

*"Things I Remember"*  
*Frederick Townsend Martin*



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THINGS I REMEMBER  
FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN







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*Frederick Townsend Martin*



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# THINGS I REMEMBER

BY

FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS



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THINGS I REMEMBER



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MY ancestors did not sail to America in that  
overcrowded vessel *The Mayflower*, for it was

not until the year 1665, when London was swept by the plague, that three brothers, John, Henry and Richard Townshend left England to seek their fortunes in the New World. Their father had provided them with sufficient means to make their way in the young country, and they were undaunted at the prospect of being weeks at sea in an old sailing ship driven hither and thither at the mercy of the winds and waters.

The Townshends left behind them their beautiful home of Raynham, an estate which had been the property of their progenitors since the Conquest, when William of Normandy gave it to De Haville, one of his captains.

The family served their sovereigns well, and Roger Townshend was knighted during the stirring times of the Armada. Horatio Townshend rendered such services to Charles II that he was raised to the Peerage in 1661 under the title of Baron Townshend of Lynn Regis, and his dignities were further in-



creased in 1682 when he was made a Viscount.

A voyage across the Atlantic does not appear strange to us now-a-days when science has done so much to save time and trouble, but the Townshends must have been heartily tired of their slow, monotonous passage long before they reached America. The brothers first settled at Oyster Bay, then an important rendezvous for the British fleet, but later they dispersed. Henry went up the Hudson river and settled in Cornwall, Richard made for Pennsylvania, and John remained at Oyster Bay, where the house that he built still stands.

Henry Townshend seems to have been a man of strong religious convictions, and he was greatly distressed at the persecution of the Quakers by the bigoted Puritans of those days. His sympathy with the oppressed sect showed itself in a practical manner, for he allowed the Quakers to hold their meetings at his house, an act of tolerance which greatly incensed Peter Stuyvesant, the Burgomaster of the town. He decided to make an example

of Henry Townshend, so he promptly had him arrested and imprisoned in the Fort at New Amsterdam, where he spent months of solitary confinement, cheered only by the daily visits of his little daughter, who was allowed to bring him his food.

After his release Henry returned to Oyster Bay, where he lived unmolested to a good old age. He seems to have been a man of lovable personality, who had the courage of his convictions, and whose high purpose bore out the old family motto, "Fidelity earned these honours for our race."

The Townshends apparently never regretted their severance from the Old Country; they prospered in the New World, handsome sons and fair daughters were born to them, and the pressing anxieties of life seem to have passed them by.

My grandmother, Hannah Townshend, was born in 1785, and married her second cousin Isaiah Townshend. They settled in Albany, the capital of the state of New York, and their

daughter Anne was destined later to become the wife of my father, Henry Hull Martin.

It is difficult to realize adequately the difference between the families of Townshend and Martin. The Townshends represented the good type of the aristocratic settlers in America, who had preserved the culture and refinement of the Court of St. James's, whilst the Martins embodied the splendid spirit of those early pioneers who endured untold hardships with a dogged determination to "win through."

Henry Hull Martin was born at Avon Genesis in 1809. His father died when a comparatively young man, leaving just enough money to educate his son, and support his widow and three daughters, who found it somewhat of a struggle to live, but as soon as Henry Martin graduated at Union College he gave the little money he had to his mother and started out to support himself.

His life at college was one of absolute self-denial; his chief aim was to avoid embarrass-

ing his mother in any way, and I am sure that he must have suffered many things in silence. He was a very tall man, and his clothes had always to be made for him, so when his overcoat was worn out, and a new one meant a call on the slender home finances, Henry would wrap himself up in a shawl and unconcernedly brave the elements and the storm of chaff which invariably assailed him when he went to his classes.

“Well, Martin,” remarked the President of Union College one day when he came face to face in the street with the thin shawl enveloped figure. “Surely you don’t realize *what* is wrapped up in your mantle.”

I never think of this story without marveling at my father’s moral courage, and I think few collegians now-a-days would follow his example, as it seems to be the usual thing for young men to emulate women’s love of dress, and to incur endless tailors’ bills with a total disregard of when and how they are to be paid.

After leaving Union College, Henry Martin became private secretary to Troup, who was Governor of the State of New York, and whilst residing at Albany he met Anne Townsend, with whom he fell in love at first sight. Without more ado, the young man went at once to Isaiah Townsend and demanded his daughter in marriage.

The Magnate of Albany listened to the presumptuous suitor in silent amazement, but at last he found words. "Young man," he asked coldly, "how do you propose to support my daughter?"

"With the brains which God has given me," answered the lover; and, when he saw the look of incredulous disdain on the face of Isaiah Townsend, he added warmly, "Yes, sir, with my brains I'll undertake to support your daughter and to make her happy."

I do not know whether old Mr. Townsend was more impressed by Henry Martin's audacity, or by his personality, but in the end he gave his consent to the marriage, and my

parents lived close to the Townsend house in Albany, where my father started as a lawyer and where he continued to practise until 1854, when he became a banker.

I was my parents' sixth child, and I was born on December 6, 1849. It was a marvel that I came into the world alive, as for some weeks before my arrival my mother had been dangerously ill with inflammatory rheumatism, and a fatal termination was regarded as inevitable. The anxiety of the family was terrible, and their fears increased hourly on the wintry night when I was born. But even the longest period of anxiety must come to an end, and at last my father entered the sitting-room, pale but happy, and announced, "Anne is safe, and she has another son."

My happiest recollections centre round my childhood. We were a most united family; our early affection has endured the test of time, and when my sister Anna (who became Mrs. Rochester) was dying, her last words, which are too sacred to repeat, made me real-

ize the meaning of those bonds. Alice, my senior by two years, was my inseparable companion and the sweetest tomboy imaginable; little Harriett played with us for six years, and then Death called her away. My brothers were dear boys; there was Henry and Bradley, whose loss is still so fresh that I hardly dare to realize it, and Howard, who was later to accompany me on my travels abroad.

The most impressive figure of those early days was my grandmother Townsend. She was a woman of extraordinary personality, and she reigned as a queen over society in Albany, where her circle consisted of people who were distinguished for their wit and breeding. Grandmother ruled without effort. She fascinated me even as a tiny child, until I became her willing and adoring slave, and the great house in Washington Avenue, where she lived, was to me a palace of enchantment. A subtle sympathy drew us together, and I believe she was quite innocently proud of being able to attract me, and to see how eagerly I left my

play when I was allowed to spend an hour with her.

My most vivid recollection of my grandmother is when I used to creep down the passage which led to the library. I can see her yet, sitting in her great high-backed chair by the window with the light falling on her sweet face with its delicate features and wonderful eyes, which always seemed to speak. Mrs. Townsend was not one of the modern grandmothers; her fine lace cap was not to her an admission of age of which she was ashamed; indeed I thought her stiff, pretty curls looked enchanting under it, and her silk gown, with its lace collar and cuffs, was always dignified and becoming. *Négligées* were unknown in her day, and I doubt if she would have given a tea-gown a moment's consideration.

I pushed the door open very quietly. "Do I disturb you, grandmother," I would ask, and I was always reassured by her charming smile and the delightful "Come in, Frederick." Then I advanced to the seat by the window to





My grandmother—Hannah Townsend



be kissed and welcomed, and afterwards, seated by her side, I would beg her to tell me a story.

It was very peaceful in that quiet library, with its old-fashioned furniture, which Mrs. Townsend had inherited from her mother, and which had come all the way from England—as did even the bricks with which the house was built, for in those days bricks were not made in America. It was the atmosphere of refinement which appealed to me. I loved the romance which seemed to cling to my grandmother, and she, impressionable, a dreamer of beautiful thoughts, insensibly coloured my mind with her imaginings. I owe to her any taste I have for the beautiful, my appreciation of the charm of bygone days, and my power to conjure up scenes of the past, and to people them with those who played their parts in history or romance. Thus the dead, the great, the beautiful, the gifted and the unfortunate are to me living people, and this extraordinary power of visualizing dates back to those happy hours in Washington Avenue.

The story which seemed to give my grandmother the greatest pleasure to relate was the account of her honeymoon trip up the Hudson river to Albany.

After the wedding the bride and bridegroom with the relatives and guests went down to the Battery in all the splendour of a golden afternoon. It was early summer, a slight breeze ruffled the waters of the Hudson, and the sloop which had been chartered for the journey rocked gently at the quay. It must have been a picturesque sight, this wedding party in Old New York. I can imagine the bevy of pretty girls in their high-waisted clinging muslin gowns, the young bride in her long white satin cloak and plumed hat, the men in their blue or drab coats with brass buttons, and every one deciding that this voyage up the Hudson was vastly original and diverting.

There were only some servants and the crew on board, for the household possessions had been previously dispatched, and whilst the bride's luggage was being stowed away she

bade farewell to her friends, and clung tearfully to her mother, for in those times "sensitivity" was in fashion and hearts were a little less *blasé* than they are to-day. Then Mrs. Townsend made her way down the worn, grey steps (I think her thin satin slippers must have been sadly stained with the ooze as she went on board, followed by her husband). The sloop cast off, the sails filled, and the boat drew away, amidst waving farewells and many wafted kisses from the bride, until it disappeared in a golden haze, symbolical, as perhaps some romantic soul may have declared, of a golden future for the newly married pair.

Then began the memorable voyage, and how often have I journeyed in imagination with my grandmother up the beautiful Hudson river, where, I think, the scenery outrivals the Rhine. Day by day the boat glided along on its voyage of 150 miles. The magnificent panorama of the Palisades gave place to the calm Tappan-Zee, and the wondering young people admired the Highlands and the Nar-

rows, where dark, deep gorges lie beneath lofty hills. Sometimes my grandparents landed and took horses to some place of interest. Then came a long day of exploring the thickly wooded country, and in the silent forests they would sometimes chance on the remains of an Indian camp fire; at dusk they rode through the scented night air back to the waiting sloop, and continued their voyage.

Grandmother described how they saw the site of Tarry Town, immortalized as Sleepy Hollow by Washington Irving, and one day Isaiah Townsend excitedly showed his wife where the great chain was stretched across the Hudson to prevent the English from coming up the river to besiege the small towns on its banks. "This chain," said my grandfather with unconcealed pride, "was forged by my father Henry Townsend in 1778 at the Stirling Iron Works, which he owned, and the links were carried to West Point by New England teamsters. The chain was the indirect means of discovering a traitor, for Bene-

dict Arnold wrote to the British authorities and told them he had weakened one of the links to permit the passage of the English men-of-war, but the letter was intercepted and Arnold's career as an American general was ended.

At last the sloop reached the Catskill Mountains, the Rip Van Winkle country, and the end of the journey was at hand. Like Rip Van Winkle, the young couple awoke from an enchanted dream, and they began to realize that the future with its responsibilities lay before them in their new home at Albany.

"And was New York nicer than Albany?" I always asked, with the design of hearing some more stories. This question invariably "drew" my grandmother, who would straightway describe the picturesque New York of the quaint gables and market-places, and she would tell me about the peaceful farms tenanted by the descendants of the old Colonial families, gone, alas for ever, lost in the rush of life.

I listened enraptured to her recollections of the days when her mother, Mrs. Solomon Townsend, gave great receptions, to which all the distinguished people came. She told me how the tone of society was influenced by the French and English Courts, and how the atmosphere was almost ultra-refined. I heard how these descendants of great families treasured the souvenirs of the past, how traditions were respected, and how both men and women were trained from their earliest childhood to cultivate charm of manner and to display all the punctilious ceremonial of the Mother Country.

Dances in those days were very stately performances, and the minuets were a delight to watch, for the dancers walked through the figures with wonderful grace, and the younger generation were not, as now, allowed to monopolize the floor, and to romp riotously in a tangle of Bunny Hugs and Tangos. Some of the elder people would play cards during the evening, while others talked politics, and those



who liked books discussed the latest poems and romances.

The midday dinner was the principal repast of the day, and it was considered the correct thing to walk on the old Battery at sundown. This was the rendezvous where friends and acquaintances met to exchange courteous greetings, and to hear the latest gossip, and it is difficult to realize now, when the glories of State Street are departed, that the Battery was the centre of fashion in those early days.

“And were the houses beautiful?” I would ask.

That question always appealed to my grandmother, and she described with extraordinary vividness the old Colonial houses as she remembered them, the large, low-ceilinged rooms with their panelled walls, where old family portraits looked down on their descendants, the parquet floors which were so highly polished that they seemed like gigantic mirrors, and the cut-glass chandeliers and can-

delabra which shed a soft light upon many picturesque gatherings.

"Tell me about the Revolution," I frequently demanded, for those stirring times always fired my imagination, but grandmother did not care to do so. I know now that her recollections of the great days were saddened ones, as the half of our family who were Tories remained faithful to King George, but the progressive and Americanized Townsends threw in their lot with the Revolutionary Party, and even dropped the "h" in their surname as a protest against monarchy and aristocracy.

One of the stories which appealed to me very much concerned the doings of a Scotsman, Roderick McIntosh of Georgia, who had escaped to America after the rising of 1745.

This remarkable man was clan-mad, if I may coin a description, and when he arrived in America he brought with him every possible vestige of his Scottish state. Whenever Roderick walked abroad a piper invariably preceded him, and the strains of the bagpipes

heralded their approach and afforded endless entertainment to young and old alike. He was wont to observe that if he could ship sufficient plaids, bonnets and pipers from the Highlands, he would turn even the old Dutch residents into Scotsmen, as he felt sure they were enviously impressed by his garb and dignity. When he visited New York his piper played outside the house he chanced to be honouring with his presence, for the old familiar music fired Roderick's imagination in a way that enabled him to give force to his arguments, and made him feel that a McIntosh could hold his own with the best of them.

And thus my romantic yearnings and love of the history of bygone days were fostered by the gracious Lady of the Large House, as I mentally designated her. I was always running in to see her, and I was sure of a welcome. Grandmother understood me; she seemed quite to realize that little boys could not be perfection, and she never made me unhappy.

She was my liege lady, and I paid her the most sincere of all homage—the trusting devotion of a child.

It is sad to relate that I had no such feelings for my grandmother Mrs. Martin, who repelled me as much as Mrs. Townsend attracted me. My father's mother was a complete contrast to the charming luxury-loving descendant of the Townsends. She was a Puritan of Puritans, with all the stern, unbending characteristics of the original New England stock that had been made strong by the struggle for existence. It had been their lot to battle with the elements, to wrest life from the land, to face danger alike from man and beast, and often to die as unsung heroes who endured without complaint to the very end. I now realize the value of the type, but in those days I failed to appreciate it, and my grandmother Martin was to me the Terror that walked by day and by night.

“Always respect your grandmother,” said my father to me, and I honestly tried to do so,

but my dreams fled at her approach and a sullen defiance seized me. "Why can't she be friends with me like my other grandmother?" I asked myself, and one day when she tried to interfere with some childish pursuit, my smouldering anger blazed forth.

"The nursery is *my* land—not *yours!*" I announced. "You just mind your own business, grandmother," and the gage of battle thus thrown, I waited in expectation to see what my adversary would do. She did not reply, but one glance at her face was enough. She went out of the room. What was Grandmother Martin contemplating? Some minutes elapsed, and curiosity overcoming my fear, I crept down to reconnoitre. Through the half-open door I saw her standing by the window, and in a flash I realized that her intention was to wait, like an avenging Nemesis, for my father to return from the bank! I scurried upstairs, and I, too, waited, hoping against hope that she would relent.

'At last I heard my father come in, and five

minutes afterwards the cry of "Frederick" broke the silence. I crouched in a corner, the call was repeated, but feeling that delay was dangerous, I went to meet my fate and was thoroughly well whipped. "Now you'll never be rude to your grandmother again!" and one resounding smack finished the punishment. My mother wept silently, but I was consumed with rage. I never forgave Grandmother Martin, but if she felt my aversion she never appeared to notice it; she pursued her accustomed way, dignified and reserved, and I think her only weak spot was the delight she experienced in making other people share her opinion of her importance.

Poor Mrs. Martin, how she would have resented the spirit of change which has swept over her country, and how unadaptable she would have shown herself! I can imagine Mrs. Townsend accepting the idea of an aeroplane with serene urbanity, and quite luxuriating in an automobile. The opinions of Mrs.

Martin on these subjects would have been forcible, illuminating and not uninteresting, but I am sure that present-day progress would not have found a friend in her.

## CHAPTER II

My father: His theories: "Lead us not into temptation": My mother, her gentle influence: Pre-natal conditions: Her sympathy: "Just a mother with a mother's heart": Living books: My accident: A long convalescence: My hero: Uncle Frederick and the butler's son: An expedition to California: The Argonauts: El Dorado: Misfortune dogs my uncle's footsteps: The Old Man of the Sea: The Nugget: A dreamer of dreams: New York: I visit the Battery: "They that go down to the sea in ships": I go to Union College: Life in Albany: The old Schuyler Mansion: Family mirth-makers: A funeral at Middletown: A recipe to stop nose-bleeding: A chapter of accidents: My uncle's anger: From bad to worse: After the funeral: My uncle's ultimatum: Franklin Townsend: His violin: The poodle that knew the time: The responsibilities of wealth: A man of means: Mr. Townsend and the heiress: How General Howard James drilled his servants: A troop of Amazons: The simple life: A "good atmosphere": My first play: Death of my mother: "It is deep happiness to die, yet live in love's dear memory"



I FEEL that I pay the highest tribute to my father's memory when I describe him as one of the best types of the best American. He was, indeed, an exceptional man, high-principled and strict almost to severity, but justice itself in everything that he did.

My father's favourite saying was, "When a man has made up his mind to go to the wall he'll go." His mother's intolerance found no echo in his own life; he was infinitely understanding, and perhaps his wife's gentle influence developed the softer side of his nature.

"Ah," he would often remark, "the most powerful part of the Lord's Prayer is the appeal 'Lead us not into temptation'—it's the most difficult foe to withstand." I used to wonder why he spoke so strongly; perhaps he had known and resisted temptation himself. He adored his children, but he made no favourites; his ambition was to see us grow up worthy members of society, and he never lost an opportunity of instilling into us his ideas

of the importance of work and one's duty towards others in every-day life.

My mother and he were ideally happy, and well had he kept his promise to her father to support and shelter her. To me my mother is a sacred memory which grows sweeter day by day. I gave her my whole-hearted love, and the influence of her beautiful character is ever present with me.

I often wonder whether the pre-natal conditions of my birth accounted for the extreme tenderness which my mother and I had for each other? During her long illness, before my birth, she must have often trembled lest her child should bear the impress of her own sufferings, and I think her poignant sense of sympathy must have been transmitted to me, for I am always drawn to those who suffer.

Her religion was beautiful in its simple faith, and she was quite unostentatious in its performance. She had been brought up as a Presbyterian, and every Friday she slipped



My father  
Henry Hull Martin  
Born 1809—Died 1886



quietly away to her Prayer Meeting, no matter what social duties claimed her. She never neglected to hear me say my prayers, and I picture her now as she came into my little room and knelt by me heedless of her beautiful evening gown and sparkling jewels. Just a mother with a mother's heart, and small wonder that I used to think her an angel when she sang to me. The beloved face has been hidden for many a year, and the sweet voice is still, but "*Ô l'amour d'une mère! amour que nul n'oublie.*"

I always regarded my mother and my grandmother in the light of living books, for I found them both inexhaustible in interest, and nothing delighted me more than to hear about places and people. When I was a small boy of seven I met with an accident, which obliged me to remain six months on my back, but the long hours of illness were lightened by my mother's devotion. She read to me, and together we discussed the characters in the books until they seemed like real people; my favour-

ite was David Copperfield, and I remember how much I wanted to see Dover as described by Dickens.

My ideal hero did not, however, exist in fiction, but, miracle of miracles, he was a relation, my mother's youngest brother, my namesake, and I never wearied of listening to his adventures.

In 1849, when gold was first discovered in California, Frederick Townsend begged my grandmother to allow him to set out to seek his fortune with the Argonauts, as the settlers in California were then called.

A great deal of persuasion was required, but at last grandmother gave her consent on condition that my uncle was accompanied by the butler's son, who would, she fondly imagined, protect him from all harm.

The expedition was most fully equipped with the possible requirements of a gold-seeker, and my uncle started on his journey to El Dorado. But misfortune dogged his footsteps at every turn. The butler's son had to

be protected instead of playing the part of a protector; he was (barring his good qualities) worse than useless. He couldn't swim, and so my uncle had to carry him pick-a-back when they crossed rivers and fords, in fact he became Old Man of the Sea, and my uncle the reluctant Sindbad. Everything went amiss, and for a long time there was no news of the adventurous Frederick. His family mourned him as dead, but one day he re-appeared (accompanied, of course, by the butler's son), and told a tale of adventure which rivalled that of the immortal Munchausen. He had been made captive by Indians, a tornado had carried away his tent like a leaf before the wind, but he had succeeded in finding gold, which after all was the one and only object of his journey.

The gold which my uncle dug up did not permit him to have an option on New York City, and eventually it found a home in my mother's jewel case. How well I remember the famous nugget, which I was allowed to

handle sometimes as a very great favour. "Do show me the gold Uncle Fred brought home," was my oft-repeated request, and I can live again the delightful moment when the jewel-case was unlocked, and I saw the nugget lying on its velvet bed. I can even smell the faint odour which is always associated with these old treasure-boxes, and which one never smells elsewhere.

I used to hold the nugget very tightly, close to my eyes, and then imagine I was out camping with Uncle Fred. As the gold warmed in my excited hand, I felt how much it represented—the long marches and the measureless wastes which had to be traversed to find it. I pictured the blinding sandstorms; I felt the loneliness of Nature in secret places, and in imagination I saw the stars which always seemed to me like eyes watching the world. And thus, cheered by golden books, I passed my period of convalescence. Then I was able to take delightful drives with my mother, and I shall never forget those radiant summer



days. I wonder why fields never seem so green, or why the skies never seem so blue when we have passed the milestones of youth.

I was eight years old when I paid my first visit to New York. I went by boat with my father, and I remember how excited I felt on that old side-wheeler of a steamer, for was I not retracing grandmother's wonderful voyage? We arrived in New York just in time for dinner, and I only felt homesick when I was in bed. I could not sleep, for every quarter of an hour I heard the church clock strike, but at last the sound so got on my nerves that I fell asleep worn out with loneliness and fatigue.

This impression of a certain sound being always associated with loneliness has never faded, and I think my belief in the "early recollection" has a parallel case in Herbert Spencer's experiences. When he was a child his nurse left him in the house on the evening of the week when the bells of All Saints', Derby, were rung. The little boy always remembered the bells ringing during the time

he spent alone, and in later life he wrote, "All through the earlier part of my life, and even in adult years I never heard bells without a feeling of sadness coming over me!"

Early next morning I was sent off, accompanied by my cousin's office boy, to see the sights of New York, and the first place I made for was the old Battery. I shall never forget my emotion when I found myself on the sea wall, and felt the salt breeze from the Bay kiss my cheeks in greeting. "Here is the gate of the world," I thought, as I watched the great ships sail past. Whither were they bound? What wonderful countries would they visit? And, as I watched them, an overmastering desire to travel seized me. I longed to be on the white decks, facing the unknown; I, too, wanted to see the World. Then I reflected sorrowfully that I was only eight years old, and I might have a very long time to wait. Still, something seemed to tell me that my hopes would be realized, and indeed they have, for since I stood as a little boy on the

old Battery and dreamt my dreams, I have travelled far and wide in many lands.

The office boy must have been tired of waiting on the Battery, but I left it with reluctance, and we walked home without speaking, for I was, in thought, well out to sea in a phantom ship of my own. The sight of Trinity Church roused me from my meditations, and I marvelled at its spire, which I thought must surely reach to heaven. Alas! it is now swallowed up in a maze of modern buildings, which have invaded the precincts of the old church and robbed it for ever of its picturesque charm.

We stayed a week in New York, and I was not sorry to return, for I rather resented being treated by my cousins as a little boy from the country, and I was all impatience to tell my mother and my grandmother about my wonderful visit.

My first experience of school life was at the Albany Academy, which has just celebrated its centenary, and which is one of the few old

landmarks of my birthplace. At the age of fourteen my father decided that I must be partly emancipated from home influence, so I was sent to Union College, where my relative, Isaac Jackson, was one of the best known and respected Professors. He possessed a most beautiful garden, which was open to the students, and where I spent many delightful hours seated from view up one of the great trees. Those days are amongst my happiest recollections. I returned to Albany every Saturday, to spend a quiet Sunday with my people, and I was sure that my mother would always show her invariable sympathy and interest in all my doings. What a wonderful woman she was, and how much I owe to her!

Life in Albany went on very smoothly, and I think it was a much prettier town in those days. I remember the old Schuyler Mansion, where a tomahawk was firmly imbedded over the dining-room door. This was a striking souvenir of the hatred shown to the whites by the Indians in the early Colonial days, and

the story was that it had been flung by an Indian through the open window when the family were seated at table, but luckily it missed its mark.

Some of my relatives were quite "characters," but naturally I never let them see that I appreciated them from a humorous point of view, although I suppose certain members of a family are bound to realize that they are regarded by the others as unconscious mirth-makers.

When I was about twelve years old I was taken by my Uncle Frederick Townsend to a family funeral at Middletown, Connecticut.

We arrived at the old country town at dusk, and drove immediately to the house of mourning, where we were welcomed tearfully by our relations. Strange to say, Uncle Frederick had never told me that my great-aunt was blind, and as she bent down to kiss me her spectacles caught the bridge of my nose with such alarming force that it started to pour

with blood. Every one was distressed, and I was hurried out into the nearest room to try the cold water treatment, which was not very efficacious.

Suddenly Uncle whispered in an awful voice, "Frederick, you are in the room with the corpse." I started and peered fearfully in the semi-darkness, terrified lest I should discern the grim outline of the coffin. The shock proved far more effectual in stopping the bleeding than any iced water, and I was heartily glad to find myself outside the house again.

Next day there was a chapter of accidents. We missed our way, and reached the house just as the undertaker was reading aloud the names of those who were to attend the funeral. Through some terrible mistake my uncle's name was omitted from the list and mine substituted, and I was straightway taken to one of the waiting carriages without my uncle, who was in a furious rage at the contretemps,

indeed it required all the united tact of the family to induce him to go to the funeral instead of making for the railway station.

Unfortunately, when we arrived at the church the same thing happened, and I was ushered into a front pew without Uncle Frederick.

One of my aunts was sitting next to me, and suddenly I heard her whisper, "Fred, look look! Merciful heavens! your uncle is way back amongst the servants." I turned, and sure enough there he was, crowded up with the domestics, and his looks were deadly enough to kill all the mourners. I dreaded the explosion, which I knew was bound to come after this crowning humiliation, and when we returned to the house Uncle Frederick delivered his ultimatum to the family.

I shall never forget the scene. There were the ladies tearfully conscious of their expensive crepes and bombazines, the men sleek in their broadcloth, and the family lawyer, all-important, as seems usual, on such occasions.

Uncle Frederick waited until the last straggler came into the room, and then said, in cold, cutting accents, "I have come all the way from Albany to pay my respects to the dead, but never did I imagine that I should be treated in such a manner. I now tell you, that no matter *who* dies in this family, I will not under any circumstances attend another funeral. This is all I have to say. . . . Come, Frederick," and so speaking he walked out of the room.

My uncle hardly spoke on the homeward journey, and he never forgave the insult he had received, for he was a very punctilious person, who was always careful to conform to the convenances, and who permitted no deviations from the accepted rules of etiquette.

His eldest brother, Franklin Townsend, was a rather eccentric widower who lived alone in Albany. In the days of his youth he had been an ardent violin player, but when he married he neglected his hobby, and only took it up again after his wife's death.



After his midday meal he would play over the melodies he loved as a bachelor, seated in his big arm-chair, but gradually as he fiddled the bow would move slower and slower, until at last it dropped from his hand and he slept.

At four o'clock precisely, when the time-piece struck the hour, his little poodle jumped up and awakened his master with a stroke of its paw; the two would then go out for an afternoon stroll, and this took place every day until he died.

Uncle Franklin was a charming old man, and he delighted to tell me tales of his boyhood, and especially one story connected with what he termed "the responsibilities of wealth."

When he was a boy his father, Isaiah Townsend, was interested in an old man named John Cameron, who used to earn his living by selling oysters. My grandfather felt sorry for Cameron, so he presented him with a horse and cart to replace the heavy barrow he had been in the habit of pushing through the

streets, and the gratitude and delight of the oyster-seller were unbounded.

One day as Mr. Townsend was driving through Albany, his attention was arrested by the sight of a crowd, and he stopped to see what was the matter. It was summer-time and the oppressive heat had completely overcome Cameron's horse, which was lying in the middle of the road whilst its master mopped its head with a cold water sponge. Suddenly Cameron looked up, and when he saw my grandfather he said in tones of deep self-pity, "Oh, sir! oh, Mr. Townsend, I never realized until I had this horse and cart what a responsibility it is to be a man of means!"

We were a very united family, and scandals were practically unknown, but I always enjoyed hearing about the matrimonial differences of my cousin Dr. Townsend, which at one time threatened to upset the domestic peace. He had married money, and the lady, like most heiresses, was keenly alive to her own value, and somewhat inclined to insist upon

it. My cousin rather resented her attitude, for he rightly considered that there should be no mine and thine in marriage, "Share and share alike" being his creed. Therefore when Mrs. Townsend objected to his giving orders, he openly rebelled, and one morning witnessed the tug-of-war between them.

"My dear," he announced through the bath-room door, "I am going to try the new horse."

"You'll do no such thing," retorted his wife.

"But, my dear, I mean to."

"You shall *not*, I tell you," answered the lady in the bath-room, "whose money bought the horse?"

"*Yours*," shouted Dr. Townsend, "and I suppose you will say next that your money bought me."

His wife gave an angry shriek, and fell backwards into the bath, for she was sitting on the edge when she received the answer to her insulting remarks. Then there there was an alarming splash!

“Thank Heaven there’s a door between us,” observed her husband as he hurried away.

The shock gave the lady a lesson, and she never afterwards thrust her wealth in her husband’s teeth; indeed, they became a devoted couple, and if Mrs. Townsend had been asked whose money had bought the horses, she would doubtless have replied, “Dr. Townsend’s, of course.”

I remember hearing a story that convulsed Albany during the Civil War, when General Howard James was getting troops to the front. He worked unremittingly, and one evening he dined with some men, much against his will, for he was dog tired, and only yielded after much persuasion from his friends.

The General never was a heavy drinker, but the little wine he took on this occasion affected him in his fatigued condition, and he was quite overcome when he reached the house where he lived with his mother. Although the wine had somewhat mastered his senses,

the ruling passion of troop forming still dominated the General's mind, so he went upstairs and aroused his mother by a thundering knock at her bedroom door. When the terrified old lady feebly demanded what was the matter, her son informed her that she must get up and tell the household to muster for drill in the dining-room.

As Mrs. James only employed women servants, a troop of bewildered Amazons presently appeared in various stages of deshabille, carrying pokers, broom handles and other domestic implements to obey the order.

Of course their master's condition was quite apparent, but the devoted domestics grasped the situation, and headed by his old mother they were drilled up and down until the General dropped from sheer exhaustion, and was promptly carried off to bed.

I sometimes look back on those simple days with regret, and I am sure that I must have derived some advantage from the "good" atmosphere of my home. The young man of

to-day would have been bored to tears with our domesticity, and the modern girl would not have given us a moment's consideration. Economy, not extravagance, was inculcated into us, and we were given very little pocket-money, in fact I remember as a small boy feeling quite rich when my brother Bradley occasionally gave me a penny!

I never saw a play until I was fifteen, when I was thrilled with the sorrows of Lady Isabel in *East Lynne*. I hurried home to tell my mother all about it, but although she appeared to be quite interested, I could see she tacitly disapproved of the stage, and I resolved not to distress her by going again to the theatre.

My mother died on March 4, 1866, and even after all these years I find it difficult to write about the infinite gap which her death made in our family. Her simple faith, her boundless sympathy and her beautiful life are things almost too sacred to mention, but I

am sure she was one of those sweet women  
who would have deemed—

“It is deep happiness to die,  
Yet live in love’s dear memory.”

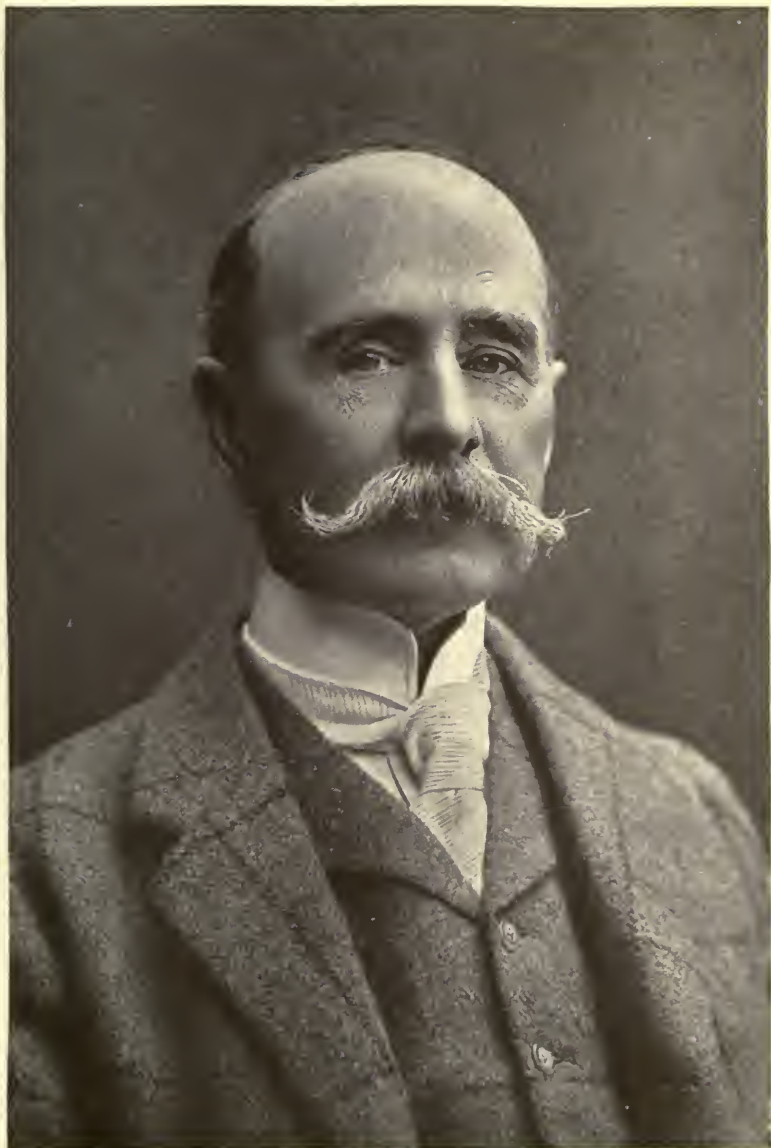
## CHAPTER III

My brother's marriage: Miss Cornelia Sherman:  
I look out of the window: A pretty picture:  
Changes: From hotel to convent: Sharon Springs:  
I meet Ward McAllister: A serenade: I visit  
New York: Old landmarks: Mrs. Ronalds: Her  
famous costume ball: Music: The illuminated  
harp: The triumph of electricity: "Age cannot  
withier nor custom stale her infinite variety":  
Life in Albany: Lord Palmerston and the beggar:  
I am elected President of the Young Men's Asso-  
ciation: A reception: No admittance for my  
father: My first speech: Mrs. Moulton sings at  
Albany: A favourite at the Tuileries: Charlotte  
Cushman: I recall her first triumph: The dead  
President's progress

MY brother Bradley married Miss Cornelia Sherman on January 26, 1869. He had made her acquaintance at the wedding of Elliot Sheppard, who was then acting as aide-de-camp to Governor Reuben Fenton.

Miss Sherman was one of the bridesmaids,





My brother—Bradley Martin



and my brother fell in love at first sight with the charming girl.

I remember shortly afterwards receiving a telegram from Bradley at West Point asking me to come at once to Cozen's Hotel where he was stopping, and the message concluded with the words, "I want you." I arrived at West Point in time for dinner, and Bradley, with the directness which always characterized him, at once enlightened me as to the why and wherefore of my summons. He led me to the window of his sitting-room, "Look, Fred," said my brother, "do you see that girl with the lovely hair? Well, I love her, and I'm going to marry her."

I looked as I was directed, and my gaze fell on a young girl who was seated with an older lady in the garden under our window. As I watched her she turned, and I saw a sweet face lit up with wonderful blue eyes. "I think she's just perfect," I said impulsively, "you couldn't have chosen any one nicer." Bradley seemed very pleased, and I was presently in-

troduced to Miss Sherman and her mother, who, luckily for my brother, had taken a great fancy to him.

I always remember this first meeting at the pretty old hotel on the hill with the beautiful Hudson river winding like a ribbon far below, and to this day I never pass the place without the tinge of sadness with which certain recollections are always associated. The hotel is now a convent; time has wrought many changes, and my dear brother and friend has gone for ever from those whom he loved and who loved him.

After my mother's death I remained alone with my father in Albany, for Bradley, and my sister, who had married the clever young lawyer Julian Tappin Davies, were then living in New York. I spent a few weeks with my brother and his wife at Sharon Springs, then a very fashionable resort, where I first made the acquaintance of Ward McAllister, the great social leader and the Beau Brummel of his day.

His father, Mathew Hall McAllister, was once a prominent officer in the Georgia Hussars, the crack regiment of the South. He possessed famous wine-cellars, entertained on a lavish scale, and at his dinners one met most of the wits and beauties of the day. His son had a positive flair for organizing parties; the picnics which he gave were looked upon as social events, for he possessed the faculty for bringing the right people together, and what is more, he never lost the charming and courtly manners of the South. Ward McAllister has been criticized by many, and occasionally his harmless vanities have been held up to ridicule, but, as one who knew and liked him, I can pay this tribute to his memory, that he was a man who always tried to say something good about people.

He attached tremendous importance to the value of conversation; nothing, he declared, could ever equal the delight to be obtained from the society of people of wit and culture, and "Brains before Beauty, and Mind before

Money," was his favourite saying. At his dinner parties one never experienced the restlessness which often makes the hostess rush the meal through with no thought for the speed limit, and for what object? More often than not one's digestion and temper suffer solely in order to get to a music hall in time to see Society's latest craze in exotic dancers or to witness the actions of educated apes.

I can always get a mental picture of Ward McAllister (who, by the way, was a handsome double of Napoleon III) as he sat back in his chair holding up his glass of Madeira, so that the light filtered through the wine and turned it into liquid gold. The old-fashioned Southern hosts were especially proud of their Madeira, and McAllister would tell us how many times the wine had crossed the ocean before it had been mellowed into perfection.

Ward introduced me to some charming people at Sharon Springs, and it was there that I first fell in love. The young lady was my senior by several years, but that mattered

little to me, and being romantic and reckless, I determined to lay siege to her heart by a moonlight serenade. I couldn't sing myself, so I engaged a guitar-playing Spaniard to act as my substitute outside the lady's window, whilst I hid a few doors off to listen to the effect.

It all seemed quite satisfactory to me, but a few days later at dinner I heard my hostess tease the object of my adoration about her unknown admirer.

"It was a great joke," answered the recipient of my devotion. "I can't think what lovesick creature was fool enough to serenade me—I guess he thought he had hired some one to sing, but I can only say that he managed to get some one to *howl*, and I've no use for that kind of thing."

I smiled, as in duty bound, but it was a smile sickly near to the vanishing point, and my mortification was complete when the lady bade me good-night with the following remarks, "Well, Fred Martin, you've made a

stupid of yourself anyway. I knew all along it was your affair, and I hope you'll take the lesson to heart and get some common sense just as soon as you can grasp it."

I had a delightful time at Sharon Springs, and, after my return, my father often allowed me to visit the Lawrence and the Townsend families, and then I began to hear and see something of the social life of New York. I remember seeing the Grinnell mansion at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, where Mrs. Grinnell queened it as a great lady of fashion, and where she entertained the late King Edward on his first visit to New York.

Delmonico's afterwards occupied the site of the Grinnell house, and another quaint building, since demolished, was the Goelet Mansion, surrounded by trees and lawns, where on sunny days one could see the peacocks proudly spreading their tails. It was a splendid place, one of the last relics of old New York, and I used to have many romantic fancies about it. I was told that its owners were immensely



rich; indeed, the grandfather of the present Duchess of Roxburghe used to boast that he lived on the income of his income.

I often heard my relations speak of the fashionable receptions and dinners given by the Duers, the Crugers, the Minturns, the Rhinelanders, and a host of other names well known in the days before the Civil War, and my aunts affirmed that although the houses were much smaller than those which were beginning to spring up, what they lacked in space was more than compensated for by the select society one met there.

The greatest sensation at that time was a fancy dress ball given by young Mrs. Peter Lorillard Ronalds at *Mi-Carême* just before the close of the war. In those days a costume ball was a tremendous affair, not as now, when the mania for dressing-up has seized Society to such an extent that even ordinary costumes touch on those worn at a masquerade.

Mrs. Ronalds purposely sent out her invitations three months beforehand so that pecc

had a chance of getting their dresses from Paris, and the ball was given at the Louis Mansion where the Ronalds lived.

The hostess personated "Music" and wore a wonderful white satin gown embroidered with bars of music from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." Her crown, specially made in Paris, was formed of musical notes arranged round a harp illuminated with the tiniest gas jets, which were supplied from a holder hidden in her hair. This made a great impression; the harp glowed and sparkled all the time that Mrs. Ronalds received her guests, and she only removed the meter when dancing began.

Mrs. Ronalds wore a similar gown at the costume ball given by the late Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House, but science had made great strides since the sixties, and gas was no longer necessary for lighting purposes. On this occasion the harp of music <sup>on</sup> ~~one~~ from eleven in the evening until half-used. <sup>four</sup> ~~one~~ on the following morning, and the <sup>I</sup> ~~water~~ had given place to a convenient little

battery which did not interfere with dancing in the least.

I hope I shall not be considered ungallant in laying stress upon the flight of time where a lady and her dress are concerned. Some women could not be subjected to such an ordeal, but Mrs. Ronalds is one of those rare people who keep off old age by their mental gifts, which enable them to understand the art of living and to make life a joy to themselves and those around them.

Mrs. Ronalds possesses a remarkable soprano voice, and during the war she sang at Mr. Leonard Jerome's private theatre in aid of the wounded soldiers. On this occasion she enacted the rôle of prima donna in four operas, and electrified the audience by her fine singing and dramatic acting; indeed such was the renown of her voice that in Paris she was known as the "Patti des Salons."

No entertainment in those days was considered complete unless the two Miss Irvins were present. One afterwards married James

Burden, and the other became the wife of George Griswold Gray. Both ladies, like Mrs. Ronalds, have defied Time, for they retain all the grace of manner and the fascination which attracted people to them years ago.

It is no wonder that knowing so many prominent people made me a person of increased importance when I returned to Albany, and my relations used to look forward to hearing all about my doings in New York. Each time I came back I seemed to find the quiet little town smaller and smaller, and I longed to travel and to meet people with whom I was more in sympathy. My father was certainly a delightful companion; we were devoted to each other, and he took the greatest interest in all that interested me. He was a most sociably inclined man, but unfortunately his digestion prevented him from enjoying his food.

I remember once saying to him as he was going out, "Well, father, I hope you'll have a good dinner."

"My dear Fred," he replied, "I always feel like Lord Palmerston when I dine out."

"How did he feel?" I asked.

"It was this way," answered my father. "I must first mention that Lord Palmerston's digestion and mine must have been wonderfully alike. One night he was accosted by a beggar just as he was entering a house where he was going to dine. "Give me a sixpence, my lord, I'm starving," cried the man. Palmerston handed him the coin and remarked as he did so, "Why, I'd give a sovereign to suffer from your complaint."

My father had a keen sense of humour, and I remember an amusing occurrence after I was elected President of the Young Men's Association at Albany, when I enjoyed the proud distinction of being the youngest President who had yet held the chair. My election took place on a day when my father was away in New York, and I was so elated at my success that I straightway invited my acquaintances to come to a reception on the morrow. When

the great day arrived I was astonished to find that my friends had collected enough money to pay for a band, and were marching to our house heralded by strains of martial music.

The band installed itself in the hall, and soon the house was packed to straining point. Guests streamed through the reception-rooms; there was an ever-moving crowd coming and going; the band played its loudest, and when the excitement was at its height my father returned from New York.

At the sight of the concourse he doubtless felt some natural astonishment, and for some time he was unable to enter his own house. He waited patiently outside on the steps, nearly deafened with the music and the incessant buzz of conversation around him, but at last, by dint of pushing and squeezing, he managed to reach the door. There a friend recognized him and remarked, "Mr. Martin, you'll have to fight your way in to congratulate your son." My father smiled, and as he was fond of telling a story, he said, "This crush

reminds me of an old acquaintance who was told as a compliment that one of his friends was unable to attend the funeral of his wife owing to the impossibility of getting into the house by reason of the crowd. The widower turned and remarked drily, 'I would like you to understand that I did not build my house for funerals.' "Neither," added my father, "did *I* build my house for processions and brass bands."

He was, nevertheless, well pleased, especially as I had been chosen to fill a responsible position which had been hitherto held by older men. As President of the Young Men's Association I gained my first experience of public speaking, and one night I was called upon to introduce Herr Karl Schurz, the German philosopher, to an audience of public speaking, and one night to hear him lecture.

I shall never forget my feelings as I faced the assembly, which appeared like a sea of expectant faces. I could not recognize any

one I knew until suddenly I caught sight of my father standing in a far-off corner, where he towered above every one beside him. Our eyes met, and a magnetic current seemed to pass between us. I quite realized his anxiety that I should acquit myself well, and do credit to the family, and then with an effort I commenced to speak.

Strange to say I lost my nervousness, for I felt that I was simply talking to my father, and to him alone. My speech was well received, and, as we walked home, my father spoke to me in terms of encouragement. "Fred," said he, "there is one thing certain in life—remember that each success should make you more anxious to have another. It is far easier to slip back than to progress, so bear this in mind whenever you feel inclined to sit still and do nothing."

I remember an interesting episode in the history of my Presidency when Mrs. Moulton gave a concert in connection with our Association. She was an American lady who had



been a great power in the American colony in Paris, and who had been honoured with the friendship of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie.

In those days Mrs. Moulton used to delight the habitués of the Tuileries with her wonderful singing, but after her husband's death she found that her income was greatly reduced, and her friends persuaded her to take up singing as a profession. Mrs. Moulton, therefore, returned to America and commenced a tour, her first appearance being at the Albany Association.

The house was packed, and people came from all parts of the surrounding country to hear her sing. I can well remember how striking Mrs. Moulton looked, and, as I led her to the stage, I noticed that she wore a beautiful emerald bracelet. "How lovely!" I exclaimed. "Yes, isn't it," she replied, "the Emperor gave it to me when I last sang at the Tuileries. Do you know," she continued, looking at me quizzically, "I can hardly be-

lieve that a mere boy like you can possibly be the President of this Association."

I was rather nettled, for a young man's vanity is proverbial, but I answered quickly, "Then, dear madam, let me forget my youth and help me to make this concert a huge success." I think this request must have appealed to Mrs. Moulton, for she sang divinely, and the entertainment afforded considerable kudos for all concerned.

A few months afterwards Mrs. Moulton married the Danish Minister, M. Hagerman, who now represents Denmark at the Court of Berlin, and she retains to-day all the charm of manner which makes the entrée to her salon so much coveted.

My next experience was when I "presented" Charlotte Cushman to an Albany audience. The great actress had promised to give a Shakespearian reading, and as I had not thought it would be necessary to speechify on this occasion, I was very much startled when I

heard her say, "Now be sure to make a little speech and introduce me!"

I must confess that I felt rather overawed by the actress, whose flashing eyes and somewhat haughty demeanour seemed made to command, but I was literally tongue-tied, and for the life of me I could think of nothing to say, until I suddenly remembered a story I had heard from my mother about Charlotte Cushman's first bid for fame.

I then told the assemblage how at a performance of *Guy Mannering* the leading lady was suddenly taken ill, and Miss Cushman, then an unknown actress, was called upon to play the part of Meg Merrilies. Her success was instantaneous; she roused the audience to such enthusiasm that she discovered her power, and thus inspired with belief in herself she entered upon her wonderful career. "And," I concluded, "she stands before you to-night, the greatest actress of her day, the Mrs. Siddons of America."

My friendship with Charlotte Cushman dated from that little speech, and she loved to tell people that I had never spoken to an actress until I met her. She was a charming woman, and when I think of her I always recall her "Frederick," uttered in deep, thrilling tones, which made one realize that one was being addressed by a tragedy-queen.

The Association did not take up all my spare time, and I was drawn somewhat insensibly into the military life when I entered as a private in the Zouave Cadets, which were a company of the 10th Regiment. My first parade took place when General Sheridan came to Albany, and our regiment was ordered to escort him to the Capitol. I passed my home with a great deal of pride, for I felt certain that my father, who was standing outside with a group of relations, would be sure to notice me and my martial bearing. Alas, for the vanity of youth! I received a terrible snub when I returned to the house and heard the remark, "Well, Fred, it was quite im-

possible to make you out, there were so many, and you all looked alike.”

My father introduced me later to General Sheridan, and my ambition was so great in those days that I rapidly rose from lieutenant to captain, then to major, from major to lieutenant-colonel, and ended by finishing my military career as colonel on Major-General Carr's staff. I received my discharge after serving for eleven years in the National Army of the State of New York.

It was in this company that my brother Bradley made his first parade when he was ordered to escort the body of Abraham Lincoln from the station to the Capitol at Albany, there to lie in state for the night in order that the citizens could show their respect for America's greatest President.

The President's progress was very impressive, as the corpse was conveyed by slow stages from city to city until it reached its final resting-place at Springfield, Illinois, and I remember how proud we all felt of Bradley's

vigil of twenty-four hours, when, as one of the sentinels, he guarded the remains of Abraham Lincoln. After this Bradley received his commission as lieutenant in the New York State Volunteers, and served until the end of the Civil War.

At this time my occupations and interests were varied. I had plenty to do with the Association, my legal studies represented hours of steady work, and long before I was permitted to vote I worked politically for General Grant's election. My love of organization was a salient feature in those early days, and I delighted to bring together talented people; indeed my love of entertaining rather startled my father, who thought I had ideas beyond my age. But he did not interfere with my pleasures, and my frequent visits to my relations in New York broadened my mind and enabled me to get more and more in touch with people worth knowing.

## CHAPTER IV

Newport in the days of my youth: The present town of palaces: Mrs. Paran Stevens: A great social leader: Her sister Miss Fanny Reed: Sung into society: A Patti of the salons: A concert during the war: Mrs. Stevens and Mr. Travers: "Cold tea, hot Apollinaris, and bad music": The Griswold Grays: An ideal cottage: Two dinners: Beauty and brains: The fountain: Why the ceiling fell down: Peter Marié: A gentleman of the old school: His poetical tendencies: Invitations in verse: Newport's vanished charm: Belle Vue Avenue of to-day: Motors and millionaires: Artificiality ever present: A trip to Europe: My dreams are realized: The old *Russia*: Fourteen days at sea: We arrive in London: The State entry of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh: A snowy reception: I see Queen Victoria: Her strength of character: On the balcony of Buckingham Palace: Prince Eddy and Prince George: Alone in London: Another imposing sight: The funeral of Napoleon III: All is vanity: The Prince Imperial: A gallant figure: A procession

of Imperialists: Shattered hopes: One whom death has forgotten: The Empress Eugénie: Vive l'Empereur: We return to London: I write an account of our experiences: The lost art of letter writing: The cable saves a sheet of note-paper

THE Newport of my young days was very different from the town which it now is. I remember it as a charming countrified watering-place to which people went on account of its natural attractions, and I must say I preferred its vanished rose-embowered houses and cottages to the marble palaces that have taken their place.

It was during my first visit to Newport that I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Paran Stevens, one of the great social leaders in New York. She was a tall, handsome brunette with a magnetic personality, who dressed in exquisite taste, and whose position as a hostess was unassailable. Mrs. Stevens had a charming sister, Miss Fannie Reed, and those who remember her delightful voice will also recall how every one flocked to Mrs. Stevens's Musi-



cales to hear Miss Fanny sing; indeed it was said that she had sung her sister into society. One day, when I was talking to Miss Reed, I complimented her on possessing her great gift and upon the applause which overwhelmed her whenever she sang.

“Ah, Mr. Martin,” she replied, “I am always happy when I can give pleasure to others, but my supreme triumph was at a concert given in Newport at the time of the Civil War. There were many Southerners present, and Mrs. Charles Kuhn was foremost in the work of organizing the entertainment, for we were badly in need of funds to provide comforts for the wounded soldiers. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the authoress, and Mr. August Belmont were on the committee, and they asked me—

“‘What will you sing, Miss Reed?’

“I instantly mentioned Mrs. Howe’s beautiful poem on the abolition of slavery, ‘I’ll sing *that*,’ I said.

“‘Oh, no,’ came from many voices, ‘impos-

sible, it would never do; why, those in favour of the South would get up and leave the room.'

"'Never mind,' I answered, 'I've the courage to sing it;' so the poem was arranged for orchestra and chorus, and I shall never forget my feelings as I stood on the platform and looked at the crowded audience. I began—

"'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born.'

"and then came the refrain—

"'As He died to make men free,  
As He died to make men holy.'

"I glanced at Mrs. Howe who was crying quietly, and I could see that Mr. Belmont was profoundly moved. Several elderly ladies were in tears, but not a Southerner present had risen to go.

"When I had finished I was asked by several people: 'How is it possible for you to affect us so powerfully?'

“‘Well,’ I replied, ‘I suppose I must sing with the help of God.’”

Miss Reed possessed a wonderful personality, and later, when she made her home in Paris, it was noticed that there was a decided falling off in Mrs. Stevens’s Sunday night concerts; indeed, it was common gossip that one only heard the worst music on those occasions. *A propos* of this, I remember an amusing passage of arms between Mrs. Stevens and the well-known wit Mr. Travers.

“Well, Mr. Travers, I was beginning to think you had quite forgotten me,” said Mrs. Stevens, when Travers presented himself one Sunday night after a prolonged absence.

“My dear lady, it is impossible for me to resist the magnetism of your charming society, although I know it only draws me back to cold tea, hot Apollinaris and bad music,” replied Mr. Travers.

“Never mind these trifling drawbacks,” answered the lady, “I think you find ample compensation for them when you know that at

my musicales you meet all the most charming and civil people of the day.”

I once said to Mrs. Stevens, “You don’t know what people say about your Sunday evenings, they call it Sabbath breaking.”

“Do they indeed?” she replied, with imperial disdain. “They say. *What* do they say? Then *let* them say.” And this answer was absolutely typical of Mrs. Stevens, as it expressed her whole character in a few words. She was a delightful woman, and I have often heard her say when any spiteful gossip was repeated to her, “Yes, that may be, but don’t you think the best motto in life is ‘Live and let live’?”

Mrs. Paran Stevens built a modern house in Newport, which was considered quite an improvement on the older residences, but I must say that I preferred the low, rambling, flower-covered cottage occupied by the Griswold Grays.

Mrs. Griswold Gray was one of the beautiful Miss Irvins of New York, and I have

always thought of her home as the ideal cottage, which is so hard to find. I can picture the quaint drawing-room where the walls were hung with pink-patterned chintz, and I can almost see the tangle of vines and Japanese roses which peeped in at the windows. Everything was cheerful and bright, and the moment I crossed the threshold I felt I was in an atmosphere of charm and refinement.

George Griswold Gray had always been a figure in society, and he achieved fame as a bachelor on account of his dinners, which set all New York talking. He announced beforehand that he meant to give two parties, one a "Beauty Dinner," and the other an "Intellectual Dinner," with the result that half the women were puzzling themselves over the question of whether it was better to be a wit or a beauty.

The host was nothing if not original, and at the "Beauty Dinner" the table was arranged round a fountain, which threw up a jet of water almost to the ceiling. All went well

during the evening, but on the following day when George's mother returned from Boston, she found the ceiling reposing on the floor, as the watery atmosphere had worn it out most effectually.

I remember meeting Mr. Peter Marié at Newport, and when I asked a lady to tell me who he was, I received the crushing answer, "I should advise you never to ask that question, Mr. Martin, for it proclaims you to be a nonentity here."

Mr. Marié was an old bachelor, who had spent most of his life in study and travel, and whose collection of snuff-boxes was unrivalled. He had picked up many art treasures during his wanderings, and his parties were famous, for at them one could always reckon to meet most charming people. He was of a poetical turn and once gave a remarkable dinner, for which the invitations were written in poetry, and those invited were asked to respond in verse. A beautiful prize was awarded to the guest who composed the best answer, and I

believed that Miss Lampson, now Lady Drummond, was the winner.

Peter Marié and Ward McAllister were "Brummellian" types, but whereas Marié was content to take life as he found it, McAllister was always progressive, feverish and restless. His social rival represented the rapidly disappearing old French type; he looked like an aristocrat of the time of Louis XV, and possessed all the polished manners of the period.

I often look back to those quiet days at Newport with positive regret. Then it was a place where one went to meet friends, not to make them; culture and charm were the passports into society, but now wealth seems to be the Golden Key which unlocks most doors in this place of rich men's houses.

Belle Vue Avenue, with its *mêlée* of expensive cars and their expensive owners, is as artificial as the unnatural-looking clumps of hydrangea which is Newport's favourite flower. What a contrast to the dignified Avenue as I remember it! But it is an age

of change, and Newport has shared the universal fate.

After my return from Newport my father decided that I was working at too many things, and that a trip to Europe would be beneficial to me. "Above all things remember, Fred, that travel, taken seriously, will not fail to sharpen your intellect and increase your powers of observation," he remarked. And this advice, though obvious, was sound.

So at last the dreams of my childhood were about to be realized. Years had passed since I stood on the old Battery and felt the kiss of the salt wind on my face and listened to the lure of calling lands. I was to see the Old World with its traditions, its romances, its history. I could visit the scenes which had appealed to me in song and story; I was emancipated from the domination of home—in short, a new life lay before me. But in the midst of my happiness I missed the beloved dead. I would have given much to have been able to talk with those two sympathetic listen-



ers who had always received and appreciated my confidences, and the thought of them made me sad.

My brother Howard and I booked our passages on the old Cunarder *Russia*, which was then considered the line's smartest boat. The journey took fourteen days and the weather was tempestuous; indeed at one time we only made sixty-five miles in twenty-four hours.

We arrived in London just in time to witness the state entry of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh after their marriage. Owing to the influx of people it was somewhat difficult to get accommodation, but my brother and I found rooms in the old-fashioned Craven Hotel, which was then a quaint place, quite Dickensian in character.

The next morning we were up early and had the luck to secure good seats to view the procession. The weather (perhaps out of compliment to the bride's nationality) was almost Siberian. The snow fell steadily, and every

one turned up in furs and mufflers, while the streets were gusty strongholds of wind and occasional showers of sleet. The outlook was miserable; the very banners, weighted with snow, hung despondently from the poles; it was a depressing scene, although the warmth which the weather lacked was not wanting in the beaming faces of the spectators, who seemed determined to give the Duchess a hearty welcome.

Queen Victoria looked remarkably well in her black silk gown and miniver-trimmed jacket, and the Duke of Edinburgh was a handsome figure in naval uniform. I thought the bride looked charming in her mantle of Imperial purple, but she was nervous, and perhaps this accounted for the impression of coldness and hauteur which struck the crowd.

The Queen passed close to us, and although she could not, even in those days, have been considered beautiful, still her face was noticeable on account of its strength and character. I was reminded irresistibly of my

Grandmother Martin when I looked at Queen Victoria, and I thought she seemed to possess a little of the austerity which had so characterized my relative.

Directly the procession had passed we made our way through the good-natured crowds until at last we reached Buckingham Palace, where we saw the Queen come out on the balcony leading her little grandsons, Prince Eddy and the present King, by the hand. As she stood there, bowing her acknowledgments to her subjects' greeting, I felt a thrill of excitement, unknown perhaps to an Englishman. I came from a Republic that scorned the trappings of Courts, and only gave allegiance to Liberty; as an American I ought not to have been so tremendously impressed, but perhaps the spirit of some ancestor who had served his king in the way that loyal men have done stirred within me when I saw England's great Queen.

One of the most interesting features of this memorable day was a torchlight procession

down the Embankment, and my brother and I paid the penalty of our whole-hearted curiosity in remaining out to see it. We returned to the hotel half dead with cold, and I was ill for two or three days, a prisoner in an old-fashioned bedroom with its high "four-poster," which always seemed guarded by an army of shadows. I experienced a bad attack of home-sickness, which was far worse than bodily pain to me, but I soon got over it, and it was not long before my brother and I were out and about again. My father had not provided us with any letters of introduction to Americans in London; his idea was to teach us self-reliance, and no doubt he was right. "I trust you both," he said, before we left home, "you are my sons; you know my opinions, so there is no need for me to tell you what to do, and what not to do. Behave like gentlemen, use your eyes, believe in yourselves, and you won't go far wrong."

We certainly felt just a little lonely in London, and I remember that one Sunday in

Hyde Park we felt rather out of it when we saw the constant interchange of greetings between friends and acquaintances.

“Doesn’t it seem odd not to know a soul here, even by sight?” observed Howard.

“Yes,” I answered, “but I have made up my mind that one day I will know most of the people here who are worth knowing.”

Howard smiled at what seemed to him a piece of presumption, but I really meant what I said, and eventually I carried out my intention.

We were lucky enough to witness another imposing sight during our first visit to England, but this time it was a funeral procession. One day we heard the newsboys calling out, “Death of the Emperor Napoleon,” and we at once determined to see his funeral, for we judged it would be a most impressive sight.

Chislehurst was then far more countrified than it is now, and on the day of the Emperor’s burial it might well have been a village in France, as every one seemed to be speaking

French. My brother and I were able to get places in the first row of the spectators, and I was deeply moved at the dignity and sadness which characterized the proceedings.

The ceremony was an object-lesson in the vanity of earthly hopes. The Napoleonic dynasty, so great in its rise, so tragic in its fall, seemed to have brought nothing but ruin and disasters to its members and their adherents, and as I watched the distinguished Frenchmen who followed the coffin of Napoleon III, I marvelled that their influence had not proved sufficient to establish him more firmly on the throne.

It was a simple funeral. The Prince Imperial walked immediately behind the hearse; he was bareheaded, and his sad blue eyes looked as if they were trying to pierce the casket which contained the body of his beloved father. He was deeply moved, but his demeanour was full of dignity as he led the procession of Imperialists who centred their future hopes upon him.

I was greatly struck by the likeness of Jerome Bonaparte to the portraits of Napoleon I; there was a crowd of Princes, and all the leaders of the Imperialist party seemed to have foregathered to pay a last tribute of respect to the unfortunate Emperor.

But most of those who were present are now passed over. The gallant Prince Imperial has gone to his long rest, and the Empress is the only one of that ill-fated house whom Death seems to have forgotten. The glories of the Second Empire, the splendid days of the Tuileries, when Eugénie enthralled Napoleon, only to give France a legacy of blood and tears, belong to an era about which the younger generation merely reads. There remains but an old woman who still hedges herself around with the stately ceremonial which was once so dear to her, and which has placed her among the great lonely ones of the world.

I was especially impressed by the number of blouse-wearing workmen who attended the

funeral. It seemed wonderful to think they could spare the time and money to come over, but I thought their presence was a hopeful sign for the Imperialists, as it showed that the masses were not out of sympathy with the Empire, and that they were still swayed by the magic name of *Napoleon*.

As the Prince Imperial passed down the long avenue of elms and entered the home of his exile, a workman, who seemed to be the leader of his party, called out in clear, ringing tones, "May you one day return to rule over us. Vive l'Empereur!" With indescribable enthusiasm the cry was echoed by thousands of voices, and as "Vive l'Empereur!" woke the silence with its thrill of loyalty and hope, I am sure there were few among the mourners who thought that the young Prince was not destined to sit on the throne of the Bonapartes and to revive the glory and prosperity of France.

We returned to London with the feeling that we had witnessed an historical event, and



I remember sending my father a long account of the funeral. *Autres temps, autres mœurs!* In those days boys were fairly good correspondents, and it was not considered *infra dig.* to express one's emotions on paper, but things have changed since then, and now when young America is abroad it usually cables to the old folks at home, for letter-writing looks as if it had become one of the lost arts.

## CHAPTER V

Paris: Memories of Malmaison: Two bad Queens: La Grande Duchesse: Fair Sinners: A clergyman's daughter: My compatriots: Mrs. Moore: Mrs. Ayers defies Time: A salon at seventy: The Baronne de la Sellière: Emma Eames: I meet Sargent: Bonnet and Carolus Duran: Rodin: His personality: The tragic eyes of Madame X: I hear her story: A callous mother: Society is shocked: Miss Reed: "The finder of stars": Sybil Saunderson: She sings to Massenet: Her success: She introduces Mary Garden to Miss Reed: A woman of temperament: Madame Melba: The meaning of work: Melba memories: A cake-walk at Palm Beach: Alone in New York: Ministers and their wives: The right people: How Mrs. Henry White separated the sheep from the goats: Mrs. Whitelaw Reid: General Porter: The McCormicks: Mr. Goodrich and Loie Fuller

WE left London for France immediately after the funeral of Napoleon III, for we had decided to spend a short time in Paris before going further south.

When we arrived in Paris we found the city still bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the Commune, and indeed something of the horror of those days seemed present in the air. The Arc de Triomphe was riddle with shell, and looked deplorable; the Tuileries were in ruins, and the Hôtel de Ville was only just rebuilt; but I think I first realized the ruthlessness of war when I visited Malmaison, which had been converted into barracks, and the very walls seemed to cry shame upon their desecration.

The Salle d'Honneur, where Joséphine had often welcomed Napoleon, was almost dismantled, but the arras was still hanging there. Malmaison was infinitely pathetic in its decay; I admired the beautiful park, which was so much more attractive to me than the elaborate garden of Versailles, and I pictured Joséphine as she wandered down the pretty avenue, alone with her memories of the days before she had been sacrificed on the altar of Imperial ambition.

The romance of royal residences has always appealed to me, and I think I could have spent hours dreaming over the past at Versailles or Fontainebleau, but my brother insisted that we should thoroughly "do" Paris, more especially as our stay was to be short, for "you are not to remain long in Paris, and you are not to go to the play," wrote my father.

I used to think that the saying, "Paris est le monde," was a somewhat sweeping assertion, but I felt it was partly true when I saw how people of all nations seemed drawn to the Ville Lumière. One of my greatest pleasures has always been to watch the gay world in the drive, for by the laws of gravitation one so often sees the friend last met with in a distant corner of the world. I frequently observed the two ex-Queens of Spain driving together, Isabella and her mother Christina, whose shocking example contributed to her daughter's downfall, although Schneider, the "Grande Duchesse" of immortal memory, had perhaps more to do with Isabella's over-

throw, for Offenbach's Opera, which was a keen satire on the Spanish Court, presented the Queen in a highly ridiculous light, and made her subjects thoroughly disgusted with her.

I also saw certain ladies whose careers would have made Albany gasp with horror. One in particular, who wrought havoc wherever she went, was, sad to say, a clergyman's daughter from Philadelphia, but the only religious precept to which she strictly adhered was a charitable love of all mankind.

Cora Pearl was another striking-looking sinner in the monstrous legion of women who wreck the lives of men, and whose supreme selfishness knows no pity nor consideration. Their creed is the old exhortation, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

My first visit to Paris made a lasting impression, and in later years I have spent many happy times there. The Paris of to-day is a very different place from the city of my youth,

and I have come to the conclusion that the city is best described as a fiery furnace in which weaker metals are speedily dissolved.

Aristocratic French life has not been able to withstand the American invasion, and American gold has removed the barriers of the old régime and infused some gaiety and large-mindedness into a priest-ridden society. American women are not so powerful, however, in Paris as they are in London, and I am inclined to put this down to the difference of religion and the influence of the Church, which dominates the families of the Faubourg.

My charming compatriots do not trouble over obstacles, and they usually manage to have the best that life can give them. Priests or no priests, they invariably continue to make their presence felt, and I think that Mrs. William Moore is a typical example of what an American woman can accomplish in a foreign city.

As Miss Kate Robinson of New York she married William Moore, a fairly rich Ameri-

can, and when she settled in Paris her little apartment was the rendezvous of a very pleasant set. But Mrs. Moore aimed high, and when she removed to the Avenue Marceau she gradually sifted out a certain American element and determined to conquer the impregnable Faubourg. She understood the whole art of knowing Who's Who, without mixing them, and her success was furthered by the social prestige given her by her friendship with the late King Edward, who delighted in her wit and courage.

Mrs. Moore's judgment is essentially sound, but (and may I be forgiven) I fancy this charming lady is more governed by her head than her heart. A certain hostess lately gave a gorgeous entertainment, for which the Russian ballet was engaged "regardless of cost."

"Well, Kate, are you going?" asked a friend.

"Why, no," answered Mrs. Moore, "I'm not going."

"How odd, you used to know the X.'s so well."

"Possibly; but, my dear, I couldn't afford to do so now, for I see signs of the setting sun in that family," observed Mrs. Moore in accents which left no doubt as to the finality of her decision. Such conduct may be deemed snobbish, and may possibly be open to severe criticism, but with the class of American-French women which Mrs. Moore represents the unchanging rule is only to know the *best* people in the sense that Society uses the word.

Of course, most blatant snobbishness exists, and I remember a hostess who paid a large sum of money to a French Duchess with an historic name solely for the great lady to "walk on" at, or rather "through" her reception. The Duchess, to give her credit, did not keep the money, but gave it to the Church, and doubtless she was fully consoled for the penance she had undergone.

One of the most remarkable women I have ever met started a "salon" with wonderful



success at the age of seventy! This lady was a Mrs. Ayers, who hailed from Lowell, Massachusetts, and who came to Paris in order to try and lead a bigger and more emancipated life than she had done in America.

Money was abundant with Mrs. Ayers, who possessed marvellous jewels, which comprised pearls of untold value, and the historic Mazarin diamonds. She was a little, shrunken old lady who clung to life with grim determination, and whose yellow wig breathed such audacious defiance at Time that the tyrant seemed anxious to forget her.

Mrs. Ayers first stayed at the Continental, but Miss Reed persuaded her to take a hotel and entertain lavishly, so negotiations were entered into for the purpose of a beautiful mansion. One morning the old lady went out to inspect the alterations which were being made at her new house, but as she was crossing the street her foot slipped and she fell, with arms outstretched to save herself. Unfortunately a fiacre was passing, and the

wheels passed over Mrs. Ayers' wrists and broke them.

One would have imagined that such a shock would put an end to all dreams of being queen of a salon, but nothing of the kind. Mrs. Ayers' wrists were put in plaster of Paris, and the indomitable lady refused to allow that she had met with a serious accident. With Miss Reed's assistance she threw open her lovely house, and her entertainments became famous.

I can picture Mrs. Ayers as I used to see her, leaning on her gold-headed stick and smiling graciously at her guests from beneath an aureole of yellow curls, but her strange juvenile appearance was not lacking in dignity, and her late bid for social success was entirely satisfactory. At first her receptions were only attended by the French aristocracy, as some of the American leaders declared they "didn't know her at home," but gradually they fell into line, and Mrs. Ayers realized her fondest hopes and found herself surrounded

with a coterie of ultra-smart people. She and I became great friends; alone with me she was perfectly natural, and I was greatly amused at her powers of observation and keen insight into human nature. "These people think they're using me," she would remark, with a chuckle, "but they are wrong, for I tell you, Fred Martin, I'm using them all the time, although they never suspect it."

Mrs. Ayers had an intense horror of death, and she often told me she hoped she would never know when her hour had come. Her wish was granted, for one morning when the maid went to waken her the knock was unanswered. Mrs. Ayers had passed away in her sleep; she looked perfectly peaceful and happy, and her little pet dog still slept in ignorance of what had happened to its mistress.

I shall never forget this dweller in Vanity Fair, and I think the story of Mrs. Ayers' social career proves what one full of firm purpose can do. Here was a woman who had

been repressed year after year, and who had lived in a groove seemingly contented, but who yielded to the insistent demand of her inner self for a larger life. A trivial triumph, you will hear the moralist say. Perhaps so, but a triumph of the kind at seventy is surely worth recording.

Another character in Parisian society was the Baronne de la Sellière, formerly Mrs. Livermore, who lived in the next house to Mrs. Ayers and entertained on the same extensive scale. She was a charming woman, and her sister-in-law, the Princess de Sagan, always endeavoured to persuade the Baronne to become quite French in her appearance.

"You've no idea how beautiful your white hair looks," I once said to her.

"Do you think so?" replied the Baronne; "well, I don't mind telling you, in the strictest confidence, that the Princesse de Sagan insists that I shall never be really smart until I dye my hair red."

The Princesse de Sagan was not happily

married, but she wore her rue with dignity, and the fashionable world never suspected that differences existed, or that her husband was paid £2000 to stand by occasionally and help his wife to receive her guests at the Palais Talleyrand.

Mrs. Stephen Pell was a complete contrast to Mrs. Ayers and the Baronne de la Sellière. Her rôle was a serious one; she never lost any of her Puritanical ideas, or favoured the elaborate chiffons so beloved by the other ladies. Mrs. Pell's grey hair was worn in two smooth bands, and her black silk gown was plain to severity; she looked like a Quaker, and had a very sermonizing manner, which always put me on the defensive until I remembered what a good woman she was deep down.

She was wonderfully kind to Emma Eames, who was then in poor circumstances studying singing in Paris. Mrs. Pell believed in the girl's future, and had the satisfaction of seeing her prognostications come true. Madame Eames never forgot her benefactress,

for in after years whenever the prima donna was in Paris, she always insisted on singing to Mrs. Pell's friends, and I remember one evening Mrs. Pell getting up and solemnly opening a work-box, out of which she took a diamond necklace which she gave to the singer, much in the manner in which a teacher presents a pupil with a prize.

I wonder whether Madame Eames ever recalls her early struggles, or thinks of the days when she went to and from the opera in a crowded omnibus accompanied by her maid? I remember she once told me how interested she was to hear the criticisms of her singing from those of the passengers who had been to the opera and who little suspected that the prima donna was beside them.

I have had the pleasure of meeting many interesting people during my various visits to Paris, and Madame de Sorchams, an acquaintance of my youthful days, introduced me to John Singer Sargent, who was then studying Art in Paris. "I want you to dine with me,

Fred Martin," said my friend, "to meet a young American who, in my opinion, will go very far," so I was naturally interested in the thoughtful young man with the penetrating eyes who sat next to me the following evening, and whose conversation proved him to be some one quite out of the ordinary. Sargent seemed to read one's inmost soul; indeed the souls of his sitters always show through their faces, and I wonder how certain people have ever had the courage to have their portraits painted by this exponent of "Know Thyself."

Bonnat and Carolus Duran were friends of mine, and Bonnat painted several members of our family. Carolus Duran was a very romantic person, and I remember when he was painting my niece, Lady Craven, that he would often put down his palette and brushes suddenly, and commence to play the guitar.

I have always considered Rodin to be the greatest living genius, and the impression he made upon me when I visited his studio is ineffaceable. The sculptor was in his work-

ing blouse, and I could not help admiring his marvellous head. His personality was positively magnetic; the whole air seemed to vibrate with some subtle force, and when he spoke about his art he became absolutely engrossing. "Small wonder," thought I, "that this man is famous."

I remember a curious story connected with my first introduction to a very beautiful woman, whom I met at dinner. After we had chatted together for some time, she remarked, "Mr. Martin, I've noticed that you have been staring at me, why is it? Has any one told you anything about me?"

"No, indeed, madame," I replied, "I have heard nothing, but I must plead guilty to having looked at you with interest. You have the saddest eyes I have ever seen, and the more I look the more I am impressed by their sadness."

"Yes," she assented. "I have had an unhappy life," but she gave me no further in-



formation. Later in the evening another lady asked me what I thought of Madame X.

"It is no wonder she seems miserable," she said, "she has a most tragic history."

"Indeed," I replied; "would it be a breach of confidence to tell me?"

"Oh, no, it's everybody's secret," answered the lady. "When Madame X. was younger and more beautiful than she is now, her son, a charming lad of eighteen, who was at college, received an anonymous letter which accused his best friend of being his mother's lover. The boy was dreadfully upset, and with the impetuosity of youth he set off to see his mother in order to get the truth from her.

"When he reached home he saw that the hotel was ablaze with light, for Madame X. was about to give a great ball, at which all fashionable Paris was expected. Heedless of anything save the monstrous accusation, the boy rushed into his mother's boudoir and gave her the fatal letter, exclaiming as he did so,

'Read this—you *must*, I beg of you, tell me that it is untrue.'

"His mother read the letter slowly; thereupon she crumpled it up and threw it across the room with a gesture of supreme disdain; then she turned to her son and said—

"'By what right do you dare to show me this?'

"'By the right of my love for you,' he replied.

"'I refuse to answer any questions which refer to this letter,' answered Madame X. in freezing accents. 'Be good enough to leave me.'

"'So,' cried the poor boy, 'you *can't*, you *won't* deny it. Then it *must* be true.'

"Half-mad with shame and grief he rushed to the window, and threw himself out before his mother's eyes. He was dashed to pieces on the pavement below, but Madame X. seemed absolutely callous, for her one fear was that her ball might have to be cancelled if her son's awful end became known. She

gave orders that the body should be taken upstairs, and then she descended to the ballroom, where the first guests were beginning to arrive.

“The evening was a brilliant success, and the dancers were unaware of the presence of death in that lovely, glittering house; indeed the coroner was not notified until the next day. Gradually, however, the truth leaked out, and when Society realized the horrible heartlessness of which Madame X. had been guilty, she found many doors closed against her, and it’s only just lately that she has begun to be received again.”

I was much shocked. “No wonder,” said I, “that she looks sad.”

“Ah,” replied the lady, “I believe she will never be happy again.”

I think that Paris will suffer a distinct loss when my dear old friend, Miss Reed, passes away. At her charming house in the Rue de la Pompe the extremes of Fame and Fashion meet, and I think Miss Reed would be well named “The finder of stars,” for she has in

her day introduced Madame Melba, Mary Garden and Sybil Saunderson to the world of music and song.

Sybil Saunderson came to Paris to study singing, and directly Miss Reed heard her she declared, "My dear girl, you *must* meet Massenet, I'm sure he'll be enchanted with your voice." With Miss Reed to think is to act, and an informal musicale was arranged at which Massenet was present.

Sybil Saunderson stood by the piano looking like a frightened school-girl and commenced to sing. I glanced at the composer, who was listening intently; then his eyes sought Sybil's, and their expression seemed to give her encouragement, for she sang to him alone, her whole face transfigured with love of her art. The young girl's voice so fascinated Massenet that he taught her to sing the title-rôle of his opera *Esclamonde*, and her success was assured from the first night of its performance, when a crowded house acclaimed her as a new operatic star.

She was a beautiful creature, dreamy, ethereal and full of profound belief in an all-protecting Providence, but Sybil was never a great actress; she could not express the human chord in her beautiful voice; passion was unknown to her, and her singing left her hearers slightly cold.

Sybil Saunderson discovered Mary Garden, and introduced her to Miss Reed. She was a wonderful "find," and I think she is unrivalled as an actress of temperament. Mary Garden can depict the emotions; she has a tempestuous personality, and to me she always seems the embodiment of the Battle of Life. It is pleasant to record that she never loses an opportunity of acknowledging her indebtedness to Sybil Saunderson; it is a charming trait in her character, and an unusual one for a prima donna to possess, for few of the queens of song ever care to remember the days before they were famous.

Madame Melba has honoured me with her friendship. "Do you remember, Mr. Mar-

tin," she has often said, "how hard I worked in Paris, and how kind Miss Reed was? When I see girls now who pretend to work and give themselves terrific airs, I feel inclined to tell them that they don't know the *meaning* of the word."

The great artiste is certainly a most delightful woman, and I remember how she once danced the cake-walk with me at Palm Beach, Florida, after her concert at the Flagler Mansion. Melba was enchanted with the negro songs which she heard for the first time, and when supper was over the orchestra played cake-walks which were quite unfamiliar to her. "But I *must* dance one," she declared. "So teach me, Mr. Martin." We had a regular jolly time, and I believe Madame Melba thoroughly enjoyed herself; she threw herself heart and soul into the fun, and soon danced like a past-mistress of the art.

I remember seeing her in a more serious

mood one Christmas in New York. I was staying at the Plaza Hotel, and as I was passing through the lounge I saw Melba sitting alone.

"My dear Madame Melba, I'd no idea you were in New York," said I.

"Well, I'd rather be anywhere else," she answered, "for I feel dreadfully lonely. I've got to sing to thousands of people who *have* homes, and who are enjoying Christmas, but I'm quite homeless to-night."

I felt sorry, for I could see that she was really miserable, and it was only the promise to dine with my family which prevented my asking Madame Melba to dine with me. And yet there was a subtle irony in the situation! Here was a great singer fêted and flattered everywhere, and she who had so much, wanted so little—only to be at home on Christmas night!

But I am diverging in leaving Paris for New York at the magic of Melba's name,

and I am quite forgetting my charming compatriots who made American-Parisian life so pleasant.

The value of a woman's personality has been strikingly exemplified by the wives of some of our Ministers, and I think Mrs. Henry White carried off the palm for tact and understanding. She knew exactly who were the *right* people, and her dinners and teas illustrated the parable of the sheep and the goats. The sheep were invited to dinner and the goats browsed contentedly through the teas. Happily, they never suspected why they were asked to these informal gatherings, and such was Mrs. White's *savoir faire* that nobody ever felt neglected.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was considered a splendid hostess, but her entertainments were outrivalled by those which she afterwards gave in London. Her husband resigned his position in Paris, as he was asked to run as Vice-President with General Harrison, but Whitelaw Reid gave up the substance for



the shadow, for he was defeated in the elections, and I think he always regretted leaving the Embassy.

General Porter possessed the proud distinction of having been the first Minister to make a speech in French in the Tuileries Gardens. He was most popular with the Parisians, and one met the most charming and distinguished people during his term of office.

Mr. and Mrs. McCormick were not very much liked, for Mrs. McCormick, who was a strong-minded woman, did not believe in entertaining Americans. Her idea was to confine her hospitality to the nation they had been sent to live with, and the Bacons pursued the same unpopular idea.

The Goodrichs kept up all the best traditions of hospitality, and Mrs. Sears entertained for her father with great dignity. I remember a rather amusing incident which occurred at one of their receptions, when the butler came up to Mr. Goodrich and said

with an air of mystery, "Miss Loie Fuller has just arrived, sir."

"Well, why doesn't she come up?" asked the Minister.

"Please, sir, she says she's too nervous," replied the butler.

Mr. Goodrich at once hurried down and soon discovered the shy dancer. "Come right away with me," he insisted; so the Minister and Loie Fuller went upstairs together, and his kindness doubtless saved her a *mauvais quart d'heure*, for although Loie had by this time overcome stage fright, she did not feel quite equal to facing an Embassy reception.

## CHAPTER VI

Victor Hugo's funeral: Under the Arc de Triomphe: Severe simplicity: A poet's progress: The heart of the people: I recall another funeral: The King of Hanover: "The divinity which doth hedge a king": Paris as a spectacular background: My apartment: My hobby: A man of peace: I give a party in the Bois: Cléo de Mérode: Flaming June: A long wait: Cléo appears: Why she was late: The ordeal by sunlight: Was she afraid of freckles?: The Gallic temperament: Mrs. Potter Palmer: A champion of women: The business capacity of the American woman: "Do it yourself": The Duchesse de Chaulne: "Dook or no dook": Mrs. Campbell's common-sense: Vanished faces: "One must have courage": Rome and the Popes: Pius IX questions me about America: "Au Revoir": My audience with Leo XIII: A dignified Pope: "Are you of my faith?": I explain that I am anxious to receive the blessing of a good man: I see Pius X: His extreme simplicity: I am presented at the Quirinal: Queen Margherita: Her charm: "The Pearl of Savoy": Social Life in Rome: I meet Madame Ristori: Talks over the

tea-cups: Ristori tells me about her meeting with Queen Isabella of Spain: "Anything you like to ask is granted": "The life of a poor man": Isabella keeps her promise: F. Marion Crawford: "A Cigarette Maker's Romance"

I SHALL never forget the day when I witnessed the funeral of Victor Hugo. We were in Paris when he lay at the point of death, and I well remember seeing people raise their hats in silent sympathy as they passed the modest house in the Avenue Victor Hugo.

The wish of the nation was to give the master a public funeral, so the Government decided that Victor Hugo's body should lie in state under the Arc de Triomphe during a whole night, and the corpse was accordingly removed thither, escorted by soldiers who afterwards guarded the dark pall-covered coffin. All night long great torches lit up the scene, and countless thousands kept their quiet vigil beside the remains of one of the greatest men of letters France has produced.

Victor Hugo had expressed the wish that his funeral should be conducted with extreme simplicity, but this very simplicity was more impressive than an elaborate ceremonial, as never before was the popularity of the dead man so strikingly demonstrated.

I saw the procession from a window in the Champs Elysées, and the cortège took hours to pass a given point.

Almost every man and woman present carried a wreath, and the only sounds which broke the stillness were the steady tramp of the mourners, and the melancholy grandeur of Beethoven's Funeral March, which was played by the band of the Garde Républicaine to the accompaniment of muffled drums.

At last, after an interminable period of waiting, I saw the plain hearse, drawn by two horses, which contained the body, and I felt all the dramatic effect of such extreme simplicity. This unpretentious bourgeois hearse appealed far more to the public than

nodding plumes and caparisoned, sweeping-tailed horses, for it stamped the poet as one of the people, a man who loved and understood the heart of the world, and never did a monarch pass in such triumph as did the body of Victor Hugo on the way to its final resting-place at the Panthéon.

This funeral carried me back to memories of another I had witnessed years before, when I had looked over the Champs Elysées at the gorgeous procession which escorted the remains of the last King of Hanover to the grave.

The Prince of Wales and many other royalties followed the hearse, which looked like a mountain of flowers, and the trappings of the many horses which drew it were dazzling with silver stars. What a contrast to the funeral I had just seen! The flower-decked hearse bore the remains of a lonely, embittered, blind King, who had been deposed from his throne and exiled from his country, to find a grave in a foreign land.

He was, doubtless, well and truly mourned by those who loved him, but the splendour of the mourners in their gorgeous uniforms, and all the "divinity which doth hedge a King," counted as little to my mind in comparison with the dignity of the simple obsequies of Victor Hugo.

I think Paris affords a wonderful background for spectacular displays. Some people dislike the Gay City, and are invariably depressed when there, but it has a peculiar fascination for me, and I love my apartment in the Avenue Gabrielle, where I have enshrined my Lares and Penates. Collecting has always been my hobby since I was a small boy, and I remember how I used to pay, on the instalment plan, for some "curiosity" which took my fancy. Those days are past, but I am still thrilled with the joy of a "find," and, as a man of peace, it is strange to admit that my taste for the antique lies principally in Tudor and seventeenth-century weapons.

I remember giving a party in the Bois a few years ago, to which nine hundred guests came. I had arranged to have half the Pré Catalan shut off, and as a surprise-sensation I secured Cléo de Mérode to dance during the afternoon. The engaging Cléo was then in the height of her "publicity," let us call it, for I do not think she was ever really famous as a dancer, and many of my fair friends considered that "starring" her was a slightly daring undertaking.

It was a brilliant day in June, and the sun beat down on the silk-covered dais on which Cléo de Mérode was to dance, but we waited in vain for her appearance. I began to get nervous, and sent to see whether the lady had arrived or whether she had telegraphed the evergreen falsehood "Unavoidably detained," for every one was saying, "This must be one of Fred Martin's jokes."

At last, just as the sun dipped behind the trees, Cléo arrived on the scene, arrayed in a light summer drapery consisting of a few



yards of orange-coloured gauze, and duly danced before my guests. Her performance appealed more to the husbands present than to their wives, and it was not until the party was over that I heard the reason why Cléo was late.

As a matter of fact she came in plenty of time, but she positively refused to face the ordeal of dancing in the sunlight. She was perhaps conscious that she was at her best when it was dark; perhaps she was afraid of freckles. At any rate, she remained in her stuffy dressing-tent until the sun was low and she could venture forth in safety.

The Gallic temperament has appealed to many Americans, but to none more strongly than to Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has now practically deserted London for Paris, and lives in a beautiful hotel in the Rue Constantin. She is a wonderful personality, and her speeches on the Woman question at the World's Fair made a very deep impression on those who listened to them. Mrs. Palmer

manages her great estates with remarkable acumen, and she always continues to keep in touch with everything and everybody worth knowing. It is interesting to contemplate the business capacities of the American woman, and it is very rare to find any of our social leaders who do not go thoroughly into minute details of their affairs, believing doubtless that if you want a thing *well* done—do it yourself.

I remember how the Duchesse de Chaulne decided to bring up her little son after her husband's tragic death. "Dook or no dook, he's got to earn his own living," said her father, old Mr. Shonts, so the Duchesse left France for America, where the young Duke is being brought up to work and to appreciate its value. Surely this is a striking example of the practical American woman, who never allows her head to be turned even in the most dazzling conditions.

Another example of sound common sense

has been shown by Mrs. Douglas Campbell, who married the nephew of the Duke of Argyll. Amy Campbell loved Paris; she had hosts of friends there, whose kindness helped her to endure an unhappy marriage, but since her separation from her husband, Mrs. Campbell has given up her life in Paris and has devoted herself entirely to her son's education in order to prepare him for the duties of his future station.

Paris is sometimes a place of saddened memories for me when I think of the familiar faces which have vanished for ever during the last few years, and I shall especially miss my friend Pierpont Morgan, who loved Paris almost as much as I do. In 1895 I travelled with him from Rome to Paris, and we spoke of many things. "Fred Martin," said Pierpont Morgan, "one must have courage to make money. I believe I could go into my office and pick out at a glance any one there who possesses pluck

and who will succeed in life." He was a very delightful man, and the soul of generosity.

The mention of Rome reminds me of interviews which I had with Pius IX, Leo XIII and Pius X. My brother and I obtained the honour of an interview with Pius IX through the good offices of Cardinal Antonelli, and on the appointed day we presented ourselves at the Vatican, where we traversed many splendid rooms, until at last we reached the Pope's apartments.

We were then conducted to a small room hung with beautiful tapestries, and we waited, feeling rather nervous, for the Holy Father to make his appearance. After a few minutes Pius IX came in, and I remember how I was struck by his sweet expression, and the charm of manner which attracted every one to him.

The Pope was dressed in white with a scarlet hood, and he walked leaning upon a stick. We knelt when he entered, and Car-

dinal Antonelli stepped forward and announced our names.

"Americans?" inquired the Holy Father in a pleased voice, as he came forward and extended his hand for us to kiss. I told him how I had always wished to see him, and Pius replied kindly—

"Well, my son, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you and to give you my blessing." Then, turning to Howard, he said, "Is this your brother?"

The Pope asked us many questions. What did we think of Rome? Had we been happy there? What was New York like? Then he solemnly gave us the blessing of St. Peter and took leave of us, saying as he reached the door—

"Au revoir, mes amis."

My audience with Leo XIII was due to the kindness of his nephew, and I remember how I thought of gentle Pius IX as I passed through the Vatican to see his successor.

I waited in the little room next the Pope's

bedroom, with two missionaries from South Africa, and presently the valet drew back the heavy tapestry and announced—

“His Holiness approaches.”

We fell on our knees, and I shall never forget the dignified old man who came into the room and with arms extended gave us his blessing.

Leo XIII was something like Voltaire in appearance, and his face seemed like a skull covered with skin. But his eyes were full of fine intellect, which seemed to triumph over the feeble body; after he had said Mass he sat in a golden chair, and we were presented to him.

The Chamberlain conducted me to a cushion close to the Papal chair; I knelt down, and Leo XIII looked at me gravely.

“My son, are you of my Faith?” he asked.

“No, your Holiness,” I replied, “I am a Protestant.”

“Then why,” said the Pope somewhat sternly, “do you seek an interview with me?”

"Your Holiness," I answered, "my reason in asking for this interview arose from my wish to receive the blessing of a good man."

His face changed, the severity disappeared, and he smiled kindly.

"My son, I will give you my blessing most willingly, but first I should like to talk to you."

We had a very interesting conversation; the Pope asked me all kinds of questions about America. "I do hope," he said, "that your great nation will spend its time in strengthening itself and refrain from engaging in wars; wars are fatal to the progress of mankind."

As the Pope warmed to his subject he occasionally lapsed from French into Italian, and when the interview was over he said—

"And now, my son, I will give you my blessing." He leant forward as he spoke and kissed my forehead, saying, "May you love God and serve Him," and as I rose and

backed to the door he smiled and waved his hand in farewell.

Pius X impressed me by reason of his extreme simplicity. He came unattended, save for the President of the American College, who was there to introduce the Americans who were present.

The Pope looked like a quiet country priest, and when he heard that I had received the blessing of two of his predecessors, he said—

“Not only will I bless you on coming this third time to the Vatican, but I will also bless your family in my prayers.”

Shortly after my interview with Leo XIII my friend Mr. Wayne MacVeagh (the American Ambassador at Rome) presented me at the Court of the Quirinal, where I had a most interesting conversation with Queen Margherita.

The Chamberlain ordered that the representatives of each nation were to be grouped together, so when the Queen came in she



walked about and conversed with the Germans, English and Americans present.

We Americans only numbered four, and the Queen, speaking in the most perfect English without a trace of accent, asked me how I liked Rome.

"Some one has told me," she remarked, "that you are seeing a great deal of social life here. I hope you'll find Rome so attractive that you will re-visit it next winter."

As she was talking Queen Margherita dropped her fan, which I picked up and returned to her, to be thanked with the greatest charm. I do not think I have seen a more beautiful woman than the Queen of Italy was at that time, and it is not surprising that she was called "The Pearl of Savoy."

"Tell me about New York," she asked, "what is it like, does it resemble Rome?"

I could not help smiling. "Your Majesty," I replied, "I can sum up the answer to your question in a very few words. There does not exist a greater contrast."

I enjoyed social life in Rome exceedingly, for I met many delightful people. I often heard Miss Reed's name mentioned by those who remembered her beautiful voice and her enthusiastic friendship with Liszt, which had its birth in the Eternal City, and which lasted until the great pianist's death.

It was at one of these charming reunions that I first met Madame Ristori; the great actress was so pleasant to me that I frequently went to see her, and many were the agreeable chats I enjoyed.

Madame Ristori told me that once when she was acting in Madrid she was commanded to the Royal Box as Queen Isabella wished to converse with her.

"The Queen," said Ristori, "was most gracious to me. 'It gives me the greatest pleasure to witness your wonderful acting,' she cried, and then in the true Spanish manner Isabella added, 'My house and all it contains are yours; anything you like to ask is granted.' "

"What request did you make?" said I, much interested.

"I did not hesitate a moment," replied Ristori. "'Madame,' I said, 'if you really wish to give me whatever I ask, may I beg you to reprieve the poor man who is to be garrotted to-morrow morning.'

"The Queen frowned and hesitated. 'Very well,' she answered, 'your wish is granted.'

"Isabella kept her promise, and the condemned man was released on the eve of his execution, but I doubt whether he ever knew to whose intercession he owed his life."

I was greatly interested at hearing this human story, and the expression of Ristori's face as she told it to me was a thing to remember.

One of my pleasant memories of Rome is my meeting with the late Marion Crawford. His wife was a most charming woman, and I remember she asked me which of her husband's books I liked best. "*A Cigarette Maker's Romance*," I replied.

“Well,” said Mrs. Crawford, “that was written for me when I was ill. My husband used to write a chapter at a time and read it aloud to amuse me; the ‘Romance’ continued in this way until I was well, and by that time it had grown into a novel.”

## CHAPTER VII

Looking backward: London in the seventies: The growth of hotel life: Clubland: The border line: The repose of society: Modern woman: Successful sinners: Vows sometimes made to be broken: The season: Then and now: The day of the automobile: Church *versus* car: The three arbiters of fashion: The Mahlon Sands': Mrs. Sands' friendship with the late King: A cold dinner: At Waddesdon Manor: A house-warming: Interesting visitors: I talk to the Prince of Wales: His visit to America: The Souvenir Cigar: H.R.H. is amused: His dislike of American men: His criticism of adverse criticism: The late King's ideas of dignity: Where fools rush in: The aspirant's downfall: The Rothschilds: How they purchased pictures: Miss Alice Rothschild: Tears have their uses: I meet Mr. Gladstone: His opinion of the masses: Their ultimate power: New ideas: How Mr. Gladstone defied time: The cobwebs of the Old Country: The power of the Press: Houses and their occupants: What the supersensitive experience: Death of Mahlon

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Sands: His talents: A witty answer: His accident: "Better death than life without thee": A last interview with Mrs. Sands: Her sudden end: "Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness"

LOOKING back on London as I knew it in the seventies and eighties, I am astonished at the developments which have taken place, and at the big changes in hotel and restaurant life. When I came to London there were no big hotels; fashionable people went to Brown's, Claridge's, Thomas's and to the Langham, which had just then been built.

I was greatly impressed by the repose of Society in those days. The spirit of unrest, with which we are now familiar, was practically non-existent. Clubland claimed the men, and there was none of the intimacy between the sexes which exists to-day. Women did not golf, or go in for sports, and it was only when hunting that they met the Lords of Creation on equal ground. Ladies were not the companionable beings they are now, when many of them smoke with the men,

listen to risky stories without a blush, and discuss stocks and shares with businesslike acumen. The "Nut" and the "Flapper" were luckily unknown, and the sight of a girl lunching alone with a young man and enjoying a cigarette would have been a thing undreamt of. People lived with more dignity and sinned more successfully than they do now, for divorce cases with nauseating details, which make the fortunes of some cheap newspapers, were much rarer than they are to-day, when marriage vows seem to be regarded by certain people as a joke.

The best families came up to London and settled down for the three months season, but these stately trips have been to a great extent swept—I might say "petroled"—away, now that the automobile has bridged long distances. The many empty houses in the best streets bear silent testimony to the power of the car, which does away with the necessity of taking a furnished house for the season, and enables people to run up and down from

the country and do theatres and balls without fatigue.

There is no doubt that the automobile has become one of the most powerful enemies of the Church. Once it was customary for fashionable people to go to fashionable churches, and to walk afterwards in the Park. Now, many smart women often neglect their duty to God by not going to church, and their duty to their neighbour by not showing off their toilettes when the service is over. Instead of going to church they are off somewhere by car, and the practice is steadily increasing.

The three arbiters of Fashion when I first came to London were Lady Cork, the Hon. Mrs. Lowther and Mrs. Bentinck. These ladies ruled Society; once "passed" by them all was well, for their verdict set the seal of approval upon newcomers in the social whirl.

My greatest friends in those days were Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Sands, who had settled in



London and went everywhere. Mrs. Sands was a beautiful woman who possessed a great power of attraction, and the late King, then Prince of Wales, liked her and her husband and honoured them with many proofs of his friendship.

I shared a house in Town with Harry Sands, Mahlon's brother, and Mahlon and his wife did everything possible to enable us to have a good time.

I remember Mrs. Sands once telling me of an occasion when the Prince of Wales honoured her with his presence at dinner. She asked the Prince about the guests he wished to meet, and received the charming reply, "All *your* friends are delightful, but I must ask you one favour, do give me a cold dinner all through." So everything, from soup to savoury, was served cold, and H.R.H. expressed himself as delighted.

Mrs. Sands told me it was wonderful to see the pleasure the Prince took in small things, and nothing delighted him more than

to examine all the presents which were sent to him on his birthday and at Christmas.

I met the late King for the first time when I went down, with the Sands', to the house-warming given at Waddesdon Manor by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

A most interesting house-party had been invited to meet the Prince of Wales, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Henry White (the former just commencing his diplomatic career as Second Secretary at the American Legation), Lord and Lady Cadogan, Mr. Arnold Morley and the beautiful Lady Brooke (now Countess of Warwick), who was in the zenith of her loveliness.

I had several opportunities of talking to the Prince, and I shall never forget the impression which Edward the Peacemaker made upon me. He was better as a listener than as a conversationalist, but what he said was infinitely tactful and sensible, and he seemed to enter thoroughly into the subject about which he was talking. I told the

Prince that I had seen him on his only visit to America, when my uncle, who was adjutant-general on Governor Morgan's staff, had conducted him by train to the border of the State of Massachusetts. "When you left the train, sir," I continued, "you handed my uncle a cigar, with some charming acknowledgment of his attention. 'Shall I light your cigar?' you asked."

"My uncle answered laughingly, 'If your Royal Highness will permit me, I would prefer to keep it intact, so that the souvenir of your condescension may not end in smoke.'"

The Prince seemed amused and interested, and he asked me what were my impressions of his visit; we discussed America and the Americans, and I was surprised at his knowledge of many things that had happened on the Other Side. He bade me good-night with many kind words, and I felt greatly honoured, for the late King never cared much for American men. Mrs. Sands once asked him the reason, and received the reply,

"They are not adaptable, that's the r-r-reason!" The late King used to tell Miss Alice de Rothschild that although American women were charming, his one adverse criticism was that they passed judgment upon each other too sharply. "Whenever I ask Consuelo Duchess of Manchester about an American lady," said H.R.H., "I am invariably told, 'Oh, sir, she has no position at home; out there she would be just dirt under our feet.'"

King Edward could be very severe with those who overstepped the rules prescribed by etiquette, and I remember what happened to an American girl who offended him. At a smart bazaar, the winner of a lucky lottery ticket had the privilege of asking three wishes from the Prince of Wales, and Fate favoured a young lady from the States.

"What is your first wish?" asked H.R.H.

"Oh, sir, it is to have your photograph."

The Prince beamed. "Granted," he said. "And the next?"

"I would like you to bring me the photograph in person."

H.R.H. hesitated, frowned, and recovering from his surprise answered, "That shall be done, now what is the last?"

Never was the truth of the saying so apparent that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." The young lady disregarded the warning looks from those around her. "The third wish, sir, is that you will present me to the Princess of Wales."

The Prince looked at her coldly. "Granted," he said, and walked away without a word. The silly girl realized that she had sinned against Society, which never forgives fools. She made a hasty exit, and the waves of the social sea closed over her for ever.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Waddesdon, which is a palatial residence, and I have the happiest remembrances of the Rothschilds. I once asked Baron Ferdinand how his family had collected so many beautiful pictures, and he told me that in the old days

the Rothschilds used to visit sales unnoticed and bid for the pictures they fancied. When the purchase was completed it was never paid for by cheque, but always in notes and gold, and afterwards taken away in a four-wheeled cab.

Alec Yorke's brother, Eliot Yorke, was the first Christian to marry into the house of Rothschild, when Miss Annie de Rothschild became his wife in 1873. Her father was asked why on earth he had so departed from the family traditions, but he merely shrugged his shoulders and replied—

“What else could I do, when I had tears from my wife and daughter from breakfast-time until bed-time?”

I met all kinds of delightful people at the Sands' house in Portland Place, and I was frequently invited to meet Mr. Gladstone at dinner. It was most interesting to hear his views upon current topics, and I remember him saying with great emphasis—

“Mr. Martin, believe me, if you don't give

the people their rights they'll take them." This remark was *à propos* of a discussion he was carrying on with a member of the Cabinet. They were talking about the growth of education in the lower classes, and Mr. Gladstone predicted the ultimate power of the masses at no distant day. "The schools are now filled with children," he said, "who, when they grow up, will think for themselves, and will not allow the Lord of the Manor to think for them."

I once remarked to him, "I think it's marvellous that you can do so much and keep your health." Gladstone smiled. "Well, I manage to keep well, because I always go to the country to recuperate. I keep my enthusiasm because I'm always on the look-out for new ideas, no matter where I may go, and I find that even a child is capable of giving me a fresh thought."

As I looked at Gladstone I marvelled at his mental force which defied age, and his whole bearing was such that he might well

have been taken for a man in the prime of life, instead of one who was nearing the end of his day.

He took a keen interest in American development and the great possibilities latent in the United States. "Ah, Mr. Martin," he would say, "you in that New Country possess such vitality and power that the very winds which come from the Atlantic bear sufficient strength on their wings to brush away many of the cobwebs of prejudice which still cling to the Old World."

Mr. Gladstone's greatest charm was his simplicity of manner, and the intense interest he showed when he listened to the conversation of others. He had a perfect obsession about the value and importance of the Press, and he often said to Mrs. Sands, "The golden rule of daily life is to commence the morning with your newspaper. Read what has happened the day before, or you will never keep in touch with the world."

I often think of my dear friends Mr. and



Mrs. Sands, who are both dead, and I do not think that the house in Portland Place will ever again have such charming occupants. I wonder whether personalities cling to houses, especially when those who lived in them were people of temperament. It is certain that some dwellings have the faculty of inspiring peace, while others have a contrary effect, but luckily for most tenants it is only the supersensitive who receive these uncanny impressions.

Mahlon Sands predeceased his wife. He was a very able man, and I believe he would have made his mark in American politics if he had had an ambition that way. I remember once hearing a story about him when Senator Conkling was laying down the law at a dinner in New York. Sands seemed somewhat abstracted, which annoyed the speaker, who rapped the table sharply and said in acid accents—

“Young man, you’re a very poor listener.” Mahlon smiled sweetly at the Senator. “Well,

that depends," said he, "upon who's doing the talking."

Poor Sands, he met with a fatal accident when riding in the Park, and I shall never forget the agonized appeals of his wife to the doctors at St. George's Hospital. Minnie Sands was one of those women who cannot exist without love. Her husband represented to her all that made life worth living, and after he died she did not wish to live. "Better death than life without thee," wrote a heroine of the Renaissance, and this applied to Minnie Sands. I was the last friend who saw her on the day of her sudden end. As I said good-bye she placed her hands on my shoulders.

"Fred," she whispered, "you've been such a comfort to me in my sorrowful hours."

"Ah, Minnie," I answered, "but is it not good that you can look back on your brilliant days?"

"Perhaps," she said, "but sometimes I fear I spoilt my husband's career when I asked

him to live in England, he had such great talents. I wonder whether he ever felt sorry he didn't take up a political life."

"He never regretted his career," I assured her, "for his love for you was stronger than his ambition."

I said good-bye to Mrs. Sands and promised to come again very soon, but little did I dream that I had seen her for the last time. After I left the house my poor friend went to lie down in her boudoir, and there Death, sudden and merciful, came and transported her to the land where "ills have no weight and tears no bitterness."

## CHAPTER VIII

Cowes: Pleasant Recollections: I meet the late King: The value of royal anecdotes: A reviewer's disapproval: Viscount de Stern: Alexander Yorke: A wonderful mimic: He imitates Queen Victoria: A summons at the window: "I'm a done man": The Prince's command: "What will the Queen say?": Alec plays hymns: I meet Sir Oscar Clayton: A distinguished physician: His weakness for titles: "I've met seven Duchesses": It is worry that kills: Want of money often the root of bodily evil: Cheques instead of prescriptions: The Prince comes to supper: The missing singers: H.R.H. consoles Stern: "A Feast of Lanterns": An English peerage for £70,000: Lord Wandsworth: An election story: Mrs. Mackay at Cowes: Her marvellous jewels: Dancing the "Boston": Lady Henry Lennox: What constitutes enjoyment?: Cowes recalls Cannes: The Earthquake: The late King at Cannes: Mrs. Campbell of Craigie: "Lend me your valet": He pours the coffee over the cloth: H.R.H.'s kindness: Adèle Grant and Lord Cairns: Monte Carlo: Gambling resorts in the sixties: The four friends: Garcia:

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His system: The Prince and the gambler: Disreputable company: Where did the Duchesses come in?: The clergyman and his daughters: Playing by proxy: Twice lucky: Why "twenty-three" was wrong

SOME of my most pleasant recollections linger around Cowes, where I have spent many "weeks" and where I often had the honour of meeting the late King.

I have observed that a certain section of the English Press appears to disapprove of the publication of anecdotes of a "human" character concerning King Edward, and I remember that one of the leading Sunday newspapers severely criticized a recent book of Recollections because it contained what the reviewer described as "trivial" stories about the late King. The critic, who was obviously sincere, implied that it was bad taste on the part of people who had met King Edward to talk about him as a man; in fact, he practically dubbed them presumptuous.

I think that anecdotes of the late King which show him in a kindly light possess considerable interest to this generation, for in a manner they keep green the memory of a monarch who was intensely admired by his subjects—thousands of whom were in sympathy with him as a man who loved life and always got the best out of it.

I spent one delightful week at Cowes as the guest of Viscount de Stern (who was afterwards created Lord Wandsworth), and among his guests was the Hon. Alexander Yorke, then Gentleman-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria.

Alec Yorke was a wonderful mimic, and he could imitate Queen Victoria to perfection; his facial resemblance to his Royal Mistress was positively astounding when he used to twist a dinner-napkin into a cap, and act the Queen to the life; it was rather disrespectful, but it was certainly very amusing.

One evening I got back late to my host's cottage, and just as I had fallen asleep I was

awakened by some gravel being thrown up at my window. I got out of bed, opened the window, and heard Alec say, in disconsolate tones—

“Fred, for goodness’ sake let me in, I’m a done man.”

I at once went downstairs, unbolted the door, and Yorke appeared, looking the picture of misery.

“What ever *is* the matter?” I asked.

“There’s the devil to pay,” he replied gloomily. “I went to a supper party at Lady Mandeville’s to-night, and H.R.H. was present. After supper the Prince said to me, ‘Oh, Mr. Yorke, will you give us some “imitations”?’ I hear you can take off my mother very well. Please do so.’

“‘Oh, sir, pray excuse me,’ I begged. ‘What will the Queen say if it gets to her ears? She’ll never forgive me.’ But H.R.H. commanded, and I had to obey.”

I said nothing, but from what I knew of the Queen’s character I entirely sympathized

with my friend. Alec, in his anxiety, continued, "The worst of it is that the Queen told one of the Ladies-in-Waiting that she had been informed I could mimic, but that she would never believe I could possibly be so vulgar."

I do not know whether Queen Victoria ever heard of what had taken place, but I fancy not, for she was always very fond of Yorke, and loved to hear him play her favourite hymns. Alec used to tell me that it was rather touching to hear the Queen attempt to sing a hymn which appealed to her, for her musical voice had long gone, and she had to content herself with merely repeating the words, which she did with infinite pathos.

Sir Oscar Clayton was another of Viscount de Stern's guests. He was a quaint-looking little man, a distinguished physician, and a great favourite with the late King, whose recovery from typhoid fever was always attributed to Sir Oscar's skill.



The Physician to the Household had one harmless weakness: he dearly loved a Lord, and I remember once hearing him say with tremendous pride, "I've been in luck to-day, I've met no less than seven Duchesses!" Sir Oscar was a kindly man, and when I complimented him upon his wonderful success in his profession, he replied with a smile: "Ah, Mr. Martin, I should have been far more successful if I had sometimes been able to write cheques instead of prescriptions for my patients. I have not reached the age of eighty-three without knowing that worry kills most people, and that want of money is often the root of bodily evil."

One day Stern came in to lunch looking well pleased, for the Prince of Wales had told him he would sup at the Cottage that evening. The party was to be a small one, and Stern telegraphed to Town for some singers, who were expected to arrive at Cowes by a late boat. The servants spent a busy afternoon decorating the garden with Japan-

ese lanterns, and at night it looked like a veritable fairyland scene.

After dinner the Viscount was on tenterhooks lest the singers should disappoint him, and his feelings can be better imagined than described when the last boat came in without them. He was like one distraught, and when the Prince arrived with Lord Suffield he at once noticed his host's distress.

"What's the matter?" inquired H.R.H.

"Oh, sir," replied Stern, "I've done my best to endeavour to entertain you, but the boat's arrived without the singers."

"Is that all?" laughed the Prince. "Well, don't let it trouble you, for what could be more delightful than your illuminated garden? And I am sure that no music could possibly come up to this *Fête des Lanternes*."

The situation was saved by the Prince's tact; his host forgot his disappointment, and the evening ended in a most pleasant manner.

The Viscount was always a little ashamed

of his foreign title, and I remember an amusing election story about him. He had asked me to address his constituents, but before we went to the meeting I was struck by Stern's disconsolate expression. "Come," I said, "what on earth's the matter?" "Well," he replied, "it has just occurred to me that what with my foreign title and your American accent my political career will be about finished to-night." I assured him that I was not dying to address the electors, and I am glad to say we did not make such a bad impression as he anticipated.

The Viscount always looked on the £70,000 which his mother gave the Party as a good investment, for it ultimately enabled him to change his name. When Mr. Gladstone gave up office, Viscount de Stern, of the kingdom of Portugal, much to his delight, became Lord Wandsworth, and thoroughly enjoyed his elevation, by draft, to the English peerage.

I met Mrs. John Mackay for the first time

at Cowes, where she had with her, as her guests, Mr. James Brown-Potter and his beautiful wife, who afterwards adopted a stage career with varying success. I remember every one at "Egypt" talking about Mrs. Mackay, and the women were on the edge of expectation to see what jewels she would wear at Mrs. Laurence's ball. I arrived rather early, and every lady present seemed to look like the contents of a jeweller's window, so dazzling were the diamonds. I suppose the display was for Mrs. Mackay's benefit, and was meant to imply, "Well, you may possess jewels of untold value, but we are not *quite* out of the running."

At last the name of Mrs. John Mackay was announced, and everybody turned to look, fully expecting to see a walking Golconda. Instead of that, there appeared a young and charming woman, dressed in white, *without a single jewel!*

Mrs. Mackay must have enjoyed the sensation her simplicity created, and I had the

pleasure of dancing the cotillion with her. The Prince of Wales danced with Lady Vernon; his son Prince George, then a shy young naval officer, had Lady Mandeville for a partner, and when it was over Mrs. Mackay suggested that we should dance the Boston.

Nobody seemed familiar with the step, so we danced it alone, much to the amusement of the lookers-on. When we had finished, the Prince took out Mrs. Mackay, who initiated him into the mysteries of the dance, and soon everybody was trying to "Boston," which speedily became most popular at Cowes.

I always enjoyed myself at Cowes, and I was "put down" for the week at the R.Y.S. by Lord Suffield, while Lord Henry Gordon Lennox did the same for my friend Sands.

The late Lady Henry Lennox was quite a character. One day, when she was lunching with Viscount de Stern, the conversation turned upon the pleasures of life. Every one present gave his or her idea of what consti-

tuted enjoyment; some decreed for balls, others for Musicales, and at last Lady Henry remarked, in her impressive manner, speaking with a slight drawl—

“Oh . . . well . . . for myself I like dinners better than anything else.”

“Dinners!” exclaimed her host. “My dear Lady Henry, surely you are not a gourmet!”

“Oh . . . no . . .” drawled the lady; “I like dinners because I know I am certain to have a man on either side of me who can’t get away.”

Whenever I think of Cowes it invariably calls to my mind Cannes, where I have passed some happy days, although one of my visits there was saddened by the news of my dear father’s illness and death. That March was cold and stormy, and I shall never forget the earthquake which did such tremendous damage in France and Northern Italy. I was staying with old Mrs. Sands at the Villa Soleil when I was awakened by the whole house rocking like a ship at sea. I heard

screams of terror; people rushed down the corridor to escape into the open, and I lost no time in following their example.

Every one was nearly mad with fear, and it is impossible to describe the awful sensation of the rolling and heaving earth; indeed, for years afterwards the sound of a heavy cart passing would make my mind revert to my first and terrible experience of an earthquake.

The late King was at Cannes in the eighties, and I remember once receiving an agitated message from Mrs. Campbell of Craigie bidding me come to her cottage at once. "My dear Fred Martin," she announced, "I'm in an awful dilemma. The Prince proposes to dine with me to-morrow night, and I've only two men-servants. Could you lend me your valet?"

"Of course," said I, and my man was most excited at the idea of waiting on the Prince of Wales. All went well until coffee was served, when my factotum lost his head, and

poured the coffee over the cloth instead of in H.R.H.'s cup. The late King showed on this occasion another instance of his usual kindness. He turned to the man, who was positively panic-stricken, and said, "Now, don't mind; it wasn't your fault; you were nervous," and my servant's comment to me afterwards was, "Oh, sir, fancy his Royal Highness being so considerate. What luck for England to be ruled one day by a man like that."

I was at Cannes in 1886, when Miss Adèle Grant, now Lady Essex, accepted Lord Cairns, and I remember how her fiancé went off to Genoa in search of camellias, which were massed in a floral boat and presented to her. Tommy Cheyne, then a little boy, sat in the boat, and every one wished luck to another Anglo-American alliance.

That night I danced with Miss Berens, and she remarked how happy Lord Cairns looked. Little did we dream that the blind god was even then pulling the strings of Fate,



and that Miss Berens, instead of Adèle Grant, was destined to become Lady Cairns.

In those days I often used to go over to Monte Carlo, which was then a camping-ground of the aristocracy, instead of being what it has now become a rendezvous for tourists. Monte has never appealed to my gambling instincts, but I have always been interested and amused in watching the play. It is frankly acknowledged that the odds are against the players to the extent of one and a half per cent. at trente-et-quarante, and three per cent. at roulette, and many have been the "systems" invented to break the Bank.

Some years ago four young men determined to make a tour of the gambling resorts, and they agreed that directly one of them lost a hundred pounds all should stop play and "move on."

At Spa, one of the friends lost a hundred pounds almost at once, but the other three won respectively fifty, eighty and two hun-

dred pounds. They made a move to Wiesbaden, where fortune favoured them with a gain of three thousand pounds. On the second night a hundred pounds was lost, and true to the spirit of the compact, they proceeded to Homburg, from thence to Ems, then to Baden, and finally they arrived at Monte Carlo.

Three of them won small sums, but the fourth, who had placed ten louis at a time on the transversal, and guarded it by putting a five-franc piece on zero, won a great deal of money. The next night one of the party lost a hundred pounds, and they all returned to London.

The tour resulted in an aggregate gain for the four friends of fifty thousand dollars; but, sad to relate, each of the men lost the whole of his gains at subsequent visits to the tables.

The great gambler Garcia played his system at Baden in the 'sixties, and retired with a fortune of a million dollars, which he

eventually lost when he returned to Spain. Garcia would pay a thousand francs for a vacant place, and on one occasion the Prince of Monaco, who was passing through the rooms, stopped to speak to the gambler.

"I shall soon win all *your* money," remarked Garcia.

"You may win some of that which I have already won," replied the Prince, with a shrug, "but the more you and your system succeed, the greater will be the number of fools who will try and imitate you."

At one time Baden-Baden was a regular meeting-place for the European aristocracy, and many royalties amused themselves with the roulette wheel. It is recorded that a country squire once remarked, as he looked round the rooms, "What a hateful place! I can't possibly stop another instant with these disreputable people."

"My dear fellow," said his friend, "what *do* you mean? Why, there are three English Duchesses sitting at one table."

The superstitions are many to which the gambler pins his faith. He will play on the number of his room at the hotel; he will fancy the figures of a friend's age, and he will even try to tempt fortune with the number of a hymn. *A propos* of numbers, I remember hearing a story about a friend of mine who was walking one day in the Casino Gardens, where he met an old clergyman, accompanied by his three daughters.

The girls were very anxious to inspect the rooms, and, after much persuasion, their father allowed my friend to take them through. "And remember you are *not* to play," he added, as a parting injunction.

When the girls arrived their guide turned to them. "Look here," said he, "although you are forbidden to play, I will put on some money for you. What's your age?" he asked the youngest one.

"Seventeen," she answered.

He promptly put a louis on the number

seventeen at the roulette table. The little ball fell into the number seventeen, and thirty-five louis were handed to the gambler by proxy.

At the next table my friend turned to the second girl. "What's yours?" he asked.

"Nineteen," she replied, and nineteen came up.

"Well," said my friend to the third daughter. "Come along, last but not least."

"Twenty-three is mine," she answered demurely.

A louis was put on twenty-three, but unfortunately twenty-six came up. The unlucky third bore her disappointment like a philosopher, and the little party strolled through the grounds, my friend walking ahead with "sweet seventeen."

"If I were to tell this story," said he, "I should be asked if my name was Ananias. Nobody would believe that the numbers of your age and your sister's came up as they

did, and if your third sister had been lucky I should have been told to read the story of George Washington, and lay it to heart."

"But," replied the youngest of the three Graces, "my sister's age *did* come up."

"Great Scott, it didn't!" exclaimed my friend.

"Hush!" whispered the girl. "Lillie told you wrongly, for she is not twenty-three, but twenty-six!"

## CHAPTER IX

My first meet: Neville Holt: Lady Clarendon:  
A visit to Berkeley Castle: Where King Edward  
II was murdered: Old-fashioned formality at  
Berkeley Castle: Harry Sands does not put in an  
appearance at breakfast: I explain the reason:  
House or hotel: A peeress of the old régime:  
Morning and evening prayers at Lady Galway's:  
Careless domesticity: The woman who didn't  
know her own house: The late Lady Holland: I  
take tea with her: A family spectre: Lowther  
Lodge: Singleton: A tragic visit: Sudden death  
of Lord Swansea: A night of terror: I see Coombe  
Abbey for the first time: Tranby Croft: Mrs.  
Arthur Wilson's kindness: Her superstition: The  
opal necklace: Jewels and their wearers: Mrs.  
Bradley Martin acquires some of the French  
Crown Jewels: Marie Antoinette's necklace: "A  
band of blood": The story of the missing pendant:  
The butler's secret: A thief in the night: The  
pearl snatcher: Andrew Carnegie vetoes the wear-  
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Her love of money: A great social leader: An Ascot story: James R. Keene and the Duchess: A ladies' luncheon: The best for a débutante: "Beauty, wealth or brains?": The women's verdict: I visit Cawdor Castle: "Not angles, but angels": From Cawdor to Culloden: Moy Hall: Relics of Prince Charlie: King George V praises the shooting: Charlcote: The woods: The stately homes of England: Sacred trusts: The death-duties which never leave us: I must not moralize: Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish prevents me from sermonizing

I WENT to my first "meet" when I was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Sands, who had taken a small house near Market Harborough for the hunting. My friend the late Lady Clarendon had a place close by, and we all went over to Sir Bache Cunard's at Neville Holt where there was a hunt breakfast.

I thought that the old grey house made a picturesque background for the animated scene, and Lady Clarendon, a charming unspoilt woman, took any amount of trouble to enlighten my ignorance. Although it is years



ago I have never forgotten my first impression of this typically English sight, and whenever I motor over to the Cunards I invariably think of the winter morning when I first saw Neville Holt.

One of my most interesting country-house visits was when Harry Sands and I went to stay with the Fitzhardinges at Berkeley Castle. I thought it a remarkable place, and its historical associations made a strong appeal to me.

Lord Fitzhardinge took me down a flight of stone steps into the gloomy dungeon where Edward II was murdered. "Tradition has it," said Lord Fitzhardinge, "that Isabella of France remained at the top of the steps down which we have just come, and listened to the agonized shrieks of her dying husband." I glanced almost apprehensively around me, for the dampness and the darkness seemed to smell of the grave.

A good deal of old-fashioned formality was observed at Berkeley Castle, and the

house party assembled every morning in the drawing-room, where we waited until breakfast was announced.

The first day after my arrival I noticed that my host seemed rather fidgety, and at last he turned to me, and said in a querulous tone: "Where's that friend of yours? We are waiting for him." I at once explained that Harry Sands invariably shunned breakfast and consoled himself with coffee in his room. Lord Fitzhardinge's brow cleared, and he said to the pompous butler, who was standing by the door, "All is well, Nelson—serve breakfast."

I must confess to a liking for some degree of ceremonial; it is perhaps more comfortable for guests to come down whenever they please and treat their host's house like an hotel, but I think that the dignity of home life somehow suffers.

Lady Galway was one of the old régime, and whenever I stopped at her house I was conscious that she was tremendously opposed

to any laxity in manners. We used to have morning and evening prayers, to which all the servants came, and I could not help admiring the solemnity and decorum of the domestics, who seemed to be quite in sympathy with the religious observances of their mistress.

Lady Galway had a little weakness for the sound of her own voice, and she occasionally spoke in public whenever the spirit moved her.

"Ah, Mr. Martin," she used to say, "English people require a tremendous amount to awaken their interest, and it is very difficult to hold their attention. However, I have one resource which never fails me, whenever I see my audience beginning to get dull."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well," said my hostess, "at the very first yawn I begin to talk about the British Navy. That wakes them up."

I often remember my dignified hostess, and

think what a contrast her home presented to the rushing, careless domesticity of to-day. People take little or no interest in their surroundings; indeed, a lady of my acquaintance used to be so seldom at home that her people were nervous whenever she went out lest she should forget her own house, so great a stranger was she there.

The late Lady Holland was another typical *grande dame* of bygone days, and I remember taking tea with her at Holland House. She had a particularly charming manner, and she told me a great many interesting things about her old-world residence, including the ghost story of the first Lord Holland, who is supposed to come through a secret door at midnight to revisit the abode of his former life. The phantom carries his head in his hands, and on one side of the secret door are blood-stains which have never been effaced.

"I shall be the last of my name to live here," said Lady Holland, with the suspicion

of a break in her voice. "After my death the house will become the property of Lord Ilchester and his heirs, and I do trust that it will always fall into reverent hands."

Lowther Lodge lies on the direct road to Kensington, and my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. William Lowther, resided there. Mrs. Lowther was "great" on early rising, and never allowed her daughters to stop in bed to breakfast after a ball; in fact, she called them in the morning herself. The house was then quite one of the show-places in London, and the Lowthers gave delightful garden-parties in their beautiful grounds, where occasionally outdoor plays were acted on the lawn.

I have always been fortunate enough to receive invitations to many pleasant houses, but I shall never forget the tragic experience which befell me at Singleton when I went on a visit to Lord Swansea.

I left Town one dark, rainy day, and arrived at Swansea after what seemed an in-

terminable journey, but I soon forgot the discomforts of travel in the warm welcome given me by my host and hostess. I had barely time to dress for dinner, which was a cheery meal, and our host told us a fund of anecdotes connected with the days when he was Sir Hussey Vivian.

I was unable to sleep that night as a regular hurricane raged outside, for the house, which was close to the sea, was exposed to the full fury of the gale. I tossed and turned from side to side, thinking of all the unpleasant things which usually assail the sleepless, when suddenly I heard a knock at my door and a terrified voice called out—

“Mr. Martin! Mr. Martin! do you know anything about illness? Papa has been taken ill; do come with me and see what is the matter.”

I put on a dressing-gown, and directly I saw Miss Vivian's face I realized that something alarming had happened. The gale

shook the house, and the draught nearly extinguished the candle I was carrying, as I followed the poor girl to her father's room, where Lady Swansea was crouching by the bed, crying bitterly.

Lord Swansea lay unconscious, and the butler and two footmen were doing their utmost to restore animation. As I bent over my unfortunate host I shivered, and felt almost sure that he was dead. I went to the dressing-table and took a mirror, which I held over Lord Swansea's mouth, but the surface remained undimmed.

I felt completely unnerved by the shock, but I managed to control my feelings and take Lady Swansea to her boudoir, where I left her with her daughter. That never-to-be-forgotten night had one happy result, for a great friendship has existed ever since between the family and myself; indeed, Lady Swansea has often said that Fate must have led me to her at a time when all her sons were away from home.

The first time I visited Coombe Abbey was in 1884 when Lady Mary Loyd had just taken it for five years. "Who does this place belong to?" I asked.

"To a young boy of fourteen—Lord Craven," replied Lady Mary.

Little did I think that the young boy was destined later to marry my niece, or that I should ever come to look upon Coombe as a second home!

I have very pleasant memories of Tranby Croft, and my friend, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, was an ideal hostess. I owe her many delightful hours spent at various places of interest, for Mrs. Wilson, who believed in letting me see all there was to be seen, drove me somewhere fresh every day until I had thoroughly explored the surrounding country. My hostess had one superstition which she has shared with many others—she considered opals very unlucky; indeed, Mrs. Wilson went so far as to attribute the Tranby Croft scandal to the baleful influence of an



opal necklace, which she never wore again after the Baccarat case came on.

Speaking of precious stones reminds me that my countrywomen seem to have made a kind of corner in jewels, just as my countrymen have been the greatest supporters of the picture trade! My sister-in-law, Mrs. Bradley Martin, was fortunate enough to acquire some wonderful gems at the sale of the French Crown Jewels, and she now possesses some lovely pieces, notably a ruby necklace which was made for Marie Antoinette.

The necklace has a history, for the story goes that when the unfortunate Queen first clasped it round her throat, she gave a shudder, saying, "Take it away, I cannot bear this band of blood!"

Mrs. Bradley Martin also has a beautiful cluster of diamond grapes which belonged to Louis XIV, and the grapes and their accompanying pendant were always sewn on her gown whenever she wore them.

I remember the pendant was missed one night when she had dined with Lincoln, who was then Minister in London. There was a great hue and cry for the missing jewel, but it was never found, although the best detectives were asked to elucidate the mystery.

One day we heard that Mr. Lincoln's butler, who had tried to commit suicide and was dying, wished to see a member of our family. The request seemed strange, but I regret his wish was not complied with at once, for the secret of my sister-in-law's missing pendant evidently died with him. "Mrs. Martin's diamonds, Mrs. Martin's diamonds!" was all the answer he would give to those who asked him what so troubled his mind in the hour of death.

We were always apprehensive of another theft, and I think that at one time we looked upon every harmless stranger in the light of a jewel-thief. I remember once, when my brother and his wife were going to Balma-



Back Row, from left to right: Mr. Frank Otis, —, Mr. F. Townsend Martin, Mr. Lewis Webb (of New York), Colonel Brinton, The Grand Duke Michael, The Earl of Craven, Mr. Frank Murietta.  
Front Row, from left to right: Niall Campbell, Miss de Trafford, The Countess of Craven, The Countess Torby, Mr. Bradley Martin



caan they stayed in Edinburgh for the night, and Mrs. Martin suddenly awoke to find her husband struggling with a man. She managed to ring the bell, and soon the room was full of people who wondered what on earth had happened. The proprietor accepted the man's explanation that he had mistaken the room, but my brother was convinced that it was a fabrication, and that the intruder was a thief who had followed them from Town.

After this mysterious adventure Mrs. Martin nearly lost her pearls in Paris. She was wearing a handsome rope of pearls, as she sat in her carriage on the Boulevard, when a hand suddenly came through the window and snatched at them. My brother did not lose his presence of mind, but struck up the hand of the thief, who relinquished his hold and made good his escape.

The possession of valuable jewels causes a certain amount of anxiety, and I believe the majority of Mrs. Martin's now spend most of

their time at the bank. Personally I am inclined to share Mr. Andrew Carnegie's opinion that jewel-wearing is a relic of barbarism, and that women are not at their best when they load themselves with diamonds. But Andrew Carnegie will never induce women to think that simplicity becomes them better than sapphires, or that a dainty ribbon is better than a rivièrè of diamonds. I think that the cold glitter of precious stones literally fascinates some women, and exercises a kind of spell over them. I have known cases where certain jewels have become the masters of their wearers, and others where excessive envy of certain ornaments has at last ended in theft and disgrace. "Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, more quick than words, do move a woman's mind." Never were truer lines written!

But I fear that my discourse on jewels has made me forget some of my friends in London. The late Duchess of Devonshire, then Louise Duchess of Manchester, was one of

the best-known figures in society when I first came to England; in fact, her social power lasted until her death.

I cannot say that I cared much for the "Double Duchess"; she was a wonderful hostess and a great personality, but I think she was too much dominated by her love of money. I remember James R. Keene (the owner of Foxhall) telling me how he once circumvented the Duchess of Ascot. He chanced to see her bearing down in his direction, and he at once divined that she had the intention of asking him to put a large sum of money on a horse for her. James knew the lady of old, but he advanced to meet her with a smile. "My dear Duchess," he said effusively, "I've thought of you and put just enough on my horse to interest you!"

Some years ago when the Duchess gave a ladies' luncheon at Devonshire House, she suddenly said to her guests, "Now I want to know your opinion as to what is most useful

to a débutante. Is she best equipped with beauty, wealth, or brains?"

Each lady present wrote her opinion on a slip of paper, folded it, and put it on a tray which was handed round. When the Duchess counted the replies she found that "Brains" had an overwhelming majority, and most people will be inclined, I think, to agree with the verdict of the ladies.

Another interesting visit was to Cawdor Castle, when I drove over with some friends from Balmacaan to see the Dowager Lady Cawdor, whom I knew very well. Although the castle has no connection with the historic murder of Duncan, it is a very interesting old place, well worth seeing, but I think the most beautiful thing about Cawdor is the garden, which seems like a many-coloured banner lying round the old grey walls. Lady Cawdor was very deaf, so we were taken over the place by her young nephews, who showed us where, in warlike times, melted lead was poured over the assailants of the castle. There



are the remains of a wonderful oak which is fenced round in a cellar, and tradition states that when the oak disappears the family will become extinct.

We duly admired the wonderful tapestries, but the boys told us that the public were no longer permitted to see the castle, as the excursionists had wrought much damage by their vandalistic habit of scratching names on the walls. "We used sometimes to paint the walls ourselves," said Ian Campbell, "for whenever nervous people stopped here we gave them plenty of skulls and bats in phosphorus paint, and some were pretty well scared out of their wits after they got into bed."

I was a little disappointed to find that my cherished romance of Cawdor was completely destroyed, but my hostess told me that Duncan's castle had long since disappeared, and that the site of it was unknown. The present building only dates from the time of James IV of Scotland.

As Lady Cawdor was deaf, I found it rather difficult to carry on a conversation with her, although it was delightful to hear her describe the beauties of her home. "I think your grandchild is an angel," I said to her once, as I admired the lovely child, but Lady Cawdor seemed quite put out. "Oh, Mr. Martin, I don't agree with you, fancy you saying that the darling is all angles." Naturally I tried to explain that I had said nothing of the kind, but I was careful not to pay any more compliments after that.

From Cawdor we went to Culloden Field, and called on the Mackintosh at Moy Hall, a lovely stone-built castle on a loch surrounded by lonely hills. The Mackintosh possesses many relics of Prince Charlie which are religiously preserved; he is a delightful host, and King George, who often goes to Moy, has been known to say that he gets some of the finest shooting there.

Charlcote was another place, with Shake-

spearian associations, which greatly appealed to me, and whenever I stayed there I loved to roam in the woods where the Bard had acquired a taste for stolen venison; the house is not large, but it is perfectly charming, and the Avon, which flows past the lawn, adds to the beauty of the grounds.

These delightful homes of England have always interested me, and I could write pages on what I consider the duties of their owners. To my mind ancestral properties should be regarded as a sacred trust, and not entirely as a source of income; they ought to be handed down as much as possible free from debt, although, of course, they can never be free from death-duties. But I must not moralize, and I must remember what Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish once said to me at dinner: "Don't you get bored dining out night after night?" she remarked. "What's the use of it?"

"Well," said I, "the use of it is that we can get fresh thoughts from one another."

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“Perhaps,” answered Mrs. Fish; “but, Fred Martin, I’ll just tell you right away that I didn’t come here to listen to one of your sermons.”

## CHAPTER X

The advent of the American woman in English society: How the Invasion came about: Miss Jerome becomes Lady Randolph Churchill: The Stevens-Paget alliance: The American heiress in fiction: An impossible character: The Girl from the Golden West: *Then* and *now*: The education of an heiress: A strenuous life: The Invasion viewed with alarm by Society: A new influence: The American's progress: The heiress realizes her own value: The open-handed daughters of Liberty: The uses of advertisement: A good investment: Lady Paget: The belle of Newport: An ambitious mother: A season in London: The late King as a matchmaker: Mr. Paget proposes: He is refused: He proposes a second time: Minnie Stevens becomes Mrs. Paget: A leading hostess: Lady Paget's personality: Her pluck: Seven operations!: A society woman's wish: Helen Beckwith: Her marriage with the Hon. Dudley Leigh: "Once a friend, always a friend": Lady Naylor-Leyland: Her beauty: Goethe's *Margaret*: How American women adapt themselves to new conditions: Are they ever home-sick?: Mrs. George

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Keppel recognizes American influence: The stronghold of dukedom: Lesser lights: The youngest American brides: Consuelo Duchess of Manchester: A penniless girl: Her poverty: She entertains the late King at dinner: Where the dishes came from: Mrs. Ronalds: The story of the necklace: Madame Waddington: She mixes with the crowd: A happy answer: The late Lady Curzon: Her rôle at Newport: A great lady

THE advent of the American woman in English Society was almost unheard of before the Civil War, and this was due to the fact that up to that time American Society was a negligible quantity. But a few years later a change set in, and New York was obliged to face the fact that it must adopt a more metropolitan tone. From the shores of the Pacific, from the banks of the Monongahela, and from the great plains of the West and Middle East came millionaires with their wives and children who were destined to change the old order into something entirely new. The lines of hide-bound convention were speedily broken down, new blood was

infused into feeble stock, and as a result Venus Victrix, dowered with loveliness and dollars, set forth to conquer England.

The great Invasion began a generation ago, when Miss Jerome, of New York, married Lord Randolph Churchill, a wedding which may be said to have set the fashion for similar alliances. Miss Minnie Stevens became the wife of Lord Alfred Paget's son, Miss Beckwith married the eldest son of Lord Leigh, the beautiful Miss Mary Leiter became Lady Curzon, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain took Miss Endicott of Boston for his second wife.

The American heiress has, until recently, been regarded as a source of humour by novelists and playwrights. We are all familiar with the heroine of the "Fuchsia Leach" type and the impossible parents who follow in their daughter's triumphal progress; we know her twang and solecisms of old, and we have sympathized with the noble families upon whose corns she has so ruth-

lessly trodden in her social ascent. But has this ever been a true picture? There may have been some justification for the character-drawing in the past, but the raw material is non-existent now in families who aspire to social greatness, and England only sees the finished product. The girl from the golden West who came straight to Mayfair, with a few cowboy admirers lurking in the background, and shocked her aristocratic chaperon at every turn, is now looked upon as pre-historic or as extinct as the Dodo.

An American girl's *début* is almost pre-ordained, for her destiny has been arranged for her, and her education commences from the day of her birth. I sometimes pity the girl who is subjected to the endless routine which is supposed to fit her for a position in American Society, or to qualify her for the British peerage. There are daily lessons in riding, driving, all kinds of physical culture, and from morning until evening she learns afresh something physically or mentally. It is a



strenuous life, not unlike a royal education, and only the pupil's natural vivacity prevents her from becoming artificial.

This training has done much to remove the distrust which the advent of young America formerly created in England. The older circles then looked askance upon the forceful elements in their midst, and the conservative temperament which dislikes any innovation fought hard against the newcomers. But this did not last long, for nothing could have successfully withstood these charming invaders, whose luxury and extravagance were almost bewildering. The new influence made itself felt at once, and now after a generation it has become a power.

The American woman starts her social progress unhampered by caste and tradition. She takes people as she finds them—not on the valuation of their ancestors; she is a person of spirit, she has her own ideas, and she is worldly to the tips of her fingers. She

realizes her own value; she knows what she wants in exchange for it, and she makes up her mind that once she has obtained her ambition she will play her part to perfection. The heiress makes no secret of her admiration for a title; she knows that her money will work wonders, and often some neglected stately home has looked in pride again under her benign influence.

These daughters of Liberty are generous. They spend their money lavishly, but they spend it with discrimination, and, if their manner of doing so is occasionally a little blatant, surely, as the saying has it, much can be forgiven those who give much. They believe in the value of advertisement, they like to see society paragraphs about their jewels and their gowns; and they love to know that all the world, at the expenditure of a penny, may read about their vast improvements on their husband's estates. To them it represents business, *not* snobbishness, and they re-

gard a position in the peerage much as other people look upon an investment, for in both cases the idea is that they will become paying concerns.

I think that Lady Paget represents the best Anglo-American type. I remember her well when, as Minnie Stevens, she was the Belle of Newport. All the handsomest men adored her, and Fred May, from Baltimore, seemed to be the favoured suitor until her worldly mother intimated to him that she had other views for her daughter.

Following Newport came a season in New York, and afterwards Mrs. Stevens carried Minnie off to London. The late King, who was then Prince of Wales, wished to arrange a match between her and Arthur Paget, but when Arthur first proposed Miss Stevens refused him. After that they met constantly in society, and then Mr. Paget determined to try again.

“When I first asked you to marry me,” he

is reported to have said, "my proposal came from my head. *Now* it comes from my heart."

Minnie Stevens was married from Thomas's Hotel, and she at once took her place as a leading hostess. Her house at 3 Halkin Street became known as one of the smartest houses in Town, and the late King was a constant visitor there. I think Lady Paget (as she is now) possesses a most beautiful disposition, and she certainly showed almost superhuman fortitude during her long illness when she had seven operations. I remember once going to see her after her accident, and found her reading a number of letters of condolence which had just arrived. Some of them were from crowned heads, but Lady Paget seemed especially charmed with the contents of a dirty little note she had just opened. "Oh, Fred," said she, "this letter has given me *such* pleasure. It is from my wash-woman, and I don't think anything has

delighted me more than that she should have thought of me."

Miss Helen Beckwith was a fair American who married the Hon. Dudley Leigh, and became the *châtelaine* of Stoneleigh Abbey. Her father was appointed Commissioner of the Paris Exhibiton, and the Emperor and Empress made much of the beautiful girl and her sisters, who returned to America loaded with Imperial souvenirs.

After her mother's death Helen received countless offers of marriage, but Mr. Beckwith would not allow her to accept any of them. "I've never met the man who is good enough for her," said he. Miss Beckwith afterwards went abroad with my brother Bradley and his wife, and during a visit to Balmacaan she met her future husband.

I often stayed at Stoneleigh Abbey with the Leighs. I remember that the room there once occupied by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort was kept unaltered, and that

there was also an interesting portrait of a lady who arrived to spend the afternoon and stayed for forty years. Helen Leigh died, greatly mourned, after a few days' illness; she possessed a splendidly loyal nature, and, indeed, her motto was, "Once a friend, always a friend."

Lady Naylor-Leyland's marriage was another triumph for feminine America. I first met Miss Chamberlain (as she was then) at a dinner given by Mrs. Isaac Bell one Sunday evening.

"Don't disappoint me," said Mrs. Bell, "for I've the loveliest young girl coming that you've ever seen," and I remember that when the butler announced "Miss Chamberlain" I saw my ideal of Goethe's "Margaret." Rarely, if ever, had I seen such a picture of virginal sweetness as she presented, and her appearance did not belie her, for Jeanie Chamberlain was charming and quite unspoilt by the world.

After her *début*, Mrs. Chamberlain took

her daughter to England, and presented herself with a letter of introduction to Lady Paget, who at once arranged a dinner to meet the Prince of Wales. After her marriage to Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland, Jeanie became a great hostess; the late King Edward honoured her with his friendship until the time of his death; and there are few people in Society who possess the tact and common-sense of Lady Naylor-Leyland.

It is certainly remarkable how American women adapt themselves to the conditions of a new life in a new country. If some of them regret New York they are wise enough not to show home-sickness in the land of their adoption, but there are some ladies who seem to forget their nationality, notably Lady Arthur Butler, who has never revisited America since her marriage.

Mrs. George Keppel has always recognized the influence of American women on English Society; she has very wisely taken the fullest advantage of it, and at her entertainments one

meets the best type of Americans. Mrs. Hwfa Williams was another hostess who welcomed the invasion, and felt the magnetic power and freshness wielded by the new régime.

Even the stronghold of dukedom has yielded to the besieging force! A Vanderbilt heiress captured the historic house of Marlborough, Miss May Goelet carried her wealth and herself north of the Tweed as Duchess of Roxburgh, and there have been two American Duchesses of Manchester. As for other aristocratic victories, the names now fill a long list. My niece Cornelia was only sixteen when she married the Earl of Craven, and I think that she and Miss Vanderbilt must have been the youngest American girls to marry into the peerage.

And how do these women influence Society? They influence the social world for many reasons: they are past-mistresses of the art of entertaining; they are tactful, adaptive, broad-minded, and they know to a fraction the value of money. They take no chances,



their plan of campaign is always swift and effective, and they comprise in themselves the essence of the spirit of modernity.

Just as marriage with favourites of the stage often infuses healthy plebeian blood into some deteriorated aristocratic stock, so marriage with American women infuses vitality, personality, beauty and money into the peerage, although money is not always the factor in the case.

The late Duchess of Manchester, Consuelo, of immortal memory, was a penniless girl when she married the Duke, but wherever she went she attracted rich and poor alike, solely through her fascinating personality. She was a charming woman, and I remember how she used to laugh over incidents in her early married life when she was excessively hard up. Consuelo told me that on one occasion when the late King dined with her, the dinner was practically provided by her friends, who contributed *plats* for the occasion. H.R.H. expressed himself as delighted with the dinner.

“And what is more,” he added, with a smile, “I know exactly where all the dishes come from, for each lady has sent the one I always like served when I dine at her house.”

Consuelo was a wonderful *raconteuse*, and the present Duke of Manchester inherits his mother's gift, for I think I have never heard any one tell stories, especially negro ones, better than he does. His wife is an exceedingly nice woman, and the informal dances at her house in Grosvenor Square always possess the merit of originality.

Mrs. Ronalds may be said to have conquered English Society alone and unaided. She has always gathered together the best people in the social world, and I can never forget her kindness to me in my younger days. I first met Sir Arthur Sullivan at her house, and once remarked to him, “It must be a great comfort to see your works appreciated in your life-time?” “It is,” replied Sir Arthur, “for I have lived long enough to see that certain people may have stones flung at them when

they are alive, and stones put up for them after they are dead."

Mrs. Ronalds had a most beautiful voice, and the story goes that once her singing so moved a lady from the States that she left her seat and clasped her valuable necklace round the singer's throat, exclaiming, as she did so, "Pray, pray accept this as a tribute to your divine voice!"

But with the morning came cold reflection, and the power of song, so potent on the preceding night, no longer held the impulsive donor in thrall. Sad to relate, she regretted her gift, and at last she decided to go round and see Mrs. Ronalds. The lady wasted no time in beating about the bush. "My dear," she said, "I'm sorry, but I made a mistake in giving you that necklace. Will you return it, and accept the excuse that I was carried away by your exquisite singing?"

"What a pity," answered Mrs. Ronalds, "for the necklace has been carried away, too. It's now in my safe at the bank."

I cannot bring my recollections of Anglo-American hostesses to a close without mentioning Madame Waddington, who before her marriage was Miss King of New York. She is a most remarkable woman, and her husband represented France for twelve years at the Court of St. James'. Madame Waddington knows the secret of popularity, and she is always ready to try a new experience. I remember once, when the German Emperor visited England, that she was very anxious to learn the opinion of the man in the street, and to see whether the cheers of the people were genuine or not. She accordingly stood in the crowd to watch the procession pass, and naturally imagined that she would be unnoticed.

At dinner that night the Emperor turned to her, "Oh, Madame Waddington," he said. "I saw you in the crowd to-day."

"Did you, your Majesty," she replied, no whit taken aback; "I was there because I wanted to share the people's appreciation of you."

The arrows of age have missed Madame Waddington, who still retains all her delightful personality. Like Mrs. Griswold Gray, she refuses to allow herself to become old, and she always says that the best recipe for youth is to keep oneself in touch with the times.

I always think of the passing of Lady Curzon with deep regret. I knew her first as Miss Mary Leiter, when all the doors of Newport were opened to her by reason of her sweet personality, and I thought her rôle of the modest, graceful girl carried her far. The Leiters in those days had money, but no influence, and their social success later was chiefly owing to Mary. She never forgot her family, for she did everything to further their interests, and she was mainly responsible for her sister Daisy's marriage with Lord Suffolk.

When I heard of her wonderful success in India, and read accounts of the pomp and ceremonial with which, as Vicereine, she was

surrounded, I felt proud to think that Lady Curzon came from my country. She was a charming woman, and, better still, a good one. The breath of scandal never sullied her fair name; she had no enemies and possessed countless friends. She was a good daughter, a good wife, and a devoted mother. Such was Mary Curzon, one of those noble women, who, while they adorn this world, make us think that the angels are not all in Heaven.

## CHAPTER XI

William Gillett: The Bachelors' Club: The Clearing House System: Merit is passed over: Mr. Gillett's radium parties: Charles Dalison: A beau of the seventies: The end of a worldly life: The Whitelaw Reids: A hospitable ambassador: Mr. Choate: His wit: "Just start cackling, madam": The late Bradley Martin and his connection with Balmacaan: My brother rents Lakefield: The ghost there: Bradley takes over Balmacaan from Henry Allsop: A beautiful home: The shores of Loch Ness: Our love for Scotland: The joy of life: Another ghost: The spectral coach: Lord Lovat's funeral: Unlimited whisky: A two-mile walk: Lady Burton and the late King: "One thing needful": Edward VII decorates Lord Brougham's butler: Our theatrical and literary neighbours: Sir Henry Irving: The Terrys: Mrs. Lewis lets her cottage to Barrie: Sir James and the donkey: His love of children: His retiring disposition: Memories of Bradley: The best of brothers: Speaking in public: I go down to the East End: An audience at Whitechapel

MR. WILLIAM GILLETT has been one of the best-known figures in London Society for many years, and he will possess an enduring monument in the Bachelors' Club, which he founded in conjunction with the late Duke of Albany and Augustus Lumley.

He has not always led the existence which is his to-day. William Gillett possesses remarkable business capacity, and the Clearing House System first originated in his active mind. I think my friend expected to be created a baronet in connection with this, but, as is often the case, his merit was passed over and some one less worthy received the honour. However, he can console himself by reflecting that in these days of strange peerages, baronetcies and knighthoods it is perhaps better to go to one's grave as a distinguished commoner.

I do not think any one in the social world has ever led such a crowded life as William Gillett. He attends all the smartest weddings; he is seen at charitable functions,





Mr. William Gillett (on left), Mrs. Bradley Martin and Count Kergorley (in carriage), at Balmacaan



where he lavishly helps whatever may be the cause; he stays at the best country houses, and even at his age he manages to put in an appearance at four dances a night. I once asked him the reason why he put himself in the way of being so fatigued, and received the characteristic reply, "I go to dances because I love them."

I remember saying to him during a quiet hour at Balmacaan, my brother Bradley's place near Inverness, "Gillett, what do you think of Death?" He looked at me for an instant without speaking and then answered in his curiously slow way, "What do I think of Death? Well, Martin, I think of it as a long, peaceful sleep. I have always tried never to do any one harm, I've endeavoured to spend my money with justice, and I think I've earned my rest."

I was much impressed by his words, for they revealed the speaker in a new light. I used to think that Gillett shared Mrs. Ayers' horror of death, and I was interested to learn

that one who seemed so much in love with life looked forward to the grave as a well-earned rest.

Certain facetious people have made fun of William Gillett's radium parties, and sneered at his Excelsior reunions; others have laughed about the fact that most of his fair friends have a title, and suggested that his paradise will be one of "Peri"esses, but my friend treats all such attacks with good-natured indifference; in fact, I think he is secretly amused at the comments. But there are those who, like myself, respect the real William Gillett, and I must place on record that he never lets his left hand know what his right hand gives. His heart is the real right thing, and he is a generous giver in the cause of charity.

I remember another Society man who resembled Mr. Gillett in many ways. This was Charles Dalison, who was a great social light in the 'seventies and 'eighties. He was invited everywhere, and always used to spend

six weeks in Scotland with Lord and Lady Burton. But as old age approached Mr. Dalison's invitations began to decline, and, as he had been accustomed to have every day booked up for weeks ahead, he felt his altered position very keenly.

Mr. Dalison lived just off Sloane Square, and one evening, in the height of the Season, he realized the dreadful fact that he had not been asked anywhere. This was a severe blow to one who looked upon Society as the breath of his nostrils, and the old man, who was too proud to go and sit in his Club, wandered into the park, where he sat alone in the moonlight. From his chair he could hear the carriages as they passed and repassed, taking people to dinners and balls, for at this hour London was in her most seductive mood. He could almost smell the roses on the staircases, and hear the soft strains of music in the ballrooms; he fancied he saw the beautiful wearers of beautiful jewels, and the cold eyes of the stars seemed to mock at his misery.

Poor forgotten old man! At last kindly sleep closed his eyes, and perhaps he dreamt happily. But slumber brought him a true friend, for Death had followed her, and when the sleeper woke his night's vigil resulted in an attack of pneumonia, which carried him off in a few days. What a subject for a master of irony, and what a lesson it conveys!

Whenever I write on the subject of hospitality I am often reminded that we Americans owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to the Whitelaw Reids for their entertainments at Dorchester House. The late Ambassador was an ideal representative of the New World, and his wife and daughter seconded him with wonderful success.

I shall never forget the magnificent ball given at Dorchester House, at the time of the late King's Coronation, which was attended by all the members of the royal family. It was a splendid sight, but what most appealed to me was the strong sympathy which seemed

to exist between America and the Mother Country.

I think that Mr. Choate was one of our ablest ambassadors; every one liked him and his dry humour, and I always remember his reply to an affected, talkative woman at a country house. The fair lady was passing him an egg, when suddenly she let it fall. "Oh dear, dear Mr. Choate, I've dropped an egg; whatever shall I do?" she exclaimed.

"Do?" replied Choate, with an impassive expression, "why just start cackling, madam."

I believe that the name of my dear brother Bradley is very much associated with Balmacaan, where he spent so many happy years! Now, alas! that he is gone, the place possesses sorrowful memories for us, and it will never seem the same to me.

In February, 1881, Mrs. Bradley Martin's father died, and she came to England with her mother and her husband. For some time they stayed quietly at Claridge's, and then left for Scotland. One day at Inverness my

brother went into a gunmaker's shop, and asked the man if he knew where a little good shooting could be obtained. "Why, sir," said the man, "Lord Seafield has just died, and I believe that the shooting over the Balmacaan estate is to let, and that you can put up at the inn at Glen Urquhart."

Bradley at once interviewed the agent, with the result that he took up his quarters at the inn with his wife and her mother, and had a very good time, as there was nothing he liked better than shooting. The keen, cold air suited Mrs. Martin, and when they returned to America Bradley decided to make an offer for Balmacaan the next year. Unfortunately for my brother, Henry Allsop had secured a three years' lease of the shooting; he had, therefore, to content himself with renting Lakefield, which is close to Balmacaan, but Sir Henry Allsop very kindly allowed Bradley to have the grouse moors.

I was then preparing to start with Harry Sands for a trip round the world, but I



changed my mind, and went up to Scotland with my brother and his family. Lakefield is a quaint old house, and, as its name implies, it is situated close to a lake. The last owner had died in tragic circumstances, and if houses are ever haunted Lakefield certainly was. We used to hear most weird noises when all was quiet at night; heavy footsteps passed along the corridors and often we heard the sound of a body being dragged down the staircase. Luckily for us the ghost remained invisible, although it certainly made its presence felt, but at last we came to regard the noises with absolute equanimity.

We returned to America that autumn, and later Henry Allsop offered the lease of Balmacaan to my brother, who was overjoyed to secure it, for he was never so happy as when in the Highlands.

Balmacaan is a large ivy-covered stone house built in front of the original shooting-box. The surroundings are beautiful; the estate extends for nineteen miles along Loch

Ness; it has for a background the solemn hills with extensive deer forests and wild moorland, where you can get an uninterrupted view for twelve miles straight across to Beaufort Castle.

How we have always loved Scotland! I think there is nothing so beautiful as the lonely places where the silence is unbroken save for the occasional whirr of wings and the hoarse cry of the grouse. In summer the clear air quivers with the heat; the heather wraps the moors in purple, and on all sides one hears the melody of falling water. Does any repast ever seem so good as when taken amid such surroundings? And does not life seem a better thing than it does in the alluring town?

Balmacaan, like Lakefield, has its invisible ghost, and a restless Lady Seafield is said to drive about in her spectral coach. Every one who has stopped at the house has heard the horses pull up at the door, and although many explanations have been proffered as to

the *real* cause, the mystery has never been satisfactorily solved.

I remember that I saw my first Scotch funeral when I was staying at Balmacaan, and it was a very impressive ceremony.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt had rented Beaufort Castle, but when the news came that Lord Lovat, the owner, was dead, Mr. Vanderbilt at once placed the castle at the temporary disposal of the family.

My brother, his son, Howard and myself were asked to the funeral, and when we arrived at Beaufort we found that Lord Lovat's coffin had been put in the outer hall. It was covered with the late peer's robes; his coronet was upon it, and at the head of the coffin stood the present Lord Lovat, who was then a boy of fourteen.

The mourners assembled in the great hall, a wonderful room, full of family portraits, armour and trophies of the chase; here we had luncheon, and I remember there seemed to be an unlimited supply of whisky and

spiced wine. After the meal was over we started to walk the two miles to the tiny Roman Catholic Church where the committal service took place. It was a fine, cold day, and as we passed along the pipers' lament fell on the air with its melancholy wail. The church was crammed to suffocation, and the Dowager Lady Lovat sat hidden from view in the choir loft.

We have made many friendships during the years we have spent in Scotland, and the Lovats, Frazers and Macintoshes always come to the covert shoots at Balmacaan. Lady Burton is another charming neighbour, and she once told me an amusing incident which occurred when the late King Edward stayed at Glenquoich. "I hope, Sir, that you have found everything to your liking?" she said to the royal visitor. "Yes," answered the King; "but, if I may make a suggestion, one little thing would add greatly to the comfort of your guests."

"Oh, Sir . . . what *can* it be?"



From left to right: Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin, Lord Leigh, Mr. Bradley Martin, The Hon. Charles Harris



“Well, Lady Burton,” said H.M., “the one thing needful is a hook on the bath-room door.”

How charming King Edward was! Lord Brougham once told me how the late sovereign decorated his butler, an old man who had been with the family for many years. He was a valued and privileged servant, and some one had evidently mentioned this to H.M., for just before he was leaving the King took out a decoration and pinned it on the lapel of the butler's coat, complimenting him as he did so on the length of his service. Another “trivial” incident perhaps, but I think it is worth recording.

I must not forget to mention that we have had distinguished members of the theatrical and literary world for neighbours. Lady Seafeld had given a cottage on the estate to Mr. Lewis, the husband of Kate Terry, and one year Sir Henry Irving came to stop there. Irving dined at Balmacaan, and I also made the acquaintance of Miss Ellen Terry and her

sisters Marion and Kate. After Mrs. Lewis gave up the cottage, Sir James Barrie took it, and we often used to meet the famous novelist, pipe in mouth, leading a donkey, which was usually ridden by one of the many children staying at his house.

I believe that *What Every Woman Knows* was written about this time. Our neighbour was always willing to assist at the entertainments we got up for the tenants, but he could never be induced to lunch or dine with us.

The happiest moment in my life at Balmacaan was one night last autumn when my brother, in addressing a meeting, gave his whole-hearted support to my proposals. His warm words of appreciation filled my heart to overflowing, and as we walked home I said to him, "This evening has been a happy one for me, as I know that you are now in sympathy with my public schemes." Perhaps I should not chronicle this seemingly small incident, but Bradley was the best of brothers, and his appreciation was a great thing to me.



This mention of speaking in public reminds me of the occasion when I went down to Whitechapel to address a big meeting of the unemployed. It was nervous work, and I felt at once that the audience resented the presence of my secretary, who was on the platform.

"Mr. Parsons," I whispered, "I think you'd better leave me, for I know I must be one with them." I waited until I heard my car drive away, and then looked at the cold, hard faces before me, each of which seemed to ask, "Why have *you* come down here?" The Chairman then introduced me as an American who wanted to talk to them, and I rose, feeling very uncertain about my reception.

I told the men that the Land over the Sea called for *workers*. "Don't go to the hearts of the cities," I said, "let mother earth take you in her keeping, you'll be safer there than in a wilderness of bricks and mortar." I spoke for an hour, and I wondered whether

I had made any impression on the starving, sullen crowd.

"Does yer object to be questioned, gov'nor?" cried a voice.

"Certainly not," I answered, "provided I'm not asked to discuss politics."

I waited a few seconds, and then a man got up. He was a sallow individual of thirty, and Socialist was written upon every feature. "Mr. Martin," he began, "I'll just tell you I'm chairman of a club down here, and I came to upset you if I could. Now I'll own up that my idea of you was wrong. You're all right."

The candid speaker then sat down amid applause, and others got up and questioned me about the possibilities of America until I felt like a live emigration office. When I quitted the hall the audience poured into the street after me, and I left Whitechapel with many hearty invitations to come back again.

## CHAPTER XII

The lure of travel: Its value as an education: A six months' tour or six years at college?: My first glimpse of Spain: Tarifa: A Moorish hill town: The old fortress: A Spartan father: By moonlight to Begar: Cleanly Cadiz: Madrid: The usual sight-seeing: June in Norway: Homely incidents: Cold water is thrown on Howard's efforts to explain: Towels at last are forthcoming: The land of untrodden ways: Trippers in Switzerland: A walking tour in the Tyrol: A peaceful spot: "Surely we must be very near Heaven?": "You must climb higher": I am mistaken for an Archduke: Wasted ammunition: We journey to the Holy Land: Illness at Beyrout: The last Emperor of Brazil comes to see me: The sight which gave me life: "The Stars and Stripes": Round the world with Harry Sands: San Francisco: The Duke of Atholl: Japan: I see Fusi-yama: The magic of the East: We go up-country: Then and now: Silent souvenirs: The fragrance of vanished summers: The Sultan of Singapore: The cholera epidemic in Ceylon: A railway accident near Benares: Bombay: Sudden

## 242 THINGS I REMEMBER

death of Lady Ferguson: We leave for Malta:  
In quarantine at Suez: From Malta to Syracuse:  
A storm: Naples: Back to Paris: The end of the  
journey

CIRCUMSTANCES have fortunately enabled me to indulge largely in my taste for travel, but I do not in consequence propose to bore my readers with lengthy impressions of the places and things I have seen.

I think that travel is the best general education for any one desirous of enlarging their mind, and I will go as far as to say that I believe a six months' tour is worth six years spent at college. Seneca recognized the value of travel even in his day, for he wrote with truth that, "Voyage, travel and change of place impart vigour."

I first saw Spain thirty-five years ago. From Gibraltar I went by boat to Algeciras, and from there to Tarifa, which is a wonderful old Moorish hill town. The fortress was assailed by the Moors, and defended by the great Guzman, whose son was taken

prisoner. The enemy threatened to kill the youth if his father refused to surrender, but the answer of the defender was to hurl a knife from the ramparts with an intimation to the Moors that they could carry out their threat if they pleased.

We left Tarifa by the feeble light of a young moon, and journeyed by mule cart to Begar, where we managed to get an hour's sleep before we took diligence to San Fernando, which was the first town to succumb to the revolutionary forces.

We spent a day and a night at Cadiz, the cleanest town in a country not distinguished for cleanliness, and then took the mail train *en route* for Madrid. Here I saw the usual bull fight; I inspected the masterpieces of the Spanish painters; I went through innumerable churches, and I marvelled at the wonders of the Escorial. Just the things that others have done. But Spain in 1875 was a lawless land, and after I had encountered a body of soldiers conveying a large number

of bandits to prison, I began to think that a protracted visit might well be fraught with danger, so we decided to change the scene.

My brother Howard and I went to Norway, where we passed one delightful June, and there were various pleasant, homely incidents connected with this trip that I like to recall when I am in a pessimistic mood. I remember delightful meals at farmhouses, country dances in low-roofed kitchens to the accompaniment of the rushing torrents outside, and a wonderful serenade by twenty farmers' sons.

I recollect an amusing incident which occurred once at a little farmhouse where we had arranged to spend the night. My brother and I went into a room to wash our hands before supper, but we found that towels were apparently considered superfluous.

I called the farmer's wife, but as she was unable to speak English, Howard attempted to explain our requirements to her by a

pantomimic display. The good woman's face beamed with joy, and seizing a large pail of water she dashed it over his head, nearly deluging him; after this she apparently realized that it was necessary to provide something with which he could dry himself, for the missing towels were speedily forthcoming.

In those days travelling in Norway was a journey of exploration and adventure; there were hardly any tourists; hotels were few and far between, and the iron of the railways had not then eaten into the soul of the mountains. It was a land of untrodden ways, not like Switzerland, which has long been familiar with the feet of the globe-trotter, for even in my young days hotels sat like vultures on every spot which boasted a view, and many a glimpse of nature had to be paid for with a franc.

We went from Sweden to Russia and thence to Vienna, where we took steamer for Trieste *en route* for Alexandria and the Holy Land.

This first visit to Austria reminds me of a later one when Harry Sands and I left Innsbruck for a walking tour of several weeks in the Tyrol. We had a delightfully simple time, for we lived at little inns where we only managed to get goat's milk—cheese and black bread for dinner, but the food was most enjoyable after our hard days' climbing, and more often than not we made our beds on the straw in little huts up in the mountains.

One day at sunset we reached a quaint inn surrounded by cottages, and a great waterfall turned the wheels which worked the village mill. It was a peaceful spot, and the thunder of the cataract was the only sound which broke the stillness. After dinner was over, I sat outside and watched the dying day; around me were the mountains, and far below lay the beautiful valley from which we had that morning ascended to these quiet heights.

The rays of the setting sun seemed to kiss the snow into life; a faint blush stole over the brow of the mountains, and a little icy wind





From left to right: Mr. Hugh Warrender, The Countess of Craven, Mr. Franklin Otis, Mr. Frank Murietta, The Hon. Charles Harris and Mr. F. Town-end Martin (in background)



whispered of tranquil days. I seemed so far from the world that I turned to the inn-keeper and said impulsively—

“Surely I have found the abode of peace; we must be very near Heaven!”

The man looked at me for a moment, and then pointing to the mountain tops, he said, with unconscious cynicism—

“Sir, you must climb higher to find a spot nearer Heaven, for only two days ago, in the cottage over there, a lover strangled his sweetheart. I fear that we are very far from Paradise here.”

After leaving this scene of tragedy we crossed the mountains to a village which boasted of quite a decent hotel. Here we met Mr. James Bryce, until recently British Ambassador to America, whose great book, *The American Commonwealth*, is known wherever the English language is spoken.

We left one cold morning to continue our journey through the valleys, and as we passed the first village we were mistaken for an

Archduke and his aide-de-camp, who had been sent to inspect the troops in that part of the country.

We thought it very odd to hear the people cheering as we passed, and, stranger still, when the same thing occurred while we drove through another village. The people were shouting, the bells were ringing, and cannon boomed to right and left of us. "They take you for his Imperial Highness," remarked our driver with a smile.

At last we reached a little town where we found the streets lined with white-clad children, and the mayor waiting to pay his respects to the representative of the Emperor. As we drove down the main street more cannon bombed more flowers were thrown, and many voices joined in singing the National Hymn. I felt that it would be cruel to disappoint the people, and although neither Sands nor myself possessed the Hapsburg look or the Hapsburg lip, we saluted as we passed, to the delight of our coachman, who

thought the whole thing was a very good joke.

I often wonder what sort of a reception the real Archduke received, and I sincerely hope that enough flowers and gunpowder were left to make some kind of display in his honour.

Beyrout was the starting-point for our travels in Palestine, but as I had developed a chill and high fever on the boat, I had barely strength enough, when we arrived, to drag myself to the little house which was called an hotel.

Howard at once set off in search of a doctor, and luckily he fell in with an English medical man who was staying in Beyrout with his family. He was a splendid physician, and I owe my life to his constant care, as I was desperately ill for many weeks.

During this illness I received royalty unawares. The last Emperor of Brazil, who was making a tour in the Holy Land, happened to come to the "hotel," and the landlord informed him that I was lying at death's

door. Dom Pedro expressed a wish to see me, and I remember him standing by my bed, bidding me take heart, for he was "sure I was not going to die *this* time."

I certainly had a bad spell of it. I developed pneumonia, which nearly killed me, and for a day and a night I was practically given up. The doctor and his kind wife used to take turns to support me so that I could breathe with greater ease, and one day, when I was gasping for breath, I saw something which made every nerve in my exhausted body tingle with emotion.

I could see the bay from my bed, and the reason for my excitement was the sight of a sailing ship which had just dropped her anchor. Against the blue sky of Palestine I seemed to see a signal of hope, a message of comfort, for the beloved Stars and Stripes of my native land fluttered at the mast-head.

Tears filled my eyes, and I had just strength enough to point to the emblem of liberty before I fainted. I always like to

think that it was the sight of my country's flag which made me turn the corner, and when I became sufficiently convalescent, I was taken on board a vessel bound for Naples.

I went round the world with Harry Sands, and we started from San Francisco, stopping at many places *en route*. I shall never forget the charm of Assendy Valley, with its forests of giant trees, and I have most happy recollections of a Scotsman, who was the life and soul of our party, and who turned out to be the Duke of Atholl.

In August we took steamer for Japan, and my first glimpse of Fusiyama, silhouetted against the setting sun, will never fade from my memory, for I felt in dreamland when I found myself at last in the Far East where everybody looked like the quaint figures met with on golden screens.

We had secured passports which enabled us to go up country, and, accompanied by a clever guide, we set off to explore the interior. For several weeks we travelled by

jinrickshas, and I shall never lose the ineffaceable impression of those happy months. The longing often seizes me to return to that Land of Romance, but I think it is better not to risk the pain of disillusionment, for Japan is now progressive, and I fear that her picturesque past has become like the far horizon.

How vividly travel is occasionally brought back to us! Dried flowers, lying half forgotten in the leaves of a book, recall the fragrance of vanished summers; a wealth of delicate colour reminds us of that afternoon when yonder piece of Louis XV brocade almost implored us to rescue it from the mean shop in the Quartier, and that brass bowl has memories of the days when it glowed in the sunlight at Benares! Yes, these silent friends from distant lands cheer many a lonely hour, and though it may be a sentimental fancy, there are few of us who do not sometimes indulge in the solace of pleasant remembrance.

We passed from Japan to Shanghai, then



to Hong Kong, and from there we took steamer for Ceylon. We spent one day at Singapore, where we had letters to the Sultan, who had us conducted all over his palace and grounds, and when we parted from him he gave me his signed photograph, at the same time expressing a wish that we might meet later in London.

Our stay in Ceylon was brief, owing to the cholera epidemic, and I was not sorry to find myself in Madras, where we spent a few days before sailing to Calcutta. There we had a very pleasant time, but whilst travelling from Calcutta to Benares we found ourselves in all the horrors of a railway accident. The sights were terrible; forty-six people were killed, in addition to the wounded, and I seem even now to see the long lines of the dead and dying.

We rested at the "Sacred City" after the shock, and then proceeded to Bombay, where we had letters of introduction to the Governor, Sir John Ferguson; but before we had

time to present them we heard of poor Lady Ferguson's painfully sudden death that day from cholera. She had been taken ill at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was buried the same evening.

We were so upset by this sad news, that we were only too glad to leave for Malta. The steamer was put in quarantine at Suez, and for the first time I realized the meaning of the yellow flag, when I experienced the strange feeling of our isolation. The newspapers were passed over the ship's side in baskets; all money was sent down wrapped in paper, and the authorities would not allow any one to visit us on board.

We eventually landed at Malta, where we took steamer to Syracuse; from Palermo we went on to Naples, and encountered, in the little stretch of water which lies between Syracuse and Palermo, the worst storm I have ever experienced. There were ten of us on the boat, and the crew seemed more terror-stricken than the passengers; indeed, the

stewards absolutely ignored their duties, and spent their time grovelling on the floor of the saloon, beseeching the Virgin to deliver them. It was an unpleasant experience, and I should not like to renew it.

From Naples, that city of beauty and beggars, we went by gradual stages to Paris, and my journey round the world was over. I had visited many lands; I had seen the various races of mankind, and I somehow felt that my mind was broadened. In short, I heartily endorsed the dictum that "Young men should travel if but to amuse themselves."

## CHAPTER XIII

The late Ward McAllister: "The Four Hundred": Restful Society: The old families: The Queens of Sheba: The Belmonts: Their house in Fifth Avenue: The two Mrs. Astors: Mrs. Pierre Lorillard: Her husband: Tuxedo Park: Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger: A great-niece of Washington Irving: "Sleepy Hollow": A royal exile: Years afterwards: A fête champêtre: A French fancy-dress ball in 1828: The old noblesse: Mr. Montant and his ancestors: A gentleman of France: Furniture from the old Château: A costume ball: Malibran as a guest: The old Bowling Green Theatre: Jenny Lind: My friendship with Madame Nordica: A success of perseverance: Talents and temperament: The kindest of women: The late General Grant: His judgment: "Gentlemen, we cross the Potomac to-night": Grant and Lee: A contrast: "Take back your sword": Robert Lee's request: A generous adversary: The son who stood upon his dignity: "To dine and sleep at Windsor": The little table: What Queen Victoria said: Out-Heroding Herod: Old Mr. Germaine: His hobby: A taste for saving money:

Three deaths: The callousness of Society: Ward McAllister's funeral: Five out of a hundred!: The last music: Life's little ironies: Malicious Fate: "Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled"

THE late Ward McAllister was responsible for the world-known epithet of "The Four Hundred," as applied to New York Society, in which the older families never allowed the turmoil of outside life to enter their social scheme. The best houses were absolutely restful, and the present generation will never know the charm and tranquillity which was manifest whenever people like Mrs. Schërmerhorn, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Paran Stevens entertained their friends.

I remember Mrs. Paran Stevens once saying to me: "My dear Mr. Martin, a great deal of trouble is caused in Society because every woman expects to be treated like the one and only Queen of Sheba. If people would be natural they would enjoy life a

thousand times more, because interest in others always begets sympathy."

The Belmonts were probably the most prominent leaders of the older set, and Mrs. Belmont's receptions were distinguished by the presence of every one who was really worth knowing. She surrounded herself with cultivated people, and the first thing that anybody of note took care to do when they visited New York was to obtain letters of introduction to Mrs. Belmont.

The mansion in the Fifth Avenue, now long since demolished, contained one of the first private picture galleries of New York, and the entertainments were given on a gorgeous scale. Later, however, Mrs. Belmont felt that her health would not support the social strain which she imposed upon it, and in consequence she was obliged to forego much of her former hospitality.

In my young days the Astor Houses were considered as being quite *the* show-places of New York, but they were pulled down and

the great Waldorf Astoria Hotel now occupies their site. Mrs. William Astor lived at the corner of Thirty-Fourth Street, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor resided at the corner of Thirty-Third Street and Fifth Avenue.

The chief aspiration of the latter lady was a wish to improve the standard of political life and to cultivate the literary element in her set. She is a brilliant woman, full of social and intellectual attainments, and her receptions were wonderful gatherings, where one could reckon to meet the celebrities of the world of literature and politics.

Her sister-in-law, Mrs. William Astor, possessed remarkable sweetness and tact. She loved to make people happy, and so great was her personality that when Mrs. Belmont retired from the world, the all-powerful Ward McAllister decided that Mrs. Astor was the one woman to replace her.

He accordingly made this known to Society, and Mrs. William Astor succeeded Mrs. Belmont as the social leader, until bad

health also caused her in turn to relinquish the position she had taken up.

I remember the last dance given by Mrs. Pierre Lorillard at her house in Fifth Avenue, and never did she look more beautiful. The late Lord Dufferin, then Governor of Canada, was present, and he seemed to enter thoroughly into the spirit of that delightful evening. Mr. Pierre Lorillard was the first American to win the Derby, but the greatest monument to his name exists in Tuxedo Park, which has been a source of endless joy to the many people who have been able to build delightful houses around the lake, where a wilderness of uncultivated forest had previously existed.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger was a familiar figure in New York Society, and I always loved to talk to her. She was the great-niece of Washington Irving, and she used to tell me stories about her uncle and his charming home of "Sleepy Hollow." The romantic ivy-covered cottage is an ideal residence, and



from the lawns one gets an exquisite view of the Hudson river, about which the great author was so fond of writing.

Mrs. Cruger once told me how her uncle sent for her mother to come and help him to entertain the exiled Louis Napoleon, who was then on a visit to America.

A few days after the fête at Sleepy Hollow, Irving said to his niece, "My dear girl, when I looked at you wandering about the grounds with the Prince, I could not help wondering whether Fate will ever be kind to him and place him on the throne of France." Mrs. Cruger said that her mother was received at the Tuileries after Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor; as she curtseyed to him her mind reverted to the pretty garden at Sleepy Hollow where she had first made his acquaintance, and it was pleasant for her to see that Louis Napoleon had not forgotten old times.

Washington Irving, as Minister to Spain, knew the Empress Eugénie when she was a

pretty child, and the friendship between them lasted until his death.

Mrs. Cruger was a perfect hostess. She understood to her finger-tips the requirements of the world in which she moved, and one of her entertainments is still spoken of as having been an exact reproduction of a real French *fête champêtre*. This brings to my mind a story told me by my old friend Jules Montant, concerning a fancy-dress ball given in 1828 by his grandparents, who were among the earliest French families to settle in America. Mr. Montant's grandfather, Charles de Brugière, left France about the time of the Revolution. Shortly after his arrival in the New World he married Mlle. Héloïse Teisseire, and built a delightful house at New York on Bowling Green where the Produce Exchange now stands. M. de Brugière's furniture was sent over from his old home, the Château de Farsac, and he loved to surround himself with souvenirs of the fair land he had left behind.

Soon after their wedding M. and Mme. de Brugière gave a remarkable costume ball, the first of its kind ever seen in New York, and the majority of the dresses worn came from France. Madame Malibran, who was singing in New York, was among the guests, and she delighted every one with her wonderful concerts at the old Bowling Green Theatre, where years after Jenny Lind's flute-like voice was also heard.

The mention of these two great singers reminds me of my dear friend, Madame Nordica, whose acquaintance I made at Bayreuth when she sang the part of Elsa. I always thought her voice lacked an indescribable "something," but she was wise enough to be taught by Frau Wagner, and I honestly believe that she became a singer of note chiefly through her dogged perseverance.

Madame Nordica was brought up in New England, and she sprang from the same hard, narrow-minded race of which my grand-

mother Martin was such a typical example. But her talent and temperament saved her from leading a small, smothered life, and her fame as a concert-singer paled before her later success as an operatic star.

After Nordica's first performance at Bayreuth, Frau Wagner, who was sitting in the theatre, rushed up to the singer, and embracing her with effusion, exclaimed, "Oh, madame, if only my dear husband had been alive to hear how you have rendered his music!"

The great prima donna is the kindest of women, and she is always willing to sing for charity. I remember how she sang for me one New Year's Eve, and how kindly she spoke to the poor souls who were my guests. Madame Nordica has a voice and a heart of gold, and her sympathy and humanity have always constituted her greatest charm in my eyes.

The late General Grant was another friend, and him I am more than proud to have

known. I often had the pleasure of meeting him, as his sons studied law in the office of my sister's husband, and I well remember the impressive scene when his body passed through Albany. The General was beloved for his humanity, and it is almost superfluous to mention his greatness as a commander. He relied absolutely on his own judgment, and never allowed any one to dissuade him once his mind was made up.

During the war a meeting of generals discussed the question of crossing the Potomac, and all those present were strongly opposed to the plan. Grant listened to their arguments in silence, then he rose to his feet, and said briefly, "Gentlemen, we cross the Potomac to-night."

Grant's nobility of character was shown when the Southern commander, Robert Lee, surrendered and presented himself before the General, wearing the splendid uniform given him by the women of Richmond. He was a handsome man, a typical courtly Southerner,

and his appearance contrasted strangely with that of Grant, who was sitting on a bench, his uniform faded and travel-worn, with even the epaulettes missing.

Lee stepped forward and handed his sword to the General, who returned it with simple dignity. "I have but one request to make," said Lee, "will you allow my men to retain their horses? They will eventually return to their farms, and without horses they cannot resume work."

Grant promised that his wish should be complied with, and General Lee always afterwards spoke in the highest terms of his late adversary.

Alec Yorke told me a very good story about one of General Grant's sons who accompanied his father to Windsor when the late Queen had formally commanded him to dine and sleep.

General Grant was honoured by taking dinner with the Queen at a little table, but his son was told that he would have to dine

with the Court in another room. There and then ensued a really painful scene, for the young man made very thoughtless remarks about the indignity of feeding with "underlings," until at last the matter reached the Queen's ears. "Well, well," said she, "if the young man really takes it so to heart, and doesn't understand Court etiquette, say no more about it and put another plate at the small table."

I often think that parents with simple tastes seem destined to produce children whose airs and extravagances out-Herod Herod. In this connection I remember hearing my father talk about Mr. Germaine of Albany, who was a very rich man and kept all his securities in my father's bank.

Mr. Germaine was a typical miser who grudged the expenditure of an extra cent, but his children did not inherit their parents' propensities, and this caused my father to remark one day to Mr. Germaine when he came to the bank—

"I wonder why you worry so much over money! Death is bound to claim you one day, and your children will spend everything you have saved."

"I know all about that," returned the old man, with a sly chuckle; "but if they get as much happiness out of spending my money as I have done out of saving it, then I'll be amply satisfied."

My father was thunderstruck, until he reflected that most men have a hobby, and that perhaps Mr. Germaine really experienced some pleasure in playing the part of a miser.

I well remember the winter which carried off three great leaders of the social world, for Ward McAllister, Henry le Grand Cannon and Mrs. Paran Stevens all died within a short time of one another.

What struck me so much was that these deaths seemed hardly to leave any impression upon Society, although the dead had slaved and devoted themselves for years to its service. Everything went on as usual; one heard



at first the parrot cries of condolence, the stereotyped remarks suitable to the occasion, and then the world smiled again.

I went to Ward McAllister's funeral service at Grace Church with my brother and his wife, and we could not help noticing that there were only five representatives of the "Patriarchs" present, although Ward had worked for years and years in the interests of this organization. His winter balls will be remembered as being wonderful parties, where those present were solely selected on account of their birth and position. Each of the one hundred "Patriarchs" chosen from New York Society subscribed a hundred dollars, and each subscriber was entitled to send out a certain number of invitations. The lists were returned for McAllister's approval, and whenever we entertained a distinguished stranger in our midst the burning question was, "Is he worthy of an invitation to the Patriarchs' ball?"

But if Ward was a person to be placated

during his lifetime, the Patriarchs ignored him as a dead lion, and it was difficult to realize how little his memory seemed to be appreciated. There was but a handful of Society people present at the service, the general public had crowded in out of curiosity, and the great band of musicians that had played at all Ward McAllister's balls assembled for the last time at his funeral.

As I left the church I was struck anew by life's ironies, and how a malicious Fate seems to derive pleasure in rending the mantle of our self-esteem. She strips it from us with cruel fingers, and whispers as she tears away the last remnant of our false pride: "Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled."

## CHAPTER XIV

Henry M. Flagler: The maker of Florida: His early struggles: His forceful character: Henry B. Plant: An unsuccessful rival: An interesting Sunday: Three great men: My mission in the Bowery: The stokers' strike: On board the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*: I receive a note: What it contained: The Bowery boys as stokers: Women who help humanity: Mrs. William Sloane and her sisters: Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and her opinion of me as a speaker: The famous costume ball: Mrs. Bradley Martin's wish to give an impetus to trade: A storm of comment: The ball is denounced from the pulpit: Threatening letters: We are burlesqued on the stage: What Theodore Roosevelt said: A dream of loveliness: Versailles and New York: Wonderful jewels: Family heirlooms: A touch of barbarism: The altar of the Golden Calf: The road to disillusion: My brother decides to live in London: Lady Craven: Lord Uffington and his grandmothers: The disadvantages of the Embassy system: My tour with Mr. E. Clarence Jones: Apathetic citizens: Archbishop Ireland: A hostile

reception at Atlanta: A Baptist deputation: Pre-historic cars: A cloud of petrol: "Is this a joy ride?": A dance at Louisville: The old Galt House: Southern belles: A curious custom: Was our tour successful?: My crusade against the idle rich: Selfish Society: "A traitor to my class": My appreciation of the American Press: The lighter side of life: The love of luxury: Unhappy marriages: The ideal union: The evils of Platonic friendship: Looking backward: Partings in our family: The graves of a household: The memory of the beloved dead: My wish

THE name of Henry M. Flagler will always be indissolubly connected with the development of the East Coast of Florida, which he found a wilderness, and which he transformed into a veritable Garden of Eden.

His great work of making the railway from Jacksonville to Key West was a triumph of engineering, and it will always rank as one of the "constructive" wonders of the world. Henry Flagler was born at Avon, N. Y., in 1830. His parents were Scotch Presbyterians, and until he was fourteen

years of age Henry worked in a little country store. He boarded with his employers, and every evening after the shutters were up he lit his lamp and studied hard, with the goal of advancement and success always before his tired eyes.

When I first met Henry Flagler he was a white-haired old man whose every gesture and every word spoke of tremendous will power and force of character. In those days I had a nervous habit of working my foot up and down when I was talking, and this trick irritated my friend. "Fred," said he, "if you don't stop moving that foot you'll find it will eventually control your whole body. Just you stop before it gets the better of you."

Henry Flagler was one of the world's richest men, and he never failed to assist people who showed a disposition to help themselves. His great schemes gave employment to thousands, and his private and public charities were boundless.

One of the first things which he caused to be built in Florida was a large cemetery. "What is to be the inscription over the gates?" I asked.

"Why," he replied, "surely the best words for such a place: 'That which is so universal as Death must be a blessing.'"

I remember once we two sat looking over the sea at beautiful Palm Beach. "How lovely the earth is!" I exclaimed; "I wonder if Heaven will be more beautiful than this scene."

"Well, Fred," replied Flagler, "I guess I'll have no use for Heaven unless there are railways to be constructed there!" He certainly possesses a dry humour peculiarly his own, and his retort to his rival Henry B. Plant is quite worth recording.

Henry B. Plant exploited the West Coast of Florida in opposition to Flagler's development of the East, but his schemes were unsuccessful, and he was greatly mortified at his failure. One day Plant chanced to meet

Henry Flagler, and said to him with a perceptible sneer—

“Say, Flagler, where is that fool place they call Palm Beach?”

“Friend Plant,” answered his opponent, “all you’ve got to do is to follow the crowd until you come to it.”

One Sunday last Autumn I spent an interesting day with Mr. Flagler, Mr. Archbold, and Mr. John Rockefeller. I met Mr. Archbold for the first time, and was very pleasantly surprised, for the general idea is that he possesses a hard and unsympathetic personality. Instead of this, I met a most agreeable old man who listened to my stories about my work in the Bowery, and who practically repeated Mayor Gaynor’s question—

“Are you not afraid to go about as you do?”

And to both questioners I gave the same answer—

“I’m never afraid of the poor or of broken men.”

I think that I owe an enormous debt of moral gratitude to Henry Flagler, for his example has enabled me to support life's troubles with more patience than is in my nature, and he has done much to help me to fight the hard battle of self-control.

The mention of my mission reminds me of an incident which took place shortly after the appalling loss of the *Titanic*. I was on the eve of leaving for England, and a few days before my departure I addressed a meeting of the respectable unemployed down the Bowery. The audience were quite different from the loafer class, and I urged them to accept work, no matter how hard or repugnant it might be. "Work, boys," I said, "go away from here with the determination to fight, and I feel sure that you'll win through."

The next morning the papers were full of the stokers' strike on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, the very boat on which I had booked my passage, and when we were well out, every one wondered whether the inexperienced sub-



stitutes, who had replaced the stokers, would work well enough to keep the vessel up to time.

One afternoon I was handed a note, which I opened and read with indescribable surprise. It ran—

“MR. MARTIN,

“Forty of the boys are acting as stokers on this boat. You told us to take any kind of work the other night, and we’ve just done what you said.”

I was overjoyed to find that my words had found a response, and, when I told the Captain what had occurred, he very kindly allowed me to interview the amateur stokers.

They came and stood before me in a grimy group, but their bearing was that of workers, and as such I welcomed them, saying—

“This is fine of you, but is it very hard?”

For answer I saw a row of palms extended, which were blackened, blistered and raw.

“I guess it *is* somewhat,” said a young

farmer from Virginia, who was the spokesman of the party.

A rush of emotion kept me silent for a few seconds, and then I cried—

“Boys, let me shake hands with you all. I’d feel more proud of that than to get the handshake of an Emperor.”

Women can help to alleviate suffering better than men, and numerous are the charitable acts which Mrs. William Sloane and her sisters perform. These ladies, no matter what hours they keep or how late they entertain, are always ready to commence their day’s labours in the field of good works, and they devote much money and a great deal of time to the good of their fellow-citizens.

Commodore Gerry has done noble work in founding the Gerry Society, which protects poor children from cruelty and bad treatment. The accomplishment of this, and his success in getting similar laws passed through the State of New York, will be his most enduring memorial.

I will not take up the time of my readers by dwelling on my own hobbies in that direction, for I have not written these Recollections as a peg upon which to hang my particular theories, and in this connection I shall never forget the opinion of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish upon my powers as a speaker in the cause of philanthropy.

“And what have you been doing with yourself to-day, Fred Martin?” she asked one evening at dinner.

“Oh,” I replied, “I’ve been addressing the inmates of the asylum for the blind; I spoke for over an hour, and at the conclusion I asked my audience which they would prefer to be—deaf *or* blind.”

“Well, and the verdict?” inquired Mrs. Fish.

“They were unanimous in deciding in favour of blindness.”

“*What!* after hearing *you* talk for an hour?” cried my fair friend.

So, after this, I will leave charity and return to other topics.

Every year my brother Bradley and his wife spent their winters in New York, when they entertained largely. One morning at breakfast my brother remarked—

“I think it would be a good thing if we got up something; there seems to be a great deal of depression in trade; suppose we send out invitations for a concert.”

“And pray, what good will that do?” asked my sister-in-law, “the money will only benefit foreigners. No, I’ve a far better idea; let us give a costume ball at so short notice that our guests won’t have time to get their dresses from Paris. That will give an impetus to trade that nothing else will.”

Directly Mrs. Martin’s plan became known, there was a regular storm of comment, which arose in the first instance from the remarks made by a clergyman who denounced the costume ball from the pulpit.

“Yes,” he raged, “you rich people put next to nothing in the collection plate, and yet you’ll spend thousands of dollars on Mrs. Bradley Martin’s ball.”

The newspapers then took up the subject, and we were besieged by reporters, but my brother and his wife invariably refused to discuss the matter. Threatening letters arrived by every post, debating societies discussed our extravagance, and last, but not least, we were burlesqued unmercifully on the stage.

I was highly indignant about my sister-in-law being so cruelly attacked, seeing that her object in giving the ball was to stimulate trade, and, indeed, she was perfectly right, for, owing to the short notice, many New York shops sold out brocades and silks which had been lying in their stock-rooms for years.

The ball was fixed for February 10, 1897, and a day or two before Mrs. Martin met

Theodore Roosevelt in the street. "I'm very pleased that you and Mrs. Roosevelt are coming to the ball," she said.

"Oh," he replied, "my wife's going because she's got her costume, but, as one of the commissioners, I shall be outside looking after the police!"

I think every one anticipated a disturbance, but nothing of the kind took place, and the evening passed without any untoward incident.

The best way I can describe what is always known as the "Bradley Martin Ball," is to say that it reproduced the splendour of Versailles in New York, and I doubt if even the Roi Soleil himself ever witnessed a more dazzling sight. The interior of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was transformed into a replica of Versailles, and rare tapestries, beautiful flowers and countless lights made an effective background for the wonderful gowns and their wearers. I do not think there has ever been a greater display of jewels before or

since; in many cases the diamond buttons worn by the men represented thousands of dollars, and the value of the historic gems worn by the ladies baffles description.

My sister-in-law personated Mary Stuart, and her gold embroidered gown was trimmed with pearls and precious stones. Bradley, as Louis XV, wore a Court suit of brocade, and I represented a gentleman of the period. The whole thing appealed most strongly to my imagination, and my mind constantly reverted to the friend of my childhood, the dear grandmother who would have been so keenly interested in it all. I remember that Mrs. James Beekman, as Lady Teazle, wore a lovely dress, which formerly belonged to an ancestress, and Mrs. Henry Burnet's satin petticoat was another family heirloom which left the scented seclusion of a cedar-wood chest for this interesting occasion.

Anne Morgan lent a touch of barbaric colour, with her wonderful Pocahontas costume which had been made by Indians, and

the suit of gold inlaid armour worn by Mr. Belmont was valued at ten thousand dollars. The power of wealth with its refinement and vulgarity was everywhere. It gleamed from countless jewels, and it was proclaimed by the thousands of orchids and roses, whose fragrance that night was like incense burnt on the altar of the Golden Calf.

I cannot conceive why this entertainment should have been condemned. We Americans are so accustomed to display that I should have thought the ball would not have been regarded as anything very unusual. Every one said it was the most brilliant function of the kind ever seen in America, and it certainly was the most talked about.

After the ball the authorities promptly raised my brother's taxes quite out of proportion to those paid by any one else, and the matter was only settled after a very acrimonious dispute. Bradley and his wife resented intensely the annoyance to which they had been subjected, and they decided to sell their



house in New York and buy a residence in London.

Four years previously their only daughter, Cornelia, had married Lord Craven, and my brother felt that the family affections were now implanted in the Old World. His grandson, who was born in the year of the famous ball, was such a source of pride to us all that I believe the advent of the boy finally decided the Bradley Martins about leaving New York.

Lord Uffington possessed the distinction of having two grandmothers and three great-grandmothers at his christening. I was romantic enough to speculate whether the spirits of gentle Mrs. Townshend and stern Mrs. Martin were in the wonderful Adams Chapel at Coombe, and I smiled as I wondered what Mrs. Martin would have thought of it all had she been present in the flesh.

In the winter of 1909 I became engaged in furthering an object in which I was particularly interested. The disadvantages of our

embassy system have always struck me most forcibly, and it seems scandalous that, with the exception of Constantinople, there should be no permanent residences for the American Ambassadors in the various capitals in the world. The representatives of America are not always rich men, and the rent of a house suitable for their position must be a severe financial strain.

Mr. E. Clarence Jones and I, therefore, arranged to tour the principal cities with the object of persuading prominent public men to influence their representatives in Congress to favour a Bill for the appropriation of funds to purchase embassies.

We had a most interesting time, and, although certain apathetic citizens did not appear to have any sympathy with the plight of their homeless Ambassadors, I shall always recall with gratitude the kindness shown me, particularly at St. Paul's, Minnesota, by Archbishop Ireland. The Archbishop possesses tremendous influence, and as I was very

anxious to meet him I did not mind the thirty-mile sleigh ride to the place where he resided. The door of his house was opened by a typical Irish maidservant, and I was shown into the presence of the little old man who controls the vote. He listened to my views with extreme attention, and then held up his hand, saying, "My son, I will meet you in every way."

At Atlanta, Georgia, a prominent patent medicine manufacturer tried to spoil our meeting out of pique by running an opposition show of his own, at which Mr. O'Brien spoke and then afterwards came on to address our audience, much to the anger of the pill-man. At Savannah we were met by a Baptist deputation, and escorted to breakfast on the beach in prehistoric motor-cars. As we bumped over the stony roads, occasionally stopping for lengthy repairs and led, not by a pillar of fire, but by a dense cloud of petrol fumes, a cheerful Baptist turned to me, and said—

"Say, Mr. Martin, is this what you New Yorkers call a joy ride?"

I assured him that such was not the case, and I shuddered at the thought of the word "joy" being mentioned in connection with this malodorous motor run. It was then 8 a.m.; a cold wind swept the beach, I was unshaven and hungry, and hoped that baptism by immersion would not form part of the morning's programme.

We had a delightful dance at Louisville, which completely did away with the memories of the horrible "joy ride," for Colonel Dupont, the owner of the old Galt House, came back to it and gave a dance in our honour.

I never saw so many typical Southern beauties as on this occasion, and I made acquaintance with the amusing custom, "down South," which prevents a man from monopolizing a pretty partner.

Directly he feels a tap on his shoulder he must relinquish the lady, and the fun of the

evening consists in dodging the taps so as to keep the coveted belle as long as he can.

It was an animated pretty scene, reminiscent of the days before the war, and although the Galt House was a bare and hideous building, what it lacked in beauty was amply atoned for by the presence of the lovely girls who danced the happy hours away.

Our tour was productive of some result, for a small appropriation now exists to relieve any financial strain, and my friend Mr. E. Clarence Jones, with his usual generosity, took upon his shoulders the entire financial burden of managing the Embassy Association, which was formed in connection with our scheme.

I do not propose to dwell at any length on the circumstances which led up to my crusade against the idle rich. I simply felt I must let a certain selfish section of Society know that the wealth which they had inherited could open the gates of untold pleasure for others.

## 290 THINGS I REMEMBER

I unhesitatingly became, as it were, a traitor to my own class, and ranged myself on the side of the poor.

I have not regretted my attitude, although I must confess that at first it required a certain amount of consideration to act as I did. The day for making great fortunes is nearly over—never to return; the people will not in future allow wealth to be accumulated by the few, and they will insist upon the rich bearing in far greater proportion the burden of the poor.

I have always been nobly seconded by the American Press in my charitable schemes, and I tender, through this medium, my grateful thanks to the great newspapers who have helped me so cordially, for I can never forget the reply of the late Bishop Potter to my question, "What has been the hardest thing in your career?"

"Begging for money," he answered.

I manage to see a good deal of the lighter side of life. I have witnessed the great

changes which have swept over Society, and I am forced to think that living becomes more and more expensive as time goes on. Extravagance in dress is more marked year by year, and I think that the love of luxury is the cause of so many unhappy homes, for it seems to me that nine out of ten marriages are failures.

The ideal union is a true friendship between husband and wife, but it rarely, if ever, exists, for man is a cautious being, and a woman never allows another than herself to enter the secret places of her soul.

Platonic friendship is responsible for untold mischief, because it pretends to be so safe. It never really becomes harmless until either party has realized its danger and knows how to resist its specious allurements.

Passion burns out, and love so-called withers in the cold winds of the world. I only give any House of Passionate Love a life of five years, unless its foundations rest on the rock of respect.

Matrimony is an uphill road, and if either husband or wife attempts to push their responsibilities to one side the result will inevitably be disastrous for both.

Looking backward at a very happy life I feel I have much to be grateful for. There have been partings in my family, and my brother Howard and I represent the last of that happy band of children who played in the old house at Albany. But the memory of my beloved dead is ever present, and I look forward to a day when we shall be reunited.

As for myself, "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

THE END



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