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MRS. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME

BY

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(American.)

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.



CHAPTER I.

THE BODISCO WEDDING.

FOREIGNERS were very “foreign” before steam made ocean travel swift and common, and the foreigners of the Diplomatic Corps at that date were necessarily a more characteristic body than now, when the ceaseless interchange of modern life has modified and levelled differences of all kinds.

Then too, those same obstacles of travel made it necessary to have men here who could settle a question before it should take bad proportions; now it is but a day’s work to have questions answered by home governments. Sidney Smith said no feud could withstand social intercourse — no

feud can grow with the rapid intercourse kept up by the ocean telegraph.

But with the disadvantages of those days disappear also much that was large — pompous perhaps — but with its own stamp of importance and originality.

Russia has invariably been friendly to us. Far back, when we were just entering the society of nations, it was an ordeal to go as Minister representing not only a new and unknown Power, but one in the dreaded form of a Republic.

Franklin had the only good post, that to Paris, where the local and growing political feeling made a welcoming party for him.

Quite the most trying was that to England, and this had been given to Mr. Monroe. A story of his early troubles comes back to me as I write of Russian ministers.

At the first state dinner to which he was asked Mr. Monroe found himself seated at the foot of the table between two representatives from German principalities.

“James Monroe doesn’t care where he eats his

dinner," he said, "but to find the AMERICAN MINISTER put at the bottom of the table between two little principalities, no bigger than my farm in Albermarle, made me mad." So angry, that when the first toast "THE KING" was given, and all rose to drink it, Mr. Monroe in re-seating himself put his wine-glass down into the finger-glass — splashing the water.

This made his German neighbors exchange sarcastic smiles, and he was rapidly getting too angry when the Russian Minister who was at the right hand of the presiding Minister of State, rose and offered his toast : —

"A health and welcome to our latest-comer, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, GENERAL WASHINGTON."

"Then I saw clear again," said Mr. Monroe. "And when my country and Washington had been honored I rose, and thanked the Russian Minister and offered as mine —

"The health and prosperity of our friend, THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA."

Whether the practised diplomat had seen the

splash in the finger-glass and the sneers of the German ministers, or whether it was part diplomacy and part courtesy, the effect was, at once, to secure proper consideration for the Minister from America. Points of social observance are founded on meaning, and this timely graciousness notified "all concerned" that the United States of America had an existence which could not be ignored. We are too powerful now for such remembrances to have other effect than that of keeping our memory green as to who were friends when friends were needed.

The Russian minister of my young days was known to every one, and always made a sort of royal progress of his daily drive to the Capitol from his residence in Georgetown. His horses were not fine perhaps, but there were always four of them to the snowy barouche in which he sat, bare-headed half the time from the incessant returning of bows. He was a popular man with all classes, for he was intelligent — really amiable and preferring to give pleasure — and he was said to be rich and was certainly "showy"; awfully so we would think to-day, when no man could go about his daily

business with that glitter of varnish and brasses and those four prancing long-tailed black horses without a cry of "circus" following him. But only a few smiled over it then.

He had found in Georgetown a house large enough to suit him and made it as showy as his other belongings, and his numerous entertainments were the pleasure and talk of the time.

At Christmas he gave one for children. His two very young nephews being the pretext for a fête none of us had ever seen the like of.

It was a snowy night, and as there was no gas then, the approach up the hill was marked out by beacon lights flaring in the stormy wind. All the house was illuminated, and an empty square in front had great fires burning, for the coachmen to go to, as in St. Petersburg; and a strong temporary room of wood and glass, brightly lit and carpeted, had been built out to cover sidewalk and entrance and atone for our wretched out-door system of entrances.

Once within, fairyland began. The flowers and lights and pretty refreshments we knew, but this great double house, opened to the third floor, with

everywhere everything children little and big could fancy! — this we did not know.

The galleries had been permanently enclosed, curtained, mirrored, carpeted and pictured. Now in two of them were wonderful red and gold swings. Tables were covered with toys, games, picture books and stacks of little satin bags with “Bon-Bons” in gilt letters. And these were for us to take home.

Dolls too!

And in the dressing-room whole boxes of little white kid gloves and pretty fans and bolts and bolts of all colors of light ribbons, and such picturesquely dressed maids to repair any damages to our hair or dresses. We danced too—but that we did not care for—dancing was only lessons; but this world of toys and sweets and pleasant faces was the real joy.

Fancy the stir when it was known that this dazzling personage was to marry the very young daughter of very quiet people in Georgetown.

In our small world of the school at which I was for two years in Georgetown this young girl had also made a commotion.

The principal, Miss English, a most cultivated lady of Danish family, had a staff of twenty-five teachers—each unusually well qualified for her department; and she had much pride in the attainments of her scholars, who were daughters of important Southern families, of members of the Government and Senators and members of Congress and army and navy families. Many a woman who has since had part in large events owes much to this dignified upper-class school and the ladies who so fitly presided over it.

On the heights of Georgetown were still the fine gardens and homes of old families who were very nice to us—the boarders—and gave us strawberry parties and rose parties and had pleasure in treating us on our future footing of society equals. Eleonora Calvert—Georgia Washington—Mildred Fitzhugh—many Southern names of our history, past, and now, were on the roll of an average of a hundred boarders and as many day-scholars, and “family” and “fine manners” as well as study were important.

I am afraid I did not study much. Mere book-

instruction was flat and unprofitable to me after my delightful home-teaching. A congenial spirit used to join me in escaping recitations by taking refuge in the leafy top of a mulberry-tree where she told pranks of her midshipmen brothers to me who had never seen the sea then, nor a ship nor a midshipmite. Annie and I contentedly took our "deprivation of recess" for this enjoyment until a cruel teacher broke us up by looking down from an upper window to see what made so much color and sound in the big treetop.

Naturally we were in sympathy with other idlers and one May-time a party of us fell below the high standard of the school and carried the election of our candidate on new issues. First because she was beautiful. Then she was a good-natured, generous girl who brought us lots of flowers and fruits, and who could play heartily.

Imagine then our feelings when this regular election was calmly set aside "by the *principal and all the teachers.*" Because of the constant, repeated and unconcerned indifference of our May Queen to her studies.

It was thought well to make her an example and a warning — also, I suppose, to encourage the good girls, for we were told our May Queen should be a girl, “*who had the entire approbation of all the teachers,*” whereupon Miss English produced the blushing, shrinking, really lovely girl who obeyed that, as she obeyed every other order, to be the May Queen.

But we, the commons, rallied on the playground and there in safety let loose our unavailing wrath against our tyrants, and swore loyalty to our Beauty.

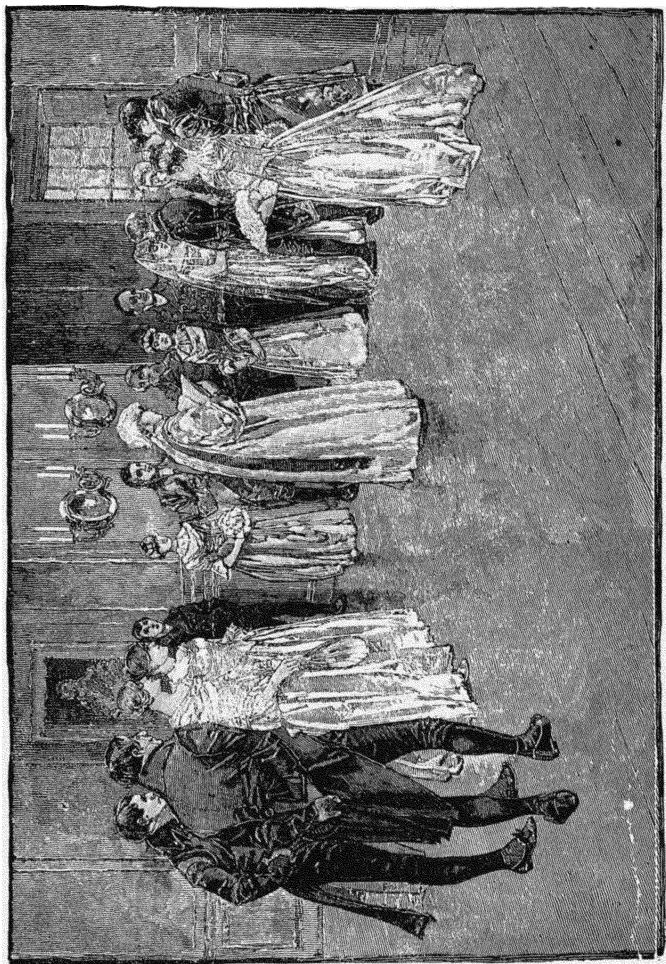
She did not care — but took it all with smiling composure. It would make her father so angry, she said, that he would take her from school (she was a day scholar) and so, for awhile anyway, there would be a holiday for her.

We decided on a mutiny, and organized a headache all-round for May-day ; when our large squad was marched off to the Infirmary and heroically accepted our penalty — the tea-cup full of senna-tea ordered and (worse luck) *enforced* for “headaches.” We soothed our disturbed stomachs however by the certainty that our keeping away spoiled the fête.

Judge, then, of the pride — the triumph — we felt, when it was announced that Bodisco the Splendid was to marry our candidate ! That he was far past sixty, and she but sixteen was a mere detail — the main fact was that we were endorsed by a higher authority even than “the principal, and all the teachers.” And when to this came the added fact that I was to be one of the bridesmaids, our triumph was complete.

Bodisco possessed the whole science of ceremonies, and the *manner* of the marriage was of governing importance in his mind. The bridesmaids must be young, to harmonize with the bride. Also they must be names that were known to the public. Then the groomsman must be suited to his dignity (and age), consequently it was April and December all through.

With this came the vexed question of precedence. The English minister, Henry Fox (of the Holland family), was a man who went nowhere unless compelled by strict etiquette. His only pursuit was cards. Long since his debts had exiled him from England, and in Moore’s *Life of Byron* there is a



THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

letter from Ravenna in which Byron says "I met yesterday Henry Fox so changed that his oldest creditor could not recognize him." He was now a withered, cynical, silent, gray little old man.

Of equal right to a first place was Mr. Buchanan who had been Minister to Russia, and was at present Senator.

Bodisco consulted my father among others on this troubling question, "as to whether Russia should give England or America the first position?" which was compromised by the happy thought of making both first; by placing us in couples and not as usual, the bridesmaids by the bride and the groomsmen by the groom, but Mr. Fox with the sister of the bride would be next the groom, while Mr. Buchanan and myself were to be next the bride.

It was while he was talking of this to my father that for the first time the personality of the bridegroom came clearly to me. Unlimited holiday, cake, fine gowns, a general delightful upsetting of all use and wont of school life had been my only impression. Now, contrasted by my father's su-

perb physique — his clean, fair, noble presence, his steady blue eye and firm mouth — the curious ugliness of Bodisco came out painfully.

He was a short and stout man with a broad Calmuck-face, much wrinkled, and furred across by shaggy whiskers which joined into the mustache over a wide mouth with rather projecting teeth; a shining brown wig curled low over shaggy eyebrows and restless little eyes, while his manner was at variance with all my ideas of dignity.

Suddenly I had an instinct into another aspect of this gay marriage.

But it was too busy a time for thinking. The dressmaker, the drill in the management of my first long skirt, the being drilled to the programme of this performance (which we had in written parts and studied as for a play), the getting used to keep awake after nine o'clock, etc., etc., etc., filled all the time. Of course I had been brought home from school and had a thoroughly good time — every minute of it.

Bodisco had planned our toilet as well as every other detail of the performances. The dresses

were to be *very* long ; of white “figured” satin, with blonde lace about the neck and sleeves ; a high full wreath of soft white roses, a fan of ivory and white feathers, and a great bouquet of white camelias : the most elegant of bouquets then before the poor flowers were lowered by a French pen to one meaning only.

The imposing “Mrs. Abbott, Milliner and Mantua-maker, from London,” herself built my gown.

When the great day came I seem to have been all morning in the hands of one and another and paraded up and down, delighted with my finery as well I might be, for it was a rich and stately dress ; although the skirt *was* plaited on full all round from the tip of a long point in front to another long point behind, the stuff cut away to let the long slim waist come well down into the soft fullness below, and although we had *sleeves*, and to the sleeves a frill of lace falling over the elbows, and a “tucker” of lace from the top of the decently-cut low body, and the wreath was not bad either in its effects.

It was a lovely day in early spring, fortunately, for though it was a wide and roomy house the com-

pany overflowed into hall and piazzas and the grounds, while out in the road (it was on the heights of Georgetown) the crowd of carriages was swarmed around about by a throng of outsiders. It was like a gay country fair with its cheery moving crowd.

The President, Mr. Van Buren, was there. All the officials, of all kinds. All the Diplomatic Corps, in full dress — army and navy officers in full uniform and a crowd of ladies in full morning dress.

What a dazzle for this quiet family of a clerk whose small salary and many children had kept him from any contact with this phase of life. The bride was of course entirely unknown to the Washington world, and from her youth, hardly outside of her family. Bodisco put back all offered visits, saying she was too young, it was best to wait until she should have him with her to receive in her own house, and it was understood that she was not to be seen until the morning of the marriage. You can fancy the curiosity of the guests.

We, with the bride, were in an upper room waiting our signal to descend. The bride was in great glee peeping between the blinds and laughing at

the crowd outside, and it was : "Girls ! here comes the carriage, see the satin rosettes on the horses ! (the long-tailed prancing blacks) and the big bouquets on the servants, and Bodisco says I *must* wear this cloak when we drive off. Hot thing ! and oh, here's your flowers (the camelias), and here's a pearl ring apiece from Bodisco, and I am *so* hungry, but I can't have anything until we get breakfast at *his* house."

Then the anxious master of ceremonies came up — paper in hand, reading out our names in order and marshalling us down the narrow back-stairway with many charges as to our precious gowns (we, now all silent and "on duty"), to the large room where the ceremony was to be performed. Here waited the venerable groomsmen and also Henry Clay who was to give away the bride.

Then Bodisco, with his paper still in hand, directed each couple into proper position. The bride and himself to face the folding-doors. To his left Mr. Fox in scarlet and gold court suit — his rough gray eyebrows frowned over his half-shut eyes and his whole look and attitude a protest — while by him

was a smiling rosy little blonde of thirteen, sister to the bride.

To the right of the bride was Mr. Buchanan, tall and of fine presence and quite a type of Saxon coloring and freshness despite his silvered head, and with him, myself — aged fourteen.

The Chevalier de Martini, Minister from the Hague — not young — large, placid, easy friends with every one, and in a softly-amused state of smiles, had the eldest of the bridesmaids, a girl of sixteen, the daughter of Commodore Morris.* Her pensive beauty was already touched with the hectic flush of the disease which ended her young life soon after — as it had that of an elder sister in whose memory the “LOUISE HOME” was founded.

Of the eight couples only two were of equal youth ; Smith Van Buren, the President’s youngest son, and Kemble Paulding, also under twenty, whose father was Secretary of the Navy, these had been given two pretty cousins of the bride.

She herself rose above them all — fairest and

* Many years after at a dinner in New York, when he was famous — and old — Admiral Farragut talked to me of that wedding and of the lovely fading girl who was, he said, the unattained dream of his young time.

tallest. Her dress was fashioned on that of Russian brides and was of rich white satin with much silver lace — soft and flexible as silk lace, but of most rich and luminous effect. On her yellow hair rested a coronet of red velvet covered with diamonds, and from that fell, over the shoulders, and far down the long train, an exquisite veil of silver lace, light and sparkling as cobwebs on the grass when the first level morning sun lights up the dew-drops on them. Large ear-rings of diamonds trembled against her rose-leaf cheeks and shone on her long white throat — she was

—as fair a bride

As e'er the sun shone on,

While *he* — !

But he was content. When we were arranged quite to his taste, in a horseshoe curve, the glistening white dresses and young faces and flowers thrown into higher relief by the age and court dress of the men, while Bishop Johns in full canonicals, and Mr. Clay tall and dignified, made the contrasting touch, Bodisco gave a last reviewing

look, then ordered the doors to be rolled back. Certainly the guests saw a beautiful tableau—whether painful also it was for each one to judge. But of this we had no thought. To go through our parts with ease and dignity, to remain in position during the ceremonious congratulations and only speak *in answer*, to group around the bride-cake with its ring, and offer it to those coming to its special flower-dressed table, these were our limit. The next act was the retiring in procession, to descend to our carriages. The great wrap of white satin and swansdown *had* to be worn—it was part of the programme. And we, each with a little “tip-pet” the same as our gowns, with a border of swansdown also, passed gravely through the fine company which opened a way for us, bowing in silence in return to salutations, and each couple entered their carriage; when the procession moved slowly through the crowd down the hill to Mr. Bodisco’s house, where, at last, we were allowed to be natural. For Bodisco was a most kind, amiable man and the bald old house-steward Dona understood young people.

We were in "for a full due"—a whole day of it. The wedding breakfast was only a part. A great dinner of forty persons was to follow our matinée. We bridesmaids were not let to go home; it was not safe to disband the young troupe until the evening performance was over.

Our venerable escorts retired after the breakfast, while we were given the range of one floor to ourselves with all manner of picture books and games laid out, but the excitement, the heavy dress and the wrong hours we had been keeping made of us a sorry little company. A kind aunt of the bride knew what was best for us and soon, with our wreaths laid away and loose, short gowns over our finery, we were carefully disposed upon sofas, and slept over into freshened color and spirits.

A great feast was not new to me, but this was my first unaided appearance as a chief actor, and in place of my proper muslin and sash I was in grown-up finery and one *does* act up to their dress. I never, in any country, have seen such really elegant as well as thoroughly splendid dinners as those given to my father in New Orleans by his friends

and clients among the wealthy planters. In their vexatious business visits to Washington we were often their "little interpreters," and when back at home they insisted on including us in their hospitalities. Just lately, too, Mr. Van Buren had given a dinner to his son, Smith, but this was a *very* young people's dinner, and to me the President's house was old familiar ground.

There had been so much said of this marriage that it seemed as though *all* must be different. But except the queerly disproportioned ages of part of the company, it was like other great dinners. Longer then than would be endured now — and with great stateliness. Sitting facing the bride and bridegroom I was directly under our manager's eye and acquitted myself so much to his liking that he asked I might come frequently to spend a Saturday with the bride.

This was not to be, however — the tremendous sick-headache following all this upsetting of a simple life made the decision that I was to be returned to that way of living after one more dinner, that given by the President. Here again Bodisco pre-

pared his tableau. He gave us our directions in the dressing-room, and our little procession crossed that windy hall into the drawing-room. Mr. Van Buren had it, later, somewhat protected by the glass screens that now extend across, but many a cold was taken there after wraps were laid aside.

We were grouped either side of the bride, our bright white dresses serving as margin and setting to the central figure. This night her dress was of pale green velvet, its long train having a border of embroidery in gold thread not brighter than her yellow hair, and pearls and emeralds were her ornaments.

Mr. Van Buren had great tact and knew how to make each one show to advantage. He was also very witty, though he controlled this, knowing its danger to a man in public life. But it was all there.

He had been Minister to England and the silver gilt dessert service he got there he had brought to the White House. In the speeches made against him at the election in which he was defeated by General Harrison, his opponents always made a contrast between the "log-cabin life of the old sol-

dier " and the " effeminate " life of Mr. Van Buren. The most telling of these speakers was a Mr. Ogle, who made a great point of the " gold spoons." He had been one of Mr. Van Buren's most frequent guests. Mr. Van Buren was asked if Ogle was right about those " gold spoons." " He ought to know," was his answer, " he has often had them in his mouth."

With such a host, in such a house, the dinner and the invited reception that followed had to be beautiful and a success. That old mirror-plateau has never reflected such an odd company — and it has seen much.

" Little pitchers have large ears." We had heard, and made afterwards our own comments on, a speech made by a lady near us during the cake-cutting.

" Now *this* is a good match. The first since Mrs. Calvert drove away from St. John's Church in her carriage and four — the Washington girls have been marrying poor army and navy officers and turning into dowdies instead of keeping their place in the world and having a handsome house to receive their friends in."

Some of those "poor army and navy men" have since been of such large use to their country that the girls who decided for "Jock o' Hazledean" rather think they got all.

But this marriage of Bodisco's was a happy one to him and evidently of contentment to her. Much of the frothiness of his ways was dropped and he came into a new condition of esteem as his good domestic side proved itself. An occasional visit to Russia, where she was very well received, their children, the usual life of society in which she took her part amiably and well, carried them over the next ten or twelve years, when he died.

From the date of his marriage he had made all her family his. Giving sound training to the young ones, providing for all, and in every way gaining for himself the respect of many who had thought it a risky marriage. In his will, he hoped she would marry again and be as happy as she had made him.

She married an English officer and has lived chiefly in India, and I am told preserves much of her unusual beauty notwithstanding great stoutness.

Bodisco always kept a very kind feeling for me and was greatly pleased with every success that came to me — most, when I was “*restored*” to Washington Society” by being in the Senate. Official position had come to mean a great deal to him — it was in his mind the “guinea’s stamp.”

Many of us who had made part of the marriage were again gathered in the large hospitable house for the funeral of its head.

Through misplaced family feeling their clergyman had been asked to make “an address” which proved narrow and one-sided, though well-meaning.

He deplored the “errors” of the creed in which the departed had been trained, but “trusted his closing years had surrounded him with such improving influences that we might yet hope,” etc.

Near me was standing that clever, practised writer and man of tact and society usage, Mr. Seaton. We exchanged looks as this almost unkind talk rolled on and on.

But when the clergyman repeated: “And if our departed brother’s spirit could look down on us now he would say” —

Mr. Seaton whispered — “ He would say, ‘ *What a bad-manage-ceremony.*’ ”

What might have been said was what we all knew and felt, that there was a man who had filled the law of kindness to his family, and who had made himself the careful and wise head of the whole family of his young wife — whose life of ceremonies and show had not changed the real goodness of a nature, which in this later light won many friends for him. And many who had had their jest at the marriage had now only a sincere prayer for the good old Russian minister.

CHAPTER II.

A VIRGINIA WEDDING.

THE rejoicings of the triumphant party were yet in the air when their plans were overthrown by the death of the President, General Harrison. His inauguration was followed, in just one month, by his funeral. He was the first who had died whilst President, and the state funeral was one of much solemnity. And the leaders of the Whig party were real mourners, for after twelve years' exclusion from power, suddenly, in the first moments of restored power, they found themselves thrown into, at best, uncertainties. It was hard on such men as Clay and Webster, to whom added years would take away much of energy, even of interest in public life. "It is only four years to wait," might be to them as Mrs. Livingston of Louisiana had answered my mother once: "At my age four

years is too long to wait for vahn-jarce or joos-teece."

But it was no day of mourning for some of us younger ones. Our grandmother had been with us all winter — intensely interested in the inner workings of national government. For her the war for independence and the War of 1812 were near personal memories ; and her simple sincere patriotism, and interest in all measures belonging with "the welfare of my country," made the whole winter delightful. The inauguration had been an occasion of profound interest ; now came this startling reminder of the common lot. When we were offered a house on the Avenue from where she could see comfortably all the procession, my unconscious grandmother accepted with great pleasure ; little guessing she was a marplot and an agent of destiny.

Here let me remind you of a story in the *Arabian Nights* of which I remember only the outline, and its intention as a lesson in the folly of attempting to resist "what is written" (in the Book of Destiny). It is that of a Prince whose fate as foretold by the

astrologers was to be bright beyond compare should he survive his twenty-first birthday ; about which time a deadly peril was to come to him. To avert this the King has the Prince taken, as he nears the dangerous age, to an island. His dwelling-place there is further made safe by being underground, with a concealed entrance, leading by many marble steps through richly-hung subterranean passages, lit by the usual silver, gold and alabaster lamps filled with perfumed oil, to enchanting rooms where everything you please ministered to his pleasures, and wise men watched over him. How his health withstood want of sun and open air, and what was done for ventilation and drainage, does not enter into the story. But there the Prince remains in safety and happiness until the fatal birthday, when he met with some trifling accident from which he died ; “*as was written.*”

The Government had rented a house near the foot of Capitol Hill for the making up of the large maps of the geographical survey of the sources of the Mississippi. A French geographer and *savant*, Mr. Nicollet, had been the head of this survey, and

to him had been assigned an engineer officer who knew French. Their three years' work was being made up here, and it was in one of these large rooms we were to wait, and from its windows see the long funeral procession as it approached up the Avenue and ascended the Capitol Hill.

The working tables had been carried up to another floor (lots of trouble that) and this best room made charming by many flowers and plants in pots. A cheerful woodfire made a good contrast to the chill gray day, and there was a pretty tea-table with cakes and ices and bonbons. It was for my grandmother's special pleasure we were there, and only a few of our friends had been added. These wise elders were troubled that their young host should have made such graceful preparations for them — expensive to "a poor army man" — but this was one of the unforeseen chances for meeting which parental wisdom had decreed must be seldom, and so who can blame the happy extravagance of the lucky Lieutenant? Outside in the raw cold of early spring was the heavy tramp of a great crowd, and the wailing of funeral marches; within, our

friendly group excited and amused (and two entirely content). A good army surgeon had given "sick-leave" for the day to the young officer who was but too happy to be of every service to his guests. No servant was good enough to minister to them — himself brought in the logs and kept up the blazing fire (regardless of his best uniform). The tea or the ices he brought to each himself: how much freezing, how much starving, what unceasing dangers by night and by day he was so soon to meet, and how interwoven his life was to be with ours, we could not see then; but, as the Orientals put it, "*it was written.*"

The next day all the geraniums and roses were sent to my mother. This was growing dangerous. Therefore, suddenly, a survey of the Des Moines River was found necessary, and for that little work, our young host was detached from his important duty of finishing their Mississippi surveys and ordered to Iowa.

Soon, we also left Washington to go into Virginia for a marriage that was to assemble the family connection. In the heart of the Blue Ridge

near the Natural Bridge, is the picturesque mountain town of Lexington; beautiful from its scenery and refined by being a centre of education. Here is the university endowed by Washington, known of late as the "Washington and Lee University;" the "Anne Smith Academy," founded and endowed at the same early date by a lady of wealth, where came the daughters of good families with their waiting maids and riding horses; where they learned a little Latin, and much Italian, including the compact, clear Italian handwriting; and impossible French. This with much English history and poetry, the care of their complexions and hands, and a disproportionate amount of society, seemed to constitute the course. From which they came out none the worse to be admirable mothers and managers of large households, and ready for all the serious work of life.

There also was the State Military Institute, of which for a long while Stonewall Jackson was head. These, with the many buildings for residency of Presidents, Professors, etc., etc., crowned the long ridge of College Hill, back of which was the mas-

sive height of the level-topped House Mountain. Here the Blue Ridge encircles the hilly valley in which lies the town. Country houses were on all the detached hills. The most simple drive required wheels to be locked and a "baulking-horse" was counted on ; it was all lovely to look at, but dangerous to drive about, and places were too far apart for walking. But there was much and very pleasant society, for this centre of education had attracted men of cultivated tastes. The original settlement had been largely Scotch, which was a benefit in various ways ; for learning, for upright, pugnacious principle, for real hospitality — and for that good cookery which Scotland owed to its friendly alliance with France.

In colonial times the English government paid but little money to the younger officers, giving them instead "military grants of wild lands." My grandfather, "the old colonel," had in this way inherited from his father, a lieutenant-colonel in a Scotch regiment, not only the great estate near Lexington where he was born and died, but "wild lands" in the West, some of which he exchanged for bodies

of grazing lands near him in Virginia. One tract so exchanged is the southern portion of the city of Cincinnati.

We were many when the wedding guests gathered. Travelling in their own carriages with children and nurses and maids, came aunts who were to go on afterwards to their cottages at the White Sulphur Springs. Some from Richmond, some from Abingdon where the salt works were an item of family properties ; a delicate girl and her watchful anxious brother, represented our "family Mecca" at Smithfield where their English habits were still maintained ; where on the death of the head of the family the widow at once moved into the Dower-House, a separate but communicating complete establishment, leaving the chief house to the elder son. The brother now here was afterwards Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Buchanan ; later not only themselves, but noble old properties were given by these families to their "cause." From his church in Baltimore came the fiery, eloquent Robert Breckenridge ; himself a near kinsman, but still more closely connected by marriage ; a man of sponta-

neous wit and freshness. The aunt from Richmond was his equal in mind, and justified her descent from Patrick Henry, while my Uncle McDowell was held to be the most graceful scholar in Virginia. They were all very handsome also and attached great value to looks. We young ones were put through the ordeal of examination, comparison and criticism at family meetings — quite as though we were models and had no sensitiveness our elders should respect. All the consideration then was from the young to the old : *nous avons changé tout cela.*

I was thought very like a favorite cousin whose husband as well as herself died young, leaving two orphan children. In this very healthy, very prosperous, very handsome connection, sorrow or death seemed to need apology. There was clearly apology, as well as tenderness, in the “poor Eliza” and “poor Charles.” I was used to these comments and hardened to their invariable “her nose is not nearly so delicate as poor Eliza’s,” but they were shared now by her son — a charming lad of eighteen, in all the enjoyment and importance of his first vacation from West Point. We *were* singularly

alike, but we grew tired of being stood side by side and freshly commented on by more cousins and more friends who kept up perpetual visiting.

A young groomsman who had come with the bridegroom, the cadet, myself, and a cousin about twenty, the eldest son of the house, used to escape when we could — “anywhere, anywhere out of *that* world.”

Once a rainy day threw us on our invention. The grown people had the library: a lovely blue-eyed girl had captivated the best match in the family who was just back from his four years’ “grand tour” in Europe, and we were not wanted in the drawing-room where she and our pale cousin Jane had the piano and the repose they preferred. So we made off to the great upper room which extended over the whole main building and rummaged the many closets and chests there; finding amusement in costuming ourselves in old uniforms and gowns. The cadet mourned that his youth and slimness made these veteran suits impossible, while an older and larger cousin got himself up in blue and buff. I ventured (knowing myself to be a fav-

orite) to put on my beautiful aunt's wedding dress, which had been chosen by her brother, William Preston of South Carolina, when he was in Paris at the time Wellington held it for the allies. It was of blonde over satin; strict *Empire* in cut—the waist up to the arms and not a gather in the close-gored *very* short skirt except just behind where a huge satin bow and wide ends fastened the narrow belt. Our dignified elders found many memories revived by the sight of the old costumes and discovered more points of likeness between myself and “poor Eliza,” and her son had additional tenderness given him as they talked of his young mother. My light-hearted young cousin had been every one's pet—he was not to know the other side of life.

Although we were so many that at morning prayers we would overflow from the library into the hall, yet I remember only the usual quiet order and and large completeness of living. Nothing betrayed trouble or even preparation. All that went on unseen to the guests to whom was paid the compliment that they gave only pleasure by their pres-

ence. A woman who would let escape any fact of fatigue or disturbance would have been seriously talked against, both for want of capacity and lack of good breeding.

When my aunt made her morning visit to the large rooms devoted to store-room and housekeeping she remained longer than usual in consultation with her right hand, "aunt Melinda," a grave capable mulatto woman. All that was taken from the many barrels and boxes was entered in a book, and the provisioning of this family garrison planned well ahead with the forethought and exactness of a military establishment. It was really good housekeeping. There was a large working force under well-drilled servants, and in Virginia this management of a household was as much a branch of education as it had been in England in Addison's time. And there was all the old-time profusion and relays of luxuries. It was not the custom to travel away immediately after the ceremony.

The marriage took place in the bride's own home with only her own people and nearest friends present, and in her own home she remained while family

friends did honor to her in her new dignity at their welcoming homes. It was quite a point that something made by the hands of near friends should enter into the bride's new fittings — these were marvels of delicate needlework. I know of a Southern girl, orphaned and impoverished by the war, who, living in New York, received from Mobile on the eve of her marriage a box containing everything she should wear on that occasion: fine linens and cambrics and muslins and lace, all the gift and handiwork of old servants — slaves — who had their feeling that their young mistress must not be married in "paid-for" sewing. And the girl had the sweetness to wear the toilette so kindly sent although good friends had provided the usual outfit.

Another customary attention was a delicate and decorated "bride-cake." Until I was among Chinese cooks on the Pacific Coast I never saw anything to surpass these in patient, skilful ornamentation. One came bedded in a great wreath of ivy and geranium leaves, made of the candied rind of watermelon, most artistically cut. This was from

a lady who to-day would be called an æsthete (there *is* nothing new under the sun, only changes of name); all her arrangements were most fanciful, exquisite and dainty.

The whole countryside “entertained” the bride. Evening parties or dinners, where numbers did not seem to tell. All was dignified and orderly and most hospitable. We must have been more than thirty at one place — one of the oldest and most stately of the neighborhood; for the married daughters were visiting their home;—beautiful “dashing” women with the added brilliancy of a larger outside life. The general tone of the neighborhood was staid and scholarly, and being so largely Scotch, presbyterianly serious. Great decorum and reverence of manner prevailed in the one church, which stood in the midst of its large graveyard. At one end of this were sheds and hitching posts, and the horse-blocks on which pretty girls lingered as they unpinned the plaid cloaks that answered for riding-skirts, and shook out their fresh dresses, while steady old horses were having lifted down from them the children before and the boy

behind who wedged in the mother on the saddle. There were country carryalls, and fine carriages (of any date) from London, and some few stylish modern equipages. All came in good time to settle down before the bell ceased tolling and before "the minister" appeared.

But often after that would come a dash and clatter and the four-horse barouche of old Colonel Bowyer would swing up to the side entrance, the beautiful daughters come smiling in to their double side pew the young men following in fair-top boots and whip in hand, while their dogs crouched, close as they dared, on the sunny doorstep. What healthily beautiful women these were! A high-necked dress was not known until about 1840. All dresses were cut low and supplemented by capes. This family was just then wearing mourning and the dazzling white of their throats and the tips of shoulders if the black gauze cape slipped was something to see. They had too much vitality and the newer ways were too congenial for them to remain up to the highest standard of dignity, but they had enough, and their mother was its very model.

Theirs was a stately place with beautifully adorned grounds. The long avenue opened on lawn and gardens bordered with squared old box hedges, so thick and high that a man on horseback passing them could only be seen from the waist up. The house was in the fashion of Arlington, with the pillared portico and wings, where the great drawing and dining-rooms were either side of the lofty spacious hall.

The size of their great dining-room made us seem an ordinary party though we were very many at the dinner there. One of the married daughters noticed fleeting expressions of pain on her mother's face, and at last sent her a message by one of the servants to ask if she was not well, and should she not take her place? which was frowned down. But though the flushes of color and twitches of muscles returned at times, no one was to notice through the whole beautiful and delicate dinner.

When the dessert came on a centre piece of entirely white flowers had the topmost decoration taken off to make way for a special bride-cake to be cut by the bride before whom it was placed. Be-

fore putting on the dessert the upper cloth was removed leaving another of entirely fresh damask ; then followed many delightful sweet dishes (the cadet telegraphed us his satisfaction in these as he improved the occasion). Finally all was removed, showing the pride and care of the dining-room — the polished dark mahogany table ; the twisted silver candlesticks, the exquisite old cut glass and fine silver and crystal stands for fruits and flowers, were beautifully reflected in its clear depths.

The old butler, very old and bent and a little childish, had insisted on his right to place the cake before the bride, although rheumatism — gout, too, probably — had weakned his hands. But he crossed the large room *thinking* he was carrying it on its silver tray while two younger servants respectfully propped his feeble arms. There was a difficult moment when the three reached over to the centre of the table, but he did not see the kindly smiling and was satisfied to have done for this bride what had been his right and pleasure to do for her mother and the mothers of most of us. This little ceremony was completed by his being given a glass of

wine which he drank to the bride's health, and asked a blessing on her and her new home.

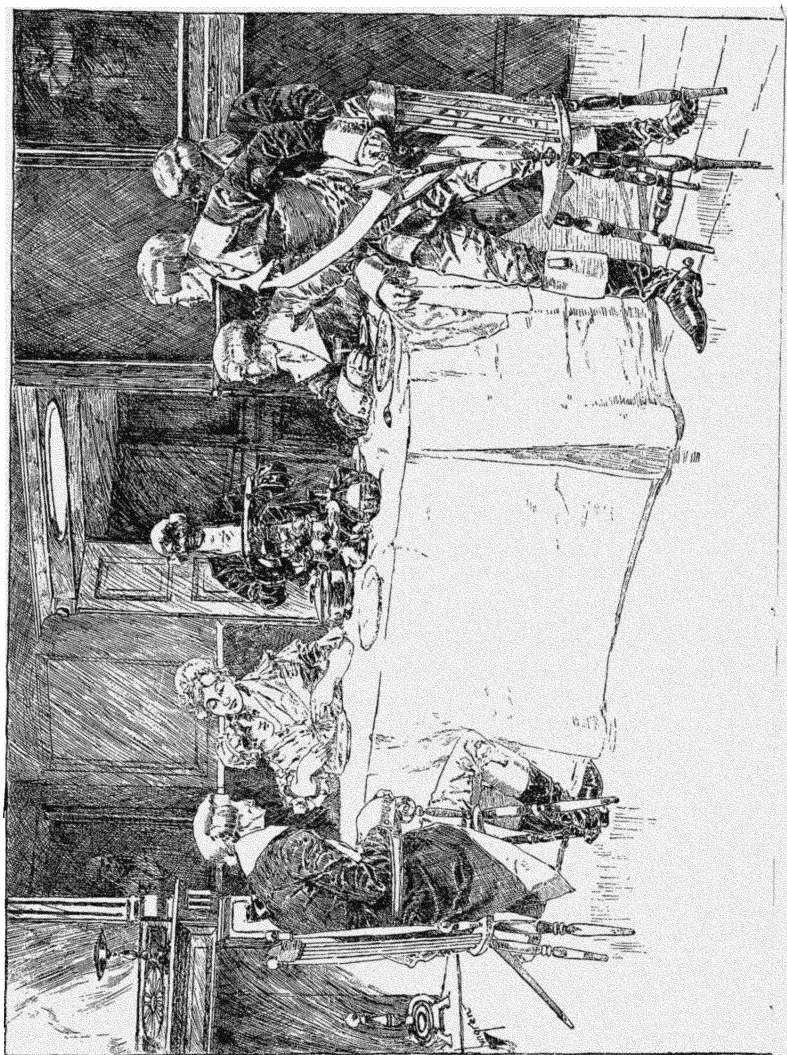
When coffee was served in the drawing-room we learned that Mrs. Bowyer had had to "retire." The daughter had followed up her observation, and found that, "rather than disturb the company" that social martyr of a mother had sat still through torture. A hornet had got caught under her cape and had travelled about—stinging as it went; searching for an outlet, it turned down between the shoulders where the angry thing fairly browsed about the poor woman's back. Fever came on and she was really ill, but the force of etiquette and hospitality combined made it an occasion to die at one's post.

The bride had started for her new home "properly, in her own travelling carriage," the others had dispersed to the Springs, and then our sweet unselfish grandmother let her failing condition be known. She had never had any illness and hardly understood her loss of strength and general faintness. It was the ceasing to live, rather than dying. But it increased rapidly and soon ended her life.

It constantly pleased her to feel she had not

brought any shadow on the wedding assembly, that she had been nearly as well as always, "only tired." Quite conscious that it was rapidly closing she liked to dwell on her long life so mercifully exempt from illness, or sorrow, or cares. "But I fear for my descendants when I think how much has been given me — there must come a change for some of them." Born in a happy and prosperous home, married very early to her young husband and living out his life on the rich estate where he was born, where her children were happily married and all but one settled near her, knowing only contented love and pride for three generations, she might well feel change must come.

"You will never know what war brings," she would say to us. "My mother carried to her grave a long cut on the forehead from the knife thrown by an Indian; an Indian in the British service — *King George's mark*, she called it." And there was a story of English officers of the hated Colonel Tarleton's command riding up and demanding forage and food for themselves and the soldiers with them; of the rudeness of one officer who did not



understand the politeness with which they were told it must take an hour to prepare dinner and in the meantime would the gentlemen go to the rooms where they could take off the dust ; of the excellent dinner — of her mother's having dressed herself in her best damask gown and petticoat — of the rude and angry expression of the bad officer when he saw how very green the peas were (mint or lettuce or something, I forget, was put in to add to their green color). “I believe you mean to poison us, madam. That is the meaning of all your fine airs” — of how the lady silently sent for her youngest child — “my sister Madison ” — and taking the little girl on her knee quietly fed her with the peas — then : “You may feel safe now, gentlemen. Whoever eats at my table, invited or not invited, has my best care. My husband, my young sons, my brothers, are all in the rebel army and I pray for their success and your defeat, but you will get no harm from me.”

“No,” she would say. “you live as I have to enjoy the peace and prosperity they suffered so much to gain for us.”

Is it not well we cannot foresee "what is written?" There in that once peaceful Lexington, General Lee gave his last sigh — Stonewall Jackson rests in its old churchyard — my cadet cousin was not to know the heat and burden of the day. The Mexican War gave active service to the army, and at Cherubusco he fell fatally wounded; his only wish was to be kept alive to say farewell to the uncle who had been to him father and friend and military model.

The bravest are the tenderest.

As with Nelson, a womanly-sweet nature welled up at the last.

"Kiss me, uncle Joe," said the dying boy.

That uncle has seen many a battlefield since, and knows the bitterness of life; but never a harder moment came to General Joe Johnson than when he saw the life go out from his lovable young nephew, Preston Johnson.

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON IN PAST DAYS.

THE lovely autumn weather made a friendly “half-season” for what was the resident world of Washington. The President and Cabinet lived there more steadily than now, and the Diplomatic Corps also. And there were then many pleasant families who were entirely unofficial and who came there as families are doing so much now, because they liked the fixed order of society and leisurely life of Washington.

We had grown up there and felt it even more our home than St. Louis — you may have several houses but only one ever feels *home*, and this had grown to be that to us. Our house had been bought by my father from a Boston gentleman who had lived much in London, and who built it with thick walls and spacious rooms, and beauti-

fied the ground in the rear, where grass and trees were framed in by high thick growths of ivy, and scarlet-trumpet creeper which covered the garden walls and stables. The winter was always so crowded by ceremonious visits, dinners, and such, that we absolutely needed this breathing time of preparation, and that no time should be lost from necessary winter-work of society all our dresses were planned and each detail made quite ready. We had too, long days of horseback and driving, and visits to friends living on their country places near by in Virginia and Maryland — Arlington, now a city of the dead, was one of these places. Then, also, we had the luxury of home evenings, when friends and neighbors could come in informally.

My father believed in working while he worked, and resting completely when at rest. His library on the floor above was his working-place. But after we assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, and until we separated for the night, it was life in common to which even the youngest was expected to contribute. No vexatious topic was

to be introduced — this was the resting time. As children, when we forgot this wholesome regulation nothing was said at the time ; but the next day we dined apart in the library and lost the privilege of making part of the family at table and in the evening afterward.

We had each our “settlement” special to ourselves for these home evenings. On one side of the fire in the large drawing-room, my mother had her table and candles with her knitting work and books. Endless fine woollen little garments grew under her beautiful hands without seeming to require attention. My father, on his side, had a larger table with the book then in reading and the evening mail. A tall “astral” lamp suited him — this was in the dark days before gas — but the shining silver candlesticks and snuffer-tray and the tall spermaceti candles always kept their place for my mother’s use. We four sisters adopted the great square dining-table for our shaded lamp, our work baskets and portfolios, and there *our* little world revolved.

Music was a serious study among us. We had

the happiness of one noble contralto, and in another sister such gift of expression on the piano that it afterward made her a favorite guest of Rossini when she lived in Paris. At his Tuesday evenings he always had her play the *Sonate Pathétique* and the "Moonlight Sonata," and declared she was the only woman he had ever heard who could play Beethoven's music.

But in the evenings this would have interfered with talking, and it was not the correct thing then for the younger part of a family to direct the house. If any one came in who loved music, and asked for it, we were all glad enough to give it. General Dix, then Senator from New York, was our near neighbor, as was also the Prussian Minister Baron Van Gerolt; both of these knew music well and always wanted it — while Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Sumner also near neighbors and intimate friends, would have been greatly put out by the "interruption."

General Dix had a house within a few doors of us, next to that of Frank Key — THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER — to which General Dix's famous

order, "If any man attempts to haul down that flag, shoot him on the spot," belongs now as part. Each of these had delightful families with whom our friendships were for life.

Another unusual and charming family living close by, were the Ellsworths, who were "friends indeed" to Mr. Morse in the hard days when he could not get his idea of the electric telegraph launched. He was laughed at in Congress; his money gave out; his health was going, he was so worn out that his dead-white face and brilliant hollow eyes startled one. His first message, "*See what God hath wrought!*" was to the young daughter of these true friends; he might have added, "And what mountains are moved by the patient tender faith of women!" For these ladies went among their friends whose husbands were in Congress and *made* them understand, while they in turn brought attention from those who could decide on "An *experimental* line to Baltimore."

Thirty miles — and now how it girdles the earth!

The Panama Railroad — the overland "emigrant route" — the surveys for railways to the Pacific —

these and other measures then far in advance of the public mind had their fireside growth among us, and brought us delightful acquaintance with some men of wide travel ; among them "Central-America-Stevens" as he was called from his latest journey. My mother had greatly liked his earlier books on Arabia and the Holy Land, and when the Panama-business-talk was through he would go from my father to my mother for their pleasant talk. Coming to us, later, in his quick boyish way and demanding tea and much cake, and telling us we must be very good to him for he was to be sent to the Isthmus to die — as he did, from too long stay there while superintending the building of the Railroad.

Much of this talk and planning was done in this less crowded time and we had the advantage of hearing ; so our minds grew to great ideas, and also to a comprehension of the weary long work and sublime patience involved in their carrying out.

As this was before sewing machines (as well as before telegraphs and gas) we had always some

handwork that was taken up each evening—fine little ruffles of linen cambric, “edgings” to cut out the points and scallops from, or fine flannels to be worked in scallops—things that went in aid to the real sewing woman (our human machine), and gave us use for our hands as we listened. The old mahogany furniture of the dining-room was English and had been bought with the house; the dancing lights reflected in its dark polished surfaces from the wood-fire, the shaded lamp and the glitter of the tea-equipage, the fragrance of the large plants of rose-geranium, and the delicate bitter of chrysanthemums, all blend in my memory with this talk of the tropical work of the Panama Railroad.

In this settled order of our living, how could I see that so soon after *I* should cross that deadly Isthmus? to be detained many weeks by illness in Panama where Stevens—dying, as he had known he must—came daily, as he said, “*to take my chill with you.*”

How reviving to us was even the memory of cool autumn evenings! Palms, and waving cocoa-trees,

and endless summer-seas, *are* beautiful, but they grow no tap-root in the affections such as our changing seasons give. That "social life ceases above eighty and below thirty degrees" is very much of a truth, I think.

General Dix was an artist and musician, and open to every good and beautiful impression. His home-life was singularly attractive. Only their intimates knew the charm of wit and fancy in Mrs. Dix who was very reserved always. I found her rooms so filled with beautiful flowers one day (in New York and since the war) that she answered my look — "No, it is not *to be* a party, but *yesterday* was our fiftieth anniversary — our golden wedding," — and with her still handsome face lit up with gentle fun, "We have had our celebration and the newspapers have not found it out!"

We each and all liked one another and were really intimate in those old Washington days. One evening I went in to tell Mrs. Dix, who had taken much interest in the case, that a man I was greatly interested for could not get his pension because he had not been a regularly enlisted soldier when

wounded. The man, a Canadian Frenchman, had lost the use of a leg from a gunshot wound while on an expedition under General (then Lieutenant) Frémont.

And before this could be quite cured another accident completely disabled the other leg. "*Je ne suis pas clere,*" said Alexis to me, "*il faut mourir de faim.*"

General Dix had a visitor who did not make any comment on our talk of the poor Canadian, but when he left the General returned from the hall to say that that gentleman was the Chairman of the Committee on Pensions — Preston King of New York; that he had asked him to say to me that if I would write out the man's story, briefly, as I had been telling it, he would get him a pension. And in a few days it was all done. Because he was *not* an enlisted man it was made a little larger than the regulation pension, with back-pay from the date of the wound — two years.

Lifted from despair, with some hundreds in hand and a secured future, Alexis came to thank me, swaying on his crutches, tears covering his dark

thin face : "I cannot kneel to you — I have no more legs — but you are my *Sainte Madonne*."

This is not the only gracious use of power I have met from Congress. The early friendships made in my father's house with so many men of position gave me the position to speak, and on several occasions I have had the quickest kindest attention. For the famine in the South after the war, when a relief-ship to carry supplies was needed and at once granted by both Houses. I had written to one Senator and one Member of the House, and within a few days we had the ship, and with it the order for all the Freedman's Bureau could supply; and again, in a case of long-delayed justice to naval officers who had resigned, but at the opening of the war volunteered for service, without any conditions, to find themselves unfairly placed afterward. This case was most honorable to the chairman of the committee* having charge of it, but it is too long to put here. Enough that my appeal to his sense of right brought up the Bill which had for seven years been smothered in various committees; by his ac-

* General N. P. Banks.

tive work and the help of a charming woman who was in official power,* we immediately secured full justice, back pay, and advanced positions to over thirty officers.

Judge Black of Pennsylvania, who had a rough wit but a kind nature, said once to me, "Your geese are all swans." I told him he knew I *could* discriminate and had my own sharp experience also as guide. But there is so much told of what is unlovely and of bad report that I for one prefer to dwell only on what is good. In great trials of our country — the war, the yellow fever scourge in the South, great fires and wide spread calamities — the prompt thorough sustained generosity and good feeling of our people as a whole has been something to make the heart glad and thankful. And Congress only represents these people.

So I choose to be a poor artist and paint as Queen Elizabeth ordered — *leaving out the shadows*.

* Mrs. George Robeson.

CHAPTER IV.

A ROYAL VISITOR.

IT was during one of these resting seasons that we had a royal visitor, the Prince de Joinville, who came to Washington in October of '41 to make his respects to the President as his frigate had touched in at New York. As the son of the "King of the French," he was especially welcomed; and his ship and himself had interested the public from their duty of bringing home from St. Helena the remains of the great Napoleon.

The President gave for him, not only the official dinner of ceremony, but a ball also. It was said there was Cabinet remonstrance against dancing in the White House as a "want of dignity," but Mr. Tyler rightly thought a dance would best please a young navy man and a Frenchman, and we had therefore a charming and unusually brilliant ball.

All our army and navy officers were in uniform as the Prince and his suite wore theirs, and, for the son of a King, the Diplomatic Corps were in full court dress.

Writing chiefly for girls I may be permitted to tell that on that occasion I had the pleasure of wearing my first real Paris dress — of fine muslin and valenciennes. A cousin from New Orleans whose toilettes were prepared for a season at Saratoga and Newport, had been with us when her father died; and as was the Southern fashion, she gave her pretty things among her friends.

Mrs. Tyler was an invalid and saw only her old friends; but Mrs. Robert Tyler, the wife of the eldest son, was every way fitted to be the lady of the White House. From both her parents, especially her witty and beautiful mother, she had society qualifications and tact, while the President's youngest daughter was beautiful as well as gentle and pleasant.

Mr. Webster as Secretary of State, was, next to the President, the chief person. For fine appearance, for complete fitness for that representative

position, both Mrs. Webster and himself have never been surpassed.

The Prince was tall and fine looking, and Miss Tyler and himself opened the ball, while those of us who knew French well were assigned to his officers.

We had remained in the oval reception room until the company was assembled, and then, the President leading, the whole foreign party were taken through all the drawing-rooms, ending by our taking places for the *Quadrille d'honneur* in the East Room; that ceremony over, dancing became general, and we were free to choose our partners.

The Prince must have had pleasant memories of his American visit for, later, he came back bringing a young son, *Pierre de Penthievre*, to our Naval Academy at Annapolis, where, I have heard both foreign and home authorities on education say, the course of training was uncommonly full, useful and developing.

There the lad was promptly re-christened by the midshipmen, *Peter Ponteever*, and became a favorite.

On one of their summer cruises they went to Lisbon, where his cousin, the King of Portugal, had him out for a week's visit ; but the little duke came back before it was half over, liking best the friendly equality of his cadet comrades. This consequence of American education was, no doubt, one result his father intended ; for that branch of the Orleans family understand real education. The influence of one woman has told for good on them for more than a hundred years. When Madame de Genlis took the post of instructress in the family of that Duke of Orleans who voted for the execution of his cousin, Louis the Sixteenth, a new era began for them, and they have been the wiser and better all through for the broader education she directed.

When Louis Philippe thought to please the French, and rouse their feelings by having the body of Napoleon brought to France to be laid in the midst of his battle-worn veterans at the Hotel des Invalides, he succeeded ; but in the way Shakespeare says the engineer may succeed with his own petard. His "act of magnanimity," so far from making him stronger, only supplied a fresh strength

against him, and the French made another of those radical changes of government of which they have averaged one in every ten years for the century we have been an "Experiment in Government," as they *used* to say in Europe.

Ready-made phrases are handy for people who do not do their own thinking, but a little examination will show these do not always fit. That phrase of an "experiment in government" has a twin in one on our foreign appointments; that they make us the "laughing-stock of Europe." Look into this for yourselves and you will find among our representatives, Franklin and Monroe, Clay and Adams, and Buchanan, and the dignified King, of Georgia, and Rush of honorable Philadelphia name, and John Randolph and Washington Irving, and Everett and Motley, and many another less known. Science, patriotism, genius and character, and keen honor and devotion to their country have done us honor abroad. We know all about the exceptions and that they *are* queer, and sometimes wrong, but do foreign countries always send us their best? . . .

A diplomatic post had really great importance

before steam and electricity brought the heads of nations so near each other that no misunderstanding could grow. Now, it is chiefly useful to *prevent* misunderstandings and to keep up the sort of polite interest which only comes from constant personal intercourse.

Both France and Belgium were poorly represented at the time of this visit of the French Prince, so that there was no general entertainment given by either of their ministers. One, the French, was so occupied in the care of his health that he thought only of that — he had brought a physician as part of his legation, and never went out without him, not even to visit. As the King of Belgium was brother-in-law to the Prince, some attention was due from the Belgian minister; but *he* was the “laughing stock” of Washington from his stinginess — not economy, but mean savings. His chief end and aim was to save money. He accepted all invitations to dinner, but when he *had* to invite people the dinner would be all right, but he would tell the price of different things, and mourn that of all that food none would be properly saved or it

would last him a week. He grieved over his colored cook who would not take care of the small bits of meat — “she feeds chickens on good pieces that would make croquettes!” Naturally the woman had no interest in *any* savings. She was a slave and her owner received her earnings; why should she take care of two men’s interests?

He may have had fine qualities, but I never heard of them. He, as well as some others, looked upon the United States as an inferior sort of country where no restraint need be put upon their real nature, and his ruling passion was the love of money; not “for the glorious privilege of being independent,” but for its own sake.

His Secretary of Legation* was in complete contrast, and an honor to his country and of use to it, and to ours also, by his intelligent comprehension of our wonderful resources for emigration. His family were of governing position, and he was to fit himself for high trusts by knowledge of many men in many lands. He only knew book-English when he arrived, but as soon as his English should improve enough he was to go and investigate for his

* Baron Von Der Stratten.

government the ways of living and resources of the farming people in our Western States and Territories, with a view to future emigration from Belgium. My father took much interest in aiding him in this, and for himself he became one of our most welcome intimates.

It pleased us all that he constantly spoke of his mother who evidently was his friend and companion (he was in the early twenties).

Furnished with many letters of introduction, he went for the summer and autumn on his journey of observation through what was then the far West; Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, etc., etc. He had already become assured that plenty governed, but he waited to report what he should actually see.

When he was back in the winter a new world had been revealed to him — Our New World.

He had gone from surprise to surprise. He had asked to stay in the family of a farmer that he might see the harvesting and gain the English of farming uses. It was like being the guest of a king, he said; money he found would be an insult. He had to make it a visit.

It was in one of the free States where all worked, "yet they talked politics," he said; "the farmer's wife even. She also made excellent bread and of so many kinds! Of wheat and of maize, and many fanciful cakes with sugar and eggs and spices, and always *buckets* of milk in addition to great tins of tea and coffee! *And THREE times a day MEAT!* And not only beef, but game and poultry in profusion, and orchards of peaches and apples, while potatoes and cabbages were of course and in endless profusion."

"I dared not write all this to my mother," he said. "I did not at all write in detail to my government; I reserved my facts for my return. But I wrote my mother of my life on this farm, of its prodigal abundance and that everywhere was the same when a little time and industry had brought out the return for labor. I did not venture to tell her of the meat three times a day, but put it three times a week. And she wrote me imploring I would be careful and not let my youth and the pleasure of novelty carry me into wild generalization—but to be calm and exaggerate nothing. What shall I

say," he laughed; "how can I make even my mother believe about the bacon and cheese and bread always there for every one — and the sweetmeats and honey! I could not believe you myself when you told me of this; how can they believe who know how many of our people get meat on feast days only?"

CHAPTER V.

BARON VON GEROLT.

MUCH of the solid faith in our country which made Germany take our war bonds is doubtless due to the long residence among us of Baron von Gerolt. Humboldt, who was his friend, had chosen him for minister to Mexico, where he was for many years, coming from there to us; also he was honored by close relations with his King. I think it was twenty-five years the Baron lived in Washington — studying our country, its resources, its representative men, and becoming from long conviction our fast friend. When so many reported to their governments that the “Union was completely ended,” he knew it could not be so, and held fast to the faith for which his own knowledge gave him reason. He gave proof of this faith by investing all his resources in our war bonds when they were

first issued and were very low; and when he was retired, after a lifetime of service, these bonds had so risen in value that they made him a really wealthy man. He too had a delightful family, his wife being a German lady of the best high-type of home and society woman. Theirs was an elegant and hospitable home, and their long residence enabled them to form lasting friendships — one of the strongest and most valued of which was with Mr. Sumner. So many of the foreign ministers of my time were either not married or had married American or English women, that a genuine representative woman of a foreign country had become unusual in Washington. My old friend Bodisco lived out his days happily with his American wife and children, dying and being buried in Georgetown. His successor also married an American; the wives of three successive French ministers were one from Tennessee, another from Washington, and the third from Boston. The Brazilian and Portuguese ministers were married to English ladies, and the wife of the Spanish minister was Scotch; and this last was a great gain for the present royal family of Spain. She

was made Directress of the household of the eldest daughter of Queen Isabella, and had a shaping hand in the education of all the children — including the present king of Spain. Mr. Fox, the English minister of my early days, cared for nothing but cards—he slept by day and played all night. Mr. Pakenham, who came after, was also unmarried; but he made his house worthy of his position and it was the headquarters of refined pleasures in music and tableaux and many occasions of elegant gayeties.

Succeeding Mr. Pakenham came a fine and thorough English legation. Coming over direct in a man-of-war with the whole legation, and invited friends, with servants and all household belongings complete, only dropping anchor in the Potomac, Sir Henry Bulwer represented in every way his country. He was an invalid, but one of England's most capable diplomats. His nephew, a delightful lad of nineteen, was attached to the legation—this was the young author of *Lucille*, and known everywhere since as “Owen Meredith” even better than as the son of *the* Bulwer, or as Viceroy of India.

Lady Bulwer had a greater name still, for she was niece to the Duke of Wellington. She had grown up in Paris where her father, Lord Cowley, was for many years the English ambassador. Lady Bulwer knew music well. She had delightful musical parties. It was a charming house where talent embellished station and attracted the best in society. At one of her Tuesdays I heard a New York man telling her what they could show her when she came to New York — “and the dressing will astonish you.”

Lady Bulwer had a specially languid manner (only *manner* though). She looked up at him — then in her slow clear voice : “I *am* astonished already. Your ladies here bewilder me by their many changes of dresses. In Paris one has dresses for different occasions, and one wears them while they are fresh. But you have *so* many changes — ” and she sank back as though wearied by their memory.

The accession of a new monarch is always made known, officially, through the resident minister representing his country, which is quite sufficient on account of our great distance from Europe ;

there, however, the more marked formality of a special envoy is made. This is in the same spirit that we make a personal as well as a written invitation where we wish to show respect.

When the present King of Belgium succeeded to his father (near the close of our war) he added this courtesy of a Special Envoy to us also — which was particularly well done in view of all the disturbed relations created by the war.

This Envoy we had known when as a young man he had been attached to the Belgian Legation in Washington.

On his return homewards through New York he came to see me, glad, he said, to meet some one of the old society of Washington; he had been saddened by finding the old pleasant friendly society of Washington so completely dispersed by the war, and he stayed long talking over those times. He could not come back to dine with us that day, being already engaged, but did so the next, as the morning following he was to sail.

At dinner the next day, he was greatly interested in talking over the newer conditions of our

country since he had known it. Then, the first explorations to the Rocky Mountains were only begun — now, Bierstadt, whom I had asked to meet him, was just in from one of his sketching tours in those mountains. We were pretty much a party of travellers ; all at table had travelled much in America as well as Europe, and two of the ladies—both of them young, beautiful and unusually agreeable women—had been with their husbands in India. All were capable of comprehending not only the progressing growth of the country but also its future development.

What most impressed the Baron was the reasoning, orderly manner with which our people were accepting great changes.

A telegram was brought in which the General read, then sent round to me ; I gave it to Baron Beaulieu, telling him there was another change. It was from a friend in Congress to say the vote had just been taken on the Fifteenth Amendment and it had passed.

There was wide difference of opinion, and feeling, among those present as to the result of the

measure; but the Baron, who was at first speechless from the surprise of what he read, asked that he might keep that despatch to carry back with him and show to his King as part of the astonishing quiet and swiftness with which radical changes are made here.

I had been out the morning before when the Baron came and found him waiting for me, as he had been told where I had gone and must be at home now very soon; his time was so short he would not risk a second failure to meet me and so waited. After his steamer had sailed I received a note he had left for me, saying how agreeable had been the renewal of old acquaintance and the whole visit to our house, and enclosing "a little offering" as he called it, but it was a generous one, for the charitable institution (the Nursery and Child's Hospital) at which I had been the morning he called. His wife, he said, was often the almoner of her friend, Mlle. de Rothschild, and knew the good even small sums might do.

The repose of "a place for everything, and everything in its place" is felt in the fixed frame-

work of society in Washington where a long-established usage governs and makes order. Elsewhere local ideas give sometimes strange results—the strangest being where money alone dictates. But the national capital has as its society-head the one elected to be the head of the whole country—the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and Senate and House, with the Diplomatic Corps and heads of the Army and Navy make the fixed framework which secures distinction of position.

Of course the addition of attractive personal qualities and the advantages of wealth add to this, but they cannot confer it, nor can the lack of them lessen the official value of those not having them.

An introduction into society there by any one in position opens the whole circle. Even where such position is a thing of the past it has its old rights, and a most agreeable feature—peculiar to Washington society—is this recognition of past or inherited social importance.

This unwritten law was framed not without thought and trouble, but all had been settled long before my time. There still lingered however

stories of rebelling women — one, of the spirited and charming Mrs. Livingstone of New Orleans. Accustomed to the high distinction of her husband, Edward Livingstone, she could not reconcile herself to the position of Attorney General being at the foot of the Cabinet.

She did not feel like the Scotch noble — “where the MacGregor sits, *there* is the head of the table.”

“*Madame la ministre d’Etat*” and Madame of the National Treasury, “*Madame de la Guerre*,” and *Madame de la Marine*,” too, she admitted, represented interests important enough to precede her; but “*to walk in to dinner BEHIND Madame POZE-OFFEESE ! — jamais !*”

But so it stands; and the Law which is master of all the country still follows after all Departments, even the Post Office.

What is *not* fixed, but ought to be, is the secure continuing in office of all officials connected with the working of the Government. This is not the place for so large and serious a subject. But only those who have lived in Washington through many changes of administration can realize the

sad wrong of holding office only at the will of a President.

My father's efforts to remedy this—begun as far back as 1825—are among my many sources of pride in his wise, unselfish, public life.

As it is now, with each change of administration comes a panic as distressing as those which cause such griefs and disheartenings in business communities—and, during all the time, create a smothered atmosphere of fear and suppressed manliness which is not American.

You boys who read these pages will think of this, for soon you will be men, and then your intelligent knowledge of your country's business will give value to your vote. It will certainly add vastly to the sum of family happiness for men to know that their good behavior and efficiency secure permanence in Government employment.

And I, for one, hold that whoever can give happiness enjoys a divine privilege.

CHAPTER VI.

FAMILY LIFE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

AMONG my earliest memories of the White House is the impression that I was to keep still and not fidget, or show pain, even if General Jackson twisted his fingers a little too tightly in my curls; he liked my father to bring me when they had their talks, and would keep me by him, his hand on my head—forgetting me of course in the interest of discussion—so that sometimes, his long, bony fingers took an unconscious grip that would make me look at my father, but give no other sign. He was sure to praise me afterward if I did not wince, and would presently contrive my being sent off to the nursery for a play with the Donaldson children.

We would find the President in an upper room, where the tall south windows sent in long breadths

of sunshine ; but his big rocking-chair was always drawn close to the large wood-fire. Wounds and rheumatism went for much in the look of pain fixed on his thin face, but the true instinct of a child felt the sadness and loneliness that made him so gentle, and so pleased to have a bright unconscious affectionate little life near him.

I knew he was very sorry because his wife had died ; after they reached Washington — just before he was inaugurated, and I knew they had had a long and happy life together. More than this I did not know, for children were kept young then.

Theirs had been an unusually harmonious life. Like many a woman “with nothing remarkable in her,” she had the enviable gift of making life sweet and reposing to all about her — she was eminently a “gentle ” woman.

She had lived always among people who knew her and loved her and in the profound retirement of Southern country life. Except the one episode of a cruel husband, from whom she had been divorced young, all her days had been peace and honor. Into this seclusion and peace came the

concentrated fire of one of the most savage of our political campaigns, the most venomous part being aimed at Mrs. Jackson herself.

My mother had her prejudices against divorce, but at my father's wish went with him to call on Mrs. Jackson when the General and herself arrived in Washington. The sight of the shrinking, failing woman appealed at once to larger feelings, and my mother went often to see Mrs. Jackson during the brief remainder of her life.

She was glad to die, she said: the General would miss her, but if she had lived she might be in the way of his new life — “she could not share it after those cruel things said against her.”

It was Desdemona's piteous “Am I that thing!”

We women will not feel General Jackson the less a good man that in dying he answered his clergyman — yes, that he was ready, that he asked forgiveness as he forgave all — “All except those who slandered my Rachel to death.”

So this lonely, high-natured old man gathered about him those his wife loved — her nephew and his wife and their children. There were children's



GENERAL JACKSON.

voices in the White House ; birth and death were there, for Mrs. Donaldson died during the second term ; a refined Tennessee woman who made the President's house hospitable and homelike.

This was by no means so easy then as now. The house was damply-cold, and the whole expense of warming and lighting it came upon the President. For some time back this has been otherwise provided for. Now but few expenses fall upon the President. All the present well-ordered service of the house, as well as its warming and lighting, the fine kitchen-gardens, etc., the forage and stable service, are provided for with many added things, which fully double the present salary of fifty thousand dollars. But when it was only the twenty-five thousand dollars with every possible demand to be met from that, it was a heavy pull.

Mr. Van Buren had the glass screen put quite across that windy entrance hall, and great wood fires made a struggle against the chill of the house, but it was so badly underdrained that in all long rains the floors of kitchens and cellars were actually under water.

No summer residence was then provided for the President. They stayed on through heat and cold. Mr. Fillmore, after the death of President Taylor, was the first to avoid the house where the marshes between it and the river made malaria inevitable ; he rented and lived in a pretty place on Georgetown Heights, known as "the English cottage."

But with all drawbacks, those ladies of the White House made it a succession of friendly dignified and honorable memories for those who knew them there.

There was of course the routine of formal dinners and the many informal ones to more intimate friends. Mr. Van Buren especially gave charming little dinners, always in the more homelike family dining-room. The regular receptions, both day and evening, were for ceremonious visits ; but on any evening the family of the President was to be found at home — with their needlework and books and intimate friends — in short, living as other people do.

I only write here of those up to '55. I had a long illness then and afterwards only went back

to Washington to see my father from time to time — not staying there again at any time over a few days until in '70.

President Jackson at first had suppers at the general receptions, but this had to be given up. He had them however for his invited receptions of a thousand and more. It was his wish I should come to one of these great supper parties, and I have the beautiful recollection of the whole stately house adorned and ready for the company — (for I was taken early and sent home after a very short stay) — the great wood fires in every room, the immense number of wax-lights softly burning, the stands of camelias and laurestina banked row upon row, the glossy dark green leaves bringing into full relief their lovely wax-like flowers; after going all through this silent waiting fairyland, we were taken to the state dining-room where was the gorgeous supper-table shaped like a horseshoe, and covered with every good and glittering thing French skill could devise, and at either end was a monster salmon in waves of meat jelly.

And then I was sent home with a big supply of

good things and flowers — willing to go, for the coming of many people broke the charm of the silent beautiful rooms.

In other places “business is business;” but apart from the morning hours at the Capitol and the official work at the Departments, in Washington pleasure is business — but pleasure is made to serve business too.

So many interests centre there with important men having charge of them — eager naturally to get through and return home to their regular affairs, but from necessity obliged to wait for attention — that the later part of the days and the evenings are but the continuing of often serious work.

“Come home with me and we will talk it over at dinner,” is a common answer even now from men in position whose mornings belong to official duties.

In the more leisurely and more simply hospitable earlier time this was a matter of course, and to have others comprehend equally, some few necessary men would be asked to meet them in the same informal manner. Then there were always

passing through old friends or their children, or strangers with introductions with only a day or so to stay. Out of this has grown a more easy and graceful habit of impromptu and small dinners than I have met elsewhere. Now that its original plan is carried out, Washington shews for what it is—the drawing-room of the nation. In early spring when everywhere the clear sun shines only on wide clean streets with beautiful bordering avenues of healthy trees, and honeysuckle and roses and many sweet things garland the railings and houses, it is a joy to go about in the fresh fragrance.

We did not have all that in the old day, but the germ of all was there. Especially the ever-ready courtesy and hospitality.

This was made easy in one direction by well-ordered and undisturbed households. In our own house although the servants were all freed, or born free, there was no thought of change. It was a comfort never to have strangers about one at home.

And there have always been admirable French cooks in Washington. The foreign ministers all

brought them ; when they returned — if not sooner — the cooks deserted and set up in business for themselves. These not only went out to prepare fine dinners, but took as pupils young slaves sent by families to be instructed. In that way a working knowledge of good cookery of the best French school became diffused among numbers of the colored people — and for cookery they have natural aptitude. Wormley, whose hotel in Washington was famous and who has lately died leaving over a million of property, owed his success to such training, as well as to his business capacity which turned it to profit.

Mr. Van Buren brought over from London, where he had been our minister, a fine *chef*, and his dinners were as good and delicate as possible ; but his was a formal household — none of the large hospitality of General Jackson who held it as “ the People’s House ” and himself as their steward ; and still less of the “ open-house ” of the Tyler regime where there were many young people who kept to their informal, cheery Virginia ways.

Mr. Tyler’s youngest daughter was a beautiful

girl, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, was unusually well qualified by birth and training for her position as presiding over the White House.

Later, Mrs. Tyler having died, the President married a young wife from New York. Her father, Mr. Gardiner of Gardiner's Island, was killed by the explosion of a great gun on the *Princeton* at an entertainment given on board by Commodore Stockton to all the official world of Washington. Two members of the Cabinet were killed as well as Mr. Gardiner, and many were seriously hurt by the fragments of the gun when it burst — among these was my father. The President had just gone below with some ladies.

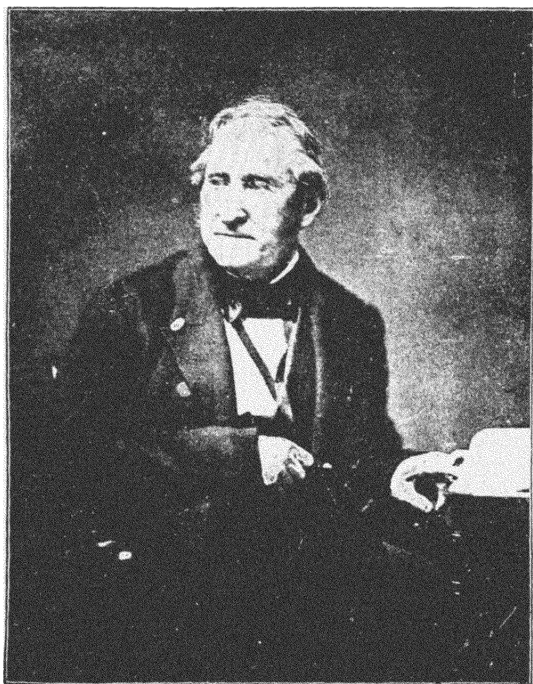
This tragedy led to his marriage. Miss Gardiner was very handsome and has retained great health and youthfulness of appearance. There was a little laughing at her for driving four horses (finer horses than those of the Russian minister), and because she received seated — her large arm-chair on a slightly raised platform in front of the windows opening to the circular piazza looking on the river. Also three feathers in her hair, and a

long-trained purple velvet dress were much commented on by the elders who had seen other Presidents' wives take their state more easily.

With all Presidents' families up to the time, including General Taylor's administration when his sweet and most ladylike daughter, Mrs. Bliss, received for him, it was usual for the lady of the White House to be at home as any of us would be in our houses ; and whether, informally, in the evenings, or on fixed formal occasions, you went there to see the wife or daughter, as might be, of the President, and to her you made your respects.

After the death of President Taylor I was away for many years and I do not like the fashion I found replacing this obviously correct form of reception. The long line of ladies in evening dress who "assist" now, take away the meaning and unity of the idea of making one's respects to the family of the Chief Magistrate.

Mrs. Polk who followed the Tylers, was a very proud, very handsome, very dignified woman who neither needed "assistance" nor would she have liked to share her duties of state. Erect, atten-



THOMAS H. BENTON,

tive, quietly gracious, she really did her part well.

She was also an admirable housekeeper, and brought order into the domestic managements, which was a great deal to add to all her other duties. It was a quiet house in her day, no young people, and no children. Following her came Mrs. Pierce — already broken in health and now heart-broken, poor woman. Fate, that so often fills the cup of triumph only to add a drop so bitter that we fain would put it from us, took all the life out of her life immediately after the election of President Pierce; their only child, a boy of twelve, was killed — shockingly mutilated — in a railroad accident, she beside him, seeing it, but powerless to help. Her woe-begone face with its sunken dark eyes, and skin like yellowed ivory, banished all animation in others. She tried but constantly broke down in her efforts to lift, but her life was over in fact from the time of that dreadful shock. Mr. Pierce, too, felt their loss deeply, but his was a more genial nature. He was a most amiable man whose friends remained always attached to him. He often received alone, and many a

pleasant gay circle gathered near the fireplace in the oval room and kept him amused.

Years before when he had been in the Senate he was much at our house and now he treated me as the child of old friends; although my father had refused personal intercourse with him from some political offense. Coming back as I did from a long absence both in California and then in Europe, Mr. Pierce propitiated my father by coming at once to call on me. Of course my father received him well in his own house and he made me go to the President's, "for," he said, "it is Pierce's head that is wrong—his heart is always right."

It was indeed as we had occasion soon to feel.

One day as I was with my cousin, Mrs. Preston of Kentucky, at one of her receptions, we were astonished by the apparition in the drawing-room door of her French cook in white cap and apron. He waved his hands towards the street, then gasped, "The house of Senator Benton BURN!" At the same moment a friend rushed in for me and we drove rapidly to my father's.

Thick smoke was filling the air, and a great

crowd stood helpless. What little water was to be had was frozen, and the house was doomed. Both houses of Congress had instantly adjourned, and they, and nearly all Washington, gathered in sympathy around my father. He, with one thought in mind, had reached there from the Capitol to find it too late ; it was impossible to save his library or the papers on his chief table — among them part of the manuscripts of the second volume of his *Thirty Years in the Senate*. My eldest sister, at the risk of her life, tried to gather these, but fell suffocated and would have been lost but for a young Irish groom who ran into the burning room after her and carried her into the air. A defective flue had quietly undermined the room over the library and its floor fell in on thousands of books and papers, etc. ; the smoke was suffocating. First sending her little children into safety, my sister had run down and turned off the gas at the meter — then tried for the manuscript on the library table. But for young Denis she would have died there. Her forethought prevented explosions and loss of life.

But all was lost. Like a proud ship full-freighted, the dear hospitable noble home went down all standing.

My house was but a few doors from the old home and there we were all gathered, more heart-sore than can be told, when the President came in — too moved to be able to speak at first — he could only grasp my father's hands and choke back his emotion. He had known well what our home was — what my mother had been in it — what a friend she had been to him in one turning point in his life.

He told my father he had been off riding when the news met him, and he had hurried to him stopping only at the White House to give the necessary order — “and you will find everything ready for you — the library and the bedroom next it, and you must stay there until you rebuild your house.”

That moved my father from his stern endurance, and the old kind relations returned not to be shaken again.

I, from the South, had one feeling about the Union. Mr. Pierce had a differing one. It

chanced that I did not meet him again from about the time of that fire, until in the height of our war. I heard some one speaking hardly of him as he left the railway carriage on its coming into a Boston depot — I had not seen him, and it was a chase and a push to catch up with him in the crowded station where, hand in hand, with a thousand home memories crowding on me, I spoke with him for the last time. It is simply impossible to give in this brief way any fair picture of the family life of the Presidents. But it has been such as Americans can be pleased to feel was in keeping with our national feeling of love and honor for home.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. MADISON AND MRS. HAMILTON.

I HAD the good fortune to be in Westminster Abbey and hear Dean Stanley illustrate the *Parable of the Talents* from the use made of the "talents" committed to their keeping by three distinguished men who had just died, and whose lives and deaths connected them with the Abbey—the Marquis of Westminster who had the talents of great family and social power as well as very great wealth, and whose right use of both is known; Mr. Peabody who also had the trust of great fortune and whose care for the poor of London gained him funeral honors in that historic church. Dean Stanley made you see they had been faithful to their trust.

His voice changed, however, and you felt how personal was the loss he had met in the death of

the third — a clergyman, his brother-priest, and sharer in the sacred offices of religion. His talent had been a voice of such noble meaning and beauty that, the Dean said, it uplifted the hearts of all who had heard him officiating in the Abbey; there was a suggestion that this rare voice would have brought him wealth and fame, but he had chosen to turn from the world and dedicate his powers to God. And then, in his quiet way, the Dean told of the great spiritual good this had led to.

But "I am nothing," young people will say; "I have no power, no way, to do great things." Naturally, not much while you are but twigs, but you can bend in a good or bad direction. See for yourselves the effect of different lives around you, and question yourself as to what use you are making of such gifts as you have. Youth in itself is a glorious gift and holds all possibilities.

Three women come to my mind as illustrations of this parable; one, as having kept hers "wrapped in a napkin." Each of them I knew in her very old age when time had put its stamp and verdict on the result; each had large talents entrusted

to her, and long life and conspicuous position in which to use them.

Mrs. Madison was one. As the wife of a President, and during the stirring war time of 1812, she had a governing position. She had the great gift of healthy beauty, and much clear common sense as well as quick wit ; but her crowning talent was her charm of manners. She had what the French term *courtoisie de cœur*, as well as the courtesy of form also. This, no selfish person can have. I once hurt the feelings of a very handsome, admired girl by saying no selfish person could have thoroughly good manners ; she was selfish to the bone and knew it, yet had so much good in her that she was not comfortable even when she did have her own way, but it ended in only feeling uncomfortable — not in trying to be different.

The Empress Josephine must have had much the same manner as Mrs. Madison. So had Madame Récamier ; I knew intimately well in Paris one of her old French friends who was part of her youth, as well as of her later days, who gave me a lovable instance of her prompt sympathy:

I have heard many things, too long to tell here, of Mrs. Madison's way of receiving in the White House. While she was talking with the more distinguished people her quick eye would mark some shy young man, or nervous-looking woman, not yet used to the society in which she was so naturally at home ; after the first part of the reception she always moved about the rooms as a lady would in her own house, and in her own bright natural way said something to any one, especially to these shy and nervous people, which made them glow with the pleased feeling that they were welcome and made to be part of her reception.

Mrs. Bliss, the daughter of General Taylor, had this same charming nature. With the directness and singleness of her soldier-father she blended a sweet, gentle gayety which those who knew her brother, "General Dick Taylor," will feel was a family gift. I was in the Senate from California during her time, and often took to the Presidents "my constituents," sometimes people of every merit but unused to formal society, and it was pretty to see how they lost their feeling of being

on guard and became as natural, and therefore as agreeable to Mrs. Bliss as to myself whom they knew and felt at home with.

Mrs. Madison's considerate happy manner outlasted time and change and many troubles, and made her house in Washington a place where strangers and residents went with pleasure — a shabby house, and the tall handsome old lady in shabby old gowns of velvet or brocade nowise altered from the fashion of her days of power. But she was MRS. MADISON. And in the Washington of my younger day name and character outranked appearances. No one questioned her wearing these short-waisted, puff-sleeved, gored velvet gowns, with a muslin neckerchief tucked into the low waist of the gown, and a little India scarf of lovely faded tones over it. A wide and stiff quilling of net rose high around her throat always — and, I fear me, a little rouge and powder were also in use to cover Time's footsteps; the bad taste of the day discouraged gray hair, and Mrs. Madison's dark row of curls was always surmounted by a turban. And with all this she was handsome,

majestic and simply dignified. And very agreeable — with a memory and kind words for every one.

She dined out often and was the chief person always ; and on New Year's day her rooms were crowded, for every one who was any one went there across from the President's. Mrs. Madison owned the house on the northeast corner of Lafayette Square, and Mr. Madison had left her good country property also. But her first marriage gave her a son who brought care and loss upon her ; and at that time there was not, I think, any pension to the widows of Presidents. She had the franking privilege, I know, but that did not carry living expenses free.

Mr. Madison had a fine estate in Virginia, but in those days of difficult travel he could not go there often, and so his absence caused losses, for the Spanish proverb is true, that "the master's foot makes the soil rich." When he was about leaving Washington he found himself needing five thousand dollars more than he had to enable him to discharge every obligation and go home without

debts. The old salary of twenty-five thousand dollars was at that time made to cover every possible expense of the President's house ; not as now when the public and private expenses are provided for separately while the salary is doubled.

The manner of getting this five thousand dollars belongs to a by-gone day and also it belongs in my family which brings it within my telling. A cousin of the President had married my grandmother's sister (the same who as a little child had been called in by her mother to reassure Gen. Tarleton's English officers by eating the green peas which they thought were poisoned) and the connection became one of friendship as well as by marriage. Our Aunt Madison was left a widow at nineteen, with two little girls ; rich, beautiful and most charming, but she would never re-marry. Her eldest brother was Frank Preston of Abingdon, who had every good gift in life and shared them in a large and splendid way. To him the President wrote of his need for this five thousand that he might leave Washington without a debt, and enclosed his note. And to him came the money

immediately — for family pride, state pride, and the universal feeling of mutual support among gentlemen at that day, made any other answer simply impossible.

Mrs. Madison's moneyed troubles were telling on her health, and Mr. Buchanan made it his affair to have Congress buy some papers of Mr. Madison's. The bill lagged as usual, and he only carried it by telling of the needs of the venerable lady and asking that her eightieth birthday, now at hand, should be marked by this act of relief; which was done.

Mr. Buchanan and some other friends were named trustees to the sum to secure it from the son, and when she died, not long after, the same guardianship divided it fairly between the son she loved in spite of his unworthiness, and her faithful companion and niece, Miss Dolly Payne.

A better inheritance, given by nature, came to a great-niece of Mrs. Madison — Adèle Coutts — who was fully the equal of her famous aunt in beauty and sweetness of nature, while every charm that polished training and associations can give,

she has gathered. She would have graced the White House had her first husband, Senator Dougless of Illinois, reached the Presidency.

Seeing her again but a few years ago, her freshness and added charm surprised me into asking her how she had kept the clock back? and suffered no change only increase of beauty. "Because I am happy, I suppose," she laughed with a lovely blush.

Mrs. Hamilton, the widow of Alexander Hamilton, was in absolute contrast to Mrs. Madison. I know well a portrait of her taken in her early married days, and her own refined self I knew very well in her many visits to Washington quite toward the close of her long, useful, but quiet life.

Her portrait is in the same room with one of Hamilton. When Tallyrand was their guest he asked for this likeness of Hamilton, and on his return to France had it copied and sending them the copy, kept the original. After Hamilton's sudden death, this original was returned to the young widow by the Prince, with a letter so feeling that you rub your eyes after reading the signature

with which such different character is associated.

The letter and portrait are among many historical treasures belonging of right in this home of a Hamilton. There is the portrait of Washington which he had had painted as a gift to Hamilton. It is put up on hinges and turns to any light wanted. It was deeply interesting to turn its serene, reposing countenance towards the quick dark young face of Hamilton, and the quiet high-bred young wife as yet untouched by sorrow. Her face is delicate but full of nerve and spirit; its long oval is made more long from the hair being brushed back over a high cushion, and the slim throat and long-pointed bodice add to this effect of slender length. The eyes are very dark and hold the life and energy of the restrained face. While the high-cushioned hair, the rich dress and conventional attitude tell of the woman of society, there is something deep and strong in the steady eyes and closed mouth which show a character of her own. She had not the beauty of her splendid mother—the wife of General Philip Schuyler, who, rather than let their crops be of use to the advancing English

army (advancing on *Saratoga* !) herself led her people in firing them. But the high resolute nature was all there when the young widow found in her own sorrow and her own orphaned children the motive for a life which should lift neglect and sorrow from thousands of children. Her "talents" were many; illustrious names and a powerful family, the tenderest sympathy of a whole nation, and her own pitying loving nature blended with a rare sense of justice—all these she dedicated to the care of orphan children.

Her grief over her own children took the form of protection of those who were poor and unfriended as well as orphaned. To Mrs. Hamilton is directly owing the first orphan asylum of New York. On its fiftieth anniversary a memorial service was held in the Church of the Epiphany (in Washington where Mrs. Hamilton then was for the winter) and the work and its greatly extended good were told over. The seed had become a tree with mighty branches. Mrs. Hamilton was feeble and could not sit through the whole service, but came only for a part—always, to the commu-

nion service. This Sunday she came in toward the close. Our minds and hearts were filled with the good work of this gentle lady when she entered — a very small, upright little figure in deep black, never altered from the time her dark hair was first framed in by the widow's cap, until now the hair was white as the cap. As she moved slowly forward supported by her daughter, Mrs. Holley, one common feeling made the congregation rise, and remain standing until she was seated in her pew at the front. Mrs. Hamilton, though receiving marked attention, preferred quiet, and returned but few visits. At our house one day a very young girl asked her if the story of "Miss McCrea" was true as told in the *Parley's History*. And she, in her kind way, told her the story as she knew it at the time — "when I was already a great girl," she said (she was never that in size). They knew "poor Jane"; and her father was so alarmed by the killing of Miss McCrea, that her mother and herself were not allowed to come to him — from Saratoga to Albany — until he could send them a strong escort.

Mrs. Hamilton retained her activity to great age. When I first lived on the Hudson River, quite near her son's home, it was still remembered how the old lady — past eighty — would leave the train at a way station and climb two fences in her short cut across meadows rather than go on to the town where the carriage could meet her. It was a delightfully historical house. Such an old, old serving man opened the door and ushered you into the square hall where the family tradition of service to the country met your eye in a fine life-size portrait by Staigg, of a great grandson — a young officer in blue uniform, with his cap pushed back, and showing the same dark eyes of controlled energy.

And the tradition of good works too goes on. Louisa Lee Schuyler has been given a controlling part in the State Charities and Reforms and, with the aid of modern conviction on the necessity of being your "brother's keeper," has wide scope in carrying out ideas begun so quietly long ago by her noble great-grandmother.

And now for "the talent hidden in the napkin."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TALENT IN THE NAPKIN.

WHEN the Government built a broad macadamized highway to connect the Ohio river and "western" travel with Washington, it was considered so fine a work that it was named "The National Road," and the public men connected with it made much reputation, and the contractors great fortunes.

The wife of one of these used to come for the winters to Washington, driving from her home near Wheeling in her coach-and-four. After the death of her husband she came less often and in diminished state, but always with conscious importance.

She had special interest in me, and always repeated for me the story of her saving my life: how I, as a three-year-old child, had (on our way to St. Louis) been seized with such a

violent attack of croup that my father had turned off the highroad into the nearest house — which was hers; how she instantly ran with me to where some boiling water was being used and gave me the saving hot bath — and how our people rested with her until it was again safe to take me on the journey. From which came our established attentions to Mrs. Crugar whenever she was in Washington.

Although she was not a congenial person she had a very clear mind, was remarkably well-up in national matters, and understood the reasons for our country's development. She was otherwise well-read also; but singularly without any sympathies. She had had no children, and though a very old woman when I was first grown she was perfectly healthy and hard and clear.

She had passed out of my mind until we were in Wheeling (West Virginia) in the early days of the war, where I had the surprise to learn she was still living and as clear-headed as ever though quite a hundred years old.

Her resolute living alone, with no one at all in

her house—even all servants locked out at sunset—had given ground to certain distant relations to petition for a guardian to protect her and her property. The old lady asked to come into open court and prove her capacity. She came off with flying colors. It was made sure she was not only distinct as regarded the past, but as her memory of passing events was questioned she triumphantly told the Judge of a business-scandal with which his family name had lately been associated, and was let to go her own way unmolested.

We were told it was a risk to make the visit, for she was a few miles out of town, in a hilly country; but I was in a light carriage, and accompanied by the General and a party of officers on horseback; men who knew how to look out and what to do if attacked.

It was lovely May weather and everything in beauty, but no work was going on, for all the men were in one or the other army; you can't think how sad it is to see war in possession of homesteads.

Coming out of the high, close hills, we crossed a gay sparkling river and found ourselves in the

meadows belonging to "The Stone House." All roads and paths were lost in the unchecked growth of many years and the long grasses smothered the sounds of wheels and horses as we drove quite up to the door. A long-closed door. The broad slabs of stone making its once handsome steps had sunk like old gravestones and lay awry upon each other.

It was a well-built house of dressed stone, very large and solid, with the usual detached kitchen and long row of "negro quarters." From these poured out a shining-faced, fat, smiling black crowd — old and young — scary young ones holding on to their mammies and peeping around at our group of uniformed officers — "Linkum's sojers." They scattered so when first spoken to that I followed up a woman with a heavy baby and made her comprehend we only wanted to see Mrs. Crugar.

"Ole Mis'?"

"Yes. Go in and take this card. Tell her she saved my life when I was a baby and had croup mighty bad, and I want to see her."

She was afraid to venture in but we made her, and she ran back, radiant; we were to come in.

Going back to the front door we found "Ole Mis'" had had it unlocked for us and the slanting sun sent its yellow light upon the thick, thick dust of the broad long hall.

In a large library lined with books we found, seated there, the old lady, who knew perfectly all about me and understood why armed men rode down her glen. She talked wonderfully of the conditions that caused the war and of one inevitable result; but all with no interest or feeling, merely knowledge.

She was carefully dressed in rich black satin with a cap of beautiful old yellowed lace, with its big bows of orange and red ribbons on top, and broad strings of the same tied under her chin; the inevitable false hair, dark, was framed in with rich lace quillings. Her age told in the skin of face and hands which were like crimped parchment, but the lips were firm, and the eyes, deep-set in wrinkled lids, were still dark and keen.

She had in her hand a volume of the *Spectator*, which she said was writing she liked. Her old books were the only kind she cared for. "But I

know all that's going on," she said; "I take a New York daily paper (the *Tribune* it was, as we saw by the pile on the table beside her) and the Wheeling paper. And when she wanted other information, "I send for my lawyer."

She never left the house and let no one come into it but for her few personal wants by day. Broths, eggs and milk, made her food; a bowl of milk and some bread was beside her on a small table — her regular supper she said, after which, at six o'clock, she locked the door and remained quite alone all night.

"But," I asked, "suppose you are ill?"

"Well, but I never am. Maybe you think I might die here all alone? So I might. But I have been alive over a hundred years and my time must come — and I might as well be alone then for nobody can keep it off."

She remembered her duties as hostess and said it might please "the young people" to go up stairs; there was a ballroom there and they might dance if they liked. "It's twenty-five years since I cared to go up there," she said. "Sometimes I send the

women up to clean but I don't know if they do."

(She looked after them with some interest then said, disapprovingly, "They are fine young men to be throwing their lives away.")

The young people found it so curious that they made me go up. The ballroom was across the whole front of the house, with many windows and a handsome carved marble fireplace at each end and deep closets either side of these fireplaces.

Like Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Crugar would seem to have kept all her fine clothes. The whole walls were hung thick with dresses of silk and satin and velvet, "pelisses" trimmed with fur, braided riding habits, and elaborately trimmed mantles of queer rich damasked black silks; while the closets had endless bonnets and caps and turbans — those bonnets of tremendous size and fine leghorn straw costing from fifty to a hundred dollars, and their veils to the knee of fine old English lace; gold and silver India muslin and fine gold embroidered cashmere turbans. Such things made a museum of fashions from about 1820 to 1840. Then seclusion had set in.

There were treasures of good lace in shawls and lace veils of great length — lovely things for front breadths. Some were in old English Honiton, a charming refined lace ; large capes with long sash-ends, in fine French needlework on muslin, and frilled richly with yards upon yards of Mechlin or spidery Brussels lace ; and there was a shawl and some flounces of yellowed Spanish blonde which it was distracting to see unused. Some India scarfs were left — we fancied the shawls might have gone to the negro quarters.

The air of the room was still and dead — only light ever penetrated there. Adjoining was a bedroom with all things in perfect order — to the eye. The plump high feather bed and pillows had their fine time-stained old linen, and on the toilet table which had the usual dimity cover and hangings was a large pincushion. One of the officers accidentally rested his hand on this when to his shock it crumbled into flatness.

The world astir outside — civil war in full progress — here the silence of the grave before death.

It seemed inhuman to leave her so. She said

we had best start, that we had four miles of hilly road and the country not safe ; “and it’s time for me to get to bed.” But as we looked back through the sunset at the silent house and pictured that solitary old figure putting itself away for the night, we asked ourselves if that life was worth living? And, by way of answer, above the ringing trot of the horses and clank of “sabre and spur,” rose cheerfully a round young voice singing out his favorite German war-song—

The bullets ring —

The riders shout !

We ride where Death is lying.

CHAPTER IX.

“WESTWARD,” HOME.

THIS “National” Road was after all only a broad macadamized turnpike from Washington to Wheeling where it met the Ohio and connected with all river navigation, down to New Orleans, and up to St. Louis and beyond; but to us it was vastly more than a road, for it was full of pleasures belonging to itself, and others that it led to.

St. Louis was so far that although my father went there every year the family could only go out on the alternate years when Congress adjourned in March. Now, one need give no thought to the two-days-ride in a Pullman buffet car. Then it was a matter of two-weeks-time, and many other considerations; the stage of water in the Upper Ohio being a deciding one. Also the return had

to be timed to avoid the keen cold of the Cumberland Mountains. So that the years we could only leave Washington in June we went to Virginia to my grandfather's place near Lexington; and while the grown-up people went to the White Sulphur Springs, I had the most ideal happy country-time alone with my grandmother.

Everything was so fixed and unchanging in that Virginia life that our constant travelling — though only at regular periods and between our homes in Washington to St. Louis, and the old home in Virginia — was in some way held almost as a reproach and matter for sympathy among the stay-at-home friends and relations. “They never did so.” What people do not do themselves, whether from choice, or because they have had no chance to try, often seems to them a thing that is wrong to do. Hans Andersen has a telling little story on this: “Five little peas lived in a pod; the Pod was green and so were they.” They went out to see the world and came back disgusted. “It was all different from what they were used to — even the sky was blue, not green like theirs in the pod.”

We were well shaken out of our pod, I assure you, by all the varied life we led. And our sky was very blue and the sweet mountain winds deliciously exhilarating as we bowled along this fine road among the beds of blue mountains in the early spring. In sheltered nooks the green of early wheat and the pink of peach trees would make a lovely little picture, but the road led mainly among stern pine forests and upland wastes of stony lands. Great inns — “taverns” was the homely name — made the night stations, but solitude was the governing feature. There was life enough in our own little party.

My father would see that we had one of the best “reserved” coaches, while the heavy baggage was sent ahead. Our coach would be packed at our door in Washington, with such things as children might need for a week; for we only travelled from after breakfast until late afternoon; it was not changed, but we had fresh horses every ten miles as the mail stage had. It was most comfortable, delightful “posting.” My father who loved horses would often drive, and usually sat outside; and if

we were very good we earned the privilege of "sitting by the driver" and seeing the four eager horses dash away as the black stable-men jumped back when they loosed their heads and cheered them off; that excitement over, came the talk of "upsets" and robbers and snowstorms—the literature of the stage-coach period.

Once on the Ohio, the "*Belle Rivière*," as its French explorers and masters fondly named it, a foreign atmosphere began to be felt. Life seemed easier and more gay already, than in the strictly English atmosphere of Virginia which also governed in Washington.

Already in Louisville, where we would stay over for a brief visit to relations, the talk was of their winter visits to New Orleans, and the Paris fashions, and the theatres and Mardi-gras and other festivities; and the very names of the servants were from what our black nurse with her Virginia prejudices called "that heathen talk" (*French*). That "Mis' Maria" should tolerate such a "heathen" name as *Polydore* for her butler greatly offended "aunt" Sarah's sense of right.

They have found in Australia that by planting common white clover on the border of the native grasses surely and steadily the clover will "eat out" even the deep-rooted native grasses and substitute its own little encroaching obstinate self; and so with English gravity and "decorum." It has conquered and eaten out every trace of the French life which still remained and flourished in my early day and made of New Orleans and St. Louis places as positively "foreign" then as any seaport and provincial town in France can be to-day.

The older people would not forgive France for giving them up to such antagonistic conditions, and generally they refused even to learn English. It was awfully hard on them. They were French, Catholic, and Royalists. By a scratch of the pen they were made one with all they had so long hated in the English, and to that was added our republican wiping out of all social distinctions. No wonder that in their ideas the term American included all evils, all disturbances, and increasing surprises of annoyance — including whole crops of American sons-in-law and grandchildren.

Sallow-faced, tawny-haired, with laughing black eyes, these young French-Americans were delightful gay playmates, and a great change from our English-fashioned young friends across the mountains. Language, customs, prejudices, cookery — all was as French here as the other was English.

Although St. Louis was not more than a *petite ville* in numbers, yet it had great interests and had a stirring life, much of which revolved about my father, who was the connecting link and powerful friendly intermediary between these interests and the Government.

General Clarke, of Lewis-and-Clarke exploring fame, was ending his days quietly in St. Louis where he had charge of all Indian affairs for that whole region; a distinguished-looking white-haired man who understood his trust and governed kindly and wisely.

When Washington Irving was out there a war-dance was held in the large council yard that he might see real Indians at their real life. I was very young, and the whole horrible thing, as they grew excited, threw me into a panic. A tall strong

kind-faced young officer, married to a favorite cousin of my mother's, carried me off and comforted me. He too is of the past, and it was his kind thought for his soldiers that cost his life. Had he kept his surgeon near himself, General Albert Sidney Johnston would not have bled to death from the wound he received at Shiloh.

St. Louis was on the border of an immense and almost unexplored Indian country. The caravans of merchandise going through it to Santa Fé ran all the risks you ever read of among Bedouins on the desert ; the hunters and trappers, as well as the merchants, started off into the unknown with only the one certainty — that danger was there ; and when they came back — if they did — it was as from underworld. Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis was a large and important military post which was kept busy enough. It ended much hard Indian warfare when they at last captured Black Hawk. I saw him when he was a prisoner at the Garrison — a real Indian and real old warrior, captive but not subdued.

The governing religion was of course Catholic

as this had been so lately a French possession and its chief people were the French settlers who were also the chief traders in furs. Priests and Sisters of Charity in their special black dress were everywhere in the streets, so were the army officers in service-worn uniforms, and the French peasant women wore, as in France, their thick white caps, sabots and full red petticoats with big blue or yellow handkerchiefs crossed over the white bodices; and with the Indians painted and blanketed gliding along in files towards the enclosure around General Clarke's quarters one would have been puzzled to say whose country it was now. On the levee negro boat-hands sang wild chants as they “loaded-up”; but already keen-featured, sallow men were going quietly but alertly in and out of warehouses, and council yard and fur trading houses — “white clover” which ate its way into possession of the pear-orchards and made them town lots, and built square ugly meeting-houses near the cathedral, and married the French girls, and generally changed the face of St. Louis “French” nature,

The houses were built in the Creole way ; a courtyard surrounded by a four-sided house with broad galleries all round, which sat peacefully in the midst of trees and gardens and orchards on the gentle slope looking to the wide muddy torrent of the Mississippi and the flat green plain beyond of "the Illinois." There was only one "main" street — very village-like and not over a mile long. The dwelling-houses were placed just where they preferred without regard to any future plan. The Bishop's garden and the Cathedral (where was the appalling picture of St. Bartholomew) were on a handsome scale, but bordered by little alleys of roughly-paved short streets. From these, by a garden gate in a high wall, you could go in to a great garden which was part lawn and part orchard, and well off from the street would be the large quiet house with polished inlaid floors and handsome, old mahogany furniture. They lived a most comfortable and unceremonious life among themselves and were friendly and hospitable to those they felt to be friends, but, apart from the chosen few, had open antipathy to "*dose American.*"

As in France, the young people in marrying did not go from home but had a part of the large house assigned them, and three generations under one roof seemed to blend smoothly in the family whole. There are some charming stories by a daughter of Guizot, Madame de Witt, and by Madame Charles Reybaud (who writes also of family life) which gave peaceful pictures of this way of living, not known to English peoples.

Growing up in its midst, I felt at home in all French domestic ideas when I lived in France; and Hamerton is right in his praise of many of its good aspects.

My father they knew to be their comprehending and earnest friend; *l'ami des Français* was their name for him, and his personal relations with his many clients in both New Orleans and St. Louis were warm and true on both sides.

They had been badly treated in the matter of land titles; it is the habit of our Government to disregard its treaties with helpless peoples, as we saw repeated in California.

Quite in the beginning of our war Prince Napo-

leon came out to St. Louis. He was deeply interested in our military movements, more especially those to be carried through this Western country. He could not be comforted for the loss to France of this noble territory. It was very interesting to see him on this ground. His remarkable likeness to the great Napoleon gave a curious historical effect to his talk. He had but the one day to give to St Louis and was to visit the troops, their camps and barracks and hospitals—all a soldier comprehends as essential to successful work. The first visit of course was made by the General who had sent to ask when he would receive him, sending also his Chief of Staff to let the Prince know what there was to be seen in military preparations, etc. The General's brief visit made, the Prince returned it within the hour, when he found a large mounted escort waiting him at Headquarters, to go everywhere with him. Not an empty form, for the strength of the country there was against our side. But the Prince forgot his brief time and the waiting guard, for after the first politenesses he squared himself round

to the General and began with what was on his heart: "*Comment mon oncle à-t'il pu se défaire d'un tel Empire?*"* and became so engrossed in this subject that he forgot all else and it was some time before he broke off.

Except in height, the likeness to his uncle, when Emperor, was exact, and it seemed almost as though the old Napoleon were rebuking himself as he realized the empire given away.

If you will take the map of our country and look up what the French held in the time of Bonaparte, you will understand something of the feeling with which the nephew now looked on this magnificent heritage lost to France.

* How *could* my uncle have deprived himself of such an Empire?

CHAPTER X.

SAINT LOUIS.

COMING back to Saint Louis always in spring-time, even after the mild winters of Washington the contrast was charming. The Potomac was a wide and beautifully blue river, but it did nothing, and was nothing more than a feature in the landscape, while here the tawny swift Mississippi was stirring with busy life, and the little city itself, was animated from its thronged river-bank out through to the Indian camps on the rolling prairie back of the town.

And it was such an embowered fragrant place in that season; the thickets of wild plum and the wild crab-apples which covered the prairie embalmed the air, and everywhere was the honey-scent of the locust. What the elm is to some New England towns the locust was to Saint Louis; the

narrow streets were bordered by them and they were repeated everywhere. My father had an affection for this tree and had planted a great many about his house when he first settled there—long before he was married. In my young day these were fine large trees. A line of them made a delicate green screen to the wide galleries which ran the length of the house, on both stories, and their long clusters of vanilla-scented blooms made part of our home-memories. Years after, in California, this delicate intangible link made a curious adventure for me with a person no one ever connected before with any good or gentle idea. It is a severe pull on my natural tendency to digress not to tell it now, but I will “in its place,” for it shows how loyally my father was remembered by old Missourians.

Not only did the blossoming town seem *en fête*, but everybody seemed light and gay, and my father, freed from the official and exacting life of Washington, reverted to his cheerful out-door life. The long gallery of the parlor-floor was his place when at home, even if light rains were falling. He

never breathed in-door air when he could be, head uncovered, in a bath of sunshine. His "settee" and a table, and "a colony of chairs" for others, made his favorite settlement, where the early light breakfast of coffee and bread and fruit was taken — by any number who might chance to come. I *never* heard the word "*trouble*" applied to household arrangements. For all we knew, everything grew ready to be served.

The day begins early in warm climates, and from early morning on, there was a coming and going of varied but all welcome friends. There came governing citizens to talk of political affairs. Much had to be only personal information in those days before railways and telegraphs, and when the plans of an administration were only talked over confidentially with its friends. The father of Mrs. Grant was one of my father's old friends and political allies of that time. General Grant honored himself by the honor and thoughtful attention he always gave to this venerable man who was a conspicuous figure in the Presidential receptions. After I had made my respects to the President and

Mrs. Grant, one or the other would be sure to say, "Now step back here and talk to Mr. Dent" — who always kept me sitting by him on his sofa, talking of my father and telling of the great contests they had gone through together; and when his memory failed calling me only "Mrs. Benton," but always lighting up with pleased remembrances.

There, too, came officers of the army. My father was their comprehending friend. Himself an old officer, and for twenty years Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, he was their sure and intelligent friend. With both knowledge and good will, such a position can be made of the utmost advantage to the service, as well as of personal advantage to officers. The certainty of sympathy and proper official aid never failed those who came to him. He was practically the Secretary of War in all those years, for he was a fixture while a Secretary is only a political accident, and in the War and Navy Departments usually quite ignorant of the personal as well as of the special requirements of service. Through such ignorance much injustice can be done, but in all my long knowl-

edge of Washington, I have known of but one Secretary who found actual pleasure in giving pain to officers and in thwarting all personal feelings, even family feelings.

The French neighbors enjoyed coming for their chat, and invariably brought some fine fruit or flower for Madame, who fully appreciated both the kindly feeling and the fine skilful cultivation.

There too came many priests who were soldiers in their missionary work, and had as stirring adventures to relate as the trappers and hunters who knew they were always welcome to my father.

And often, gliding past into my mother's rooms, would come the good Sister Elizabeth on active duty for her hospital—going away with a basket of useful things and many a solid piece of money from those on the gallery, with a "*permettez ma sœur*" and a warm "*Bon jour, ma sœur*" from every one.

Two friends of my father's were specially interesting to me. One a Spanish officer *and gentleman*, in the fullest meaning, who had served under Wellington in Spain; the other who was already a cap-

tain in the French army when Waterloo broke it up. Col. Garnier was much the elder. He had accepted his exile and its resulting poverty and sufferings with silent dignity. My father had a good knowledge of Spanish, but he always tried to add improvement to all his knowledge, and Col. Garnier and himself had a Spanish talking-lesson daily. He taught us our Spanish also. My father thought we ought to know the language of our near neighbor, Mexico, with whom closer relations must come. I was a great favorite with Col. Garnier. Some fancied resemblance to a little sister, won for me his kindest voice and the name of "Rosita." Usually he took the early coffee with my father, and if Judge Lawless (once Captain Lawless) joined them as he often did, then their talk was sure to fall on the Peninsular war. A sign would send me in for the maps and the box of pins — beeswax heads for the Spanish troops, red wax for the English, and for the French, black.

Never was that discussion ended. Not only day after day, but summer after summer, did those three move those pins that put the troops in differing

positions, and proved "what might have been;" but never did either of the three convince the other. For hours they would be at it; generally the heat of discussion would be stopped by my mother's sending out an iced watermelon or a great basket of fruit which was a signal they understood. *Her* feeling was English — without discussion. My father's mother used to say to us, "Your mother is English; and she has the English genius for home comfort."

This grandmother was one of our returning pleasures in going back to Saint Louis where she had lived chiefly after my father's going there. She was more English than my mother in nearness to the mother-country, but she had a singularly large unprejudiced view of things, and had outlived every personal interest except in my father and a few of her grandchildren. Both her father and husband were English — both scholarly men and misfits in a new country. My Grandfather Benton's library in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English, had been his joy while he lived and made the atmosphere in which my father grew up — guided

by his mother and his father's close friend, a clergyman, like himself an Oxford man, who put my father at his Greek Testament when he was but eight; at which age my grandfather's death left him the eldest son in a family of seven children.

My father has told me of the awe and singular feeling of loss of youth that fell on him when, after his father's death and a long illness which came on his mother, he was taken in to see her.

She was about thirty; a very tall slender woman with blue eyes that never lost their steady clearness. And, as all the Hart family, she had splendid long, thick, waving, auburn-brown hair. In her six weeks' illness this had changed to a silvery white—which, with her white and thinned face, so alarmed my father that he ran into a grove near by when he came out, and “had to war with himself to accept that shadow as his mother.” Nearly all her children died young; of rapid consumption, as their father had died; and the silent grief with which my grandmother bore her eighty-three years of life invested her with a dignity none intruded on. She had her wing in my father's house, and

her own old servants who knew her ways. A fall on the ice and a badly-set leg crippled her and caused keen suffering from rheumatisms for the last years of her life, but her powerful clear inquiring mind made books a great solace.

Our Virginia grandmother, with her unbroken domestic life, her active health and child's heart for simple pleasures, was just the opposite to my Grandmother Benton, who could not tolerate our sewing. "it is not good for your chest," she would say; and "you should never waste your time, doing what an uneducated person can do better for you."

One of her few pleasures was to have her hair brushed. This remained thick and long; so long that the thick plait reached nearly to the knee. When coiled around her head it filled the crown of the "mob-cap," as the widow's cap of that day was called, leaving only space for the band of black crape back of the narrow crimped ruffles. It was a pleasure to her and a privilege to me to let down and brush and smooth out this beautiful hair, and to hear her talk. Her extensive reading made all

countries familiar to her. She made on me, even as a young child, the effect of being *above* other people. And though she died when I was but thirteen I have kept the realization of a lofty and great soul. I know that my father and his nearest friends very often referred questions to her and deferred to her calm wisdom and unprejudiced perceptions.

In Washington all our lessons were had at home but my father did the important part of appointing studies and preparing us for our teachers, making broad and lucid what they might have left as "parrot-ing," as he expressed it. Here in Saint Louis we were let to go to school; chiefly for the practice in French among other children.

It makes me smile to look back at that word "school" which had not the first idea of studies, of punctuality, or discipline attached to it as I knew it. The going there each morning was as good as playing truant. *Never* could it happen that children of any position left the house alone, or even together. We were big girls of eight and ten and every one knew us, and the distance was

only a short mile between houses and grounds of friends; but to go without a maid was never dreamed of. We should have greatly preferred our French nurse, Madeleine, but she was not sufficiently important for such duty. Our mother's maid, "aunt" Sara, was. She had been trained from her youth up for her post — as was the Southern custom — and understood "manners." Erect, silent, holding a hand of each, she drilled us in manners as we went along. When we passed the small house of M'âme Desirée where she in *very* negligée loose gown patted her muslins on the sunny gallery, we had to stop if she spoke to us.

M'âme Desirée was the clear-starcher and fine-muslin genius of Saint Louis; too fat now, but still a most handsome quadroon who had a gay word for every passer-by. M'âme Saraah was a crony of hers, and when she would give us the good day and praise our neatness and good condition (as all due to M'âme Saraah!) we had to wait and listen politely: "You can't hurry her, because she is a poor working woman and it would hurt her feelings" — aunt Sara had never heard the words, but her con-

viction was that "Time was made for slaves," and not for little young ladies.

Then the garden doors of many pleasant enclosures would be open and, the various Madame Augustes or Madame Caddys* would be out in the fresh of the morning and the ladies themselves — also in most easy negligée — going about their grounds. If they saw us we would be called in and *cette bonne Sara* asked after Madame and praised for her *petites*. And with deliberation (time no object), some pretty fruit would be chosen for us and we would recommence our walk to stop again and again; for, "Madame Auguste is a lady and you can't hurry her" — in fact, there was no hurry anywhere.

When we did reach the school we were consigned to Madame Savary who did not teach, but who looked after us; a small vivacious Swiss-French-woman with a mania for making preserves and doing fine sewing. Monsieur Savary was capable of far more than was required of him. I think he

*The younger sons were usually called *Cadet* as the descriptive addition to the Pierre or Auguste or what not: the Americans got this into "Caddy," and "Mr. Caddy" and "Madame Caddy" hardened into use from repetition.

had put away his pride and resigned himself to what he could, not what he would, do. He was a spare tall man with flat black hair and gold spectacles and always wore a short-waisted very long and full-skirted frock coat of gray, with collar and cuffs of black velvet, a sort of uniform for teachers which you often see in old-fashioned French illustrations. He was quiet, gentle and forbearing, and had need to be so as there were about thirty girls, from six to sixteen — of course not a fraction of a boy in a French school — and not one with any intentions of study or habit of discipline; good-natured enough, but trying. They may have learned something. *We* were there only for easy handling of familiar French; and except some spelling, and reading aloud in *Telemachus*, I do not recall anything of lessons. But I won honors in whipping ruffles and hemming handkerchiefs for Madame Savary, and what was really important was when we, the younger ones, were permitted to help her make preserves. If a quantity of strawberries or currants were sent to her all hands turned in to prepare them. For the object my

father had in view, it was more useful than reading from a book and vastly better for health than sitting still on a bench ; for we adjourned, we young ones I mean, to the inevitable gallery, or the garden which was on the bluff overlooking the river. By one o'clock aunt Sara had come for us to go home and as this was our dinner hour we made no delays.

In French schools Thursday is the holiday. Saturday and Sunday, they think, make too much holiday together. But to us Americans the Sunday was not a holiday in their sense, where after mass all their children were taken around among their elder relations and it was a family fête-day.

We did not go on Saturdays to school. That day our mother had us get our Sunday-school lessons with her — telling us many interesting things and making them, as all our home lessons were, a real pleasure and improvement. Our Sunday dresses were decided on and each thing reviewed and put in order that no delay might come. All our dolls and toys and weekday story-books were put away until Monday ; and then we had as wild

a play as big grounds and good health and early youth could give. In this our French nurse Madeleine was a great factor; she was so gay and knew such beautiful songs and danced such queer dances in her pretty carved sabots that we doted on her.

Her family had come away from France, from near Bordeaux, because of the cholera. French people do not like to leave their country, the women especially, and these were well-to-do farming people. But the horror of cholera was on them and they came to New Orleans. There they found the climate would not let them work in the fields and they would have to buy slaves. So they came on up the river to the free State of Illinois, and bought a fine farm just across from Saint Louis. There, as the old man said, his own large family, girls and boys — could all work and his and their delight in the rich earth and easy ploughing was great. He had great pride in his vegetables and melons, and my father was capable of doing away with indefinite melons — both the great red water-melons and the delicate little cantelopes which the

French cultivate so well. Whenever La Mère had a specially fine melon she brought it to my father; and always we heard over again, and sorrowed with her afresh for the parting from their farm in France. One sister was in service with us, and another, Annette, was nurse in the family of my father's niece. These young ones were satisfied with the change; more than satisfied when they exchanged field and farm labor for the ease of life as nurses and the pleasure of wearing their Sunday clothes every day.

Sometimes, in a summer's day you feel, before you see why, a chill in the air. Something has changed; and though the day looks the same its sweetness is gone. So, in the summer I was about eight, this bright careless Saint Louis life seemed to chill over. At first we were only told we were not to go to school. Then, we were to play only with each other in our own grounds and no more little friends visited us or we them. The friends who came to my father on the long gallery were as many as ever, but they and he himself no longer had any pleasant leisure, but were quick

and busy in coming and going, and all looked grave. The tears were all the time on Madeleine's face and constantly she was on her knees telling her beads and praying and sobbing. We saw many, many funerals passing. Our house was on a sloping hill, and we saw to all sides of the square. Then, soon, drays with several coffins piled on jolted fast along the rough street, or a wagon-load of empty coffins would cross another street. Madeleine would run in from the gallery hiding her eyes; "Ah, *Mon Dieu*, it is all funerals on every side — *C'est le cholera.*"

It was the cholera; among a people excitable and ignorant of its treatment, who gave up to it as a fatality if they could not fly from it.

In this condition of universal alarm, when nearly all who could, fled from the town, even clergymen deserting their churches, my father thought it right for him to stay and give the encouragement and example of his presence. With his courage and sense of duty this was easy, but it must have been hard to him to risk my mother and all of us children. The Catholic clergy were

true to their post ; and among the Protestant clergymen who remained was a young man who became loved and honored there, the Rev. Mr. Potts. He became very intimate with my parents during this cholera time, and later, married a niece of my father's.

I was too young to know details, but I know how the Peninsular war was laid aside for good work from both officers among the sufferers. All were busy, and all needed, for a panic had set in and nothing is so cruel as fear. Our poor gentle Mr. Savary died — alone. Gay M'âme Desirée nursed others like a hero but was herself a victim. Our Madeleine became almost entirely blind — nervous paralysis of the eyelid from the terrified shrinking of the eye from constant passing coffins. Otherwise the disease did not touch one of our family and spared our nearest friends. Our house was a “ diet-kitchen ; ” good soups, preparations of rice, and well-filtered and purified water, it became the occupation of the house to keep ready.

All the water was brought in large barrels from the river and poured bucket by bucket, into great

jars of red earthenware, some of them five feet high. These jars had their own large cool room paved with glazed red brick and level with the street. The jars of drinking water and for cooking were clarified of the mud of the river by alum and blanched almonds, and then filtered. So much was needed now that even we children were useful in this sort of work. In that cool dark room the melons used to be kept, but there were no melons or fruit now — we ate only rice and mutton and such simple things.

The sad summer ended as all things must end, bad or good. *Tout passe*. When all seemed safe, suddenly my mother was taken down with cholera, and the nurse who had become blinded by one shock recovered her sight from this other. It was a bad illness, but with that one brush of the dark angel's wing our home stood as before.

CHAPTER XI.

SAINT LOUIS (*continued*).

IT so chanced that my marriage connected me still more closely with Saint Louis and all the interests of its neighboring countries because of their connection with the explorations of Mr. Frémont.

I would go with him to the Delaware Indian country on the frontier and stay until the expedition was ready to start; sometimes returning to Washington, and sometimes remaining in Saint Louis. The frontier of then is now Kansas, and its Indians and wolves and unbroken green stretches of prairie are only a memory; and the present conditions of quick travel and quicker information must almost prevent your having a clear idea of the uncertainties of those journeys. They were very wearing; and being so well understood

by the people of that country I was taken into their most friendly sympathy when month was added to month, and another year of silence began without any news from the party.

The old whaling days of Nantucket have these experiences as legends among them, where absence and silence lasted for years, but that was the sea. Here, on land, was then the same unbroken silence with its fears and anxieties, and its useless hopes. At one time, in Saint Louis, for eight months we watched every day, and each night made preparation for the sudden arrival of Mr. Frémont. It was fully time for his return, but we could not hear of him in advance. As fast as horses, and then the river boats, could come he would come — there was no other way to hear. So through the winter, through the spring, the lamp burned on until the sun rose,

Burned vain through the night,

as for Lochiel; and the pretty little supper-table was undone each morning to be set afresh for the next night — for eight months!

Toward the last a rumor came through Indian sources that the party had had a time of desperate suffering from snows and starvation; though this was known and discussed by every one it was kindly kept from me, but I felt there was something under the added expressions of protecting tender friendliness.

Things do not happen as we arrange for them, but as they arrange themselves, and the arrival was oddly different from our plans of welcome.

Early one summer morning we were roused by a message from my elder cousin to ask if Mr. Frémont really *had* arrived? (I was just then with another of my cousins.) The messenger said Gabriel (the coachman) had said so; that he insisted he had been waked by a lot of gravel thrown into his room through the open window; that in the moonlight he saw the Captain "in his uniform and thin as a shadow," who asked him if everybody was well, and could he let him into the house without making a noise? That first he took it for a ghost, but he made sure it *was* the Captain, and he answered I was at Mis' Anne's — that

Mr. Potts (my cousin's husband) was very sick.

"And then the Captain went off, quick, down town."

Poor Gabriel occasionally drank, so he was held guilty of that this time, as there was nothing at Mis' Anne's to support his story. But it put us all astir, for there seemed some foundation. My nurse promptly assumed the ghost theory and mourned accordingly when—enter ghost!—in the life, but not in the flesh, for he was awfully worn.

Gabriel was a proud man now that he was justified. Mr. Frémont *had* waked him as he insisted, and had hurried off from the stable toward Mrs. Potts' house, the parsonage adjoining the Presbyterian church. There, he could only enter by ringing, and that would rouse the family. Mr. Potts had hemorrhage of the lungs, and it would be a risk to him to be suddenly waked. Day was near breaking, so he thought he would walk about until some servant should be stirring.

The only green spot with trees was the open ground in front of Barnum's hotel, and there he

sat on a bench watching for the slow stars to grow pale. One of the hotel people seeing the uniform came out and hospitably offered a room, when he recognized Mr. Frémont, who explained his waiting there.

Every one knew each other yet, though Saint Louis was now a large city. Mr. Potts was greatly loved and this care for his rest was understood. Mr. Frémont could not refuse the offered room and bed pressed on him—the first bed he had seen in eighteen months. He had no longer any responsibilities, or anxieties; he knew we were all well; it was dark still, and so it fell that sleep came on him—the exquisite sleep of body and mind at rest—and this gave time for Gabriel's ghost story to travel from house to house, for the sun was well up before a break came to that deep wholesome sleep. And once awake he met such a welcome all along his way that we had become completely puzzled about him. The parsonage was thronged with welcoming friends, and we left for Washington with the most hearty good wishes for both of us.

After this, and with all my happy memories of Saint Louis, think how hard it was to go back there to the feeling that met us in '61—in the beginning of the war.

Everything was changed. There was no life on the river; the many steamboats were laid up at their wharves, their fires out, the singing, cheery crews gone—they, empty, swaying idly with the current. As we drove through the deserted streets we saw only closed shutters to warehouses and business places; the wheels and the horses' hoofs echoed loud and harsh as when one drives through the silent streets late in the night.

It was a hostile city and showed itself as such.

One gentle touch from the past softened this. My cousin herself was absent, and her family was in France, but she had written to her man-of-business to meet us and take us to her beautiful house where we had always felt at home. More than ever it seemed home now; the old butler, "uncle" Vincent, slow and gray, met and welcomed us, and from the wall smiled down in lasting youth and sweetness the young cousin who had known but

seventeen happy and beloved years. Into that upper parlor where the closer family life had left its impress many troubled men came and found moments of rest. My cousin insisted we should use the house as we needed and it became the Headquarters of the Western Department. Standing in its own grounds with three streets bordering them, it was convenient for the review of the regiments which came pouring in from neighboring States. This is not the place to begin to tell of that mighty time. I only speak of the bit of home surviving the storm of war and giving us this ark with some household gods still left in it. There came the good Dorothea Dix, "given of Heaven" surely, for the help of the insane and prisoners, and now of the sick and wounded. And there came, every evening, after the army left, the good Admiral Foote, whose heart was sore that the work on the gunboats was stopped and precious time being given to the enemy to fortify. And there came General Sherman while waiting orders — out of favor because he had said not sixty nor ninety thousand men, nor two hundred thousand

could end the war. And there General Grant was given his first command — and many and many a link of historical interest connects with that stately house which was now all that was left me of past days.

Though the old kind feeling crept out in side ways. Fine old linen, bottles of good wine, would be sent to me, without names, but with a line to say they were for the sick in hospital; and one said, "Not sent to the wife of the Yankee General, but to the daughter of Mrs. Benton who always gave to all needing help."

Of all wars none can approach a civil war for distressing complications. I went there in July with brown hair, and came away in November gray.

A later memory is of a beautiful day of honors and good-will and a revival of old friendly feelings which came comfortingly, and remains the governing impression.

In the summer of '68 I was invited to come to Saint Louis and unveil a statue of my father. It was a bronze, cast in Munich, and on the pedestal

were his words which time had made into a prophecy, though for many years they had the usual fate of ideas in advance of the public. I had seen persons smile significantly to each other, some even touch their foreheads with a gesture to intimate that much thinking on this subject had warped his mind — it is so much easier to imagine one's self superior than to be really so. "Men said he was mad, now they asked had he a God?"

For on this pedestal, where the bronze hand of the statue points *west*, are the words :

"THERE IS THE EAST."

"THERE LIES THE ROAD TO INDIA."

From his long intimacy with the old explorer of the Oregon and the instructive talks with not only General Clarke but many and many a fur-trader and trapper and "mountain-man" — from the missionary priests — from all sources my father gathered in and pondered on all he gathered of this great vague Western land of ours with its one only difficult harbor at the mouth of the Columbia.

He remembered that in the War of 1812 Com-

modore Porter, the father of our Admiral Porter, for want of an American port had to destroy about eighty ships taken by him in the Pacific. Many were whalers, and their loss told on London itself. It was said of Commodore Porter in Parliament, that "he had caused the lights of London to burn dim for a year" — but think of the prize money he lost !

It became my father's fixed idea, with a growth proportioned to the greatness of the subject, that this great West must be opened to emigration, and, when possible, a good harbor secured on the Pacific. You may say *the* good harbor, for there is but the one — that of San Francisco.

Was it not a good fortune that I should make the connecting link between my father's thought, and that thought made action by Mr. Frémont — between the thought that shaped and planned, and the plan made living by action expanded as circumstances gave opportunity !

Nothing would have been more easy than to have Mr. Frémont kept on duty in Washington ; but he had been already some years on the surveys of the

Upper Mississippi and had known the inspiration and largeness of the great prairies, and the stories of the Rocky Mountains and the unknown land beyond were already to him, as to my father, of the deepest interest. So the two minds and wills became one, and step by step their work was accomplished.

To me, the Westward history of our country has been not alone its public phase, but the fireside talking and planning the weighing of obstacles, and wise foresight of opposition — all rightly estimated, but none suffered to outbalance the one aim : the opening up of our Western country to the Pacific coast, and the acquiring more of that coast. Louisiana, Florida, Texas, all had been acquired in my father's earlier day ; he knew the opposition each had met, and did not intend to have it roused in advance to interfere with what he knew then, and what our whole country to-day knows, was a crowning advantage to our national strength — the holding the best port on the North Pacific. When there rose a cloud of war between us and Mexico the opportunity came. And it resulted in our taking

California. With his compelling will, and his political strength in Washington, and his certainty of long and complete understanding and faithful co-operation and the using of every favoring chance by Mr. Frémont, my father could act with apparent suddenness—but officially it was only giving the expected signal. And he knew who he had to rely on.

How it would have gratified my father could he have seen that splendid May-day fête in his honor.

Often I feel what a mistake it is to let our great men go uncheered by the vitalizing force of affectionate esteem in which so many have really been held. As a people we are growing more natural and direct in such expressions, but to reserve them for funeral honors can bring no comfort or strength then to the strong brain that labored for them.

The large Park was filled with a holiday crowd—over forty thousand, I was told. The children of the public schools, dressed in white, and, boys as well as girls, carrying large bunches of roses—my father's favorite flower, were grouped, many thou-

sands of them, around the base of the slight rise on which the statue had been placed; toward the valley below, the trees and shrubbery had been charred, leaving an open view of the line of the Pacific Railway.

By a strange chance all the family were dispersed — some in California, some in Europe. Only Mr. Frémont and myself could be present. And I took with me as part of the old home one person, my grandfather's faithful body-servant Ralph. My parents gave him his freedom after my grandfather's death, but after trying various things he came back to his own family and lived with us "on wages" as long as any of the elders remained. Then he settled in Saint Louis and was now a trusted man in a bank there.

My grandfather at a race in Richmond bought the winning horse, jockey and all—in the sad fashion of that day; the little jockey, Ralph, was from the Brandon estate of the Harrison's and called himself always Ralph Harrison of Brandon. Did not the statue mark wonderful progress in our country? not only the completed ownership and occupation of a

new empire on that Pacific coast, but there, and everywhere in all our country — free labor.

As the veil fell away from the statue, its bronze gilded with the warm sunshine, the children threw their roses at its base ; at the same moment the outgoing train to San Francisco halted and saluted with whistles and flags ; and when the speaker of the day dwelt on the public schools, and homestead laws, which had been cherished measures of my father's, who felt for all children, women and helpless people, all knew he deserved the words of praise given him.

He could not hear these ; but he had seen success come to his hope of a country bathed by both oceans — from his own home and hearth had gone forth the one who carried his ideas to fullest execution. And after many perils and long absences and doubts and fears all had ended like a fairy tale in everything his heart could wish ; for wealth and leisure came with the new country, and we were back with him — back, even to a seat in the Senate beside him for the one we had often feared would return no more.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW ORLEANS — PANAMA.

NEW ORLEANS was, as it called itself in old days, “a little Paris in America.” They held fast to every French usage and prejudice ; and, as the wealthy planters sent their sons to France and put their daughters in convents for their education, their ideas were so shaped that the younger generation remained as completely foreigners in thought and feeling as their fathers and grandfathers, who never ceased their resentment and regret at having been deprived of their French nationality.

Added to this came much worry regarding their titles to their lands. It is not an honorable chapter in American history that records our dealings with weaker peoples. The Louisiana purchase brought upon its old settlers much of the same bad faith and injustice I have seen imposed upon the original

holders of lands in California; notwithstanding the treaty so carefully made to protect them.

My father was the friend as well as the lawyer of many of these French landholders, and when the troubling law-matters brought them to the Supreme Court in Washington they were naturally much at our house where they could find their own language even among us children. One, Monsieur Canonge, insisted my sister and myself should come to a great dinner he gave my father on one of our visits to New Orleans. I was but twelve; but I am always pleased I was let to go, for it remains as the most delicately splendid feast I ever saw, though climate necessarily gave some of its most charming features.

The house was built on three sides around a court of fresh green with fountain and flowers, the fourth side being open to a lovely garden with all its tropical beauty brought to perfection by French gardening of the old stately school.

The first part of the dinner was taken in a noble room with all the silver and splendors of a great house; but for the dessert we went into another

room, large and lofty and opening wide upon the garden, where the moonlight was making fairy effects on the feathery foliage and changed the spray of the fountains to showering diamond dust. The table was covered with flowers, and all its service was crystal and gold; the Venetian glass chandelier, with its many wax lights reflected in the prismatic glass, was so wreathed and hung with flowers as to make a subdued charming light on the table which had on it only fruits and ices and fragrant wines. In a wide circle were young slaves in white, each with a great long-handled fan of peacock's feathers which they waved gently — fanning the air in the same way as the "*punkah-wallahs*" of India. Large mirrors lined the room and repeated this lovely picture of softly brilliant light on flowers and waving peacock plumes, and made an endless vista of the garden and fountains whose fragrant freshness gave both animation and repose.

Among these planters wealth had been inherited and was easily maintained in lavish increase. They had no need to take thought for to-morrow — their future as well as their past seemed equally secure.

At home in Virginia we had some few peacocks, but the effect of a warm climate gave so much more brilliancy and size to these plumes that my mother spoke of it admiringly; to her dismay, Madame Canonge sent to her the next day several of these great fans; it was dangerous to praise anything, it was sent to you at once.

Every morning one and another sent to my mother such quantities of flowers and fruits that it became embarrassing how to dispose of them.

One family we knew decided it would be for the future good of their sons to be "brought up as Americans;" so they sent them to Baltimore, to the Catholic College there. With them was sent their nurse! A fine-looking middle-aged French quadroon who could not understand why boys of ten and twelve could not keep their nurse at a college. She came to us at Washington, weeping and angry, to ask my father's intercession with the Reverend Fathers; for, "How can the children dress themselves? who will do their hair? and their nails?" she said.

Poor souls—they had no idea of the broken

fingers and other base-ball damages, or the rough, rough training English and American boys undergo.

Before these boys were half-way through life all this established wealth had vanished—its very foundation gone. No softness or luxury for them now. Yet such boys as these, and thousands more from homes as tender if not so splendid, proved themselves of noble endurance under every trial of war; and now under the bitter ordeal of lost fortunes they are rebuilding the South.

We are too close to the greatest period in our nation's history to take it in just proportion—the details are as yet the most conspicuous.

But it was an epic poem in action, and brought out character as only such rare epochs can; while it leaves us, as one result, the most honorable pride in all our people.

When it became too warm in town for our poor little invalid we would go across Lake Pontchartrain to Madisonville, a summer settlement on the deep, narrow Chifuncte River; its dark waters overhung and darkened still more by the great boughs of the live oaks. Just back of this lay

the pine barrens; all loose deep sand so thickly overgrown with tall pine-trees that the sun only flickers through their lofty green heads.

They show you the road cut through these for Jackson's artillery to come up to him for the battle of New Orleans.

Around the houses by the river were beautiful gardens, but the plague of mosquitoes was everywhere — day and night. The bird cages, even the chicken coops, had their mosquito nettings, and children played under portable tents of netting. This was supposed to be a resort for fresh air and reviving breezes from the Gulf; but after such warmed air as that the luxury of luxuries is a real sea wind that you feel blowing through and through you with clean sweet freshness and giving an energy impossible in "dose climate."

How I longed for such life-giving winds when I was detained nearly two months in Panama on my first voyage to California "in '49," for I too was an Argonaut. The steamer which had gone up to San Francisco, the first that entered that harbor, could not return for they could not get a crew; what

man would be a fireman on a voyage to the tropics when his two hands could gather gold in that loveliest climate of California? But what was good for the fireman was bad for us; each steamer on the Atlantic side brought its crowd for whom there was no transportation away from this unwholesome fever-land. Thousands were banked up in Panama watching for "a sail" like shipwrecked people. Any sailing vessel, unfit or fit, was eagerly taken by the waiting men; and badly manned and fitted out they took their risks of the sea rather than bear the ills they were suffering from the deadly climate. My stay there would have been most dreary but for that cordon of personal kindness and mutual help, of which there is so much that it counterbalances the selfish indifference of which there is so much too.

General Herran, the Minister from New Granada, was among our friends in Washington who had great interest in my voyage, which was then truly formidable. His family connection was large and important, and to some living in Panama he gave me letters of introduction; writing to them also of

my home in a way that made them take me into theirs, and their family intimacy. One lady, a widow, simply insisted on my coming to her and being one of her children — the “hotel” she said was impossible for me ; and a few days of it made me sure one need be blind and deaf to stay there. As the unforeseen delay stretched on from week to week I had increasing reason to be grateful to Madame Arcé for making me part of her home.

How pleased she was that I knew Spanish, and how it pleased my father to read my letters showing how his forethought had equipped me for the battle of life — that terrible ordeal from which no human love can protect the most cherished child.

My Saint Louis and New Orleans ways of living made this Spanish life familiar in many aspects. Here too were the houses built around a court, but larger, and having large gardens where palms and waving feathery-leaved cocoa-nut trees shaded the great tank which made the water supply of each house. There was no living on a ground floor. In hot latitudes health obliges you to live high above the ground ; where, lifted high, we had a glorious

picture of sea and sky of intense cloudless blue, against which the tropical green of the cocoas and palms and the rich pink of the oleander-trees made a feast of warm color. Their lives needed large houses for they concentrated on home. They only left the house for early mass, for very early, or very late visits among themselves, or a walk on the ramparts in the brief cool moments before the sun went down; in the sudden way of the tropics which makes you appreciate the Ancient Mariner's

Down went the sun,
Up rose the moon,

for sun and moon have no gradual steps at nine degrees above the equator.

But there is "no rush" among the people. "The land of mañana" extends over this Spanish-speaking people also. Among the refined and educated families I knew, this relaxing atmosphere had only made gentleness and a sweet simple courtesy the habit and rule of life. With children and servants also there was the same softened amiable manner. Narcissa and Candelaria (both colored),

one old and gray, the other vivid in her youth, were my special attendants — their trailing velvety voices, their noiseless movements reposed me as did the placid gentle lives of the ladies around me. With all their soft ways however the duty of head-of-the-family was well carried out; and it was sweet to see the grown sons of Madame Arcé coming to her in consultation on business, kissing her hand when they left, while she, laying a thin hand on the rich black hair, with an upward look to the shrine of the Madonna, had no doubts or questions to mar her practice and faith in a mother's love; and her orphan grandsons as well as her sons gave her the respect and love she so well deserved.

The rainy season came on, and with my homesickness, and the painful news that came to me of the sufferings of Mr. Frémont's party, I became ill, the fever going to the lungs. Now I felt the value and comforting of this tender domestic life. Had I been her daughter, Madame Arcé could not have given me more thorough care. Good old withered Narcissa would mourn over me that I was "so far from my own country" — *ay pobrecita! tan lejo de sus*

pais—and be pleased to tears when I enjoyed the refreshing preparations of fruit she made so well. When I was out of danger all the connection showed me their kind feeling. They had made special prayers for me at the Cathedral and one had vowed to supply the hospital with limes for the rainy season if I recovered. How all this touched my home people! Coming back through Panama a year after, I carried their offering to the hospital.

But this was only a rest by the wayside.

Into the quiet of a night there came the signal gun of a steamer. The silence of the town gave way to wild excitement as the imprisoned Americans rushed to the ramparts while the native Indians, always on the alert for excitement, crowded the streets dancing and singing and shouting, "*el Vapor!*" And when another gun announced a second steamer, it was Bedlam let loose. From our high balcony we saw big men crying and embracing one another with excited joy—it was the being taken off a desert island for them. One ship was from around the Horn, the *Panama*, the other, the

California, had managed to get a crew to bring her down. She had no trouble about willing men to take her up again !

The captain of the *Panama*, and a naval officer of our friends came at once to tell me I was to go up on the *Panama* which could continue her voyage, and so came the parting with these friends, but I saw them again whenever I crossed the Isthmus.

If when looking back to Saint Louis I feel its fresh life, cheerful movement and ample outlook in refreshing contrast to the metes and bounds and endeavors to repeat past phases of life of the East, how can I tell all that name, "California," represents ? If our East has a life of yesterday, and the West of to-day, then here to-morrow *had* come. It was discounted anyway, and made good too. What a dream of daring young energy — of possibility — of certainties — of burdens dropped and visions realized ! A man is half-way through life at thirty-five ; then he relaxes and rests, all the more if great success has come to him easily. He may fall back to the need for exertion, but the courage and impetus of great days remain to him.

California has of late been resting from her glorious youth. Now, soberer middle-age has come; but all that made her splendor is there — sure — and giving its returns for steady care.

To me it was the Land of Promise and gladness. Getting to San Francisco in the windy weather of June, a bad cough was added to the hurt to the lungs left by my Panama illness, and I was taken to the softer air of Monterey. I met there a young officer, thin to gauntness, and not considered more likely to live than myself. To that exquisite pine and sea air we each owe new life. As it chanced, we did not meet again until the end of our late war when General Sherman and myself, talking over those Monterey days, thought we had been of some use for people given up as “consumptive.”

I had gone up the coast fearing the news I might meet of Mr. Frémont's winter journey overland. Its cruel sufferings when he was midway, I learned at Panama, but kept on my way refusing to give up even in my own mind to the doubts almost every one had of his getting through.

At the first California port, San Diego, we met the news that he *had* arrived and hurried on to San Francisco. I think every man on the ship came to tell me and say a choking word of joy for me.

Then, and through all that voyage, when for the first time in my sheltered life I was alone to meet whatever befell me, I felt the comforting power of that manly friendliness our American men give to any women meeting the blows of fate; both my names were household words to many and gave an additional feeling of kindness towards me.

When Mr. Frémont was chosen Senator it sent me back to my old home — so that California brought me health after illness, and wealth and honors. There was my home. There was my future. When the death of my parents left me no divided feelings I no longer looked back; as every woman from Lot's wife through, must when parting from home. "The household gods are slow to consecrate a new hearth." Our war made a break and brought us back to this side of the country, and since then a singular and prolonged injustice on the part of our Government has kept my California home from me.



GENERAL FREMONT.

CHAPTER XIII.

CALIFORNIA.

IT is presumption to put that comprehensive name to this fragmentary brief paper, when the space given me would not answer for a mere index of the many delightful pictures memory brings up; episodes illustrating character under new and trying conditions, with results chiefly good—even under the test of sudden and great success.

My geese are *not* all swans as good Judge Black once growled at me; but I detest what is unlovely and of bad repute, and such things find no intentional remembering from me.

Even in '49 when we were pretty much in the conditions of shipwrecked people where each one becomes a law to himself, the element of good decidedly prevailed. And California does not owe

her beautiful harvests of grain and wine and fruits to fitful use of energies. To be sure the climate makes unbroken energetic health. A young friend, who had grown up in the interior, said very fairly when in Washington: "It is very easy to kept Lent here on shad and terrapin, but on salt-fish it *is* a penance." Winters below zero with pneumonia attached, and ninety degrees and sun-strokes for summer, allow no such vitality as is the rule in "that fair land of flowers." Exertion is a penance half the time here.

I wish I could tell you of my lovely camping-out travel for months; of my visits by the way to the ranches of the native Californians and their genuine hospitality and their good housekeeping; their immense families—fourteen, twenty, even twenty-six children, among whom sickness was unknown, and the wonderful grandmothers—all were proofs of the fine climate. One of these grandmothers, a Madame Castro, over eighty when I saw her, remains to me a type of this patriarchal and contented people as they were until we brought among them our American unrest and turmoil.

She wished to thank me in person for "Don Flémon's" protection of all women during the military movements in taking the country; she was old, so she sent me word, but would come to see me in Monterey if sure of finding me there.

I had the only carriage in the country — built in New Jersey for me and shipped out months before, so that I found my transportation ready.

The trouble of finding any animals that would submit to harness would make a story to charm boys. They had to give up and let me have mules however, for it made me wild with fright too, to carry on the experiments with bucking, rearing, backing horses, screaming and sweating with terror.

It was my Pullman car, for in it I could sleep by night, and go comfortably wherever wheels could go. The California women travelled but little and that on horseback, or in the slow heavy creaking *carreta*, a low wagon-body without a spring, with solid wood wheels, and drawn by oxen. I would not let the old lady be jolted in that way for me and went willingly enough to her.

The want of undergrowth, the beautiful grasses and wild flowers and the fine trees made all the coast-country look like parks, and the framing of landscape for the family picture was good when we reached the group waiting us in front of the long low house.

There was fashion, even here. It was "de modo" to wear on fine occasions a full petticoat of scarlet broadcloth with points of green silk, stitched beautifully point upward, as a border around the bottom. Over this a gown of the dull-toned damasked Chinese satin. Madame Castro wore the obligatory English scarlet cloth petticoat and her gown of olive satin was pulled through the pocket holes either side, making a good wattle effect. A small crape shawl of many soft colors was crossed over the breast and the ends trimly tucked back. Sunburned and naturally dark, she had still much of the rich color of the young women near her. Her brilliant black eyes were large and steady, and the thick white hair made a puff as it was turned back from the face and coiled in a large plait at the neck. Children,

grandchildren and great-grandchildren were around her, assembled to do me honor — coming forward, as she named each, with smiles that showed their beautiful white teeth — as fine almost in the venerable mother of all as in the Murillo girls. Her dignity of welcome, and the good she invoked for me in return for the care they had had from Mr. Frémont was sincere and impressive. And so beautifully free from self-consciousness !

She, and all the native people, were erect and of free firm movement. You could see that neither in mind or body had they known depressing influences.

I do not like to remember how we changed all that. A carefully drawn treaty had guarded their rights, but this proved of no avail.

They could not answer the searchers of titles as that fine old English Earl answered King John "Lackland" 's commission to search, and confiscate to the crown all titles not seeming to them sound ; flinging his big sword on the table among their parchments, "There is my Title. By their good swords mine ancestors won these lands and by my sword

I will hold them ;” for these were only a peaceful people, with herds and flocks and fruits and vines.

The men lived much on horseback and had excitement and pleasure in theirs and their neighbors’ cattle interests. Dancing and abundant but temperate feasting brought together the families, and though I saw this only in its dying phase, it was even then “enjoyment” — not as a phrase but as a fact.

The roomy long one-story houses with shaded courtyard and large high-walled garden made the boundary of the women’s lives. Here they overlooked diligently their Indian servant girls — baptized and “Christians” — who were good at fine sewing and in cooking food which was savory and wholesome. We could turn into any rancho and find this same contented orderly abundant home living; whatever they had was offered without explanations or efforts at varying.

No end of fancy needlework decorated their wearing and house-linen. They were amused that I should admire it so much; like their good cook-

ery it was the survival of Spanish convent-training, coming down to them in household tradition and therefore only matter-of-course.

All that is only a memory to them as to me. It was so strangely peaceful and contented I like to tell of it.

It would take a volume to record what I have seen of the amazing transformations made by our own people. The whole California chapter is one of the most interesting in the world's history — so rapid, yet so useful and so far-reaching that I can recall no parallel. One would have to go very much out of the beaten paths now to find anything peculiar or characteristic; the Bret Harte models, like the buffalo, disappeared before the railways, for peculiarities, like feuds, "cannot withstand social intercourse."

The heat, which becomes intense in these inland valleys, had made me ill and I came down, rather suddenly, from our mining place in the mountains to San Francisco and sea-air, getting a start of twelve miles by leaving home in the late afternoon and resting for the night at Murray's — a comfort-

able inn on the Merced river. The good bridge there, and Osborne's ferry on the Touolumné, and their two good inns, decided the route. Having our own travelling resources we chose our own hours. We had a pair of horses which made the eighty miles in two days, getting through in time for the afternoon boat from Stockton, where they rested until the return. In cool weather they had several times made it in one day, but that was necessity, and the man who always drove them knew how to spare a horse and was fond of these two. "Coachman" I cannot call him. He was a spare, wiry Tennessee Indian with enough colored blood to have been a slave; he had freed himself — sharply, I fancy.

For years he had been the most noted hunter, of grizzly bear especially, in all those mountains; a silent solitary man, who chose to stay with us. He loved money, but money alone could not buy his services. He was a "lucky" (persevering) miner and had lived to himself; but he had a thorough allegiance to Mr. Frémont, and when we went up there, gave to my youngest boy, a child

of three years, all the unused tenderness of an embittered nature.

He was a character; known and feared—no man ever “fooled-round” Isaac, and as he was absolutely sober and not quarrelsome (though swift and deadly in retaliation), he made all the guard I needed.

Soon after we left Murray’s in the cool gray morning, we met a “prairie schooner” with its twelve-in-hand mule team, and halted for Isaac to ask about the water in the Touolumné, a mountain river with sudden rises that scared me when the current made the open ferry-boat sway dangerously off from the rope.

They warned us we could not rest there the afternoon and night as was our custom. Mrs. Osborne herself had left because of diphtheria there, “bad.” That meant no rest for the horses.

Isaac never talked or exclaimed, but he knew how to act.

As carefully as possible he worked the faithful horses, but the heat and deep hot dust were hard on them. And if they gave out there was not a

house or tree or water for stretches of ten and twenty miles.

Isaac was alarmed too for me, and grieved for the little boy, who was as patient and reasonable as he was miserable. I did almost give out, but when you must you not only *must* but you *do*. One of the horses began to suffer; they could not know, poor things, why we hurried past the big barns and the cool shade of the noble oaks at Osborne's. When night fell still a long pull to Stockton, and Prince's back was a limp straight line with hanging head and stumbling feet.

Suddenly Isaac turned to me: "Now, don't you say nothing — I'm going to take you *thar*, to the Ten-mile House. Prince can't go any further."

This Ten-mile House we always gave a wide berth to in our journeyings — you could drive where you pleased on those flat treeless plains, and we were best pleased not to pass through that place; a "wagon-stand" with its corral and barns and smithy on one side of the road, and on the other a tavern, whose owner was a sinner as well as a publican if report was true; and the

nearness to Stockton made it a roughish resort.

This was about as bad as the diphtheria at Osborne's; but having recognized what must be done Isaac admitted no weak side-issues.

The moon was up and curious wagoners came forward — incredulous — as they recognized the carriage. A brief explanation from Isaac made them into active helpers about the horses, while Isaac leading, I and the child followed him up the path of the enclosure to the porch of the tavern where sat an enormously large old man who roared at us as we neared — asking, Who was it? What did we want that time o' night?

Recognizing Isaac, he moderated, but broke out afresh at my name — he wanted no (very blank) black republicans coming into *his* house — he wouldn't have any fine madam there anyhow.

The given-out horse — the child — the sick woman — “No! *no!* NO!”

“Go round the other side of the porch,” directed Isaac, “where you can't hear him. He can't come after you — he can't git about without help — and nobody's going to help him *this time.*”

There was a little two-pronged oil-lamp flaring away in the window behind him, and by its light I saw Isaac's thin features, all twitching with passion. But he controlled himself, and said only that he must see what could be done for the horse, and could I just wait on the porch?

"Well, but don't you be long about it! I won't have 'em here!"

"*C'est Croque—mitaine mamman?*" (the nursery-French for ogres and terrible creatures). The little man had eyed it all as a show, and until now had not spoken.

I told him we must both keep very still, and we moved off as far as the porch permitted; to be met by a trembling haggard woman with such a *very* young baby, who was listening in fear and begged me with tears to get away.

Another roar:

"See! Here—You! You can set in the parlor—come out o' that fog."

Venturing near enough to thank him, I asked to stay outside. The young locust trees were in bloom, and filling the night air with a dear remem-

bered home fragrance—"Let me stay by the locust trees. They reminded me of home and my father," I said, nearly crying; I was so tired and it was all so unexpected and miserable.

"Where's your home? Who's your father? What's his name?"

I answered: "Saint Louis"—"and Senator Benton."

"WHAT! Senator Benton? Tom Benton?"

And being satisfied of this, with a roar louder than any yet, he cried out for one and another until several men were about him; all was changed now—he could not enough shew his good will. His outcry had brought Isaac from the sick horse, and to him and to all he commanded attention to me: "You, Ike, you go round to the kitchen—there's a woman thar, a pore-good-for-nothing-sickly-thing with more children 'an she can handle and she's got another—I had to take the lot along with her husband and now he can't cook, he's down with the chills. Have that woman up, Ike, and make her wait on the madam.

"Tom Benton's daughter! Lord! how I did

fight for him them Bank times in Mizoury," etc., etc., etc., — "and there's young chickens and eggs — git the lady a supper."

While to another was given the order for "wine," and lo! bottles of various kinds (for *me!* a water-drinker by training and preference).

He meant it so well that, with the aid of my handkerchief, I managed to empty a glass of an explosive compound he named "champagne" without risking any of it within my mouth. I do not wonder that the loud cries, the queer surroundings, his big bloated form made the child think him an "ogre;" but he was now intent on hospitality and intermingled his broken recollections of my father, and election work, with sudden vociferations for more attentions to me. He had himself brought along in his great chair to the end of the porch where the locust blossoms looked like a snowfall in the moonlight. "Them locusses, I planted 'em to remind me of old Mizoury," and before long he was talking to me almost gently; he thought he had dropsy, and found a sort of comfort when I reminded him of General Jack-

son's long sufferings and death from the same disease. "That's so! I know that's true! Well, well, what's good enough for Andy Jackson's good enough for me."

He had not heard of my father's death. He could not realize so much will and strength and accumulated power, gone.

"What am I?" he kept saying. "I'm nothin' to nobody. Nobody minds me now I can't git round — they pretend they don't hear me call and I git mad. Well — I *am* glad to have Tom Benton's daughter in my house before I die."

He was in pain though, and had to be carried off, telling me to stay as long as I had a mind to — "jist you take all you want. Rest that horse," etc., etc., etc.

But very, very early that horse was on duty, and we crept into Stockton where a hot bath and a good sleep left no trace of our misadventures. Only to the poor "ogre" as to myself, a memory of the good influences of the locust blossoms.

On the boat I found the *Golden Era*, the literary paper of that coast, and in it a bit of description

I felt to be so faithful to the sort of man I had just seen, where the germ of good survived the wrong uses of a life, that it thoroughly interested me. I knew the editor, and, again seeing more such writing in his paper, asked who his contributor was.

“My compositor, a young man of not twenty-three.”

I had to insist this very shy young man should come to see me ; but soon he settled into a regular visit on Sunday, his only time of leisure, and for more than a year dined with us that day, bringing his manuscripts ; astonished by the effect of some, at times huffed by less flattering opinion on others, but growing rapidly into larger perceptions as he saw much of various people to whom I made him known. Chief of these was dear Starr King. It was an education in every good to know him.

But a man cannot live on praise as a hummingbird does on honey-dew. I was coming away when the war began, and our youth, “to fortune and to fame unknown,” was starting to Oregon to

become joint editor of a newspaper, when Mr. Beale came out as Surveyor General. He gave at my asking an appointment with a good salary to the unknown genius, and he gave him also his own valuable friendship; when he was leaving California Captain Rand who was United States Marshal of the State, repeated the kindness; and on his giving up office a friend of Starr King's who was superintendent of the mint there took up the chain of good will and again a good salary secured leisure and a quiet mind to the young writer.

He wrote me about this time: "If I were to be cast away on a desert island, I should expect a savage to come forward with a three-cornered note from you to tell me that, at your request, I had been appointed governor of the island at a salary of two thousand four hundred dollars."

By this time, however, he was well-known in California. I could not prevail on Mr. James T. Fields to introduce him on this side through the *Atlantic*, but his own "Heathen Chinees" soon after introduced him to the reading world where Bret Harte needs no outside help.

SOUVENIRS OF MY TIME.

(Foreign Series.)

CHAPTER XIV.

A QUEEN'S "DRAWING ROOM."

MY first visit to the old world was in thorough contrast to the strange and rough journeys into the newest part of our country ; even its accidents turned to unexpected pleasures for us.

To avoid the winter crossing from New York, we had taken passage direct to England by the West India mail line. This made some days' delay in Panama, but we congratulated ourselves on not being in the rush of our late fellow travellers who had to catch their steamer at Chagres before the following night. It was a most fatiguing journey before the railroad ; on mules half the way, then in open canoes down the Chagres river. The hot sun was dangerous, the night damp equally so ; and the alert robbers, who had every advantage among defiles and woods they knew well, made

another danger for any small party. We were to go over with the English mails and treasure from the South Pacific — we should have good mules and reliable Indians and leisurely travel. Meantime we would see our kind Panama friends. With this programme we settled to a “shore breakfast” at the French restaurant, where we were amusing ourselves with the characteristic self-confidence of its *chef*, who only answered to all our questions and preferences :

“*Soyez tranquilles ; Je, suis la, vous aurez un bon déjeuner.*”

But we did not get his good breakfast.

Mr. Frémont’s man came in hurriedly : “Colonel, there’s a bad report our steamer is burned.”

We quickly learned this was true ; the *Amazon* had been burned in the Bay of Biscay.

Here was a rush for us now ; we were off immediately with such poor mules as were left, carrying ourselves and our baggage, and such provisions as the lamenting Frenchman had ready.

My baby, a boy not a year old, was carried off on an Indian’s back in a hammock improvised

from a tablecloth, with a provision of chicken bones and crackers and a canteen of water. That Indian travelled faster than our lean little mules, and to my fright disappeared after we entered the hills; but when we got off our miserable mules at Gorgona there was my baby, happy, and quite at home with a group of native women. The good creatures had refreshed him with a bath, and made me comprehend they would have dressed him but he would not let them put on his clothes again.

With the earliest light we were in the canoe hurrying down the river as fast as possible, but it was nightfall before we reached Chagres. There was no need to ask anything; the answer was there in a man with a lantern (and a grin) on the muddy bank :

"Did you calculate to take a New York steamer?" A faint "Yes" from us. "Well, the last one went out at four o'clock."

This meant waiting ten days! ten days in a place so unhealthy that if any person slept on shore they forfeited their life insurance.

We took a day to rest and decide about returning

to Panama. That second night one of the Englishmen who came over with us, died. A healthy man, who went to sleep well, and was buried at sunrise.

You can fancy our relief when we saw, that morning, a trail of brown smoke on the horizon — lovely coal smoke — and soon a large steamer came to anchor.

Mr. George Law was visiting the ports of his steamer line, and took us off with him ; and this ended all rough chances and brought us back to settled order and comfort in all things. Although we had to cross the Atlantic from New York in March, after our care to avoid it, that proved good for us. Short as our stay on the Isthmus had been we were all touched with its fever, and the bracing cold was its best remedy. And never have I known such charming comfort at sea as on that rolling old *Africa*. As there was no other lady on board, Captain Harrison put the lady's parlor entirely at our service. It was the library also, and had an open fireplace, and the wind being right for a fire we had that luxury all the way over. Our table was served there and altogether, with

the cheerful fire, the books, and the children, it was like a fine yacht.

Everything else "rolled on velvet." At Liverpool we were met by a friend who took charge of everything, and we had only to let ourselves enjoy the pleasure and repose of all we found prepared for us.

The Marchioness of Wellesley, who was one of the three beautiful Miss Catons of Maryland — sisters who married great names in England — had been kind enough to take trouble that my rooms at the Clarendon should please me. She knew of our coming through a mutual friend, and my Virginia family was known to her. One room of the suite I found so bright and fresh with its new chintz and flowers and wood fire, that it added to my pleasure in it to know I owed this to her suggestion. She said the heavy dark hangings would seem gloomy after the brightness of America, and herself chose the chintz for slip covers for the curtains and furniture — asking first if I were dark or fair, that a becoming color should prevail.

We were fortunate in having home friends in the American minister and Mrs. Abbott Lawrence

who had been at both my homes in Virginia and Washington. They made our stay delightful from the first day. A young friend, who was much in Paris with her sister, took charge of the important matter of my dress; two years of California at that date put one out of civilization as to dress. A few visits to the authorities of the toilette, just to be inspected and fitted, and I was quickly arrayed like the lilies of the field and with no more trouble on my part. All my pretty things grew without thought from me while I dined and breakfasted with people it was a pleasure to know, and drove in the Park with some one who told me who was who.

Much seemed familiar to me from the English atmosphere of my earlier days as well as from books. My experienced friends would not allow of any sight-seeing, not even a look into Westminster Abbey. They were wise to keep me from fatigue, for "people pass away while monuments remain." (It was reserved for the Parisians to contradict this when they destroyed their grandest historical monuments.)

I did meet many persons, now gone, of honored and distinguished names.

My first evening was at the town residence of the Dukes of Northumberland, Sion House, now taken down and the space built over in modern houses. Its grounds sloped to the Thames and the extent and magnificence of the building were possible only to hereditary and entailed rank and wealth.

At the entrance of the first of many noble rooms stood the duchess, young and slender, but not beautiful, as she should have been for such beautiful surroundings. I am afraid it is only in fairy tales that everything comes out all right. Just by the duchess was a familiar face, that of Lady Bulwer, whom I had known well when Sir Henry was minister to the United States. Mrs. Lawrence had already introduced me, but Lady Bulwer said some nice things of me to the duchess which made the difference between a merely formal introduction and one that was kind and personal. Lady Bulwer also took me about the rooms, making occasional introductions and more often pointing out, and

telling me about persons, in the way only women of society know of each other.

Moving about by himself, silent and abstracted, was a very elderly man, never tall and now bent by age. "That is my uncle, the Duke of Wellington," she said. Going to him and taking his hand she spoke my name distinctly—it was but a few months before his death and he was failing—he bowed mechanically, and then, as a slow wave of memory brought back some meaning to it, "I know that name," he said, and put out his hand to me.

Modern training does not permit any expression of feeling, but before I slept that night I wrote this to my father ; of all I could tell him he would care most to know that the hand that had proved the hand of fate to Napoleon, had touched mine.

It was the Duke's habit to dine on his birthday with Miss Burdett-Coutts, he naming the persons to be invited. He did us the honor to include us this year, but a death in my immediate family prevented my going, and shortly after his own death occurred.

That was a bad habit I had of writing home when

I should be sleeping, for I needed all there was of me for each day's engagements, as my list for one day will show :

"To be presented to the Queen. Then, from the drawing-room to the Duchess of Bedford for four o'clock tea.

"To dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bates (the great banker), and after that the evening at Sir Roderick Murchison's."

He was President of the Royal Geographical Society and had invited its members to meet Mr. Frémont at his house.

Mrs. Lawrence had rehearsed me in all the etiquette of the ceremonial, and was satisfied with the ease and depth of my courtesy ; the result of much early drill and my mother's fastidious aversion to seeing a lady "bow like a man, or duck like a servant." And my court dress was also approved of. Here every properly constituted girl will ask, "What was it?" Because I was thinned and almost pale from constant travel — four crossings of the Isthmus in as many years — I had to abandon my favorite color, violet, and

avoid blues or greens. The brides and debutantes had the right to white ; yellow was impossible, for California was then only connected with its first idea of gold mines and *I* could not go, like Miss Kilmansegg, "clad in a robe of auriferous hue."

The result was what to-day would be named "a symphony in roses ;" we did not have the name, but the gown was "perfectly sweet." The petticoat of palest pink satin, with its tremendously long train of the same shade of *moiré* (then a new thing). Quantities of rich blonde lace bordered the train and softened the petticoat, and French skill had placed, everywhere, nestling among the lace, roses in all shades from red to white, as lovely and nearly as natural as those in my bouquet. The regulation three long plumes of earlier days had come now to shorter ostrich tips, worn high and joining the lace lapels which fell over the back of the neck. With some pearls, the whole was harmoniously rich and had successfully avoided being "shiny."

Writing for young people I may remind them

the Queen only uses the old Palace of St. James for state receptions, her town residence being at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Lawrence went early that I might see the Queen drive up, and secured a good place for me in one of the deep windows of the great room next the Throne-room where the ladies of the diplomatic corps and many great ladies were assembled.

A lovely woman of middle age came to this window and was turning away after a look in the direction the Queen should appear when with a sweet smile, and the very sweetest of voices, she said to me, "If you stand here" (where she had been) "you will get the best look — Her Majesty is punctual and will soon be here now."

Then, as I thanked her, she turned again and remained by me, and when I had a look of surprise at the Queen's horses, she asked smiling, "What is it?" I told her that I had not known horses of that color could be so honored.

"Only for state-occasions," she said. "It was always so."

"Because," I asked, "of the Spanish ideas that

governed England so long?" To which she agreed that it well might be, but she had never heard it questioned.

They were cream-colored with long silvery manes and tails—we know such chiefly as circus horses. You who are fresh in your histories will remember that queen of Spain, an Isabella, but not our Columbus-Isabella, who made a vow during a siege not to change her linen until the siege ended. It lasted three years. All her court had to follow her example and the deep tan-yellow to which their linen had changed was adopted as the royal color; known as "*Couleur Isabelle*."

I liked this as an evidence of the unchanging usage so precious to the English mind—"it has been, therefore it is, and must continue to be;" that is the Chinese-wall of English conservatives, and the barrier to larger, more modern thought.

This sweet-voiced woman was Lady Clarendon. "Of course you found her charming," Mrs. Lawrence said; "when Lord Clarendon was made Viceroy to Ireland her sweet nature and manner were counted on to help his work there."

There was so much to see I could not take in all, but I had seen the agitation of the diplomatic ladies who had gathered in little whispering groups and were evidently offended. A young and most lovely woman was as evidently the offending one. She stood apart and, though she could not avoid being conscious of the feeling surrounding her, bore it beautifully. She was exquisitely dressed in pink and silver brocade with row after row of wonderful pearls covering her alabaster-white neck — her fairness was remarkable — and with her golden hair and blue eyes she was absolutely beautiful.

Just as marked was their courtesy and attention to another lady who was also somewhat apart — these were evidently the chief figures in the drama.

This lady was handsome but not young; her train was of gold brocade embroidered with great bunches of flowers in their natural colors; the head-dress I recognized as Russian — the high velvet coronet covered with precious stones and the long veil of gold lace. She was the wife of the Russian Minister; the longest resident at that

court and therefore having right to the first place. Only an ambassadress could outrank her. And only an Empire sends ambassadors, and these only on unusual occasions.

But the husband of the lovely little pink and silver lady who was wearing the famous pearls of the Empress Josephine, had just been raised from minister to full ambassador; expressly that his country, France, might take the first place at this the Queen's first Drawing Room of the season.

Count Walewski was not only cousin to Louis Napoleon, but he was the exact portrait of the old Emperor. This was while France was just beginning to lift from the revolution of 1848 which had overthrown monarchy and, as yet, Louis Napoleon was only President. This forcing on all the representatives of European monarchies to recognize him as their full equal, even to making his minister take precedence of them all, *was* a serious matter. And the first brunt of their resentment was being met by the Countess Walewski. Though so very fair she was Italian, of the noble old house of Colonna, and she did not flinch.

But the doors of the Throne-room opened, and all things gave way to the ceremony of the day.

First of all, passed in the Ambassadors of France.

After her! Russia.

America came fourth.

After Mrs. Lawrence had made her courtesy, she presented me. I knew I must not look openly at the Queen, only notice her bend of the head in return for my low courtesy; then I was to make another, less low, as I passed before Prince Albert; and to the Queen's mother, and her cousin the Princess Mary, the courtesy was again to be slightly less deep. "Remember this," I had been cautioned, "Her Majesty is very tenacious of all marks of deference due to Prince Albert."

I remembered; Mrs. Lawrence gave me a look of approval as I took my place by her in the line of diplomatic ladies where I was to remain; and now there was nothing to interfere with my enjoyment as a looker-on. For two hours I watched that beautiful procession of English noblewomen as they made their obeisance, kissed the Queen's

hand, and then backed out from the royal presence. You could not turn the back to the Queen nor could you speak. It was all a splendid dumb-show. It added much to the impression to have no sound ; and as those stately figures glided along one after the other advancing, courtesying, and backing, in the unbroken silence the effect became dream-like.

In the open space between our line of ladies and the picture-covered wall, softly pacing up and down was the Duke of Wellington ; perhaps he should not have moved but he was not only privileged but no longer fully himself. Immediately back of Madame Walewski was a full-length portrait of George IV. If "those lips had language" they would have asked the Duke, "How came these Bonapartes here ? You defeated and overthrew him at Waterloo, and I imprisoned him on St. Helena." But the mere shadow of that mighty name proved enough to govern France again for almost twenty years.

At dinner that evening at the Bates, I came on another page of French history ; the family of Louis Phillippe had taken refuge in their house

when they escaped to London and it was deeply interesting to hear of that time from Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. Lawrence occasionally directed my attention to some special person — a look, a touch of her bouquet, or a name spoken low and, as school-girls know how, without moving the lips.

"The Duchess of Bedford," she murmured.

I had seen the Queen bend forward in friendly greeting to the little old lady whose look and even whose dress expressed weariness of such things, and yet a yielding to obligation. You could read her indifference in the old skimp train of purple velvet "freshened up" by beautiful old lace — but the lace was just basted on flat, and her hair was not dressed, but screwed up on top of her head. But around the scanty twist of gray hair was a ducal coronet with enormous diamonds, and the three heron feathers for her three Dukedoms. A comfortable high-necked and long-sleeved under-waist of white silk protected her arms and neck—it looked queer projecting from the short-sleeved and low-cut body of the purple dress, but over it were fastened several splendid necklaces—diamond, stones

of color, pearls, without grace or arrangement; you could see they were only put on because she had them and it was the thing to do, but she had no interest in them or her appearance. This greatly pleased me, it was in its way so English; so disdainful of appearances, so tenacious of fact.

The Queen made a beautiful picture. Standing above the level gave her an effect of height which was added to by an artistic arrangement of the royal robes. The velvet and gold hangings of the throne made a rich red background for her dress of white satin and lace. Her immensely long velvet train of royal-red lined with white satin was so disposed as to fall in large straight folds to the step below her where its rich mass was added to the length of the figure. The broad blue ribbon of the Garter crossed her breast, and diamonds covered her neck and arms, and gave out their light from the crown on her small and graceful head.

The Queen's countenance and manner showed she entered fully into each presentation. She would move forward toward women of advanced age — as the Duchess of Bedford — and her pleas-

ure in the swan-like white-robed brides was evident ; while her eyes followed kindly a blushing embarrassed girl too overawed to remember all her courtesys.

Prince Albert, tall and much handsomer than a man need be, dressed in some white and gold uniform made the completed and truly royal picture. I saw them both, to even better advantage, some evenings later. Each time the Queen made the same impression of womanly goodness combined with a look of power — a simple and unconscious manner, but that of unquestioned habitual authority. This was softened by her air of content — there is no beautifier like happiness and the Queen was seeing her best days ; her marriage was exceptionally happy and her children were in the sweet baby-time ; she had become accustomed to the cares of governing, and England was at peace. The Crimean War and the Indian mutiny were near, but no shadow was on this time.

CHAPTER XV.

QUEEN MARIE-AMELIE.

WE had a most reposing dinner that evening at Mr. Bates for, as Mrs. Bates kindly thought, I was tired from the long ceremonial of the Drawing Room. Two diplomats of distinction, who were also great travellers, had wished to meet Mr. Frémont quietly and talk travel, so we were but six at table.

When it is a large dinner, you meet, practically, but the one person assigned to you — this may prove a pleasure, but sometimes that one person may be stupid enough.

This time the conversation was in common, and charming from the wide experience and high position of some present, and the harmony of tastes in all. The table had a shaded light as for a home dinner, and in the space of a big English dining-

room the wax lights on the distant buffets did not tell on this quieting effect. I think I was at every variety of dinner in London : the heavy old-fashioned four hours of time and thirty guests ; the completely fashionable, of many people but over in the hour and a half to which modern ideas have mercifully reduced the sitting ; dinners, where the ladies " withdrew to the drawing room leaving the gentlemen over their wine," a solemn proceeding familiar to me in Virginia ; and the later usage also familiar to me in Washington of all leaving the table together ; delightful meetings with specially agreeable men, travellers, officers and pleasant people generally at " bachelor quarters " because I could not go to a club dinner ; but none pleased me so entirely as the subdued luxury of this little dinner of six, where everything was subordinated to the idea of repose and friendly intimacy. No tall candlesticks and vases and heavy silver things to block one's sight of the opposite person, but a large bowl of exquisite roses covered the centre of the table and let us all see and hear in comfort. But each appointment was an art-study ; the salt

cellar by me quite charmed me — a silver statuette by Froment-Meurice, eight or ten inches high, of Venus rising from the sea. The foam on the waves was real salt, just enough to excuse its being called a salt cellar, but the beautiful figure of chased silver with its burnished silver masses of wetted hair was a thing of beauty. Another was a Neptune reining in his fiery half-horses; these had to have more salt as they had lashed the waves to more foam than could the gentle Venus — “Born of the sea to show air and water are necessary to make beauty,” some one says.

Inevitably they spoke first of the event of the morning. This assertion of imperial power by France, still in name a République with a President, was discussed calmly but with full comprehension by men who had taken their part in other political upheavals — and in their downfalls.

Mrs. Bates told me that after dinner she would show me her souvenirs of the stay made at her house by the Queen of France (the wife of Louis Phillippe), when she escaped to England from the Revolution of 1848.

In a small boudoir at the end of the suite of large drawing rooms was a deep arm-chair in the chimney corner with a white satin ribbon tied from arm to arm, and fastened to its high back the inscription that there sat Queen Marie-Amelie during the days of dreadful suspense while she waited to know the fate of the king, of her sons, of her very dear orphan grandsons the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres who you know came over and served in our war. Only some of her daughters and daughters-in-law escaped with her — they too, anxious and most unhappy.

Imagine this poor mother's anguish. She was a good and a proud woman, and brought to the French throne a family life of affection, of personal example and insistence on an honorable atmosphere, never known in France before her time. She was of the house of Savoy which is simple, direct, brave, and true to its duty. Her grandson, the King of Belgium, shows the good of this blood in his sensible uses of power to develop commerce; and another near relative, the fine young King Humbert, showed himself as brave as his father

Victor Emanuel, in his conduct during the cholera in Italy. When the mob was howling about the Tuileries and sacking the palace, it was hard to get the queen away. "We will be murdered — we must fly," said Louis Phillippe.

"Where else should a king die than in defending his throne?" she said,

Then they were rushed off, not to know for days what had become of each other.

The Bates family were out of town and there were only some servants in the house. The little Duchess of Montpensier, hardly fifteen, sister to Queen Isabella of Spain and, like her brought up purposely in childish ignorance, could not feel the vastness of their misfortune. The royal ladies had of course only the clothes in which they escaped and, needing pocket handkerchiefs, gave one of the servants money to get them some and the woman told Mrs. Bates, the little Duchess slipped some money into her hand asking her to bring her also some chocolate bonbons — which naturally made the woman pity still more the unconscious young thing who had no idea of all she had lost.

There was an album of the Queen's letters, which was not shown, and photographs and portraits ; and when we came out of that pretty room I felt we had left a tomb.

After the shocking sudden death of the Duke of Orleans his mother had adopted as her own charge those whom her son had pensioned. Now, with diminished resources she carried out that son's wishes. An officer had been killed in Algiers in defending the Duke. The Queen gathered up this family again in England where the daughter (who herself told me this but a few years since) grew to be reader and singer to the Queen, and by her was suitably endowed when she married. The husband, an Italian sculptor, had vague dreams of great fortune in California. They came there, soon lost their capital in bad investments, "and at twenty I was alone in a mining camp with my baby while my husband was searching for employment in San Francisco."

One evening in almost despair she was singing her child to sleep with one of the grand Latin Hymns of the Catholic Church when one and another man

drew near, listening. To show she was not alarmed she sang to the end. Then one advancing told her they knew her husband was out of luck, but there was something for the baby until he came — a generous “something.” With her delicate honor she could not take this without return and said so; the way opened when they told her if she would sing for them sometimes “it would be square.” After that all went well for her. Her miner friends arranged for her to give neighborhood concerts that gathered in money. And since then as a teacher of music and singing she has long had independence. And the husband had also congenial and profitable art-work, so that California was good to them and they have kept it their home. She has kept also the high mark of the lofty and gentle training which fitted her by both example and education to meet reverses with dignity and courage.

At the house of Sir Roderick Murchison we came into another world. Here were men who had been to the uttermost parts of the earth, to whom privations and dangers in the pursuit of sci-

ence and knowledge were so familiar, so matter-of-course that they thought no more of them than the good soldier does of his battle scars. And there were also men of letters and distinction in art — a clear-eyed manly set of men who bore the fine impress of an animating purpose.

Coming together as they did to meet Mr. Frémont, there was naturally a more demonstrative outspoken manner than is usual; but when an Englishman of sense and good manners does not feel the need for reserve he is as open as a boy. We had a delightful evening leading to many pleasant things, and some acquaintances which have never dropped.

The expedition Lady Franklin was sending to search for her husband was about ready to start and we were asked by some of its officers to go the next day to Woolwich and visit their ships.

How doomed they seemed! Everything was so prepared for danger and loss. In the small cabin of the captain where a few books and some few pictures were to make his companions in the years of lonely absence from home and the busy life of

the world, we had the great pleasure to find he had included the reports of Mr. Frémont's explorations, and his engraved portrait. Under which on my card I wrote :

“Footprints” “that another,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.”

From the small strong little Arctic ship we were taken over one of the largest men-of-war just ready to be launched. She looked immense, high on the dock ; but the most interesting part of her, to me, was the diamond-shaped bit of wood inserted in her upper deck with its brass rim bearing an inscription to tell it was a piece of one of Nelson's old ships on which he had commanded, and for which the new one was named.

Years after when I was in Copenhagen we were taken out to the sea-forts on the islands that defend the city and where part of their defence is made by the ships sunk by Nelson in the “Battle of the Baltic” to block the channel ; and a Danish friend gave me a rare old engraving of that naval

engagement because of my pronounced admiration for Nelson. Through my Virginia side I was up in my Southey and Campbell and all they said of Nelson found echo in me which took life when I saw his old ships and the scenes of his battles—*not* from seeing his Trafalgar monument though Landseer did model the lions. Monuments rarely are satisfactory, especially where they go into allegory. When Landseer was left to himself no one could better express the feelings of deer and dogs. His dogs became at once household treasures. He was among the men of brains I was glad to meet at Sir Roderick Murchison's and I was fortunate in pleasing him enough to have quite a dog-talk with him, from a criticism he found good.

After so many people and places and exciting thoughts it was a good change to have a passive evening, dining at home and going early to the theatre.

But the theatre, too, roused a lot of thinking, for the acting was by the company of the Theatre Francais and the Queen, who was to be there, had

bespoken the play, *Pailliasse* — the best character of the old and famous Frederic Lemâître.

I had taken my little girl that she might see the Queen, and as our box was facing that of Her Majesty we combined many satisfactions. There can be no acting equal to that of this professionally perfected company where no detail is considered trifling but each part filled with truthful exactness, and an ease belonging with thorough training, and the feeling that it is their life-profession ; for after a certain time a pension is given, and the surplus receipts are divided among the members of this company. Every form of brain-work is better rewarded in France than in any other country.

Early as we went the play had begun, and the Queen was absorbed in watching its action. At the moment it was only action, for the principal figure was silent, though his countenance and movements told the story : a hard-worked tired man past middle age was tending a sick boy who lay on a straw pallet on the floor of a poor cottage ; while he was also making ready the evening meal of the family — that *soupe du soir* of the French poor

—cutting into the big bowl slices of bread from the long tough-looking loaf on which the soup will be poured when the rest come in.

His troubled grieved face — his gentle lifting of the boy who moans as the change brings only fresh-pain — this was the simple scene that was holding in watchful sympathy the Queen of England.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE QUEEN AND THE PEASANT.

TO understand the deep undercurrent of this play, you must recall the fury of the long-oppressed, ignorant French laboring people which in their Revolution found vent, like the rage of animals, in indiscriminate killing. While opposed to them were the nobles, who were equally unreasoning in regard to the causes that led to all this, and without pity or comprehension for the griefs of the class opposed to them. This feeling still controls in French politics. In the time nearer the Revolution it was intense. "Aristocrat," to the French peasant, was the embodiment of all evil; "le peuple," the same to the aristocrat.

If you have read Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, you will remember how well he shows this. It is better told in the good French writings on that

time — the Memoirs of the Duchess de la Rochejacquelin for one. Written when she was eighty and had passed through splendor and young happiness to grief, want and ill-usage by peasant farmers who would have killed her had they guessed she was anything but a weakly farm-hand herding their turkeys — on through wars, exile and poverty back to peace and such happiness as comes from relief from trials, this is a book to read that you may understand by it feelings that shape a nation.

It was a most aristocratic audience that looked on at this poor peasant making ready the food he has earned for his family. “Pailliasse” is the popular name given the travelling juggler and acrobat because of the straw mattress he uses in his performance. This man, tall, strong and of open fine face, begins to show the wear of time and his hard life. It is fun for the country towns where he exhibits, but all hard work to him. But he has a sacred purpose that keeps him from yielding to the wish for a little rest. His wife is very young, very delicate, a little broken in cour-

age and strength by early harsh treatment, and it is the joy of his heart to keep her in comfort, to give her what for their lot in life would be luxury. He, already advanced in years, had married her to protect her from the rough farmer to whom she was a drudge — a parish waif without protection from family or friends, and already her delicate young frame was sinking under harsh treatment.

She is always in his thoughts; he begins to talk of her as he cuts up the carrots and herbs for the soup and wonders where she and the little boy are at that hour — “walking in the fields. She hates the streets and the noisy people, but loves to gather flowers and walk alone.” Then she comes in with a little fellow who runs to the other boy on his pallet. “Do not wake him,” says the mother, he sleeps, he is tired, my poor little one.” The father has to tell her that the boy slipped and fell while standing on his shoulders during the afternoon performance. She is a slender, refined-looking and lovely young woman, listless in manner, but as she hears that the boy had fallen and was hurt she springs up in horror, cry-

ing that she knew it must come — that her children would be killed — “that horrible danger! How often I have protested against it.” Then like a woman possessed she cries out: “I *must* save them — I have no choice — I cannot see my children killed!”

Poor Pailliasse — he knows he must let the hysterical passion spend itself, but it was pitiful to see him feeding and tending the little boys with his sorrowful face turning in vain to the mother, who seems beyond control. On this the curtain falls.

Then the Queen became the first object. Prince Albert and two ladies-in-waiting were the only persons in the large box. We were directly opposite, we also only four in our box, and the Queen naturally looked again, seeing a little girl with respectful, intent look fixed on herself.

The Queen’s countenance was very interesting. The emotion of the scene had brought to the surface more expression than English breeding tolerates for common use, and she was talking easily with the others. Prince Albert looked a little

bored, but the Queen was animated, and though not handsome, as he was, yet more distinguished-looking, and with that quiet air of majesty of which he had none. Her dress was very simple, a pale blue moiré dinner dress with a lace scarf over the bare shoulders and a pearl necklace around the throat.

It was a great pleasure to the child to be so near and observe to such advantage "a real Queen" and find her so much like other ladies even in dress; and she knew the power and grandeur of the Empire on which the sun never sets. It was a good lesson to see this powerful sovereign as interested as she herself was in the family cares of a poor peasant.

The curtain goes up and again all is silence. In foreign theatres it is considered rude and ill-bred to make disturbing sounds, and when the Queen was present it was also deference to her to be silent.

This time the husband and wife are in deep conference. He told her the child's fall was his fault; that while he was balancing him on his

shoulders a fine carriage with four horses had crossed the village common, and that the sight of those aristocrats rolling at their ease while she, weak and suffering, had to walk, drove the blood to his head, and he threw out his clenched fist at them and so lost the balance for the boy — “they bring only misfortune to us, those aristocrats,” he said. Then she tells him those fine people had come to look for her and bring riches to them; that she had not been walking in the field, but had gone with one of them, their lawyer, to the inn, where a very old, white-haired gentleman who was sick wanted to see her. How he cried out at sight of her — how he compared her face with a little picture — “it was myself but with such beautiful dress and hair.” And how they asked her to take off her cap and the old gentleman wept as her long light hair fell in waves about her and called her his child and a name that was not hers. And he said she must live with him always, for he was her mother’s father — her mother who had been killed. And then *Monsieur le Notaire* stopped him, telling him he would be ill if he talked more

and now must rest; and in the morning he, the lawyer, would go and tell her the rest, "then bring her to stay with me and be a great lady and rich." And then the lawyer brought her home.

She dared not tell all. How the lawyer had said that she, the child of a noble family whose mother and father had been killed and their home burned by their own peasants, could not bring a peasant into her grandfather's home. That it would kill him. They had seen the poor fellow exerting himself in his parti-colored clothes and paint and found him impossible. They did not feel that but for his tender care the little lost aristocrat would have perished from want and hard treatment — they did not consider peasants had any "feelings," or rights that nobles were bound to respect; and so the lawyer told her of the good provision that would be made for her husband, while she and her children would be put in their natural place and lifted out of all harms.

Although she refused flatly to hear to leaving her husband, the thought had been planted like a drop of poison, and when she found her boy hurt

by the only way open to gain their bread, her poor brain grew all heated and troubled as to what was right for them.

What for their father now growing old? *Was* she selfish to think of her feelings? But this she keeps to herself, for she hopes to beg her grandfather just to give them a little farm and some money so they may rest. The lawyer is so kind — surely he will take her part; and she waits to see him, only telling a part of the truth to Paillaisse.

He feels with sure instinct that he will not be tolerated. But when the lawyer comes he goes off that she may be free to decide.

The lawyer is patient and cunning. "Of course it is painful — at first — to be away from the good man who has sheltered her, but he is already old and failing and she should think of him and the repose riches would bring him." "She is so often suffering?" "Ah, yes." "Already her husband exerts himself beyond his strength to provide for her helplessness?" "Ah indeed yes!" "And he has to train the little boys to the same risky business to take his place?" With tears, "Yes."

“Did not her husband marry her to protect her when she was a forlorn little nobody, and now that she knew she was a noble and could do everything in return and make his old age all-comfort would she be less generous than Pailliasse had been? Her grandfather is ill—he is in suspense—will she disappoint him and condemn her family to poverty growing greater as time goes on?” And so he leaves her.

Poor tempest-tossed soul! But she *must* decide at once. Pailliasse comes in, and in a storm of tears and grief she pours out her torment of indecisions.

With the exaggeration of unselfishness which belongs with great love, he tells her she must leave him. But the children he will not give up—they are his and shall grow up to earn their bread as he and his people have done. She begs for her children, and the mother’s feeling almost melts him when—unfortunately—she goes on to say it was not alone the danger, but already the eldest shrinks from it as she does. “Often I have felt disgust as they crowded about you with

their coarse loud laughs — there was something in me that rose against this humiliating future for him — I know now what it was — it was the blood of my race that which revolted at this.” (*C'était le sang de mon race qui se revoltait contre cette avenir de Pailliasse.*)

Here fell a dead silence. The woman is awed into wonder as she gazes on her husband who seems transformed by the rush of new perceptions coming over him like an advancing wave, with more and more cold dashes as he recognizes how his wife had been thinking of him — he who had been so proud of the strength and skill that enabled him to make her life easy. And that skill had only “revolted” her. He does not speak, but his eloquent countenance — the long look he gives his strong arms as he stretches them out, then lets them drop with a bitter smile — you feel “his occupation’s gone.”

At last his great manly affection for her dominates all personal feelings and he seems transfigured by the sacrifice of self as he turns with infinite gentleness to the frightened woman.

“You must go with your people. And take your children. Perhaps some day their noble blood may also be in revolt against the poor Pailliasse.”

With a cry of shame and pain she springs to his arms and refuses—refuses to go herself—refuses to leave the man who was so good to her when no one else was—“My life is in yours! I will never leave you—Only keep me with you!”

Down goes the curtain. My small girl was weeping against my arm. I was comforting her and drying her eyes (and my own) when I saw the Queen honestly pressing her handkerchief to her wet eyes, with her face softened to loveliness by sweet womanly emotion. Not far ahead lay the great parting from her husband which has so changed all her life. We Americans have to thank Prince Albert for his care for our country even when he knew his hours were numbered. The Queen's bias lay rather for the South in the opening of our war. Prince Albert, while not having perhaps the same personal sympathy as the Queen, had a larger comprehension of the kinship

of races and held it as a bond to be cherished and strengthened. The Saxon and Protestant peoples he felt should maintain each other. And he asked of the Queen, with the binding wish of the dying, that she would take no part against the Northern States of America. And in doing as he wished she went against some of her strongest advisors, and the greater part of the English aristocracy.

Do you want to know the end of the play? I do not know it myself. My young one was so unnerved that we went home, and though I intended reading the play there was no catching up any dropped stitches in that swift-moving time.

I hope it went well. I hope the grandfather gave them the means to keep happy in their own way. The child lost sight of in the terrible disorders of the Revolution had only known the hard side of life and it would have been misery for her to be made over into an idle fine lady, and the peasant blood in the boys *might* have proved worthy of their father and revolted at much in the new conditions.

But seeing the effect of that domestic picture on the Queen gave me such an insight into her own home-loving nature that by its light I have read her journal and realized how sincere it was.

It is said that of the Queen's ministers Palmerston and Disraeli were the two who had most influence, and this because they never forgot that she was a woman as well as a queen.

Soon afterwards, in Paris, while this dramatic presentation of class-hatred was fresh in mind, accident brought us in contact with the ugly real thing — one of the kind of adventures one is willing to have had — after they are well over — but most repugnant, and full of bad chances while you are going through with them.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MILITARY FETE DAY IN PARIS.

"Ma belle Ville de Paris."

THIS fond term of Henry iv. for Paris was perfectly appropriate to the beautiful city as we first knew it in 1852. Although during the allied occupation of 1814 Wellington had had its boulevards shorn of their noble avenues of old trees, and their great wooded Park the Bois de Boulogne, was also despoiled, forty years of Nature's healing work and much care and money made a beautiful new park. The English were as cruel as they intended to be in destroying trees which Time alone could create, but that indestructible love of beauty and grace which belongs in French nature had restored and embellished the many lovely gardens within Paris.

It is not the same now. It must always remain superb and beautiful, but other cruelties have altered and vulgarized its special features. The frenzy for building and speculating in city property which was the result of "improving" Paris during the last Empire, abolished the many charming gardens surrounding the buildings on the grand promenade of the Champs Elysée. These lit up that noble avenue as fresh flowers give their finishing touch of life and grace to one's toilette. The open work gilded-iron railings, or low stone walls of these ancient pleasure-grounds showed green lawns and flower-beds and tall groups of pink acacias, golden laburnums and everywhere, hedges of lilacs. Not the scraggly old growth of leaf and stem with scant flowering which every farmhouse knows here, but high rounded masses of bloom like huge hand-bouquets. Long skilful cultivation had trained these to a complete face of blooms — lilac, white, purple, and the feathery pink-lilac. "*Le moi des lilas*" was a fixed expression in French poetry and stories. But this was the Paris beloved by and written of by Beranger

and Balzac, and Madame de Girardin and Victor Hugo. Not that of to-day where hard stone replaces trees and grass and flowers.

When a railroad was to be built from St. Petersburg to Moscow the engineers were aghast to hear the Emperor call for the map; and, disregarding all the intervening towns with their necessities of trade and travel, he drew a straight line from the new capital to the old one. And so it was built.

In the same way, and on the now obsolete ground of putting war foremost, the map of Paris was taken by the second Empire and straight lines ruled remorselessly through streets and buildings. The one governing intention was to have them radiating in clear open lines from centres throughout Paris and connect with its underground approaches. Then, if the formidable "*peuple de Paris*" rose in one of their outbursts of fury, then — so they planned — cannon could sweep all these approaches and the Empire hold its power.

The best laid plans
Of men and mice
Aft gang agee.

The fatal attack was made from Sedan, and the furious mob burned the most royal dwelling, the most historically interesting palace I have ever seen. I cannot feel Paris to be itself without the Tuileries.

But this May-day of '52 the spring sun could not shine on a fairer, sweeter sight than the gardens of the stately Tuileries, the leaping fountains and groups of statuary in the Place Concorde, thence through the wooded grounds that bordered the Champs Elysées up the gentle ascent of the broad avenue to the Arch of Triumph that terminates a promenade and drive without its equal.

Not alone for its grand plan of which every detail shows cultivated taste and incessant care as well as outlay of money, but for its historic interest; and now the intensely interesting historical pageants again in action on that storied ground.

We came over from London to witness one of these. There was to be a grand military review on the Champ de Mars; which has for one boundary of its immense parade ground, the Hôtel des Invalides, where as you know old soldiers find

their honored home and where also is the tomb of the great Napoleon. On this field an altar had been raised, and the highest clergy of France were to be present and give their blessing to the standards which the tens of thousands of troops would receive at the altar as a religious duty; then, file past in review before the Prince-President and his staff, the diplomatic corps, and the invited guests, who filled the richly decorated platform ("*tribune*" is their word) on either side of him. We had the advantage to be among the invited and so saw everything in perfection.

But you can read elsewhere of great reviews. The *idea* in this was the main thing. As in sending an Ambassador to England, so now, in restoring to the French standards the Imperial Eagles — the emblem of France's proud years of Victory under Bonaparte — all Europe saw that the intention of this Napoleon was *not* to keep France as a Republic, but to restore the Empire. Therefore all the rulers of Europe watched this day as keenly and more interestedly than the vast throngs of Parisians, for to them it meant ultimate war for all

Europe. Looking back, the events string themselves one after another clearly, but History is not made as quickly as it is read.

We knew both English and French persons who had every opportunity for good political knowledge and their opinions and beliefs were of deep interest. Especially those of an elderly French gentleman of whom I shall tell you more later; for he was the embodiment of what was best in an extinct species — the “*grand seigneur*” of old France. First through the introduction of an English friend, and after from his own liking for both Mr. Frémont and myself, this charming true gentleman became part of our life in Paris, and the friendly intimacy was kept up by letters, and renewed whenever we returned to France while he lived. His eighty-four years had covered the most interesting century of modern times. Through his friendly care we were put on the “*liste intime*” and invitations were sent us for everything belonging with the fêtes and balls under the new government for all our stay in Paris.

We had to make an early start to get our place in

the file which already about nine o'clock stretched from the Place Concorde to the Champs de Mars.

If I am too detailed remember I am not telling this for those of you who have been there, but for others who, like myself at that time, found all new.

From every cross-street were pouring soldiers, very small men, but in great numbers. The short small soldiers astonished me. But long wars which used up the men had forced the women to work in the fields — often yoked to the plough with a horse, an ox, and, as I have seen even a cow — had lessened the vitality of the race, and the French army standard had to be constantly lowered until now their infantry was under five feet. A soldier of five feet eight inches is looked after and admired and the people exclaim "*Quel bel homme !*" "*Superbe !*" and they did not move silently and compactly like a piece of mechanism as you see them with us, but more like schoolboys parading on a holiday — laughing, talking, with loose ranks, but a look of "fight" about them all the same. As we drove down the broad avenue of the Champs Elysée, on

which we lived, to the square where the line of carriages was forming, the ground seemed all soldiers and the air all music; bands and drums and bugles kept such a ceaseless sound that the air was full of vibrations. The people were out in swarms; men in blouses, women in caps, gay and good-natured, calling out to one another and to the soldiers! who in the most unmilitary manner answered back with chaffing and laughter, turning to "keep it up" as they backed while keeping step to the music.

We had to move along very slowly and found this part already "a show." We also found that *les blouses*, the laughing women, the little plucky-looking soldiers, all, continuing on from the start through the length of the procession, all, instantly and heartily cursed us as we passed. "*Sacré Anglais!*" was their mildest salute, and when we became stationary in the file on the square the angry "*Sacré Anglais!*" became almost a clamor.

It was because of our unmistakably English equipage. We had brought over from London our whole "outfit" (as our mining slang would put it)

and the perfect coupé with its thoroughbred grays and the two Englishmen on the box, clean-shaven, fair, and impassive, acted on the temper of this English-hating people as the red flag does on the bull.

They *are* a very queer people. Carlyle says there are two natures — “Human nature and French nature.” We were to feel more of the unreasoning caprices of this French nature, but here the crowd was held back and channels kept open by living hedges of soldiers; some of these nearest us crowded close, looking into the windows, and growling rude words, when their wrath was changed to silence and looks of astonishment and apology. Simply because the coupé basket was filled with fresh violets and I wore them on my dress. It is, as you know, the Bonaparte flower. It is also the flower I love best and always have about me when I can get them. That, the soldiers could not know; but the sweet little things pacified them and protected me again later in the day.

That halt on the “Square of Peace” (whose stones were so often red with blood) was a thing

to remember. To the left was the Tuileries with its personal memories of old French royalty; its long dark bulk rising high against the blue sky. On the right, terminating the splendid vista from the Tuileries up the great avenue, rose the Arch of Triumph—the monument to Napoleon times—its marbles still new, and dazzling white in the sparkling sunshine. Back of us the Church of the Madeleine telling of the unchanging power of religion; while in front, across the Seine whose every bridge is a record of history, loomed above the Legislative Halls and the dark mass of older Paris, the newly-gilded dome of the Invalides, our point for the day. These, all, were rich in that vivid personality with which French history is so invested. In all directions was the dense picturesquely-dressed crowd, bordered by troops; and the air was full of shrill gay sounds that seemed to underlie the heavy cloud of military music rolling above us.

The color of our ticket carried us rapidly past the file to the entrance reserved for those invited, where in the large court-yard of the Invalides our

carriage was to wait and we were to return to it there in that quiet place after the ceremonies.

From the tribune we saw everything—the splendid altar, with the many groups of standards with their glittering new eagles again in position; the silent pageant of blessing these, and seeing the kneeling soldiers lowering the banners, then rising, march off proudly to their waiting regiments; no loose ranks, no chaff or sound now—when the French soldier is at real military work “he means business.”

Paris is so familiar with fine open-air spectacles that the people have their drill in the matter as well as the soldiers, and they go about their part as old play-goers to the theatre, appreciating all the points and scenic effects, criticizing and applauding, and giving an atmosphere of completeness impossible to the self-contained self-conscious English and American crowds, but all the more interesting to outsiders as it makes the show more theatrical and spectacular.

We met on the tribune an English officer, Captain Cathcart, who had travelled with Mr. Frémont

on a winter journey across the Rocky Mountains, in '48, and Mr. Frémont and himself made their own estimate of the troops reviewed; putting it at forty-seven thousand. The Paris journals said sixty thousand, but we found forty-seven thousand men under arms a very magnificent exhibition. Especially interesting was that small body which represented the past wars and glories of the Grande Armée. The others moved rapidly, passing at double-quick, and the Zouaves on the run; but these mutilated pages of history walked slowly, halted, and received a special notice from Louis Napoleon; and they seemed to have real feeling in their cry of "VIVE L' EMPEREUR."

Indeed the absence of enthusiasm among both the troops and the people was very marked; in these seemed to be an undercurrent of opposition or dull indifference. There was no hearty cheering. Sometimes applause for a special reason, as when the "Zou-Zous" made their spirited running, or the Veterans of the Grand Army came slowly and stiffly along, but for the rest you could see it was only one more day of show and excite-

ment; and for the night the theatres were to be open free; the government knowing that was a crowning joy of the people.

When we came out, returning to the court-yard where the carriage was to wait, it was not there. There were other private carriages which quickly drove off, but we could not get any satisfactory account as to why or when ours had left, or how it was to be found. Nor were there any public conveyances. We found ourselves completely "left;" and the guards said politely but positively, the gates must be closed.

The dispersing crowds, like waters from a broken dyke, were pouring by in masses and it was like venturing into the surf to go among them. But it had to be done. With proper walking things and clear streets it would have been only a good long walk from the Invalides to the upper end of the Champs Elyseé, but my elaborate long dress of silk and lace hampered me and the high heels of my silk boots caught between the cobble stones.

Most fortunately we were taken for French ; and soon saw the protection this made, for two very elegant and handsome English girls and, evidently from the likeness, their brother, had been caught in an eddy of the crowd just near us and were getting the most offensive — even cruel treatment — from women all about them. Apparently they did not speak French, and the brother was only making matters worse by giving way to his indignation in vigorous English. We saw his hat knocked off and his coat-skirts torn away and flourished from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd like captured flags with derisive shouts of “*A bas les Anglais;*” and a woman pulled the long yellow curls of one of the girls making the tears spring to her eyes from the pain and insult, while the “*Sacré Anglais*” flew thick around them, just as they had sworn at our English equipage in the morning. It was but a light example of the dreadful scenes so often known to those streets during their revolution.

I was very differently treated, in fact taken under their protection. A woman took off my little

mantilla with its deep lace frill, made it into a compact parcel, and good-humoredly ordered Mr. Frémont to button it under his coat and take good care of it for it would be torn in the crowding if he kept it in his hand — “*faut soigner les dentelles de votre petite dame,*” she said, with that thrift and also the love for pretty things innate to French women.

The movement of the swaying eager crowd did roll and hustle everyone like stones upon a beach and all Mr. Frémont could do was to put both arms around me to keep me from being jostled roughly, in which the women aided him — encouraging me and telling me not to be scared — as they saw I was — and admiring and protecting my dress which they gathered up and packed on my arm. They all noticed the violets in my belt and hat which were as useful to me as a countersign.

We adapted ourselves to the situation and were careful to say nothing in English — explained that we had missed our carriage — thanked them for every help — and so got along; halting when the crowd halted, to let regiments pass, then borne along with its rush as it dashed across to another

street where there would be another halt for more and more regiments—the cavalry and artillery shouting “*gâre la bas!*” women screaming and laughing, men swearing and laughing, but not an intoxicated person among them, and so between halts and rushes, and in real danger from excited horses, we finally found ourselves near the bridge of Jena, where the sentries refused to let us pass. Nor could they be bribed. I wish to say here that in all that jam nothing was taken from our pockets.

By this time the stones had cut my thin boots to rags. We had had to leave home very early. Now the day was ended and street-lamps lit. I had gone all day on my morning cup of tea and roll, and was about exhausted from hunger, excitement and fatigue. Fright too.

Down on the dark river we saw a boatman in a dingy black punt, and hailing him we considered fortune favored us when he answered our signal of distress and took us on his boat.

I was only too glad to climb down the slippery stone steps cut in the embankment and find rest

on the damp seat of the little boat. And soon we were laughing at the boatman. He

Was nae fou'

But jist a drappie in his 'ee.

and very good-humored to us. Evidently believing that we had missed the carriage on purpose to excuse our getting off together and when he was told to take us as near as possible to some street leading to our locality he just smiled on us and said we need not hurry, he would promenade us as long as we liked. But he was open to a money argument and rowed fast, landing us at a quiet street where we caught a rickety one-horse cab and got back home, as Cinderella did from her ball, in complete contrast to the manner of our leaving. We found the household anxious and alarmed, for the carriage had come back early. Our men had been ordered to drive out of the enclosure; their ticket was not respected after we left; they spoke only English and they saw their being English made the mischief. They could not wait in the encumbered streets, so they had

the good English sense to come home. We had been uneasy for them, feeling the temper of the crowd, but no harm came from the day. A few days restored my cut and bruised feet, and I had gained a most unlooked-for insight into the true unguarded feelings of a French street-crowd of the formidable *peuple de Paris*. Something of it we had realized while in the carriage, but far more by their treatment of those nice English girls. We longed to help them, but were too far off; nor could we have changed the deep-rooted race-hatred which seems ingrained in the popular French mind. They did not mean to hurt those young English people, only to "give them a piece of their (French) mind." It was the tiger at play, but their flashing eyes and excited voices gave me a shuddering insight into what they could do when their tiger blood was fully up—how they acted and looked when the horrible mob of the Commune burned the Tuileries.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NOBLEMAN OF THE OLD REGIME.

OFTEN, in the earlier morning, I would hear a soft bustle in the anteroom and the sound of a woman's voice giving directions; then I knew I had a visit from our delightful old friend the Count de la Garde, and that his servant-nurse, Jeanne, was reminding him not to stay too long.

On the way back from his regular morning airing in the Bois de Boulogne, he would stop for a visit to me, then leave punctually in time for his mid-day breakfast.

Medes and Persians are fickle compared to French laws for the care of health, and regular and good food they justly consider as of vital importance.

If the Count forgot the hour he would be reminded by Jeanne, a motherly middle-aged upper-

class servant who attended him always. She would bring in his *douillette*, a long, wadded wrapper of gray silk — a garment resembling the long quilted Japanese gown — and wrap him in it carefully before he quitted the warm room. “We begin and end with women-nurses,” he would say; “men are not patient or sensitive enough for infancy and age.”

The good Count was already well past his three-score and ten, but he had no intention of dying yet. He used to say, “It is not the right moment just at present. I want to see the outcome of this political upheaval which has brought the Bonapartes again into power. *Je me cramponne à la vie.* * ”

He had seen so much ! He loved to tell me the personal inside part of all that terrible drama of which France was the theatre in his boyhood ; of his wandering life of exile and poverty in Sweden and England which followed ; of fortunes restored through Bonaparte — of the overthrow of “CE GRAND HOMME” ; the brief restoration to the

* In our expressive slang that would be “I do not mean to lose my grip on life.”

throne of the Bourbons, and their family cabals ending with the reign of Louis Phillippe. And now, again a Bonaparte. "Decidedly *I must* live on," he would say ; "*ceci m' interesse.*"

And he did live for ten years longer. Whenever I was abroad we resumed our pleasant acquaintance, and he wrote me the most delightful letters when I was back at home.

Dying, he bequeathed me a precious collection, which he had selected for me from among his treasures, to illustrate topics we had talked upon. My part was to listen, though my father's tastes and training fitted me to be the kind of listener that encouraged the memory and talk of one who had lived through those great days. There are in this collection original letters, and autograph and intimate personal letters, from almost all the members of the Bonaparte family. An ivory miniature by Isabey for which Bonaparte sat in 1804, other heads—one full of a stern cruel power, which I lent to the sculptor, Launt Thompson, as the true war-head on which he made a statue to order from France. Josephine from youth to age ; poor vain

weak tender-hearted Josephine; I like her thinned temples and cheeks and sunken eyes better than her looks as Empress; they shew both tenderness and character. And many, water-colors as well as engravings, of Queen Hortense. Through a marriage between his father's family and a "Fanny de Beauharnais," Hortense and her brother Eugene were his near cousins. The authenticated page from the "Golden Book of the nobles" accompanied these portraits giving the family connection in full. And there is a most interesting steel engraving of Josephine's first husband, the Marquis de Beauharnais; a head of the old type of nobles, not so much disdainful as absolutely unconscious of the world at large. Very handsome too. Thin, "lofty" features and an expression of extreme reserve and yet gentleness.

This same reserve and yet a most winning gentleness, was the characteristic of the Count de la Garde himself. A gentleness so innate that in telling of the most cruel scenes of the revolution — which as a boy of ten he fully appreciated — no harsh expression escaped him, which we might think only

befitting. "My mother, and all the women I knew at that time, remain with me as a vision of tears, of prayer, of tender consolation to one another, of constant secret endeavors to earn money with which to save some failing life, for all were made one common family by the common calamity.

His father had been one of the ministers in the last Cabinet of Louis xvi. His mother had among her family that gallant Count de Fersen, ambassador from Sweden, who risked his life to save those of the King and Queen. You remember how the pig-headed Bourbon lost this last chance by insisting on a hot supper — the time wasted to roast a chicken allowed them to be overtaken near the frontier and all was lost through the selfishness, the unrestrained greediness of an otherwise fairly kind and good man ; an uncommonly good man as Kings went in his time.

Another relative was the brilliant and famous Prince de Ligne, whose portrait is enough to explain the rage against "aristocrats." The moulding effect of habits of thought and action is frightful. We do, each one of us, stamp *ourselves* on our

faces, our gestures, and our manner of moving as well as speaking.

There is a collection of Watts' Portraits at the Art Museum here which is wonderfully in proof of this. But you can all see it for yourselves in the daily free exhibition of common life. The thing that tries me is the number of anxious or shrewd faces among little babies. The thoughts of their fathers and mothers have told on them — poor little creatures.

But the sweet mothers who prayed and worked, while tears were wrung from them by distress they could not remove, transmitted their saving influence too. Certainly no man could be more humbly aware of our human weakness and helplessness than the Count de la Garde ; the lesson of his life remained with him as its awful proof. But with this he had an elastic sweetness and light-heartedness, a simple philosophy of cheerful acceptance and intelligent shaping for the best of what did come to him, which has been a distinguishing feature of the good French. Of the common people as well as those trained to comprehension.

Paris was very homelike to me from the start. It was only a splendid amplification of the old French life of Saint Louis to which I had grown up. I was happy to have again French servants about me, and though it is diverging a great deal let me tell here that not one change was made among my first household there during a fourteen months stay. Two of them came back with me to America, one living with me fifteen years, and another twenty. I would write that I was coming over and when I reached Paris I would find the old servants ready for me if I was to make some stay and keep house. If to travel only, there was one man who was always ready, even coming here once when suddenly needed.

Going back after a four years' absence, I wrote from New York to ask the dear old Count to dine with us the Fourth of July. We landed at Havre the first of July. When he found the same men waiting on him at table, and had a favorite dish offered him and was told the same cook had prepared it as he used to prefer with a simple sauce-*blanche* (which means cream and chicken gravy usually), he broke

out into exclamations over our "wonderful American heads" that could organize such results at such a distance and when we had "that serious, that dangerous ocean voyage to make!" That ocean always lent us its own vastness and vagueness. The channel was his one sea-going experience, and ours was as three thousand miles to that twenty-seven.

We knew him first through an English friend who had said "You will find in him the lost type of the *Grand Seigneur*," as he was. Noble in all respects. And we were to him a study. He said I was "the first American lady he had known. Not but that I have met charming Americans, but they were not original; only charming copies of the Parisian women — *charmantes mais toujours des copies*."

Our living in a whole house to ourselves, our keeping the children at home and having the governess in place of a school, the baby, then a year old — all these surroundings of family "transported from continent to continent" and across "*Cette vaste Atlantique*" gave him new ideas of Americans.

“And you have the cleanly morning habits of the English too,” he said finding me always ready for his early visits; and my French, and my intimacy with the personnel of French life in domestic and political and military aspects all delighted him.

How much more was I delighted by him. My letters about him to my father opened an acquaintance between the two, and I became their medium on some interesting points of French modern history.

All these letters from me, many letters to me which I treasured, were in my father's house when it was burned in '55.

Tout passe.

From his family-rights of intimacy the Count de la Garde could ask anything he wished of the new government. Himself going nowhere, for excitements he avoided, he intended us to see to the best advantage all there should be to see. From the first military fête which gave back to the army the Imperial Eagles, throughout all our stay, cards were sent us from the Tuileries for every fête, or ball, or fine occasion where the Court took part;

both at home and at the great balls and fêtes given to it.

The English coachman and footman we sent back to England by the advice of experienced friends. Indeed the men showed so much fight that we should have been victims to their international quarrel had they remained. An Irish coachman who had grown up in Paris and was willing to conform to their street regulations, and a French footman, put us on a peace footing. One regulation was for the coachman to cry out his warning aloud as he drove. No London coachman on a private carriage would demean himself to this law. The street boys and men, "*les gâmins*" and "*les blouses*," rather liked to get in the way and get a little knock down. Then they had a right to a fixed sum in money from the carriage-owner and had a nice idle time in hospital. It sounded very vulgar to me to hear my man calling right and left, but all had to do so; "*Gâre la bas*" (Look out there), "*hey la bas*" (mind down there). But Peter was a good coachman as well as an adaptable man and we had no more bad advent-

ures. He too came over to America with an American gentleman to whom I recommended him, Mr. Charles Astor Bristed. Here he could drive in silent dignity which however relaxed into nods and smiles when he met in the Park our children and their ponies and would answer to their "Hello, there's our Peter."

I ought to be "talking Kings and Queens" and wars and fine fêtes, but the underneath of our lives — so much that makes its usefulness by an unruffled smoothness, and pleasant atmosphere of willing intelligent service — depends on those nearest us, servants as well as family, that I like to remember the good French servants who made so long a part of my life.

We went forth from a home-atmosphere of perfect harmony throughout, and most lovely surroundings, into the fine palaces and had nowhere a jar to the sense of completeness.

As it was summer the Prince President gave a "*thé dansante*" at St. Cloud, the favorite summer palace of Marie Antoinette, after, of Josephine. The town of Sèvres lies outside of its grounds and

the royal factory of porcelain furnishes some of the most beautiful objects in the palace. There was a most brilliant and exquisitely dressed company, but not, as at court in England, the old names and great nobles of the country. These would have suffered exile rather than make part in that society. But people are people to the uninformed eye and although practised eyes gave us a running catalogue with comments on those who were there, it did not hurt the picture to me. And having grown up among fine china and its lovers, I was most happy in the beautiful room where tea was served. The usual many mirrors repeated all the beauty within and the picturesque groups that walked on the terrace upon which it opened. Far below the steep hill was the Seine, and the Bois de Boulogne lay between the river and the city four or five miles away. A full moon was shining on this and made a perfect picture as we sat by one of the great open windows — opening to the floor as they do in France. All about the room were small tables with large comfortable arm-chairs and short sofas drawn up to them. The tables were inlaid with paintings on

china, the tea equipage, complete on each table, was of varied and loveliest Sèvres, the small tea kettle alone being of silver. There were in this way pinks and pale blues, and white or buff tea setts, and with the love for harmony in color belonging with French taste one would see ladies assort themselves to the color on the tea-table.

Louis Napoleon was even more dim-eyed and silent and absorbed than later, after years of security relaxed him somewhat. There was no "presenting." He entered, followed by a train of ladies and gentlemen brilliant in dress and diamonds, and uniforms, walked through the parted lines of guests, bowing (without looking) right and left, and seated himself where the diplomatic corps were grouped. With him, on his arm, was a lady, young tall and of great beauty of the dark order. Her very black hair was simply put back and coiled low at the back of her neck; with her clinging soft white drapery which had no ornament but a broad band of gold embroidery around the bottom, she looked like a noble statue — the arms were ungloved and quite bare to the shoulder, as everybody has worn

them of late without the justification nature gave her for there was not a line out of drawing in her whole stately beautiful person. A coronet, a collar, and bracelets of immense lustrous pearls fitly completed her classical toilette. This lady however only represented money. She was the wife of a banker who had staked great sums on the success of Napoleon. And he never forgot his friends.

The last time I drove through the palace grounds of St. Cloud was after the Franco-Prussian war. I got out and walked about the broken charred ruins of this lovely palace; but that night we saw it in its old loveliness and the moonlight drive home across the Bois was a dream of satisfaction.

Telling of it all to the Count de la Garde he talked much with me of the Prince President. He had known him, a child, at his mother's home in Switzerland, the chateau of Arenenberg. She would say of the elder boy, who was very animated and gifted, "Yes, he is all that — but my little silent Louis, *qui boude apart*, (who sulks alone,) has the head for governing. He loves power. He loves nothing else — not even himself." And

again the Count would say, *Ce n'est pas le moment de mourir ; il me faut le dernier mot de ceci."*

The next word was the formal declaration of the Empire December 2d.

Kinglake and some other writers have said the Emperor had not personal courage.

That day it was tested.

The Republicans who had put him in power warned him he should die if he altered the republican form of government.

We saw his official entrance as Emperor. This time from our own house as the procession came into Paris from St. Cloud and passed down the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries. Our house being midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the Palace we saw everything from our own balcony. We had been told privately, and were further officially notified, that each house would be held responsible for the conduct of its inmates. We were very safe that no shot or angry word would proceed from ours. There were some agreeable American friends in town whom we asked to come and breakfast with us after watching the parade from our

balcony, but judge of my annoyance when a number of persons — twenty at least — quite strangers to me, came, led by an American lady I did know, but would not have invited on this occasion as she was very much of a politician and loud in her denouncement of the Emperor. She had lived much in Paris and had always about her a set of wild-eyed long-haired young men who talked of Liberty and Tyrants.

There could not have come a set of people who could make me so anxious and uncomfortable. They quite spoiled the day for us, the responsible people. And they quite spoiled our pretty breakfast to my invited friends for all had to be altered to a stand-up luncheon.

It was a serious moment when Louis Napoleon came in sight. One shot, and confusion would return to France.

He had used the Republicans to get into power and now he was breaking every obligation to them. He knew he had deserved all their anger and hatred.

Whether he had courage or not I do not know.

What I do know is that I saw him ride, alone, no troops, not a single officer within forty feet of him to his front or rear and open space on either side of him, along the broad avenue densely lined by crowds. Quite separated and alone. His head bare. In one hand he held the reins. In the other his hat. Only his horse was to share any harm that might come to him. To us, the thrill of response to such evident calm courage, came with sudden conviction and the applause from our balcony was strong and sincere. The wild-eyed-men were good enough only to look their displeasure, while the lady who brought them, and who was wonderfully well-read, recited instance on instance where one act of daring had captivated and misled the public.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARIS.

THE English embassy of that time was more dignified and imposing in its receptions than the actual Court, which still remained at the neighboring palace of the Elysée Bourbon—now changed in name to suit the Bonaparte occupant.

When Wellington held Paris during the allied occupation he bought for the English government one of the largest and most stately of this neighborhood of palaces; where, with high walls and gates and a deep courtyard separating them from the street, they had also in the rear small parks with noble old trees. Apparently Wellington did not find it a necessary "military precaution" to cut down these trees. They make a stretch of wooded ground separated from the trees of the Champs Elysées by only a narrow street. Some of

these palaces have sold of late for many millions of our money. Wellington gave but a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for this magnificent framing for his country's representation. With that England gives an immense income to her minister there, and special allowance for all state feasts. That for the Queen's birthday was always the most splendid.

I was there just before going to the evening at St. Cloud I have told you of, and felt the marked difference in the tone of the company. The Queen's portrait, in royal robes, was placed as she stands when holding a Drawing-room, and was treated with almost the deference given to the Queen herself. The large picture rested on a raised dais, with hangings around and above it of scarlet and gold and the steps of this throne were also covered with the same velvet. No seats were in that room except the few reserved for the Prince President and his family; represented then by his cousin the Princess Mathilde Demidoff, as it was many months before his marriage.

We have no private buildings which give any

idea of those residences built by the great nobles before the revolution. The size and height of the rooms, their continued succession on the same floor—their splendidly frescoed ceilings and lavish gilding—the immense windows opening upon their own secluded parks reflected in the long mirrors lining the walls opposite the windows, made an effect of space, of light, of greatness not known to the richest private modern buildings.

From the main body of the house stretched a long wing on either side ; one being the state dining-room, the other the ball-room. This opened by a high, draperied arch to the “Throne-room,” and as seen from the ball-room the Queen herself appeared to be looking on.

This night England’s royal flower, the Rose, was the only flower used for the decorations. The walls of the lofty ball-room were entirely covered by growing roses, a clever framework of wood upholding the blooming plants which were so arranged that only a surface of continued roses and fresh green leaves met the eye. Garlands of roses swung across the faces of the mirrors, and

the dark rich frescos of the ceiling and polished dark inlaid floor framed in all this sweet blush of color. Only wax-lights were used in the many chandeliers and side-lights of quivering prismatic Venetian glass.

All wore roses — on the dress and in their bouquets. The open space between the wings had been roofed over, far overhead, with a scarlet striped awning — and converted into a rose-garden; mosses covering the pots, and rich green carpeting making the paths. Surrounding this was, on three sides, the illuminated palace with music floating on the air from its many open windows, and from the band placed in the grounds on the fourth side.

The Minister himself was Lord Cowley (whose father had for so long resided there as Minister before him), the nephew of the Duke of Wellington. It added to the feeling of English permanence and stability to have one family in this manner representing their country for nearly half a century.

The best French as well as the best English

and other society met there. Very clearly-defined differences among them, but all of the proper subdued dignified tone belonging with the presence of royalty. There was nothing of this at St. Cloud. That was only a gathering of well-bred and beautifully dressed people of good society in a lovely old palace. But there was no special imprint of idea — no unity or undertone that one feels without reasoning over.

The supper-room was equally superb. An English friend who lived chiefly in Paris made the evening complete by his knowledge of everyone. An old Washington friend of my mother's was then a guest of Lady Cowley and had known me from my babyhood. Her father, Governor Vanness of Vermont, had known Lafayette well and had him much at his house. Later when Governor Vanness was Minister to Spain, his two daughters were married while they were abroad; one to an American, Mr. Roosevelt, the bride being invited by Lafayette, who seems to have always cherished his American associations, to spend the honeymoon at his country seat, La Grange; the other

married an Englishman, Sir Gore Ouseley, and, though living in India and England, yet kept her warm recollections of American friends. Lady Cowley was also sister-in-law to my friend Lady Bulwer, so I was among people who knew me and I felt all the more pleasure from being of, as well as in, the company.

A feeling impossible to me in the great French entertainments where I was an outsider and spectator only.

There came to be a great many of these when the Emperor married. The astonishment, and indignation too, of French people—high and low—was great when they knew it was to be only a lady of society, and not even a Frenchwoman, who was to be their Empress.

All Paris knew her by sight and her fine horsemanship made her specially noticeable where so few women rode; and her undeniable beauty was offset by an equally undeniable "loud style."

The Italian opera of Paris is a small house holding only about eighteen hundred people and every one is distinctly seen and heard. Long be-

fore I knew the name of the lady, or had any idea connected with her than that she was so beautiful I was always glad to look at her, I was often surprised by the noisy talking in her box — so contrary to the usage among a foreign musical audience. One night while Madame de la Grange was singing in one of the most delicate passages of *Lucia* the listening silence was broken by a distinct and prolonged laugh from that box. Half the heads in the house turned that way; another and another laugh followed, and to that answered a volley of hisses, showing the house would not tolerate this disregard of and infringement upon the enjoyment of the many, by any one person.

It was noticed that after the marriage when the Emperor and Empress made the round of all the theatres and opera the Italiens was the last place they visited. And then she seated herself with her back to the house. But the other wall of the Imperial box was all mirror and so the whole figure was given.

She looked more exquisite and lovely that night than I ever saw her — much more so than on the

day of the marriage when she was very pale and her features contracted and almost hard in expression.

But this night her dress suited her. It was of palest pink satin entirely covered with narrow overlapping ruffles of Brussels lace—fine and feathery in its softness. Fastened to her hair behind was a small veil of the same lace which she drew around her mantilla-fashion and a pink rose nestled behind the ear. Josephine's famous pearls which had been lent to Madame Walewski to fit her out as Ambassadress, were now restored to duty as crown-jewels. Josephine had not been like our early Washington—she could and did tell a little pack of stories as to how she came by these pearls, but she was no match for Bonaparte who frightened the truth from her and made her miserable about them—but all the same *kept them*. And now they were adorning another Bonaparte empress.

The French pulpit and the French Senate spoke through Monseigneur Dupanloup and the Senator Dupin-Ainé and made their solemn warning to

France — during the high days of success and splendor of that French court. When you read of the facts brought to knowledge by the lurid light of the Franco-Prussian war, and know the dreadful jobbery and emptiness which was behind the parade of the French army you will understand one effect of money having been put in place of character in high posts.

The Empress is a broken woman now — the lonesome, cruel death of her only son, a fine amiable lad, softened feeling towards her, and it is not a gracious task to go back to such hard truths; but one evil of that time has not diminished, an evil dating conspicuously from that Empire, and from the Empress, exacting that no lady should come before her in the same dress twice. There is no calculating the spread of this development of dress being made first, last, and always, the test of position. I find I cannot turn myself from the feeling that I must say something of it, although this should properly be a paper to amuse and not to moralize. Especially as I cannot have the space to show it to you as I have seen its contagion in-

vade simpler homes and countries and bring discontent and debt — and worse.

But the day of the marriage we did not see that. We saw a splendid procession of troops, horsemen, and the quick-moving, fiery-eyed small soldiers, of picked grenadiers and the splendid "Cent Gardes," all in new and glittering uniforms, emerging from the grand Court of the Tuileries and pouring like a fast-running stream into the cleared street where soldiers made the border and tens of thousands of brightly dressed people were like wild flowers thick on the banks.

I had not again risked myself in a crowd. It was an "all-day show" and we had taken a corner room of a building, so placed that its projecting corner window and balcony gave us the view of the bridal procession as it left the Tuileries and came directly down a light descent into the broad street along which we commanded its full view as it progressed towards the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame where the ceremony was to be performed. We had our invitations for the church — but a crowd indoors is more suffocating than even my street

experience, and so we went very early to our prepared look-out and were comfortable in our own way. Having a bright wood fire and cosy breakfast and the children safe, though they were nearly wild with the music, the horses, the different splendid bodies of troops. Ten months living on the Avenue of the Champs Elysées with its daily exhibition of the world's wealth as well as the special features of French military and social magnificence, had made them critical connoisseurs.

There was one most interesting venerable figure — a man of eighty, but sitting his spirited black horse like a young officer. The Marechal de Loëstine represented the remains of those great French Marshals who had overset thrones, changed the map of Europe and forced all Europe to ally together to terminate their victorious career.

Punctually, so exact to the moment that with a look at the clock the young heads would turn to the window, and there sure and true to the time, would the Marshal be seen riding past on his long-tailed black Arab — a present from the Sultan of Turkey. At the proper distance behind him fol-

lowed on another young and fine black horse, his orderly; a perfect picture of the "*vieux moustache*," erect, grim, his long grey moustache covering his mouth, but his faithful eyes fixed on his master and chief.

That was a picture we never tired of. All hats went off as the pair passed. They were an embodied and *true* page of glorious days, and soldier and general with their record in common, appealed to all classes.

This marriage day, when after awhile a clear space followed the dense stream of troops, there came the single figure of the Marechal. His horse as well as himself gorgeous in gala-day dress and excited by the crowds and music showing off its beauty in its light graceful undulating movements, and showing off too the horsemanship of its venerable rider.

Then, slowly advancing, came the bride and bridegroom in a "glass coach" drawn by eight superb English horses — bright bays. This "glass coach" we had seen at the Trianon at Versailles where it was kept among other State carriages of

past royalty. It had been used by Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise, the royal Austrians whose fate it had been to become political hostages to France. High-swung with great length between the front and hind wheels, it seemed more like a great bonbonnière than a carriage; of the shape children know from English fairy-tale pictures of Cinderella's coach, it was completely of glass except the floor and the roof and its necessary supports. These were all thickly gilded. On top was a gold crown. The seats were covered with white satin. The Emperor and Empress — for the civil marriage which French law requires to come first had legally made her Empress the day before — sat beside each other; on the front seat was her ermine wrap and an immense bouquet of orange blossoms. His uniform and stars and orders gave him some brilliancy, but all eyes were on the pale bride. She must have had the feeling attributed to her; for everywhere her peculiar look was noticed and all the papers, foreign and French, said about the same we thought — and what time proved true — that the French people did not like her and

that the crowds which were there to see her marriage would more eagerly drive her from the Tuileries.

As they did. And but for the Italian Minister M. de Negra, M. de Lesseps, and the American Dr. Evans, they would have taken her life.

Certainly she was pale to a blanched look of lips as well as cheeks—she who had the purest complexion of tender rose and cream. She seemed a wax image, so still—so *controlled*—not a look or smile, but an evident painful self-control.

This, with the Emperor's half-shut eyes and rigid upright attitude, gave no idea of a bridal pair. But the dress was all right. Though there she had given serious offence to not only the French pride but the French pocket. The Queen of England had her wedding dress made of Honiton lace—the same she gave lately to her youngest daughter to be married in—in order to set a fashion and bring prosperity to English lace-makers. The French lace-makers of Alençon had prepared the veil and dress of the finest Point d'Alençon for the bride of the French throne. This she would

not wear but instead, her dress of uncut white velvet was covered with old English point lace and a veil of the same English lace wrapped her. This was a blunder. Coming as you see from the governing passion of Eugenie for costly dress—for old English point is greatly more costly and rare than the most beautiful of modern manufacture.

She had not been brought up to the duties of royalty which are many and heavy, and require constant remembrance that if accident has placed you in position to govern, the country to be governed has its rights and usages which must be respected. And with all her exquisite beauty, this Empress of France was thoroughly selfish and had none of that gentleness and quick sympathy and consideration for others which made for poor weak story-telling Josephine friends in all ranks. This courtesy of the heart is inborn, but its imitation, the courtesy of high good-breeding, can be taught—the two combined make the perfect lady be she queen or quiet gentlewoman.

CHAPTER XX.

MEN, WOMEN AND THINGS.

THE Count de la Garde had been friends from childhood with Madame Recamier whose lovable disposition was as well known as her remarkable beauty. They had lived near each other in the country where, though of very different ranks, their mothers had a bond in common in good works for the Church and for the poor of their neighborhood. The life of good Frenchwomen of all ranks — and the good make the immense majority — is founded on religion ; and idleness, self-indulgence, waste of time or money, is not known to them. It is a bad stamp on any woman, rich or poor, noble or not, to live only for show and pleasure. Our Dr. Watts says Satan will find work to do for idle men and boys. He has a greater variety still of bad work for idle women and girls.

Public sentiment and long usage have settled this matter in France and to this is added the watchful care of the church, and the friendly relation between priest and parishioners is charming.

I do not speak of Paris where all things are modified by the tides of strangers pouring through and unsettling usages; but even there there is much of this. Outside, in France, it is another life. For Paris is not France. Not any more, than New York city is the United States. Although New Yorkers and foreigners think so, we know better, and that the Daisy Millers and their unhealthy sharp little brothers and feeble-minded mothers do *not* represent us all.

"Cent mille Americaines, chacune ayant cent mille francs en poche, courant ça et là, jettant leur argent par les grand routes — quel demoralization ! A hundred thousand American women, each one with a hundred thousand francs in her pocket, rushing hither and thither, scattering their money broadcast along the highways — what demoralization !"

This is what a Parisian of age and position said to me.

“And they come alone ! They come for a winter, a year, several years. They put their children in schools and then ‘*elles s’amusent.*’ *Quel pâte sont ils les maris ?* (What sort of dough are the husbands made of ?)”

The difference of language makes of French reading sealed books to those who do not know the language. For, as a rule, no translations are made unless publishers find them profitable. And good books are not so sure to make money for them as bad ones.

I am not sure that there is a translation of a little book which gives a lovely picture of plain ordinary French life among people of small means and cultivated minds, and “good positions ;” a very strong point with them and jealously guarded not by “appearances” but by *facts* of honorable living. It is called *Une famille à la Campagne*, and was written by Madame de Witt, a daughter of Guizot. It is a book to know and be the better for. And it represents better than any light modern book I remember that atmosphere of honorable economy ; of care of their children by the parents and of the

parents by their children ; of simplicity combined with comfort and care of health, and of that sense of *duty* which is the keystone of family and public life, and which *does* belong to the French as a nation.

This was the public opinion which was both wounded and alarmed by the Second Empire ; and the real France which instantly took up their war debt to Prussia ; which is now, dimly, but perseveringly holding fast to the idea of a Republic and in time will get there.

Madame Recamier was the greatest beauty of Europe, and her husband one of the wealthiest bankers of France in the early days of this century when the young Count de la Garde was sent to Paris to try and get back some of his family property.

Bonaparte wished to please and bring to his new court the great nobles who were in exile, and had announced his intention to benefit those who gave in their adhesion to him. Many would not. Duchesses continued to knit purses for sale and live on

scant earnings and small money rather than "humiliate" themselves. Dukes, marquises, counts, gave lessons in French, in fencing, in dancing, cultivated market gardens, did everything they could to support themselves; and the greater number only returned when the Allies opened the way and put Louis XVIII. on the throne — a selfish and ungrateful monarch who was not, personally, worth their loyalty — but he represented their idea. During the revolution and the long years of poverty in foreign lands which followed, the French nobles, women especially, gave a most beautiful sustained example of cheerful courage and fine acceptance of changed fortunes. There is no parallel to it until we come to our day, and in our own country see it equalled by the way the South has met its tremendous change of fortunes, and the gallant courage and success with which they are building up a new South.

The count was equipped from the remaining best clothes (ten years old!) and a small purse made up for his expenses. With the generous enthusiasm of youth and the trust of inexperience nerving

him to the attempt to bring back comfort to some of these much-trying families, the young ambassador crossed the dreaded channel and arrived in Paris only to find himself unable to get a hearing at the Department. And his queer costume brought ridicule on him from the lesser officials, as well as in the streets.

English nankeen trousers, French dress shoes with great gold buckles (a survival of flying feet in the "Days of Terror"), a court dress-coat of dark velvet with gold buttons, and on the shirt, frills of old Mechlin lace — with his boy's face and long light curls, he *must* have been queer.

"For the first time," so he told me, "the *bitterness* of poverty cut me to the heart and angered me. Our poverty was our badge of honorable suffering for a noble cause. We were respected in England and there our equals honored us. But here, in my own country, where my people were Grand Seigneurs and had spent and shared their wealth in a grand fashion, here I was only a figure to be mocked at."

The poor boy's heart sank as day followed day

and he still failed to get a hearing. His small stock of money was getting very low.

It pained him to brave the laugh of the streets, but he faced it as his people had faced danger and death in battle; he too was doing battle for his father. The mother was at rest where there are no more tears.

He cut off the curls she had loved — and felt he was a man to do a man's work for the weak and aged.

Another sneering refusal to admit him to the Minister gave him the courage of despair.

He had seen the splendid equipage, and heard the praises of Madame Recamier, for all Paris was proud of her. She was an uncrowned queen of French society.

He remembered their playmate days in childhood when they followed their mothers into cottages and infirmaries and hushed their young gayety to join in the prayer for the sick or the ministering to the aged.

"I will go to *her*," he thought. And again a rebuff met him. The servants in their fine liveries

looked down with derision on this strangely-clad and gentle boy. In *their* eyes he could not be a gentleman for his clothes were out of all fashion.

Desperate, his pride rose. "Go to your mistress," he ordered. "Go to Madame Recamier. Tell her it is the young Count de la Garde. Tell her it is To-to who asks to see LOTA (their home pet-names).

The servant felt the authority and went off — leaving him, however, in the antechamber.

Quickly came the sound of light footsteps and a voice where tears and joy struggled — "*On donc mon pauvre To-to*" — and hurrying to him out into the antechamber, among the valets, ran the lovely sweet woman crying for all the sorrows of these years but glad to find again her dear playmate the dear child of her mother's noble and gracious friend.

You can fancy the change towards him now. Not only from the men in livery but from the men in office. M. Recamier took up the cause of the impoverished nobles, and his wife saw Josephine, and quickly all was changed.

Bonaparte was generous, and his graciousness won over other of their noble friends, so the boy's mission bore good fruit; and both his father and some of their companions in exile had their last years soothed by ease and familiar surroundings.

"By birth, and through suffering, I am a royalist," said the count; "but I am a Bonapartist through gratitude and (with a quiet smile) partly also through conviction."

The manner of marriages among us interested him. "EXTRAORDINAIRE!" was his comment on its being a matter of mutual choice. It is so different in France and especially in his class where it is made first a matter of mutual advantage; settled for the young people by their parents and their friends.

He had just arranged a marriage of this kind for the orphan daughter of a friend, and we were invited to the church marriage, and the breakfast that followed at the house of the bridegroom, who was very wealthy and much older than the bride.

You need not give her any pity. She was entirely contented and would have felt any other way of going about marriage very derogatory.

She was not handsome, nor very young, and had but a small dowry. But she was of great family and had powerful and wealthy relations. The bridegroom was of middle age, a Baron of good but not important family, but he had very large fortune. The wedding breakfast was at his house, a beautiful though not grand house in the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain.

The Count de la Garde was present at the church and gave away the bride but would not break his habits so far as to be at the breakfast which he said would be too long. He preferred coming the next morning, he said, for me to tell him of it.

It amused and interested me as the realization of things I had read of. First the bride, who was polite but indifferent and without interest in the occasion. The bride's mother and some other French ladies rather eyed me, but fell into courtesy and questionings;—taking me into a large drawingroom where the *whole* trousseau was ex-

hibited from stockings to bonnets. The walls were hung with dresses and shawls and wraps — around the room were many tables covered with piles and piles of “lingerie” in many dozens, each dozen tied separately with pretty ribbons — bonnets, parasols, everything. And house-linen enough for a small shop. While complete *parures* of pearls and diamonds and many smaller jewels were on the central table.

“Do you exhibit *all* such things in America?” I was asked, and was pleased to answer, no.

We were about twenty-four at the breakfast. Mr. Frémont was placed on the left hand of the bride and I had the same post of honor by the groom. He of course took in the bride’s mother who was not amiable-looking, but very aristocratic — and evidently satisfied with the whole business. Mr. Frémont had a very witty talkative fine-looking old lady, a great deal of a somebody, who was as pleased with him as a child with a new toy, and was taking him to pieces with questions. She had evidently been coached to points — “that he was a traveller, etc., etc.,” and she had made a droll-

jumble of lions and Indians and terrific heats and all she thought it would be appropriate to him to talk of.

I was better off, though to begin I was asked if we "had any oysters in America?" apropos to those before us I was not asked if we had chickens or asparagus, but I did cause surprise by leaving my fork on my plate after each course. I did not notice this until, burning with curiosity, the Prince asked me, "Do you then in America do as in England and have a separate 'couvert' (knife fork and spoon) for each course. I see your husband also leaves his on the plate."

It was an old fashioned family, with all old customs and servants, and I was told that except for fish or dessert only the plates were changed; these, calmly drew the knife blade through a bit of bread. And yet the service, dishes and all, was of superb silver and gold plate fairly embossed with armorial bearings. And the company was to match. The Prince de Montleart who took me in, an elderly sarcastic witty little Italian, was married to the Queen of Sardinia, mother of Victor Emanuel and

grandmother to the present King of Italy. He too asked endless questions about usages of American society and concluded we were very like English people only "*plus souple* (more adaptable)" as we are.

"Was I not going to remain always in Paris? Why not? You have all that is needed for success here," he said, and counted over the requirements as he understood them. "Many American ladies do remain here — *des charmantes exotiques transplantées*."

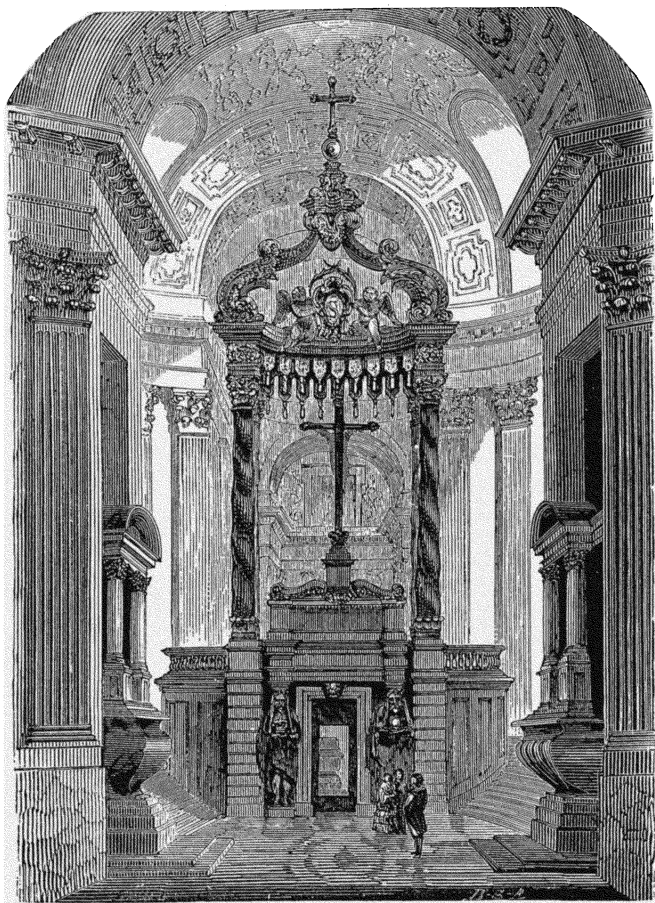
"But," I said "you may transplant flowers, but an oak is not the same as a flower, and my family roots are in their own soil."

"Ah! ça —" he said, turning to fix his look on me. "You have then your pride of family even in a Republic!"

CHAPTER XXI.

AMERICAN MIDSHIPMEN IN PARIS.

THIS chapter is especially for boys. There are no longer "midshipmen" in our Navy; the name so full of meaning, so associated with gay, healthy, honest mischief -- and courage and pluck too -- is abolished, and so my souvenir of certain youngsters and their young doings belongs with other past and pleasant times. But there will never be an end to the boys who seem to be born web-footed; who wear out volumes of *Tales of the Sea*, and *One Thousand Stories of Peril of Shipwreck and Escape*; whose sisters read to them again and again not only Robinson Crusoe (of course R. C. leads), but Marryatt and Cooper; who find comfort in trying times of discipline by planning to run away to sea (to be free!) or who resolutely go into sea-life and find it fascinating



TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

while they feel too its loneliness, its separations and its many discomforts. Still they go. And many feel that is their most congenial life.

I comprehend them, and when I came as nigh as my disability in being a woman permitted, and found myself represented by a "web-footed" youngster at the Naval Academy, it became a real enjoyment to me to go often to Annapolis; to share their ups and downs of Academy life — say a good word for them when they were in trouble with the higher powers, and take nice girls to their "hops," and in many ways have part in their lives; for I was soon voted to be the "class-mother."

Very healthy energetic boys have such trying overflow of vitality that often from six to eighteen the finest boys have no friend but their mother. (I knew "how it was myself," you see, for I was called "Tom-boy," and never had an untorn dress in my very young time.)

So I understood boy-nature and knew that whatever was open, and only the natural outcome of strength and will and courage and fun would come out all right when it settled into working channels.

For the four years of the course I was constantly at Annapolis, and if I gave pleasure I received full as much in the honest affection they gave me, and the amusement they gave also.

One day the Secretary of the Navy came down while I was on a visit to the officer in command there—Admiral Porter, the distinguished son of a famous father. It was an old friendship between our families and then ourselves. And Admiral Porter had saved my life eighteen years before this San Francisco-born midshipman came under his care.

When any one does you a great service they like *you*. The proverb says "Save a man's life and he will be your enemy"—perhaps being a woman makes it work the other way, for it is certainly a fast friendship all round with us; and it was in every way an advantage that my son had such an example and such kind good will over him. Of course the unbending severe rules could not be relaxed, but Admiral Porter had a happy way of noticing and encouraging openly, while his equally just reproofs were made quietly, and every chance

opened for return to good conduct. He was in all ways admirable over young men and boys.

It was a good deal to do to differ with him, for he knew all sides of their Academy business. But the Secretary, Mr. Borie, and myself did differ from the Admiral as to the annual practice-cruise. Mr. Borie, being half French, thought it well the young people should see France and not repeat year after year the same cruise to Madeira or along our northeast coast.

As I was just going to Paris I eagerly supported Mr. Borie. The Admiral set out the objections — that the young gentlemen (that is the correct expression) would get into mischief, make trouble with authorities and spend all their money foolishly, etc., etc. Brest and Cherbourg were bad enough, but PARIS! to let them go there! Impossible. All the same the order was issued from the Navy Department and the rolling old *Savannah* carried off her crowd of midshipmen for Cherbourg and Paris.

And to Paris they came. A hundred and twenty-nine as creditable young Americans as national

pride could wish. Their steady exercises, their trained and disciplined lives, and their perfect decorum and exquisite neatness made them exceptional lads. For they ranged from fifteen to twenty, and really that *is* young.

Three of the number, who spoke French and who had also their families just then in Paris, were sent ahead to carry out the arrangements for the rest. They came up from Cherbourg in great spirits. An unusually stormy passage and an old rolling tub of a ship had kept them long out; and for the concluding eight days they were wet and tired and hungry, as it was nearly impossible to cook. And remember this was a "practice-cruise" and the young gentlemen did regular seaman duty; which increased painfully that fine appetite which is one of the characteristics of a midshipman.

So when the first refreshment station was reached they scornfully rejected what the guard brought them in answer to their order for chicken, bread and grapes. No "half"-chickens for them! No indeed. There, and at each of the three stations, these youngsters had each a whole chicken

and bread and grapes in proportion, and I can answer for my midshipman being hungry still for two days. And they left at each station the order to have the same-sized ration ready for each of the large number who were to follow next day. Imagine the astonishment and delight of such an order in frugal France.

We were only at a hotel, but had with us one of our old servants who knew this lad when he was a baby and had often comforted him with a lump of sugar after his falls on the slippery parquettèd floors which do not favor a baby's attempts to walk.

François put his best skill and energies at the disposal of my son's young friends who were asked by us to make our rooms their headquarters. All day long our dining-room was kept in freshly supplied condition for them. Their favorite cold chicken, with many another "shore" delicacy, was there ready in unfailing supply.

That they should all prefer syrups and seltzer-water when there was wine and claret was a wonder to the butler. Also they did not smoke—

some because they did not like it — all because it was against the regulations. It was one of many proofs they gave of being on honor. This visit to Paris was strongly disapproved of by the Admiral, and the young gentlemen felt more than ever bound to give him no cause for regret that they had this pleasure.

We had made a little programme for them — as many as chose to come. It is not etiquette for the older classes to go with the fourth or youngest class to which my son belonged, so only about twenty were his guests. Landaus took these to visit the palaces and the Jardin des Plantes with its collection of animals; and for a drive through the Bois de Boulogne, with François guiding and attending to everything. At intervals they came back and “had some refreshment.” In the evening the General and myself took them to the brightest and gayest spot in Paris — the Palais Royal — where they were so openly admired and looked after that they had a bashful feeling as they sat taking ices at little tables under the trees, and gladly retreated into a shop where each man of them bought a cane!

Except an umbrella, the most useless thing possible on shipboard. The shopman was amused, and delighted too, asking us if *ces jeunes militaires* were English? Proudly we said, "No, AMERICAINS!" and their fine modest manners and hearty boyishness joined to their remarkably fine appearance, might well astonish people unused to such a wholesome combination.

It was June and warm. They wore the summer uniform; blue jacket with white duck trousers and cap, and moved with the elastic grace and precision of high health and drilled muscles.

The General wanted them each to choose a little souvenir from us at one of the pretty shops, and their simplicity of tastes pleased us. One chose an ivory pocket-book with smooth rounded sides "because it looked so like a cake of almond soap." He is a prosperous married man now and shows me occasionally his "cake of soap," for my young people have remained friends with me.

They were to have but two full days, not counting the arriving and departing. Those with families to answer for them were to have a full week.

I gave myself the pleasure of taking them to the Tomb of Napoleon — a military Mecca — and after, to Versailles where one of my family had a chateau with lovely grounds, and had ready for them a croquet party and *girls* ! Girls being pre-eminently the highest of “ shore ” delights.

Punctually our string of carriages was in waiting for the gates of the Invalides to open. One lad, from Missouri, who was in my carriage broke into a chuckling laugh. “ I say, Jack, what fun this is ! It makes me laugh to see that bald-headed old fellow (François the dignified butler) going round with that velvet bag and paying everything, and we just having the fun of it.” But as the sentries opened the gates, the military atmosphere told on them all. No more jokes or larking. They fell into ranks, and the couples of handsome tall lads in faultless blue and white uniform stepped as if on parade, their light graceful movement pleasing every soldier eye that saw them. The sentries saluted them. And before we were well on our way through the building the rumor of something unusual in visitors had

reached the upper authorities, and an official came to me to say certain rooms and trophies not open to ordinary visitors would be opened to "les messieurs militaires." When in crossing the courts, or in the halls my young people had met one of the Invalides — old, hobbling, mutilated — it was no formal salute they made, but, with a right instinct of honor to duty well done in great days, they wheeled in line and lifted their caps.

At the Tomb itself their bared heads, their respectful manner and correct military attitude, I could see, gratified to the highest our special official, and the old soldiers always on guard there.

It is a most fitting place for the great soldier to lie. Under that lofty gilded dome among the survivors of the wars that shook all Europe.

From there we were escorted through the whole building and into its reserved rooms usually opened only to great dignitaries.

How proudly I answered that they were "American" you may imagine. It was a thorough surprise to the upper officials, who met and showed us models and charts and lots of things the young

men were charmed with, and proved by their intelligent remarks they were up to it all; they had no such idea of Young America. "*Ils ont l'air des Princes*," they said to me.

What François had been saying below I could only guess, but "*Madame la Presidente*" was the smallest title given me.

An invitation to the mess-room of the old soldiers waited the midshipmen, who drank with them some iced coffee and water with a touch of brandy — "*mazagrin*" is the name, and, as one of the boys said to me, "sure as green apples to double you up."

Leaving a present to these old souls whose bodies are only comforted by tobacco and such drinks as regulations allow, we came away as pleased as we left them — and I, just too pleased and proud of my fine young countrymen.

From Portsmouth (England) their commander, Captain Harrison, wrote me that he knew it would gratify me to learn what the Prefect of the Seine (the same as our Mayor) had written him; and a copy of the letter was enclosed.

It was to the effect that knowing of the intended visit (by telegram from the authorities at Cherbourg) and fearing trouble from the presence of so great a number of such young officers released from the restraints of ship life, he had detailed an extra force of police to watch them, and be of use to them, and prevent disagreeable consequences.

That he had the great pleasure to report that *not one instance of disturbance, or infraction of law* had occurred.

That he made his sincere compliments to the commanding officer on having such a body of young men in his charge.

Of the fun these youngsters had by the way — of the visit to Giroux's, the great toy-warehouse, where a doll was to be chosen, in committee, for a pet little girl; and where their gayety and fresh enjoyment of the mechanical boat crews and Robinson Crusoe out walking with his cat roused the whole place; of the embarking for Cherbourg and the guard's astonishment after locking each carriage when it is full, as is their rule, to see the

men he had locked in pop through the windows and form in square in front of him, jabbering and gesticulating and pretending anger at being locked up — of all this, and the scene of laughing and general fun in which they finally went off with hearty American three cheers — there is not space to tell. But when I meet any of “my squad ” they are sure to recur to that jolly good time in Paris.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS THYRA.

EACH time we have been in Europe we have said, "This time we *must* go to Switzerland," and each time we did not go. In '69 we were so nearly gone that our mountain hats, stiffened with wire to keep the brims from flapping, had been sent home; the very short woollen dresses were ready, and we felt nearly there, when a telegram came from some friends in Denmark to say that as we intended to visit them we had best come now, and see the festivities on the marriage of the Crown Prince. And swift came another despatch to tell us that as our coming had been spoken of to them, the King and Queen had said they would be pleased to see us at these fêtes.

"Mountains will keep," we said, "and royal invitations do not come often." So Switzerland

was dropped and we went direct to Denmark, getting there on a gala day, and the people were all out in holiday finery; flags were flying everywhere, the blue and straw-color of Sweden crossing the cherry and white of Denmark, for the marriage was that day taking place in Stockholm between the Princess of Sweden and the Crown Prince of Hamlet's country. Also a new railroad, their first connected line from Hamburg to Copenhagen, was just opened, and it seemed to be the thing for everybody to be taking short rides on it, in white gowns with ribbons and flowers, and men and maidens in such open contentment that it did one good to see so much simple enjoyment. Excellent good food of holiday fineness was at all the inns. We had to cross various fiords of miles in width, for Denmark has much the shape of preserved ginger with very deep indentations, and must have taxed the patience of engineers in planning the line.

It was a mixed excursion and way-train and took its time, but they are not large — those European countries. After one of our overland

journeys our States seem small. But when you cross France and Belgium and Prussia all in a long day you feel ours is a large country. And Denmark was only a breakfast-to-dinner ride, slowly as we made it. We did not care to go faster. It was a sweet summer day and people and sky were smiling; only the cattle in the fields were not happy — the locomotive puzzled them — they threw up their heads and dashed away as we neared them. But the deer came to the edges of beautiful parks and looked; and constantly we saw the farmhouses we know so well through Hans Andersen and — the STORK! Great dull creature, pompous in his stupid dignity, perched on one leg by the nest in the old cart-wheel which the farmers do not fail to place on the roof by the chimney. They think the stork brings luck and give him this much of a fireside welcome.

As we neared Copenhagen we met more and gayer signs of rejoicing, and fire-works were thick in the air over the city itself. We were well in the spirit of the thing by this time, and a jumble of Hamlet and Hans Andersen governed the boy

of the party, who protested he would make his entrée properly in inky cloak and rapier—the cloak being a lady's waterproof, and an umbrella doing duty to hold it sharply out behind, while he spouted his lines—when the train drew up and the guard threw open the door, calling “KAJU-BENHAVJN!” for that is the way the natives spell “Co-pen-ha-gen.”

“We shall find the Little Match-Girl round the corner,” said F. “She will burn a boxful to add to the illumination.”

We found our rooms ready at our hotel; our friends glad to welcome us, and a long string of invitations waiting. We had such a charming six weeks in Hamlet-land that I must skip to points that interest girls most, for this is *their* chapter.

You know the daughters of that Danish royal house are beautiful and womanly and charming; that they were brought up admirably, in frugal and wholesome ways, for they were not in the direct line of succession and, for their station, were poor. They have their beauty from both father and mother, and their charm of sweet and gracious

manner is both inheritance and atmosphere, for the Danes are extraordinarily polite. All classes bow and salute one another in passing, and a popular man has to go almost bareheaded, so often is his hat off. The King himself takes his hat quite off in answer to each salute. "I am getting too old to stand so much uncovering," said one very much liked public man to us, "but it is our custom and I must accept my neuralgias."

Hans Andersen enjoyed it hugely — but he belongs to another number. I only want to tell you of the youngest of the Danish princesses, a girl of fifteen who was to be let to come and dance at the ball given to welcome her new sister.

I heard of her wild joy over her ball dress and her first high-heeled white satin boots. She had not the great beauty of the Princess of Wales or the Empress of Russia, her eldest sisters, but she was pretty enough, and for a princess very pretty.

I must tell you of that ball room. The palace itself was centuries old and many immense rooms preceded this. They were all filled early; and punctually the royal procession emerged from the

private rooms and passed through one after the other until the ball room with its Throne was reached.

We had been invited to come at a very early hour and were shown into a large and beautiful salon where on one side were ranged the Ministers of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic corps, and certain nobles of the court. Opposite them were the ladies of their families. Our places were given us and very soon the folding doors were opened at the upper end of the room and the King entered leading the Bride; the Queen was with her son the Bridegroom. Then came the little princess Thyra (pronounced Tura) and her brother Waldemar, a boy of twelve in knickerbockers. The first lady-in-waiting, Madame de Billé, and another with the historic Swedish name of Oxenstiern, followed the children.

Quickly, but gracefully and very courteously this group passed between our lines with smiles and bows from the royal personages. When the Queen's quick eye caught sight of me she paused and said, "The Minister of War will take you in,"

and he crossed and, giving me his arm, we followed immediately behind the Minister of State who was next them. As the other folding doors were opened we looked into a continuous succession of splendid rooms all filled with a splendid company. The whole Danish nobility had come up to the Capital to honor and welcome the Bride, and many Swedish nobles had accompanied her. Only the broad line of crimson carpeted pathway was left open. The Queen is very graceful. Almost at a dancing gait she moved swiftly, bowing right and left, until the Throne-room was reached where we were placed in the order we had entered. This put me very near the Royal family, who were the only ones seated, and gave me the privilege of standing on the raised dais so that I overlooked the whole room.

No unmarried ladies are privileged to stand near the Queen. These were ranged facing the Throne across the room, with a proper sprinkling of married ladies among them to preserve the theory of chaperones.

We think ours is the Democratic country where

there is no privileged class, but I found here in this proud court of the oldest royal House of Europe — except the Austrian Hapsburgs — a singular privilege enjoyed as a right by all persons of decent appearance and good conduct.

Facing the Throne was a long gallery with a frieze in white marble sculptured by Thorwaldsen — Jupiter and his court. Jupiter and Juno and the peacock face the throne and then to right and left of them come all the rest. It is a magnificent work and one of the shows — no longer, for it was all burned some years ago. Through this gallery passed, very slowly, all the evening an endless stream of people in walking dress, bonnets or caps, and men and women “of all sorts and conditions” such as one meets in any crowded street.

I was told this was an old right of Danish citizens, who tenaciously used it, and in this way took part in, and had their share of, the State Balls.

Five minutes was the time allowed for the lingering walk along this gallery ; for that opposite, the time was extended to fifteen minutes ; because it gave no view of the Throne.

A third gallery across the end was for the musicians.

There must be one word for the Bride. She is said to be the tallest royal woman in Europe, and then, at seventeen, was already almost six feet; slim and girlish though, and in her dancing dress of silver gauze over white satin not looking too tall. Her black eyes and hair and general effect kept the impress of her French blood, for she was descended from Bernadotte, the Marshal Bonaparte put on the Swedish throne. You do not get away from the traces of Bonaparte anywhere in Europe.

We must keep to the Ball and the girl-princess. I need, and try to profit by, an unconscious criticism given me by a very dear small boy who comes to me "for a story please." "*Just a common story,*" he said to me lately. "Just about *one* pony or *one* dog, not any other pony or dog — *and not any other story with it.* Just a common one."

The rooms were lit altogether by wax lights in Venetian glass chandeliers. The *bobèches*, or glass cups around the candles, were as large as breakfast plates, but the thick wax candles heated each

other, and then followed melting and spilling over, to the spoiling of many a coat and gown. I noticed a pool of this slippery stuff near the centre of the room almost facing the throne and admired the skill of the dancers in avoiding it when a cry and a sudden hush of the music, told that some one was down.

It was the little princess.

The Princess lost her shoe,
Her Highness hopped,
The fiddles stopped,
They knew not what to do.

In an instant her father had lifted the frightened girl. Her partner, a middle-aged baldish diplomat, stunned by the heavy fall, was supported out of the room. The little girl sat by her father sobbing with vexation as well as the shock, while the King with his arm about her soothed her, and kept the others from exciting her by questions. Suddenly, and evidently in explanation, the princess in the most natural and girlish way twisted her supple young foot up to the King's knee point-

ing to the offending high heel to which she was not accustomed and on which she could not regain her balance when she slipped.

She was soon dancing again however, and took part in the beautiful supper which followed, where the servants at the Royal table were differently dressed from all the others ; a tight fitting "surcoat" of cherry satin so thickly embroidered with silver that it seemed like a coat of silver mail, and knee breeches of white satin with the usual silk stockings and buckled shoes. On their heads was a tall cap of silver filagree work shaped like a mitre, the two parts of which served to enclose a high and wide bunch of field flowers and wild berries. You can't think how odd these looked on some of their faces — old serious faces with gray moustaches.

When the King intends to be polite he sends some dish from his own table by one of these grim flower-crowned old servitors. One came to me with a message from the King asking that I would keep the miniature flags that were stuck in the jelly ; a Swedish and a Danish flag with silver crowns surmounting them, and on long silver pins.

I put the Swedish flag in my hand bouquet, but the Danish I pinned among the violets in my corsage bouquet. This was thought very nice by my neighbor, the Minister of War.

"She brings a great dowry, the Swedish Princess," he said; "and money *is* a great thing; but there is no reigning family with such unbroken descent as ours of Denmark except that of Austria, and our marriages are into the greatest powers."

It is a "well-connected family" truly. One daughter is married to the Prince of Wales, another is Empress of Russia, and the little Thyra has married the wealthy son of the blind King of Hanover while the boy in knickerbockers has just married the great-granddaughter of Louis Philippe and noble Queen Marie Amelie. A bride with character and talent as well as fortune and family. And the eldest son has long been King of Greece. And all agree that exceptional family affection unite all these.

When the King rises supper ends and all must rise. Their table was across the head of the room and only the Royal party sat at it, facing the room where two long tables, one on either side, held the

State officers and Diplomatic corps—the same party who had been assembled in the private drawing-room and accompanied the royalties into the Throne-room. Other supper rooms held the other guests, and there they had their own time and did not have to rise and return with the King to the ball-room for the last dances.

As we stood in double lines for their passing out first (we falling in as for a Virginia reel, each couple to its appointed place) the smiling bows were given again to right and left, and the Queen again paused by me holding out her hand and giving with it a Danish word, "*Welbekomin*," which was interpreted to me as meaning "*may it agree with you*," and is the national form of making a guest welcome to what they have shared at their table. A "folk-word" and old custom. Was it from this custom and expression Shakespeare got his, "may good digestion wait on appetite"?

"You ask too many questions," my partner said. "We do many things simply because we have always done them. I cannot explain the flowers on the old servants' heads, but only the old servi-

tors of the King wear them. And the Queen was very gracious to make so exceptional a greeting of hospitality to you. It is one of our intimate and friendly customs to give the hand and say '*Welbekomin.*'"

The last dances ended with a "galop" that was equal to racing speed; the music had ceased and there was only the rapid and increasingly more rapid roll of drums beating to quarters; "the *générale*." The pace was too great for many — dancer after dancer fell off until the floor was left to the Grand Equerry, a handsome little Spanish-looking young man, and his partner who was French and very dark. They moved like the wind, so swift, so steady and silent, when, stopping short in full career in front of the Throne, they made to each other a deep bow and courtesy, then to the Royal party a formal "*révérence*" as the courtesy and bow of ceremony is called.

Then the Royal party rose and bowed to the company, and with that the Ball of Welcome was ended.

Ended after seven hours! The day was break-

ing rosy and clear as we drove over the drawbridge of the moat that surrounds the venerable palace. The sea breeze was refreshing though we were not conscious yet how tired we were and the sun shone full on us before we were comfortably in bed, as old Pepys says, "mightily tired, but mightily pleased."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MORNING VISIT TO THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

OUR first day in Copenhagen had been spent with our friends at their lovely country seat on the Baltic ; they bringing us back to town, to inspect our Paris toilettes and apportion them to the occasions for which we had invitations. There is so much etiquette and form in court-matters that this was a necessary precaution.

We had separated, and were making ready for a resting night, when a note came from our minister's wife — we had called in the morning — enclosing one to her from the *Grande Maitresse* — the chief lady-in-waiting on the Queen, to say her Majesty was coming into town the next morning and would be pleased to see the American ladies, informally, at noon, at the Winter Palace. Madame de B. added :



LOUISA, QUEEN OF DENMARK.

“The Queen will receive these ladies in their walking dress (*toilette de promenade*).”

Mrs. Y —— in her note said, “But you must wear white bonnet and gloves.”

Nobody has white gloves in modern days, and for me a white bonnet was impossible, for it would have spoiled the effect of my white hair. What to do? My Danish friend, in an early morning interview, assured me the Queen was too intelligent not to accept an explanation through Madame de B —— and liked pretty things too well not to prefer seeing our Felix hats to any solid Copenhagen millinery. But when we met before noon at the Winter Palace Mrs. Y —— was uncomfortable about us.

Madame de B —— listened to my explanation, smiled approvingly on my black lace and jet, and the straw-colored *toilette* of my daughter, and went into the adjoining room returning with the Queen’s invitation that we two should come to her in the library.

We had been properly coached — one does not make “informal morning calls” on Queens often

enough to feel quite sure of the etiquette. "You will find the Queen standing. She may or may not ask you to be seated. If she does she will end the visit by rising in ten minutes or so."

The Queen did ask us to be seated — very near her too, for, alas, she is somewhat deaf (as is the beautiful Princess of Wales). And when she rose and said she would see us again at the Ball it was not ten minutes, but a good half-hour we had been with her. The explanation had directed her attention to our hats, which she approved to the extent of directing Madame de B — to ask who our Paris *fournisseurs* were. So that nice point was safely passed.

For the rest one lady is the same as another. With the advantage, that people of fixed accustomed position can be and usually are of quiet, simple manner, because there can be no question of their social value and they do not need to assert themselves in any way. Least of all in the common way of expensive dress.

The Queen wore a quiet black silk, short and without "trimming." Her figure as well as her

face was still very youthful, and it is her beauty which has come to her daughters. Direct, gentle manners, and a quick easy way of talking made the half-hour short. On the large library table by which we sat was a bust of the Prince of Wales to which she called our attention, as a present just received from "my son." All the royal family, every one in society almost, and the people generally, speak English. English is now the diplomatic language as it is fast becoming also the necessary business language. Until in Cromwell's time the diplomatic intercourse of nations was in Latin—you remember Milton was Cromwell's secretary. Charles II. introduced the French language, which is now displaced almost completely by English.

After the Ball of Welcome, a breakfast was given by the Minister of State, Count Fries. Friesland, Jutland, and another county, of which I forget the name, were his property; and in these three counties were some thirty towns and villages, also his. Here again was the same simplicity of attentive good manners, and dress. Although all Royalty

and all the highest Danish nobility were present, the Countess Fries and a daughter, the Countess Agnes, were dressed well but in proper daytime dress and without jewels. Diamonds by daylight, and evening dresses before night, unless for great State ceremonial, are not worn by women who are too used to them to wear them out of place. At the Ball I had noticed all wore their hair in what was evidently their habitual way. Just then it was a fashion to put all the hair in one thick plait which drooped from the back of the head low on the neck and was thence carried to the top of the head in a straight line; a hot and tickling way in a summer night ball-room. One lady at the Ball had her hair done in this way. She was very nice-looking every way, with her pale blue dress and collar of diamonds. The King, whom I had not yet met, took this lady for me. Standing near the throne, I heard him say to the Minister of War, "*Faites moi l'honneur de me présenter à Madame Frémont,*" moving as he spoke toward this lady. He told General de R—— "I made the mistake because the American ladies follow the fashions *de si près*

(so very quickly) that I thought *that* must be the American lady with her hair dressed in the last mode." She was English, however, and I think it was a point in our country's favor that though American I wore mine, as did the Danish ladies, in my usual way.

But the white bonnet was obligatory for the Bridal Breakfast. Every woman, old or young, had on an uncompromising white hat. With all my Paris finery mine was a case of "nothing to wear." A look round the Copenhagen places satisfied me that their substantial respectable bonnets would crush my hair and spoil the effect of my dress. So I made my own bonnet. Sitting before the glass, I built it on my head with many hair-pins. A coronet wreath of pale violets placed becomingly on the hair made the "foundation." Some Mechlin lace gathered into a large loose rosette fell softly over the upper part of the flowers, in front and over the hair behind. More violets and lace form a central knot for a long barbe of the same lace which made a loose fluffy tie under the chin — it was white, but not heavy, and

so artistic and becoming that several ladies said to me, "Only Paris could produce such bonnets."

At this beautiful breakfast there were long suites of both drawing-rooms and breakfast-rooms open; all newly decorated for this occasion. In the room where the royal party had breakfast we were but twenty-four at table, myself the only unofficial person. Except the King and the Prince-bridegroom and Count Fries, all were ladies. The Countess Fries several times left her seat, made the tour of the table speaking a little with different guests, saying to me in English a nice hospitable hope that I was finding myself pleased and altogether carrying out the impression of good will as well as good manners which is common to all classes in Denmark.

We spent the day at a country-seat about an hour out of town where we found in perfection this charming combination of simplicity and luxury. The house was old and built around three sides of a courtyard as large as a public square. A delightfully irregular house of uneven growth; some rooms moderately large and opening together,

while others were really great halls, some opening out by stone balconies and steps to the rich velvety green of old lawns running down to the sandy beach of the blue Baltic. Trees of age and beauty that it made one glad to see were everywhere about this domain, while back of it lay a famous beech-wood and deer park. This we visited in a little basket wagon, driving among the tame deer. The beeches were of immense size and very old. Their strange trunks were even more weird than any Doré has drawn and their whitish bark made them phantom-like in the green dusk of the forest. This wood was only a part of the royal deer-forest. Mr. S. — had recently bought it from the crown, giving eighty thousand pounds sterling for this addition to his old estate which had a long, long frontage on the Baltic. For a fishing village on his estate he had built a fine breakwater. Our Danish friends were intimate here and told us of the good providence the whole family were to their tenants and people. At dinner the fish was from their own waters, the venison and birds from their own forests, the beautiful peaches and grapes

from their own glass-houses, and the flowers were from their fields as well as those cultivated. To us accustomed only to the unbroken green of our wheat fields (corn as it is called in England and Europe), the gay beauty of north European corn-flowers in a wheatfield is something fascinating. I had said something of this pleasure to the eye as we had travelled northward. In one room where a pale blue glazed chintz covered the walls as well as the furniture, and the light was softened by abundant white muslin curtains, a large window was filled by a tall basket-stand with its tiers of trays filled entirely by blue corn flowers, relieved by borders of the loveliest white roses; and in the next room, where everything was pale pink, the wild sweetbrier was the only flower. Great vases of fine china and majolica had the poppy and ripe wheat with the blue and yellow corn flowers everywhere. My friends told me the sisters, three girls of remarkable beauty, had themselves arranged the flowers to please me. Their father showed me in the library a large beautiful painting of the place where Jorgën was shipwrecked

and his sad young life ended in the sands of Jutland. Hans Andersen is responsible for making us all sorry for the poor Spanish boy ; it was such a very desolate stretch of dull wave-ribbed sand with the low wash of the cold ocean against it that one felt the tragedy of the lost boy. It was good to escape back to the lovely flowers and lovelier girls.

We had another beautiful day at the castle at Elsinore, where Hamlet saw his father's ghost on the ramparts ; and a visit to fortified islands which defend the harbor. Going out to them in a steam-launch and doing credit to our country by not being sickened by the rough short waves which made some of the dignified officials blue and gray in the face and miserable. Nelson was always seasick. What a brave man he was to become such a naval hero in spite of his quailing stomach. We had the old story of his bombardment of Copenhagen told over here, on the spot, and Campbell's poem, "The Battle of the Baltic," took new beauty and meaning to me. My old French friend, the Count de la Garde, had been present and had part in the de-

fence of the city that day, though only a lad of sixteen.

To be in Copenhagen and not speak of Thorwaldsen is almost to omit Hamlet, but I must.

Genius is honored in Denmark. It has its true place as a rare and divine gift, and learning is fostered and brings honors. Hans Andersen was, with all his petty vanities and childish self-importance, valued for his talent and was not only a popular favorite but a welcomed frequent guest of royalty. The university there is so stately and beautiful and has attached such wealth of libraries, museums, etc. that it was a pleasure to learn that the great income which enabled all this to be done had been gained by the students themselves. Some centuries before, when the plague was devastating the city, panic followed, so that the dead lay unburied. Authority could not prevail with any of the regular people, and the students volunteered; and they made the check in the spread of the disease and terror it caused. For this they were granted a proportion of all burial fees in perpetuity, and *that* supply never fails.

Denmark was the last European country to embrace Christianity, and in its fixed uneventful national life old usages and traditions have lingered, so that among the peasantry and farming folk their silver jewelry and pottery, and many small customs retain a mythological character. It was an altogether quaint, characteristic, special visit we had there; delightfully in contrast to the modern life even of the "Old World" cities, and fascinating to us as Americans where the unwritten law is to destroy forests and tear down the few edifices having histories and marks of time.

We know what happens if you ask for something to eat on an excursion to any of our out-of-the-way little places. But driving far one day we rested before returning where a very small fishing village lay between a forest and the Baltic; very small weather-beaten huts of cottages, boats, fishing nets, etc. — all plain and poor. We stopped at the largest house — two rooms with sanded floors and a few wooden benches and tables in one, and cooking arrangements in the other, showed it to be the "Public."

Here they knew only Danish. All was clean, but a "fish-like" atmosphere pervaded everything. We were hungry, and tried by pantomime to get something, but understood from their deprecating gestures and the blushes of a pink and white young girl who shook her yellow head as she looked us over admiringly that they had nothing good enough. F.'s fourteen-year-old appetite was not to be soothed by such an idea; he pantomimed vigorously, advancing into the kitchen and triumphantly seized an egg, broke it into a plate and by gestures indicated the beating of eggs, then pointing to the fire was understood, and mother and daughter, laughing, followed his lead as he searched the shelves and a closet and secured some raspberry jam; he found in the bit of garden some parsley, and soon we had a really good omelette, with clean water to drink, and hard rye bread. The good humor, the good, excellent cooking, the modest charge — about twenty cents — all were exceptional in our much-travelled experience, and the girl's shrill laugh of delight at the little present of money we made her was equally exceptional.

The upper classes are very like the English country gentry in wholesome truthful ways of living, without pretense or striving, but having an open life ; first for home and family, and after, if it is quite prudent and convenient, to broaden it. But with these, as with the plainer people, there seemed to be an atmosphere of not only content, but light-heartedness very foreign to the English and even to our American people ; and very refreshing to be in contact with.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT WITH SHAKESPEARE.

YOU shall hear no English or French spoken, you will not see a railway or a telegraph-post, and unless you order your mail to follow, you can have an unbroken atmosphere of repose from all usual ideas."

That was a tempting idea! And were we not willing and glad to be governed for our own good and make no rash scrutiny into the details of this promised rest but take it gratefully as it came. That is, we elders. Younger America went deep into the planning and enjoyed preparing the surprises and pleasures for the docile parents. We had asked for the daughter of our Danish friends to accompany us back to Paris where her father was to be later; we making a "long way round" by Dresden, Prague, Munich, the Aus-

trian-Tyrol and Vienna, and from there the straight line to Paris. A. de R. had made this plan from her experience of travel with her father; she further secured the "foreign" and resting atmosphere by arranging that our stopping-places should be exclusively at hotels apart from the line of travel; no *Eisenban* with the rush of railways in their service, and tourist ideas of food, but leisurely characteristic old-world hotels.

Old Lübeck near Hamburg whose "flourishing commerce was destroyed by the discovery of America" began the programme of "the past." Dresden was painfully modern in all but the pictures; but when we saw Prague we felt we touched the Middle Ages. Everything there tells of the power of the privileged few and the extraordinary submission of the people. To the favored class belonged palaces covering squares; that of the King, though rarely lived in, covers a hill-face. Adjoining some of the finest is that monument of ignorant bigotry, the "Jews' Quarter." There the houses were immensely tall, as ground was denied them, and the streets so narrow that as we

drove through in an open carriage our outstretched arms could almost have touched either side, and the sunny day seemed to have darkened, so shut in were they from space and light.

The Synagogue, built partly under ground "*for better defence*," with its steep roof so near the ground that it was like a great ice-house (and it was almost as chill and damp), was a speaking comment on its day. This is one of the oldest Hebrew places of worship in Europe and retains in its inner structure and the tombstones closing in around it the Oriental character.

Emerging into free light we came to a Bishop's palace where there was an oriel window of rich old stained-glass of such size and beauty that the carriage was stopped and Anna's sketching-traps taken out and Frank adjusted the folding-stool, little easel-table and color-box and remained with her while we drove on to the bridge of St. John of Nippermunk. We have the "biggest rivers" but in the Old World they have the "biggest bridges;" not in height and for railway traffic, but in adornment, and that growth of legend and story which

time alone gives, and running water favors. A legend seems to need a substantial basis when it is on land, but there is something that invites imagination and vague forms in the flowing stream and its mists. It is not much of a river as American rivers go, but this special bridge alone is an epitome of history, of art and of superstition, and now of the dead-and-gone past when even thought was not free.

St. John had received the confession of the Queen — a Queen of “once upon a time” — whose royal husband wished to know what she had told her confessor. This was in early Christian days. The priest would not of course tell. Nor would the King recognize any power that could oppose him, of the Church or of the world. And as Father John, for he was only a simple priest then, refused, though imprisoned and tortured, he was put to death and his body thrown into the river (in the old unsanitary manner). Behold the miracle! Not only did the dead man not sink but, as he floated in an upright position, there settled about his head five points of light forming a halo.

By this the wicked King knew he was fighting the powers of the unseen world and that John had become a Saint because he was a martyr to duty. And as such he is held to this day. There are twelve life-size groups in marble on this beautiful bridge, the places of honor in the centre being reserved on one side for the Holy Mother with the dead Christ on her knees — the favorite ever-recurring group in South Europe of Mother and Son — and, opposite, St. John with his halo of stars. Each of these stood on altar-like rising steps and had, whenever we passed them, kneeling people before them. They may or may not have believed that whoever said certain prayers to St. John could not be drowned, but we, as well as those kneeling there, were heartily thankful for the reminder of duty steadfastly adhered to, even unto death; and there is no creed to the Mother-heart that aches over its dead.

From the bridge rises steeply the hill on which the old palace stands, or rather which it covers, with outer side walls like stony precipices. From above, on one occasion when the council disagreed

with the King, he called in his guard and had the disagreement ended by dropping the councillors out of the windows. The windows are shown to you and, as your eye measures the distance of that drop, you understand that like Abner Dean of Angel's the subsequent proceedings interested them no more.

But if the one will was powerful for evil it could also act quickly for good. Opposite, the Rathschin a high solid wall of masonry starts from the river and climbs up and over the hill — a strange wall to see in a city and with a strange name — the "Hunger-Wall." In a time of famine and when there was nothing for the people to do, the King of that day ("once upon a time") had this wall built and the people working on it were paid well, and so, earning their food, were in better state every way than if food had been doled out to them; which was not bad political economy.

The southern and oriental love of beauty, of color and graceful form, makes Prague charming. In place of mere cobble stones the chief streets are laid in a rough mosaic by placing the stones in large

pattern and outlining the grays and tans with red stones. And the raised sidewalks are of a coarse gravel done in the same way but of more elaborate pattern and more varied coloring. The white uniforms of Austrian officers and many local and characteristic costumes made agreeable figures in this rococo sort of setting. We had found this love of beauty marking everything in our hotel. The Austrian Parliament meets in Prague and this hotel was much in favor with the nobles attending it, so we found as Anna had promised *couleur locale* in everything. The house was delightfully old and the rooms were dignified by their size and the exquisite shining inlaid floors and rich dark wood-work of doors and panelled walls and ceilings — while, as it is the capital of Bohemia, we had enough genuine Bohemian glass in chandeliers and mirror frames and table service to gladden even the insatiate eye of one who appreciated the effects of light and color in the transparent glass. And in all details the harmony was complete. Our bedrooms, opening *en suite* from the spacious drawing-room with its wood fire re-

flected in the polished woods and glimmering glass, were as beautiful as rich fittings and good taste could make them. Frescoed ceilings had their chief colors repeated in rich rugs and the satin furniture and bedspreads; while the table, which was served in the drawing-room, was for all its appointments of flowers, fine silver and china and damask, with the silver branched candlesticks having shaded wax lights, like a lovely dinner party. Careful and delicate cookery is the rule even in wayside inns in Austria, so that here we had it in perfection.

We did not travel by night. Our programme was arranged for an easy day between early coffee and a late dinner. There is always the long halt and abundant time for the mid-day breakfast at the regular stopping-places where well-set tables and good food make this truly a "refreshment."

Getting to Prague for dinner we had intended giving it one day, then going to Munich for one day, and from there into the mountains making Salzburg our headquarters for excursions. There was not time for everything, so the mountains were made

the chief object as the General had to be in Paris by a fixed time, leaving us to go to Vienna and make the travel by Frankfort more at our leisure, and join him at Paris.

But one day was not enough of the beautiful city. By making a very early start and going straight to Salzburg, only stopping to change trains and get dinner in Munich, we could give two days to Prague. It was against the theories of our chief traveller not to make camp while it was still light — “all travelling accidents happen in the dark” — but when I saw the placards, announcing Gounod’s “Romeo and Juliet” for the next night, then no locomotive could have hauled us from that spot. Munich was a modernized sort of a place anyhow — we had seen sculptures and pictures enough in Copenhagen and Dresden to confuse us, and now it was the turn for music, and this open-air page of history, unspoiled by “modern improvements.”

So we again had a long open-air day and dined with good appetite in the beautiful drawing-room and then drove by the river road out of town to the

suburb where was the summer theatre. A great building where the stage was under cover but the house was open to the sky, and the moon and stars looked down upon Juliet as she leaned from her balcony. The house was in dim light and the footlights well masked. The Juliet was a lovely, tall girl with the midnight dusk of hair and eyes of her country — her long white satin gown was not a Worth costume but a clinging soft-falling, gentle-looking gown such as the true Juliet might have worn. And Romeo was young and looked and moved the daring lover. Fancy Gounod's music set to such realities of youth and beauty and possible passion, with the summer moon shining on the lovers — we the audience only a dusky bank of cloud to them.

Then the tumult of the street fight was no sham struggle with absurdly wrong postures and sword exercises.

But from narrow streets by old garden walls and massive palaces hurried forth armed men — light, graceful swordsmen, and the two bodies of retainers met in conflict that was a delight to an audi-

ence to whom the sword is as familiar a weapon as the gun is with us.

To make a play a success in New York it is almost enough to insert some sort of drill exercise; you will see breathless attention follow every move and no good point fails to bring out comprehending applause. In Prague the sword was as well understood. I had had some (not enough) twinges of conscience at upsetting Mr. Frémont's plans of early camps, and hurrying into the Tyrol, but he too was charmed by the music and the truthful, fit setting of the immortal tale of youth — and when this perfect fencing scene began and progressed to a grand *assaut d'armes*, then I knew *he* would for no reason have missed so congenial an exhibition. From all over the house came cries of approval and delight — none more enthusiastic than from Mr. Frémont and my son.

It was an extraordinary completeness of enjoyment throughout. The drive back by the river with the moonlight beautifying all things was only one more idealized pleasure.

“We must be at the train and in place at six!”

and it was then past twelve. We hurried to our satin quilts but the envious morn came all too soon and we were a silent and sleepy party over the five o'clock coffee; but it was a delight to have had that night, for then and for always.

This was our one exception to the wholesome plan of only daylight travel, but to give more time to the Tyrol we were willing, for once, to go on into the night. Those puzzling "Bradshaws" I never attempted to understand but the younger ones believed in them.

It is a point of honor I think with railway officials not to know about the next place and you are thrown on the printed information; so the girls made out that by four o'clock we would be at Munich with a two, or four-hour rest there, and then two hours to Salzburg. A telegram to the hotel there insured our finding supper and all things ready including the carriage and "*oberkellner*" waiting to meet us at the station. As we were to make the two, or four-hour stop in Munich we decided to dine there at a usual hour and made only a very light breakfast.

That "Bradshaw" was a deceiver. It was nearly eight when Munich was reached. The bright handsome railway station was most welcome and the sight and odor of food was grateful to an all-day appetite. "We will let all these people get off and then have our dinner in quiet," said Anna.

We ordered it with care, including "by request" roasted pheasant and salad, and the menkind stepped out "to look around," while we gave way to the comfort of stretching our cramped limbs on sofas and comparing our rest and the leisurely refreshing dinner we were to have with the hurry of the passengers who were making off to a starting train.

Just then Anna caught some words that made her go swiftly to the *Bureau d'information*, and our rest was over. That treacherous "Bradshaw" had misled us again. There was not four, not two, not any hour at all of waiting. The train that was starting was ours. Myself, the two girls and our maid were there—but the General and Frank? In came an authoritative bustling official: "*Salzburg, Madame? Dépêchez vous donc.*" One girl

had gone outside on a scout for the missing men, when the other spied their laughing faces at a side window where they were evidently amused by our flurry. They shared the discomposure when they understood the rush and "no dinner? — not even that pheasant" — but we just made our train and that was something. In fact it was all the comfort we had. The night was chill anyway and as our train slowly climbed from the plain to the mountain elevation it grew positively cold. We had only light wraps and our empty stomachs had neither external nor internal warmth. And those foreign railway carriages will not let you go to sleep and forget yourself. "*Qui dort dine*," says the French proverb, but even that form of dining was unattainable.

The grade was sharp and our engine took it in a leisurely way and again Bradshaw was wrong for it was past midnight when we came to Salzburg. I think it speaks well for us all that though both cold and hungry we were not cross. The familiar phrases about "making camp before dark" and "accidents in travel come with the dark" were not

added to our depression, for we really did feel depressed. Eighteen hours travel on the morning coffee and some bread and fruit was not stimulating.

However all was obliterated by the comfort and beauty of our rooms with the cheerful wood fire and supper. Even to "roast pheasant." It was the season for the *rebhuner* (the wild-hen) which is to them what our prairie chicken is to us. Soothed and renewed we went off to sleep as comforting as our food, and woke to begin some weeks of unalloyed enjoyment in the enchanting Austrian-Tyrol.



EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

CHAPTER XXV.

SALZBURG.

"Mein lieber land Tyrol."

WHEN we met next day for the mid-day breakfast we were all refreshed and gay and already feeling the sparkling freshness of the mountains. The girls had their report to make. They had been to the *Mozarts-platz*, where the statue and fountain in the square and the tablet on the house all tell of Mozart's home there; but it was horses, not music, that had led them to that spot, for Anna knew of a reliable livery-man there from whom her father and herself had had their mountain outfit. The *ein-spanner* is a very comfortable, strong, two-seated open carriage made to open or close at will; with the driver's seat so low in front that you see over his head. The wide flat box behind, which corresponds to the

driver's seat, carries all one needs for a week or so. These are usually driven with one horse and that *to a pole*, giving the effect of an accident and the carriage being taken back by the horse that had not run away. Two horses are not absolutely needed on those well-graded beautifully macadamized roads, and to spend for what is not *needed* does not enter the Continental mind. We were better pleased to see horses both sides of the pole, and the girls had chosen good ones that met the requirements of their practised eyes, and also selected the two drivers from the men called out for inspection.

This important matter settled, we were to begin on the scenery nearest us.

Anna had given me no hint, for fear I might tell, but I saw suppressed excitement and eagerness in her anxiety that we should go at an early hour next morning for a drive, and we were all docility.

The town of Salzburg is so different from anything of modern days, even in Europe, that it was a pleasure just to idle about it on foot. All that

was not actual church building was so decorated with religious busts and bas-reliefs that it seemed, as it is, an ecclesiastical headquarters with the impress of past days of power of the Church; and of the State also. The mountains rise so abruptly from the narrow bed of the rushing river which is parallel to its only level street, that the other buildings cling to the steep hill sides, and the jutting lower spurs are crowned with huge edifices, royal or ecclesiastical. While on the abrupt height across the river, where its mass of shadow fell on our hotel until ten o'clock, was an old fortress, a genuine "strong-place" of the Middle Ages, rich in legends and in facts.

For this first day we were "not to cross the river;" there was more than enough to keep us interested on our side. The vibration from sweet-toned bells is never out of the air there. The many churches and religious buildings are all the time ringing bells, and the equally many great clocks strike musical hours, giving the quarters, and the high hills send back their echoes.

We went forth the next morning quite fresh and

fit to meet the majesty of the mountains, our large comfortable landau wide-open to the mild autumn sun and inspiring air. The mass of rocky height on which is the fortification lies for about four miles along the river. Beyond is a level rich valley, and much other good farming land. The peasant women, used to accepting life with every hardship they found in it, had been accustomed to plod around this long spur on their way to market, driving their donkeys loaded with produce—they walking. You will remember it is the women who do the most of the field work where standing armies are kept; the men are taken for soldiers.

When the Empress Maria Theresa visited Salzburg she noticed this long way round which the women had to add to their already long walk to and from their homes in and beyond the valley. She ordered a tunnel to be cut through, under the fortress and where it would lead by the shortest way from the valley into the centre of the town. This was the thought and care of a beautiful woman, a most proud empress, for peasant

women, a woman's care for other women. Through this tunnel we drove that lovely autumn morning, I pleased with the good done by the empress, Mr. Frémont admiring the beauty of the engineering work and its costly finish of wide raised sidewalks and smoothly lined sides and arched roof, all of us turning to examine the great bas-relief carved over its entrance on which the morning sun shone fair; something allegorical, intended to win favor for her young son; that son to whom she could leave an empire but could not transmit her brain and will — that son who let his sister Marie Antoinette die unsupported by royal or brotherly effort to save her. History will show you that "Happy as a Queen," is a nursery phrase and belongs with the age when "Once upon a time" is the only date used.

From the tunnel we came out into the rich open valley of which we saw only the floor, so to speak, for the broad road was bordered by double rows of venerable trees which interlaced overhead making another and longer winding tunnel of thick green leafage; but between the great boles

of the trees and beyond their spreading boughs we caught glimpses of a regiment of cavalry at morning exercise on the green plain. That was inspiring. The bugle calls, the swift manœuvres, the picturesque uniforms, all made beautiful accompaniments to the morning.

Then, as we emerged from this, Anna said, "Now, General, shut your eyes, do, until I speak."

She was paling with excitement, and well she might.

The carriage stopped at the point she remembered, where an opening in the high hills gave a view beyond of which words cannot make a picture. Immediately before us lay two lines of magnificent dark mountains curving boldly towards each other; closing the view across them in the distance, rose from this lower framing of deep greens and purpling-blue, something I had never seen before, a huge glacier — a shape of light — so high, so glittering it was, far, far up in the morning sunshine.

Anna's voice quivered as she said, "Now, General."

There come some exquisite moments in life. Culminating moments that make complete — full and perfect and forever remembered as the crowning joy — what has been long wished-for, dreamed-of.

We were silent and quiet there a long time.

Anna's intended pleasure in showing the snow mountains of South Europe to Mr. Frémont had been a perfect success. He was dumb with satisfied joy. An expression I had never seen in them leaped into his eyes as he lifted them and saw that glory of the snow mountain — they knew each other.

Afterward, we noticed that when we did turn away the little we had said was in lowered voices, for we felt it would be intruding on the thoughts thronging in upon our "*Roi des Montagnes*" as Anna named him; like Sir Bedevere, it was clear he was

Revolving many memories.

It was no surprise that an early start was asked for the next day; and in our warm woollen rig we were off in the little carriages, as good as a short sofa

on wheels, and that, and many other sunrises, we saw in the *lieber Land* of Tyrol. And many a rushing pale-green brook tumbling down its rocks between pines, and other such dearly beloved and remembered mountain sights left me alone in the carriage, for the stream called him as it did Undine, and the General would jump out and walk by it, and cross on its rough stones, and walk up hills, "to spare the horses" — and the young ones "spared the horses" in their carriage too, and their voices would come back as fresh and sunny and gay as the morning itself.

And what appetites this gave! And what wonderful delicate food met us at village inns where the landlady was the convent-trained skilful cook and the landlady's daughter, pretty and gravely important, directed the serving-girls under her; who curtsied so often and so low in presenting each dish that it made me dizzy to see their heads sink and rise so abruptly. And they would be in such picturesque costume; the clean white plaited chemisette with the low black velvet bodice — in this as emblem of office the landlady's

daughter wore, as one puts in a flower a little to the side, a large silver spoon, bowl up, together with the large black velvet bag (*à la Marguerite*) at her side in which jingled the keys ; this marked authority and future proprietorship.

We stopped over night at such an inn in the village of Werfen ; just a street of detached, low, stone houses, but with a village square and fountain where the women gathered before sundown with their pitchers and gossiped ; costumes, fountain, gossips, all was a scene from *Faust*. High mountains shut in the narrow line of village. On a height above it was an old fortified castle, now used as a military prison. The others walked up there — a ladder-like climb I was not up to, as I had lamed my knee in Denmark and for want of rest had been getting seriously lamed. But I looked out at the *Faust* scene and the sunset lights on the mountains, and the landlady and myself had a talk in pantomime all to ourselves. Their German has become a dialect here, and my German was scant anyway ; but when two women want to talk they can manage with eyes and hands

and oh's and ah's, and so we progressed, I assenting to all she proposed for dinner, checking off on her fingers unknown dishes, to which I nodded approval until *she* cried "enough." Then she led me to the oak presses which were in my room and, unlocking them with pride, displayed her treasures to me. She had reason for housewifely pride in them. Piled up in quantity was fine linen for bed and table. Napkins tied in dozens with their original ribbons — her marriage portion. "*Mein mudder*" had given this and that. She led me to a window looking down upon the crowded gravestones of the church adjoining her inn — "*Mein mudder*" was there; touching her black head-dress and woollen mourning gown, her husband too; it was bright with growing flowers, dahlias chiefly then, and wreaths on the crosses.

But she smiled again when she displayed her many eider down puffy quilts of bright-colored silks and satins, and taking her favorite she spread it over my bed, first smiling and putting its clear blue near my white hair to show it would be becoming. Then, inquiringly, would I choose for the others?

So the General had green for the hills, and Frank his gold color, while as I had the blue the girls had to take pink and crimson. It was charming to feel the friendly one-ness of hospitality which was quite apart from the relation of traveller and hostess, and which belonged in with the courtesy of the people everywhere in Austria. Her best silver, each spoon and fork wrapped separately in silver paper, she also took out from this range of oak presses which made one wall of a large room.

When the others came back they found the wood fire bright in the open part of the huge white porcelain stove, the table with wax lights in twisted-branched silver candlesticks, flowers (dahlias from the graveyard, and geraniums—I saw the daughter cutting these funeral-grown flowers for the feast), and in their rooms more silver candlesticks on lace-trimmed toilet tables, lighting up the pretty satin quilts.

And such a feast! even the appetite of a boy, increased by mountain air and exercise, gave out. Each thing was not only delightfully

cooked, but served in the most artistic manner, and as I had said "yes" to everything, we water-drinkers by habit were confronted with fine old claret, and such golden Tokay that it *had* to be tasted.

We were a party of five. Always on the continent you order — not chicken or beef or potatoes, but one or more portions of each. The things Frank was fond of he always ordered in six portions; when the servant would ask for the sixth person as we seated ourselves there was always a little laugh as he held up two fingers and explained *he* was both "five" and "six." This time even "six" was stalled. The landlady came up to ask if we had been satisfied, and with German words and expressive American looks and tone, we assured her it was all delightful.

Early as was our start next day there was an equally good breakfast, and garlands of (mortuary) dahlias all around the hood of the girls' carriage, and the hand bouquets for all were of late roses and geraniums tied with ribbons.

And all this for an amount in money so small

by comparison that to us it seemed an unfair return. These inns are family property and the "good-will" of this I should count as quite as valuable as its fine appointments. As in all Southern countries the upper rooms are the best. On the ground floor is the great kitchen and the "travellers' room" where all enter and get refreshment — according to the purse — but no matter how little is spent there is smiling welcome. Bædeker, who is the German Murray, sends his son to make walking tours in common clothes and report on the reception given to such travellers, which they publish in their guide-books and rarely do you see any word of dispraise.

How we did enjoy that time in the mountains ! At first consciously, then as matter of course, so thoroughly had the complete rest entered into and renewed us.

It was not "always afternoon" for all the women we saw. Our American feelings were sorely tried by the constant sight of women at work in the fields where the earth was prepared as for a flower bed, so finely was the soil crum-

bled and smoothed. The manure cart would be in charge of a boy with shoes on—he was to grow into a soldier and must be healthy; the women were not only barefoot but barelegged, for their skirts were tucked so high you had to see the want of stocking or undergear. At one of the country churches into which we went while stopping for breakfast the Madonna's Statue had a pair of new thick brogans on the feet, and tied to its outstretched hand was a square of coarse but well-bleached linen trimmed round with knit linen lace; evidently a votive offering from some weary woman to whom the clean handkerchief and dry-shod feet represented a heavenly rest.

We had our plan, but we broke it as often as we were tempted to linger by a lovely lake or a specially beautiful spot; and there was a glacier that just must be climbed. The stop near it for the night was not enough. A guide was engaged — “the best of our mountaineers, he does not go up with everyone, and his terms are high.” The General and Frank and the guide went up the glacier, and we spent our day mostly on the

lake, and lying on the grass watching Anna sketching the glacier, and trying with our glasses to make out three figures on it. They came back at night delighted. The landlady carefully bringing in our long plaids and making them wrap in them after the day's violent exercise ; and coming and going, on hospitable cares intent — bringing up word that the guide said that was no "traveller" he was a "mountain-man" and knew a mountain as well as he did — and the boy would make a climber too. And he was going to buy a cow with the present given him (in memory of many a hard climb in snow and rocks which did not end with home faces and a good dinner and bed.)

For my lamed knee we went to the hot salt baths of Ischl, where three baths removed all stiffness, nor did it return. This is the great place for rheumatism, always the mountaineer's scourge. [The hot salt baths are sovereign also for nervous ailing women, and to them came the Empress of Austria, the present one, when she was in such sorrow that her health broke down completely. She is a Hungarian; the Emperor was having

rough times with the Hungarian nobles and a visit among them was thought desirable. To make sure of a welcome it was held necessary that the Empress, of whom they were proud, should go too. Her first child, a baby girl, was cutting its teeth and not well and she refused to leave it. But she was persuaded that it was nothing but passing usual fretfulness, and that she could do so much for the Crown, etc., etc., etc., that she went with the Emperor and the welcome was given and danger averted. But the baby died while she was away.

It was not royal, but it was natural that she turned from State-life in horror. She kept away from Vienna ; her health was given as pretext for her eccentric travel ; one winter she stayed on the Island of Madeira. But she came back, and it is said a peasant woman begged her to come to Ischl and find health there. And health did come back and every year she returns. We saw her daily on horseback ; and on foot walking with her big dog under the terrace-trees, listening to the wild music of the Hungarian-gypsy band ; gener-

ally in a short black silk skirt and white corduroy jacket, her magnificent long hair in two heavy plaits crossed behind her shoulders and the ends tucked in in front as I have seen the Californian and Mexican women wear their long braids. The Princess Gisela, about sixteen then, had her daily walk also past our hotel across the bridge to the more open country beyond, unattended except by her governess and in simple plaid woollen suits and brown straw hat.

There is the most complete simplicity in this most aristocratic of courts and nobility, when at Ischl, and one usage charmed me. The bridge under our windows was a thoroughfare and led directly to the cemetery on a hill across the water.

All the funerals passed over it. All we saw, of the well-dressed and rich people, or the poorer class, were conducted in the same way; choir-boys led the way, the priest following; then the coffin borne by strong men; then the family—all walking. The priest would chant a verse of the funeral service, all in the procession chanting

the response, and so, the sound fading away as they moved on, the funerals would go by between the gay hotel and the terrace always full of promenaders. But what interested me most was to see these people of ease and fashion quietly, and as matter of course, join in the funeral procession and cross the bridge with it, chanting the responses — then dropping out, return to their own life.

One fine looking man I saw throw away his cigar and taking by the hand two little boys they crossed the bridge with a funeral, then on the return father and boys had their walk under the terrace trees. Asking his name, I found this was Prince Hohenloe and the children were his. It was a Christian recognition of the one inevitable common bond and always interested me anew.

The weeks went by too fast. A large landau and four fine horses managed by a postillion with a cameo-profile, a green suit and a horn slung round him on which he waked the echoes as we dashed through villages, made our abode by day;

the long drives being always to different points. "Hernani," as we christened the green-suited horn-blowing handsome postillion, knew every place. At one village Inn he stopped "by request," and the landlord and "a committee" were waiting to speak with us. They wished to say to the American General that they had faith in America and had invested during our war in American greenbacks (it was a village of some twelve hundred people and Protestant) ; that there was much said against their trusting our Government and there came a time when printed news came to them that our election for President was going to undo the promise to pay in gold ; that they talked it over and decided to write and inform themselves from the highest authority, and that they wrote to the "Minister of Finance" and by return mail his answer came to them. The letter was framed and preserved in their town records as evidence of the superiority of Republican institutions. "When," they said, "when could we, villagers, and of the people, write directly to our Minister of Finance, or receive the immediate answer."

This answer was that the election was not yet decided, but that the success of the Republican candidate, General Grant, was almost assured. That with him the honor of the nation was safe. And the signature was "HUGH McCULLOGH, *Secretary of the Treasury.*"

You may be sure the swell of pride in our country was great, and that was a *very* sunshiny day.

But they had to come to their close.

After I was back at home on the Hudson I had a large foreign parcel come to me; an album made for me by Anna of her own beautiful water-color sketches of the places I had liked best on "The Happy Journey" as she named it. There are the red sails of the fishing boats on the blue Baltic as we had watched them from the terrace of her country-house near Copenhagen while Hans Andersen read us his "Tale of a Thistle;" the rich stained-glass oriel window of the Bishop's palace at Prague; the two *cin-spanners* with their muffled occupants in the low foreground and mountains on mountains filling the background — lovely views everywhere. We had named the

railway carriage "the family hearth" for it was only when shut in it for the day's travel that we had full leisure for talking over what we had seen and talking up what we were to see. At Dresden we had uniformed ourselves in long wraps of soft Saxony-wool plaid of blue and green, with hats of peacocks' breasts to match; the General and Frank having each a bit of peacock's breast in the band of their gray soft hats, and cravats of green and blue plaid with their gray travelling suits. When we looked around for one another in the crowds at the stations the guards would smile and touch the side of their own hats as they pointed out the gray hats with the bit of peacock breast. We regretted our change to usual bonnets and gowns with which to arrive in Paris, but as we ran in to the *Gare St. Lazare* and the General came forward to meet us, Anna shut her eyes with a little cry of regret. The becoming soft gray hat was replaced by "the iron-crown of civilization," the high hat, and the closing picture in the book is his photograph on which she had placed this mark that the good mountain days were ended.

