of this very quarrelsome species—are thrown out of the place altogether. It is a curious fact that not only were the nobles deprived of political power, entirely disfranchised, by the Florentine republic, when at this epoch it first “made the people,” as its early statutes express it, but it became a mode of punishment, and one often inflicted, to degrade individuals and families by making them noble. In a single year five or six hundred persons have been chastised for political offenses by seeing their names enrolled in the lists of the nobility; and this example was followed by the municipal authorities of other cities governed or controlled by Florence.

No doubt this was a stupid as well as a virulent proceeding. It kept an organized band of powerful, disaffected, and dangerous brigands ever ready to pounce upon the democratic city which had provoked their hatred and their vengeance, while it established in time a second class of nobility, an office-holding oligarchy of mere vulgar origin, without purer motives, by which the liberty of Florence was eventually overthrown. The duration of this liberty was, after all, wonderfully short. The democracy was established at the close of the thirteenth century, and at the beginning of the fifteenth the Medicean oligarchy had succeeded. By the middle of the sixteenth the Medici were made into grand dukes of Tuscany, and there is an end of Florence. That family died out before the middle of the eighteenth century; and as there happened to be a poor king going about at that time without a crown to his back—one Stanislaus Leszcynski, whose daughter had married the respectable Louis XV. of France—it was thought desirable to make him Duke of Lorraine. There being, however, a Duke of Lorraine, who objected to being unduked, he was pitchforked into Florence, much to his disgust, and was very much astonished afterward to find that the degrading step had ended in making him Emperor of Germany. Francis of Lorraine, Duke of Tuscany, married with the Empress Maria Theresa, and saw himself and family established on the throne of the Cæsars. Thus Tuscany is a sort of appanage for the younger sons of the Hapsburg family. One reigning grand duke has already succeeded to the imperial throne, and transferred the duchy to a younger son; and the present grand duke, who has reigned for many years, was natu-

rally set up in business again, after the general smash in 1848, by his powerful relations at Vienna.

Florence is, however, freed at present from the Austrian occupation, and things seem to go on peaceably. Provided a man does not talk politics or read the Bible, he gets on well enough. This would be somewhat of a deduction from the daily habits of New-Englanders, but the Tuscans have been so long having their skins taken off that they like it. Of the present aspect of the place, therefore, in a political point of view, I shall not discourse. Florence is a dead city—a splendid tortoise-shell, from which the living animal has long since disappeared. The shell will, however, be long an object of wonder. There is no town in the world of its size which contains such a profusion of works of art. There are three large galleries of pictures. All of them together would, perhaps, be equal to the gallery at Dresden, which singly, however, surpasses any one of them. The best gallery, that of the Pitti Palace, is exactly opposite our doors, so that it is easy for us to look at the finest pictures in the world from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., quite enough to satisfy any reasonable person. I shall not begin to you about pictures, however, because nothing could be more jejune than any description of masterpieces which I could send. A catalogue is an extremely convenient thing to have in one's pocket when in a gallery, but the dullest of literary performances would be a running commentary from me to you about pictures which you never saw and never intend to see. At the same time I feel sure that if you were here you would enjoy them as much as I do. Hillard has written the best book upon Italy which I have ever read. The charms of style and of word-painting can go no

further, and his pages have the effect of finely colored photographs of the scenes he has visited. It is so difficult to fix the fleeting impression produced in one's mental camera obscura by an object seen but for a moment that I quite wonder at his success. I have saved reading the book till on the spot, and am glad of having done so. At the same time it indisposes me to send home Italian descriptions. Nothing can be more scholarly and elegant than the whole expression of his book; and although I should occasionally dissent from some of his criticisms upon the old masters, yet I admire it, on the whole, very much. I shall say no more, because, as I have already had the pleasure of receiving a kind word of approval from him in a postscript to the governor's kind letter, you will think I am trying to get into the Mutual Admiration Society.

Perhaps you would like to know a little of prices, if I have not already bored you sufficiently by my historical and political disquisitions. Before you condemn me, however, for lengthiness on those topics, think what you have escaped. Florence, according to one of its oldest chroniclers, was built by the great-grandson of Noah, who came to Tuscany "to escape the confusion growing out of the tower of Babel." That being the case, it has probably grown up little by little to its present size, just as Calais did, according to the theory of Tristram Shandy; and I might have given you a much larger dose of history if I had taken up matters at the fountainhead, that is, at the deluge.

A good house, or lodging as large as a house, without furniture, and on a lease of two or three years, could be had for \$300 a year. Beef and bread, the two staves of life, are 10 and 5 cents a pound respectively. A

respectable turkey, such as would not be ashamed to see himself roasted on Thanksgiving day in Portland, costs 50 cents. A pair of fowls, 30 to 40 cents. A cauliflower as big as your head, 3 cents. Celery and such things, pretty much nothing at all. Groceries, however, are comparatively dear. Tea, coffee, and other colonials, as they call them, rather dearer than with us. Cotton is dearer; ladies' apparel dearer; men's clothing much cheaper. Lessons of all kinds (except first-rate musical instruction, which is \$1 a lesson) average about 30 cents an hour, whether for one or half a dozen pupils. You see that for a resident Florence is, as compared to Boston, fabulously cheap. A passing stranger gets no great advantage, however. I hope to be able to write you again very soon, if you have not had enough of this. Meantime Mary and the children desire to be most affectionately remembered to you.

Believe me, yours affectionately,

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

Florence,

April 1, 1856.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: We decided to pass the winter in Florence, principally because the children would have the benefits of instruction at a cheaper rate. We shall probably go from Rome to Naples early in May, and return by steamer either to Genoa, and thence over the Simplon, or direct to Marseilles, a voyage which I dread, and hope not to make. Our plans, however, are somewhat foggy. I have heard nothing from Chapman touching the sale of my book, and suppose that very

few copies have been sold.<sup>1</sup> It has been very favorably reviewed in the "Athenæum," the "Press," and some other papers, and Mr. Froude's article in the "Westminster Review" for April is uncommonly well written and extremely flattering. I have heard of nothing more, and if the edition is eventually sold, it must be a long time first. It takes a good time to read such a long work. We parted with Frank Boott and L—— with great regret. We have seen them constantly since our arrival here, and have passed much time very agreeably together. He has the same excellent and stirring qualities and truthful character which he always had, and she is a very interesting and intelligent child.

Your affectionate son,

J. L. M.

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*From Mr. W. H. Prescott*

Boston,

April 28, 1856.

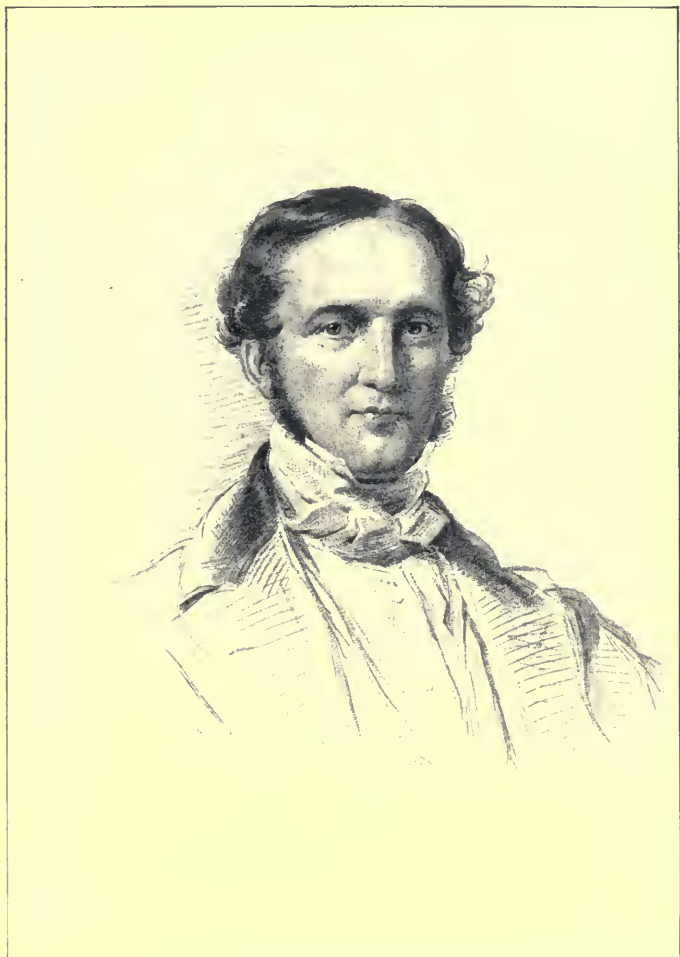
MY DEAR MOTLEY: I am much obliged to you for the copy of the "History of the Dutch Republic" which you have been so kind as to send me. A work of that kind is not to be run through in a few days, particularly by one who does his reading chiefly through his ears. I shall take my own time, therefore, for going thoroughly through the book, which I certainly shall do from beginning to end, notes inclusive. Meantime I have yielded to my impatience of seeing what sort of stuff it is made of by pitching here and there into various places, particularly those with which I am most familiar myself and which would be most likely to try

<sup>1</sup> Seventeen thousand copies were sold in England during the first year of publication.

your power as a writer. The result of a considerable amount of reading in this way has satisfied me that you have more than fulfilled the prediction which I had made respecting your labors to the public. Everywhere you seem to have gone into the subject with a scholar-like thoroughness of research, furnishing me on my own beaten track with a quantity of new facts and views, which I was not aware it could present to the reader. In one passage I remember, the sack of St.-Quentin, you give a variety of startling and very interesting particulars, and when I envied you the resources at your command for supplying them to you, I found they were all got from a number of the "Documentos Ineditos" which slept harmlessly on my shelves from my own unconsciousness that it contained anything germane to the matter. Your descriptions are everywhere graphic and picturesque. One familiar with your romances will not be surprised at your powers in this way. But yet, after all, the style for history is as different from what is required for romance as that of a great historical picture is from a scene-painting for a theater. You prove that you possess both. Your portraiture of character is vigorous and animated, full of characteristic touches, from a pencil that is dipped in the colors of the old masters.

You have laid it on Philip rather hard. Indeed, you have whittled him down to such an imperceptible point that there is hardly enough of him left to hang a newspaper paragraph on, much less five or six volumes of solid history as I propose to do. But then you make it up with your own hero, William of Orange, and I comfort myself with the reflection that you are looking through a pair of Dutch spectacles, after all. As to the





WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT



baekbone of the work, the unfolding of the great revolution, I am not in a condition to eriticize that, as no one can be who has not read the work carefully through. But I have conversed with several, not merely your personal friends, who have done so, and they bear emphatic testimony to the power you have exhibited in presenting the subject in an original and piquant way to the reader. Indeed, you have seen enough of criticism, probably, from the presses of this country and of England, to satisfy you that the book has made a strong impression upon the public mind and that it must be entirely successful. There is one little matter which I have heard quarreled with, and which I must say, I think, is a mistake, but which relates to the *form*, not the *fonds*, of the work—that is, the headings of the chapters, and the running titles of the pages. They are so contrived as to show the author's wit, but nothing of the contents of the book, and have the disadvantage of giving a romantic air, which is out of plae in history. But this sort of criticism, you may very well think, is like praising one for his intellectual, his moral, and all that, and then taking exception to the cut of his waistcoat. You have good reason to be pleased with the reception the book has had from the English press, considering that you had no one particularly to stand godfather to your bantling, but that it tumbled into the world almost without the aid of a midwife. Under these circumstances success is a great triumph. . . .

With my kindest regards to your wife, believe me, dear Motley,

Very sincerely yours,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

*To his Father*

Rome,  
May 13, 1856.

MY DEAR FATHER: I perceive that the Harpers have published the "Dutch Republic" at last. No doubt they are the correct judges of the correct time; but I must say that I should have liked to have had it published in time to allow a review in the April number of the "North American." You say nothing of this in your letter. Have you observed in one of Mary's letters a request to send a copy to Sam Hooper and to E. P. Whipple? The latter is one of the most brilliant writers in the country, as well as one of the most experienced reviewers. I am glad you received the "Press." Some of the papers have been decidedly disagreeable; a weekly called the "Saturday Review," and the "Literary Gazette," for example. The "Examiner," too, is very censorious as well as patronizing. The warmest article is in a weekly called the "Nonconformist," date April 30, and if Chapman has not sent it to you or to Harper, I wish you would send for it, as it would be desirable to have it republished. I don't know who the editor of the paper is, nor the author of the article. The Forbesees also sent me a very flattering notice of the book from the Edinburgh paper, the "Scotsman." On the whole, it has been treated as well as an unknown production could expect in England, where success belongs to those only who have already succeeded. I have heard nothing from Chapman since the book was published, but I feel sure from the silence that very few copies have been sold. I shall be surprised if a hundred copies are sold at the end of

a year. I directed that a copy should be sent to Mr. Bates with your regards. I suppose you have retained the list of persons to whom I wished copies sent. One person in particular I beg may receive one, if he has not already done so, Thomas G. Bradford. Have the kindness when you next write to look over this letter, and answer these various matters propounded. I repeat that the greatest satisfaction which I have derived from the writing of the "History" is the pleasure and occupation which it has given you, and were it not such a very expensive matter to both our pockets, I should like nothing better than to write another immediately; but I think it safer to pause upon the road to ruin.

I remain yours affectionately,

J. L. M.

P. S. I am glad you sent a copy to Mr. Deblois. My regards to him as well as to his "guide, philosopher, and friend," the sage of Fort Hill.

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*To his Father*

Castellammare, near Naples,  
June 6, 1856.

MY DEAR FATHER: I repeat what I have more than once said already, that the principal pleasure I have received in publishing my "History" is the great satisfaction which you and my dear mother have derived from it, and the warm expressions of sympathy which I have met with from my friends. I always knew that

Mr. Cabot and William Amory were my friends, but I confess that I had not expected even from them such enthusiastic approbation, the echo of which from beyond the Atlantic has touched Mary and me most deeply. I shall be most grateful to them as long as I live. I was, of course, much pleased with Tom's last letter containing a copy of that article from "Harper's." I ascribe the necessity of printing the second edition to Cabot's and Amory's tremendous cornering operations in the first. I have received Mr. Prescott's very kind and hearty letter, and will answer it at my first moment of leisure. Mr. Ticknor's I cannot answer because he is already in Europe. Please to thank Hillard most warmly for his article in the "Courier." I could not be otherwise than extremely grateful to be made the subject of such very high and elegantly expressed commendation, although I feel at the same time that I am far from deserving such praise. Will you take an opportunity to present my compliments to the editors of the Boston "Post," and thank them sincerely for the handsome and very flattering, friendly manner in which they have noticed my labors? I feel very sensibly any commendation coming from my native place, now that I have been so long resident in foreign lands. Don't forget, too, to give my regards to Epes Sargent, and to thank him for the warm and friendly interest which, according to the extracts sent me, he has manifested so constantly in the work.

By the way, will you tell me what arrangement has been made about the "North American Review"? I suppose, as a matter of course, that Hillard has not written two reviews of the book; but I should be very sorry to lose a regular article in the "North American Re-

view," to which I think the book is fairly entitled, and it would be a pity to leave it to the chance merey of the editor, whom I don't know and who may be unfriendly. I read the article in the "Tribune," and was satisfied with it. It is curious that everybody who has censured me severely either in England or America has attacked the headings of the chapters, and it would be amusing if my letters to Chapman could be found and printed, to see how vigorously I remonstrated against, and how reluctantly I consented to making, this kind of titles, thinking the summary at the head of each chapter quite sufficient. If I had the opportunity, which I have not at present, of making alterations, perhaps I should do so on this point, although it looks rather sneaking to back out in consequence of criticism.

We made a very pleasant excursion to Sorrento yesterday. An old friend of mine, Baron Canitz, who is Prussian minister here, and whom I knew twenty years ago in Germany, has been extremely cordial. He came down here with his secretary of legation yesterday, and we all went together. He invited me to dine to-day with him, with the Prince of Saxe-Meiningen and a dozen bigwigs of the *corps diplomatique*; but the weather is too warm for such efforts on my part, and I insisted on declining. I shall write as soon as we have crossed the Simplon, and Mary will probably write next week from Genoa. Meantime, with the best love of all of us to my dear mother and yourself, and with kindest remembrances to every member of the family, never forgetting Uncle Edward, of whose health I wish you would give me a little better account, I remain

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

*From Mr. Theodore Fay*

United States Legation, Bern,  
June 18, 1856.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I am afraid to tell you what I think of your "History." It is one of the finest I ever read. You need be under no apprehension. It is destined to immortality. It is a noble painting largely done, the delineations of character not only by a master hand, but from a heart that sees right through the souls of men and means to speak the truth. I do not know that there could be found a period of grander interest, or a historian more able to represent it with all the force of truth. The drama is opened and conducted with superior power. The figures rise upon the mind in fearfully vivid colors, but without exaggeration. There is a rare union of simplicity and strength, of poetry and truth. The style is limpid, forcible, unaffected, and eloquent; many of the descriptions eminently beautiful, as, for instance, that of the cathedrals. The author has received from nature a high historic power, and the marks of conscientious study and reflection are felt in all the details. No library will be complete without your work. I congratulate you upon what must prove a complete success, and I only hope all men may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the meaning of such a character as Philip Egmont and the grand and noble William of Orange. For my part, I shall consider forwarding your manuscript as one of the honorable distinctions of my life. It was a higher act than you supposed, for I did not suspect how proud I should be of it. We are well.



My daughter, who is my reader, as my beloved wife would have been, owes her first ideas of history to your pen, and joins in all my praise and kind regards to you and yours.

As ever your friend,

THEO. S. FAY.

*From Dr. O. W. Holmes*

September 23, 1856.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I welcome you and all yours back to your country and your friends, among whom I know you count me as not the newest or the least attached. I should have been to see you before this, but for reasons of little consequence in themselves, but just enough to keep me at home for some days, and perhaps for the rest of this week. There are many things I should love to talk over with you, but chiefly your own labors and experiences in the pursuit of your noble object, the fruit of which it is not too much to say is spoken of everywhere among us with admiration rather than common praise. Your wife and children, too—have I not known one from girlhood, and the others from infancy, and shall I not have a prattle with them as soon as may be?

So you expect my bodily presence shortly for an hour's talk—this week if I can, but next week whether I can or cannot. Until then, and always thenceforth,

Believe me, truthfully yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

From the same old habitat, 8 Montgomery Place, September 23.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Motley passed the winter of 1856–57 in Boston.

*From O. W. Holmes*

8 Montgomery Place,  
January 9, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: I promised you a glass of wine one day, and you must let me redeem my promise by sending you these half a dozen bottles. They are marked in Judge Jackson's catalogue, "Essex Madeira, bought and imported through Mr. Isaac P. Davis in 1818," and have been commonly called "Essex Junior." Mr. Parker (of P. & Codman) says the wine is well thought of, and I remember Mr. Isaac P. wanted to purchase all the judge had in his cellar at one time. But good or bad, there is a bouquet of old friendship under every cork, and to borrow the words of a poet of the nineteenth century, an admirer of your genius, and a near relation in the ascending line of the youth who brings you the friendly tribute (or would have brought it if not too heavy) —

It is not the sunset that glows in the wine,  
But the smile that beams over it makes it divine.

Don't answer this note, but nod your acknowledgments over the next glass of wine we drink together.

Yours faithfully,

O. W. HOLMES.

P. S. Washington Irving<sup>1</sup> says "reliable," and Worcester credits the word to Sir Robert Peel.

<sup>1</sup> Life of Washington, ii. 240.

*From Mr. C. C. Felton*

Cambridge,

April 17, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: Some days ago I received a copy of your "Dutch Republic," which you have the great kindness to send me. I assure you there are few things which could have given me so much gratification. Instead of acknowledging your kindness immediately, I sat down to read the book, and have occupied myself with it all my leisure moments since. Fast-day was thus converted into a most delightful feast-day, and I am still under the magician's spell. It so happens that I have before only had time to read here and there a chapter—enough to form an idea of its characteristic merits. I had intended to take it up in the summer vacation and study it carefully; but, having it on my table, I cannot resist the temptation nor postpone the gratification so long.

I congratulate you very sincerely on your good fortune in having added a permanent and precious contribution to the historical literature of our age. I consider him the happiest of mankind who, having a taste for letters and the genius requisite to accomplish great work, is so favored by his outward fortunes that he can follow his tastes and give free scope to his genius. This happiness you have, and you have shown yourself to be worthy of it by the great achievement you have accomplished with the freshness of glowing and vigorous early manhood still upon your spirit.

May your future career in letters correspond to the auspices of the present, and may I live to refresh my

mind, wearied with daily labors, by many a brilliant page of picturesque eloquence, sustained by love of truth and ethical justice, fearlessly and forcibly expressed, from you.

Ever, my dear Motley, your obliged friend,  
C. C. FELTON.

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*To Dr. O. W. Holmes*

18 Boylston Place,  
May 3, 1857.

MY DEAR HOLMES: I do not believe that my affection for you has led me astray while endeavoring to form an impartial judgment upon your poem. I have read it a great many times, and I have admired it more at each successive reading. Each of the episodes has freshness, strength, and beauty, and the whole fabric is simple and noble. What gives me particular pleasure is that, the more lofty the strain, the better and grander becomes the poetry. The episode of the young Roman is handled with much classic elegance, as well as with great tenderness and truth. The best portion, however, is that which embodies the mother's secret. The pictures are finished with an artistic delicacy of touch and a piety of feeling which remind me of the Florentine painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Webster photograph is bold, shadowy, and imposing, but would probably elicit more hearty applause from a public audience than from some of us who have perhaps pondered too much the unheroic



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



and the unpoetical elements which constituted so much of that golden-headed and clay-footed image.

The same remark I should be inclined to make upon the fraudulent banker. You have painted a very vigorous picture, but there is something in the details which is too inharmonious with the ideal. I suppose that you will not agree with me, and very likely it is some narrowness on my part, or over-squeamishness, but the particulars of a modern dinner-party will refuse to make poetry to my imagination. The more lifelike they are (and nothing can be more vivid than your sketch), the more does my mind rebel at them. At the same time, I beg you to believe that I feel as warmly as any one can do the genial glow of the atmosphere, and the genuine ring of the verse, even in the passages which I put below the other parts of the poem in comparison. Indeed, the description of the ruined home on Apple Island is almost the best thing in the poem. I have taken the liberty to say exactly what I think, because, although you may not accept my criticisms, I am sure you will accept the spirit in which they are written. If I thought that you had said your *dernier mot*, and that you were not likely in future to excel yourself, I should then, as one of your warmest admirers as well as one of your oldest friends, have poured out for you, what Miss Edgeworth says will alone satisfy an author, "large draughts of unqualified praise." I could have done that, too, with a clear conscience. But as I believe you to have it in you to write a great poem, and as I consider everything which you have hitherto written only as stray nuggets, golden pledges of the unfathomed and unsunned ore below, I am the more inclined to be critical.

As I said before, the leftiest passages in this, as in your other poems, are much the best. One of your tendencies, not a bad one if properly understood by you, is to rise above your subject. Therefore, if you will select a grand, earnest, heroic theme, and put your whole soul and strength into it, I believe that you can accomplish what has not yet been done in this country. You have strength of mind enough to rise to the highest imaginative regions, and to sustain a long and measured flight therein. You have at your absolute command the difficult but noble measure which will always ring in our ears with the true heroic clang until Dryden and Pope are forgotten. But you cannot do what I wish you to do except upon two conditions: one, devotion of your faculties and of your time to the one great object; the other, cotton-wooling your ears absolutely to all hand-clapping and greasy mob applause of mercantile lecture-rooms. Discard from your verse every word and every thought that has not the ring of the pure metal. To the *morally* pure and noble there is no need of my exhorting you. To that you are always instinctively and unerringly true. To the intellectually beautiful and sublime you are equally loyal. I have marked with parallel lines (as Channing used to do our themes) the passages which please me most. You will see that I have marked a very large part of the poem. I have also ventured several criticisms, generally verbal ones, on the margin. Do not be vexed with me if you think them stupid, and reject or accept just as many of them as you think proper. Meantime, I remain, as ever,

Sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.



*From Mr. George Bancroft*

Newport, R. I.,  
July 14, 1857.

MY DEAR MOTLEY: You can make me but one compensation for having missed your visit in New York. Come down and pass a day, or two days, or three or more, as your time may warrant. Come next Friday in the morning train and boat; you will be here at eleven. On Thursday I may possibly run up to hear Mr. Everett, though I doubt. Next week I may go to New York to work, for work here is impossible.

Yours of the 9th I received yesterday morning. I shall value very highly, I assure you, the copy of your "History" from its author. You send it at least to a house where it is valued. Mrs. Bancroft has read every word of Harper's three volumes, and was among the earliest to take her place as one who does full justice to the work; and of course my self-love is pleased with this, for you may suppose I have trained her to good judgment on such matters. Indeed, there is but one opinion on what you have achieved. My friend Ripley, whose judgment in this case was unbiased by personal friendship or acquaintance, and whose judgment under such circumstances I think the best of any one in New York, has always in private conversation and in public given you a tribute you deserve, and, I believe, thinks in his heart that you have excelled us all.

But come on Friday in the morning train and stay as long as you can, and we will talk of all sorts of things before you put an ocean between us.

Ever yours,

GEO. BANCROFT.

*From Mr. Washington Irving*

Sunnyside,  
July 17, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: Mr. Cogswell apprises me of his having received at the Astor Library a copy of your work which you have done me the honor to send to his care for me.

A short time since, on reading the first volume of your "History," I was so much struck by its merit that I was on the point of writing to you to express my admiration of this great literary achievement, and my delight at such a noble accession to our national literature; but I checked the impulse, lest it should be deemed an intrusive assumption on my part. You may judge, therefore, how sincerely and deeply I appreciate the proof you give me of your favorable consideration. I am now on the third volume of your "History," reading it with unflagging interest and increasing deference for its author. The minute and unwearied research, the scrupulous fidelity and impartial justice with which you execute your task, prove to me that you are properly sensible of the high calling of the American press—that rising tribunal before which the whole world is to be summoned, its history to be revised and rewritten, and the judgment of past ages to be canceled or confirmed. I am happy to learn that you are about to return to the field of your labors,—an ample field it is,—and the three teeming volumes you have so suddenly laid before the public show how well you know where to put in your sickle.

With warmest wishes for your continued success, I am, my dear sir,

Most truly your obliged friend and servant.

J. L. Motley, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

## CHAPTER VII

BRUSSELS—AT WORK ON THE “UNITED NETHERLANDS”

Letter to O. W. Holmes—Access to the State Paper Office—Nice in December—Work on the “History of the United Netherlands”—At Brussels and in Holland—M. Gachard—M. Groen van Prinsterer—Reception of the “Dutch Republic” in Holland—Dutch society—The Hague—Work at the Archives in Brussels, and in Paris—Visit to the Bismarcks—Frankfort.

*To Dr. O. W. Holmes*

Walton-on-Thames,

September 16, 1857.

MY DEAR WENDELL: This is not a letter, not even an apology for one. I only wish to say to you that I intend to write very soon, and that I hope to hear from you as often as you can overcome your avaricious tendencies. I am myself excessively miserly at this moment, for I am almost distraught at the circumlocutions and circumvolutions of London. To try to do anything in a hurry here is to “hew down oaks with rushes.” Sisyphus with his rock was an idle, loafing individual compared to the martyr who is doomed to work up the precipice of English routine. I have been in London a month, and my rock has just come down upon my toes for the fourth or fifth time. I have not yet got into the State Paper Office, where I expected to have effected my en-

trance after the first day or two succeeding my arrival. I thought to have done a great deal of work there by this time. But the American minister, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of the Interior, and the Master of the Rolls (who, by the way, is not a baker, as Lowell would probably suggest), and various other dignitaries have all to be made aware (in a Piekwickian sense) that an insignificant individual like myself is desirous of reading some musty and forgotten old letters which not one of them could read, or would wish to if they could. A friend of mine once went into a soda-water shop in Boston on a very hot day, and was told by an elderly individual behind the counter that his son John, proprietor of the establishment, had gone to Portland, but that upon his return he would undoubtedly be very happy to prepare him a glass. This is exactly my case. The Earl of Clarendon is absent with the queen at Balmoral. Panizzi of the British Museum is in Turin. Dallas is at the Isle of Wight, and others are hiding themselves in other corners or pretending to be absent, even if actually here, because in September it is disreputable to be in London. No moral or religious person therefore would acknowledge himself to be here. When these illustrious personages all get back, they will unite to prepare my glass of soda-water. By that time I shall be in Paris. I have also had time during the last two or three weeks to go over a mass of MSS. in the British Museum. *Mais il faut casser des œufs pour faire une omelette.*

Routledge tells me that your poems (particularly "The Punch Bowl") are familiar to everybody in England. I have been a recluse till now. We are at pres-

ent staying at this magnificent place, Mount Felix, near Walton-on-Thames, enjoying the princely hospitality of our friends, Russell Sturgis and his wife. I wish you were here, too. Remember me kindly to Lowell and Agassiz and Felton, Longfellow, Tom Appleton, and all the members of our club, which I hope you have regularly joined by this time. My wife joins me in warmest remembrances to you and your wife and children. I am provoked that I have been writing all about myself. I shall write to you ere long again, and will not use this horrible paper. *Nec tenui penna* is a good motto, but *Nec tenui charta* shall henceforth be mine. Do write me occasionally, if only a single sheet of note-paper, and pardon the detestable stupidity of this.

Ever most sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

An English admirer of yours, Mr. Synge, attaché in her Majesty's Foreign Office, who is staying in this house and who has heard much in your praise from Thackeray, asks to send you his respects.

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*To his Mother*

Nice,

December 13, 1857.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: Mary and Susie were charmed with your letters to them, and with your account of your Riverdale wedding festivities. I tell them I hope you will celebrate your one-hundredth jubilee in the same way and place, although I suppose it is rather a longer

prospect than any of us would care to look forward to just at present. As I have never been in the tropics, I cannot get used to this constant flood of warm sunshine, cloudless and almost oppressive day after day, in what certainly are not generally considered the genial last weeks of the year. We have been here about six weeks, and there have been but two or three cloudy days, and those were warm, rainy ones, all the rest as warm and as fine as our best days in early October—warmer than those, because there is always a hump of ice stirred in at night into the American Indian summer. Here we have had no signs of frost as yet; green pease are about as cheap as in July in Boston, and red roses are as plenty out of doors at Christmas as red noses are in Winter Street at the same season. The consequence of this satisfactory condition of the atmosphere is that Lily is almost growing fat. She has improved during six weeks more than we had dared to hope, though I am sorry to say her condition is far from being completely satisfactory. She is still languid, and unable to take much exercise, but she can breathe the fresh air and sunshine all day long by merely opening the window and going out on the balcony.

Nice is in itself an insignificant little town, with about forty thousand inhabitants. The chief productions of the place, as the school geography would say, are oil, perfumery, and beggars, the latter article being rather too strong a combination of the two first. It is placed along a crescent-shaped bay, formed by beautifully and boldly outlined mountainous headlands, with a little lighthouse at the tip of each horn, and with a background of high, solid, warm rocks, with

orange and olive groves crammed into all the interstices. It unfolds itself to the sunny Mediterranean on the south, and shelters itself under the mountains from the north wind. For these reasons it has, perhaps, the best and brightest climate in Italy. Our apartment fronts the sea, having as bold a marine view as the Nahant hotel. The murmurs of the tideless ocean upon the shingly beach are never silent under our balcony, the profiles of the mountains which encircle the place are always seen through a golden and purple haze which is peculiar to Italy, and the windows on the opposite side look over whole acres of orange orchards, just now golden with fruit and fragrant with blossoms, in addition to which three miles of shirts and chemises can be seen drying any day upon the beach in front, gracefully fluttering and displaying their raggedness along the whole sinuosity of the bay.

You must not suppose that I am idle. I certainly should not have chosen Nice for a family residence, except on Lily's account. Nevertheless, being here, I can occupy myself for a long time with several hundredweight of books, which I have brought with me, and which I must devour and turn into chyle before I can do much in the way of writing. My time in London was not lost for a single day, and I have now two persons employed there in copying for me, according to my mapping out when personally in the State Paper Office and British Museum. I was also hard at work in the Archives in Paris during the few weeks that we were there. I have, however, much to do in the subterranean way in Brussels, The Hague, London, and Paris. I do not write at all as yet, but am diving deep and staying under very long, but hoping not to come

up too dry. My task is a very large and hard one. My canvas is very broad, and the massing and the composition of the picture will give me more trouble than the more compact one which I have already painted. Then I have not got a grand central heroic figure, like William the Silent, to give unity and flesh-and-blood interest to the scene. The history will, I fear, be duller and less dramatic than the other. Nevertheless, there are many grand events and striking characters, if I can do justice to them. If I could write half a dozen volumes, with a cheerful confidence that people would read them as easily as I write them, my task would be a comparatively easy one. But I do not know where all the books are to go that are written nowadays. And then my publishers have failed, and Heaven knows what may be the condition of the market when I take my next pigs there. In short, I cannot write at all except by entirely forgetting for the time that there is such a thing as printing and publishing.

Nice, I am very much disappointed to say, is very dear, being a kind of watering-place, where the six lean months of winter are made to swallow the six fat ones of summer. If you should stay a year, and get the fat and lean both, the average would be respectably low.

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*To his Wife*

Hôtel du Rhin, Paris,  
January 15, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: I wrote you a brief note from Marseilles just before leaving that place for Paris. I made the journey comfortably enough, getting about



as much sleep out of the coupé of the railroad as I usually do out of a bedstead, arrived here about seven o'clock of a dismal, sloppy morning, and installed in a garret on the courtyard of the inside house. When I got home I found that old —— had been looking for me and wished much to see me before I departed. So I went to the Hôtel du Louvre and found him. Mrs. —— was of course on hand, mending her stockings, and the children were bivouacking as usual upon the floor and skirmishing about the room. She informed me that the atmosphere of Nice was very cold and foggy; which statement was so very like that respecting the Correggio in the Manchester Exhibition that I could only bow meekly in deference to her superior wisdom. Poor —— seemed more oppressed by her than ever. We got into a corner, and I tried to make him forget his misery. But Mrs. —— was constantly hovering over us like a vulture, and at last pounced upon him bodily, insisted on discussing the point whether she might go and make her visits in a fiacre with one horse, or whether she ought to have two. She then screwed herself up to asking me to dinner, and looked radiant when I told her I was engaged. I did not tell her I never dined in the dark, and as there is a very brilliant row of gas-lights in the street opposite their windows, I suppose they never indulge in candles.

I think I have chronicled small beer enough for you for the present. I leave to-morrow morning at eight for Brussels. I have not yet heard from Van de Weyer, but I have written to him to send his letters to Brussels. I can do nothing here. Kiss my darlings a thousand times. Tell Susie I hope she has begun to miss me a little bit, even in spite of my scoldings. Tell Lily that

when she has finished what she is reading I recommend her to get Sismondi's "Précis de l'histoire de France," which is very readable and in but three volumes. If it is not in the library, I think she will be able to buy it at Visconti's. I should like her also to read Lingard's "History of England." He is a Roman Catholic, but honest enough, and at any rate more respectable than Hume. She had better read also Bancroft's "History of the United States" and Thierry's "Conquête de l'Angleterre." All these books are in the library. I wish she would find time, too, to study Italian a little. If she wants a teacher, no doubt plenty are to be found at Nice.

As for my little Saint Mary, I only wish I had her always with me to take advice and example from. I have none to give her.

You see I do not bore you with the *attentat*, for I know nothing that is not in the newspapers. I have made no call either upon Guizot or Madame Mohl or anybody. As I am only passing through, it would be nonsense.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

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*To his Father*

Brussels,  
January 24, 1858.

MY DEAR FATHER: Finding my family so well and comfortably established at Nice for the winter, and Lily's health so much improved as to be no longer a source of anxiety, I was unwilling to delay any longer making a move toward the land of my labors. Al-

though the books that I took with me would have given me employment for several months at Nice, yet I wanted to set about as soon as possible the work which can only be accomplished here and at The Hague.

I came to this place intending to make an effort to see the MS. copies, made long ago by order of the Belgian government, of a very important correspondence of Philip II. and his ministers with the governors and other important personages in the Low Countries. This correspondence is in course of publication by M. Gachard, archivist of the kingdom, and an acquaintance of mine. At the rate at which the publication proceeds, however, I shall be dead and buried before it reaches the epoch at which I wish to use it. M. van de Weyer, with whom I spent a day and night at his house at Windsor, when I was last in England, promised me to use his best efforts to obtain the permission for me to read the correspondence in MS. We agreed that when I was ready to proceed to Brussels he should write letters to M. Gachard, to the Minister of the Interior, and others, urging my claims, etc. Accordingly, the other day, before leaving Nice, I wrote to M. van de Weyer, asking for those friendly offices. I did not reflect, however, that I had stumbled exactly upon the moment of the marriage of the Princess Royal, when the whole Belgian royal family were on Van de Weyer's hands, and when he could hardly be expected to think of anything else.

In consequence of that, I hardly expect to hear from him at all at present; but as I shall be here again in the summer, I shall have plenty of time to attend to the matter then. Meanwhile, as I had come so far, I thought I had better make a slight invasion of Holland,

and so a week ago to-day I went to The Hague. My reception there was very cordial. All the newspapers announced my arrival with a good deal of flourish. The two gentlemen whose opinion I most value (as they are themselves leading authorities in all matters of Netherland history), M. Groen van Prinsterer, who has the charge of the private or family archives of the house of Orange-Nassau, and who is well known as an author, besides being a prominent member of the States-General, and M. Bakhuyzen van den Brink, the archivist-general of the kingdom, the most learned man and the cleverest writer in the country, both spoke of my work in the strongest terms of approbation. They assured me that almost everybody in Holland had read it, and that there was but one opinion about it, that it had made a very deep and general sensation. A great many things were said to me which it would not be becoming to repeat. The book very soon after its appearance was reprinted at Amsterdam, and has had a large sale, not to the benefit of the author's pocket, however, but I am very glad to have it circulated. The edition is quite a pretty one, and sells for about three and a half dollars. I think that you are already aware that a French translation is preparing under the auspices of the distinguished M. Guizot. I had a kind invitation to visit him in a few days when I return to Paris, and I suppose the translation will appear before long, but have no recent news on the subject. The whole work has also been translated into German, and has been published at Leipsic and Dresden. I have not yet seen the translation, but I mean to get a copy in Paris.

But the most satisfactory thing on the whole to me

is that a translation into Dutch is now appearing (published in numbers), under the superintendence of M. Bakhuyzen, of whom I have already spoken. He has written a preface, and adds a good many notes and comments. The book is very handsomely printed, and I regard its publication as a very satisfactory testimonial to the permanent value of the work. I think it is something better than vanity which causes me to take an honest pleasure in finding my labors appreciated and commended by the persons most fit to sit in judgment upon them. I own that I should have been deeply mortified on arriving in Holland to find that nobody had heard of my book. Yet previously to last week I had no reason to suppose that it had obtained any currency. Nobody had ever told me of the translations and republications, so that I was quite taken by surprise at finding myself so well known here. The best result of these favorable views regarding my work is the facility which it gives me for the one with which I am at present occupied. M. Groen and M. Bakhuyzen both take the greatest pleasure in aiding my researches in every possible way, and a great mass of unpublished documents will be laid before me when I come back in June.

I shall doubtless find letters to-morrow at my bankers' here. Lily, thank God, is so much better that we are no longer anxious about her. Mary and the other two children are very well. There was never anything like the atmosphere of Niee. We came to that place in the first week in November, and till the 12th of January, when I left, there had been but three days when there had not been cloudless sunshine and balmy airs. The windows of our apartment were open all day long, and

sometimes it was even necessary to shut the green blinds, just as if it were midsummer instead of midwinter. Here in the Netherlands we have generally lowering and rainy skies, and greatcoats and fires are indispensable. Still, there is neither frost nor snow, nothing like winter as we understand the word in America. Give my love to my dear mother. I do hope and trust that she will send me with her own hand a better account of herself.

In order to gain time and to lighten my labors, I have already engaged a very competent person to make certain preliminary researches and copies during all the time I am absent from The Hague. I expect on my return thither in June to find a considerable progress made. The same is doing for me in the State Paper Office and the British Museum of London. Alas! I am not making much money by such operations; but I believe in the long run that even in a pecuniary point of view I am doing right to make thorough work. It will be impossible for anybody to deny a permanent value to labors which have been conscientiously carried out and have obtained the unqualified approbation of those most competent to pronounce upon them. When my two works are both finished, I cannot help thinking that they will have a considerable value even in the money market. But at the same time it is impossible for me to do anything at all unless I discard all such ideas from my mind when I am writing. The moment a man begins to write for money, it is apt to be all over with his true reputation. Meantime, with my love to all, both great and small, at home, I am

Affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

*To his Wife*

Brussels,  
January 24, 1858.

I have been working pretty hard in the short time I was at The Hague, and I feel that I have made a good deal of progress. I should have stayed a little longer, but for a reason which seems a ridiculous one enough to state, but you know me well enough to acquit me of affectation—I could hardly have remained longer without going to see the queen. Our old friend Count Louis Bylandt told me she was the first person to speak to him of my book, telling him that he must read it, and using very complimentary language on the subject.

He told me that I ought to send to Count Randwyk (from whom, by the way, you remember that I received a very civil message through Sir Charles Lyell) and be presented to her at once, that she would be much pleased to see me, etc., etc., and that he should tell her that I was in The Hague as soon as he saw her, that her small tea-parties are extremely agreeable. There is also a great ball at the English ambassador's, and Count Bylandt wanted to send word to him that I was there, saying that he had had a great deal to say to him about me, and would at once send me an invitation. The Groen van Prinsterers were also very urgent that I should go into society, telling me that I should find that everybody was acquainted with me already. Under these circumstances, finding that I should be obliged to abandon my beloved solitude, you will think it very natural that I should decamp. If I had been twenty-three instead of forty-three I dare say it would have been very jolly to go to the queen's tea-parties and

get a few sugar-plums, but my appetite for such diet is gone. I enjoyed my twilight walks under the leafless branches of the magnificent oaks and beeches of the great wood, musing and moralizing like the melancholy Jacques in the forest of Arden, and once I took a long stroll on the sands at Scheveningen. The winter sky was wild and lowering, and for miles seaward the waves of the stormy North Sea were rolling in vast sheets of foam over the breakers. It was a grand and gloomy Ruysdael, a good counterpart to the golden Claudes which you have daily from your windows at Nice.

I had not much time to enjoy the "rapture of the lonely shore," but I remain of the opinion that The Hague is in winter the prettiest town in Europe. It is so clean and orderly and elegant, and so embowered in foliage. I could not well have remained longer without making visits, etc.—the newspapers both of The Hague and Rotterdam had announced my arrival with a great flourish of trumpets (fortunately not till the day before my departure),—so upon Saturday morning (day before yesterday) I returned to this place.

Count Bylandt has sold the Murillo to Mr. Aspinwall for something less than the price he asked when we were at The Hague (sixteen thousand dollars), Mr. Aspinwall has also bought the Claudes, and I am glad that one rich American has bought some good pictures as a set-off to the Leonardos and Titians of the ——s' gallery and other similar collections. I am quite disgusted. I have been writing two sheets and a half about myself. But how can I help it? You will want to know about my visit to The Hague, and it would be a silly affectation not to say what I had to say, and what I suppose will interest you to hear. Nor is it as



if I had been talking from the housetops or in the newspapers. Still, if I had any other topic to entertain you with I would do it with pleasure, but I have been completely alone ever since I left Paris, and I dread going back there, where there are such a lot of people. This is Sunday, and I have therefore not been able to get my letters, which I ordered Monroe to send to my bankers here. To-morrow I shall of course have news of you, dear Mary, and of my little darlings. Tell Lily I think she may find the stories of Henri Conscience interesting. I bought two or three to read while traveling, but as they are in Flemish, they would be of little use to anybody else. They have all been translated into French, however, and I suspect you will find them at Visconti's. They are something like Auerbach's stories, generally of the Flemish peasants and artisans, and contain many pleasing, quiet, Gerard Dow-ish incidents and quiet, gentle unfoldings of sentiment and affection, very different from the highly charged romances of the Satanic schools. The moral tone is unexceptionable, but they are perhaps a little flat, too little cayenne for your taste, but still you might fancy them. Has Susie begun to miss me yet? How is her handwriting? I am in daily expectation of seeing some remarkable result of the method so much approved by Tomkins of London. Has she curled the *père C's* hair as she proposed? What is my little angel Mary doing? Taking care of everybody but herself, as usual, I suppose. It seems to me as if I had been gone a year, and that nobody would know me if I should walk into the maison Donaudy. I shall write soon again.

Affectionately your own,

J. L. M.

*To his Wife*

Brussels,  
March 2, 1858.

MY DEAR MARY: I hardly know whether I have written to you within the last few days or not. My days and nights succeed each other and certify each other so monotonously that they seem to be all stuck together in one piece. It is like one long sentence without punctuation, like the interminable Spanish despatches which I am reading every day, and which run sometimes for fifty pages without a period or even a comma. I am at the Archives every day before ten, and generally till five, as Gachard, when he stops, invites me into his cabinet after the regular hour of closing, which is three. Then, *la nuit tombante*, I take a grim, crepuscular walk round the shabby little boulevards, after which I go to the reading-room for an hour. At half-past seven I dine alone in the large *salle à manger*, lighted by one candle, with two waiters looking at me, so that I always feel like Warren in the farce which we saw at the Museum. After this I work till twelve or one o'clock, burning a good deal of midnight spermaceti, which, at the rate charged for it, comes, according to my calculation, to about one whale a month. Thus you see that I have always a pickax in hand and am working my way pretty steadily into the bowels of the land. At the same time I do not see that I have anything amusing to communicate to you. I have a fine opportunity for cultivating my talent for silence, but that does not enable me to be very agreeable in conversation, even by letter. I am attacked by very frequent fits of the *à quoi bon* disease, and am constantly

asking myself why I should condemn myself in this absurd way to *travaux forcés à perpétuité*. Here I go *traînant ma boule*, and it does not do me any good, or anybody else. I am getting disgusted with the word "history," and yet I go boring on merely because it seems to be my destiny *faute de mieux*.

I went again to see Madame Metivié yesterday, and found her at home, together with the other one. Miss Le Strange<sup>1</sup> was there, too, with her father, and was delighted to hear of Lily and Mary, whom she recollects very well, and begged to be kindly remembered. She is quite a pretty, pleasing girl.

*March 15.* I have pretty nearly finished in Brussels for the present. I have gone through nearly the whole of the Simancas correspondence, twelve hundred letters, many of them sixty pages in length, and, after all, they are rather a *seccatura*. I suppose I shall go to Paris by the end of the week.

Ever yours,  
J. L. M.

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*To his Daughter*

Paris,  
March 26, 1858.

MY DEAR LITTLE MARY: Your sweet, beautifully written letter of February 26 gave me a great deal of pleasure, and I did not intend to have left it so long unanswered. But I am always very hard at work, and, besides, I have usually at least a dozen letters on hand,

<sup>1</sup> Now Mrs. Waller, who, with her sister, afterward Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, had been fellow-pupils and friends of his daughter.

generally to persons I care very little about, which is the most disagreeable labor of all to me. It would be a great pleasure to me to write to you now if I could say anything that would interest or amuse you. My darling child, you have always been a blessing and a consolation ever since you were born. I never can express the tenderness and gratitude I feel toward you.

Your mama gives me a much longer period for staying in Paris than I intend to spend here. I am rather tired of work, and not very well. After I have got through a little job at the Archives, which will not take me a great many days, I wish to come and see you all once more. As for Paris, *c'est la mer à boire* in respect of work, and I do not like to look at the Archives or the library, for they show me how much labor there would be for me if I stayed longer. I have been to see Mrs. Crowninshield, but did not find her, and shall go again to-day. I went to see Mrs. Brooks last evening. She made many kind inquiries after mama and Lily. I have seen Mrs. Amory and S——, who seem satisfied with their winter's work. Mr. Frank Lowell goes to-day to Italy. Good-by, my dear little Mary. Give my love to mama, Lily, and Susie, and believe me,

Your affectionate little

PAPA.

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*To his Wife*

Frankfort,

Monday night, May 3, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: According to my promise, I write you a single line before I go to bed, that I may inform you of my safe arrival in this place, notwithstanding

the numerous dangers of flood and field which beset the venturer on such unfrequented paths. I slept the first night at Yverdon, an unsophisticated place, where they have not yet learned how much to charge for their indifferent accommodation, an ignorance which will soon fade before the advancing railroad system. The next day I left by the boat at eight, and crossing the two lakes of Neuchâtel and Brienne, took the rail at 6 A. M. There is a tunnel eight minutes long on this road, which had just been opened the day before yesterday. From Basel to Frankfort I came to-day, and reached this place at half-past four. After dinner I went to the Bismareks, and received as affectionate a welcome from them both as I knew I should, and like them, if possible, better than ever. Keyserling and Wanda were there, and are staying at this hotel. His wife died in Venice in March, after much suffering. Behr, his brother-in-law, is also here, but goes to Courland to-morrow. I suppose I shall stay through the week. The Bismareks, however, are in great confusion, as they are exactly in all the agonies of changing their residence. The house which they have inhabited for the last six years they have been obliged to give up to the owner thereof, who has just inherited seven million guildens, and is disposed to go into his house on the strength of it. They are therefore just now sitting on two stools, and as comfortable as people generally are in such a position.

*May 4.* I wrote you a short note the night of my arrival. Since then the Bismareks have got pretty well established in their new house. I have dined there every day, and spent most of my time with them. They are entirely unchanged, frank, cordial, and affectionate

as ever, both of them. Their new house has a large garden, as large as Eichler's in Dresden, with a magnificent view into the country and the Taunus Mountains. I shall leave to-morrow for Cologne, and the next day go to Calais, and the third to London. I am urged to stay, but I must get to work, or I shall get rusted irrevocably, and as so considerable a part of our revenue has to come out of the inkstand, I have not much time to lose.

The weather is horrible—cold, windy, and dusty, with occasional snow-squalls by way of variety. The genial month of May is always atrocious anywhere on this side the Alps. It makes me shiver to think of the dismal voyage down the Rhine and across the Channel, where there is no keeping tolerably comfortable, except by going down into those diabolical cabins, where perpetual eating is being perpetrated by the ever-hungry Germans. I am sorry that the weather is still so disagreeable with you. I feel very anxious about you all; but, as you say, I can always be with you very soon in ease of necessity. Do keep well yourself, dear Mary, and keep my darlings well also. I am very glad to hear my sweet little Mary is well again. Believe me always

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

## CHAPTER VIII

### LONDON SOCIETY

Madame de Bismarek—Journey down the Rhine and to London—Letter to O. W. Holmes—Literary despondency—"The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table"—Stale metaphors—Thackeray's praise of the "Autocrat"—London society—The Cosmopolitan—William Stirling—Monekton Milnes—A. H. Layard—The State Paper Office—Dinner at the Mackintoshes—W. M. Thackeray—Lord Carlisle—The Athenæum—The Derby—The opera—Alboni—Piccolomini—Lord and Lady Lyndhurst—Mr. Henry Reeve—Chiswick House—Sir Charles Lyell—Lady Byron—Dinner at Thackeray's—Lord Macaulay—Clubs—The guild of authors—Dean Milman—England's "delicious women of sixty"—Thackeray's lecture at Lady Stanley's—Mrs. Norton—A dinner with Mr. Peabody—The *Leviathan*—Lady Stanley—The Duchess of Somerset—Breakfast-party at Wimbledon Park—Lord John Russell—English politics—The Derby-Dizzies—Disraeli's speech at Slough—The grandmothers of England—Marquis of Lansdowne—Dinner at Lady Airlie's—Henry Hallam—The charity children in St. Paul's—The Chapter Coffee House—The Temple Church—Dinner with Lord Palmerston—Lord Clarendon—Baron Brunnow—Abraham Hayward—Sir Roderick Murchison—Lady William Russell—A Richmond dinner—Lord Brougham and Lord Lyndhurst—Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—The House of Commons—Dinner at Lansdowne House—Mrs. Norton's description of Disraeli—Lord Goderich—Lord Brougham on the slave-trade—Breakfast- and dinner-parties—Madame Mohl—House of Lords—Debate on Cuba.

*To his Wife*

London,  
May 13, 1858.

I reached this place this morning, Tuesday. I was just ready to start from the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Frankfort, at about 9 A. M., my luggage was all packed into a fiacre, and I was just getting into that vehicle myself, when Madame de Bismarck made her appearance, and as I was bidding her good-by, she insisted upon it that I should not go—that my room was quite ready at their house, and that I must proceed there instead of to the railroad.

While I was expostulating, she gave a sudden nod to the *cocher* of my fiacre, and before I could stop him he was on his way to her house with my trunks. She then whisked me off in her carriage to the *embarcadère* to see Keyserling and Wanda, who were taking their departure in another direction. After we had seen them safely started, we proceeded to her house. . . . I was, however, considerably indisposed, and did not care about being invalided in their house. I remonstrated so earnestly, therefore, that she agreed to let me go to the Bureau to make inquiries. I only mention this incident to you to show the perfectly frank and cordial way in which they treat me, and would treat you if you had accompanied me. She is so kind-hearted, amiable, and jolly. She is very desirous that you should spend a winter at Frankfort, and wishes to bring Lily out. Bismarck is unchanged to me: his wife says he seems twenty years younger when I am there, which is the real reason why she likes my society so much. She is devotedly attached to him, and he to



her. It seems ridiculous to me that any one should be enlivened by my company, but this is a very good reason. His time is so much occupied with that most tedious of all seccaturas, the politics of the German Confederation, that it is no wonder when a middle-aged gentleman is transformed temporarily into a strippling of eighteen, with deportment conformable, his family are satisfied. I make these remarks exclusively that you may not suppose that it is my important individuality which makes my presence agreeable to them, but that I am important only as her husband's friend. . . .

I came accordingly, as above remarked, to Cologne on Tuesday. The day was a fine one,—the only fine one for many days,—and the voyage down the river was not so tedious as I had anticipated. I enjoyed not so much the ruins and the river as I did looking at the spot where we were together so long ago. The Hôtel du Lis, at St.-Goar, where the waiter threw down the dishes to look at the steamboat, the old “chatee” at Braubach, and the house at Königswinter, from whence dear little Mary's letter of “We are now at Rhine” was composed, were all visible before the mists settled down upon the landscape, and made it dimmer than the memory of it, which is still so fresh. It was ten in the evening when we got to Cologne, and on the following morning at eight I was on my way in a pelting rain to Ostend. The weather, however, very civilly cleared up at sunset. I decided to cross from Ostend because it saved nine hours of rail and only gave three and a half hours more of boat. The sea also was not very rough, and I had no seasickness, but, as you may suppose, was rather bored. I reached Dover

at one in the morning, slept there, and took the eight-o'clock train for London. I had the pleasure of getting your kind, affectionate letter on my arrival.

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*To Dr. O. W. Holmes*

London,  
May 16, 1858.

MY DEAR WENDELL: Your most agreeable and affectionate letter ought not to have remained so long unanswered. That such has been the case is not the fault of my heart, but my head. You, whose reservoir is always filled from the perennial fountains thousands of feet above the heads of *nous autres*, so that you have only to turn the plug to get a perpendicular jet straight into the clouds, must have compassion on those condemned to the forcing-pump. I do not mean—God forbid!—that I have not written because I despaired of being witty or amusing. Certainly I do not look upon a friendship such as ours as requiring any demonstrations beyond those of sincerity and steadfastness. At the same time, I have got of late to be affected—“but why I know not,” as Hamlet says—with such a constant and chronic blue-deviltry that I am ashamed to write to any one. Unfortunately, the disease with me takes the form of pure and unmitigated stupidity, so that it is not in the least interesting or romantic. *You* do not know what it is to *reëcho* daily poor Sir Andrew Aguecheek's pathetic complaint, “Sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man.” All this is intended, not as an apology for my silence, but an explanation thereof. I have been doing my best.

I bought six months ago a memorandum-book, as big as a ledger, to take notes of my own conversation, in the manner recommended by the original autocrat who reigned over us, *consule Planco*, and I have been patiently hoping to catch myself saying or even thinking a good thing, in which ease down it would have gone in black and white for your benefit. In vain I have placed myself in the attitude of Sterne's portraits, with my forefinger on the bump of ideality, in which attitude, he says, he verily believes he has often intercepted ideas which were intended for somebody else's brain. It is all no go.

By the way, your letter had various adventures before reaching me. I was then in Brussels. My address was, and always is, Baring Brothers & Co., London. You had the original conception of addressing me to the care of *Brown* Brothers & Co., London. Now, it is rather a remarkable fact that, although there are several persons rejoicing in that name in London, the only Browns who have anything fraternal about them in the whole town are some chair-makers in Piccadilly. They declined receiving your letter, and then it somehow went back to Liverpool. Some weeks later I heard from home that you had sent the letter, and I wrote to Russell Sturgis (of the Barings) to help me, if possible, to it. He very kindly wrote to the General Post-Office, and also to Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool, and eventually the letter was extricated and sent to me, covered all over with very funny hieroglyphics illustrating its various adventures. I might have used this as an excuse for my delay in answering, had I not preferred making a confession rather than an apology. Your letters, fortunately, are

not like eggs, telegrams, and things of that nature, good for nothing except fresh, and therefore I enjoyed it the more in consequence of the difficulty in getting it. I was much obliged for your kindness in mentioning the favorable opinion concerning me expressed by Mr. Dorsheimer, and the fact gave me great pleasure. I regret to say that I have seen of the "Atlantic Magazine" only the first two numbers. The reason for this is that I have been for the last six months, with hardly an interval, in very out-of-the-way and obscure places, where light never comes that comes at all—Nice at first, and Brussels afterward. I took my family in November to the former place on account of Lily, whose health was very delicate, but I rejoice to say she has very much improved; and after establishing them there, I departed to spend the most solitary winter I ever spent in my life in Brussels. I was all day in the Archives, and nearly all night in my chamber. I hardly ever spoke except to exchange a few brief signals with my fellow-worms, who were feeding, like myself, on the carcass of the buried centuries, and the consequence of such a solitary and ghoul-like existence was to subdue my nature to the condition of the carrion I had been consuming.

I find your "Autocrat" (the first two numbers of which, as stated, are all I have yet seen) as fresh and poignant in flavor as those of twenty years since, which is sufficiently high praise as to manner. As to matter, the substance is unquestionably stronger, sterner stuff than in those days, and will endure long. You must always have an eye to their subsequent appearance in volumes by themselves, when of course you can leave out what you think of transitory interest, and give them

the last polish. I have but just arrived in London, but as this is Sunday and I shall be immersed in hard work from to-morrow forward, in the State Paper Office and British Museum, I thought I had better sit down and have a little talk with you when I was sure of perfect solitude. To-morrow I shall get all the numbers of the "Atlantic" and devour with immense greediness first the "Autocrats," and then Lowell and Emerson and Longfellow and others, as doubtless I shall know them all by the "twinkling of their eyes." If I meet any literary men, I shall not fail to call their attention to it, as unquestionably the best magazine in the language. I hope when I next write I may have something amusing to tell you. As I said before, I have but just arrived. A young friend of mine who is in Parliament is going to take me to his club to-night, where I hope to hear, not logic chopped, but politics discussed, as they are at the very culminating point of a crisis, the debate of Friday having been adjourned over till to-morrow.

Propos of the Atlantic, not the magazine, but the ocean, I happened to find this paragraph the other day in the commencement of articles on some subject, I forget what, in the "Allgemeine Zeitung," and since you have become a German scholar, I hope you will laugh at it as heartily as I did. "Seit der Entdeckung Amerikas ist die Geschichte nicht mehr thalassisch, sondern oceanisch." I could read no more of the article. I was already washed out of existence by such a world of water. I suppose you sometimes are glad of a suggestion or two of topics for your ukases at the breakfast-table. I think you might handle the subject of stale metaphors for a page or two with much effect.

Take, for example, the ship of state from the time of Horace's "navis referent in mare," etc., down to the last speech of the member for Milwaukee; there has perhaps never been an oration delivered, or a poem perpetrated, without some reference to that unlucky ship of state, which always *will* be getting on breakers, and to the pilot, who always *will* be weathering the storm as freshly as if no such allusion had ever been made. The best of it is the satisfaction with which these metaphors are produced as if perfectly fresh and choice, and the conscientious manner in which they are polished up for exhibition. Then there is the deadly upas-tree, which has so long poisoned everybody's young existence, the phenix, the dying dolphin, and many such fools and fishes; and do say something about that unpleasant Spartan boy, who has been following us about, with the fox biting away his nether integuments from time immemorial. Then you may write an imaginary puff on somebody's hair-dye, or, still better, get some living barber to pay you handsomely for it by merely changing a few words in Goldsmith's "When lovely woman stoops to folly," ending of course with "is to dye."

There, I consider I have given you at least twenty dollars, for if you cannot beat those golden thoughts into a platitude of two magazine pages, you are not the gold-beater I took you for. Pray take all the credit and all the money yourself. I do not ask a commission. Do not say, "An eminent historian, now running to seed in a foreign land, has suggested the following very brilliant and at the same time profound thoughts." If you should ever hint at my existence again in the magazine, I will never forgive you. I prefer to rest

upon the verses in the first number, of which both for the affection and the generous over-appreciation revealed I shall be proud all the days of my life, and my children after me, and I do not wish anything to disturb that impression. I have been running on with a most intolerable skimble-scamble. I wish I had anything better to say. Pray forgive my dullness, and prove it by writing to me very soon. Give my kindest regards to your wife and children. Also remember me particularly to Lowell, Longfellow, Agassiz, Felton, Whipple, and others who may remember me, and believe me always

Most sincerely your friend,

J. L. M.

P. S. This letter was written yesterday, but was not sent. Meantime, last evening, I dined with a small party at the Mackintoshes. Thackeray was there, and suddenly in the middle of dinner he made the following observation, not to me, but to his neighbor on the other side of the table: "Have you read 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' by Holmes, in the new 'Atlantic Magazine'?" He then went on to observe that no man in England could now write with that charming mixture of wit, pathos, and imagination, that your papers were better by far than anything in their magazines. I expressed my delight at his warm language, and told him I knew you would be pleased to hear that he had thus spoken of you. He said that he had been so much interested that he had been about to write to you, and I begged him urgently to do so. The opening observation had been made by Thackeray entirely *à propos des bottles*. Not a word had been said by me, or any one

else at table, of the magazine, or of you. After dinner I had a good deal of talk with him about you, and he spoke with much warmth and appreciation of your poems; he praised particularly "The Last Leaf" and "The Punch Bowl." I cannot help thinking that it will please you to hear this, so I have gone to the expense of a new envelop (price one penny) in order to mention it, my letter having been already sealed and directed before I went to dinner.

Always affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

London,  
May 28, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: I wrote to you last Sunday, and, according to my promise, I am now going to send you a few lines to tell you what I have been about, although it is nothing very wonderful. The place is so large as to be an intolerable nuisance to any one who puts the least value on time, money, or shoe-leather. You live in half a dozen towns at once, and pass ever so many hours daily in going from one of them to another. Last Sunday, after writing to you, I went and dined with the Sturgises, and found them as cordial and agreeable as ever. There was no company except I—and S—. Late in the evening I went with Arthur Russell to the Cosmopolitan. This is not a club-house, but only a club which meets late in the evenings twice a week, Sundays and Wednesdays, in a large room which is the studio of the painter Phillips, in Charles



Street, leading from Berkeley Square. The object seems to be to collect noted people and smoke very bad cigars. This evening I found Mackintosh there, and among other men was Higgins, a gigantic individual who writes in the "Times" under the name of "Jacob Omnium," Layard the Ninevite, Stirling, the author of the "Cloister Life of Charles V.," Monckton Milnes, besides various other personages connected with literature and politics. I was introduced to a good many of them, and they all said civil things to me, nothing worth repeating to you, or in fact which I remember. It is not considered good taste here, as you know, to throw a man's writings very hard in his face. The formula is, "We know you very well in England," "Your name is very familiar to us," "Your fame has preceded you," or words to that effect. It is, however, a convenience to observe that one's name is more or less known, whether they have read a word of you or not, because, as Tristram Shandy observes, a man is always puzzled if asked to say who he is. I liked Stirling, with whom I had a long talk. He is mild, amiable, bald-headed, scholar-like, a member of Parliament, and a man of fortune. He is at present engaged, he told me, in a work upon Don John of Austria. He is a great friend of Prescott's, but we both agreed that his Philip was altogether too mild and flattered a portraiture of that odious personage.

Milnes is a good speaker in Parliament, a good writer of poems, which have been praised by critics who have roosted on his mahogany-tree, a man of fashion, and altogether a swell of the first class. Layard is short, square, hirsute and taurine of aspect, as befits the Nineveh bull, but he is the bull without the wings. Not that

he is slow in reality, for the world knows well enough the indomitable energy and rapid intelligence of the man. Moreover, he has rushed all over India in an impromptu manner and incredibly short time, for the sake of investigating matters there and tossing the ministers with his horns when he returns, and he is now delivering lectures upon the subject. He told me that he came from Alexandria with a countryman of mine, Mr. Sturgis. This is a brother of Russell, who has just arrived (yesterday) in Southampton. Monday I passed at the State Paper Office, and I made my first dive this season into the dead sea in which I have so long laved my youthful limbs. I find my secretary (I have three secretaries for foreign affairs, you know—one resident at her Majesty's State Paper Office, one established at the British Museum, and one in the kingdom of Holland; and when the salaries of all three are paid, the balance for the home department will be somewhat diminished)—I find, I say, my secretary quite satisfactory; he is intelligent and writes a good hand. The price paid is fourpence for what is called a folio, which is seventy-two words. This makes exactly nine words for one cent, which is the highest price paid for copying anywhere. I have just consoled myself by writing out a page of the "Atlantic Magazine" in folios, and I find that to copy that amount would be worth about eighty cents. Therefore, if I am forced to penny-a-lining, I can get about thirteen times as much for writing a page as for copying one.

There is an enormous lot of documents both in the S. P. O. and the British Museum; but I shall soon begin to see land. However, I will not bore you with

these details, which are about as interesting to an outsider as it is to look at the Paddies digging the cellar, the cartloads of bricks and the great puddles of mortar out of which somebody or other is going to build a house. When it is finished, and you can walk in at the front door, and the hod-carriers and carpenters have all vanished, it is time enough for your friends and the public.

In the evening I dined at Mackintosh's. The party consisted of the Sturgises, a Mrs. —, of whom I know nothing, except that Thackeray kept saying, as I learned afterward, all dinner-time to Sturgis, "I hate that woman!" Why she was so odious I have not yet been informed, as she seemed as harmless as a dove, if not as wise as a serpent. The others were Thackeray, Lord Carlisle, and myself. I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great "Snob" of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavor to Boswellize him a little, but it is very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle, the author. Thackeray said: "Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived; if they are on the road, he may per-

haps treat them civilly." Mackintosh praised the description in "The French Revolution" of the flight of the king and queen (which is certainly one of the most living pictures ever painted with ink), and Thackeray agreed with him, and spoke of the passages very heartily. Of the Cosmopolitan Club, Thackeray said: "Everybody is or is supposed to be a celebrity; nobody ever says anything worth hearing; and every one goes there with his white choker at midnight, to appear as if he had just been dining with the aristocracy. I have no doubt," he added, "that half of us put on the white cravat after a solitary dinner at home or at our club, and so go down among the Cosmopolitans.

I have strung these things together, not with the idea that the observations are worth sending (except, for peculiar reasons, the last one), but because in your solitude I think that both you and Lily may be as easily amused as the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus were. This is what mainly occupies me when I go out; the thought that perhaps I may suck out something out of the somewhat flat and gravelly soil of London society, which may flower into a letter for your gratification, is about the only one which gives me much satisfaction. Therefore I beg you to find the bouquets very fragrant and very brilliant, although they are in truth about as rare as dandelions.

Thackeray invited me to dine next Sunday (that is to-day), and he went off very soon, as he confessed, to work at "The Virginians." Lord Carlisle was excessively civil to me. I think you have seen him, although I never did. He is tall, awkwardly heavy featured, but much better looking now than as a young man. His hair is snow-white, parted over a prodigious bump

of benevolence. He has been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the last three years, having just gone out with the advent of the Derby administration. He begged me to give him my address, saying that he was at present absent from town, but hoped to have the pleasure of cultivating my acquaintance on his return. On Tuesday I worked at the State Paper Office. After my return Sir Charles Lyell called on me, and sat a good while. He is the eminent geologist, you know, and has been often in America. He was very agreeable, and as Mackintosh came in while he was there, who knows him very well, we got on comfortably. By the way, they have had me admitted to the Athenæum Club during my stay in London. This is a fine building on the corner of Pall Mall and lower Regent Street, and you get all the papers and journals, and have the run of a library of thirty thousand volumes, and can breakfast or lunch and dine there very well, and at a cheaper rate than at any hotel. In the evening I dined again at the Sturgises. There was a large party of Americans. Afterward I went very late to a small party at Mrs. Warre's. It was a kind of bridal party, and there was a great lot of very pretty girls in bridesmaid costumes. I was introduced to about twenty-five of them; but I am unable to inform you of the name of one of them.

The party was about breaking up when I arrived. Froude (whose wife, you know, is Mrs. Warre's sister) is not in town, and, I am sorry to say, has got an alarming affection of the eyes. I am going to write to him to beg him to come up while I am here.

Wednesday morning Mackintosh came to my quarters again. I never saw such a fellow: it seems as if he

could not do enough for me. He is half the time apparently in a brown study and oblivious of your existence, when he suddenly wakes up, and you find he has been turning over in his mind what he can do to oblige you. I hardly knew him in America, never met him but once or twice, and that a hundred years ago, so I never knew what a good fellow he is, full of humor and a great deal of talent and character. Well, he came down to persuade me to go down to the Derby that day. This, you know, is the most famous race in England or the world. The Derby stake is the prize for which once a year the best-trained three-year-olds in the country contend, and the horse who wins it is forever famous, is worth no end of money, and puts fabulous amounts of it into the pocket of his owner. The races are on the Epsom Downs, about fifteen miles from London, and the Derby day is the one holiday which is religiously kept by every one, great and small, from peers to pickpockets, throughout London and its neighborhood. No better proof of its precedence over all other sublunary affairs could be given than by the spectacle which was presented by the House of Commons adjourning over two days on account of the Derby, in the very midst of a ministerial crisis and of an unfinished debate, the result of which was to determine whether the government should be overthrown, and if overthrown, whether it would dissolve Parliament. The funniest thing was that the leading favorite for the race was Lord Derby's horse, *Toxophilite*, and it was very generally believed that the premier was much more anxious to win the Derby, which Dizzy long ago termed the "blue ribbon" of the turf, than to keep his post at the head of the empire.

I shall not bore you with a description of the race. We had a very good position, and saw it very well. The scene was sufficiently amusing: the horses for the Derby cup all ran so close that you might have covered them with a handkerchief, and it was only by the signal at the winning-post that the spectators could be sure that Beadsman had won, and that Toxophilite was done, coming in only second; but I was told that the owner of Beadsman, Sir Joseph Hawley, pocketed thirty thousand pounds as the result of that race.

We came up to town and went to the opera together. I did not care much to go particularly, as the price of a stall is *only* one guinea; but I did not like to refuse, and was willing enough to see the opera-house, which I had never seen. The opera was the "Barber," and it was very mysterious to know where and how Alboni as Rosina had been able to bestow her mountainous masses of flesh within the bodice and the vest of the *costume obligé* of the young maiden of Seville. She did not look exactly monstrous, and she sang magnificently. There was afterward an act of the "Fille du Régiment," Piccolomini as the heroine. She is pretty, *petite, piquante*, and, with most exquisite hands and arms, vindicates her rights to the illustrious name she bears. She is rather too fond of looking captivating and winning, and grinning in front of the footlights, and her style is altogether, I should say, *petit genre*. After the opera we went to the Cosmopolitans, it being Wednesday night. There I had some talk with Layard, Thackeray, Milnes, and also with Kingsley, who seems to have a stuttering way with him which one would think would interfere with that eloquence of preaching for which he is celebrated. He is tall, rather thin,

with commonplace features, neither handsome nor the reverse, but seems a good fellow, and entirely unparsonical. He had not heard of Froude's attack of ophthalmia, or whatever it may be, as he is only passing through town. Another young man of some eminence was introduced to me—Lord Goderich, a rising member of the House of Commons, who made the night before last a very neat and telling speech against the government. He was very civil to me, and paid me some very handsome compliments on the D. R.

On Thursday, according to express and very urgent invitation, I went with Mrs. Amory and S—— to call at the Lyndhursts'. As soon as I got into the room Lady L. opened upon me such a torrent of civilities that I was nearly washed away. I certainly should not repeat, even to you, and even if I remembered it, the particular phraseology. Once for all, too, let me say that I only mention such things as these in conformity to your urgent request. I would no more write such things to any one else, even to my mother, than I would go and stand on my head in the middle of Pall Mall. I feel like a donkey, and am even now blushing unseen, like a peony or any other delicate flower, at the very idea of writing such trash, and I beg that you will thrust my letter into the fire at once. Moreover, I assure you, with perfect honesty, that if you had not been so very desirous that I should put my head a little while out of my shell, I should certainly keep it in and pass all my time at work, which, by the way, is getting these few days past somewhat behindhand. She then took me in and presented me to Lord Lyndhurst. I liked him very much. Although he is eighty-six years of age, his intellect is



undimmed. He has almost lost the use of his legs, and is wheeled about in a chair; but he goes down to the House every day, and he occasionally makes a speech, which is neater, more concise, and more elegant than any that are delivered there. He must have been very handsome, with a decided resemblance to his sister, Mrs. Greene. He wears a brown wig, has regular features, is not very unlike Mr. Otis<sup>1</sup> in appearance. His manner is very gentle and winning. He said some very kind things to me about my book, and talked very agreeably on other topics. They urged me to dine there that day, but I was engaged at Mr. Reeve's. Reeve, you know, is the editor of the "Edinburgh Review"—a good-humored, tall, large Englishman; Mrs. Reeve is intelligent and literary. There were one or two members of Parliament present, but none known to fame, unless Mr. Lowe<sup>2</sup> be an exception. Friday I made a call at the Russells'. Lady William Russell, a high-bred dame, among other things, informed me that she was very intimate with the Queen of Holland, and that she wished to give me a letter of introduction to her. I dined this day at the Mackintoshes, with the Amorys, two Englishmen,—Mr. Darwin and Mr. Phillips,—and Felton, who has suddenly turned up here on his way to Greece.

Saturday I went down with Felton by rail to Chiswick House to lunch, by invitation, with Lord Carlisle. He is going, I believe, into Yorkshire for some days; but as Felton was only passing through London, he was desirous that we should make a brief visit to Chiswick. This is a very beautiful Italian villa, with fine

<sup>1</sup> Harrison Gray Otis, formerly United States senator from Massachusetts.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Sherbrooke.

grounds, trees, gardens, and conservatories, which was lately bequeathed to Lord Carlisle's mother by her brother, the Duke of Devonshire. There was no company there; but we passed a few hours very agreeably, looking at the house and grounds, and talking wisdom. Lord C. is excessively amiable and friendly, and says he wishes when he returns to London to cultivate my acquaintance, which he is at liberty to do if he chooses; but as I again repeat to you, if it were not for your particular request, I would go nowhere, for my time is frittered away into nothing.

By the way, I dined by myself at the Athenæum Club, and rather enjoyed my own company. Sunday I lunched with Sir Charles Lyell, who invited me and W. Greenough of Boston, who brought him a letter, I believe, to the Zoölogical Gardens. I have done my duty to that eminent institution, and although when one has plenty of leisure no better morning lounge could be found, yet as I have, unhappily, no turn for zoölogy, and more work to do than I could accomplish if every day had forty-eight hours, I could have dispensed with the beasts on this occasion. I was glad, however, to improve my acquaintance with the Lyells. He is a most distinguished man of science, and very companionable; and she is an extremely pleasing and just ceasing to be a very pretty woman. Afterward I went to call at Lady Byron's, who is living at her house near Primrose Hill, in Regent's Park. She is still very delicate in health, but has got through the winter tolerably well. She is as kind and earnest as ever, and seemed very glad to see me. I was much pleased to hear that the Noels were in town for a few days, although they had at that moment gone out. In

the evening I dined at Thackeray's. There were fifteen or sixteen people. I do not know any of their names. I sat between Thackeray's two daughters. They are both intelligent and agreeable. The youngest told me she liked "Esmond" better than any of her father's books. Thackeray, by the way, evidently considers that kind of thing his forte. He told me that he hated "The Book of Snobs" and could not read a word of it. "The Virginians," he said, was devilish stupid, but at the same time most admirable; but that he intended to write a novel of the time of Henry V., which would be his *capo d' opera*, in which the ancestors of all his present characters, Warringtons, Pendennises, and the rest, should be introduced. It would be a most magnificent performance, he said, and nobody would read it. After the ladies had left the house we went down-stairs and smoked cigars till into the small hours. One of the company I discovered to be Blackwood, the present proprietor of "Blackwood's Magazine"; another was the secretary of the English legation at Frankfort. He knew Bismarck, of course, and said there was no doubt he was the cleverest man in Germany, and that everybody hated him in consequence, and was afraid of him.

The Thackerays are to have what they call a "drum," or a tea-fight, to-night (Monday). I accepted an invitation to it, but I do not think I shall go, for I am to dine late to-day at Mackintosh's, to meet Lord Carlisle and Milman.

This letter, begun yesterday (Sunday), has been concluded to-day (Monday). I shall write again next Sunday. I do not think, dear Mary, you can complain of a scarcity of details in this epistle. I only hope

you may not be bored by them. My next will be very different; for although you may think from this that I am a good deal in society, it is not at all the case, and after a day or two I shall be entirely alone again, which I shall only regret on your account, and rejoice for on my own. God bless you, dearest Mary; kiss my darling children, and believe in the love of

Your affectionate

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

London,  
May 30, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: On Monday I dined with the Mackintoshes. Macaulay, Dean Milman, and Mr. and Mrs. Farrar composed the party. Of course you would like a photograph of Macaulay, as faithfully as I can give it. He impressed me, on the whole, agreeably. To me personally he spoke courteously, respectfully, showed by allusion to the subject in various ways that he was quite aware of my book and its subject, although I doubt whether he had read it. He may have done so, but he manifested no special interest in me. I believe that he is troubled about his health (having a kind of bronchial or asthmatic cough), and that he rarely dines out nowadays, so that it is perhaps a good deal of a compliment that he came on this occasion on purpose to meet me. His general appearance is singularly commonplace. I cannot describe him better than by saying he has exactly that kind of face and figure which by no possibility would be selected, out

of even a very small number of persons, as those of a remarkable personage. He is of the middle height, neither above nor below it. The outline of his face in profile is rather good. The nose, very slightly aquiline, is well cut, and the expression of the mouth and chin agreeable. His hair is thin and silvery, and he looks a good deal older than many men of his years; for, if I am not mistaken, he is just as old as his century, like Cromwell, Balzac, Charles V., and other notorious individuals. Now, those two impostors, so far as appearances go, Prescott and Mignet, who are sixty-two, look young enough, in comparison, to be Macaulay's sons. The face, to resume my description, seen in front, is blank and, as it were, badly lighted. There is nothing luminous in the eye, nothing impressive in the brow. The forehead is spacious, but it is scooped entirely away in the region where benevolence ought to be, while beyond rise reverence, firmness, and self-esteem, like Alps on Alps. The under-eyelids are so swollen as almost to close the eyes, and it would be quite impossible to tell the color of those orbs, and equally so, from the neutral tint of his hair and face, to say of what complexion he had originally been. His voice is agreeable and its intonations delightful, although that is so common a gift with Englishmen as to be almost a national characteristic.

As usual, he took up the ribbons of the conversation, and kept them in his own hand, driving wherever it suited him. I believe he is thought by many people a bore, and you remember that Sydney Smith spoke of him as "our Tom, the greatest engine of social oppression in England." I should think he might be to those who wanted to talk also. I can imagine no better

fun than to have Carlyle and himself meet accidentally at the same dinner-table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at express speed. Both, I have no doubt, could be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or so outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician, and the new peer, spread over the man of letters within. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. There was not a touch of Holmes's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm, and arabesqueness. It is the perfection of the commonplace, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I could listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent.

At first, in deference to me, there was a good deal of talk about Holland, Maurice of Orange, Olden-Barneveldt, the Archives of The Hague, the State Paper Office, on all which subjects I spoke myself as little as I could, because I wished to hear Macaulay and Milman converse, to both of whom I listened with great pleasure, although neither said anything very new or striking, or which would in the least interest you. Then Macaulay talked of an old acquaintance of his, Basil Montagu, who was a commissioner of bankruptcy, before whom he argued cases when very young, and also

an editor of Bacon's works. "Bankruptey and Bacon," said Macaulay, "were the only things which Montagu cared for in the world." This was the nearest approach to an epigram which he made. Then there was a talk about the clubs, and he said that Burke, when these were first instituted in London, denounced them solemnly as pernicious in their tendency. Having his head full of the Jacobin clubs of Paris, he foretold the subversion of the English institutions as a consequence of such establishments. A club-house still existing, said Macaulay, inspired Burke with especial horror. It was set up by some returned East Indians, was called the Oriental Club, and may still be seen, "a gaunt, yellow, bilious, mulligatawny-looking building, now in the last stage of decrepitude"; yet this concern has been considered, by so great a statesman, as brimful of danger to English liberty.

Something was said of Bulwer Lytton's project for a gild of authors. Macaulay ridiculed it. Lytton, he said, had constantly wished to interest him in it, but he had been obstinate. Why, he asked, should there be a society or gild to support and pension authors who were unsuccessful? It was offering a premium for dullness. If a man wrote a book which nobody would read, why should he be rewarded, therefore, with a maintenance for life? The most extraordinary part of the scheme, too, was that Lytton had given lands in his own grounds at Knebworth for these destitute literati, so that he was always surrounded, when at home in the country, with a transplanted Grub Street. "Moreover," said Macaulay, "these people, if they have merit, are very apt to get some place or pension. There is James, for instance; he has a consulship, has

he not? I do not know how deserving he may be; I never read but one of his novels." "He never wrote but one," said Mackintosh, in his dry way, which was the best thing said that day at table. Milman I liked very much. I had already been told by Sir Charles Lyell that he had read and approved my book very much and desired to make my acquaintance, so that I felt quite at ease with him. He is the Dean of St. Paul's (which is the next thing to being a bishop), the author of the "History of Latin Christianity," but better known to you as the author of the famous tragedy of "Fazio," with a good deal more poetry of merit. He is now about sixty-five, or even seventy. He is singularly bent, but not, I think, with age, so as to give, at the first glance, the appearance of extreme decrepitude. This seems, however, purely a local affection, for his manner is bright and youthful and genial. He has a long, large, rather regular face, with thick hair and very black, bushy eyebrows, under which his eyes flash like living coals.

Mrs. Milman is a tall, handsome—and has been very handsome—woman, very cordial and agreeable in her manner. They invited me to go, Thursday of this week, to a famous anniversary in St. Paul's—the singing of the charity children, several thousands in number, a ceremony which Thackeray declares in one of his lectures to be the most interesting spectacle which Christianity can furnish, far more impressive than any of the sights and shows of Holy Week at Rome. A ticket of admission into the dean's pew will give me a very good facility of witnessing the affair. Afterward the invited guests are to have luncheon at the deanery.

After dinner Macaulay had a pretty severe attack of



coughing, and went home early. The Thackerays had a "drum" in the evening, and as the Milmans were going, as well as myself, they kindly gave me a lift in their carriage. I found at the party, of my acquaintance, Mrs. Reeve, the Synges, Mrs. Sturgis, Russell, and Colonel Hamley. I was also introduced to Mrs. Proctor (alias Barry Cornwall). I do not know whether the illustrious Barry was there himself or not. Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood, whom I met the day before at dinner, were also of the party, and there was a tremendous screeching lady, who stunned the company with Italian music, with a voice which wanted elbow-room as much as it did melody.

Thackeray introduced me to Lady Stanley of Alderley, at whose house he is to read the lecture to-morrow of which I told you, I think, in my last letter. She is a tall, fair, agreeable dame, with blond hair and handsome features, apparently thirty-five, yet one of those wonderful grandmothers of which England can boast so many, and who make one almost a convert to the "delicious women of sixty."<sup>1</sup> Not that she is in any proximity to that famous epoch, but she astonished me by suddenly saying that her daughter, the Countess of Airlie, wished very much to make my acquaintance; for I had taken the mother for quite a young woman. The daughter, Lady Airlie, is a very pretty woman, with a rosy face. Both of them overwhelmed me with compliments about my book, which, they said, every one of their family had read with delight from beginning to end. Lady Stanley begged me to be sure not

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, daughter-in-law of the ex-senator, said that while comparatively young women were socially neglected in America, in Europe she had known "delicious women of sixty."

to fail to come the next day to the lecture. There were also the two — girls, who visit at Walton, of whom you heard Tom Appleton and the Sturgises speak. I was introduced to them, and they seem lively young things enough. The Sturgises brought me home.

Next morning I went up to Lady Byron's, to lunch with her and the Noels, and we had a long, quiet talk about Dresden times. They all made very kind inquiries about you and Lily. The Noels left London the same day, but are to return after a week. I believe Lady Byron is rather feeble, but no worse, I should say, than two years ago. By the way, it will amuse you to hear that Noel told me she had talked a great deal more about that likeness,<sup>1</sup> which she speaks of as "most wonderful." At five o'clock I met Thackeray by appointment at the Athenæum Club, and we went together to Lady Stanley's. The lecture was in the back drawing-room of a very large and elegant house, and the company—not more than fifty or sixty in number—were all comfortably seated. It was on George III.—one of the set of the four Georges, first delivered in America, and which have often been read in England, but have never been printed. I was much impressed with the quiet, graceful ease with which he read—just a few notes above the conversational level, but never rising into the declamatory. This light-in-hand manner suits well the delicate, hovering rather than superficial, style of the composition. He skims lightly over the surface of the long epoch, throwing out a sketch here, exhibiting a characteristic trait there, and sprinkling about a few anecdotes, portraits, and historical allusions, running along from grave to gay,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Motley's resemblance to Lord Byron.

from lively to severe, moving and mocking the sensibilities in a breath, in a way which I should say was the perfection of lecturing to high-bred audiences. I suppose his manner, and his stuff also, are somewhat stronger for larger and more heterogeneous assemblies, for I have no doubt he left out a good deal which might jar upon the ears polite of his audience on this occasion. Still, I was somewhat surprised at the coolness with which he showed up the foibles and absurdities of kings, and court, and court folks in a former but not remote reign, before a small company which consisted of the cream of London cream. They seemed to enjoy it, and to laugh heartily at all the points without wincing. If he had shown up Democracy or Southern chivalry thus before an assemblage of the free and enlightened, he would have been tarred and feathered on the spot.

After the lecture was over, I expected to slip away unnoticed; but Lady Stanley came to me, and talked with great kindness, and introduced me to several persons, all of whom said I was no stranger, or words to that effect. One of the persons was the Marchioness of Londonderry, a tall, fair, very handsome woman, apparently young, but having a son, just of age, by a previous husband, Lord Powercourt. Then Lady Airlie said to me, "Mrs. Norton wishes to make your acquaintance." I turned and bowed, and there she was, looking to-day almost as handsome as she has always been described as being. I know that you will like a sketch. She is rather above middle height. In her shawl and crinoline, of course I could not pronounce upon her figure. Her face is certainly extremely beautiful. The hair is raven-black, violet-

black, without a thread of silver. The eyes very large, with dark lashes, and black as death; the nose straight; the mouth flexible and changing, with teeth which in themselves would make the fortune of an ordinary face—such is her physiognomy; and when you add to this extraordinary poetic genius, descent from that famous Sheridan who has made talent hereditary in his family, a low, sweet voice and a flattering manner, you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and hearts out, we will not be particular how many years ago.

She said to me, as I made my bow on introduction, "Your name is upon every lip." I blushed and looked as much like a donkey as usual when such things are said. Then she added, "It is agreeable, is it not?" I then had grace enough to reply, "You ought to know, if any one"; and then we talked of other things. There was no time for much conversation, however. Presently it appeared that a Miss —, a young lady belonging, I believe, to the fashionable world, but who rejoices in a talent for the stage, was to recite; so she recited. It was a passage from "Phèdre" (I believe). Her accent was very good, and she certainly declaimed very well. Afterward she recited Tennyson's "Charge of Balaklava."

As I was going away, Lady Airlie invited me to a dinner for the following Tuesday (which is now the day after to-morrow). Mrs. Norton told me she should be happy to see more of me. A day or two afterward, accordingly, I went to call on her. She received me with great kindness, and was very agreeable. She has a ready, rapid way of talking; alludes with perfect aplomb to her interminable quarrels with Mr. Norton.

She spoke of her two sons, one of whom is heir to a peerage, and the other to beggary. She showed me a photograph of this second one, who is evidently her darling, and who, by way of improving his prospects in life, married a year ago a peasant girl of the island of Capri. Mrs. Norton does not even think her very handsome, but says that he imagines her perfection, particularly in her fancy costume. She knew Webster when he was here, and admired him very much. She is also very intimate with the Queen of Holland.

I do not know that I have much more to chronicle of her conversation. She was always animated and interesting. My impressions of what she must have been were confirmed; certainly it was a most dangerous, terrible, beautiful face in its prime, and is very handsome still. Her two sisters, the Duchess of Somerset and Lady Dufferin, were equally celebrated for their beauty, and the latter for her talent also. Mrs. Norton told me that she wished me to dine with her, and to ask some people to meet me, and is to appoint the day very soon. She wishes me particularly to know Lady Dufferin.

On Saturday, along with fifty of my compatriots, I was Peabodied. The good old gentleman, according to his wont, had made a razzia among all the Americans now in London, and swept them all off down the river in a small steamboat to see the *Leviathan*, and afterward to dine at Blackwall. I was glad of the opportunity, for I am sure that I should never have had energy enough without assistance "to put a hook in the nose of the *Leviathan*," and I rather wished to see it. The company was of course as miscellaneous and as uninteresting as might be expected. The *Leviathan*

was visited, and is certainly a most astonishing object. I suspect, however, that the shareholders say with Christopher Sly, "A most excellent piece of work, would it were done," for I believe they are at a standstill for want of funds; and if it cannot be finished till the sale of tickets to visitors can float it on to fortune, it is likely to remain a torso as many centuries as the Cologne cathedral, and the one just now looks as likely to make a voyage to Australia as the other. I shall not describe the ship. You have only to imagine a Cunarder doubled, or trebled for aught I know, in all its proportions, and you have the vessel.

Nothing is finished of the state-rooms or cabins. It is all in a clutter, the engines are not in, and, in short, you get not a much better idea of it from a visit than from reading a description in the newspapers. The dinner was at the hotel at Blackwall. Mr. Peabody had organized his dinner very well, having arranged the way in which his company should pair off, and having sent the men into the dining-room beforehand to find out where each name, together with that of the partner of his toil, was inscribed. He assigned to me a nice English girl, who knew the Sturgises, Thackeray, Dickens, and others, who was lively and disposed to make herself generally agreeable, so it was much better than the rather dreary festival which I had anticipated. On my other flank was Mrs. Charles Amory. She and S—— came into the hotel at the last moment from the country, where they had been staying a few days at Lord Hatherton's with no end of swells, and find everything as *rose-colored* as usual. They are very jolly, and desirous of pleasing everybody and being pleased. S—— promised me faithfully to write immediately to

Lily, and I think she will keep her promise. She is a very good girl, frank and unaffected, and very good-humored. Joshua Fisher and his wife and daughters were also of this party.

Hurlbert has turned up here. He was at this dinner. He is staying in the country with Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's School-days," a book which has had a great run. He informed me that Hughes wished to make my acquaintance very much, that he was about, with other literati, to establish a new review, in the first number of which an article on my book was to appear, etc. I go to a party at Lady Lyell's to-morrow. Tuesday I dine at the Airlies'; Wednesday, at the Warres'. Thursday I go to a luncheon with the Dean of St. Paul's.

P. S., *Monday, 31st.* I broke off here yesterday, dear Mary, not, as my angelic little Mary used to say, because I wished to add a postscript, but because I had promised to make a call at Lady Stanley's. I went, and had a very pleasant visit. She is an agreeable person, with plenty of talk and fond of literary people and literature. Her youngest daughter<sup>1</sup> was there, and was very glad to speak to me, because she had read every word of the "Dutch Republic," not from compulsion, but from choice. I said I considered it one of the highest compliments I had received, because if so young a person could read it, I felt that I was not a bore. She said, "Oh, no; it is just like a novel"; and the others said the same. I feel that if old Lord Lyndhurst, who was eighty-six day before yesterday, and a very young girl can both read three solid volumes without being bored, they cannot be so very heavy, for

<sup>1</sup> Now Hon. Mrs. George Howard.

two such individuals may be considered representative persons. I do not say excuse this egotism, because I write it on purpose to please you. To utter such things to any one else would be the height of absurdity. Lady Stanley, as I went away, asked me if I knew Lady Palmerston. I said no, and she told me she would inform her that I was in town, and would see that I was invited to her next party.

Good-by, dearest Mary. If I have bored you unmercifully, at least you will admit that it is with the best intentions of amusing you. I know you like details, so there are a lot for you. Kiss my dear, dear, darling children a thousand times, and accept the love of

Yours most affectionately,

J. L. M.

*To his Wife*

London,  
June 6, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: It is a great pleasure to me to sit down and try to amuse you every Sunday morning with a record of what I see, for I most sincerely assure you that it is almost the only real satisfaction which I derive from this going up and down like Beelzebub in the world of London. I must retract what I said in my last letter of not being in society. My only difficulty now is in keeping out of it a little, so that I may not entirely neglect my business in the Archives.

On Monday evening I went to a small party at Lady Lyell's. The Amorys were there, and Mackintosh, and the Mrs. — hated of Thackeray, of whom I spoke to you in my last. Beyond these and Dean Milman and



Mrs. Milman, I do not think that there was anybody that I knew by sight, and we came off before twelve o'clock.

Just before going to this party I received a very kind note from Lady W. Russell, of which this is an extract: "Lord and Lady Palmerston are anxious to make your acquaintance, and I have taken upon myself the responsibility of venturing a short notice of an invitation to dinner, as they have but that day disengaged and do not like to delay the meeting." The day then proposed by them was Wednesday, and Lady William Russell was to call for me to take me to Cambridge House. Unluckily, I was engaged to dine at ten days' previous notice with —, so of course I was obliged to decline, which was a disappointment to me, because I knew it would be one to you. I had never mentioned the name of the Palmerstons anywhere, nor have I in any case since I have been here gone one inch forward to any one, so that when civilities are offered me I can at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they are spontaneous, and that if I prove a bore, people have nobody to blame but themselves.

Tuesday morning early I received a very nice note from Mrs. Norton, inclosing a card from her sister the Duchess of Somerset, inviting me to a breakfast-party at her villa at Wimbledon Park. The breakfast-hour was from 1 till 7 P. M. The occasion of the party, as Mrs. Norton informed me, was "the marriage of the second daughter of the duchess with the brother of the Marquis of Bath, Lord Henry Thynne." As I know you are fond of "high life, with pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses," I thought I would put in this statement. I took the rail accordingly from

the Waterloo Station at two, and after twenty minutes stopped at Wimbledon, where a fly conveyed me to the villa. The house is a modern, not very extensive building, placed in the midst of a little garden of Eden, brimful of flowering plants, with a spacious lawn dotted with magnificent cedars of Lebanon, ilexes, and other trees, while a stately park incloses the whole domain. Beyond and from every point there are views of the lovely pastoral scenery of English wood and dale and hill, like which there is nothing in the world, the very perfection of the commonplace. The day was cloudless, and would have been hot for August even in America. You may judge if the English complained of the heat, and whether or not I was satisfied with the temperature. I found Mrs. Norton looking out for me to introduce me to the Duchess of Somerset. This lady was, as you may recollect, the famous "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglinton tournament a good many years ago.

Her daughter, Lady Ulrica St. Maur, is a very beautiful girl, closely resembling her mother, and obviously reproducing, perhaps in an inferior degree, what the Queen of Beauty of the tournament must have been in the blaze of her beauty. Lady Dufferin I hardly saw, although I was presented to her, for at the same moment the two sons of the house came up to me and began to talk. One of them, apparently about twenty, had just returned from India, where he had been, not with the army exactly, but a kind of spectator or volunteer. He seemed intelligent and very handsome. The other, Lord Edward St. Maur, was a very bright, good-humored lad of about fourteen. He said he had never traveled, but the very first tour he made he was

determined should be to America. I then went with Mrs. Norton into the *salle à manger*, and while we were there, a plain, quiet, smallish individual, in a green cutaway coat, large yellow waistcoat, and plaid trousers, came in for some luncheon, and Mrs. Norton instantly presented me to him. It was Lord John Russell. He was very civil to me, and we talked together for some time over the drumstick of a chicken. His face is not the least like the pictures one sees of him. No one would suppose him the man of large intellect and indomitable ambition, which he unquestionably is, by looking at him or hearing him talk in a breakfast-room. I do not mean, of course, that a statesman is always to emulate Burke, of whom Dr. Johnson said a man could not accidentally stop under a shed with him to escape a shower without discovering that he was in the presence of a great man. There is also something preferable in this easy, nonchalant, commonplace manner to the portentous aspect on the commonest occasions of many of the "most remarkable men in our country, sir," which is apt to characterize transatlanticism as much as the "customary suit of solemn black" in which they are pleased to array themselves.

I can hardly report to you much of Lord John's conversation. He talked a good deal of Dizzy's famous speech at Slough. You ask me, by the way, to give you occasionally a touch of politics. I would gladly do so; but if I chronicle, what I know you will like better, the little details of persons and things that I purchase with my own pennyworth of observation, I know you will be better satisfied. And I really should not have time to go into what, after all, you can read a thousand times better in the "Times," which I should think you

might contrive to get in Vevey. Suffice it that the Derby-Dizzies, after it was thought certain that they would be upset on the Cardwell motion of censure regarding the Ellenborough despatch business, have got a little fresh rope. The withdrawal of that motion was a *dénouement* expected by nobody the day before. Lord Lyndhurst, who at eighty-six is not "passion's slave" nor party's, told me that the government would be in a minority of eight or ten, and that then they would dissolve Parliament and have a general election. The truth is that this threat of a dissolution is exactly what saved the ministry. Parliament has been but a year in session, and there are so many members who were so excessively disgusted at the idea of the risk, trouble, and expense of unseating themselves, and clambering back into their seats again, or failing to do so, that they were glad to let the ministers off, knowing them to be reckless and desperate enough to try the hazard of a general election.

Accordingly, down goes Dizzy for the Easter holidays to Slough, and after a constituency dinner seems to have absolutely been made drunk with the unexpected chance of retaining power a few months longer. He then delivered to the farmers and graziers and gentlemen there assembled one of the cleverest, wittiest, most mendacious, most audacious, most besotted speeches that was ever made. He clapped his wings and "crowed like chanticleer an hour by the dial" without apparently remembering that electric telegraphs and stenography had been invented. In a day or two afterward Parliament came together again, and Dizzy recoiled in secret horror "e'en at the noise himself had made." Palmerston gave him two tremen-

dous dressings in the House of Commons, and then Lord Clarendon in the Lords administered a most serious fustigation. In short, never was a Chancellor of Exchequer so belabored since such officials were instituted. The lie was given to him as flatly as the Pickwickian rules permit by Palmerston and by Clarendon, and although Dizzy defended himself at first with adroitness and impudence, he was fairly obliged to eat his own words.

Well, Lord John touched lightly and slightly on these matters in his still, small voice. I said it was a severe strain upon an English statesman to remember that every word he uttered in public was instantly and forever to be recorded even as it fell from his lips. He said if a man did think of that he would not be able to open them. He spoke a little of the row about the Cuba slave-trade and the American skippers, said that the American and English naval officers were the best people to settle that kind of embroglio, that they always respected each other and fraternized if the thing were possible, that the idea of war with America could never enter an Englishman's head. The triangulation of England may be considered complete as long as he and Palmerston are both alive. Both mean to be first minister of the Whigs. Meantime the Tories, without any real principle of action, keep the provisional government by the equilibrium established between the large body of independents and the respective forces of Palmerston and Lord John.

I was introduced to a good many ladies, some of them pretty and young. There is no doubt that the English aristocracy has much beauty. When I say how handsome the women are, the reply is invariable: "That is

a great compliment from an American, for everybody knows that the American women are the handsomest in the world." On the whole, I think that the grandmothers of England are the most miraculous race. There are the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Dufferin, and Mrs. Norton, then Lady Stanley, of whom I have spoken several times, the Marchioness of Londonderry, and various others, all exceedingly handsome women still. I can hardly remember the names of the many persons I was presented to. I remember one, a lively, agreeable person, whose name was Lady Edward Thynne, a daughter of Mrs. Gore, the novelist. She was apparently a young woman, and I dare say she is capable of having at this moment ten grandchildren, for aught I know to the contrary.

Nothing can be kinder than Mrs. Norton. She takes me under her especial convoy, and seems to think she can never do enough for me. I feel as if I had known her for years, and I am satisfied she does not dislike me, or she would not be presenting me to everybody worth knowing. While I was talking with her at another time she said, "Oh, there is my lover; I must go and speak to him." She then went up to a plain-looking, benignant little old gentleman in a white hat and a kind of old-world look about him that seemed to require a pigtail and white top-boots. She whispered to him a moment, and he came forward, beamingly saying, "Delighted, I am sure, to make Mr. Motley's acquaintance," and shook me warmly by the hand. This was the old Marquis of Lansdowne, late president of the Council. He told me he was deeply interested in my book, and that he had been much instructed by me, and was much obliged to me. He said he was obliged

to go away immediately, as the debate on the Slough business was to come up in the Lords that afternoon, but he hoped soon to see me again. My friend Lady Stanley and her daughter Maude Stanley (a pretty name, is it not?) were there, also the the Baroness Rothschild, who seems a very good-humored personage, and a great friend of the Amorys, through the Lyndhursts; and a lot of other people were there. I returned by the rail at six, and was tremendously tired, to dress for dinner at eight at Lady Airlie's. She is a very pretty, fresh, rosy woman, daughter of Lady Stanley, and married to a handsome, good-humored, and unaffected young Scotchman, the Earl of Airlie. The dinner was not very large. There were half a dozen members of Parliament there and their wives. The lady next me was rather pretty; opposite was a bright, lively young woman, with an intelligent, sparkling, piquant face and a merry laugh, who was Lady Goderich. I was introduced to her before dinner, and she went away after the coffee and ballad-singing were finished. I am, however, invited to dine at her house next week. She was prettily dressed, with a head-dress of gold coins, and a great string of pearls round a very white neck. Lord Goderich, whom I have met once or twice, and who is a rising man in politics, did not come on account of business in Parliament.

In the evening came Lady Stanley and Miss Stanley (her sister-in-law), who knew Washington Irving and other veterans. Wednesday morning, before I was out of bed, I received a note requiring an answer. It was again from Lady W. Russell. It began: "I hope, my dear sir, that you are at liberty on Saturday next? For if I fail in this second negotiation I shall never be em-

ployed diplomatically again." She then said Lord and Lady Palmerston begged me to dine on the following Saturday, and she concluded: "Pray do not tell me that you are again indissolubly preëngaged."

The same forenoon Mackintosh came to me by appointment to go with me to Mr. Hallam's, who had previously expressed a wish that I should call. The great historian is long past the "middle ages" now. He is paralyzed in the right leg, the right arm, and slightly in the tongue. His face is large, regularly handsome, ruddy, fresh, and very good-humored. He received me with great cordiality, and we had half an hour's talk. He begged me to leave my address, and I suppose he means to invite me to something or other, for I believe he occasionally entertains his friends. His mind does not seem essentially dimmed, and there is nothing senile in his aspect, crippled as he is. He is a wreck, but he has not sunk head downward, as you sometimes see, which is the most melancholy termination to the voyage. His mind seems bright and his spirits seem light. I dined this day at the Warres'. You know about them. I like them both very much. To my great delight, Froude was there. He had just come up from Bideford. He looks delicate, has a slight cough, but is mainly troubled about his eyes. (The result, however, of his consultation with an oculist the following day was that the disease was not an alarming one, but would probably be chronic.) The party was a pleasant one; the house is a large, elegant mansion in Belgravia. I do not know who the company all were. On the other side of me was Mrs. Mildmay, who seemed an agreeable person. She told me she would see that a ticket for the next "Almack's"



was sent me, which balls, it seems, are revived this season after an immemorial desuetude, as — might express himself.

After dinner I was introduced to Lady Mary Fielding, who knew the Sturgises very well. The next day I received a message from her that her father (Earl of Denbigh) was too gouty to call on me, but that if I would waive ceremony and call there, it would be very kind of me. So I suppose I shall go this week. In the evening late I went to the Cosmopolitan with Froude. I had some talk with Layard and one or two others, and met Lord Goderich, who asked me to dine Saturday of this week. On Thursday I went to St. Paul's Cathedral, to witness the ceremony of the singing of the charity children. This takes place once a year. I had received a card from the Dean of St. Paul's for a seat in his pew. The spectacle is certainly very touching and impressive. There are about four thousand children, mostly under the age of ten or eleven. Arranged in long rows, rising tier upon tier above each other, and all dressed in dark stuff gowns with white kerchiefs and aprons and mittens, with quaint old-world starched caps about their young fresh faces, they have a very unique aspect. Particularly when they all rose and seated themselves as by a single impulse, the flutter of these thousands of white wings all through the church, with the devout, innocent look of the thousands of child faces, and the piping of their baby voices, suggested the choir of the angels in paradise. I do not know much to say of the charity. It is merely a collection of all the children, some of whom are fed, clothed, and educated by various schools, which are variously endowed. But as an artistic exhibition

it is certainly most effective. Thackeray, who was with me in the pew, said: "It is the finest thing in the world—finer than the Declaration of Independence." After the ceremony the luncheon for twenty or thirty invited guests was in the deanery, which is a large, comfortable house near the church. I like Milman. He is very quick, shrewd, active of mind, almost a man of genius, a good historian, and apparently a good-hearted, sympathizing person altogether. The sermon by a full-blown bishop was remarkably slow. I dined with Thackeray afterward. The only people I liked and knew were Mr. and Mrs. Blackwood.

Friday morning I went down to the City with the Amorys. I acted as cicerone to show them the Chapter Coffee House in Paternoster Row, which you and my darling Lily will recollect is the place of all others in the world in London which Charlotte Brontë selected when she came suddenly from Yorkshire to London to make a two days' visit. The place is as gloomy and forbidding as it is described to be by Mrs. Gaskell, and certainly no house in all the town could be imagined more forlorn for any woman to select as even a temporary residence. The alley is so narrow that one can almost touch the houses on both sides, and the whole expression of the locality is disconsolate in the last degree. The inscription is, "Chapter Coffee House—Faithful"; and I asked a man who is there to superintend the premises, which are to be let, whether he had ever heard of Miss Brontë. "Can't say I ever heard the name, sir. Was she here in Mr. Faithful's time?" was the only reply. The slender furrow made by little Jane Eyre in the ocean of London had long been effaced.

We went also to the beautiful Temple Church and gardens; and I thought of you, dear Mary, and the pleasure it gave you to see these places when we were together in London. I went afterward to the deanery of St. Paul's, to call on the Milmans, found them at home, and they brought me back to the West End, along with Mr. Senior, an ancient writer on political economy and a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review." This day I dined by myself at the Athenæum. The next day, Saturday, after a day spent in the British Museum, I went with Lady W. Russell and Arthur to the Palmerstons. Cambridge House is one of the finest mansions in London, not far from Hyde Park Corner. I was received very cordially by Lord and Lady Palmerston. She is agreeable and well bred in her manner, but at present without anything striking in her appearance. Lord Palmerston is not the least like any picture I ever saw of him. I thought him a tall, slender man. He is, on the contrary, rather short, and looks older than I expected, although I knew him to be seventy-four. His face is, however, handsome, and his address very gentle, soft, and winning. The features are regular, the teeth, if indigenious, good, but the eyes are small and rather lack-luster. He had the broad blue ribbon of the Garter over his white waistcoat, and he wore, what one rarely sees nowadays, a blue coat with gilt buttons. He talked with me a few moments on miscellaneous topics, and dinner was soon afterward announced.

I went to the *salle à manger* with Mrs. William Cowper. The company consisted, besides the hosts, of Lord and Lady Clarendon, their daughter, Lady Constance Villiers, the Countess of Tankerville, Lady

Olivia Ossulston, her daughter-in-law, a very handsome woman, Lady Victoria Ashley, Monekton Milnes, Mr. Labouchere, M. Duvergier d'Hauranne (an ex-minister of Louis Philippe), Lady William Russell and Arthur Russell, and one or two others whom I have forgotten. The dining-room is large and elegant. The service was plate, and the dinner and wines very good, but much like all dinners. I found my neighbor, Mrs. Cowper, a very pretty and agreeable person, disposed to please and to be pleased, and the dinner went on with the hush and calm characteristic of these stately occasions. When the ladies retired I found myself next to Lord Palmerston, and he talked with me a long time about English politics and American matters, saying nothing worth repeating, but conversing always with an easy, winning, quiet manner, which accounts for his great popularity among his friends. At the same time it seemed difficult to realize that he was the man who made almost every night, and a very late hour in the night, those rattling, vigorous, juvenile, slashing speeches which ring through the civilized world as soon as uttered. I told him that it seemed to me very difficult to comprehend how any man could make those ready, impromptu harangues in answer always to things said in the course of the debate, taking up all the adversary's points in his target, and dealing blows in return, without hesitation or embarrassment. He said very quietly that it was all a matter of habit; and I suppose that he really does it with as much ease as he eats his breakfast.

After we rose from table, Lord Clarendon came forward to me, and was introduced, and spoke very kindly to me, saying that my name was very familiar to

everybody in England, and that it was a great pleasure to him to make my acquaintance. He asked me how I liked the arrangements of the State Paper Office, and expressed himself with much interest concerning my proceedings. He talked with me a quarter of an hour or so very agreeably. Soon after we reached the saloons, of which there were four or five *en suite*, the company began to pour in, and they were soon overflowing.

Baron Brunnow, the Russian ambassador, a tall man, with an intensely ugly but very shrewd face, the Duke of Malakoff, a short, square figure with a broad white waistcoat and a singularly coarse and brutal physiognomy, and various other diplomats less known to fame, were there. There were a good many ladies whom I had met at the Duchess of Somerset's and other places,—Lady Airlie and her mother Lady Stanley, the Baroness Rothschild and her daughter, recently married to another Rothschild, Lady Lyndhurst and her daughter, and various others,—with all of whom I had the usual vapid conversation common in the crush of crowded saloons. I was also introduced to one or two literary and scientific celebrities, such as Hayward, a celebrated writer in the "Quarterly," and Sir Henry Rawlinson, the famous Eastern traveler, and Sir Rodrick Murchison, the great geologist. Lady W. Russell, on introducing me to the last-named personage, said that she was, as Boswell said of himself with regard to General Paoli and Dr. Johnson, "like an isthmus connecting two great continents." But I did not think the grim geologist seemed to relish having his ancient stratum of reputation placed on a level with so recent and tertiary a formation as he probably considers mine

to be. I do not know that I have anything further to record of this evening's entertainment. I forgot to say that upon the forenoon of this day Lord Lansdowne left his card for me, together with an invitation to dinner for next Friday. The difficulty now with me is to reduce my invitations to order, for as I often have two a day, and cannot eat more than one dinner per diem, there is often embarrassment of choice. On Sunday I went to call on Mrs. Norton, and found her as agreeable as ever. I think she talks about as well as Holmes, and at the same time has that attractive manner, low, sweet voice, and expressive style of beauty which have made her so celebrated. While I was there several people came in, among others Stirling, the Charles V. man; and presently the old Marquis of Lansdowne toddled in, and sat drinking every word she said with great delight. On going away he hoped I should not decline his invitation, adding that Mrs. Norton's presence would probably not make me less willing to be of the party.

I dined with the Sturgises. The company was Frank Cunningham and his wife, who have just turned up out of Egypt, and look very fresh and pleased with their perambulations, and Colonel Hamley. Afterward I went for an hour to the Cosmopolitan, where I found A. Russell (who begged me to send his particular regards to you), Reeve, Layard, Mackintosh, Milnes, and others; and I am now, at 2 A. M., just finishing this long-winded epistle. So good night and God bless you and my darling children, dearest Mary.

Ever affectionately yours,  
J. L. M.



THE HONORABLE MRS. NORTON





*To his Wife*

London,  
June 13, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: As usual upon Sunday morning, I am going to give myself the pleasure of sending you a brief account of my seeings and doings. I do not think that I have a great deal that will prove interesting. I say also sincerely that the principal, nay, the only, source of gratification to me in being the "favored guest of many a gay and brilliant throng," as R. Swiveller might express himself, is that I can amuse you and Lily with a few sketehes of people and things you may have heard of. Let me, however, thank you both for your letters of June 6, last Sunday.

The Russells are kindness itself to me. I like Lady William extremely, and I feel sure she likes me, and is very fond of introducing me to people she thinks worth knowing. I visit her occasionally, and she comes and takes me to parties, etc. I got a note from her last Monday morning, which I would send you if it were not on such thick paper. I think, however, an extraet from it will amuse you. It begins thus: "My dear sir, I hope you will break every tie, should you be entangled, on the 15th, and accept the inclosed invitation from my friend, who tried with me to find you at Lady Palmerston's. The dinner will be pleasant, and Lord Brougham, who will be there, pants to make your acquaintance. I saw him no less than three times in one day, *et chaque fois il était question de vous.*" etc., with a good deal more in the same vein. The card is from Lady Williams (wife or widow, I do not know

which, of one of the judges), and takes place day after to-morrow.

To resume my week's small beer. On Monday I worked pretty hard all day (which is very apt not to be the case, my time is so cut up with breakfasts, luncheons, etc.) at the State Paper Office. In the afternoon I went down with the Sturgises, Hamley, and the Blackwoods to a dinner at Richmond. I did not care much for it, as I was not much disposed to be merry, and I feel very unhappy and depressed, more than tongue can tell, about my dear mother. If I were amusing myself here in London, and if going to dinners were what it is to so many, what it might have been to me at twenty-five, an excitement and a pastime, I should reproach myself. But I do it with deliberation, and at a great sacrifice to my own feelings, because I believe it to be as it were my duty, being here in London, and with every door opened to me even without knocking, to see something and only once for all of English society.

There is nothing to say of this Richmond dinner. The Sturgises and Hamley were as gay and amusing as ever, and the Blackwoods are quiet, simple, intelligent people whom I like very much. I think I told you that he is both proprietor and editor of the famous magazine established by his father. On Tuesday there was a dinner at Lady Stanley's of Alderley. I think it was rather made for me than otherwise. The company was, besides the Stanleys, their married daughter and her husband, Lord Airlie, Lord Strangford, a young man who has been much in the East, and who is a very good Oriental scholar, and son of Lord Strangford, who translated the "Lusiad" of Camoens, Lady Palm-

erston, her daughter Lady Shaftesbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Lord and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe.

Lord Lyndhurst, who has very much lost the use of his legs, but not of his brains, did not come up in the drawing-room. I was introduced to Lord Brougham before dinner. He shook hands cordially, and expressed himself as glad to make my acquaintance, but he did not seem to "pant" so much as might have been expected. We soon went to dinner, and his place was at the opposite end of the table from mine, so that our acquaintance for the present is limited. I have no doubt I shall see more of him, but, to tell you the truth, I fear he is a mere wreck. Let me give you a photograph, while his grotesque image still lingers in the camera obscura of my brain. He is exactly like the pictures in "Punch," only "Punch" flatters him. The common pictures of Palmerston and Lord John are not like at all to my mind, but Brougham is always hit exactly. His face, like his tongue and his mind, is shrewd, sharp, humorous. His hair is thick and snow-white and shiny; his head is large and knobby and bumpy, with all kinds of phrenological developments, which I did not have a chance fairly to study. The rugged outlines or headlands of his face are wild and bleak, but not forbidding. Deep furrows of age and thought and toil, perhaps of sorrow, run all over it, while his vast mouth, with a ripple of humor ever playing around it, expands like a placid bay under the huge promontory of his fantastic and incredible nose. His eye is dim and could never have been brilliant, but his voice is rather shrill, with an unmistakable northern intonation; his manner of speech is fluent, not gar-

rulous, but obviously touched by time; his figure is tall, slender, shambling, awkward, but of course perfectly self-possessed. Such is what remains at eighty of the famous Henry Brougham.

My place at table was between Lady Stanley and the pretty Countess of Airlie, her daughter; on her right sat Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and at the other end of the table, on each side of Lord Stanley, were Brougham and Lyndhurst. I have already described Lyndhurst. When sitting down he appears younger than Brougham, although really six years older (he was eighty-six last week); his voice is silvery and his manner very suave and gentle. The company was too large for general conversation, but every now and then we at our end paused to listen to Brougham and Lyndhurst chaffing each other across the table. Lyndhurst said: "Brougham, you disgraced the woolsack by appearing there with those plaid trousers, and with your peer's robe on one occasion put on over your chancellor's gown." "The devil!" said Brougham, "you know that to be a calumny; I never wore the plaid trousers." "Well," said Lyndhurst, "he confesses the two gowns. Now, the present lord chancellor never appears except in small-clothes and silk stockings." Upon which Lady Stanley observed that the ladies in the gallery all admired Lord Chelmsford for his handsome leg. "A virtue that was never seen in you, Brougham," said Lyndhurst, and so on. I do not repeat these things because they are worth recording, but because I always try to Boswellize a little for your entertainment. All dinner-time, Lord Lyndhurst's servant, who came with him, stood behind him, allowing him to eat only the dishes which he selected for

him, and seeming very much like the doctor who stood behind Sancho Panza, when governor of Barataria, and perpetually waved away the dishes which that functionary was inclined to devour.

Lord Lyndhurst is always very kind and attentive to me. He called out to me in the old-fashioned way to drink wine with him at table, and after dinner both he and Brougham addressed a good deal of the conversation, which turned on American matters, slave-trade, etc., to me, and you may be sure that I was glad to speak my mind on those subjects. I told them, however, that the English were doing a great deal of damage and no good by the utterly indefensible and insolent conduct of the petty officers in the West Indian seas. There is no doubt that all this will be speedily put an end to, for the English are very anxious to avoid any quarrel with America, as well as not to furnish us with any additional pretext for taking Cuba. I liked Lord Stratford de Redcliffe very much. He is the man, you know, who has been so long ambassador in Constantinople, and doubtless stands at the head of English diplomacy. He is a tall, thin man, with a handsome, distinguished face, bald and gray, advanced in the *soixantaine*, with perfectly simple, unpretending manners. I had imagined, from the accounts of him, a tremendous swell, with much pomp and circumstance. He talked with me a good deal during dinner, and when we went to the drawing-room he requested a formal introduction, and conversed half an hour with me. He had been in former times minister in America, and, among other people, he remembered very well John Quincy Adams and Mr. Otis. He told me he should like to cultivate my acquaintance while

I was in England, and I suppose I ought to call on him, as he is an ex-ambassador and as he cannot know where I live. I have not yet done so, however, as I cannot meet people even half-way. Mrs. Norton took me severely to task for making old Lord Lansdowne call first on me, saying that I had no business to give him the trouble to send word to inquire my address, which he had been obliged to do. Lord Lyndhurst, on account of his legless condition, did not come upstairs, and Lord Brougham stayed down with him to talk of some bill soon to be brought into the Lords, so that neither came above the horizon that night.

*Wednesday.* As I had resolved, according to your wish, to refuse no invitations to sit at "good men's feasts," I had accepted an invitation to a *déjeûner* at Lord Carlisle's at Chiswick House. There was a great flower-show at the Horticultural Gardens, which are near Lord Carlisle's house, and he had taken the opportunity to make a small party. About thirty people sat down at 2:30 o'clock. I had hoped that the Duchess of Sutherland would be there; she was not, and unless Lord Carlisle comes to town I am afraid I shall not see her. Her daughter Lady Blantyre was there. I went to table with Lord Carlisle's sister, Lady Dover. There was also the family of Hamilton Fish of New York. I have a curiosity to see the Duchess of Sutherland on account of her high reputation, but I do not like to ask for an introduction, and prefer to wait till I am bumped in her direction in the general maelstrom of London society. Mackintosh was there, but not his wife, and with that exception I cannot tell you the names of the people. They were doubtless all swells, but I doubt if there were any celebrities.

On Thursday I worked all day at the State Paper Office, and dined *en famille* with Thackeray, whom I happened to meet the evening before at the Athenæum. He has been very friendly to me; I believe him to be very kind-hearted and benevolent. His eldest daughter I like very much. When I came home in the evening I found an invitation from Lady Palmerston for the same night. It had been overlooked or mislaid or something, and was marked "Immediate," but it was too late for me, fatigued as I was, to go. I suppose there will be another next Saturday.

On Friday afternoon I went into the Athenæum for a sandwich, and there I met Milnes, who asked me to breakfast next Wednesday. He also asked me to go down to the House with him, which I was willing to do for an hour or two, although I was to dine at eight. When you are introduced by a member you are seated in the House itself, in some very good seats reserved for members of the other House and "illustrious foreigners," so that you hear the debates quite as well as the M. P.'s themselves. For such a brief visit I made rather a good hit. The testy old Admiral Napier had just been asking some questions about the defenses of England, and Dizzy then got up to reply. In the course of his speech, which was about twenty minutes, he made the announcement, new to most people, that the Cagliari question had been settled so satisfactorily. This is another piece of good fortune in the run of luck which the ministers have been having. It was not new to me, for we had happened, as we walked down, to meet Delane, editor of the "Times," who had mentioned the circumstance. Dizzy's manner was calm on this occasion, statesmanlike, and very different from

the boisterous and declamatory style adopted by him the other day in his speech at Slough. He expresses himself with considerable fluency for an Englishman, the most eloquent of whom are so apt to "stick on conversation's burs."

Afterward Bright made a few remarks. He is one of the favorites of the House, belonging to the branch of that extreme Liberal party which has taken the present ministers under its protection, to annoy Palmerston on the one side and Lord John on the other. It was quite amusing to see him patting Disraeli on the head from the opposition benches. His manner is easy, conversational, slightly humorous, rather fluent. The whole style of thing is very different in Parliament from the American way of proceeding in Congress or State legislatures. Everything here is toned down to a gentle, businesslike mediocrity. The invisible but most omnipotent demon of good taste which presides over the English world, social, political, and moral, hangs over the heads of the legislators and suppresses their noble rage. The consequence is that eloquence is almost impossible. Nobody drinks up Esel or eats crocodiles, but at the same time a good deal of passion and rhetoric, which might occasionally explode to advantage, is forever sealed up. I doubt whether Sheridan or Burke in this age would not find the genial current of their soul to be frozen by this clear, cold atmosphere of good taste which coagulates the common talk of Englishmen, however wise or witty.

I was obliged to come away very early to dress for dinner at Lansdowne House. You remember the place, which is on the opposite side of Berkeley Square to Thomas's Hotel and inside a brick wall. (By the way,



the Airlies live next door to Thomas's.) The house for London is spacious and splendid, the reception-rooms and dining-room being on the ground floor. I should think the dining-room was about fifty feet by twenty-five, and well proportioned as to height. There are many statues about it. The hostess at Lansdowne House is his daughter-in-law, Lady Shelburne, who is pretty and pleasing. The company consisted of Mrs. Norton, Dean Milman and his wife, Lord Macaulay, Lady Dufferin and her son Lord Dufferin, Hayward, Miss Thellusson, and a gentleman whose name I did not hear. Rather a small party for so large a room. I had on my left the young lady who declaimed so vigorously at Lady Stanley's, and who is intelligent and agreeable. On my right I had the good luck to have Lady Dufferin, whom before I had hardly seen. She is extremely agreeable, full of conversation, with a charming manner, and has or had almost as much beauty and almost as much genius as her sister Mrs. Norton, with a far better fate. At table by wax-light she looked very handsome, with a wreath of white roses on her black hair; while her son, a very handsome youth of near thirty, sat near her, looking like her brother. Hallam's "Middle Ages" ought to be a classic work in England certainly, for there is no country in the world in which that epoch is so triumphant. The grandmothers of England seem almost as young as the mothers. Lady Dufferin has, I believe, never published, but she is perpetually writing *vers de société*, prologues for private theatricals, songs, and impromptus. Mrs. Norton's "Miss Myrtle is going to marry" and "So so, sir, you have come at last," are as familiar, as you know very well, as Percy's "Ballads." Her son

told me that Lord Palmerston once quoted a verse of "the charming woman," saying, "As the old song says," which was not particularly complimentary to the woman, however agreeable it might have been to the poetess.

She made herself very agreeable all dinner-time. I told her I had just heard Disraeli speak. She said she had always known him and liked him in spite of his tergiversations and absurdities. When he was very young and had made his first appearance in London society as the author of "Vivian Grey," there was something almost incredible in his aspect. She assured me that she did not exaggerate in the slightest degree in describing to me his dress when she first met him at a dinner-party. He wore a black velvet coat lined with satin, purple trousers with a gold band running down the outside seam, a scarlet waistcoat, long lace ruffles falling down to the tips of his fingers, white gloves with several brilliant rings outside them, and long black ringlets rippling down upon his shoulders. It seemed impossible that such a Guy Fawkes could have been tolerated in any society. His audacity, which has proved more perennial than brass, was always the solid foundation of his character. She told him however, that he made a fool of himself by appearing in such fantastic shape, and he afterward modified his costume, but he was never to be put down. She gave me another anecdote of him. "He was once dining," said Lady Dufferin, "with my insufferable brother-in-law Mr. Norton (of course long before the separation), when the host begged him to drink a particular kind of wine, saying he had never tasted anything so good before. Disraeli agreed that the wine

was very good. 'Well,' said Norton, 'I have got wine twenty times as good in my cellar.' 'No doubt, no doubt,' said Dizzy, looking round the table, 'but, my dear fellow, this is quite good enough for such canaille as you have got to-day.' Everybody saw that the remark was intended as a slap for Mr. Norton, except that individual himself, who was too obtuse to feel it."

I do not know that I have anything more to record of this dinner. Macaulay was too far off for me to hear much of his talk till the ladies retired, although I observed very few of those brilliant "flashes of silence in his conversation" to which Sydney Smith once alluded. After dinner the conversation was miscellaneous; but Hayward, who is a "Quarterly Reviewer" of some reputation and a diner-out, got into an argument with Macaulay about sculpture and painting, and the whole apple-cart of conversation was upset. Milman was agreeable, as he always is, and so was Macaulay. Old Lord Lansdowne sat beaming and genial in the center of his system, and had evidently acquired a good deal of fresh warmth and radiance from Mrs. Norton, who sat next him and had been looking handsomer than I ever saw her before. She was dressed in white, and from the end of the table where I sat it would have required a very powerful telescope to discover that she had passed thirty. Before we went away, Milman invited me next week to breakfast with Macaulay. He had again a violent fit of coughing just before he went to the drawing-room, but it seemed to me of an asthmatic character. He went away early, and I departed about eleven. Next afternoon I drove out with the Amorys to a breakfast (at Lady Duf-

ferin's, at her villa in Highgate, about five miles from London). The grounds are charming; the villa a beautiful English house, with lawn and shrubbery and oaks, and wide views over hill and dale, such as are in perfection in England. The weather was, as it has been for the last ten days, very summery and sultry. Tea-tables and ices were spread on the lawn under the trees, and there were many persons of my acquaintance present. The Stanleys, the Airlies, Mrs. Norton, the Duchess of Wellington, and various other persons were there. The tone of the party was very much *sans gêne*, and Mrs. Norton triumphed over her age and the sunlight. Both the Amorys looked very well.

I do not know that I have anything special to record of this afternoon's entertainment. The Countess of Clarendon was there, and requested Lady Dufferin to introduce me to her, and was very civil and agreeable. We returned in time for me to dress and go to dine at Lord Goderich's at eight. I think I mentioned in my last that Lord Goderich is a rising young politician, with a good deal of talent and very liberal principles. Of my acquaintance was Hurlbert, who, as I have before mentioned, has recently turned up here, and A. Russell. Besides, there was the "young couple" whom we met two or three years ago at Lucerne. As I rarely forget faces, I recognized theirs. They are a Mr. and Mrs. ——. He is a member of Parliament and a Radical. She sat on my left, and I asked in the course of dinner whether she remembered where we had last met. She said she had been puzzling over it (which I do not believe at all); I said, in Lucerne. Then she remembered, or affected to remember, and added: "Why is it that we English, when we meet

abroad, are so very friendly, and when we reappear in London are so very hedgehoggy?" I told her that the reason why there was no hedgehogginess on this occasion was because I was not an Englishman. "From which of the sister islands, then?" she asked. "From none," I answered. "Then from one of the colonies?" "Yes," said I, "from Australia." Russell and Lady Goderich laughed, and I left her to burst in ignorance. After the dinner Russell and I retired to the Athenæum at eleven, to drink soda and water and smoke cigars, which evil habit I have occasionally resumed late at night, but rarely at the Cosmopolitan.

To-day, Sunday,—for the last sheet of this letter I have taken up late this evening,—I have done nothing but take a short drive in the park with the Amorys and dine with the Sturgises, and now I am tired, and so I shall say God bless you, dearest Mary; kiss my darling children, and believe me ever

Most affectionately yours,

J. L. M.

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*To his Mother*

London,  
June 17, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I was rejoiced to find by the letters which arrived yesterday that your health had improved.

It makes me very sad to hear of you as suffering so much pain, and I trust most sincerely that the change of air and the quiet of Riverdale will reinvigorate you, and that we may have the happiness to hear of a still further improvement. I am leading rather a solitary

life here, for although I go a good deal into society, this is rather as a matter of duty than anything else. My own family are all far away from me in Switzerland. Although, thank God, they have hitherto been pretty well, I cannot feel perfectly comfortable when the separation is such a decided one. Moreover, I do not get so much time to work as I hoped to do. London is such a large place that an enormous deal of time is spent in getting from one place to another. If you go out to breakfast or to luncheon your day is broken in two and is no longer good for anything.

Lord Brougham interests me as much as any man. He is now eighty years of age, but I do not see that he is much broken. His figure is erect, not very graceful, certainly, but active. His face is so familiar to every one, principally through the pictures in "Punch," as hardly to require a description. The whole visage is wild and bizarre and slightly comical, but not stern or forbidding. Like his tongue and his mind, it is eminently Scotch, sharp, caustic, rugged, thistle-ish. The top of the head is as flat as if it had been finished with a plane. The brain-chamber is as spacious as is often allotted to any one mortal, and, as the world knows, the owner has furnished it very thoroughly. The face is large, massive, seamed all over with the deep furrows of age and thought and toil; the nose is fantastic and incredible in shape. There is much humor and benevolence about the lines of the mouth. His manner is warm, eager, earnest, cordial. I was with him half an hour yesterday, and he talked a good deal of the question of Cuba and the slave-trade. He was of opinion that the claim to visit must be given up, that there was no logical defense for it;

but he spoke with a sigh and almost with tears of the apparent impossibility of suppressing the slave-trade, or of preventing in America the indefinite extension and expansion of slavery.

I told him that Americans belonging to the free States were placed in a position such as no great body of men had ever before found themselves in. They were forced to choose between an act of political suicide or connivance at the steady expansion of the slavery system, which was repugnant both to their principles and to their interests. A man in Ohio or Massachusetts must either be a rebel and bend his energy to the dissolution of the Union, or he must go heart and hand with Alabama and Carolina in acquiring Cuba and Central America, and carving out an endless succession of slave States for the future. He said this was quite true, and that all lovers of progress and liberal institutions could not help being afflicted at the terrible position in which the free States were placed. Whichever way one looked, dissolution seemed to stare us in the face, for the annexation of the worn-out, effete, mongrel Spanish-American population into our confederation was, after all, a vitiation, corruption, and death to our original and powerful organization. I do not give you exactly his words, but as I agreed in everything he said, and as he seemed to sympathize with all I ventured to express, I thought it would interest you to hear it. No man wishes more good, more glory, more prosperity to the American people than Lord Brougham, but he cannot believe (nor can I) that those objects are to be attained by extending slavery and reëstablishing the slave-trade. I have got to the end of my sheet, my dearest mother, and so

I shall bid you good-by for the present, meaning to write again very soon. I shall remain about a fortnight longer in London, and then leave for Holland, where I have some two or three months' work. My best love to father, to my dear A——, of whom I am glad to hear so much better accounts, and to all the rest of the family, and believe me, my dear mother,

Most affectionately your son,

J. L. M.

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*To his Wife*

London,  
June 20, 1858.

MY DEAREST MARY: Although I go out a good deal, and dine with somebody or other every day, I see no new celebrities, and, indeed, there are very few to see. I doubt if I shall see Disraeli or Bulwer. Both are now ministers, and rarely go into society, I believe. Carlyle was to have come to breakfast at Milnes's, but he was ill and sent an apology. Monday I dined with Mr. Darwin, cousin to Mackintosh, and son or grandson of the man who wrote "The Botanic Garden." Mackintosh was there, and his sister and brother-in-law the Wedgwoods, descendants of the famous Wedgwood the potter, and sundry other people, whose names I do not know. The day was insufferably hot. The weather, the three or four days of the past week, has been hotter than any one ever believed it possible to be in England. The glass was near 90° in the shade, and there was a sense of suffocation in the air, which was intensified by dining in the inevitable white choker



in close rooms. For once in my life I have known the weather too warm for my taste, but it has furnished a topic of conversation inexhaustible and providential.

On Tuesday I dined with Lady Williams, the widow of a judge of some note. The company consisted of Mr. Harcourt,<sup>1</sup> a bland old gentleman, to whom I was introduced on arriving. When I came in with A. Russell (Lady W. Russell, being taken suddenly ill, was unable to come to the dinner), Lady Williams addressed me in French. I replied in that language, thinking perhaps she had mistaken me for Malakoff, and being unwilling to disturb the illusion. She, however, soon after presented me to the said Mr. Harcourt, and after I had turned away I heard her ask him confidentially if he had read the D. R. As she is very hard of hearing, he was obliged to whisper in a tremendous undertone audible a mile off, "Not yet, but Lady Waldegrave [his wife] is reading it at this moment with great pleasure"; all or which I was *censé* not to hear. Then came Lord Brougham, looking as droll as ever. There certainly never was a great statesman and author who so irresistibly suggested the man who does the comic business at a small theater as Brougham. You are compelled to laugh when you see him as much as at Keeley or Warren. Yet there is absolutely nothing comic in his mind. On the contrary, he is always earnest, vigorous, impressive. But there is no resisting his nose. It is not merely the configuration of that wonderful feature which surprises you, but its mobility. It has the litheness and almost the length of the elephant's proboscis, and I have no doubt he can pick up pins or scratch his back with it

<sup>1</sup> George Harcourt, Esq.

as easily as he could take a pinch of snuff. He is always twisting it about in quite a fabulous manner.

Then there were Lord and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe, the Earl of Powis, who told me that he knew the Fays when they lived in Shropshire, some young men whose names I have forgotten, and a very pretty girl who sat next me, whose name was Campbell. I can absolutely tell you nothing of this entertainment. I am not much of a judge of cookery; I really cannot say whether the cuisine of the various places where I dine is commendable or the reverse, and I can only say that it is stereotyped. The same soups, fishes and dishes succeed each other in one unvarying procession, just as in a Boston dinner-party or a German table d'hôte.

No doubt, too, the society is too large. The wide orbits in which the higher constellations move admit but slight possibilities of conjunction, and so in solemn silence, or nearly so, all move round the vast terrestrial ball. There is not much chance for anything beyond a slight and formal acquaintance, however disposed the natives may be to be civil to strangers, and in my own case I have received a good deal of civility. Still, the width of society makes it dreary for a foreigner. On Wednesday morning I breakfasted with Milnes. He is a particularly good fellow, hearty, jolly, intelligent, rich, and hospitable, a man of letters, and a member of Parliament. His wife is at present in the country, so that he does not give dinners, although they say his house is one of the best to dine at in London. A breakfast is in itself an absurdity. At least, I, for one, hate to talk at breakfast to people with whom I am not intimate.

It takes at least a few glasses of champagne to thaw the surface of any general intercourse, but to pour tea upon the ice is indeed a weakness. To be jolly over muffins is the most wretched of delusions. There was a professor from Baltimore, whose specialty seems to be an international currency, who asked if I happened to be acquainted with my namesake, the author of the "Dutch Republic," two or three foreigners, Lord Ashburton, and a Crimean hero or two, *et voilà*. I am sure I cannot tell you anything of the conversation, as there was no celebrity present whose head I can take off for your amusement. . . . I dined with John Forster, formerly editor of the "Examiner," author of several very clever works. The company consisted of Dilke, editor of the "Athenæum," Egg the painter, Sir C. Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy, and his wife. The thermometer had been at 90° all day, and you may imagine what the effect of wax candles, steaming dishes, and a parboiled dozen or two of human creatures must have been. For my own feelings, I can only say that St. Lawrence on his gridiron was an emblem of cool comfort in comparison. The conversation was not exciting or instructive. Lady Eastlake had been a good deal in Germany and in Courland, and I have an idea that she is the author of a very clever book I once read called "Letters from the Baltic." Her husband is a sensible man in his profession of cognoscente. On Thursday morning, while I was making a call on Julia Sturgis, in walked Madame Mohl. We fell into each other's arms, of course. I do not know how long she is to stay here. It appears that the Queen of Holland has been lately making a visit to the emperor in Paris. She told M. Mohl she wanted

to see Mignet, Cousin, and other celebrities. He told her she could not, for nothing would induce such men to go to the Tuileries. The only way it could be managed was for her to come to his house, and he would invite them to meet her. With this she was delighted, so the Mohls gave a luncheon or dinner, I forget which, and had all these celebrities, and her Majesty came and was delighted.

Madame Mohl said that Count Randwyk told her it was indispensable that I should report myself to him on my arrival at The Hague. He is her master of ceremonies. I do not think I shall, however; certainly not if I can possibly help it.

That day I went, according to appointment, to the House of Lords, sent in my card to Lord Brougham, who came out and brought me into the House, and gave me a place on what is called the steps of the throne, where you are separated by a slight rail from the body of the House.

The speaking on the Cuba business was opened by the Bishop of Oxford, in a fervid and impassioned speech. He is the son of the celebrated Wilberforce, and one of the best speakers in England. There is no need of my talking about the matter of this debate. The manner is all which is important, as you have perhaps seen what was said; and if not, it is of little consequence, for the whole matter, so far as England and America are concerned, is settled. The men who spoke were, besides the Bishop of Oxford, Brougham, who was earnest, eager, and eloquent as a young man; Earl Grey, who was very peppery and pugnacious; Clarendon, who was gentlemanlike; Carlisle, who was brief, but earnest and almost eloquent. Just before

the end of the debate he came over to me to tell me that he had just sent me a note inviting me to dinner on the 3d July. On the whole, the style of thing was very creditable, the elocution was above mediocrity, and the tone was in mortifying contrast to that of the recent debate in our Senate, where each speaker vied with the rest in using violent and abusive language toward England. I say mortifying contrast, because whatever be the right or the wrong, and I believe that we are right, yet it is detestable to see people without any feeling of the responsibility of statesmen and bragging away about going into a naval war with a power which has got some four hundred ships of war, while we have got twenty-five or thirty.

On Saturday I went to a large morning party at the Marchioness of Westminster's. Their residence is Grosvenor House, one of the most splendid palaces in London. There were a dozen or two of people that I knew there. The principal reception-room was the great picture-gallery; but there was no opportunity of seeing the pictures, and the crowd was so great that there was no chance for anything but to suffer and be strong for a little while, and then to come away. I was obliged to leave by five o'clock, as I was engaged three weeks long, with fifty or sixty of my compatriots, to be starred and gartered by Mr. Peabody at Richmond. I went with the Sturgises in their carriage. The day was fine and the drive pleasant, and the dinner less oppressive than I had anticipated. The Amorys were there, both looking handsome and beautifully dressed, the Dallases, Fishers, and a comprehensive catalogue of starred-and-striped individuals from Connecticut to California, the latter State being represented by a voluminous, nug-

gety lady. I conducted to dinner Mrs. Morell, the married daughter of Mrs. Dallas.

We reached town at about 11:30, at which hour I was deposited at Cambridge House, where there was a party. There is nothing particular to be said of this festival, nobody there whom I have not described. Lord Palmerston came up to me, and talked a quarter of an hour very pleasantly; and there were others whom I like to meet, as Baron Bentinck, the Netherlands minister; an especially agreeable person, Baroness Rothschild, who invited me to dinner next Thursday.

Affectionately yours,

J. L. M.







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