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DECEMBER MEETING, 1878.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Thursday, the 12th instant, at 11 o'clock A.M.; the President in the chair.

The Recording Secretary read the record of the previous meeting, and it was approved.

The Librarian reported the accessions to the Library by gifts during the month. He called attention to the third volume of Mr. Winthrop's "Addresses and Speeches," just published, containing his public orations and occasional discourses during the last ten years, and dedicated to our Honorary Member, the Hon. Hugh Blair Grigsby, President of the Virginia Historical Society, a copy of which had been presented by the author, our distinguished President.

The Corresponding Secretary read a letter from M. Henri Martin accepting his election as an Honorary Member.

The Cabinet-keeper announced the gift, by Mr. John T. Clark, of a view of the Old Elm on Boston Common, lithographed upon a veneer from the wood of the venerable tree.

The President read the following extract from a letter he had received from George H. Moore, LL.D., of New York: "Referring to the Collections Mass. Hist. Soc., 4th Series, vol. ix. p. 11 (note), and note after p. 488 in the same volume, I beg leave, through you, respectfully to offer, for the acceptance of the Society, a copy of Pory's translation of Leo's Africa, which is complete with the exception of the map. The copy in the Library of the Society which is referred to as 'not complete, nor in good condition,' has the map; so that the Society will henceforth be in possession of the whole of this interesting publication, which has an additional interest for American historical scholars from the fact that it was so warmly encouraged by Hakluyt."

He read also the following letter from Mr. W. H. Swift, who was one of the engineers in the construction of the Western railroad from Worcester to Albany: —

NEW YORK, Nov. 11, 1878.

Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,
President Mass. Hist. Society.

DEAR SIR, — I have among my books a volume of pamphlets of some 800 pages, containing a collection of reports and other documents relating to the history and construction of the Western Railroad of Massachusetts, from its beginning in 1836 to its completion in 1842,

and its consolidation with the Boston and Worcester Railroad in 1868.

These documents have been selected by me from a large number published by the corporation and others during the period above stated; and the selection has been made more with the desire of preserving and exhibiting the earlier history of the road and the principles upon which it was constructed than for any other purpose. Pamphlets of this description, being ephemeral in character, soon disappear, and are lost to public sight; but after a lapse of forty or fifty years, as in this instance, they sometimes possess a value for the antiquary.

Of the earlier efforts which were made to secure the construction of a "canal or railway from Boston to the Hudson River at Albany," a minute account will be found detailed in the "Historical Memoir of the Western Railroad," published by Mr. George Bliss in 1863, now included in the present volume, the record running back to 1791.

I propose, with your assent, to give the volume to the Society of which you are the President, and hope it may be found worthy of a place on the shelves of its library. It will serve to show to posterity how and by what methods this really great work of that day was initiated, and how successfully and economically the whole of it was accomplished.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SWIFT.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Moore and Mr. Swift for these acceptable gifts.

The President then announced the death of a Corresponding Member, Dr. John G. Kohl, which took place at Bremen on the 28th of October, and called upon Mr. DEANE, who spoke as follows: —

MR. PRESIDENT, — The death of so distinguished a Corresponding Member as was Dr. Kohl in his special department of archæology should certainly excuse us for dwelling a few moments upon his labors. You kindly asked me, sir, to say a few words of him; and what I wish to say I have put down on a few sheets of paper, in order that I may not take up too much time.

Dr. John George Kohl was born on the 28th of April, 1808, in the old German city of Bremen, where his father was a merchant. He studied at Göttingen, at Heidelberg, and at Munich; and in 1832 he accepted the place of preceptor in the family of Baron de Manteuffel, and later in that of Comte Medem. In 1854, Dr. Kohl visited the United States, where he stayed three or four years, returning to Bremen in 1858. He then accepted the position of librarian of the

city library of Bremen, which I suppose he held at the time of his death.

Previous to visiting this country, Dr. Kohl had travelled extensively in Europe in pursuit of historical and geographical information, and subsequently in Canada and the United States; and the results of his observations he published in many volumes, too numerous to be mentioned here. I will speak more particularly of those labors which especially interest ourselves.

My first acquaintance with Dr. Kohl was made during his residence in our Cambridge, more than twenty years ago, when he was employed on an important work for the Coast Survey; viz., a History of Maritime Discovery from the time of Columbus to the advent of the "Mayflower" on our shores, illustrated by original maps. The study of maps, and particularly maps relating to the New World, may be said to have been a specialty with Dr. Kohl. For this work (for the Coast Survey) he employed a corps of assistants to reduce the larger maps and charts to the requisite size. He was a long time engaged on this labor, and I often saw him during its progress. He was a tall, spare man, of great energy of character, and full of enthusiasm on his special theme. During the winter that he spent in Cambridge, he would sometimes carry off from my own library armfuls of books, whenever he thought he could find in them a trace of a map which he had not seen, or a new fact bearing on his subject. I remember once on leaving my house he slung a large package of books over his shoulder, like a traveller's pack, and trudged off with them in a drifting snow-storm, making me almost tremble for my precious volumes.

The work to which I have referred was prepared by him with the full expectation that, when completed, it would be published by the United States Government. But the financial troubles of 1857 came on, the Government was almost bankrupt, and the publication of his work was delayed or abandoned; and Dr. Kohl went home to Germany almost broken-hearted. His beautiful maps, some of which I have seen at Washington, are now uncared for.

Dr. Kohl also prepared a history of the voyages made from the earliest period to the west coast of the United States, illustrated by maps in the same manner, but briefer and less elaborate than his work relating to the east coast. The manuscript, with the maps, yet unpublished, is now in possession of the American Antiquarian Society.

While in this country, Dr. Kohl prepared and published

a "Descriptive Catalogue of those Maps, Charts, and Surveys relating to America which are mentioned in vol. iii. of Hakluyt's Great Work, Washington, 1857."

He also delivered a lecture, at the Smithsonian Institution, "On the Plan of a Cartographical Depot for the History and Geography of the American Continent."

The importance of such a depot for historical investigation is learnedly and eloquently set forth by him.

He showed that the study of old maps as materials for a history of geography is of comparatively recent date, — not earlier than the present century. The distinguished map-makers of the sixteenth century, — Mercator, Ortelius, Hondius, and others, — and those of the two following centuries, were employed in producing the best maps possible from the latest and most authentic information, and not in reproducing old maps. A new map was always an object of interest, and was valued as a most precious thing; but it might be very soon superseded by another regarded as more accurate, and then it would be thrown aside as useless, and be forgotten. It is only by a knowledge of those old and "useless" maps that the history of geography and discovery can be written. By the labors of Humboldt, Baron Walckenaer, Ghillany, Jomard, D'Avezac, and others, who have recently produced copies of the earliest maps and globes, illustrated by a learned text, has it been possible to arrive at the opinions of the navigators themselves, and to elevate the study of geography into something like a science.

A briefer paper on "Lost Maps," contributed to the "National Intelligencer" at Washington, I remember interested me much.

He spoke of the maps of the Italian navigator, Palestrello, who, at his death, left to his wife his papers and maps of the islands and waters of the Atlantic Ocean. These she gave to Columbus when he married her daughter. How interesting it would be, he said, to have one of those maps by which Columbus was instructed! He also referred to the map constructed by the celebrated Toscanelli, the friend of Columbus, giving his idea of the size of the globe, and in what manner one could sail from Spain westward to Asia. The famous Bishop Las Casas had this map in his possession. It may yet be slumbering in the archives of Spain.

Columbus himself was once a map-maker, gaining his livelihood by composing maps. These are all lost. Bartholomew Columbus, the brother of Christopher, also made maps; but no one of them is extant. I will not enumerate others. By

such an interest, and by inquiries like these, is science indebted for the more recent discovery and rediscovery of the maps of Cabot and of Vespucius.

On his return home, Dr. Kohl published in 1860 an elaborate and beautiful edition of the celebrated map of the world made by the Spanish cosmographer Diego Ribero, in 1529, — one of the most important maps relating to our coast, minutely delineating the voyages of Gomez and Ayllon. The original is preserved in the collection of the Grand Duke of Weimar.

Dr. Kohl's last work, or that by which he is best known in this country, is his "History of the Discovery of the East Coast of North America, particularly the Coast of Maine, from the Northmen in 990 to the Charter of Gilbert in 1578. Illustrated by maps and charts." This book forms the first volume of the "Documentary History of Maine," published in 1869. Dr. Kohl was one year in preparing this work; but he embodied in it the results of a life of preparation. I regard it as one of the most valuable and trustworthy books on the subject of which it treats; and English scholars, like Mr. Major of the British Museum, bear testimony to its value. In one of his learned papers, he speaks of Dr. Kohl and the late M. D'Avezac as "two friends of mine of high distinction in the world of letters." He says of Dr. Kohl's book, published by the Maine Historical Society: "It is a most admirable work; and I am proud to think that it was at my suggestion that the proposal was made to my learned friend to undertake so responsible and difficult a task."

Dr. Kohl was never married. He was wedded only to his science. He had the enthusiasm, perseverance, and learning so characteristic of German scholars, united to the most beautiful simplicity of character. After the death of Humboldt, he was unquestionably the most distinguished geographer in Europe.

The last letter I had from Dr. Kohl was nine months ago. I will conclude these very imperfect remarks by reading some extracts from it: —

"The last essay which I have published is one on the discovery and geographical history of the Magellan Strait, of which I have sent and presented a copy to your Historical Society. Since that, I have worked again and again on the history of the North-west passage, from Cortes to Franklin and M'Clure, which comprises nearly the history of the geography of the entire North of America. The greatest part of this work I had finished and *prepared for print*, when about one and a half years' ago such a weakness and frailness

of my body befell me, that I was obliged to give up all working, studying, and writing. Some chapters or specimens of this work are printing in this moment in the "Ausland" of Cotta. But the entire work, at which I have been laboring for years, will never come out. I am so invalid in my legs that I am unable to walk from one table or room to the other; and that I can, like my dear Professor Woods,* enjoy nature and fresh air only in a carriage. How happy would I be if I could ride in his company through the lofty woods and picturesque scenery of Maine! Here, near my father-town, Bremen, the landscape is indeed extremely tame and uninteresting. I improve it a little on my excursions, thinking of my dear Professor Woods and his enjoyments. . . . Preserve me your friendship, and farewell. A great joy would it be for me if you would take the trouble to write to me a little more on your own life and doings, . . . and particularly of my dear, revered friend, Longfellow." . . .

Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, was elected a Resident Member; and John Hill Burton, D.C.L., the Historiographer Royal for Scotland, an Honorary Member.

Mr. AUGUSTUS T. PERKINS communicated the following sketches of the artists Blackburn and Smibert, with memoranda of the portraits painted by them, the result of his researches: —

Extended researches have failed to throw much light on the questions whence Jonathan B. Blackburn came and where he went on leaving Boston. He first appeared here, so far as we know, about 1750, and remained about fifteen years. Mr. H. W. French, who has devoted much time to this inquiry, thinks there is reason to believe that he came from Connecticut; and he has discovered that there was a travelling artist of the name of Blackburn, a generation before him, who may have been his father. There is no very good proof of this; but it seems well to mention the circumstance, so that it may be remembered, and perhaps a clew to his real ancestry be thus obtained. He was for the time certainly a very good portrait painter; and I cannot help feeling that he remained in Boston until, finding that his pupil, or imitator, Copley, had begun to paint better than himself, he removed from the town. The

* Dr. Kohl had learned that his friend, Dr. Leonard Woods, late President of Bowdoin College, — who has died since the above remarks were written, — had become an invalid, and quite unable to take exercise except in the way mentioned by Dr. Kohl.

fact that Copley had so improved as to be unquestionably the better painter when Blackburn retired cannot be questioned.

A list of such of his pictures as I have been able to trace, arranged alphabetically, is here submitted: —

JOSEPH ALLEN. — This picture, a three-quarters length, representing a fine-looking man, dressed in the fashion of the times, is painted with great skill, and shows conclusively how good an artist Blackburn was.

MRS. JOSEPH ALLEN. — This picture, a companion portrait to that of her husband, is equally well painted. Both are in Blackburn's best manner.

They are in the possession of Miss Andrews, Chestnut Street, Boston.

MR. AMORY. — There is a portrait of this gentleman, signed by Blackburn, in the possession of Mr. Edward Sohier, of Longwood.

CHARLES APTHORP. — He was born in England in 1698, married Grissilda Eastwick, Jan. 13, 1726, and died Sept. 11, 1758. This picture, a three-quarters length, painted in 1758, is fifty by forty inches, and represents Mr. Apthorp as an elderly gentleman, dressed in red broadcloth, with black silk stockings. He is sitting in his garden in Quincy, looking toward his house. In the background is a view of the old Adams mansion.

MRS. CHARLES APTHORP. — She was Grissilda Eastwick; was born in 1710, and died in 1796. This, being a companion picture to that of her husband, is three-quarters length, and fifty by forty inches in size. It represents a lady, dressed in a changeable salmon and green silk robe, cut square in the neck, the sleeves trimmed with lace.

These two pictures are in the possession of Mrs. Tasker Swett, Boston.

ATKINS PICTURE. — There was a very good picture in the possession of the late Mr. Atkins, of Boston, which he stated to be by Blackburn, and which represented a lady and a young girl.

COLONEL THEODORE ATKINSON. — He was the son of Hon. Theodore Atkinson; was born at Newcastle, N. H., in 1697; and was graduated at Harvard College in 1718. He married the daughter of Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth, in 1734. This portrait is of life-size, and represents Colonel Atkinson as dressed in a brown embroidered coat with ruffles around the hand, a white neckerchief, and full wig. His right hand, holding a pen, rests on a table. Near by are papers, one of which is entitled "Expenses of Government," another "Enlisted Returns for 1760," and, with them, the Seal of State.

MRS. THEODORE ATKINSON. — She was one of the sixteen children of Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth and Sarah, daughter of Mark Hunking, of Devonshire, England, and sister of Governor Benning Wentworth. She was born July 4, 1700, and married, first,

Samuel Plaisted. Mr. Plaisted dying in 1731, she married Colonel Atkinson, for her second husband, in 1734.

This picture is of life-size, and represents Mrs. Atkinson dressed in light-blue satin. The front of the dress is laced, and a string of pearls adorns the throat. Her scarf, which falls over the left shoulder, is held back by the right hand; the head-dress, which is floating back, is fastened by an ornament in the middle.

These two pictures, which are fine examples of Blackburn's style, are owned by Mrs. Mary Wendell Tredick, of Nokesville, Va., and her sister, Mrs. Charlotte King Atkinson Wadleigh, of Union, N. H.

THEODORE ATKINSON, JR. — He was born in 1736, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1757. He married his cousin, Frances Deering Wentworth, at that time sixteen years of age, May 13, 1762. He died at Portsmouth, Oct. 28, 1769. His widow afterward married another cousin, Sir John Wentworth, Bart., the last Royal Governor of New Hampshire.

Mr. Atkinson is represented as standing dressed in a russet-colored coat, with ruffles around the wrists of his small white hands, which are beautifully painted. The waistcoat is white, and handsomely embroidered. The hair is combed back, and dressed with close round curls at the side.

This picture, which has always been considered one of Blackburn's best, is in the possession of one of the family, Mr. Francis A. Freeman, Hanover, N. H.

MRS. THOMAS BALL. — This lady was Elizabeth Davison, and was married to Captain Thomas Ball, of Charlestown, June 26, 1728. In the portrait, which is a small one, she is represented as attired in a black silk dress in the fashion of the time. Her hair, which is without powder, is flowing behind.

This picture descended to Hon. William Willis, of Portland, and from him went to Mr. Henry H. Edes, of Charlestown, the present owner, who is a descendant in the sixth generation.

MRS. BARRELL. — This lady, who was a daughter of Mr. Saward, is represented in a beautifully painted picture of three-quarters length, in a standing position.

Colonel Henry Lee, when he saw this portrait, thought that it must be a Copley, and it was so entered in the list of the works of that artist. Subsequent inquiry, however, has proved it to be one of Blackburn's finest works.

It is in the possession of descendants, the Messrs. Barrell, of York, Me.

MRS. THOMAS BULFINCH. — She was the daughter of Charles and Grissilda Apthorp, whose portraits have been already described. She was born in 1734, married to Dr. Thomas Bulfinch 13th September, 1759, and died 15th February, 1815. This picture is a three-quarters length, and measures fifty by forty inches. Mrs. Bulfinch is painted sitting, and wears a changeable green and gray robe.

The portrait is owned by Mrs. Tasker Swett, Boston.

MRS. CABOT. — This picture is a half-length. It represents a lady seated, handsomely dressed in the fashion of the times. The picture is particularly interesting, as it is signed by the artist.

It is in the possession of Mr. George G. Lowell, of Boston.

CUNNINGHAM FAMILY. — There are several fine portraits of members of this family in the possession of Mr. Alexander S. Porter, Boston.

DEERING PICTURES. — Dr. Deering, of Utica, N. Y., owns two half-length portraits of ladies. One of them represents a shepherdess holding a crook, with a lamb at her side. These pictures Colonel Trumbull pronounced to be by Blackburn's brush.

MR. JOHN ERVING. — He was graduated from Harvard College in 1747, and married Maria Catharina, daughter of Governor Shirley, in 1754. Being a Loyalist, he retired to England in 1776. He died at Bath, England, in 1816, aged eighty-nine years. This portrait is four feet and one inch long by three feet and three inches wide. It represents a gentleman of about twenty-eight years of age. The figure is of three-quarters length, dressed in a gray coat, a rose-colored satin waistcoat embroidered with silver, and black velvet knee-breeches. It was painted in 1755.

MRS. JOHN ERVING. — The daughter of Governor Shirley was born in 1729. She retired to England with her husband, and died at Bath in 1816, the same year with him. The picture represents a lady of about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, seated in a garden, holding in her hand a bunch of roses. Her dress is white satin trimmed with point lace.

This portrait, a three-quarters length, and that of Mr. John Erving, are in the possession of Mrs. Shirley Erving, Beacon Street, Boston.

JAMES FLAG. — This picture represents a pretty boy from four to five years old, with dark curling hair and dark eyes. He is dressed in a simple white robe. He was a child of Gershom Flag.

MARY FLAG. — The sister of James Flag is represented an infant, perhaps a year old, dressed in white. The eyes are dark, but the hair is blond, and is surmounted by a white cap. In her right hand she holds an apple. Mary Flag married, for her first husband, Dr. Wilder; and there is a curious story attached to her married life. She and several of her children were attacked with lung fever, and she apparently died. She was duly laid out, and some hours afterward the undertaker, coming to place the supposed corpse into the coffin, was struck by the strange appearance of her face. Her husband was summoned, and at once took measures to restore consciousness. The attempt was successful, and she lived forty years longer; buried Dr. Wilder, and, marrying a Dr. Hurd, had a second family by him. She was the great-grandmother of the Rev. Henry W. Foote.

These two pictures are owned by the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis, Boston.

ELLIS GRAY. — There are two portraits of Rev. Ellis Gray, of half-length, representing him in his robes and bands, the hair without powder.

Both pictures are in the possession of his grand-children. One is owned by Miss Anne Cary, of Chelsea, the other by William Ferdinand Cary, Esq., of Boston.

WILLIAM GREENLEAF. — He was born in 1724, and died in 1803. He was the son of Daniel Greenleaf, of Boston. The picture is of three-quarters length, and represents a fine-looking man dressed in a drab suit, with green waistcoat, leaning upon an anchor.

MRS. WILLIAM GREENLEAF. — This portrait is of three-quarters length, a companion picture to the former. The lady is represented standing, with her left arm leaning upon a fountain. Her dress is of mauve pink, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with black bows at the waist and neck. The portrait is exceedingly well painted, and is remarkable for the very small size of the hands.

MRS. JOHN GREENLEAF. — This picture is of half-length, and represents the lady sitting, dressed in a white satin robe and a blue mantle, — her waist and hair decorated with pearls.

These three pictures are in the possession of a descendant, Mr. Richard C. Greenleaf, Boston.

BENJAMIN HALL. — He was born in 1731, and died in 1817. The picture represents him wearing a drab coat and white wig.

MRS. BENJAMIN HALL. — This lady is dressed in a steel-blue robe, her dark hair without powder, and on her right shoulder a mauve pink scarf.

These two pictures are in possession of Dr. Hall Curtis, Boston.

REV. JOHN HANCOCK. — He was the minister of Lexington from 1698 to 1752, and grandfather of John Hancock of Revolutionary fame.

MRS. JOHN HANCOCK. — The grandmother of Gov. John Hancock. These two pictures are preserved in the Public Library of Lexington.

DANIEL HENCHMAN. — This picture, a half-length, represents a gentleman dressed in a brown coat and wearing a flowing wig. He was the father of Lydia Henchman who became the wife of Thomas Hancock.

MRS. DANIEL HENCHMAN. — She is dressed in a green robe open at the neck. Her hair is without powder, and long curls fall on her neck.

These pictures are in the possession of the family of the late Daniel Henchman, Boston.

MR. RALPH INMAN. — This portrait, a half-length, represents a gentleman dressed in a brown coat, and wearing a white wig. His left arm rests upon a chair.

MRS. RALPH INMAN. — This picture represents a handsome woman in a green silk dress, cut low. Her hair is dark, and dressed without

powder. She has thrown about her a mauve-pink mantle, and rests her right hand on a chair. In the background is a mountain.

These portraits are owned by a descendant, Mr. William Amory, Boston.

Mrs. Inman. — There is a beautiful portrait of this lady in the possession of Mr. William Gardiner Prescott, Boston.

Judge Lowell. — There is a fine portrait of this gentleman in the possession of Mr. John A. Lowell, Boston.

Hon. Andrew Oliver, Jr. — He was born in Boston, 13th of November, 1731. He married, 28th of May, 1752, Mary, daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Lynde, Jr. He was one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas for Essex County. This picture is a three-quarters length.

It was painted in 1756, and is in the possession of Dr. F. E. Oliver.

Madam Andrew Oliver, Jr. — She was the eldest daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Lynde, Jr. She was born Jan. 5, 1733. This portrait, being a companion to the former, is a three-quarters length.

It was painted in 1756, and is in the possession of Dr. F. E. Oliver.

Otis Pictures. — It is believed that there are portraits by Blackburn in the possession of this family, but no information regarding them can be obtained.

James Otis. — This portrait represents the Patriot as a young man of about thirty years of age. It was, says William Tudor, painted in 1755. Mr. Otis is dressed in the costume of the time, wearing a white wig. An engraving of the picture, by Durant, is to be found in the "History of James Otis," by William Tudor.

Mrs. Gillam Phillips. — She was Marie Faneuil, the eldest sister of Peter Faneuil, who gave Faneuil Hall. She was born April 16, 1708. She married Mr. Gillam Phillips in 1725. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips lived at the corner of what are now State and Devonshire Streets until the breaking out of the Revolution, when Mr. Phillips, who was a Loyalist, went away. Mrs. Phillips died in Cambridge in 1778. The portrait represents a pretty woman holding in her left hand a jewelled bracelet, which she has just passed around her right arm.

It is in the possession of her great-great-grand-nephew, Mr. W. Eliot Fette.

Mrs. Phillips. — This picture, four and one-half feet long by three feet wide, represents a fine-looking woman, dressed in a white satin gown, decorated with bows of blue ribbon. By her right hand she holds her mantle; on her neck and in her ears are pearl ornaments.

The portrait is in the possession of Mrs. Mary Anne Jones, 597 Tremont Street, Boston.

Benjamin Pollard. — He was born in June, 1696; married Margaret Winslow; and died Dec. 26, 1756. This picture is thirty-three inches by twenty-six inches, and represents Mr. Pollard, who was Sheriff of Suffolk County, as wearing a blue dressing-gown, a red waistcoat, with a lace cravat. On his head is a broad dark velvet cap.

MARGARET WINSLOW POLLARD.—She was born May 9, 1724, and died March 25, 1814. This picture, thirty-three inches by twenty-six inches, is a companion to her husband's picture above mentioned. It represents Mrs. Pollard dressed in white satin, cut square in the neck, and fastened with pearls. Her hair is dressed in large curls, unpowdered, and over her arm is a blue scarf.

These two pictures are in the possession of Miss M. V. Winslow, of Boston.

SALTONSTALL FAMILY.—This picture, says Mr. H. W. French, of Hartford (to whom I am indebted for this description), is a family group of four of the children of Governor Saltonstall, who are represented standing around a table. "It is agreeable in arrangement, and certainly finely painted; it is good in drawing and in tone. The flesh tints are not crude, and the draperies are particularly striking for ease and grace of line. The background is admirable in strength and clearness. It is a large picture, six feet by four feet, the figures approaching to life-size."

It is in the possession of a descendant, Mr. R. W. Hubbard, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARGARET TEMPLE.—She was a daughter of Hon. Robert Temple, of Ten Hills, near Boston, and Mehitable Nelson. She was married to Mr. Nathaniel Dowse. The canvas measures four feet three inches in height, and three feet four inches in width. The picture represents a young lady dressed in green silk trimmed with lace. She is sitting on a bank in a garden, with a bunch of flowers in her hand.

It is in the possession of her great-nephew, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston.

PATRICK TRACY.—He was born in 1711, and died Feb. 23, 1789. The picture is seven feet six inches long by four feet three inches wide. It represents Mr. Tracy, who was a celebrated merchant of his time, as standing on a wharf, his left hand resting on an anchor. His dress is of a drab cloth, and he wears a white wig. There is some doubt whether this picture was painted by Blackburn or by Copley.

It is in the possession of a descendant, Mr. Patrick Tracy Jackson, of Boston.

EDWARD WINSLOW.—Was born Nov. 1, 1669. He married Hannah Moody, and died Dec. 1, 1753. This picture is thirty by twenty-five inches, and represents Mr. Winslow, who was Sheriff of Suffolk County, dressed in a red coat with gilt buttons, a ruffled shirt, a muslin cravat, and a long flowing dark wig.

GENERAL JOHN WINSLOW.—There is a picture of this distinguished gentleman, signed by Blackburn, in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It represents the general dressed in a red coat. Under his arm he carries a three-cornered hat, and on his head is a powdered wig.

JOSHUA WINSLOW.—He was born Feb. 12, 1695, and married Elizabeth Savage. He died Oct. 9, 1769. This picture is thirty

inches by twenty-five inches, and represents Mr. Winslow dressed in a snuff-colored coat and waistcoat, small white wig, and white cravat. He holds a cocked hat under his arm.

This and the portrait of Edward Winslow are in the possession of a descendant, Miss M. V. Winslow, Boston.

THE WINSLOW FAMILY PICTURE. — This picture is six feet six inches long by three feet six inches wide. It represents Isaac, son of Edward Winslow, who was born in 1709. He is dressed in a brown coat. His hair is powdered, and he stands with his left arm resting on a chair, in which sits his wife, Lucy Waldo, born in 1725. Her dark hair is without powder, and her dress, which is very well painted, is of mauve-pink. In her lap sits her daughter Hannah, an infant, aged about two years, in white, looking towards her sister Lucy, who approaches. The costume of the latter is a dark skirt and white over-dress, with jewels looping up the sleeves. Lucy Winslow was born in 1749, and was married, in 1768, to George Erving. Hannah Winslow was born in 1755, and was married, in 1767, to Captain John Wall. This picture was painted in 1757, and represents the family in a garden, with a large tree and iron gates in the background.

It is in the possession of S. W. Winslow, Esq., Pinckney Street, Boston.

John Smibert, says Mrs. William B. Richards (to whom I am indebted for much of my information regarding him), was born in Edinburgh. His father, a lay member of the ecclesiastical council in that city, destined his son for the ministry. While showing no predilection for the Church, John evinced so strong a taste for drawing that his father concluded to allow him to follow the profession of an artist. It was a long time before he attempted to use colors. His first essay was a portrait of a young negro who was brought with his parents from Martinique, and at that time was considered an object of great interest by the inhabitants of the Scottish capital.

It is believed that Smibert passed some time in Italy for the sake of improving himself. On his return, he went to London, where he painted a number of portraits. He was patronized by the learned and eccentric Earl of Bristol, by whom he was probably introduced to his cousin, Chief Justice Lynde, of Salem.

Smibert came to America in company with Harrison, the architect of King's Chapel in Boston, and others who followed in the train of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley. Soon after his arrival, he visited as a guest his friend Chief Justice Lynde, whose portrait he painted. This picture is in the possession of Mrs. William B. Richards, of Boston. At the same time, he painted a portrait of Chief Justice Sewall, who

died not long afterward. This portrait is in the possession of the Judge's descendants, the Misses Ridgway, of Boston.

Smibert married in Boston Mary Williams, July 30th, 1730. Their children were: Allison, William, John, and Nathaniel.

He seems to have been quite successful as an artist, as the inventory of his estate, given by Mr. William H. Whitmore, in his "Early Painters and Engravers of New England," shows that he possessed half of a house and land in Queen (now Court) Street, valued at about £470, 14 acres of land in Roxbury, 109 ounces of silver plate, a silver watch and silver-hilted sword, about 70 pictures of different kinds, silk coverlids, horse and carriage, and a negro girl, "Phillis." His whole property amounted to about £1,400 sterling, considered quite a sum in the year 1752. He was probably fond of music and fencing, as flutes and foils are found among his assets. His house must have been comfortable for the times, as five of the rooms were carpeted. He probably gave instruction in his art to John Singleton Copley, who, though only between thirteen and fourteen years of age at the time of Smibert's death, must have commenced his art studies before that, as he painted a picture in oils — a very poor one, indeed, but still a picture — in his sixteenth year.

Smibert's pictures, so far as my researches have discovered them, are as follows: —

Margaret Savage Alford. — She was born in 1702, and died in 1784. She was the wife of the Hon. John Alford. The portrait is twenty-nine inches by twenty-four inches, and represents the lady dressed in a robe cut square in the neck, with ruffles at the sleeves. Her hair is powdered, and she holds her right hand to her breast.

This picture is in the possession of Mr. Erving Winslow, Boston.

Thomas Ball. — This gentleman was a sea captain, and is known to have commanded the "Poultney" in 1755, and the "Post Boy" in the same year. He was believed to be a grandson of Sir Peter Ball of the Devonshire family of that name.

This picture is of three-quarters length, and represents the captain as standing in his cabin with a globe and compasses on a table before him. He is dressed in a brown velvet coat, with ruffles at the neck and wrists. On his head is a large powdered wig. He was married in 1728 to Elizabeth Davison. He died on the coast of Guinea in 1755, aged fifty-three years. His estate was estimated at about £2,000.

This picture descended to Hon. William Willis, of Portland, and from him passed to Mr. Henry H. Edes, of Charlestown, the present owner, who is also a descendant in the sixth generation.

Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio. — He was born in 1579; was very distinguished both as a churchman and writer. His account of

the war in Flanders (1633) and his Memoirs (1648) were quite famous in their time.

The portrait is a copy from the original by Antony Vandyke, and belongs to Harvard College.

FRANCIS BRINLEY. — He was born in London in 1690, and married Deborah Lyde in 1718. He died at Roxbury in 1765.

This picture is three-quarters length, and life-size. It represents Mr. Brinley dressed in scarlet, and seated in the open air. In the distance is a large town, — probably Boston, as his house was at Roxbury.

MRS. FRANCIS BRINLEY. — She was Deborah Lyde, and was born in Boston. She was a grand-daughter of Judge Byfield, of the Court of Admiralty.

This picture is three-quarters length, and of life-size. It represents the lady dressed in a blue robe, cut down in front to display a beautiful neck. She is seated in a conservatory. With one of her hands she supports on her lap her infant son, Francis, while with the other she holds a sprig of orange-blossoms, with which she amuses the child. The infant is quite naked, except a cloth about its waist. "One hand is extended toward the flowers, and the whole figure is beautifully painted with all the ease and grace of babyhood."

These pictures were painted in 1729 or 1730, and are in the possession of a great-grandson, Mr. Edward L. Brinley, of Philadelphia.

THOMAS BULFINCH. — He was born in 1694, married Judith Coleman in 1724, and died in December, 1757. The portrait is a half-length, being twenty-nine by twenty-five inches. Mr. Bulfinch is represented dressed in a black suit, and wears a white wig.

It is in the possession of Mrs. Tasker Swett, Boston.

MR. CHANDLER. — This picture is twenty-nine inches high by twenty-four inches wide. It represents the gentleman dressed in a single-breasted gray coat with black cuffs and buttons, a powdered wig, and a white muslin neckcloth. In his left hand he holds a book.

MRS. CHANDLER. — She was the wife of the above-mentioned gentleman, and is painted attired in a green over-dress trimmed with lace. The dress is opened in front, fastened with gold clasps, and shows a black scarf which goes over the head, on which is a lace cap. The hair is dressed without powder, and in her right hand she holds a fan.

Mary Chandler, daughter of this couple, married Benjamin Greene, the son of Nathaniel Greene.

These pictures are in the possession of Mrs. Franklin Dexter, of Beverly.

BENJAMIN COLMAN, D.D. — He was born in 1676; received his degree of A.B. from Harvard College in 1692; was pastor of Brattle

Street Church from 1699 to 1747, when he died. Smibert painted this picture in 1734.

It is now in the possession of Harvard College.

GOVERNOR JOHN ENDICOTT. — He was born in 1589, and died in 1655. He was Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony for six years. This portrait was copied by Smibert, from one taken from life, in 1737.

It is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society

PETER FANEUIL. — This well-known gentleman, the donor of the hall that bears his name to the city of Boston, was born in the year 1700.

The portrait is three-quarters length and life-size. It represents a fine-looking man of middle age, dressed in a light coat of the fashion of the day. He wears a white wig with short curls.

It is owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

REV. JOSHUA GEE. — He was born in 1698, ordained in 1723, and died in 1748. The portrait is half-length and life-size. He wears the black gown of a clergyman and a white wig.

MRS. JOSHUA GEE. — She was Anna, daughter of John Gerrish. This is a companion portrait to that of her husband, half-length and life-size.

Both are now in the possession of the Historical Society.

JUDGE JOHN GERRISH. — The size of this picture is thirty by twenty-five inches, and it is three-quarters length. The dress of the figure is of a brown color, with wig and bands. He was a Judge of the Supreme Court of the New Hampshire plantation in 1714.

The portrait is in the possession of his great-great-grand-daughter, Miss Sarah D. Barrett, of Boston.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF. — He was Sheriff of Suffolk, and was born in 1705. A portrait of him painted by Smibert is in the possession of Mrs. Greenleaf Bulfinch, of Cambridge.

MRS. STEPHEN GREENLEAF. — She was Mary Gould, and was born in 1712, and died in 1780. The figure is three-quarters length, and she is represented standing, dressed in a silk robe of a shade which the French call "shadow of gold." The sleeves are trimmed with very handsome English point lace. Her hair is black, dressed close, and decorated with a bow and a string of pearls. Her right hand is extended, seeming to rest on her hoop. In her left hand she holds a white fan. The whole pose of the figure is striking. In the background, through an open window, is a view of some trees, a blue sky, and some low clouds. The picture was painted about the year 1740.

It is in the possession of Mrs. Robert E. Apthorp, of Boston.

LORING PICTURE. — This work represents two children, a boy and a girl, said to be twins. They are dressed in white caps and robes.

The size of the picture is thirty inches long by twenty-five inches wide.

It is in the possession of a member of the family, Mr. Francis C. Loring, of Boston.

HON. BENJAMIN LYNDE. — He was the sixth son of Simeon Lynde, who was an associate justice of the Province with Colonel Shrimpton. He was born in Boston, Sept. 23, 1666, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1686. He was educated for the bar at the Middle Temple, London. He married April 27, 1699, Mary, the daughter of the Hon. William Brown, of Salem; and her picture, painted in England by Sir Godfrey Kneller, is in the possession of Dr. Oliver, of Boston.

Judge Lynde was appointed to the Bench in 1712, and was Chief Justice of the Province from 1728 until his death in 1745, at the age of seventy-nine.

This portrait was painted in 1738, and represents the Judge dressed in a dark-green velvet coat with gold buttons. On his head is a judge's wig, with lappets falling to the breast. The picture, which is half-length, in an oval, is very well painted. The expression is dignified and venerable, without being stiff.

The picture is in the possession of Dr. F. E. Oliver, of Boston.

HON. BENJAMIN LYNDE. — This portrait of the Judge is also by Smibert. It is quite a remarkable picture, and one in which the artist seems to have excelled himself. "Competent judges have pronounced this to be the best male portrait ever painted by Smibert." It is said that Smibert was introduced to Chief Justice Lynde, in England, by his cousin the Earl of Bristol, for whom he painted several pictures. It is known, also, that, when Smibert came to America, he was a guest of the Chief Justice. These circumstances will account for the extraordinary pains bestowed on this picture, which is in the possession of a descendant, Mrs. William B. Richards, of Boston.

HON. BENJAMIN LYNDE, JR. — He was born Oct. 5, 1700. Was graduated at Harvard College in 1718, and married Mary, daughter of Major John Bowles, Nov. 1, 1731. He was appointed to the Common Pleas Bench in 1739, became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and died Oct. 9, 1781. The picture was painted about 1738. It is a half-length, in an oval, and represents Judge Lynde in middle life. His dress is a brown velvet coat, opened to show the waistcoat underneath. The cravat is drawn through a buttonhole. A white wig completes his costume.

MADAM BENJAMIN LYNDE. — She was Mary, daughter of John Bowles, of Roxbury, and was born Sept. 6, 1709; was married to the Hon. Benjamin Lynde, Jr., Nov. 1, 1731; and died May 3, 1790. She was the great-great-grand-daughter of John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians and the translator of the Bible into their language. This portrait is a half-length, in an oval, and represents a lady of about twenty-eight years of age, dressed in a scarlet velvet robe. Her hair

is worn short. She has a fine expression, and the flesh tints are better painted than in most of Smibert's pictures.

These pictures are in the possession of Dr. F. E. Oliver, of Boston.

JAMES MCSPARRAN, D. D. — He arrived as a missionary at Narragansett in 1720, and commenced his work at St. Paul's Church, Kingston. In 1722, he married Hannah, daughter of William Gardiner, Esq. Dr. McSparran was a voluminous and powerful writer, and, as a preacher, exceedingly eloquent and persuasive. He received the degree of "D. D." from the University of Glasgow. This portrait represents him as a fine-looking man of about forty-five years of age. He wears a black silk gown, white bands, and a white wig.

MRS. JAMES MCSPARRAN. — She is represented in this picture as a very handsome woman. Her hair, which is dark brown, is dressed without powder, with a long curl falling upon her shoulder. Her eyes, which are dark, are particularly fine. She is dressed in blue. Mrs. McSparran was always remarkable for her beauty, and was known by the sobriquet of "handsome Hannah." These two pictures are square, half-length, the portraits being painted in an oval.

They are in the possession of Mrs. Dr. Elton, of Dorchester.

HON. DANIEL OLIVER. — He was a son of Captain Peter Oliver, and was born 28th of February, 1664, and died July 23, 1732.

MADAM DANIEL OLIVER. — The wife of the preceding was a sister of Governor Belcher. She was born Jan. 12, 1678, was married in April, 1696, and died in 1735. These pictures are three-quarters length.

OLIVER FAMILY. — Daniel Oliver, Jr., was born Jan. 14, 1704, and died in London, July 5, 1727.

Hon. Andrew Oliver, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, was born March 28, 1706, married for his first wife, 20th of June, 1728, Mary Fitch, and his second wife was Mary Sanford, sister of Mrs. Hutchinson. Governor Oliver died March 3, 1774.

Hon. Peter Oliver, Chief Justice of the Province, was born 26th of March, 1713, and died in Birmingham, England, 13th of October, 1791.

This group represents the three sons of the Hon. Daniel Oliver. They are dressed in costume appropriate to young gentlemen of that day, — the picture being painted about the year 1730.

MADAM ANDREW OLIVER. — She was the daughter of the Hon. Thomas Fitch; was born 28th of October, 1706, and died 26th of November, 1732. This portrait is of three-quarters length, and was painted in 1730.

The above-described pictures are in the possession of a member of the family, Dr. F. E. Oliver, of Boston.

OTIS FAMILY. — There were two portraits, said to be by Smibert, in the possession of the late Allyne Otis, of Newport.

ANDREW PEPPERELL. — He was the son of the first Sir William Pepperell, and was drowned in Portsmouth Harbor in 1751. He is represented dressed in a square-cut brown coat, with lace ruffles and cravat, and his hair is without powder. In his right hand he holds a pistol.

This picture is in the possession of Mr. Erving Winslow, of Boston.

JUDGE EDMUND QUINCY. — The figure is of half-length and life-size. It represents the subject dressed in the official robe and wig of an English judge.

The following memorandum, by Miss Eliza Susan Quincy, seems of such interest that the writer concludes to copy it entire: —

"Edmund Quincy, born in Braintree, Massachusetts Bay, Oct. 4, 1681. The son of Edmund Quincy (1627–1698) by his second marriage with Elizabeth Gookin Eliot, daughter of General D. Gookin, and widow of Rev. John Eliot, the eldest son of the Apostle to the Indians.

"Edmund Quincy graduated at Harvard College, 1699. He inherited the estate at Mount Wollaston, granted by the town of Boston, 1635, to his grandfather, Edmund Quincy, of England, and purchased by him of Chickatabot, the Sachem of the Massachusetts Indians. In 1701, he married Dorothy Flynt, daughter of Rev. Josiah Flynt, of Dorchester, Massachusetts Bay. He enlarged the house of his father in which he resided, and made the walk and canal near it, which remain in good preservation (1878).

"In 1713, he was commissioned, by Governor Dudley, Colonel of the Suffolk Regiment. Commissioned a Judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Massachusetts Bay, by Governor Shute, in 1718. Recommissioned by Governor Burnet in 1728, and in 1733 by Governor Belcher. He held the office of a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts Bay nineteen years, until he was appointed agent for the Colony at the Court of Great Britain, 1737. He died Feb. 23, 1738, aged fifty-seven years. The General Assembly of Massachusetts Bay erected a marble monument over his grave in Bunhill-Fields, with a Latin inscription, which, in the translation, terminates as follows: —

"'He departed the delight of his own people, but of none more than the Senate, who, as a testimony of their love and gratitude, have ordered this Epitaph to be inscribed on his monument.

"'He died in London, Feb. 23, 1738, aged 57 years.'

"The General Assembly gave to his heirs one thousand acres of land in the town of Lenox, Massachusetts Bay.

"Judge Edmund Quincy left his home farm and the house in which he resided to his eldest son, Edmund (H. C. 1722). To his youngest son, Josiah (H. C. 1728), his lower farm of about three hundred acres, which became the property and residence of his great-grandson, Josiah Quincy (1790), and in 1878 is yet in his family.

"John Smibert painted two portraits of Judge E. Quincy; the date is not precisely known, but must have been 1737, and probably earlier. The portrait inherited by the late Josiah Quincy (1772–1864)

was presented by his children, in 1876, to the Art Museum in Boston.

"The other portrait was for many years in the possession of the late Edmund Quincy, of Dedham (1808–1877), by whom it was bequeathed to his eldest son, Edmund Quincy, in 1878, its present owner."

THOMAS SAVAGE. — He died young, about 1710. This picture is twenty-nine inches by twenty-four inches, and represents a youth wearing a dressing-gown, lace cravat, and seated on a stool. In his left hand he holds a flower.

It is in the possession of Mr. Erving Winslow.

JOSEPH SEWALL, D. D. — He was pastor of the Old South Church, and a son of the Chief Justice. This picture is a half-length, and represents Dr. Sewall as a young man with long flowing brown hair. He is dressed in his robes and bands.

The portrait is in the possession of his descendants, the Salisbury family of Boston.

CHIEF JUSTICE SEWALL. — This is a very large picture, representing the Judge in extreme old age. Indeed, he died soon after Smibert's first visit to Boston as a guest of Chief Justice Lynde, and it would seem not improbable that, owing to the success of Chief Justice Lynde's portrait, Judge Sewall was induced to sit. This picture is in the possession of his descendants, the Misses Ridgway, of Boston.

MRS. JOHN SMIBERT, the Artist's Wife. — This portrait represents a pretty young woman with dark hair and eyes. She is dressed in a green robe. It is a half-length: the canvas is square, but the portrait is set in an oval.

It is owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society.

WILLIAM TYLER. — This picture, a half-length, represents a stout middle-aged gentleman, in the costume of the time.

It belongs to the New England Historic-Genealogical Society.

It seems worth while to mention, in connection with John Smibert's pictures, two portraits painted by his son Nathaniel. These are: —

JOHN LOVELL. — He was born in 1708, was graduated from Harvard College in 1728, and became the Master of the Boston Latin School the same year. His career there is famous. He died in 1778.

The portrait is in the possession of Harvard College.

DOROTHY WENDELL. — This picture is two feet five inches high by two feet in width. The lady was a daughter of Major John and Elizabeth (Quincy) Wendell. She was born 19th March, 1733, and died 3d April, 1822. Major Wendell's house was at the corner of Tremont and Court Streets. The portrait is in the possession of Dr. J. L. Hale, of Boston.*

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* For Addenda to these pictures, see page 474. — EDS.

The President read a letter from Captain Patterson, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, forwarding a new circular, to be considered a substitute for the communication presented in June last. He stated also that Captain Fox, the Chairman of the Committee to which the communication of the Coast Survey was referred at our June meeting, had sent a letter asking to be excused from further service, owing to proposed absence from the country. He then called on Mr. Tuttle to report for that committee. That gentleman stated that the new circular announced a somewhat radical change of plan on the part of the Coast Survey, and suggested that the committee should be discharged, and another appointed to begin the matter *de novo*. Whereupon it was

Voted, To discharge the committee appointed June 13th to consider a communication from the Coast Survey.

The President then appointed, as a new committee on this subject, Messrs. Tuttle, Green, and C. F. Adams, Jr.; and the circular from Captain Patterson was referred to them.

The new circular letter here follows: —

COAST AND GEODETIC SURVEY OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1878.

DEAR SIR, — Many complaints have been made by persons interested in the geographical nomenclature of this country, that the names of mountains, headlands, streams, islands, small towns, &c., &c., possessing historical interest and value, or which have been established for generations, orally or by record, are capriciously and arbitrarily changed; and this office is appealed to in reference to establishing and maintaining the true names by adopting them upon its charts and maps.

To determine the correct names for the geographical features of our country is frequently perplexing from the cause complained of, as well as from the repetition and multiplication of names, and also in many cases from their absence.

It is in the interest of the public service that the true names should be ascertained and adhered to unalterably; and this office will, within the sphere of its duties, be glad to contribute to such a result.

Generally the names used by the Survey are those which the established usage of the locality has settled upon. When such are found to be confirmed by history and the public records, they ought not to be changed by any authority whatever.

It is manifestly impossible for the Survey to investigate exhaustively the subject of nomenclature throughout the country, although every effort within our means is made to be correct.

It would greatly aid the object in view if organized societies interested in the subject would examine specified charts issued by this office. These, if applied for, will be sent, on condition that the observed

errors or omissions in names be marked, and proofs in regard to them furnished to the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C. In this way, the accuracy of the charts issued by this office will be more firmly established in public estimation, and their value accordingly increased.

I take this occasion to refer to the general nomenclature in use. The confusion arising from the causes named, and cases of individual variety, could be obviated certainly with regard to the physical features of the country, if some of the State societies would interest themselves in discussing and proposing some uniform system of applying, as far as possible, names where none have been established by long usage.

The Government, in its different Departments, makes great use of aboriginal, the old English, French, and Spanish names. The first are inexhaustible in number, euphonious, and always significant appellatives descriptive of the locality. In all parts of our country, these names abound, though the races who used them have ceased to exist. To rescue many of these beautiful names from oblivion, to restore and reapply them to their ancient localities, under proper supervision, would seem to offer a common ground for establishing and maintaining a uniform system of nomenclature commending itself to public approbation.

Very respectfully, C. P. PATTERSON,
Supt. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

The President exhibited from his family papers some original lists of Indian names. One of these, an agreement on the part of the captive Pequot Indians to remove to such place as might be selected by the Commissioners of the United Colonies, possessed interest as having attached to many of the names the marks made by the Indians themselves as signatures.

This agreement here follows: * —

* In 1654, the Connecticut authorities found it advisable to attack Ninigrett, who had commenced war with the Long Island Indians. They brought the matter to the attention of the Commissioners at their meeting at Hartford in September; and these, after sending a messenger to the sachem, who brought back an unsatisfactory reply, decided to send a force from the United Colonies against him. The command was given to Major Willard. The story of his expedition, which accomplished little or nothing, is told in "Trumbull's Connecticut," vol. i. pp. 222, 223, and in the "Records of the Commissioners." The narrative of Major Willard, printed in the latter, says ("Plymouth Colony Records," vol. x. p. 147): "This day [Oct. 16th] there came in to vs, and gaue in theire names, to the number of 73. The 17th day there came in to vs more Pequotes that liued near to Ninnegrett, which before wee comaunded to bringe away theire house and goods, which thinge they did, and gaue in theire names as the rest did, to the number of 36." The text of the agreement also is given in Willard's narrative. The original paper signed by these Indians is the one from which we print. It is indorsed in the handwriting of John Winthrop, Jr., Governor of Connecticut. "The names of the Pequots at Pakatuck and Waquepage taken by Major Willard." A heliotype of it is also given here. —EDS.

PAUQUATUCK, 16th October, 1654.

Wee whose names are vnderwritten, being Captiue Pequotts and tributaryes to ye English, and hauing liued sometimes under y^e ꝑtection of Ninigrett, doe freely consent to ye Com̄issioners of ye Vnited English Colonyes to remooue to such places as ye s^d Com̄issioners doe or shall appoint us, and doe hereby disowne ye jurisdiction of Ninigrett ouer us, and y^t wee intend really so to doe, wee haue giuen in o^r seuerall names wth o^r owne markes affixed. Ffurther, wee doe hereby engage o^rselues hereafter nott to joyne in any warr wth Ninigrett or any others w^{th}outt ye full and free consent of ye Com̄issioners of ye Vnited English Colonyes.

TOMSQUASH.
WISQHOTCH.
MATTAWOMPSETT.
CHEMACOSSO.
PIACOEGON.
PEWEOMONT.
ACOWAMENEQUOTT.
WAPAWNUMQUOTT.
TAMEQUAJONT.
WISANACOMEN.
MEANTOQUONEG.
TASSÔUCOMEN.
NAHNOWETT.
WAJCODIENT.
WAUPUJ.
WINSKOMOGON.
KITCHTOWIN.
KONGKAUSEKON.
PESÔNO.
PEQUASSOUGH.
ANONOMOW.
MAWOWATT.
WONKHEG.
AIOTTABITOM.

TABUMSHOWETT.
UMBATTENOW.
ASASSAWSH.
CHICKETABATT
KIKKUES.
NANOWOMETT.
MACHOISE.
WINNEHU.
NAMOWITT.
NOMATTUN.
EVPSQUISH.
KUNOCKUM.
SEPALOJETT.
WITTASIMEN.
CAWKECHAN.
ACKITTAMENHAS.
WAMKOMEN.
QUAQUETAHEG.
PAPOMĒTON.
QUEQUOCKUM.
POWHAIONT.
ASQUAWCUTT.
COSCEPOHONT.
MATTAMPOWETT.

AIOQUOAMETT.
KEWONTOQUOHITT.
KEQUAUMO.
PESAKONTOCK.
WAUPJ.
SEGOU.
PASSEKOU.
SOSONGKABAKEN.
MATTAQUASHENT.
WIWABAKEN.
WEWINOUHKAMUCK.
PACQUETOUN.
QUIDOMSQUISH.
SQUONETOW.
NAKSIK.
CHAUQUX.
PAWQUAJAN.
YAKYANÑON.
POSQUISH.
TRÂCHIN.
MUSCHUSH.
CONKEUMBANS.
WOTTAMISSON.
SEQUASSON.

17th October, 1654.

Ninigrett's Pequotts : —

CONE.
WAUTTAMMJ.
WONNEWOW.
PONEHJH.
WAWOMPOM.
NIPSUM̄AK.
PAPAKAKOW.
WATCHU.
JAUX.
WOWONSON.
NOWOGENOTT.
SEQUANOCKON.

KONKSUEX.
QUATOUONT.
QUATUMOW.
KITTANT.
WONPOAUNTT.
MAWUN.
MAMATIONANT.
SOKANSQUAITT.
MOMOTUSKOW.
QUAUQUETOW.
PENACH.
MAKECHAS.

SAPONTUSIK.
MANUNQUAS.
UPAUQUUS.
WAWEOTON.
WATCHANAN.
CAKOWEHI.
SUEKAUNICK.
MATWAUAUTT.
KEKNAWITT.
POBUGABAUG.
AIMOMETT.
NEKONTUPSH.

Y^e totall is but 108.

59 Nanowomett [mark] Styakyannôn

60 machoisi — 85 posquish

61 winnehu — 86 Teachin

62 ~~Nanowitt~~ [mark] — 87 muschush

63 Nomattun — 88 conkeumbans

64 Lupsequish — 89 wottamisson

65 Kunockum — 90 sequasson [mark]

17 . 11 . 54 / 91 Ninigretts Pequotts

66 Cone [mark] — 92 mamationant

67 wauttammi [mark] — 93 sokansquaitt [mark]

68 wonnewous [mark] — 94 momotuskow [mark]

69 Ponetijk [mark] — 95 Quanquetow [mark]

70 wawompom [mark] — 96 Peaach [mark]

71 Nipsumak [mark] — 97 makechasamma

72 Papakakow [mark] — 98 sapontuseik [mark]

73 watchu [mark] — 99 manunquas [mark]

74 Jaux [mark] — 100 upanquas [mark]

75 wowonson [mark] — 101 wawroton [mark]

76 ~~Nawogenott~~ [mark] — 102 wabchanon [mark]

77 Sequanockou [mark] — 103 ~~Poo~~ Cakowchi [mark]

78 Konkeuex [mark] — 104 suckaunicke [mark]

79 Quatouont [mark] — 105 matwauautt [mark]

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1 Tom[…]

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Pauquatuck 16th (1) 1654

wee whose names are underwritten being Captiue Pequotts & tributaryes to ye English & having lived sometimes under ye protection of Ninigrett, doe freely consent to ye Comissioners of ye united English Colonyes to remoove to such places as ye sd Comissioners doe or shall appoint us, & doe hereby disowne ye Jurisdiction of Ninigrett over us, & yt wee intend really so to doe wee haue giuen in or seuerall names wth or owne markes affixed. ffurther wee doe hereby ingage or selues hereafter nott to joyne in any warr wth Ninigrett or any others wthoutt ye full & free consent of ye Comissioners of ye united English Colonyes.

1 Tom squash
2 wisqhotch
3 mattawompsett
4 chimacosso
5 piacoegon
6 Pluwsomont
7 Acowammquott
8 wapaiusnumquott
9 Tamrquajont
10 wisanonamen
11 mrantoquoneg
12 Tassouecomen
13 Nahnowett
30 Sepacojett
31 wittasimen
32 Cawkechan
33 achittamenhas
34 wamkomen
35 quaquetabeg
36 papometon
37 quesquockum
38 Powhaiant
39 Asquawoutt
40 Cosccpohant
41 mattampowett
42 Aroquoamett
43 Kewontoquohitt

72 Papakakow

73 watchu

74 Jaux

75 wowonfon

76 ~~Nawogenott~~

77 Sequanockon

78 Konkouex

79 Quatouont

80 ~~Rettatumow~~

81 Kittant

82 wonpoauutt

83 mawun

98 sapontusik

99 manunquas

100 vpanquas

101 wawroton

102 watchanan

103 ~~Po~~ Cakowchi

104 suckaunick

105 matwauautt

106 Kekaawitt

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6 Pewromont
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9 Tamrquajont
10 wisanonamen
11 mrantoquoneg
12 Tassoucomen
13 Nahnowett
14 wajcodient
15 wauynj
16 winskomogon
17 Kitchtowim
18 Kongkauszkon
19 Prsôno
20 Rrqeeassough
21 Anonomozo
22 mawowatt
23 wonkhrg
24 wottabitom
25 Tabumshawett
26 vmbattanow
27 Asassawsh
28 chickrtabatt
29 Kikknes
37 quarquockum
38 Powhaiont
39 Asquawautt
40 Cosccpohant
41 mattampowett
42 Aroquoamett
43 Krwontoquohitt
44 Krqoauns
45 Prsakontock
46 waupj
47 Srgon
48 Passrkou
49 sosongkabaken
50 mattaquásshent
51 winnabaken
52 wrwinouhkamuck
53 Pacquetoun
54 Quidomsquish
55 Squonetow
56 Naksik
57 chauqusr
58 Dawquajan

The President called attention to the prospectus for the third session of the "Congrès International des Américanistes," to be held at Brussels in September next; and to a serial of our own Proceedings containing the records of the September and October meetings, copies of which were upon the table to-day.

Dr. Holmes, through Mr. Winthrop, announced that the Memoir of John Lothrop Motley, which he had been appointed to prepare, would be published immediately, by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood, & Co., as had been agreed by the committee to whom their application for this privilege, made in June last, was referred. As the Memoir had grown to a size greater than was expected at first, Dr. Holmes had revised the original draft, and had made numerous omissions so as to bring it within limits suited to publication also in the Proceedings; and he now laid on the table an abridgment which he had prepared for that purpose.

MEMOIR

OF THE

HON. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL.D.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D.

John Motley, the great-grandfather of the subject of this Memoir, came in the earlier part of the last century from Belfast in Ireland to Falmouth, now Portland, in the District, now the State, of Maine. He was twice married, and had ten children, four of the first marriage and six of the last. Thomas, the youngest son by his first wife, married Emma, a daughter of John Wait, the first Sheriff of Cumberland County under the government of the United States. Two of their seven sons, Thomas and Edward, removed from Portland to Boston in 1802, and established themselves as partners in commercial business, continuing united and prosperous for nearly half a century before the firm was dissolved.

The earlier records of New England have preserved the memory of an incident which deserves mention, as showing how the historian's life was saved by a quick-witted handmaid, more than a hundred years before he was born.

On the 29th of August, 1708, the French and Indians from Canada made an attack upon the town of Haverhill, in Massachusetts. Thirty or forty persons were slaughtered, and many others were carried captive into Canada.

The minister of the town, Rev. Benjamin Rolfe, was killed by a bullet through the door of his house. Two of his daughters, Mary, aged thirteen, and Elizabeth, aged nine, were sleeping in a room with the maid-servant, Hagar. When Hagar heard the whoop of the savages, she seized the children, ran with them into the cellar, and, after concealing them under two large wash-tubs, hid herself. The Indians ransacked the cellar, but missed the prey. Elizabeth, the

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younger of the two girls, grew up and married the Rev. Samuel Checkley, first minister of the "New South" Church, Boston. Her son, Rev. Samuel Checkley, Junior, was minister of the Second Church, and his successor, Rev. John Lothrop, or Lathrop, as it was more commonly spelled, married his daughter. Dr. Lothrop was great-grandson of Rev. John Lothrop, of Scituate, who had been imprisoned in England for nonconformity. The Checkleys were from Preston Capes, in Northamptonshire. The name is probably identical with that of the Chicheles or Chichleys, a well-known Northamptonshire family.

Thomas Motley married Anna, daughter of the Rev. John Lothrop, grand-daughter of the Rev. Samuel Checkley, Junior, the Boston ministers mentioned above, both honored in their day and generation. Eight children were born of this marriage, of whom four are still living.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the second of these children, was born in Dorchester, now a part of Boston, Massachusetts, on the 15th of April, 1814. A member of his family gives a most pleasing and interesting picture, from his own recollections and from what his mother told him, of the childhood which was to develop into such rich maturity. The boy was rather delicate in organization, and not much given to outdoor amusements, except skating and swimming, of which last exercise he was very fond in his younger days, and in which he excelled. He was a great reader, never idle, but always had a book in his hand, — a volume of poetry or one of the novels of Scott or Cooper. His fondness for plays and declamation is illustrated by the story told by a younger brother, who remembers being wrapped up in a shawl and kept quiet by sweetmeats, while he figured as the dead Cæsar, and his brother, the future historian, delivered the speech of Antony over his prostrate body. He was of a most sensitive nature, easily excited, but not tenacious of any irritated feelings, with a quick sense of honor, and the most entirely truthful child, his mother used to say, that she had ever seen. Such are some of the recollections of those who knew him in his earliest years and in the most intimate relations.

His father's family was living at this time in the house No. 7 Walnut Street, looking down Chestnut Street, over the water to the western hills. Near by were the residences of Hon. John Phillips, the first Mayor of the City of Boston, and of Mr. Nathan Appleton, widely known and honorably

remembered as a leader in our manufactures, and an influential member of Congress. Young Motley's early playmates were two boys whose names have since become familiar to the public, — Thomas Gold Appleton and Wendell Phillips. One of their favorite amusements was acting in certain melodramas of their own concoction, in which the boy historian, the wit of later days, and the embryo orator might have been seen enacting the parts of heroes and bandits in costumes more or less appropriate to their assumed characters.

Both these early companions of Motley have favored me with their recollections of him at that time and in after years. From his father he seems to have inherited the playful and satirical element which always belonged to him, from his mother a sensitive and affectionate nature; from both, personal gifts of a remarkably attractive quality, for both were noted for their beauty, and the mother especially for a noble and benignant presence. Young Motley was tall, graceful in movement and gesture, and eminently handsome. His literary turn showed itself very early, for at about the age of eleven he began writing a novel, of which two chapters were finished, but which seems to have come to a premature end, like many of his early efforts.

During the years 1822 and 1823, or a part of them, Motley was a scholar in the Boston Latin School. At the first annual dinner of the Latin School Association in 1876, he sent the following letter in reply to an invitation to be present on that occasion: —

5 SEAMORE PLACE, MAYFAIR,
LONDON, 21 Oct. '76.

DEAR SIR, — Your letter of 9 Oct. inviting me to a dinner on 8 Nov. next of the Boston Latin School Association, in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the reopening of the school after the evacuation of Boston by the British, was received yesterday.

Although I am quite unable to be present with you on this interesting occasion, yet believe me that I am very deeply touched at being so kindly remembered. It would have been most agreeable to me to meet the Association, and among them some of my old schoolmates, now honored and well-beloved friends.

I should have liked to write more fully, but the condition of my health makes it difficult for me to write at all. But I wish at least in these few words to join my humble testimony with that of all lovers of sound learning and generous culture to the high merits of our ancient public school, still second to none in the country, as I firmly believe, in the capacity to lay the groundwork of a thorough and accurate classical education, the love of which I sincerely trust may never perish among us.

For one I have been accustomed my life long to express my gratitude for the excellent teachings imparted at the school, in the days of Mr. Gould and Mr. Leverett when I had the privilege of being a member of it, and my constant regret for having so insufficiently profited by them.

With renewed thanks for the honor of your invitation, and most sincere wishes for the continued prosperity of the Boston Latin School,

I am, dear sir, very respectfully yours,

J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.

JOSEPH HEALY, Esq., *Secretary*.

After passing a year at Mr. Green's school at Jamaica Plain, he went to the school at Round Hill, Northampton, then under the care of Mr. Cogswell and Mr. Bancroft. While there, he was noted for his facility in acquiring languages, for his excellence as a reader and a writer, and was naturally much admired and flattered. He learned with great ease and rapidity, and was disposed to follow his own bent in his studies rather than to keep closely to his text-books. While at this school, he acquired a knowledge of the German language and its literature, which was a rare accomplishment in the school-boys of that period.

At the age of thirteen, he entered Harvard College. The ease with which he learned gave him a high rank during the first year, but later in his college life betrayed him into negligence of his studies, so that at last he was sent away for a time. He came back sobered down, and studied rather more diligently, but without trying for college rank.

He was not what is called a popular young man, in spite of the brilliant qualities recognized by his fellow-collegians. His fastidiousness no doubt betrayed itself in his manners with those whom he did not like. His mind was full of projects which kept him in an excited and unnatural condition.

"He had a small writing-table," Mr. Phillips says, "with a shallow drawer; I have often seen it half full of sketches, unfinished poems, soliloquies, a scene or two of a play, prose portraits of some pet character, etc. These he would read to me, though he never volunteered to do so, and every now and then he burnt the whole, and began to fill the drawer again."

My friend, Mr. John Osborne Sargent, who was a year before him in college, says, in a very interesting letter with which he has favored me: —

"My first acquaintance with him [Motley] was at Cambridge, when he came there from Mr. Cogswell's school at Round Hill. He then had a good deal of the shyness that was just pronounced enough to make

him interesting, and which did not entirely wear off till he left college. . . . I soon became acquainted with him, and we used to take long walks together, sometimes taxing each other's memory for poems or passages from poems that had struck our fancy. Shelley was then a great favorite of his, and I remember that Praed's verses, then appearing in the 'New Monthly,' he thought very clever and brilliant, and was fond of repeating them. You have forgotten, or perhaps never knew, that Motley's first appearance in print was in 'The Collegian.' He brought me one day, in a very modest mood, a translation from Goethe, which I was most happy to oblige him by inserting. It was very prettily done, and will now be a curiosity. . . . How it happened that Motley wrote only one piece I do not remember."

I gather some other interesting facts from a letter which I have received from his early playmate and school and college classmate, Mr. T. G. Appleton: —

"In his Sophomore year, he kept abreast of the prescribed studies, but his heart was out of bounds, as it often had been at Round Hill when chasing squirrels or rabbits through forbidden forests. Already his historical interest was shaping his life. A tutor coming — by chance, let us hope — to his room, remonstrated with him upon the heaps of novels upon his table.

"'Yes,' said Motley, 'I am reading historically, and have come to the novels of the nineteenth century. Taken in the lump, they are very hard reading.'"

All Old Cambridge people know the Brattle House, with its gambrel roof, its tall trees, its perennial spring, its legendary fame of good fare and hospitable board in the days of the kindly old *bon vivant*, Major Brattle. In this house the two young students, Appleton and Motley, lived during a part of their college course.

"Motley's room was on the ground-floor, the room to the left of the entrance. He led a very pleasant life there, tempering his college duties with the literature he loved, and receiving his friends amidst elegant surroundings, which added to the charm of his society. Occasionally we amused ourselves by writing for the magazines and papers of the day. Mr. Willis had just started a slim monthly, written chiefly by himself, but with the true magazine flavor. We wrote for that, and sometimes verses in the corner of a paper called 'The Anti-Masonic Mirror,' in which corner was a woodcut of Apollo, inviting to destruction ambitious youths by the legend underneath,

'Much yet remains unsung.'

These pieces were usually dictated to each other, the poet recumbent upon the bed and a classmate ready to carry off the manuscript for the paper of the following day. 'Blackwood's' was then in its glory, its

pages redolent of 'mountain dew,' in every sense; the humor of the Shepherd, the elegantly brutal onslaughts upon Whigs and Cockney poets by Christopher North, intoxicated us youths.

"It was young writing, and made for the young. The opinions were charmingly wrong, and its enthusiasm was half Glenlivet. But this delighted the boys. There were no reprints then, and to pass the paper-cutter up the fresh inviting pages was like swinging over the heather arm in arm with Christopher himself. It is a little singular that, though we had a college magazine of our own, Motley rarely if ever wrote for it. I remember a translation from Goethe, 'The Ghost-Seer,' which he may have written for it, and a poem upon the White Mountains. Motley spoke at one of the college exhibitions an Essay on Goethe so excellent that Mr. Joseph Cogswell sent it to Madame Goethe, who, after reading it, said, 'I wish to see the first book that young man will write.'"

Although Motley did not aim at or attain a high college rank, the rules of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which confine the number of members to the first sixteen of each class, were stretched so as to include him; a tribute to his recognized ability, and an evidence that a distinguished future was anticipated for him.

Of the two years divided between the Universities of Berlin and Göttingen I have little to record. That he studied hard I cannot doubt; that he found himself in pleasant social relations with some of his fellow-students seems probable from the portraits he has drawn in his first story, "Morton's Hope," and is rendered certain so far as one of his companions is concerned. Among the records of the past to which he referred during his last visit to this country was a letter which he took from a collection of papers and handed me to read one day when I was visiting him. The letter was written in a very lively and exceedingly familiar vein. It implied such intimacy, and called up in such a lively way the gay times Motley and himself had had together in their youthful days, that I was puzzled to guess who could have written to him from Germany in that easy and off-hand fashion. I knew most of his old friends who would be like to call him by his baptismal name in its most colloquial form, and exhausted my stock of conjectures unsuccessfully before looking at the signature. I confess that I was surprised, after laughing at the hearty and almost boyish tone of the letter, to read at the bottom of the page the signature of Bismarck. I will not say that I suspect Motley of having drawn the portrait of his friend in one of the characters of "Morton's Hope," but it is not hard to point out traits in one of them

which we can believe may have belonged to the great Chancellor at an earlier period of life than that at which the world contemplates his overshadowing proportions.

Hoping to learn something of Motley during the two years when we lost sight of him, I addressed a letter to His Highness Prince Bismarck, to which I received the following reply: —

FOREIGN OFFICE, BERLIN, March 11, 1878.

SIR, — I am directed by Prince Bismarck to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st of January, relating to the biography of the late Mr. Motley. His Highness deeply regrets that the state of his health and pressure of business do not allow him to contribute personally, and as largely as he would be delighted to do, to your depicting of a friend whose memory will be ever dear to him. Since I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Motley at Varzin, I have been intrusted with communicating to you a few details I have gathered from the mouth of the Prince. I enclose them as they are jotted down, without any attempt at digestion.

I have the honor to be
Your obedient servant,
LOTHAIR BUCHER.

Prince Bismarck said: I met Motley at Göttingen in 1832, I am not sure if at the beginning of Easter Term or Michaelmas Term. He kept company with German students, though more addicted to study than we members of the fighting clubs (: corps :). Although not having mastered yet the German language, he exercised a marked attraction by a conversation sparkling with wit, humor, and originality. In autumn of 1833, having both of us migrated from Göttingen to Berlin for the prosecution of our studies, we became fellow-lodgers in the house No. 161 Friedrich Strasse. There we lived in the closest intimacy, sharing meals and outdoor exercise. Motley by that time had arrived at talking German fluently; he occupied himself not only in translating Goethe's poem "Faust," but tried his hand even in composing German verses. Enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, he used to spice his conversation abundantly with quotations from these his favorite authors. A pertinacious arguer, so much so that sometimes he watched my awakening in order to continue a discussion on some topic of science, poetry, or practical life, cut short by the chime of the small hours, he never lost his mild and amiable temper. Our faithful companion was Count Alexander *Keyserling*, a native of Courland, who has since achieved distinction as a botanist.

Motley having entered the diplomatic service of his coun-

try, we had frequently the opportunity of renewing our friendly intercourse; at Frankfurt he used to stay with me, the welcome guest of my wife; we also met at Vienna, and, later, here. The last time I saw him was in 1872 at Varzin, at the celebration of my "silver wedding," viz., the 25th anniversary.

The most striking feature of his handsome and delicate appearance was uncommonly large and beautiful eyes. He never entered a drawing-room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies.

It is but a glimpse of their young life that the great statesman gives us, but a bright and pleasing one. Here were three students, one of whom was to range in the flowery fields of the loveliest of the sciences, another to make the dead past live over again in his burning pages, and a third to extend an empire, as the botanist spread out a plant and the historian laid open a manuscript.

Of the years passed in the study of Law after his return from Germany I have very little recollection, and nothing of importance to record. He never became seriously engaged in the practice of the profession he had chosen. I had known him pleasantly rather than intimately, and our different callings tended to separate us. I met him, however, not very rarely, at one house where we were both received with the greatest cordiality, and where the attractions brought together many both young and old to enjoy the society of its charming and brilliant inmates. This was at number 14 Temple Place, where Mr. Park Benjamin was then living with his two sisters, both in the bloom of young womanhood. Here Motley found the wife to whom his life owed so much of its success and its happiness. He was married to Mary Elizabeth Benjamin on the 2d of March, 1837. His intimate friend, Mr. Joseph Lewis Stackpole, was married at about the same time to her sister, thus joining still more closely in friendship the two young men who were already like brothers in their mutual affections.

Two years after his marriage, in 1839, appeared his first work, a novel in two volumes, called "Morton's Hope." He had little reason to be gratified with its reception. The general verdict was not favorable to it, and the leading critical journal of America, not usually harsh or cynical in its treatment of native authorship, did not even give it a place among its "Critical Notices," but dropped a small-print extinguisher

upon it in one of the pages of its "List of New Publications." Nothing could be more utterly disheartening than the critical sentence passed upon the story. At the same time, the critic says that "no one can read 'Morton's Hope' without perceiving it to have been written by a person of uncommon resources of mind and scholarship."

It must be confessed that, as a story, "Morton's Hope" cannot endure a searching or even a moderately careful analysis. It is wanting in cohesion, in character, even in a proper regard to circumstances of time and place; it is a map of dissected incidents which has been flung out of its box and has arranged itself without the least regard to chronology or geography. It is not difficult to trace in it many of the influences which had helped in forming or deforming the mind of the young man of twenty-five not yet come into possession of his full inheritance of the slowly ripening qualities which were yet to assert their robust independence. How could he help admiring Byron and falling into more or less unconscious imitation of his moods, if not of his special affectations? Passion showing itself off against a dark foil of cynicism; sentiment, ashamed of its own self-betrayal, and sneering at itself from time to time for fear of the laugh of the world at its sincerity, — how many young men were spoiled and how many more injured by becoming bad copies of a bad ideal! The blood of Don Juan ran in the veins of Vivian Grey and Pelham. But read the fantastic dreams of Disraeli, the intellectual dandyisms of Bulwer, remembering the after careers of which they were the preludes, and we can understand how there might well be something in those earlier efforts which would betray itself in the way of thought and in the style of the young men who read them during the plastic period of their minds and characters. Allow for all these influences, allow for whatever impressions his German residence and his familiarity with German literature had produced; accept the fact that the story is to the last degree disjointed, improbable, impossible; lay it aside as a complete failure in what it attempted to be, and read it, as "Vivian Grey" is now read, in the light of the career which it heralded.

"Morton's Hope" is not to be read as a novel: it is to be studied as an autobiography, a prophecy, a record of aspirations, disguised under a series of incidents which are flung together with no more regard to the unities than a pack of shuffled playing-cards.

The ideal picture he has drawn is only a fuller portraiture

of the youth whose outlines have been already sketched by the companions of his earlier years. If his hero says, "I breakfasted with a pen behind my ear, and dined in company with a folio bigger than the table," one of his family says of the boy Motley that "if there were five minutes before dinner, when he came into the parlor he always took up some book near at hand and began to read until dinner was announced." The same unbounded thirst for knowledge, the same history of various attempts and various failures, the same ambition, not yet fixed in its aim, but showing itself in restless effort, belong to the hero of the story and its narrator.

Let no man despise the first efforts of immature genius. Nothing can be more crude as a novel, nothing more disappointing, than "Morton's Hope." But in no other of Motley's writings do we get such an inside view of his character, with its varied impulses, its capricious appetites, its unregulated forces, its impatient grasp for all kinds of knowledge. With all his university experiences at home and abroad, it might be said with a large measure of truth that he was a self-educated man, as he had been a self-taught boy. His instincts were too powerful to let him work quietly in the common round of school and college training. Looking at him as his companions describe him, as he delineates himself *mutato nomine*, the chances of success would have seemed to all but truly prophetic eyes very doubtful, if not decidedly against him. Too many brilliant young novel-readers and lovers of poetry, excused by their admirers for their shortcomings on the strength of their supposed birthright of "genius," have ended where they began; flattered into the vain belief that they were men at eighteen or twenty, and finding out at fifty that they were and always had been nothing more than boys. It was but a tangled skein of life that Motley's book showed us at twenty-five, and older men might well have doubted whether it would ever be wound off in any continuous thread. To repeat his own words, he had crowded together the materials for his work, but he had no pattern, and consequently never began to weave.

The more this first work of Motley's is examined, the more are its faults as a story and its interest as a self-revelation made manifest to the reader. The future historian, who spared no pains to be accurate, falls into the most extraordinary anachronisms in almost every chapter. Brutus in a bob-wig, Othello in a swallow-tail coat, could hardly be more incongruously equipped than some of his characters in the manner of thought, the phrases, the way of bearing them-

selves, which belong to them in the tale, but never could have belonged to characters of our Revolutionary period. He goes so far in his carelessness as to mix up dates in such a way as almost to prove that he never looked over his own manuscript or proofs.

And yet in the midst of all these marks of haste and negligence, here and there the philosophical student of history betrays himself, the ideal of noble achievement glows in an eloquent paragraph, or is embodied in a loving portrait like that of the Professor and Historian Harlem. The novel, taken in connection with the subsequent developments of the writer's mind, is a study of singular interest. It is a chaos before the creative epoch; the light has not been divided from the darkness; the firmament has not yet divided the waters from the waters. The forces at work in a human intelligence to bring harmony out of its discordant movements are as mysterious, as miraculous, we might truly say, as those which give shape and order to the confused materials out of which habitable worlds are made. It is too late now to be sensitive over this unsuccessful attempt as a story and unconscious success as a self-portraiture. The first sketches of Paul Veronese, the first patterns of the Gobelin tapestry, are not to be criticised for the sake of pointing out their inevitable and too manifest imperfections. They are to be carefully studied as the earliest efforts of the hand that painted the Marriage at Cana, of the art that taught the rude products of the loom to rival the glowing canvas of the great painters. None of his subsequent writings give such an insight into his character and mental history. It took many years to work the transformation of the as yet undisciplined powers and the unarranged material into the orderly methods and the organized connection which were needed to construct a work that should endure. There was a long interval between Motley's early manhood and the middle term of life, during which the slow process of evolution was going on. There are plants which open their flowers with the first rays of the sun; there are others that wait until evening to spread their petals. It was already the high noon of life with him before his genius had truly shown itself; if he had not lived beyond this period, he would have left nothing to give him a permanent name.

In the autumn of 1841 Mr. Motley received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the Russian Mission, Mr. Todd being then the Minister. Arriving at St. Petersburg

just at the beginning of winter, he found the climate acting very unfavorably upon his spirits, if not upon his health, and was unwilling that his wife and his two young children should be exposed to its rigors. The expense of living, also, was out of proportion to his income, and his letters show that he had hardly established himself in St. Petersburg before he had made up his mind to leave a place where he found he had nothing to do and little to enjoy. He was homesick, too, as a young husband and father with an affectionate nature like his ought to have been under these circumstances. He did not regret having made the experiment, for he knew that he should not have been satisfied with himself if he had not made it. It was his first trial of a career in which he contemplated embarking, and in which he had afterwards an eventful experience. In his private letters to his family, many of which I have had the privilege of looking over, he mentions in detail all the reasons which influenced him in forming his own opinion about the expediency of a continued residence at St. Petersburg, and leaves the decision to her in whose judgment he always had the greatest confidence. No unpleasant circumstance attended his resignation of his Secretaryship, and though it must have been a disappointment to find that the place did not suit him, as he and his family were then situated, it was only at the worst an experiment fairly tried and not proving satisfactory. He left St. Petersburg after a few months' residence, and returned to America. On reaching New York, he was met by the sad tidings of the death of his first-born child, a boy of great promise, who had called out all the affections of his ardent nature. It was long before he recovered from the shock of this great affliction. The boy had shown a very quick and bright intelligence, and his father often betrayed a pride in his gifts and graces which he never for a moment made apparent in regard to his own.

Among the letters which he wrote from St. Petersburg are two miniature ones directed to this little boy. His affectionate disposition shows itself very sweetly in these touching mementos of a love of which his first great sorrow was so soon to be born. Not less charming are his letters to his mother, showing the tenderness with which he always regarded her, and full of the details which he thought would entertain one to whom all that related to her children was always interesting. Of the letters to his wife it is needless to say more than that they always show the depth of the love he bore her and the absolute trust he placed in her,

consulting her always as his nearest and wisest friend and adviser, — one in all respects fitted

"To warn, to comfort, and command."

He could not be happy alone, and there were good reasons why his family should not join him in St. Petersburg.

"With my reserved habits," he says, "it would take a great deal longer to become intimate here than to thaw the Baltic. I have only to 'knock that it shall be opened to me,' but that is just what I hate to do. . . . 'Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither.'"

Disappointed in his expectations, but happy in the thought of meeting his wife and children, he came back to his household to find it clad in mourning.

A letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Park Benjamin, dated December 17th, 1844, contains a very full and ardent expression of his political views at that time. He was very much excited at the election of Mr. Polk over Mr. Clay. Of the latter candidate he entertained the most exalted opinion, while the former was for him "Mr. Quelconque," — Mr. Anybody. He went so far as to think that this election settled the point that a statesman could never again be called to the head of the government. The letter is a characteristic one, coming from a high-spirited young man, burning with enthusiasm, which at times runs into something like extravagance. But it is written with manly vigor, with an impassioned feeling for the honor of the country, and a scorn which does not measure its words for "the very dirty politics" which he finds mixed up with our popular institutions. He himself had taken an active part in the election campaign, as he speaks of "having made two stump speeches of an hour and a half each, one in Dedham town-hall, and one in Jamaica Plain, with such eminent success that many invitations came to me from the surrounding villages, and if I had continued in active political life I might have risen to be vote-distributor, or fence-viewer, or selectman, or hog-reeve, or something of the kind."

This letter gives the same portrait of the writer, only viewed in profile as it were, which we have already seen drawn in full face in the story of "Morton's Hope." It is charged with that *sæva indignatio* which at times verges on misanthropic contempt for its objects, not unnatural to a young man who sees his lofty ideals confronted with the ignoble facts which strew the highways of political life. But we can

recognize real conviction and the deepest feeling beneath his scornful rhetoric and his bitter laugh. He was no more a mere *dilettante* than Swift himself, but now and then in the midst of his most serious thought some absurd or grotesque image will obtrude itself, and one is reminded of the lines on the monument of Gay rather than of the fierce epitaph of the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Mr. Motley's first serious effort in historical composition was an article of fifty pages in the "North American Review" for October, 1845. This was nominally a notice of two works, one on Russia, the other a Memoir of the life of Peter the Great. It is, however, a narrative rather than a criticism, — a rapid, continuous, brilliant, almost dramatic narrative. If there had been any question as to whether the young novelist who had missed his first mark had in him the elements which might give him success as an author, this essay would have settled the question. It shows throughout that the writer has made a thorough study of his subject, but it is written with an easy and abundant, yet scholarly, freedom, not as if he were surrounded by his authorities and picking out his material piece by piece, but rather as if it were the overflow of long-pursued and well-remembered studies, recalled without effort and poured forth almost as a recreation.

As he betrayed or revealed his personality in his first novel, so in this first effort in another department of literature he showed in epitome his qualities as an historian and a biographer. The hero of his narrative makes his entrance at once in his character as the shipwright of Saardam, on the occasion of a visit of the great Duke of Marlborough. The portrait instantly arrests attention. His ideal personages had been drawn in such a sketchy way, they presented so many imperfectly harmonized features, that they never became real, with the exception of course of the story-teller himself. But the vigor with which the presentment of the imperial ship-carpenter, the sturdy, savage, eager, fiery Peter, was given in the few opening sentences, showed the movement of the hand, the glow of the color, that were in due time to display on a broader canvas the full-length portraits of William the Silent and of John of Barneveld. The style of the whole article is rich, fluent, picturesque, with light touches of humor here and there, and perhaps a trace or two of youthful jauntiness, not quite as yet outgrown. His illustrative poetical quotations are mostly Shakspearian, — from Milton

and Byron also in a passage or two, — and now and then one is reminded that he is not unfamiliar with the "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution" of an always unmistakable writer, rather perhaps by the way in which phrases borrowed from other authorities are set in the text than by any more important evidence of unconscious imitation.

The readers who had shaken their heads over the unsuccessful story of "Morton's Hope" were startled by the appearance of this manly and scholarly essay. This young man, it seemed, had been studying, — studying with careful accuracy, with broad purpose. He could paint a character with the ruddy life-blood coloring it as warmly as it glows in the cheeks of one of Van der Helst's burgomasters. He could sweep the horizon in a wide general outlook, and manage his perspective and his lights and shadows so as to place and accent his special subject with its due relief and just relations. It was a sketch, or rather a study for a larger picture, but it betrayed the hand of a master. The feeling of many was that expressed in the words of Mr. Longfellow in his review of the "Twice-Told Tales" of the unknown young writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne: "When a new star rises in the heavens, people gaze after it for a season with the naked eye, and with such telescopes as they may find. . . . This star is but newly risen; and erelong the observation of numerous star-gazers, perched up on arm-chairs and editors' tables, will inform the world of its magnitude and its place in the heaven of" — not poetry in this instance, but that serene and unclouded region of the firmament where shine unchanging the names of Herodotus and Thucydides. Those who had always believed in their brilliant schoolmate and friend at last felt themselves justified in their faith. The artist that sent this unframed picture to be hung in a corner of the literary gallery was equal to larger tasks. There was but one voice in the circle which surrounded the young essayist. He must redeem his pledge, he can and will redeem it, if he will only follow the bent of his genius and grapple with the heroic labor of writing a great history.

And this was the achievement he was already meditating.

In the mean time, he was studying history for its facts and principles, and fiction for its scenery and portraits. In the "North American Review" for July, 1847, is a long and characteristic article on Balzac, of whom he was an admirer, but with no blind worship. The readers of this great story-

teller, who was so long in obtaining recognition, who "made twenty assaults upon fame and had forty books killed under him" before he achieved success, will find his genius fully appreciated and fairly weighed in this discriminating essay.

Another article contributed by Mr. Motley to the "North American Review" is to be found in the number for October, 1849. It is nominally a review of Talvi's (Mrs. Robinson's) "Geschicht der Colonisation von New England," but in reality an essay on the "Polity of the Puritans," — an historical disquisition on the principles of self-government evolved in New England, broad in its views, eloquent in its language. Its spirit is thoroughly American, and its estimate of the Puritan character is not narrowed by the near-sighted liberalism which sees the past in the pitiless light of the present, — which looks around at high noon and finds fault with early dawn for its long and dark shadows.

The commendation bestowed upon Motley's historical essays in the "North American Review" must have gone far towards compensating for the ill success of his earlier venture. It pointed clearly towards the field in which he was to gather his laurels. And it was in the year following the publication of this essay, or about that time (1846), that he began collecting materials for a history of Holland.

Whether to tell the story of men that have lived and of events that have happened, or to create the characters and invent the incidents of an imaginary tale be the higher task, we need not stop to discuss. But the young author was just now like the great actor in Sir Joshua's picture between the allurements of Thalia and Melpomene, still doubtful whether he was to be a romancer or an historian.

In 1849 Mr. Motley published a second story, entitled "Merry-Mount, a Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." It had been written several years before the date of its publication. It is a great advance in certain respects over the first novel, but wants the peculiar interest which belonged to that as a partially autobiographical memoir. The story is no longer disjointed and impossible. It is carefully studied in regard to its main facts. It has less to remind us of "Vivian Grey" and "Pelham," and more that recalls "Woodstock" and "Kenilworth." The personages were many of them historical, though idealized; the occurrences were many of them such as the record authenticated; the localities were drawn largely from nature. The story betrays marks of haste or carelessness in some portions, though others are elaborately

wrought. His Preface shows that the reception of his first book had made him timid and sensitive about the fate of the second, and explains and excuses what might be found fault with, to disarm the criticism he had some reason to fear.

That old watch-dog of our American literature, the "North American Review," always ready with lambent phrases in stately "articles" for native talent of a certain pretension, and wagging its appendix of "Critical Notices" kindly at the advent of humbler merit, treated "Merry-Mount" with the distinction implied in a review of nearly twenty pages. This was a great contrast to the brief and slighting notice of "Morton's Hope." The reviewer thinks the author's descriptive power wholly exceeds his conception of character and invention of circumstances. "He dwells, perhaps, too long and fondly upon his imagination of the landscape as it was before the stillness of the forest had been broken by the axe of the settler; but the picture is so finely drawn, with so much beauty of language and purity of sentiment, that we cannot blame him for lingering upon the scene. . . . The story is not managed with much skill, but it has variety enough of incident and character, and is told with so much liveliness that few will be inclined to lay it down before reaching the conclusion. . . . . The writer certainly needs practice in elaborating the details of a consistent and interesting novel; but in many respects he is well qualified for the task, and we shall be glad to meet him again on the half-historical ground he has chosen. His present work, certainly, is not a fair specimen of what he is able to accomplish, and its failure, or partial success, ought only to inspirit him for further effort."

The "half-historical ground" he had chosen had already led him to the entrance into the broader domain of history. The "further effort" for which he was to be inspirited had already begun. He had been for some time, as was before mentioned, collecting materials for the work which was to cast all his former attempts into the kindly shadow of oblivion, save when from time to time the light of his brilliant after success is thrown upon them to illustrate the path by which it was at length attained.

The reputation of Mr. Prescott was now coextensive with the realm of scholarship. The Histories of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella and of the Conquest of Mexico had met with a reception which might well tempt the ambition of a young writer to emulate it, but which was not likely to

be awarded to any second candidate who should enter the field in rivalry with the great and universally popular historian. But this was the field on which Mr. Motley was to venture.

After he had chosen the subject of the history he contemplated, he found that Mr. Prescott was occupied with a kindred one, so that there might be too near a coincidence between them. I must borrow from Mr. Ticknor's beautiful Life of Prescott the words which introduce a letter of Mr. Motley's to Mr. William Amory, who has kindly allowed me also to make use of it.

"The moment, therefore, that he [Mr. Motley] was aware of this condition of things, and the consequent possibility that there might be an untoward interference in their plans, he took the same frank and honorable course with Mr. Prescott that Mr. Prescott had taken in relation to Mr. Irving, when he found that they had both been contemplating a 'History of the Conquest of Mexico.' The result was the same. Mr. Prescott, instead of treating the matter as an interference, earnestly encouraged Mr. Motley to go on, and placed at his disposition such of the books in his library as could be most useful to him. How amply and promptly he did it, Mr. Motley's own account will best show. It is in a letter dated at Rome, 26th February, 1859, the day he heard of Mr. Prescott's death, and was addressed to his intimate friend, Mr. William Amory, of Boston, Mr. Prescott's much-loved brother-in-law."

"It seems to me but as yesterday, though it must be now twelve years ago, that I was talking with our ever-lamented friend Stackpole about my intention of writing a history upon a subject to which I have since that time been devoting myself. I had then made already some general studies in reference to it, without being in the least aware that Prescott had the intention of writing the 'History of Philip the Second.' Stackpole had heard the fact, and that large preparations had already been made for the work, although 'Peru' had not yet been published. I felt naturally much disappointed. I was conscious of the immense disadvantage to myself of making my appearance, probably at the same time, before the public, with a work not at all similar in plan to 'Philip the Second,' but which must of necessity traverse a portion of the same ground.

"My first thought was inevitably, as it were, only of myself. It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For I had not first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other.

When I had made up my mind accordingly, it then occurred to me that Prescott might not be pleased that I should come forward upon his ground. It is true that no announcement of his intentions had been made, and that he had not, I believe, even commenced his preliminary studies for Philip. At the same time I thought it would be disloyal on my part not to go to him at once, confer with him on the subject, and if I should find a shadow of dissatisfaction on his mind at my proposition, to abandon my plan altogether.

"I had only the slightest acquaintance with him at that time. I was comparatively a young man, and certainly not entitled on any ground to more than the common courtesy which Prescott never could refuse to any one. But he received me with such a frank and ready and liberal sympathy, and such an open-hearted, guileless expansiveness, that I felt a personal affection for him from that hour. I remember the interview as if it had taken place yesterday. It was in his father's house, in his own library, looking on the garden-house and garden, — honored father and illustrious son, — alas! all numbered with the things that were! He assured me that he had not the slightest objection whatever to my plan, that he wished me every success, and that, if there were any books in his library bearing on my subject that I liked to use, they were entirely at my service. After I had expressed my gratitude for his kindness and cordiality, by which I had been in a very few moments set completely at ease, — so far as my fears of his disapprobation went, — I also very naturally stated my opinion that the danger was entirely mine, and that it was rather wilful of me thus to risk such a collision at my first venture, the probable consequence of which was utter shipwreck. I recollect how kindly and warmly he combated this opinion, assuring me that no two books, as he said, ever injured each other, and encouraging me in the warmest and most earnest manner to proceed on the course I had marked out for myself.

"Had the result of that interview been different, — had he distinctly stated, or even vaguely hinted, that it would be as well if I should select some other topic, or had he only sprinkled me with the cold water of conventional and commonplace encouragement, — I should have gone from him with a chill upon my mind, and, no doubt, have laid down the pen at once; for, as I have already said, it was not that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write *one particular history*.

"You know how kindly he always spoke of and to me; and the generous manner in which, without the slightest hint from me, and entirely unexpected by me, he attracted the eyes of his hosts of readers to my forthcoming work, by so handsomely alluding to it in the preface to his own, must be almost as fresh in your memory as it is in mine.

"And although it seems easy enough for a man of world-wide reputation thus to extend the right hand of fellowship to an unknown and struggling aspirant, yet I fear that the history of literature will show that such instances of disinterested kindness are as rare as they are noble."

It was not from any feeling that Mr. Motley was a young writer from whose rivalry he had nothing to apprehend. Mr. Amory says that Prescott expressed himself very decidedly to the effect that an author who had written such descriptive passages as were to be found in Mr. Motley's published writings was not to be undervalued as a competitor by any one. The reader who will turn to the description of Charles River in the eighth chapter of the second volume of "Merry-Mount," or of the autumnal woods in the sixteenth chapter of the same volume, will see good reason for Mr. Prescott's appreciation of the force of the rival whose advent he so heartily and generously welcomed.

After working for several years on his projected History of Holland, Mr. Motley found that, in order to do his work thoroughly, he must have recourse to the authorities to be found only in the libraries and state archives of Europe. In the year 1851 he left America with his family, to begin his task over again, throwing aside all that he had already done, and following up his new course of investigations at Berlin, Dresden, the Hague, and Brussels, during several succeeding years. I do not know that I can give a better idea of his mode of life during this busy period, his occupations, his state of mind, his objects of interest outside of his special work, than by the following extracts from a long letter to myself, dated Brussels, 20th November, 1853.

After some personal matters, he continues: —

"I don't really know what to say to you. I am in a town which for aught I know, may be very gay. I don't 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 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 daily career is very regular and monotonous. 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 the meadows of commonplace. Don't expect any thing of the impetuous and boiling style. We go it weak here. I don't know whether you were ever in Brussels. It is a striking, picturesque town, built up a steep promontory, the old part at the bottom, very dingy and mouldy, 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 dome rising some three hundred and seventy feet into the air and embroidered to the top with the delicacy of needle-work, sugar-work, spider-work, or what you will. I haunt this place because it is my scene, — my theatre. Here were enacted so many deep tragedies, so many stately dramas, and even so many farces, which have been 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 theatre with the coulisses, machinery, drapery, etc., for representing scenes which have long since vanished, and which no more enter the minds of the 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 in the heart of the town — the antique gem in the modern setting — you may go either up or down — if you go down you will find yourself in the very nastiest complications of lanes and culs-de-sacs possible — a dark entanglement of gin-shops, beer-houses, and hovels, — through which charming valley dribbles the 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 many 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 year are very regular. I came here, having, as I thought, finished my work, or rather the first Part (something like three or four volumes, 8vo), 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 penelopize, — pull to pieces, and stitch away again. Whatever may be the result of my labor, nobody can say that I have not worked like a brute beast, — but I don't 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 fifteenth century. Here I remain among my fellow-worms, feeding on these musty mulberry-leaves, out of which we are afterwards to spin our silk. How can you expect any thing interesting from such a human cocoon? It is, however, not without its amusement in a mouldy 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. . . . There are not many public resources of amusement in this place, — if we wanted them, — which we don't. 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 was never seen on earth — so pathetic, so gentle, so passionless, so prophetic. . . . There are a few good Rubenses 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 ten 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 in his *color* in which this man so easily surpasses all the world, but in his life-like, 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 trashy sea of such creatures as the Luca Giordanos and Pietro Cortonas and the like. Well might Guido exclaim, 'The fellow mixes blood with his colors!' . . . 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 cryptogams are so much in fashion, nevertheless 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 been more willing to give room to this description of Rubens's pictures and the effect they produced upon Mr. Motley, because there is a certain affinity between those sumptuous and glowing works of art and the prose pictures of the historian who so admired them. He was himself a colorist in language, and called up the image of a great per-

sonage or a splendid pageant of the past with the same affluence that floods, the same rich vitality that warms the vast areas of canvas over which the full-fed genius of Rubens disported itself in the luxury of imaginative creation.

The labor of ten years was at last finished. Carrying his formidable manuscript with him, — and how formidable the manuscript which melts down into three solid octavo volumes is, only writers and publishers know, — he knocked at the door of that terrible fortress from which Lintot and Curll and Tonson looked down on the authors of an older generation. So large a work as the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic," offered for the press by an author as yet unknown to the British public, could hardly expect a warm welcome from the great dealers in literature as merchandise. Mr. Murray civilly declined the manuscript which was offered to him, and it was published at its author's expense by Mr. John Chapman. The time came when the positions of the first-named celebrated publisher and the unknown writer were reversed. Mr. Murray wrote to Mr. Motley, asking to be allowed to publish his second great work, the "History of the United Netherlands," expressing at the same time his regret at what he candidly called his mistake in the first instance, and thus they were at length brought into business connection as well as the most agreeable and friendly relations. An American edition was published by the Harpers at the same time with the London one.

If the new work of the unknown author found it difficult to obtain a publisher, it was no sooner published than it found an approving, an admiring, an enthusiastic world of readers, and a noble welcome at the colder hands of the critics.

The "Westminster Review" for April, 1856, had for its leading article a paper by Mr. Froude, in which the critic awarded the highest praise to the work of the new historian. As one of the earliest as well as one of the most important recognitions of the work, I quote some of its judgments: —

"A history as complete as industry and genius can make it now lies before us of the first twenty years of the Revolt of the United Provinces; of the period in which those provinces finally conquered their independence and established the Republic of Holland. It has been the result of many years of silent, thoughtful, unobtrusive labor, and unless we are strangely mistaken, unless we are ourselves altogether unfit for this office of criticising which we have here undertaken, the book is one which will take its place among the finest histories in this or in any language. . . . All the essentials of a great

writer Mr. Motley eminently possesses. His mind is broad, his industry unwearied. In power of dramatic description no modern historian, except perhaps Mr. Carlyle, surpasses him, and in analysis of character he is elaborate and distinct. His principles are those of honest love for all which is good and admirable in human character wherever he finds it, while he unaffectedly hates oppression, and despises selfishness with all his heart."

After giving a slight analytical sketch of the series of events related in the history, Mr. Froude finds fault only with one of the historian's estimates, — that of the course of Queen Elizabeth.

"It is ungracious, however," he says, "even to find so slight a fault with these admirable volumes. Mr. Motley has written without haste, with the leisurely composure of a master. . . . We now take our leave of Mr. Motley, desiring him only to accept our hearty thanks for these volumes, which we trust will soon take their place in every English library. Our quotations will have sufficed to show the ability of the writer. Of the scope and general character of his work we have given but a languid conception. The true merit of a great book must be learned from the book itself. Our part has been rather to select varied specimens of style and power. Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic. It will not be so now. We believe that we may promise him as warm a welcome among ourselves as he will receive even in America; that his place will be at once conceded to him among the first historians in our common language."

The faithful and unwearied Mr. Allibone has swept the whole field of contemporary criticism, and shown how wide and universal was the welcome accorded to the hitherto unknown author. An article headed "Prescott and Motley," from the pen of M. Guizot, is to be found in the "Edinburgh Review" for January, 1857. The praise, not unmingled with criticisms, which that great historian bestowed upon Motley, is less significant than the fact that he superintended a translation of the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and himself wrote the introduction to it.

A general chorus of approbation followed or accompanied these leading voices. The reception of the work in Great Britain was a triumph. On the Continent, in addition to the tribute paid to it by M. Guizot, it was translated into Dutch, into German, and into Russian. At home his reception was not less hearty. The "North American Review," which had set its foot on the semi-autobiographical medley which he

called "Morton's Hope," which had granted a decent space and a tepid recognition to his "semi-historical" romance, in which he had already given the reading public a taste of his quality as a narrator of real events and a delineator of real personages, — this old and awe-inspiring New England and more than New England representative of the Fates found room for a long and most laudatory article, in which the son of one of our most distinguished historians did the honors of the venerable literary periodical to the new-comer, for whom the folding-doors of all the critical head-quarters were flying open as if of themselves. Mr. Allibone has recorded the opinions of some of our best scholars as expressed to him.

Dr. Lieber wrote in the strongest terms of praise a letter to Mr. Allibone. I quote one passage, which in the light of after events borrows a cruel significance: —

"Congress and Parliament decree thanks for military exploits, — rarely for diplomatic achievements. If they ever voted their thanks for books, — and what deeds have influenced the course of human events more than some books? — Motley ought to have the thanks of our Congress; but I doubt not that he has already the thanks of every American who has read the work. It will leave its distinct mark upon the American mind."

Mr. Everett writes: —

"Mr. Motley's 'History of the Dutch Republic' is in my judgment a work of the highest merit. Unwearying research for years in the libraries of Europe, patience and judgment in arranging and digesting his materials, a fine historical tact, much skill in characterization, the perspective of narration, as it may be called, and a vigorous style, unite to make it a very capital work, and to place the name of Motley by the side of those of our great historical trio, — Bancroft, Irving, and Prescott."

Mr. Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Hillard, united their voices in the same strain of commendation. Mr. Prescott, whose judgment of the new History is of peculiar value, for obvious reasons, writes to Mr. Allibone thus: —

"The opinion of any individual seems superfluous in respect to a work on the merits of which the public both at home and abroad have pronounced so unanimous a verdict. As Motley's path crosses my own historic field, I may be thought to possess some advantage over most critics in my familiarity with the ground.

"However this may be, I can honestly bear my testimony to the extent of his researches and to the accuracy with which he has given

the results of them to the public. Far from making his book a mere register of events, he has penetrated deep below the surface and explored the cause of these events. He has carefully studied the physiognomy of the times and given finished portraits of the great men who conducted the march of the revolution. Every page is instinct with the love of freedom and with that personal knowledge of the working of free institutions which could alone enable him to do justice to his subject. We may congratulate ourselves that it was reserved for one of our countrymen to tell the story — better than it had yet been told — of this memorable revolution, which in so many of its features bears a striking resemblance to our own."

The public welcomed the work as cordially as the critics. Fifteen thousand copies had already been sold in London in 1857. In America it was equally popular. Its author saw his name enrolled by common consent among those of the great writers of his time. Europe accepted him, his country was proud to claim him, scholarship set its jealously guarded seal upon the result of his labors; the reading world, which had not cared greatly for his stories, hung in delight over a narrative more exciting than romances; and the lonely student, who had almost forgotten the look of living men in the solitude of archives haunted by dead memories, found himself suddenly in the full blaze of a great reputation.

He visited this country in 1856, and spent the winter of 1856–57 in Boston, having established himself with his family in a house in Boylston Place. At this time I had the pleasure of meeting him often, and of seeing the changes which maturity, success, the opening of a great literary and social career, had wrought in his character and bearing. He was in every way greatly improved; the interesting, impulsive youth had ripened into a noble manhood. Dealing with great themes, his own mind had gained their dignity. Accustomed to the company of dead statesmen and heroes, his own ideas had risen to a loftier height. The flattery of society had added a new grace to his natural modesty. He was now a citizen of the world by his reputation; the past was his province, in which he was recognized as a master; but he was thinking of new labors, not of what he had already accomplished.

During the years spent in Europe in writing his first history, from 1851 to 1856, Mr. Motley lived a life of great retirement and simplicity, devoting himself to his work and to the education of his children, to which last object he was

always ready to give the most careful attention. He was as yet unknown beyond the circle of his friends, and he did not seek society. In this quiet way he passed the two years of residence in Dresden, the year divided between Brussels and the Hague, and a very tranquil year spent at Vevay on the Lake of Geneva. His health at this time was tolerably good, except for nervous headaches, which frequently recurred and were of great severity. His visit to England with his manuscript, in search of a publisher, has already been mentioned.

In 1858 he revisited England. His fame as a successful author was there before him, and he naturally became the object of many attentions. He now made many acquaintances who afterwards became his kind and valued friends. Among those mentioned by his daughter, Lady Harcourt, are Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Carlisle, Lady William Russell, Lord and Lady Palmerston, Dean Milman, with many others. The following winter was passed in Rome, among many English and American friends.

"In the course of the next summer," his daughter says, "we all went to England, and for the next two years, marked chiefly by the success of the 'United Netherlands,' our social life was most agreeable and most interesting. He was in the fulness of his health and powers; his works had made him known in intellectual society, and I think his presence, on the other hand, increased their effects. As no one knows better than you do, his belief in his own country and in its institutions at their best was so passionate and intense that it was a part of his nature, yet his refined and fastidious tastes were deeply gratified by the influences of his life in England, and the spontaneous kindness which he received added much to his happiness. At that time Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister; the weekly receptions at Cambridge House were the centre of all that was brilliant in the political and social world, while Lansdowne House, Holland House, and others were open to the *sommités* in all branches of literature, science, rank, and politics. . . . It was the last year of Lord Macaulay's life, and as a few out of many names which I recall, come Dean Milman, Mr. Froude (whose review of the Dutch Republic in the Westminster was one of the first warm recognitions it ever received), the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, then Mr. Stirling of Keir, the Sheridan family in its different brilliant members, Lord Wensleydale, and many more."

There was no society to which Mr. Motley would not have added grace and attraction by his presence, and to say that he was a welcome guest in the best houses of England is only saying that these houses are always open to those whose

abilities, characters, achievements, are commended to the circles that have the best choice by the personal gifts which are nature's passport everywhere.

I am enabled by the kindness of Mr. Francis H. Underwood to avail myself of a letter addressed to him by Mr. Motley in the year before the publication of this second work, which gives us an insight into his mode of working and the plan he proposed to follow. It begins with an allusion which recalls a literary event interesting to many of his American friends.

ROME, March 4, 1859.

F. H. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I am delighted to hear of the great success of the Atlantic Monthly. In this remote region I have not the chance of reading it as often as I should like, but from the specimens which I have seen I am quite sure it deserves its wide circulation. A serial publication, the contents of which are purely original and of such remarkable merit, is a novelty in our country, and I am delighted to find that it has already taken so prominent a position before the reading world. . . . The whole work [his history], of which the three volumes already published form a part, will be called "The Eighty Years' War for Liberty."

Epoch I. is the Rise of the Dutch Republic.
Epoch II. Independence Achieved. From the Death of William the Silent till the Twelve Years' Truce. 1584–1609.
Epoch III. Independence Recognized. From the Twelve Years' Truce to the Peace of Westphalia. 1609–1648.

My subject is a very vast one, for the struggle of the United Provinces with Spain was one in which all the leading states of Europe were more or less involved. After the death of William the Silent, the history assumes world-wide proportions. Thus the volume which I am just about terminating is . . . almost as much English history as Dutch. The Earl of Leicester, very soon after the death of Orange, was appointed governor of the provinces, and the alliance between the two countries almost amounted to a political union. I shall try to get the whole of the Leicester administration, terminating with the grand drama of the invincible armada, into one volume; but I doubt, my materials are so enormous. I have been personally very hard at work, nearly two years, ransacking the British State Paper Office, the British Museum, and the Holland archives, and I have had two copyists constantly engaged in London, and two others at the Hague. Besides this, I passed the whole of last winter at Brussels, where, by special favor of the Belgian government, I was allowed to read what no one else has ever been permitted to see, — the great mass of copies taken by that government from the Simancas archives, a translated epitome of which has been published by Gachard. This correspondence reaches to the death of Philip II., and is of im-

mense extent and importance. Had I not obtained leave to read the invaluable and, for my purpose, indispensable documents at Brussels, I should have gone to Spain, for they will not be published these twenty years, and then only in a translated and excessively abbreviated and unsatisfactory form. I have read the whole of this correspondence, and made very copious notes of it. In truth, I devoted three months of last winter to that purpose alone.

The materials I have collected from the English archives are also extremely important and curious. I have hundreds of interesting letters never published or to be published, by Queen Elizabeth, Burghley, Walsingham, Sidney, Drake, Willoughby, Leicester, and others. For the whole of that portion of my subject in which Holland and England were combined into one whole, to resist Spain in its attempt to obtain the universal empire, I have very abundant collections. For the history of the United Provinces is not at all a provincial history. It is the history of European liberty. Without the struggle of Holland and England against Spain, all Europe might have been Catholic and Spanish. It was Holland that saved England in the sixteenth century, and, by so doing, secured the triumph of the Reformation, and placed the independence of the various states of Europe upon a sure foundation. Of course, the materials collected by me at the Hague are of great importance. As a single specimen, I will state that I found in the archives there an immense and confused mass of papers, which turned out to be the autograph letters of Olden Barneveld during the last few years of his life; during, in short, the whole of that most important period which preceded his execution. These letters are in such an intolerable handwriting that no one has ever attempted to read them. I could read them only imperfectly myself, and it would have taken me a very long time to have acquired the power to do so; but my copyist and reader there is the most patient and indefatigable person alive, and he has quite mastered the handwriting, and he writes me that they are a mine of historical wealth for me. I shall have complete copies before I get to that period, one of signal interest, and which has never been described. I mention these matters that you may see that my work, whatever its other value may be, is built upon the only foundation fit for history, — original contemporary documents. These are all unpublished. Of course, I use the contemporary historians and pamphleteers, — Dutch, Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English, — but the most valuable of my sources are manuscript ones. I have said the little which I have said in order to vindicate the largeness of the subject. The kingdom of Holland is a small power now, but the eighty years' war, which secured the civil and religious independence of the Dutch Commonwealth and of Europe, was the great event of that whole age.

The whole work will therefore cover a most remarkable epoch in human history, from the abdication of Charles Fifth to the Peace of Westphalia, at which last point the political and geographical arrangements of Europe were established on a permanent basis; — in the main undisturbed until the French Revolution. . . .

I will mention that I received yesterday a letter from the distinguished M. Guizot, informing me that the first volume of the French translation, edited by him, with an introduction, has just been published. The publication was hastened in consequence of the appearance of a rival translation at Brussels. The German translation is very elegantly and expensively printed in handsome octavos; and the Dutch translation, under the editorship of the archivist general of Holland, Bakhuyzen v. d. Brink, is enriched with copious notes and comments by that distinguished scholar.

There are also three different piratical reprints of the original work at Amsterdam, Leipzig, and London. I must add that I had nothing to do with the translation in any case. In fact, with the exception of M. Guizot, no one ever obtained permission of me to publish translations, and I never knew of the existence of them until I read them in the journals. . . . I forgot to say that among the collections already thoroughly examined by me is that portion of the Simancas archives still retained in the imperial archives of France. I spent a considerable time in Paris for the purpose of reading these documents. There are many letters of Philip II. there, with *apostilles* by his own hand. . . . I would add that I am going to pass this summer at Venice for the purpose of reading and procuring copies from the very rich archives of that republic, of the correspondence of their envoys in Madrid, London, and Brussels during the epoch of which I am treating. I am also not without hope of gaining access to the archives of the Vatican here, although there are some difficulties in the way.

With kind regards . . .

I remain very truly yours,

J. L. MOTLEY.

We know something of the manner in which Mr. Motley collected his materials. We know the labors, the difficulties, the cost of his toils among the dusty records of the past. What he gained by the years he passed in his researches is so well stated by himself that I shall borrow his own words: "Thanks to the liberality of many modern governments of Europe, the archives where the state secrets of the buried centuries have so long mouldered are now open to the student of history. To him who has patience and industry, many mysteries are thus revealed which no political sagacity or critical acumen could have divined. He leans over the shoulder of Philip the Second at his writing-table, as the King spells patiently out, with cipher-key in hand, the most concealed hieroglyphics of Parma, or Guise, or Mendoza. He reads the secret thoughts of 'Fabius' [Philip II.] as that cunctative Roman scrawls his marginal apostilles on each despatch; he pries into all the stratagems of Camillus, Hortensius, Mucius, Julius, Tullius, and the rest of those ancient

heroes who lent their names to the diplomatic masqueraders of the sixteenth century; he enters the cabinet of the deeply pondering Burghley, and takes from the most private drawer the memoranda which record that minister's unutterable doubtings; he pulls from the dressing-gown folds of the stealthy, soft-gliding Walsingham the last secret which he has picked from the Emperor's pigeon-holes or the Pope's pocket, and which not Hatton, nor Buckhurst, nor Leicester, nor the Lord Treasurer is to see; nobody but Elizabeth herself; he sits invisible at the most secret councils of the Nassaus and Barneveld and Buys, or pores with Farnese over coming victories and vast schemes of universal conquest; he reads the latest bit of scandal, the minutest characteristic of king or minister, chronicled by the gossiping Venetians for the edification of the Forty; and after all this prying and eavesdropping, having seen the cross-purposes, the bribings, the windings in the dark, he is not surprised if those who were systematically deceived did not always arrive at correct conclusions." (History of United Netherlands, I. p. 54.)

The fascination of such a quest is readily conceivable. A drama with real characters, and the spectator at liberty to go behind the scenes and look upon and talk with the kings and queens between the acts; to examine the scenery, to handle the properties, to study the "make-up" of the imposing personages of full-dress histories; to deal with them all as Thackeray has done with the Grand Monarque in one of his caustic sketches, — this would be as exciting, one might suppose, as to sit through a play one knows by heart at Drury Lane or the Théâtre Français, and might furnish occupation enough to the curious idler who was only in search of entertainment. The mechanical obstacles of half-illegible manuscript, however, and of antiquated forms of speech, to say nothing of the intentional obscurities of diplomatic correspondence, stand in the way of all but the resolute and unwearied scholar. These difficulties, in all their complex obstinacy, had been met and overcome by the heroic efforts, the concentrated devotion of the new laborer in the unbroken fields of secret history.

Without stopping to take breath, as it were, — for his was a task *de longue haleine*, — he proceeded to his second great undertaking.

The first portion — consisting of two volumes — of the History of the United Netherlands was published in the year 1860. It maintained and increased the reputation he had already gained by his first history.

The London Quarterly Review devoted a long article to it, beginning with this handsome tribute to his earlier and later volumes : —

"Mr. Motley's 'History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic' is already known and valued for the grasp of mind which it displays, for the earnest and manly spirit in which he has communicated the results of deep research and careful reflection. Again he appears before us, rich with the spoils of time, to tell the story of the United Netherlands from the time of William the Silent to the end of the eventful year of the Spanish Armada, and we still find him in every way worthy of this 'great argument.' Indeed it seems to us that he proceeds with an increased facility of style, and with a more complete and easy command over his materials. These materials are indeed splendid, and of them most excellent use has been made. The English State Paper Office, the Spanish archives from Simancas, and the Dutch and Belgian repositories have all yielded up their secrets; and Mr. Motley has enjoyed the advantage of dealing with a vast mass of unpublished documents, of which he has not failed to avail himself to an extent which places his work in the foremost rank as an authority for the period to which it relates. By means of his labor and his art we can sit at the council board of Philip and Elizabeth, we can read their most private despatches. Guided by his demonstration, we are enabled to dissect out to their ultimate issues the minutest ramifications of intrigue. We join in the amusement of the popular lampoon; we visit the prison-house; we stand by the scaffold; we are present at the battle and the siege. We can scan the inmost characters of men and can view them in their habits as they lived."

After a few criticisms upon lesser points of form and style, the writer says : —

"But the work itself must be read to appreciate the vast and conscientious industry bestowed upon it. His delineations are true and life-like, because they are not mere compositions written to please the ear, but are really taken from the facts and traits preserved in those authentic records to which he has devoted the labor of many years. Diligent and painstaking as the humblest chronicler, he has availed himself of many sources of information which have not been made use of by any previous historical writer. At the same time he is not oppressed by his materials, but has sagacity to estimate their real value, and he has combined, and with scholarly power, the facts which they contain. He has rescued the story of the Netherlands from the domain of vague and general narrative, and has labored, with much judgment and ability, to unfold the *Belli causas, et vitia, et modos*, and to assign to every man and every event their own share in the contest, and their own influence upon its fortunes. We do not wonder that his earlier publication has been received as a valuable addition, not only to English, but to European literature."

One or two other contemporary criticisms may help us with their side-lights. A critic in the Edinburgh Review for January, 1861, thinks that "Mr. Motley has not always been successful in keeping the graphic variety of his details subordinate to the main theme of his work." Still, he excuses the fault, as he accounts it, in consideration of the new light thrown on various obscure points of history, and says that "it is atoned for by striking merits, by many narratives of great events, faithfully, powerfully, and vividly executed, by the clearest and most life-like conceptions of character, and by a style which, if it sacrifices the severer principles of composition to a desire to be striking and picturesque, is always vigorous, full of animation, and glowing with the genuine enthusiasm of the writer. Mr. Motley combines as an historian two qualifications seldom found united, — to great capacity for historical research he adds much power of pictorial representation. In his pages we find characters and scenes minutely set forth in elaborate and characteristic detail, which is relieved and heightened in effect by the artistic breadth of light and shade thrown across the broader prospects of history. In an American author, too, we must commend the hearty English spirit in which the book is written; and fertile as the present age has been in historical works of the highest merit, none of them can be ranked above these volumes in the grand qualities of interest, accuracy, and truth."

A writer in "Blackwood" (May, 1861) contrasts Motley with Froude somewhat in the way in which another critic had contrasted him with Prescott. Froude, he says, remembers that there are some golden threads in the black robe of the Dominican. Motley "finds it black and thrusts it farther into the darkness."

Every writer carries more or less of his own character into his book, of course. A great professor has told me that there is a personal flavor in the mathematical work of a man of genius like Poisson. Those who have known Motley and Prescott would feel sure beforehand that the impulsive nature of the one and the judicial serenity of the other would as surely betray themselves in their writings as in their conversation and in their every movement. Another point which the critic of Blackwood's Magazine has noticed has not been so generally observed; it is what he calls "a dashing, off-hand, rattling" style, — "*fast*" writing. It cannot be denied that here and there may be detected slight vestiges of the way of writing of an earlier period of Motley's literary life, with which I have no reason to think the writer just mentioned

was acquainted. Now and then I can trace in the turn of a phrase, in the twinkle of an epithet, a faint reminiscence of that satirical levity, airiness, jauntiness, if I may hint such a word, which is just enough to remind me of those perilous shallows of his early time through which his richly freighted argosy had passed with such wonderful escape from its dangers and such very slight marks of injury. That which is pleasant gayety in conversation may be quite out of place in formal composition, and Motley's wit must have had a hard time of it in struggling to show its spangles in the processions while his gorgeous tragedies went sweeping by.

The winter of 1859–60 was passed chiefly at Oatlands Hotel, Walton on Thames. In 1860 Mr. Motley hired the house No. 31 Hertford Street, May Fair, London. He had just published the first two volumes of his History of the Netherlands, and was ready for the further labors of its continuation, when the threats, followed by the outbreak, of the great civil contention in his native land brought him back from the struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the conflict of the nineteenth.

His love of country, which had grown upon him so remarkably of late years, would not suffer him to be silent at such a moment. All around him he found ignorance and prejudice. The quarrel was like to be prejudged in default of a champion of the cause which to him was that of liberty and justice. He wrote two long letters to the "London Times," in which he attempted to make clear to Englishmen and to Europe the nature and conditions of our complex system of government, the real cause of the strife and the mighty issues at stake. Nothing could have been more timely, nothing more needed. Mr. William Everett, who was then in England, has borne testimony before this Society to the effect these letters produced. Had Motley done no other service to his country, this alone would entitle him to honorable remembrance as among the first defenders of the flag which at that moment had more to fear from what was going on in the cabinet councils of Europe than from all the armed hosts which were gathering against it.

He returned to America in 1861, and soon afterwards was appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Austria. Mr. Burlingame had been previously appointed to the office, but having been objected to by the Austrian government for political reasons, the place unexpectedly left vacant was conferred on Mr. Motley, who had no expectation of any diplomatic

appointment when he left Europe. For some interesting particulars relating to his residence in Vienna I must refer to the communications addressed to me by Lady Harcourt and her youngest sister, and the letters I received from him while at the Austrian capital. Lady Harcourt writes: —

"He held the post for six years, seeing the civil war fought out and brought to a triumphant conclusion, and enjoying, as I have every reason to believe, the full confidence and esteem of Mr. Lincoln to the last hour of the President's life. In the first dark years the painful interest of the great national drama was so all-absorbing that literary work was entirely put aside, and with his countrymen at home he lived only in the varying fortunes of the day, his profound faith and enthusiasm sustaining him and lifting him above the natural influence of a by no means sanguine temperament. Later, when the tide was turning and success was nearing, he was more able to work. His social relations during the whole period of his mission were of the most agreeable character. The society of Vienna was at that time, and I believe is still, the absolute reverse of that of England, where all claims to distinction are recognized and welcomed. There the old feudal traditions were still in full force, and diplomatic representatives admitted to the court society by right of official position found it to consist exclusively of an aristocracy of birth, sixteen quarterings of nobility being necessary to a right of presentation to the Emperor and Empress. The society thus constituted was distinguished by great charm and grace of manner, the exclusion of all outer elements not only limiting the numbers, but giving the ease of a family party within the charmed circle. On the other hand, larger interests suffered under the rigid exclusion of all occupations except the army, diplomacy, and court place. The intimacy among the different members of the society was so close that, beyond a courtesy of manner that never failed, the tendency was to resist the approach of any stranger as a *gêne*. A single new face was instantly remarked and commented on in a Vienna saloon to an extent unknown in any other large capital. This peculiarity, however, worked in favor of the old resident. Kindliness of feeling increased with familiarity and grew into something better than acquaintance, and the parting with most sincere and affectionately disposed friends in the end was deeply felt on both sides. Those years were passed in a pleasant house in the Weiden faubourg, with a large garden at the back, and I do not think that during this time there was one disagreeable incident in his relations to his colleagues, while in several cases the relations, agreeable with all, became those of close friendship. We lived constantly, of course, in diplomatic and Austrian society, and during the latter part of the time particularly, his house was as much frequented and the centre of as many dancing and other receptions as any in the place. His official relations with the Foreign Office were courteous and agreeable, the successive Foreign Ministers during his stay being Count Rechberg, Count Mensdorff, and Baron Beust. Austria was so far

removed from any real contact with our own country that, though the interest in our war may have been languid, they did not pretend to a knowledge which might have inclined them to controversy, while an instinct that we were acting as a constituted government against rebellion rather inclined them to sympathy. I think I may say that as he became known among them, his keen patriotism and high sense of honor and truth were fully understood and appreciated, and that what he said always commanded a sympathetic hearing among men with totally different political ideas but with chivalrous and loyal instincts to comprehend his own. I shall never forget his account of the terrible day when the news of Mr. Lincoln's death came. By some accident, a rumor of it reached him first through a colleague. He went straight to the Foreign Office for news, hoping against hope, was received by Count Mensdorff, who merely came forward and laid his arm about his shoulder with an intense sympathy beyond words."

Miss Motley, the historian's youngest daughter, has added a note to her sister's communication: —

"During his residence in Vienna, the most important negotiations which he had to carry on with the Austrian Government were those connected with the Mexican affair. Maximilian at one time applied to his brother the Emperor for assistance, and he promised to accede to his demand. Accordingly a large number of volunteers were equipped and had actually embarked at Trieste, when a despatch from Mr. Seward arrived, instructing the American Minister to give notice to the Austrian Government that if the troops sailed for Mexico he was to leave Vienna at once. My father had to go at once to Count Mensdorff with these instructions, and in spite of the Foreign Minister being annoyed that the United States Government had not sooner intimated that this extreme course would be taken, the interview was quite amicable, and the troops were not allowed to sail. We were in Vienna during the war in which Denmark fought alone against Austria and Prussia, and when it was over Bismarck came to Vienna to settle the terms of peace with the Emperor. He dined with us twice during his short stay, and was most delighful and agreeable. When he and my father were together, they seemed to live over the youthful days they had spent together as students, and many were the anecdotes of their boyish frolics which Bismarck related."

Soon after Mr. Motley's arrival in Vienna, I received a long letter from him, most of which relates to matters of personal interest, but which contains a few sentences of interest to the general reader, as showing his zealous labors, wherever he found himself, in behalf of the great cause then in bloody debate in his own country: —

"NOVEMBER 14, 1861.

"What can I say to you of cis-Atlantic things? I am almost ashamed to be away from home. You knew that I had decided to

remain, and had sent for my family to come to America, when my present appointment altered my plans. I do what good I can. I think I made some impression on Lord John Russell, with whom I spent two days soon after my arrival in England, and I talked very frankly and as strongly as I could to Palmerston, and I have had long conversations and correspondences with other leading men in England. I have also had an hour's [conversation] with Thouvenel in Paris. I hammered the Northern view into him as soundly as I could. For this year there will be no foreign interference with us. I don't anticipate it at any time, unless we bring it on ourselves by bad management, which I don't expect. Our fate is in our own hands, and Europe is looking on to see which side is strongest, — when it has made the discovery it will back it as also the best and the most moral. Yesterday I had my audience with the Emperor. He received me with much cordiality, and seemed interested in a long account which I gave him of our affairs. You may suppose I inculcated the Northern views. We spoke in his vernacular, and he asked me afterwards if I was a German. I mention this not from vanity, but because he asked it with earnestness, and as if it had a political significance. Of course I undeceived him. His appearance interested me, and his manner is very pleasing."

I continued to receive long and interesting letters from him at intervals during his residence as minister at Vienna. Relating as they often did to public matters, about which he had private sources of information, his anxiety that they should not get into print was perfectly natural. As, however, I was at liberty to read his letters to others at my discretion, and as many parts of these letters have an interest as showing how American affairs looked to one who was behind the scenes in Europe, I may venture to give some extracts without fear of violating the spirit of his injunctions, or of giving offence to individuals. The time may come when his extended correspondence can be printed in full with propriety, but it must be in a future year and after it has passed into the hands of a younger generation. Meanwhile, these few glimpses at his life and records of his feelings and opinions will help to make the portrait of the man we are studying present itself somewhat more clearly.

"LEGATION OF THE U. S. A., VIENNA, January 14, 1862.

"MY DEAR HOLMES, — I have two letters of yours, November 29 and December 17, to express my thanks for. It is quite true that it is difficult for me to write with the same feeling that inspires you, that every thing around the inkstand within a radius of a thousand miles is full of deepest interest to writer and reader. I don't even intend to try to amuse you with Vienna matters. What is it to you that we had a very pleasant dinner-party last week at Prince Esterhazy's, and

another this week at Prince Liechtenstein's, and that to-morrow I am to put on my cocked hat and laced coat to make a visit to her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Mother, and that to-night there is to be the first of the assembly balls, the Vienna Almack's, at which — I shall be allowed to absent myself altogether?

"It strikes me that there is likely to be left a fair field for us a few months longer, say till midsummer. The Trent affair I shall not say much about, except to state that I have always been for giving up the prisoners. I was awfully afraid, knowing that the demand had gone forth, —

'Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it,'

that the answer would have come back in the Hotspur vein, —

'And if the Devil come and roar for them,
We will not send them.'

The result would have been most disastrous, for in order to secure a most trifling advantage, — that of keeping Mason and Slidell at Fort Warren a little longer, — we should have turned our backs on all the principles maintained by us when neutral, and should have been obliged to accept a war at an enormous disadvantage. . . .

"But I hardly dared to hope that we should have obtained such a victory as we have done. To have disavowed the illegal transaction at once, — before any demand came from England, — to have placed that disavowal on the broad ground of principle which we have always cherished, and thus with a clear conscience, and to our entire honor, to have kept ourselves clear from a war which must have given the confederacy the invincible alliance of England, — was exactly what our enemies in Europe did not suppose us capable of doing. But we have done it in the handsomest manner, and there is not one liberal heart in this hemisphere that is not rejoiced, nor one hater of us and of our institutions that is not gnashing his teeth with rage."

The letter of ten close pages from which I have quoted these passages is full of confidential information, and contains extracts from letters of leading statesmen. If its date had been 1762, I might feel authorized in disobeying its injunctions of privacy. I must quote a single sentence, as it shows his animus at that time towards a distinguished statesman of whom he was accused of speaking in very hard terms by an obscure writer whose intent was to harm him. In speaking of the Trent affair, Mr. Motley says: "The English premier has been foiled by our much maligned Secretary of State, of whom, on this occasion at least, one has the right to say, with Sir Henry Wotton, —

'His armor was his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.'"

He says at the close of this long letter: "I wish I could bore you about something else but American politics. But there is nothing else *worth* thinking of in the world. All else is leather and prunella. We are living over again the days of the Dutchmen or the seventeenth-century Englishmen."

My next letter, of fourteen closely written pages, was of similar character to the last. Motley could think of nothing but the great conflict. He was alive to every report from America, listening too with passionate fears or hopes, as the case might be, to the whispers not yet audible to the world which passed from lip to lip of the statesmen who were watching the course of events from the other side of the Atlantic with the sweet complacency of the looker-on of Lucretius; too often rejoicing in the storm that threatened wreck to institutions and an organization which they felt to be a standing menace to the established order of things in their older communities.

A few extracts from this very long letter have a special interest from the time at which they were written: —

"LEGATION OF U. S. OF AMERICA, VIENNA,
February 26, 1862.

"MY DEAR HOLMES, — . . . I take great pleasure in reading your prophecies, and intend to be just as free in hazarding my own, for, as you say, our mortal life is but a string of guesses at the future, and no one but an idiot would be discouraged at finding himself sometimes far out in his calculations. If I find you *signally right* in any of your predictions, be sure that I will congratulate and applaud. If you make mistakes, you shall never hear of them again, and I promise to forget them. Let me ask the same indulgence from you in return. This is what makes letter-writing a comfort and journalizing dangerous. . . . The ides of March will be upon us before this letter reaches you. We have got to squash the rebellion soon, or be squashed for ever as a nation. I don't pretend to judge military plans or the capacities of generals. But, as you suggest, perhaps I can take a more just view of the whole picture of the eventful struggle at this great distance than do those absolutely acting and suffering on the scene. Nor can I resist the desire to prophesy any more than you can do, knowing that I may prove utterly mistaken. I say, then, that one great danger comes from the chance of foreign interference. What will prevent that?

"Our utterly defeating the Confederates in some *great* and *conclusive* battle; or,

"Our possession of the cotton-ports and opening them to European trade; or,

"A *most unequivocal policy* of slave emancipation.

"Any one of these three conditions would stave off recognition by foreign powers, until we had ourselves abandoned the attempt to reduce the South to obedience.

"The last measure is to my mind the most important. The South has, by going to war with the United States Government, *thrust into our hands against our will* the invincible weapon which constitutional reasons had hitherto forbidden us to employ. At the same time it has given us the power to remedy a great wrong to four millions of the human race, in which we had hitherto been obliged to acquiesce. We are threatened with national annihilation, and defied to use the only means of national preservation.

"The question is distinctly proposed to us, Shall slavery die, or the great Republic? It is most astounding to me that there can be two opinions in the free States as to the answer.

"If we do fall, we deserve our fate. At the beginning of the contest, constitutional scruples might be respectable. But now we are fighting to subjugate the South; that is, Slavery. We are fighting for nothing else that I know of. We are fighting for the Union. Who wishes to destroy the Union? The slaveholder, nobody else. Are we to spend twelve hundred millions, and raise six hundred thousand soldiers, in order to *protect* slavery? It really does seem to me too simple for argument. I am anxiously waiting for the coming Columbus who will set this egg of ours on end by smashing in the slavery end. We shall be rolling about in every direction until that is done. I don't know that it is to be done by proclamation. Rather perhaps by facts. . . . Well, I console myself with thinking that the people — the American people, at least — is about as wise collectively as less numerous collections of individuals, and that the people has really declared emancipation, and is only puzzling how to carry it into effect. After all, it seems to be a law of Providence, that progress should be by a spiral movement; so that when it seems most tortuous, we may perhaps be going ahead. I am firm in the faith that slavery is now wriggling itself to death. With slavery in its pristine vigor, I should think the restored Union neither possible nor desirable. Don't understand me as not taking into account all the strategical considerations against premature governmental utterances on this great subject. But are there any trustworthy friends to the Union among the slaveholders? Should we lose many Kentuckians and Virginians who are now with us, if we boldly confiscated the slaves of all rebels, and a confiscation of property which has legs and so confiscates itself, at command, is not only a legal, but would prove a very practical measure in time of war. In brief, the time is fast approaching, I think, when 'Thorough' should be written on all our banners. Slavery will never accept a subordinate position. The great Republic and Slavery cannot both survive. We have been defied to mortal combat, and yet we hesitate to strike. These are my poor thoughts on this great subject. Perhaps you will think them crude. I was much struck with what you quote from Mr. Conway, that if emancipation was proclaimed on the Upper Mississippi it would be known to the negroes of Louisiana in advance of the tele-

graph. And if once the blacks had leave to run, how many whites would have to stay at home to guard their dissolving property?

"You have had enough of my maunderings. But before I conclude them, may I ask you to give all our kindest regards to Lowell, and to express our admiration for the Yankee Idyll. I am afraid of using too extravagant language if I say all I think about it. Was there ever any thing more stinging, more concentrated, more vigorous, more just? He has condensed into those few pages the essence of a hundred diplomatic papers and historical disquisitions and Fourth of July orations. I was dining a day or two since with his friend Lytton (Bulwer's son, attaché here) . . . and Julian Fane (Secretary of the embassy), both great admirers of him, — and especially of the 'Biglow Papers,' — they begged me to send them the Mason and Slidell Idyll, but I wouldn't, — I don't think it is in English nature (although theirs is very cosmopolitan and liberal) to take such punishment and come up smiling. I would rather they got it in some other way, and then told me what they thought voluntarily.

"I have very pleasant relations with all the J. B.'s here. They are all friendly and well disposed to the North, — I speak of the embassy, which, with the ambassador and —— dress numbers eight or ten souls, — some of them very intellectual ones. There are no other J. B.'s here. I have no fear at present of foreign interference. We have got three or four months to do our work in, — a fair field and no favor. There is no question whatever that the Southern Commissioners have been thoroughly snubbed in London and Paris. There is to be a blockade debate in Parliament next week, but no bad consequences are to be apprehended. The Duke de Gramont (French Embassador, and an intimate friend of the Emperor) told my wife last night that it was entirely false that the Emperor had ever urged the English government to break the blockade. 'Don't believe it, — don't believe a word of it,' he said. He has *always* held that language to me. He added that Prince Napoleon had just come out with a strong speech about us, — you will see it, doubtless, before you get this letter, — but it has not yet reached us.

"Shall I say any thing of Austria, — what can I say that would interest you? That's the reason why I hate to write. All my thoughts are in America. Do you care to know about the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, that shall be King hereafter of Mexico (if L. N. has his way)? He is next brother to the Emperor, but although I have had the honor of private audiences of many archdukes here, this one is a resident of Trieste.

"He is about thirty, — has an adventurous disposition, — some imagination, — a turn for poetry, — has voyaged a good deal about the world in the Austrian ship-of-war, — for in one respect he much resembles that unfortunate but anonymous ancestor of his, the King of Bohemia with the seven castles, who, according to Corporal Trim, had such a passion for navigation and sea-affairs, 'with never a seaport in all his dominions.' But now the present King of Bohemia has got the sway of Trieste, and is Lord High Admiral and Chief of the

Marine Department. He has been much in Spain, also in South America, — I have read some travels, Reise Skizzen, of his — printed, not published. They are not without talent, and he ever and anon relieves his prose jog-trot by breaking into a canter of poetry. He adores bull-fights, and rather regrets the Inquisition, and considers the Duke of Alva every thing noble and chivalrous, and the most abused of men. It would do your heart good to hear his invocations to that deeply injured shade, and his denunciations of the ignorant and vulgar protestants who have defamed him. (N. B. Let me observe that the R. of the D. R. was not published until long after the Reise Skizzen were written.) Du armer Alva! weil du dem Willen deines Herrn unerschütterlich treu wast, weil die festbestimmten grundsätze der Regierung, etc., etc., etc. You can imagine the rest.

"Dear me! I wish I could get back to the sixteenth and seventeenth century. . . . But alas! the events of the nineteenth are too engrossing.

"If Lowell cares to read this letter, will you allow me to 'make it over to him jointly,' as Captain Cuttle says? I wished to write to him, but I am afraid only you would tolerate my writing so much when I have nothing to say. If he would ever send me a line I should be infinitely obliged, and would quickly respond. We read the 'Washers of the Shroud' with fervid admiration.

"Always remember me most sincerely to the Club, one and all. It touches me nearly when you assure me that I am not forgotten by them. To-morrow is *Saturday* and *the last of the month.* We are going to dine with our Spanish colleague. But the first bumper of the Don's champagne I shall drain to the health of my Parker House friends."

From another long letter dated August 31, 1862, I extract the following passages: —

"I quite agree in all that you said in your last letter. 'The imp of secession can't re-enter its mother's womb.' It is merely childish to talk of the Union 'as it was.' You might as well bring back the Saxon Heptarchy. But the Great Republic is destined to live and flourish, I can't doubt. . . . Do you remember that wonderful scene in 'Faust' in which Mephistopheles draws wine for the rabble with a gimlet out of the wooden table; and how it changes to fire as they drink it, and how they all go mad, draw their knives, grasp each other by the nose, and think they are cutting off bunches of grapes at every blow, and how foolish they all look when they awake from the spell and see how the Devil has been mocking them? It always seems to me a parable of the great Secession.

"I repeat, I can't doubt as to the ultimate result. But I dare say we have all been much mistaken in our calculations as to time. Days, months, years, are nothing in history. *Men* die, *man* is immortal, practically, even on this earth. We are so impatient, — and we are always watching for the last scene of the tragedy. Now I humbly

opine that the drop is only about falling on the first act, or perhaps only the prologue. This act or prologue will be called, in after days, War for the *status quo.*

"Such enthusiasm, heroism, and manslaughter as *status quo* could inspire, has, I trust, been not entirely in vain, but it has been proved insufficient.

"I firmly believe that when the slaveholders declared war on the United States Government they began a series of events that, in the logical chain of history, cannot come to a conclusion until the last vestige of slavery is gone. Looking at the whole field for a moment dispassionately, *objectively*, as the dear Teutonic philosophers say, and merely as an exhibition of phenomena, I cannot imagine any other issue. Every thing else *may* happen. This alone *must* happen.

"But after all this isn't a war. It is a revolution. It isn't strategists that are wanted so much as *believers.* In revolutions, the men who win are those who are in earnest. Jeff and Stonewall and the other Devil-worshippers are in earnest, but it was not written in the book of fate that the slaveholders' rebellion should be vanquished by a pro-slavery general. History is never so illogical. No, the coming 'man on horseback' on our side must be a great strategist, with the soul of that insane lion, mad old John Brown, in his belly. That is your only Promethean recipe: —

'et insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.'

"I don't know why Horace runs so in my head this morning. . . .

"There will be work enough for all — but I feel awfully fidgety just now about Port Royal and Hilton Head, and about affairs generally for the next three months. After that, iron-clads and the new levies must make us invincible."

In another letter, dated November 2, 1862, he expresses himself very warmly about his disappointment in the attitude of many of his old English friends with reference to our civil conflict. He had recently heard the details of the death of "the noble Wilder Dwight."

"It is unnecessary," he says, "to say how deeply we were moved. I had the pleasure of knowing him well, and I always appreciated his energy, his manliness, and his intelligent, cheerful heroism. I look back upon him now as a kind of heroic type of what a young New-Englander ought to be and was. I tell you that one of these days — after a generation of mankind has passed away — these youths will take their places in our history, and be regarded by the young men and women now unborn with the admiration which the Philip Sidneys and the Max Piccolominis now inspire. After all, what was your Chevy Chace to stir blood with like a trumpet? What noble principle, what deathless interest, was there at stake? Nothing but a bloody fight between a lot of noble gamekeepers on one side and of noble

poachers on the other. And because they fought well and hacked each other to pieces like devils, they have been heroes for centuries." . . .

The letter was written in a very excited state of feeling, and runs over with passionate love of country and indignation at the want of sympathy with the cause of freedom which he had found in quarters where he had not expected such coldness or hostile tendencies.

From a letter dated Vienna, September 22, 1863: —

". . . When you wrote me last you said on general matters this: 'In a few days we shall get the news of the success or failure of the attacks on Port Hudson and Vicksburg. If both are successful, many will say that the whole matter is about settled.' You may suppose that when I got the great news I shook hands warmly with you in the spirit across the Atlantic. Day by day for so long we had been hoping to hear the fall of Vicksburg. At last when that little concentrated telegram came announcing Vicksburg and Gettysburg on the same day and in two lines, I found myself almost alone. . . There was nobody in the house to join in my huzzas but my youngest infant. And my conduct very much resembled that of the excellent Philip II. when he heard the fall of Antwerp, — for I went to her door, screeching through the key-hole! 'Vicksburg is ours,' just as that other père de famille, more potent, but I trust not more respectable than I, conveyed the news to his Infanta. (Vide, for the incident, an American work on the Netherlands, I. p. 263, and the authorities there cited.) It is contemptible on my part to speak thus frivolously of events which will stand out in such golden letters so long as America has a history, but I wanted to illustrate the yearning for sympathy which I felt. You who were among people grim and self-contained usually, who, I *trust*, were falling on each other's necks in the public streets, shouting, with tears in their eyes, and triumph in their hearts, can picture my isolation.

"I have never faltered in my faith, and in the darkest hours, when misfortunes seemed thronging most thickly upon us, I have never felt the want of any thing to lean against; but I own I did feel like shaking hands with a few hundred people when I heard of our Fourth of July, 1863, work, and should like to have heard and joined in an American cheer or two. . . .

". . . I have not much to say of matters here to interest you. We have had an intensely hot, historically hot, and very long and very dry summer. I never knew before what a drought meant. In Hungary the suffering is great, and the people are killing the sheep to feed the pigs with the mutton. Here about Vienna the trees have been almost stripped of foliage ever since the end of August. There is no glory in the grass nor verdure in any thing.

"In fact, we have nothing green here but the Archduke Max, who firmly believes that he is going forth to Mexico to establish an Ameri-

can empire, and that it is his divine mission to destroy the dragon of democracy and re-establish the true Church, the Right Divine, and all sorts of games. Poor young man! . . .

"Our information from home is to the 12th. Charleston seems to be in articulo mortis, but how forts nowadays seem to fly in the face of Scripture. Those founded on a rock and built of it fall easily enough under the rain of Parrotts and Dahlgrens, while the house built of sand seems to bid defiance to the storm."

In quoting from these confidential letters I have been restrained from doing full justice to their writer by the fact that he spoke with such entire freedom of persons as well as events. But, if they could be read from beginning to end, no one could help feeling that his love for his own country, and passionate absorption of every thought in the strife upon which its existence as a nation depended, were his very life during all this agonizing period. He can think and talk of nothing else, or, if he turns for a moment to other subjects, he reverts to the one great central interest of "American politics," of which he says in one of the letters from which I have quoted, "There is nothing else *worth* thinking of in the world."

But with his public record before the world as the historian of the struggle for liberty, and the champion of its defenders, with this private record betraying in every word the intensity of his patriotic feeling, he was not safe against the attacks of malevolence. A train laid by unseen hands was waiting for the spark to kindle it, and this came at last in the shape of a letter from an unknown individual, — a letter the existence of which ought never to have been a matter of official recognition.

It is a relief to me, that just here, where I come to the first painful episode in this brilliant and fortunate career, I can borrow the words in which one who speaks with authority eulogizes the qualities of his predecessor in office.

The Hon. John Jay, Ex-Minister to Austria, in the Tribute to the memory of Motley read at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, wrote as follows: —

"In singular contrast to Mr. Motley's brilliant career as an historian stands the fact recorded in our diplomatic annals that he was twice forced from the service as one who had forfeited the confidence of the American Government. This Society while he was living, recognized his fame as a statesman, diplomatist, and patriot, as belonging to America, and now that death has closed the career of Seward, Sumner, and Motley, it will be remembered that the great historian, twice humiliated, by orders from Washington, before the diplomacy and

culture of Europe, appealed from the passions of the hour to the verdict of history.

"Having succeeded Mr. Motley at Vienna some two years after his departure, I had occasion to read most of his despatches, which exhibited a mastery of the subjects of which they treated, with much of the clear perception, the scholarly and philosophic tone and decided judgment, which, supplemented by his picturesque description, full of life and color, have given character to his histories. They are features which might well have served to extend the remark of Madame de Staël that a great historian is almost a statesman. I can speak also from my own observation of the reputation which Motley left in the Austrian capital. Notwithstanding the decision with which, under the direction of Mr. Seward, he had addressed the minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Mensdorff, afterwards the Prince Diedrickstein, protesting against the departure of an Austrian force of one thousand volunteers, who were about to embark for Mexico in aid of the ill-fated Maximilian, — a protest which at the last moment arrested the project, — Mr. Motley and his amiable family were always spoken of in terms of cordial regard and respect by members of the imperial family and those eminent statesmen, Count de Beust and Count Andrassy. His death, I am sure, is mourned to-day by the representatives of the historic names of Austria and by the surviving diplomats then residing near the Court of Vienna, wherever they may still be found, headed by their venerable Doyen, the Baron de Heckéren."

The circumstances under which Mr. Motley left his position as Minister at Vienna were briefly these. A letter of a very vulgar and abusive character was addressed to President Johnson, in which several of our foreign ministers and other public functionaries were accused of disrespect to the Government and other misconduct. It was, so far as can be ascertained, practically anonymous, for no owner was found for the name it bore. Among others who were the subject of its coarse abuse was Mr. Motley. Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, saw fit to send copies of this letter or extracts from it to the officials accused, asking them whether or not the accusations were well founded. Mr. Motley considered the questions addressed to him on the strength of a letter from an unknown and, so far as appeared, an irresponsible source, as insulting. He indignantly denied the charges, expressed himself as deeply wounded that the Secretary could have listened to such falsehoods, at the same time stating his opinions on some of the great subjects then agitated and claiming the right which belongs to every American citizen of discussing such questions in the privacy of his own household. In conclusion he sent his resignation as Minister to the Government which had, as he considered, subjected him

to an indignity. Mr. Seward had written in reply to Motley, it is said, that his answer was satisfactory, and declining to accept his resignation, when a few words from President Johnson, who was "in a state of intense irritation and more or less suspicious of everybody about him," changed his intentions, and the resignation was accepted.

Thus finished Mr. Motley's long and successful diplomatic service at the Court of Austria. He may have been judged hasty in resigning his place; he may have committed himself in expressing his opinions too strongly before strangers, whose true character as spies and eavesdroppers he was too high-minded to suspect. But no caution could have protected him against a slanderer who hated the place he came from, the company he kept, the name he had made famous, to whom his very look and bearing — such as belong to a gentleman of natural refinement and good breeding — must have been a personal grievance and an unpardonable offence.

In his letter to me of March 12, 1867, Mr. Motley writes: —

> "My two concluding volumes of the United Netherlands are passing rapidly through the press. Indeed Volume III. is entirely printed, and a third of Volume IV.
>
> "If I live ten years longer I shall have probably written the natural sequel to the two first works, — viz., the Thirty Years' War. After that I shall cease to scourge the public.
>
> "I don't know whether my last two volumes are good or bad — I only know that they are true — but that needn't make them amusing.
>
> "Alas — one never knows when one becomes a bore."

In 1868 the two concluding volumes of the "History of the Netherlands" were published at the same time in London and in New York. The events described and the characters delineated in these two volumes had, perhaps, less peculiar interest for English and American readers than some of those which had lent attraction to the preceding ones. There was no scene like the siege of Antwerp, no story like that of the Spanish Armada. There were no names that sounded to our ears like those of Sir Philip Sidney and Leicester and Amy Robsart. But the main course of his narrative flowed on with the same breadth and depth of learning and the same brilliancy of expression. The monumental work continued as nobly as it had begun. The facts had been slowly, quietly gathered one by one, like pebbles from the empty channel of a brook. The style was fluent, impetuous, abundant, impatient, as it were, at times, and leaping the sober boundaries prescribed to it, like the torrent which rushes through the

same channel when the rains have filled it. Thus there was matter for criticism in his use of language. He was not always careful in the construction of his sentences. He introduced expressions now and then into his vocabulary which reminded one of his earlier literary efforts. He used stronger language at times than was necessary, coloring too highly, shading too deeply in his pictorial delineations. To come to the matter of his story, it must be granted that not every reader will care to follow him through all the details of diplomatic intrigues which he has with such industry and sagacity extricated from the old manuscripts in which they had long laid hidden. But we turn a few pages and we come to one of those descriptions that arrest us at once, and show him in his power and brilliancy as a literary artist. His characters move before us with the features of life; we can see Elizabeth, or Philip, or Maurice, not as a name connected with events, but as a breathing and acting human being, to be loved or hated, admired or despised, as if he or she were our contemporary. That all his judgments would not be accepted as final we might easily anticipate; he could not help writing more or less as a partisan, but he was a partisan on the side of freedom in politics and religion, of human nature as against every form of tyranny, secular or priestly; of noble manhood wherever he saw it as against meanness and violence and imposture, whether clad in the soldier's mail or the emperor's purple. His sternest critics, and even these admiring ones, were yet to be found among those who, with fundamental beliefs at variance with his own, followed him in his long researches among the dusty annals of the past.

The work of the learned M. Groen van Prinsterer ("Maurice et Barnevelt, Étude Historique. Utrecht, 1875"), devoted expressly to the revision and correction of what the author considers the erroneous views of Motley on certain important points, bears, notwithstanding, such sincere and hearty tribute to his industry, his acquisitions, his brilliant qualities as an historian, that some extracts from it will be read, I think, with interest: —

"My first interview, more than twenty years ago, with Mr. Lothrop Motley, has left an indelible impression on my memory.

"It was the 8th of August, 1853. A note is handed me from our eminent Archivist Bakhuizen van den Brink. It informs me that I am to receive a visit from an American, who, having been struck by the analogies between the United Provinces and the United States, between Washington and the founder of our independence, has inter-

rupted his diplomatic career to write the Life of William the First; that he has already given proof of ardor and perseverance, having worked in libraries and among collections of manuscripts, and that he is coming to pursue his studies at the Hague.

"While I am surprised and delighted with this intelligence, I am informed that Mr. Motley himself is waiting for my answer. My eagerness to make the acquaintance of such an associate in my sympathies and my labors may be well imagined. But how shall I picture my surprise, in presently discovering that this unknown and indefatigable fellow-worker has really read, I say read and re-read our *Quartos*, our *Folios*, the enormous volumes of *Bor*, of *van Meteren*, besides a multitude of books, of pamphlets, and even of unedited documents. Already is he familiar with the events, the changes of condition, the characteristic details of the life of his and my hero. Not only is he acquainted with my Archives, but it seems as if there was nothing in this voluminous collection of which he was ignorant. . . .

"In sending me the last volume of his History of the Foundation of the Republic of the Netherlands, Mr. Motley wrote to me: 'Without the help of the Archives I could never have undertaken the difficult task I had set myself, and you will have seen at least from my numerous citations that I have made a sincere and conscientious study of them.' Certainly in reading such a testimonial I congratulated myself on the excellent fruit of my labors, but the gratitude expressed to me by Mr. Motley was sincerely reciprocated. The Archives are a scientific collection, and my Manual of National History, written in Dutch, hardly gets beyond the limits of my own country. And here is a stranger, become our compatriot in virtue of the warmth of his sympathies, who has accomplished what was not in my power. By the detail and the charm of his narrative, by the matter and form of a work which the universality of the English language and numerous translations were to render cosmopolitan, Mr. Motley, like that other illustrious historian, Prescott, lost to science by too early death, has popularized in both hemispheres the sublime devotion of the Prince of Orange, the exceptional and providential destinies of my country, and the benedictions of the Eternal for all those who trust in Him and tremble only at his word."

In that higher region of facts which belongs to the historian, whose task it is to interpret as well as to transcribe, Motley showed, of course, the political and religious school in which he had been brought up. Every man has a right to his "personal equation" of prejudice, and Motley, whose ardent temperament gave life to his writings, betrayed his sympathies in the disputes of which he told the story, in a way to insure sharp criticism from those of a different way of thinking. Thus it is that in the work of M. Groen van Prinsterer, from which I have quoted, Motley is considered as having been betrayed into error, "in spite of his manifest

desire to be scrupulously impartial and truth-telling." And M. Fruin, another of his Dutch critics, says, "His sincerity, his perspicacity, the accuracy of his laborious researches, are incontestable."

Some further criticisms of Dutch scholars will be considered in the pages which deal with his last work, "The Life of John of Barneveld."

In June, 1868, Mr. Motley returned with his family to Boston, and established himself at the house No. 2 Park Street. During his residence here he entered a good deal into society, and entertained many visitors in a most hospitable and pleasant way.

On the 20th of October, 1868, he delivered an address before the Parker Fraternity, in the Music Hall, by special invitation. Its title was "Four Questions for the People, at the Presidential Election." This was of course what is commonly called an electioneering speech, but a speech full of noble sentiments and eloquent expression. Here are two of its paragraphs: —

"Certainly there have been bitterly contested elections in this country before. Party spirit is always rife, and in such vivid, excitable, disputatious communities as ours are, and I trust always will be, it is the very soul of freedom. To those who reflect upon the means and end of popular government, nothing seems more stupid than in grand generalities to deprecate party spirit. Why, government by parties and through party machinery is the only possible method by which a free government can accomplish the purpose of its existence. The old republics of the past may be said to have fallen, not because of party spirit, but because there was no adequate machinery by which party spirit could develop itself with facility and regularity."

". . . And if our republic be true to herself, the future of the human race is assured by our example. No sweep of overwhelming armies, no ponderous treatises on the rights of man, no hymns to liberty, though set to martial music and sounding with the full diapason of a million human throats, can exert so persuasive an influence as does the spectacle of a great republic, occupying a quarter of the civilized globe, and governed quietly and sagely by the people itself."

A large portion of this address is devoted to the proposition that it is just and reasonable to pay our debts rather than to repudiate them, and that the nation is as much bound to be honest as is the individual. "It is an awful thing," he says, "that this should be a question at all," but it was one of the points on which the election turned, for all that.

In his advocacy of the candidate with whom and the government of which he became the head his relations became afterwards so full of bitter antagonism, he spoke as a man of his ardent nature might be expected to speak on such an occasion. No one doubts that his admiration of General Grant's career was perfectly sincere, and no one at the present day can deny that the great Captain stood before the country at that time with such a record as one familiar with the history of heroes and patriots might well consider as entitling him to the honors too often grudged to the living to be wasted on the dead. The speaker only gave voice to the widely prevailing feelings which had led to his receiving the invitation to speak. The time was one which called for outspoken utterance, and there was not a listener whose heart did not warm as he heard the glowing words in which the historian recorded the noble achievements of the soldier who must in so many ways have reminded him of his favorite character, William the Silent.

On the 16th of December of this same year, 1868, Mr. Motley delivered an address before the New York Historical Society, on the occasion of the sixty-fourth anniversary of its foundation. The president of the society, Mr. Hamilton Fish, introduced the speaker as one "whose name belongs to no single country, and to no single age. As a statesman and diplomatist and patriot, he belongs to America; as a scholar, to the world of letters; as an historian, all ages will claim him in the future."

His subject was "Historic Progress and American Democracy." The discourse is, to use his own words, "a rapid sweep through the eons and the centuries," illustrating the great truth of the development of the race from its origin to the time in which we are living. It is a long cry from the planetary fact of the obliquity of the equator, which gave the earth its alternation of seasons, and rendered the history, if not the existence of man and of civilization a possibility, to the surrender of General Lee under the apple-tree at Appomattox Court-House. No one but a scholar familiar with the course of history could have marshalled such a procession of events into a connected and intelligent sequence. It is indeed a flight rather than a march; the reader is borne along as on the wings of a soaring poem, and sees the rising and decaying empires of history beneath him as a bird of passage marks the succession of cities and wilds and deserts as he keeps pace with the sun in his journey. Its eloquence, its patriotism, its crowded illustrations, drawn from vast resources

of knowledge, its epigrammatic axioms, its occasional pleasantries, are all characteristic of the writer.

Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, the venerable senior member of the society, proposed the vote of thanks to Mr. Motley with words of warm commendation.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant rose and said: —

"I take great pleasure in seconding the resolution which has just been read. The eminent historian of the Dutch Republic, who has made the story of its earlier days as interesting as that of Athens and Sparta, and who has infused into the narrative the generous glow of his own genius, has the highest of titles to be heard with respectful attention by the citizens of a community which, in its origin, was an offshoot of that renowned republic. And cheerfully has that title been recognized, as the vast audience assembled here to-night, in spite of the storm, fully testifies; and well has our illustrious friend spoken of the growth of civilization and of the improvement in the condition of mankind, both in the Old World — the institutions of which he has so lately observed — and in the country which is proud to claim him as one of her children."

Soon after the election of General Grant, Mr. Motley received the appointment of Minister to England. That the position was one which was in many respects most agreeable to him cannot be doubted. Yet it was not with unmingled feelings of satisfaction, not without misgivings which warned him but too truly of the dangers about to encompass him, that he accepted the place. He writes to me on April 16, 1869: —

"... I feel any thing but exultation at present, — rather the opposite sensation. I feel that I am placed higher than I deserve, and at the same time that I am taking greater responsibilities than ever were assumed by me before. *You* will be indulgent to my mistakes and short-comings, — and who can expect to avoid them? But the world will be cruel, and the times are threatening. I shall do my best — but the best may be poor enough — and keep 'a heart for any fate.'"

The misgivings thus expressed to me in confidence, natural enough in one who had already known what it is to fall on evil days and evil tongues, were but too well justified by after events. Mr. Motley was cordially received on his arrival in England. At Liverpool he was welcomed in addresses from the Liverpool and the American Chambers of Commerce, to which he replied in a strain of corresponding good feeling. He established himself in London in the fine resi-

dence 17 Arlington Street, belonging to Lord Yarborough, and entered on his duties with earnest devotion and with hopeful anticipations.

Soon after his arrival he had an official interview with Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary, of which he sent a full report to his Government. Although his conversation as reported by him was in the main approved of, some points were thought not to have been presented in the precise sense of his instructions, and a hint to that effect was conveyed to him by the Government. He had shown his notes of the conversation to Lord Clarendon for his verification, and inadvertently, as he said, allowed some weeks to elapse before mentioning this fact in one of his despatches. Many months had passed without any new cause of complaint, so far as appears, when he was surprised to receive a notice that his resignation would be accepted. Considering that such a step would imply that he felt as if he had failed in the duties of his office, he declined to leave his position, and was almost immediately recalled.

In the opinion of Mr. Motley and many others different reasons from those alleged were at the bottom of the action of the Government. Mr. Sumner had been active in procuring Mr. Motley's appointment as Minister to England. There had arisen an unfortunate difference between the President and Mr. Sumner, then Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Foreign Affairs, on the subject of a treaty with San Domingo. This had produced a strong feeling on the part of the President against the statesman who persistently opposed one of his favorite projects, — a feeling which it was thought extended to those who were in intimate relations with him. As the recall of Mr. Motley followed immediately after the rejection of the San Domingo treaty, the coincidence was considered by him and those who took his part as something more than accidental. I have examined the evidence elsewhere, and content myself here with mentioning the chief points on which it turned.

The comment of the "London Daily News" on Mr. Motley's dismissal was as follows: —

"We are violating no confidence in saying that all the hopes of Mr. Motley's official residence in England have been amply fulfilled, and that the announcement of his unexpected and unexplained recall was received with extreme astonishment and unfeigned regret. The vacancy he leaves cannot possibly be filled by a Minister more sensitive to the honor of his government, more attentive to the interests of his country, and more capable of uniting the most vigorous per-

formance of his public duties with the high-bred courtesy and conciliatory tact and temper that make those duties easy and successful. Mr. Motley's successor will find his mission wonderfully facilitated by the firmness and discretion that have presided over the conduct of American affairs in this country during too brief a term, too suddenly and unaccountably concluded."

The full title of Motley's next and last work is "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War."

In point of fact, this work is a history rather than a biography. It is an interlude, a pause between the acts which were to fill out the complete plan of the "Eighty Years' Tragedy," and of which the last act, the Thirty Years' War, remains unwritten. In a literary point of view, M. Groen van Prinsterer, whose elaborate work has been already referred to, speaks of it as perhaps the most classical of Motley's productions, but it is upon this work that the fire of his own and other Dutch criticisms has been chiefly expended.

The key to this biographical history or historical biography may be found in a few sentences from its opening chapter:—

"There have been few men at any period whose lives have been more closely identical than his [Barneveld's] with a national history. There have been few great men in any history whose names have become less familiar to the world, and lived less in the mouths of posterity. Yet there can be no doubt that if William the Silent was the founder of the independence of the United Provinces, Barneveld was the founder of the Commonwealth itself. . . .

"Had that country of which he was so long the first citizen maintained until our own day the same proportional position among the empires of Christendom as it held in the seventeenth century, the name of John of Barneveld would have perhaps been as familiar to all men as it is at this moment to nearly every inhabitant of the Netherlands. Even now political passion is almost as ready to flame forth, either in ardent affection or enthusiastic hatred, as if two centuries and a half had not elapsed since his death. His name is so typical of a party, a polity, and a faith, so indelibly associated with a great historical cataclysm, as to render it difficult even for the grave, the conscientious, the learned, the patriotic of his own compatriots to speak of him with absolute impartiality.

"A foreigner who loves and admires all that is great and noble in the history of that famous republic, and can have no hereditary bias as to its ecclesiastical or political theories, may at least attempt the task with comparative coldness, although conscious of inability to do thorough justice to a most complex subject."

With all Motley's efforts to be impartial, to which even his sternest critics bear witness, he could not help becoming a partisan of the cause which for him was that of religious liberty and progress, as against the accepted formula of an old ecclesiastical organization. For the quarrel which came near being a civil war, which convulsed the State, and cost Barneveld his head, was on certain points, and more especially on a single point, of religious doctrine.

As great rivers may be traced back until their fountain-heads are found in a thread or two of water streaming from a cleft in the rocks, so great national movements may often be followed until their starting-point is found in the cell of a monk or the studies of a pair of wrangling professors.

The little old quarto of Meursius is before me with the portraits, among many others, of two of the learned men who in the early part of the seventeenth century were teaching from the Chair in the University of Leyden, — Franciscus Gomarus, and Jacobus Arminius. The face of the first is heavy, robust, grave, of severe, if not repellent expression. That of the second is of mild aspect, obviously showing an amiable disposition and an easy temperament. Some of us remember the same contrast in the faces that might in former days be seen occupying successively the same pulpits.

Under the name of "Remonstrants" and "Contra-Remonstrants," Arminians and old-fashioned Calvinists, as we should say, the adherents of the two Professors disputed the right to the possession of the churches, and to be considered as representing the national religion. Of the seven United Provinces, two, Holland and Utrecht, were prevailingly Arminian, and the other five Calvinistic. Barneveld, who, under the title of Advocate, represented the Province of Holland, the most important of them all, claimed for each Province a right to determine its own State religion. Maurice the Stadholder, son of William the Silent, the military chief of the Republic, claimed the right for the States-General. *Cujus regio ejus religio* was then the accepted public doctrine of Protestant nations. Thus the Provincial and the General governments were brought into conflict, and the question whether the Republic was a Confederation or a Nation, the same question which has been practically raised, and for the time at least settled, in our own Republic, was in some way to be decided. After various disturbances and acts of violence by both parties, Maurice, representing the States-General, pronounced for the Calvinists or Contra-Remonstrants, and took possession of one of the great Churches, as an

assertion of his authority. Barneveld, representing the Arminian, or Remonstrant Provinces, levied a body of mercenary soldiers in several of the cities. These were disbanded by Maurice, and afterwards by an act of the States-General. Barneveld was apprehended, imprisoned, and executed, after an examination which was in no proper sense a trial. Grotius, who was on the Arminian side and involved in the inculpated proceedings, was also arrested and imprisoned. His escape, by a stratagem successfully repeated by a slave in our own times, may challenge comparison for its romantic interest with any chapter of fiction. How his wife packed him into the chest supposed to contain the folios of the great Oriental scholar Erpenius; how the soldiers wondered at its weight, and questioned whether it did not hold an Arminian; how the servant-maid, Elsje van Houwening, quick-witted as Morgiana of the "Forty Thieves," parried their questions and convoyed her master safely to the friendly place of refuge, — all this must be read in the vivid narrative of the author.

The grounds of the religious quarrel which set these seventeenth-century Dutchmen to cutting each other's throats, were to be looked for in the "Five Points" of the Arminians as arrayed against the "Seven Points" of the Gomarites, or Contra-Remonstrants. The most important of the differences which were to be settled by fratricide seem to be these: —

According to the *Five Points*, "God has from eternity resolved to choose to eternal life those who through his grace believe in Jesus Christ," etc. According to the *Seven Points*, "God in his election has not looked at the belief and the repentance of the elect," etc. According to the Five Points, all good deeds must be ascribed to God's grace in Christ, but it does not work irresistibly. The language of the Seven Points implies that the elect cannot resist God's eternal and unchangeable design to give them faith and steadfastness, and that they can never wholly and for always lose the true faith. The language of the Five Points is unsettled as to the last proposition, but it was afterwards maintained by the Remonstrant party that a true believer could, through his own fault, fall away from God and lose faith.

It must be remembered that these religious questions had an immediate connection with politics. Independently of the conflict of jurisdiction, in which they involved the parties to the two different creeds, it was believed or pretended that the new doctrines of the Remonstrants were allied with designs which threatened the independence of the country. "There are two factions in the land," said Maurice, "that

of Orange and that of Spain, and the two chiefs of the Spanish faction are those political and priestly Arminians, Uytenbogaert and Oldenbarneveld."

"To understand the imminence and the greatness of the danger," says M. Groen van Prinsterer, "it is sufficient to take a glance at the situation of the United Provinces and of Europe in general. Civil war would have probably broken out, and the Arminians, whether they liked it or not, would have found their natural support in the Catholics, the number of whom was considerable, and to whom those of their own faith would have looked for aid. 'In the places where the Papists are most numerous,' writes the [English] Ambassador, Carleton, 'the Remonstrants have the upper hand, and the Papists are generally for them.' He adds: 'If the Arminians have no tendency towards papism, as they are suspected of having, still, if it should happen, as it often does in popular tumults, that matters should reach the point of invoking foreign succor, it is easy to see to whom this faction will have recourse.' The twelve years' truce was just expiring, and already the partisans of Spain, reckoning on the inevitable consequences of the growing animosity in the republic, were rejoicing beforehand in the future which seemed reserved for this centre of heresy and rebellion."

The heads of the two religious and political parties were in such hereditary, long-continued, and intimate relations up to the time when one signed the other's death-warrant, that it was impossible to write the life of one without also writing that of the other. For Motley, John of Barneveld is the true patriot, the martyr, whose cause was that of religious and political freedom. For him Maurice is the ambitious soldier who hated his political rival, and never rested until this rival was brought to the scaffold.

The questions which agitated men's minds two centuries and a half ago are not dead yet in the country where they produced such estrangement, violence, and wrong. No stranger could take them up without encountering hostile criticism from one party or the other. It may be and has been conceded that Motley writes as a partisan, — a partisan of freedom in politics and religion, as he understands freedom. This ensures him the antagonism of one class of critics. But these critics are themselves partisans, and themselves open to the cross-fire of their antagonists. The work of Groen van Prinsterer is chiefly an examination of Motley's "Life of Barnevelt" from a special point of view which he himself may state for us: —

"People have often pretended to find in my writings the deplorable influence of an extreme Calvinism. The Puritans of the seventeenth century are my fellow-religionists. I am a *sectarian* and not an *historian*."

It is plain enough to any impartial reader that there are at least plausible grounds for this accusation against Motley's critic. And on a careful examination of the formidable volume, it becomes obvious that Motley has presented a view of the events and the personages of the stormy epoch with which he is dealing, which leaves a battle-ground yet to be fought over by those who come after him. The dispute is not and cannot be settled. M. Bakhuizen van den Brink, chief archivist at the Hague, whose name, according to M. Groen van Prinsterer, is celebrated enough to need no comment, is quoted by the latter as saying: "The views and considerations of M. Groen on the history of our country are not my own, and I doubt if they ever will be. We often agree, however, in the statement of facts." And M. Fruin, whose impartiality and erudition M. Groen speaks of in the strongest terms, says that he also, while agreeing in many things with M. Groen, looks at history in a very different way.

The end of all religious discussion has come when one of the parties claims that it is thinking or acting under immediate Divine guidance. "It is God's affair, and his honor is touched," says William Lewis to Prince Maurice. Motley's critic is not less confident in claiming the Almighty as on the side of his own views. Let him state his own ground of departure: —

"To show the difference, let me rather say the contrast, between the point of view of Mr. Motley and my own, between the *Unitarian* and the *Evangelical* belief. I am *issue of* CALVIN, child of the *Awakening* (réveil). Faithful to the device of the Reformers: *Justification* by *faith alone*, *and the Word of God endures eternally.* I consider history from the point of view of *Merle d'Aubigné*, Chalmers, Guizot. I desire to be *disciple* and *witness* of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

With the greatest respect for the name of the late venerable antiquarian, acknowledging the value of his labors, recognizing the importance of the papers to which, as he thinks, Motley has not allowed due consideration, even conceding the right of one who starts from a dogma claimed to be infallible to construct history on its basis as plausibly as he can, I cannot help introducing a few sentences from a recent criticism on the author whom he places at the head of his guides and

models. They are to be found in an article in "The Academy" for July 6, 1878, — a review of the eighth volume of Merle d'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," by the Rev. Nicholas Pocock.

". . . Such a mistake implies the grossest ignorance of the mere high-road of history. However, it is not mere ignorance that we complain of. It is rather the narrow-minded prejudices which show themselves perpetually, and which are unavoidable from our author's standpoint. During the half-century which has elapsed since he first projected his work, he has been absolutely stationary. And the last volume is exactly in the same style with the first. He has never unlearned or modified his theory that Scripture and the Papal system are in all respects contradictory to each other; and he has been true to his original purpose of representing the Reformation of the sixteenth century as a constructive rather than a destructive movement, which created anew a faith that had actually ceased to exist. Such a theory fifty years ago would have passed current in England without being questioned, but will not stand the test of intellectual inquiry in the present day, when Protestantism of the type of M. d'Aubigné's school is fast dying out."

If we should say that Mr. Motley's critic has succeeded in copying some of the faults of the writer whom he took for his pattern, we should not do him injustice; what his feelings must naturally be towards Mr. Motley we may infer from the following passages: —

"M. Motley is *liberal* and *rationalist*.

"He becomes, in attacking the principle of the Reformation, the passionate opponent of the Puritans and of Maurice, the ardent apologist of Barnevelt and the *Arminians*.

"It is understood, and he makes no mystery of it, that he inclines towards the vague and undecided doctrine of the Unitarians."

What M. Groen's idea of Unitarians is may be gathered from the statement about them which he gets from a letter of De Tocqueville: —

"They are pure deists; they talk about the Bible, because they do not wish to shock too severely public opinion, which is prevailingly *Christian*. They have a service on Sundays, I have been there. At it they read verses from Dryden or other English poets on the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. They deliver a discourse on some point of morality, and all is said."

It is as hard to contend against "the oligarchy of heaven," as Motley calls the Calvinistic party, in argument as it was formerly to strive with them in arms. "Against the oligar-

chy of commercial and judicial corporations they stood there the most terrible aristocracy of all: the aristocracy of God's elect, predestined from all time and to all eternity to take precedence of and to look down upon their inferior and lost fellow-creatures."

To this aristocracy of the New Jerusalem belonged the party which framed the declaration of the Synod of Dort; the party which under the forms of justice committed the "judicial murder" of the great statesman who had served his country so long and so well. To this chosen body belongs M. Groen van Prinsterer, and he claims the usual right of examining in the light of his infallible charter the views of a "liberal" and "rationalist" writer who goes to meeting on Sunday to hear verses from Dryden. This does not diminish his claim for a fair reading of the "intimate correspondence," which he considers Motley has not duly taken into account, and the other letters to be found printed in his somewhat disjointed and fragmentary volume. Every man is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, as Schlegel said and Coleridge repeated, and so in a certain sense every theologian is born a Gomarite or an Arminian, orthodox or liberal, with a boreal or austral outlook which determines the lights and shadows of his moral landscape. For M. Groen van Prinsterer, even Grotius "was not a *Protestant*, in the sense of the Reformation." What he would say of such writers as the learned Professor Kuenen of Leyden, whose free-talking theology has recently been made familiar to English readers in translation, or to his collaborator Professor Oort of Amsterdam, we can easily guess. What they would say of his views is another matter. If the learned men of Holland cannot agree among themselves in the interpretation of the facts of their history, all of them could not be expected to agree with any outside historian, especially with one who meets the conditions accepted by M. Groen van Prinsterer himself, as may be inferred from these expressions which he borrows approvingly from M. Fruin:

"To be impartial one must have fixed principles. It is necessary to belong to a party. It is necessary to have a *point of view* as a requisite for the power of investigation."

Motley and his critic had different *points of view*.

The "intimate correspondence" shows Maurice, the Stadholder, as indifferent and lax in internal administration and as being constantly advised and urged by his relative Count William of Nassau. Whether its negative evidence can be considered as neutralizing that which is adduced by Motley to

show the Stadholder's hatred of the Advocate may be left to the reader who has just risen from the account of the mock trial and the swift execution of the great and venerable statesman. The formal entry on the Record upon the day of his "judicial murder" is singularly solemn and impressive:—

"Monday, 13th May, 1619. To-day was executed with the sword here in the Hague, on a scaffold thereto erected in the Binnenhof before the steps of the great hall, Mr. John of Barneveld, in his life Knight, Lord of Berkel, Rodemys, etc., Advocate of Holland and West Friesland, for reasons expressed in the sentence and otherwise, with confiscation of his property, after he had served the state thirty-three years two months and five days, since 8th March, 1586; a man of great activity, business, memory, and wisdom—yea, extraordinary in every respect. He that stands let him see that he does not fall."

Most authors write their own biography consciously or unconsciously. We have seen Mr. Motley portraying much of himself, his course of life and his future, as he would have had it, in his first story. In this, his last work, it is impossible not to read much of his own external and internal personal history told under other names and with different accessories. The parallelism often accidentally or intentionally passes into divergence. He would not have had it too close if he could, but there are various passages in which it is plain enough that he is telling his own story.

Motley was a diplomatist, and he writes of other diplomatists, and one in particular, with most significant detail. It need not be supposed that he intends the "arch intriguer" Aerssens to stand for himself, or that he would have endured being thought to identify himself with the man of whose "almost devilish acts" he speaks so freely. But the sagacious reader—and he need not be very sharp-sighted—will very certainly see something more than a mere historical significance in some of the passages which I shall cite for him to reflect upon:—

"That those ministers [those of the Republic] were second to the representatives of no other European state in capacity and accomplishment was a fact well known to all who had dealings with them, for the states required in their diplomatic representatives knowledge of history and international law, modern languages, and the classics, as well as familiarity with political customs and social courtesies; the breeding of gentlemen, in short, and the accomplishments of scholars. . . .

"The envoys of the Republic were rarely dull, but Langerac was a simpleton. They were renowned for political experience, skill, familiarity with foreign languages, knowledge of literature, history, and public law; but he was ignorant, spoke French very imperfectly, at a

court where not a human being could address him in his own tongue, had never been employed in diplomacy or in high office of any kind, and could carry but small personal weight at a post where of all others the representative of the great Republic should have commanded deference both for his own qualities and for the majesty of his government." . . .

And so of another incompetent, "Marshal de la Châtre, an honest soldier and fervent Papist, seventy-three years of age, ignorant of the language, the geography, the politics of the country to which he was sent, and knowing the road thither about as well, according to Aerssens, who was requested to give him a little preliminary instruction, as he did the road to India." . . .

"Van der Myle, appointed ambassador to Venice, soon afterwards arrived in Paris, where he made a very favorable impression, and was highly lauded by Aerssens in his daily correspondence with Barneveld." He committed a trifling fault at starting, but this was soon remedied. "No portentous shadows of future and fatal discord between those statesmen [Aerssens and Barneveld] fell upon the cheerful scene."

The story of the troubles of the Ambassador of the United Provinces at Paris must be given more fully.

"Francis Aerssens . . . continued to be the Dutch ambassador after the murder of Henry IV. . . . He was beyond doubt one of the ablest diplomatists in Europe. Versed in many languages, a classical student, familiar with history and international law, a man of the world and familiar with its usages, accustomed to associate with dignity and tact on friendliest terms with sovereigns, eminent statesmen, and men of letters; endowed with a facile tongue, a fluent pen, and an eye and ear of singular acuteness and delicacy; distinguished for unflagging industry and singular aptitude for secret and intricate affairs; — he had by the exercise of these various qualities during a period of nearly twenty years at the court of Henry the Great been able to render inestimable services to the Republic which he represented.

"He had enjoyed the intimacy and even the confidence of Henry IV., so far as any man could be said to possess that monarch's confidence, and his friendly relations and familiar access to the king gave him political advantages superior to those of any of his colleagues at the same court.

"Acting entirely and faithfully according to the instructions of the Advocate of Holland, he always gratefully and copiously acknowledged the privilege of being guided and sustained in the difficult paths he had to traverse by so powerful and active an intellect. I have seldom alluded in terms to the instructions and despatches of the chief, but every position, negotiation, and opinion of the envoy — and the reader has seen many of them — is pervaded by their spirit. . . .

"It had become a question whether he was to remain at his post or return. It was doubtful whether he wished to be relieved of his embassy or not. The States of Holland voted 'to leave it to his candid opinion if in his free conscience he thinks he can serve the public any longer. If yes, he may keep his office one year more. If no, he may take leave and come home.' . . .

"Surely the States, under the guidance of the Advocate, had thus acted with consummate courtesy towards a diplomatist whose position, from no apparent fault of his own, but by the force of circumstances — and rather to his credit than otherwise — was gravely compromised."

The Queen, Mary de' Medici, had a talk with him, got angry, "became very red in the face," and wanted to be rid of him.

"Nor was the Envoy at first desirous of remaining. . . . Nevertheless, he yielded reluctantly to Barneveld's request that he should, for the time at least, remain at his post. Later on, as the intrigues against him began to unfold themselves, and his faithful services were made use of at home to blacken his character and procure his removal, he refused to resign, as to do so would be to play into the hands of his enemies, and by inference at least to accuse himself of infidelity to his trust." . . .

"It is no wonder that the Ambassador was galled to the quick by the outrage which those concerned in the government were seeking to put upon him. How could an honest man fail to be overwhelmed with rage and anguish at being dishonored before the world by his masters for scrupulously doing his duty, and for maintaining the rights and dignity of his own country? He knew that the charges were but pretexts, that the motives of his enemies were as base as the intrigues themselves, but he also knew that the world usually sides with the government against the individual, and that a man's reputation is rarely strong enough to maintain itself unsullied in a foreign land when his own government stretches forth its hand not to shield, but to stab him. . . .

"'I know,' he said, 'that this plot has been woven partly in Holland, and partly here by good correspondence, in order to drive me from my post with disreputation. . . .

"'But as I have discovered this accurately, I have resolved to offer to my masters the continuance of my very humble service for such time and under such conditions as they may think good to prescribe. I prefer forcing my natural and private inclinations to giving an opportunity for the ministers of this kingdom to discredit us, and to my enemies to succeed in injuring me, and by fraud and malice to force me from my post. . . . I am truly sorry, being ready to retire, wishing to have an honorable testimony in recompense of my labors that one is in such hurry to take advantage of my fall. . . . What envoy will ever dare to speak with vigor if he is not sustained by the

government at home? . . . My enemies have misrepresented my actions, and my language as passionate, exaggerated, mischievous, but I have no passion except for the service of my superiors. . . .'

"Barneveld, from well-considered motives of public policy, was favoring his honorable recall. But he allowed a decorous interval of more than three years to elapse in which to terminate his affairs, and to take a deliberate departure from that French embassy to which the Advocate had originally promoted him, and in which there had been so many years of mutual benefit and confidence between the two statesmen. He used no underhand means. He did not abuse the power of the States-General which he wielded to cast him suddenly and brutally from the distinguished post which he occupied, and so to attempt to dishonor him before the world. Nothing could be more respectful and conciliatory than the attitude of the government from first to last towards this distinguished functionary. The Republic respected itself too much to deal with honorable agents whose services it felt obliged to dispense with as with vulgar malefactors who had been detected in crime. . . .

"This work aims at being a political study. I would attempt to exemplify the influence of individual humors and passions — some of them among the highest and others certainly the basest that agitate humanity — upon the march of great events, upon general historical results at certain epochs, and upon the destiny of eminent personages." . . .

Here are two suggestive portraits: —

"The Advocate, while acting only in the name of a slender confederacy, was in truth, so long as he held his place, the prime minister of European Protestantism. There was none other to rival him, few to comprehend him, fewer still to sustain him. As Prince Maurice was at that time the great soldier of Protestantism, without clearly scanning the grandeur of the field in which he was a chief actor, or foreseeing the vastness of its future, so the Advocate was its statesman and its prophet. Could the two have worked together as harmoniously as they had done at an earlier day, it would have been a blessing for the common weal of Europe. But, alas! the evil genius of jealousy, which so often forbids cordial relations between soldier and statesman, already stood shrouded in the distance, darkly menacing the strenuous patriot, who was wearing his life out in exertions for what he deemed the true cause of progress and humanity. . . .

"All history shows that the brilliant soldier of a republic is apt to have the advantage, in a struggle for popular affection and popular applause, over the statesman, however consummate. . . . The great battles and sieges of the Prince had been on a world's theatre, had enchained the attention of Christendom, and on their issue had frequently depended, or seemed to depend, the very existence of the nation. The labors of the statesman, on the contrary, had been comparatively secret. His noble orations and arguments had been spoken

with closed doors to assemblies of colleagues — rather envoys than senators — . . . while his vast labors in directing both the internal administration and especially the foreign affairs of the commonwealth had been by their very nature as secret as they were perpetual and enormous."

The reader must judge for himself whether in these and similar passages the historian was thinking solely of Maurice, the great military leader, of Barneveld, the great statesman, and of Aerssens, the recalled ambassador. He will often meet with what would now be called "burning questions," and recognize in "that visible atmosphere of power the poison of which it is so difficult to resist" a respiratory medium as well known to the nineteenth as to the seventeenth century.

On the last day of 1874, the beloved wife, whose health had for some years been failing, was taken from him by death. She had been the pride of his happier years, the stay and solace of those which had so tried his sensitive spirit. The blow found him already weakened by mental anguish and bodily infirmity, and he never recovered from it. I have on a previous occasion spoken at some length of the impression he produced upon me as I met him after his great affliction, and I will return to the subject in but few words. Mr. Motley's last visit to America was in the summer and autumn of 1875. During several weeks which he passed at Nahant, I saw him almost daily. He walked feebly and with some little difficulty, and complained of a feeling of great weight in the right arm, which made writing laborious. His handwriting had not betrayed any very obvious change, so far as I had noticed in his letters. His features and speech were without any paralytic character. His mind was clear except when, as on one or two occasions, he complained of some confused feeling, and walked a few minutes in the open air to compose himself. His thoughts were always tending to revert to the companion of his life from whom death had parted him a few months before. Yet he could often be led away to other topics, and in talking of them could be betrayed into momentary cheerfulness of manner. His long-enduring and all-pervading grief was not more a tribute to the virtues and graces of her whom he mourned than an evidence of the deeply affectionate nature which in other relations endeared him to so many whose friendship was a title to love and honor.

I have now the privilege of once more recurring to the narrative of Motley's daughter, Lady Harcourt: —

"The harassing work and mental distress of this time [after the recall from England], acting on an acutely nervous organization, began the process of undermining his constitution, of which we were so soon to see the results. It was not the least courageous act of his life, that, smarting under a fresh wound, tired and unhappy, he set his face immediately towards the accomplishment of fresh literary labor. After my sister's marriage in January, he went to the Hague to begin his researches in the archives for John of Barneveld. The Queen of the Netherlands had made ready a house for us, and personally superintended every preparation for his reception. We remained there until the spring, and then removed to a house more immediately in the town, a charming, old-fashioned mansion, once lived in by John de Witt, where he had a large library and every domestic comfort during the year of his sojourn. The incessant literary labor in an enervating climate with enfeebled health may have prepared the way for the first break in his constitution, which was to show itself soon after. There were many compensations in the life about him. He enjoyed the privilege of constant companionship with one of the warmest hearts and finest intellects which I have ever known in a woman, — the *âme d'élite* which has passed beyond this earth. The gracious sentiment with which the Queen sought to express her sense of what Holland owed him would have been deeply felt, even had her personal friendship been less dear to us all. From the King, the society of the Hague, and the diplomatic circle, we had many marks of kindness. Once or twice I made short journeys with him for change of air to Amsterdam, to look for the portraits of John of Barneveld and his wife; to Bohemia, where, with the lingering hope of occupying himself with the Thirty Years' War, he looked carefully at the scene of Wallenstein's death near Prague, and later to Varzin in Pomerania, for a week with Prince Bismarck after the great events of the Franco-German war. In the autumn of 1872 we moved to England, partly because it was evident that his health and my mother's required a change; partly for private reasons to be near my sister and her children. The day after our arrival at Bournemouth occurred the rupture of a vessel on the lungs, without any apparently sufficient cause. He recovered enough to revise and complete his manuscript, and we thought him better, when at the end of July, in London, he was struck down by the first attack of the head, which robbed him of all after power of work, although the intellect remained untouched. Sir William Gull sent him to Cannes for the winter, where he was seized with a violent internal inflammation, in which I suppose there was again the indication of the lesion of blood-vessels. I am nearing the shadow now — the time of which I can hardly bear to write. You know the terrible sorrow which crushed him on the last day of 1874 — the grief which broke his heart and from which he never rallied. From that day it seems to me that his life may be summed up in the two words — patient waiting. Never for one hour did her spirit leave him, and he strove to follow its leading for the short and evil days left and the hope of the life beyond. I think I have never watched quietly and

reverently the traces of one personal character remaining so strongly impressed on another nature. With her self-depreciation and unselfishness, she would have been the last to believe how much of him was in her very existence; nor could we have realized it until the parting came. Henceforward, with the mind still there, but with the machinery necessary to set it in motion disturbed and shattered, he could but try to create small occupations with which to fill the hours of a life which was only valued for his children's sake. Kind and loving friends in England and America soothed the passage, and our gratitude for so many gracious acts is deep and true. His love for children, always a strong feeling, was gratified by the constant presence of my sister's babies, the eldest a little girl who bore my mother's name, and had been her idol, being the companion of many hours and his best comforter. At the end the blow came swiftly and suddenly, as he would have wished it. It was a terrible shock to us who had vainly hoped to keep him a few years longer, but at least he was spared what he had dreaded with a great dread, a gradual failure of mental or bodily power. The mind was never clouded, the affections never weakened, and after a few hours of unconscious physical struggle he lay at rest, his face beautiful and calm, without a trace of suffering or illness. Once or twice he said, 'It has come, it has come,' and there were a few broken words before consciousness fled, but there was little time for messages or leave-taking. By a strange coincidence, his life ended near the town of Dorchester, in the mother country, as if the last hour brought with it a reminiscence of his birthplace, and of his own dearly loved mother. By his own wish, only the dates of his birth and death appear upon his gravestone, with the text chosen by himself, 'In God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.'"

In closing this brief and imperfect record of a life which merits, and in due time, I trust, will receive an ampler tribute, I cannot refrain from adding a few thoughts which naturally suggest themselves, and some of which may seem quite unnecessary to the reader who has followed the story of the historian and diplomatist's brilliant and eventful career.

Motley came of a parentage which promised the gifts of mind and body very generally to be accounted for, wherever we find them, by the blood of one or both of the parents. They gave him special attractions, and laid him open to not a few temptations. Too many young men born to shine in social life, to sparkle, it may be, in conversation, perhaps in the lighter walks of literature, become agreeable idlers, self-indulgent, frivolous, incapable of large designs or sustained effort, lose every aspiration and forget every ideal. Our gilded youth want such examples as this of Motley, not a solitary, but a conspicuous one, to teach them how much better is the restlessness of a noble ambition than the narco-

tized stupor of club-life or the vapid amusement of a dressed-up intercourse which too often requires a questionable flavor of forbidden license to render it endurable to persons of any vivacity of character and temperament.

It would seem difficult for a man so flattered from his earliest days to be modest in his self-estimate; but Motley was never satisfied with himself. He was impulsive, and was occasionally, I have heard it said, over-excited, when his prejudices were roughly handled. In all that related to the questions involved in our civil war, he was, no doubt, very sensitive. He had heard so much that exasperated him in the foreign society which he had expected to be fully in sympathy with the cause of liberty as against slavery, that he might be excused if he showed impatience when he met with similar sentiments among his own countrymen. But with all his quickness of feeling his manners were easy and courteous, simply because his nature was warm and kindly, and with all his natural fastidiousness there was nothing of the coxcomb about him.

If he was disappointed in his diplomatic career, he had enough, and more than enough, to console him in his brilliant literary triumphs. He had earned them all by the most faithful and patient labor. If he had not the "frame of adamant" of the Swedish hero, he had his "soul of fire." No labors could tire him, no difficulties affright him. What most surprised those who knew him as a young man was, not his ambition, not his brilliancy, but his dogged, continuous capacity for work. We have seen with what astonishment the old Dutch scholar, Groen van Prinsterer, looked upon a man who had wrestled with authors like Bor and Van Meteren, who had grappled with the mightiest folios and toiled undiscouraged among half-illegible manuscript records. Having spared no pains in collecting his materials, he told his story, as we all know, with flowing ease and stirring vitality. His views may have been more or less partial; Philip the Second may have deserved the pitying benevolence of poor Maximilian; Maurice may have wept as sincerely over the errors of Arminius as any one of "the crocodile crew that believe in election;" Barneveld and Grotius may have been on the road to Rome: none of these things seem probable, but if they were all proved true in opposition to his views, we should still have the long roll of noble tapestry he has woven for us, with all its life-like portraits, its almost moving pageants, its sieges where we can see the artillery flashing, its battle-fields with their smoke and fire, — pictures which cannot fade, and which

will preserve his own name interwoven with their own enduring colors.

Republics are said to be ungrateful; it might be truer to say they are forgetful. They forgive those who have wronged them as easily as they forget those who have done them good service. But history never forgets and never forgives. To her decision we may trust the question, whether the great historian who had stood up for his country nobly and manfully in the hour of trial, who had reflected honor upon her throughout the world of letters, was treated as such a citizen should have been dealt with. His record is safe in her hands, and his memory will be precious always in the hearts of all who enjoyed his friendship.

Lady Harcourt has favored me with many interesting particulars which I could not have learned except from a member of his own family. Her description of his way of living and of working will be best given in her own words: —

"He generally rose early, the hour varying somewhat at different parts of his life, according to his work and health. Sometimes, when much absorbed by literary labor, he would rise before seven, often lighting his own fire, and with a cup of tea or coffee writing until the family breakfast hour, after which his work was immediately resumed, and he usually sat over his writing-table until late in the afternoon, when he would take a short walk. His dinner hour was late, and he rarely worked at night. During the early years of his literary studies he led a life of great retirement. Later, after the publication of the Dutch Republic and during the years of official place, he was much in society in England, Austria, and Holland. He enjoyed social life, and particularly dining out, keenly, but was very moderate and simple in all his personal habits, and for many years before his death had entirely given up smoking. His work, when not in his own library, was in the Archives of the Netherlands, Brussels, Paris, the English State Paper Office, and the British Museum, where he made his own researches, patiently and laboriously consulting original manuscripts and reading masses of correspondence, from which he afterwards sometimes caused copies to be made, and where he worked for many consecutive hours a day. After his material had been thus painfully and toilfully amassed, the writing of his own story was always done at home, and his mind, having digested the necessary matter, always poured itself forth in writing so copiously that his revision was chiefly devoted to reducing the over-abundance. He never shrank from any of the drudgery of preparation, but I think his own part of the work was sheer pleasure to him."

Mr. Motley was buried by the side of his wife in Kensal Green Cemetery, just outside of London. Services were

held in the chapel at the cemetery. On the 2d of June a funeral sermon was preached in Westminster Abbey by Dean Stanley. The inscriptions on the gravestones are these: —

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY,
BORN AT DORCHESTER, MASS., APRIL 15, 1814.
DIED NEAR DORCHESTER, DORSET, MAY 29, 1877.
In God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

MARY ELIZABETH, WIFE OF JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY,
BORN APRIL 7, 1813.
DIED DECEMBER 31, 1874.
Truth shall make you free.

Mr. Motley leaves three surviving children: —
1. Elizabeth Cabot, married to Sir William George Granville Vernon Harcourt; 2. Mary Lothrop, married to Algernon Brinsley Sheridan; 3. Susan Margaret Stackpole Motley.

The following list of the Societies of which Mr. Motley was a member, and of his honorary titles, is from a memorandum in his own handwriting, dated November, 1866: —

Historical Society of Massachusetts.
,, ,, ,, Minnesota.
,, ,, ,, New York.
,, ,, ,, Rhode Island.
,, ,, ,, Maryland.
,, ,, ,, Tennessee.
,, ,, ,, New Jersey.
American Academy of Arts and Sciences.
American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia.
Doctor of Laws, New York University.
,, ,, ,, Harvard ,,
,, ,, Literature, New York University.
Royal Society of Antiquaries, England.
Doctor of Laws, Oxford University, England.
,, ,, ,, Cambridge ,, ,,
Athenæum Club, London.
Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences of Amsterdam.
Historical Society of Utrecht, Holland.
,, ,, ,, Leyden, ,,
Doctor of Philosophy, University of Groningen.
Corresponding Member of French Institute; Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.
Academy of Arts and Sciences of Petersburg.
Doctor of Laws, University of Leyden.
Foreign Member of the French Acadėmy of Moral and Political Sciences.

ADDENDA

TO

PORTRAITS BY BLACKBURN AND SMIBERT.

SINCE the lists of portraits by these artists were printed, Mr. Perkins's attention has been called to the following pictures: —

MRS. ELIZABETH SAVAGE WINSLOW. — This is a small picture, thirty inches by eighteen, and represents a young girl, standing. She is dressed in a mauve-pink robe, a color much affected by the artist, Blackburn.

It is in the possession of her descendant, Mr. Arthur Pickering, of Roxbury.

The following pictures are from the brush of Smibert: —

CAPTAIN THOMAS SHIPPARD. — A three-quarter length, forty-three inches by thirty-four. He is dressed in a black, square-cut coat, and breeches, very long light blue vest, with broad scolloped pocket-flaps, and a voluminous white cravat loosely tied and tucked behind the top of the vest. The sleeves of the coat are very wide, with deep full cuffs, showing a plaited ruffle reaching to the knuckles. His black hair is parted at the side and curls below the ears. The right hand rests upon the hip; the left holds a spy-glass, one end of which rests upon a rock. In the background are trees, and a ship tosses on the waves to the left. This picture was painted about 1750.

MRS. THOMAS SHIPPARD. — She was Mary, the daughter of Thomas and Deborah (Flint) Lee, and was born Dec. 27, 1718. She is dressed in a blue gown, cut high behind and low in front, edged with a lighter shade of the same color. Around the neck is a broad lilac ribbon tied in a bow above the pointed white stomacher. The sleeves are turned up at the elbow with a deep cuff, from which falls a long full plaited ruffle. Her right hand holds carelessly a few flowers; the left arm rests upon a marble table, behind which is a tree. The picture was painted about 1748, and is a three-quarter length, measuring thirty-four inches by twenty-four.

PATRICK TRACY. — This picture, a half-length, is thirty-six inches by twenty-seven. Mr. Tracy was born near Dublin, Ireland, in 1711. He married: 1st, Hannah Carter; 2d, Hannah Gookin, whose portrait

is described below; and, 3d, the widow of Tristram Dalton. He died Feb. 28, 1789. He wears a curled wig, hanging to the shoulder, a loose cravat tucked behind the vest, a lead-colored coat with wide cuffs and large ruffles, and a black vest. He is represented seated behind a table, upon which is placed a standish and small candlestick, pen in hand. The other hand is thrust into the open vest, through which the shirt-ruffle is seen. The date of the picture is about 1760.

MRS. PATRICK TRACY. — The second wife of Mr. Tracy was Hannah, daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Gookin, of Hampton, N. H. She was born Feb. 7, 1724. She is painted seated in a rocky recess with a background of landscape with three Lombardy poplars. She holds a wreath of flowers, which tradition says the artist was forced to substitute for a baby whose picture he did not succeed in drawing. She wears a brown silk dress, cut in a point at the neck, with elbow sleeves and embroidered ruffles. Her black hair is drawn away from the forehead and hangs in long curls down her neck. This picture is a half-length, and measures thirty-six inches by twenty-seven. It was painted about 1754.

These four portraits are owned by Colonel Henry Lee, of Boston.

EDWARD WINSLOW. — He is represented, in this half-length portrait, dressed in a red coat and full white wig. He was Sheriff of Suffolk County, and father of Mrs. Richard Clarke, whose daughter became the wife of John Singleton Copley.

In a letter written from New Haven, Sept. 15, 1812, by William Lyon to the Rev. Dr. Eliot, Corresponding Secretary of this Society, some mention is made of Smibert. Colonel Lyon, after other anecdotes, says: "Smibert came to America in 1728, in the same ship with Dean Berkeley. About thirty years ago, I saw in Boston a large sheet of his painting: the principal figure was the Dean in his canonicals, and his fellow-passengers in the cabin standing round him. I think this piece a *desideratum* for your Society. I cannot tell at what house I saw it." It would be interesting to discover this picture.