

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES KING

By Gertrude King Schuyler



FEW anecdotes of the late Charles King, casually related by one of his daughters, seemed so well worth preserving that she consented to make some memoranda of our conversations. These notes I have put together in the form of a more or less connected narrative.

EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER.

When my grandfather, Rufus King, returned home after his second mission to England, he bought a place at Jamaica, Long Island, where he always lived after that and where he died. My Uncle John inherited the place, and to this day the Kings are taken back to be buried in the churchyard. The old farmers at Oyster Bay used to tell me that they could remember seeing my grandfather with his five sons riding all over the country—and splendid horsemen they were.*

However, my father, Charles King, was born in New York, and it was always his home, with the exception of ten years spent in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he had quite a large place, called Cherry Lawn. He left Elizabeth to go to the president's house at Columbia College. My father was born March 16, 1789, and passed his early childhood in England, where his father was United States minister. He was sent to Harrow with his elder brother in 1797, and when their parents returned to America they left the boys there. King George protested, saying: "All a mistake, Mr. King. Boyss should be educated in the country where they belong." When, as a young man, my father was presented to the King and Queen, they remembered him at once and the King said: "You were the little boy who was left at Harrow when your father went home."

*The five sons were John Alsop, at one time governor of the State of New York; Charles; James Gore, the well-known banker in New York; Edward, who practised law in Cincinnati; and Frederick, a physician. John and James were members of Congress at the same time, from 1849 to 1851.

Lord Byron was one of their schoolmates and Uncle John was bottle-holder to him in one of his schoolboy fights. The other boys despised Byron as a poet, because he could not write Greek and Latin verses. Sir Robert Peel wrote all that the boys asked him to write for them; and in fact did everything they wanted him to do. It was Peel this and Peel that, all the time.

The two boys were left at Harrow only a few years, and were then sent to a branch of the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. There they had for schoolfellows Tascher de la Pagèrie and many more of the Empress Josephine's young relations. Old Mr. Gamble from North or South Carolina told me that he was in Paris at the time and was so proud of the two young Americans who were taking all the prizes. Uncle John and my father were immensely pleased because Josephine was to give the prizes and was to crown them and kiss them on each cheek, but she was ill and could not come, and a snuffy old senator did it, instead, which they did not like at all. It was just before the campaign of Austerlitz. All their young companions were going off to fight, and my father had every intention of going too, but their guardian got wind of it, and the American minister in Paris (Mr. Adams, I think) put a stop to it. They saw the grand review before the army started. He was in Paris again when it was occupied by the allies and knew some of Wellington's aides very well. He was invited to the grand ball given by Wellington on July 31, 1815, and was told to bring any other young Americans. They all refused, saying that they would not go and be taken for d——d Englishmen. He said that he was not going to be taken for a d——d Englishman either, but that he was going to the ball. So he had a very small gilt American eagle made and fastened to a little black cockade which he pinned to the lapel of his coat, went to the ball, and en-

joyed himself extremely. The cockade with the eagle still exists.

The morning after Ney was shot he went to the Luxembourg Gardens to see the place. He found nobody there to tell him anything, except a deaf and dumb boy, who went through it all in pantomime, placing himself against the wall in the exact spot. He knew Madame Récamier and Madame de Staël and heard the former say that she would give her beauty for the other's cleverness. He was on intimate terms with Madame de Staël's son; so much so that when she received the news of his having been killed in a duel she sent for my father and talked to him—always with the little green twig in her hand.

It was during this period of his life that the Dartmoor affair took place, and he was a member of the commission appointed to go to England to investigate the matter. Some of our men who were in prison at Dartmoor had been fired upon while trying to escape; but the commissioners found that the prisoners had been on parole, and that under the circumstances the English were quite right. As the feeling in America was at that time naturally very strong against England, there was a perfect howl of indignation when this report was returned, and my father's share in it was always brought up against him.

Some years before this, when he was only about nineteen, he had been sent to Amsterdam, to the Hopes, to learn banking. He remained with them for a year and then returned to New York, and in 1810, when barely twenty-one, he married Miss Eliza Gracie, daughter of Archibald Gracie, of New York. It was probably about that time that he became a member of the banking-house of Archibald Gracie & Sons, he and William Gracie being the "Sons." His second stay abroad, of which I have spoken, was on account of his wife's health.

He was always to the fore in everything that was going on in New York. One of the things I remember hearing about him was that at the time of the great fire he proposed blowing up some houses, and having received permission to get the gunpowder from Governor's Island, he went for it and returned with it in a small open boat, and it was the means of stopping the fire. He was one of the leaders of the Assem-

blies, and used to be called the Pink, because he was so handsome and elegant. The soul of hospitality, generous, large-minded, and never bearing malice himself, he never expected to find it in others. I can remember in much later days how he would sometimes be telling of a pleasant conversation with some one and would suddenly break off in the middle with: "Bless my soul, so-and-so wasn't on speaking terms with me. I forgot all about it—just went up to him. I thought he looked rather funny." And that would be the end of it. He was always keenly interested in politics and in all public questions wherever he might be. Within my own remembrance, when we were living in Elizabeth and afterward at Oyster Bay, all the torchlight processions used to come to our house, and he would go out and make a little speech, and then treat them all to lemonade and cake, or some similar mild refreshment. Pretty nearly all the French who came to New York came to him, from Lafayette down, and I quite well remember the beautiful gold-faced watch which was given him by the French in New York as a mark of their esteem.

My father's first wife died young, leaving seven children. I do not know whether the banking-house failed before or after her death; I only know that it was an honorable failure. In October, 1826, he married my mother, Henrietta Liston Low. She was the daughter of Nicholas Low, of New York, who was a great friend of both my grandfather King and Mr. Gracie. The three families were very intimate. As there were, in the course of time, six of us younger children, we were an enormous family, but I must say, a united one. When my father and my Uncles John and James were young men, they agreed among themselves that, if in a discussion, any one of the three should become at all warm, the other two would immediately drop the subject. Consequently, they never had a quarrel, and were the most devoted brothers. They all had large families who were more like brothers and sisters than cousins. My father and mother never allowed us to grumble or be cross. "The family is much too large to be put about by the ill humors of any one member of it. If cross, go away until you can recover yourself; if ill, go to bed and we will send for the doctor."

He was half a doctor himself, so tender and gentle if any of us really were ill. We were never allowed to indulge in rough jokes. "*Jeu de main, jeu de vilain,*" he always said. Neither were we permitted to say that we were afraid, or that we could not do a thing. He said that no such words as *fear* or *can't* existed in the English language.

My own recollections begin with the Elizabeth days and our life at Cherry Lawn. Well do I remember old Saint John's Church, all painted white, with the memorial tablets around the walls; and the choir in the gallery at the foot of the church. And then the gray dove in a gray cloud, so pretty and soft, which Mr. Edwards painted on the bare white wall behind the altar, but which was washed out because somebody considered it too high-church. The same somebody also objected to flowers for the same reason; which reminds me of a story my mother told us of Dr. Hawkes, of New York, standing up in the chancel and announcing: "There will be no flowers used in decorating the church because a weak brother—and a *very* weak brother he must be—has objected." In the side aisles of Saint John's were four square pews. We had one with a window looking into the Sunday-school behind, and didn't that window-ledge make a fine place to play railroad, with all the available prayer-books for cars! On coming into church my father always stood for a moment holding his hat against the wall, and said his prayers into it, as they say. He and my mother sat side by side, the rest very much according to their ages, the very littlest with them, and the other small ones on a lower seat with their backs to the chancel. The pew was so large that there were two benches facing the chancel, one in front of the other, and also one or two side places. Mr. Moore was our rector, good old man, with I don't know how many children. The youngest was called Grant Moore, which the parishioners thought superfluous. On one Sunday in the month all the children of the church used to be assembled around the chancel at the afternoon service to be catechized in the presence of the whole congregation. It was a most terrible ordeal, especially when it came to your duty toward man, and the last answer of all—impossible to remember!

We had a rockaway and two old horses, Jack and Tom, who did all the ploughing and all the going back and forth, and were borrowed for all the funerals. We had a yellow Cherokee pony, Billy by name, who was perfectly gentle and equally obstinate. When four or five of us got on him at once he would stop in some nice, soft, grassy place and dump us. We had a donkey, too—also obstinate—nice gray Jennie, with a small brown son, Neddy. We used to be out in all weathers and take the most delightful walks, my small sister always coming between me and any stray geese who might be in the road, saying in the most important way: "I thuppose I mutht drive the geethe away from Gert," and then I would be ashamed of being such a sneak, as she was smaller than I—but I let her come between me and the geese all the same! She was always perfectly fearless, could even then climb like a cat, and as she grew older could swim like a fish and sail a boat as well as any boy.*

But the great event in our young lives was the dancing-class. The old Frenchman, Chariaud, who taught three generations, was our teacher. We had a lesson on Friday evening, and another early Saturday morning, so that he might get back to town for more classes. He played the violin himself, and I can see him now, with his violin under his chin, leading us in the grand march and then stepping off to one side to look after the children who were behind. The Spanish dance, the schottische, the polka-redowa, were the dances, after we had got through the first position, the second position, and so on. Such a happy carriage-load of children as used to be taken down to the early morning class, all in our nice little calicoes and gingham, made with low necks and short sleeves, with our pantallets, nicely tucked, coming down to our ankles, our very full skirts almost up to our knees, and our hair well curled! I had thirty-two ringlets, and had to stand on a chair for an hour to have them done. It was no joke to dress a child in those days—or indeed for a child to be dressed. I can see my mother making our little blue dresses; I can hear the peacock squawk in the big weeping willow behind the nursery. Our nurse was Elise, a French Protestant, who remained with us as our maid after we

*The little sister is now Madame Waddington.

were grown up, until many years later we pensioned her off.

I remember another old Frenchman, M. Bacquet, who had a school, and classes in French for outsiders. I have a vivid recollection of the green-bound phrase-book, and the "Recueil Choisi"; and we had *Télémaque*—"Calypso ne pouvait se consoler"—and Gray's "Elegy," which my sister always had to learn for a punishment. Peter Parley was our delight, and how beautifully we painted Mrs. Schuyler burning the corn and Columbus's three ships! Our lessons with our English governess always began with a chapter of Girdlestone's "Commentaries on the Bible," after we had had family prayers read down-stairs out of a beautiful old square prayer-book. Miss Edwards, our governess, always had her sewing while she was teaching us, and I can hear her now, stroking the gathers, and can feel the "thimble pies" on top of my head which she used to give us when we were naughty. What a dance we must have led her, poor young thing, only fifteen when she came to us! But she was a capital teacher; we were all thoroughly grounded. And we always had quantities of books about. We were very carefully taught to sew, too, and to fold letters, as it was before the time of envelopes.

In the library was a large round table with small drawers all around it and a leather cover fitted into the top. There we always sat in the evening, one of the elder sisters generally reading aloud for an hour. "Ferdinand and Isabella" I remember, for one thing. At nine o'clock precisely my mother would put up her work and say that she was going into French society for an hour, and would then bury herself in "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*." At one time her little old cottage piano which she had had when a girl was in the dining-room back of the library, and those who wanted to play and sing could go off there. The rooms did not communicate, fortunately for the readers. I remember the old music books with their pink and blue leaves: "Those Evening Bells," "By the Banks of Guadalquivir," etc. But the joy of the house was the large drawing-room, up one step, with large doors; and there such mysterious packages used to arrive for days and weeks before Christmas, the doors being kept constantly locked. But there were

side-lights, very pretty ones, and through them we peered and saw the mysterious packages. And what glee when the married sons and daughters began to arrive with all their children and were packed into a house already as full as an egg! Early on Christmas morning we all raced down to the drawing-room, where we found the doors at last thrown open, an enormous Christmas log burning on the hearth, and the children's presents arranged around the room. There were always two great boxes of Stewart's candy—one of broken candy, one of sugar-plums.

My father and mother were the life and soul of everything. She was to the full as entertaining as he, and nothing was ever any fun to him unless she was with him. No matter how he might be occupied, if she came into the room he put everything down to ask her what she had been doing—smiling at her and twirling his eye-glasses around his finger. Every day, when he came home from his office we ran half-way to the station to meet him, and fell upon him to search his pockets for the trifles which he always brought us. We all doted on him always, and were enchanted with everything he did, either in public or private—were so proud whenever he made a speech. He used to say, "I never saw such foolish children," but he was pleased all the same. One of my nieces writes to me: "I remember the happy days when my beloved grandfather was the centre around whom we all revolved. He was to me always the handsomest, cleverest, and dearest man in the world, as well as the most distinguished, and so good to every one of his grandchildren. I think of him at Cherry Lawn, where he lived so happily, surrounded by his children, grandchildren, and countless dogs, and how happy he was when he got us all in the big carriage and down into the town, picking up every one he saw that looked tired or old."

My father's ever-ready hospitality added an element of the unexpected to the family life. On one occasion, when he had gone to a political meeting and had already invited I don't know how many people to lunch, my mother asked one of my cousins how many more his Uncle Charles had asked:

"I don't quite know, Aunt Henrietta, but the last people I heard him invite were a

deputation of thirty gentlemen on horseback, with their horses."

Upon which my mother had everything cooked that she could lay her hands on, had all the available chairs brought down, did everything possible, and then put on her bonnet and walked out of the house, saying that she was ashamed to stay and see the fiasco. But there was no fiasco—plenty to eat, plenty of chairs, and all most successful.

General Scott, who then lived in Elizabeth, had a habit of spending every Sunday afternoon with my father, and I well remember those summer days when they sat in the large hall near the open door, and I used to plant my little chair between my father's knees and listen, fascinated, while they talked about the Mexican War. The general and his wife were never in love with each other except when apart. She admired him immensely for all that he was, and he greatly relished her wit, and they wrote long letters to one another. They had four beautiful daughters, to whom he gave Roman names, while she gave them what she considered *Christian* names. He called them Virginia, Cornelia, Camilla, and Marcella. I can only remember her name for Camilla, which was Adeline. He would say: "Camilla does so and so." To which she would reply: "Yes, Adeline always does." He was very particular about pronunciation. One of his aides of whom he was very fond once said before him, "Cheek by *jole*." "Cheek by jowl, captain Pegram," he corrected. "H-O-W-L, howl."

"Cheek by *jole*, general," retorted the captain. "B-O-W-L, bowl."

My niece reminds me of the games of whist, when the general "frightened us all except grandpa by his violent temper when his partner played the wrong card, till at last he had to play dummy, for no one would play with him, he abused them so."

When we lived in Elizabeth my father was editing *The American*, which, although it attained a very high standard morally and intellectually, was not a financial success. After he gave it up he was associated with General Watson Webb in *The Courier and Enquirer*, but that venture was no more successful than the other. In financial matters, as in everything else in his life, he was as trusting as a child—too absolutely

straightforward and honorable himself to suspect that any one else could be different. It was after the last newspaper venture that he was made president of Columbia College. He was from the first enthusiastically interested in his work there, full of plans and ideas for the college, wishing to make it the great university which it has since become. Socially, of course, he was as prominent as ever. I remember that he was always much in request to preside at public dinners and to make speeches on all sorts of occasions—which he did extremely well. One day, many years after, while walking about the Acropolis at Athens, Mr. Abram Hewitt told me that he remembered my father's address at the opening of the Croton Reservoir as a model of what such an address should be; and that when he, himself, was to speak at the opening of the new reservoir, he made a great effort to get my father's speech, in order to read it over before preparing his own.

When I recall the men who came to the house either as intimate friends, or as occasional visitors, such names as Washington Irving, Ogden Hoffman, Reverdy Johnson, Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and Thackeray rise to my mind, with many, many others; but with the thoughtlessness of youth I took them as a matter of course, and my memories of them are more or less vague. Circumstances, as well as his own talents and character, placed my father in a position to witness and take part in many of the most interesting events of his time, and he naturally made the most of every opportunity. Unfortunately, few records of his life have been preserved. He did not have, to any great extent, the letter-writing habit, and his diary, which must have contained much that was interesting, was lost after his death.

When we went to live in New York the college was at the foot of Park Place on Church Street. As the President's house was not large enough for us, we had also the top story of Professor Drisler's house, with a door cut through to connect it with ours. We must have driven Professor Drisler wild with our antics over his head. When the noise became unendurable we used to hear rappings from below, as a hint to be quiet. When the college was moved up into the old Deaf and Dumb Asylum

on Forty-ninth Street, we had an apartment in the building—not an apartment all on one floor, but a perpendicular slice of the building arranged as a house, with its own system of staircases and—what was very pleasant—a fine broad piazza. After some years these rooms were all needed for the college, and we went and lived for two years in a furnished house on Fourteenth Street, while they built a president's house; but we had not lived in it very long when my father resigned. Many were the pranks that were played up there in the college. We were a lively family, and we amused ourselves extremely. We had two pianos in the house, and how they did go, both at once, my mother standing between and beating time. When my brother Cornelius's eldest boy—a little fellow in a white frock—was living with us, the entire family, headed by my father and mother, danced the Lancers with him every night before he went to bed.

We always attended Grace Church, where we owned the Low pew—a family inheritance; and one of my most vivid memories is of the beautiful music. How many memories are bound up with Grace Church! For very many years all of the family have been buried from there and taken from there to Jamaica—my father and mother, brothers and sisters. I think that my cousin, Mrs. Henry Van Rensselaer's funeral was the last one where long white scarfs were given and worn. All our collars and cuffs used to be made out of the funeral linen, which was the perquisite of each pall-bearer.

We never thought of going away for the whole summer—nobody did in those days. A month or six weeks was our longest absence from home. We went two summers to College Point, where were also a number of our relations and intimate friends. Such a colony as it was, all with boats, all with pianos, and Johnny Schuyler and my nephew Rufus with banjos! We lived on and in the water, the boys putting on life-preservers with umbrellas fastened to them, and with a plate of luncheon and a book, floating about comfortably. We generally ran aground somewhere when we went out in the boat and over the boys would tumble and pull or push her off; or we would get becalmed; but nobody cared. We were all young and happy, and nobody

younger than my father. It was "Father!" "Grandpa!" "Uncle Charles!" all the time. If any of the boys wanted to go out in a particularly crank boat when there was a bit of a breeze it was always he whom they begged to go with them. One warm day when he was sitting in his slippers on the piazza, one of the young nephews proposed a sail in the *Skipjack*, rather a crank boat—and rather a breeze. Off they went, just as they were, slippers and all. A sudden gust struck them, and over they went. But the boat rested nicely on her sail, and as she went over my father climbed up to the dry part and did not even wet his feet. While they were waiting for a boat to come out to them the Sound steamer came along, and there was a shout from some of his students who happened to be on board and recognized their president in the gentleman sitting at his ease on an overturned boat in the middle of the Sound. They wanted to take him off, but he said he was doing very well and would wait for the boat which was on its way to him.

In the midst of all this pleasant life of city and country came the war and those terrible days. My father longed to go, and could hardly get over it that he should be too old, but he was then seventy-one. He always expressed the keenest envy of General Wadsworth, that fine old soldier, a few years his junior. He did all he could, however, encouraging and cheering those who did go with his inspiring words. He was not badly represented by three sons and two grandsons; and of course many of his students went. We all remember him in so many aspects of enthusiastic devotion to the flag—running from the dinner-table to see the Massachusetts regiment marching by to the tune of "John Brown's Body," and standing bareheaded on the steps, waving a dinner napkin and cheering; calling his grandson into his library to say good-by to him, and laying his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder, as he said: "I want you, my boy, to remember you have a great name in trust. Be careful not to tarnish it." Adding, with an irrepressible interest in a sensation which in all his varied life he had never experienced—the sensation of a man in battle—"I want you to write to me after your first battle and tell me honestly if you were afraid under fire. Don't be ashamed to tell me—I want to

know exactly how you feel." Later he presented the flag to the first colored regiment raised in New York, and the scene was painted for the Union League Club and his words of presentation engrossed on parchment.

During the riots in New York we were at Newport. My father wanted my Uncle John to go back with him at once to ride through the streets with the mayor and show a bold front—but it could not be done. After the rioters had burned the Colored Orphan Asylum they came on to attack the president's house, as my father was known to be a friend to the negroes. My brother William was there alone, and he said he could never forget the regular tramp, tramp, as they approached the house. They were on the point of burning it when the priest from the little Roman Catholic church near where the cathedral now stands appeared and harangued them, telling them that the president's family were very kind to all the poor in the neighborhood. He induced them to disperse. Had they burned our house the whole college would have gone.

It seemed as if all the war news came at night, just as everybody had gone to bed. When we heard the extras called every one would fly down-stairs and open their doors in any sort of dress or undress to get the papers; and windows would be opened all up and down the street for the news. This was when we were in Fourteenth Street. We were not left without our personal share of sorrow. My youngest brother, Augustus, the pride of the family, contracted malaria while in camp at Washington, and died when he was barely twenty-one years old; my brother Cornelius was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness; and other illnesses and deaths were bound up in these. My father never got over it.

Hitherto he had been singularly young in feeling. My niece writes: "I remember very distinctly one day sitting in the front parlor, with the large mirror on the side. Grandma was sitting there also, when grandpa came in, and after speaking to her in the tender, courteous way he always had with her, he walked to the mirror, and stood for some time looking at himself and smiling. Then he turned and said: 'I am trying to realize that I am an old man. I don't feel old, but one of the students, as I

passed said: 'There goes the old president'; and I was quite startled at the word.' Of course we were indignant and assured him he wasn't an old man, but he spoke of it several times afterward, never sadly, but with cheerful resignation. Certainly he didn't seem old when he showed the French princes how to take a short cut over a fence, when Mr. Lincoln was reviewing the army. They were all four on horseback. Mr. Lincoln and his staff went through a gate, and the French princes followed, but grandpa took his horse over the fence like a boy. He told of it afterward with such glee."

But when he was seventy-five he decided to give up his position in the college. The war and its consequences had aged him, and, although he still retained wonderful buoyancy, he felt that it was as good a time as any to resign. After his resignation, which took effect in the summer of 1864, we rented a house at Oyster Bay, where we remained for a year. After the fall of Richmond my father, feeling that the war was practically over, consented to take us abroad, and we sailed from New York in June, 1865, on a French steamer. Although we sailed on a Friday, it brought us no bad luck. On the contrary, we picked up some shipwrecked people from an emigrant ship, which had caught fire while being fumigated. In the first small boat there were, as some one called out, the captain, a woman, a pig, and some other people. In the second was the woman's baby, which she had thought lost. Great was the excitement, everybody giving clothes, helping in every way. The baby had never been baptized; all said it must be done, and my father was deputed to do it, there being no clergyman on board. Decks were cleared, an altar and font improvised, sailors all piped up, passengers assembled, and the baby boy was christened Bocandé (the name of our captain), followed by the name of our ship, which I do not remember. Then the captain, who was the godfather, disappeared for a few moments and returned with a box of *dragées*, the sweets which are always given at French and Italian christenings.

We landed at Brest and went on to Paris, and from there to Cologne, up the Rhine, and to Homburg, for my father's gout, and then back to Paris to clothe our large family before going to Rome for the

winter. Travelling with my father was always a delight, but I am aghast when I remember that at the age of seventy-six he started out in charge of this large party, consisting of his wife, four daughters, a small grandson, an old friend, Dr. Chetwoode, and our old Elise, who was rather a helpless person in travelling, and with *feelings* to be considered! At Paris, however, we got a man servant, who relieved him from some of his cares.

We went to Rome by slow stages—an enchanting journey—never travelling at night, never starting very early in the morning. At Nice we secured a large vehicle, something like an omnibus, only more comfortable, in which we went as far as Genoa. Our luggage was piled so high on top that in one case we could not go through the gates of a town, but had to make a *détour*. From Genoa we went on, by steamer, diligence, and rail, until at last we reached Rome. My brother Rufus, my father's eldest son, was at that time the American minister at Rome—the last minister sent by the United States to the Pope. It seems that during one of his interviews Pio Nono asked him whether he received good news from America, expecting, of course, an answer relating to public events. "Oh, yes, your Holiness," answered my brother with enthusiasm. "Such excellent news! My father is coming!" Much to the Pope's amusement.

We all lived together in the Palazzo Salviati, in an apartment large enough to accommodate the Chancellerie, the double family, and also the American chapel, as no Protestant services were allowed, except in the embassies and legations. The Salviatis were all that was most black and religious, and did not more than half-like the stream of carriages in front of their big doors on a Sunday morning, the string of people going up the great stairs to a Protestant service, and the crowds of young Italians who used to flock about the entrance to see the pretty American girls. Dr. Lyman, afterward Bishop of North Carolina, was the chaplain.

Among the Americans living in Rome at that time were Miss Cushman; the sculptor Story, who, with his wife and three children, had an apartment at one end of the Palazzo Barberini; the artist Tilton and his wife, who were equally high up at

the other end; and Terry, the artist, who had married the handsome widow of Crawford, the sculptor (a niece of Sam Ward). They had a charming apartment in the Palazzo Odescalchi, back of the Salviati. Marion Crawford—or Frank, as he was called in those days—was there, a handsome lad. We were soon received by the Pope in private audience. We did not kiss his hand, but only made the three curtsies. He and my father spoke together in Latin—the Latin of Rome and the Latin of Harrow. He seemed interested in the family group, and said that he did not often have three generations of a family presented to him at once, certainly not from America; and then turning to my brother's daughter, a girl of eighteen, he added with his benign smile that he supposed there would soon be a fourth. He was evidently pleased with his joke, for Cardinal Antonelli, who dined with my brother not long after, spoke of it, much to the indignation of Fanny, who did not think it at all nice for the Pope and his cardinals to be making such jokes about her. Antonelli, of course, came in full canonicals, and my mother chanced to describe his dress very minutely in a letter to a friend in New York. Not long after the friend happened to learn from Booth that he was in some perplexity as to certain details in his dress for *Richelieu*, which was soon to be given. She produced my mother's letter, and Booth arranged his costume from it. Probably to us the most amusing thing in connection with Pius the Ninth was my mother's extraordinary resemblance to him. Many persons noticed it, but it was when she was in her nightgown and nightcap that she was the living image of him.

A great occasion that winter was the famous ball given by the Princess Borghese, where the guests were expected to come in the dress of their ancestors, in most cases copied from the portraits in their galleries. Vittoria Colonna was there as the Vittoria of Michael Angelo's time; Marc Antonio Colonna as the old Admiral Stephen Colonna; Emilio Malatesta, looking excessively handsome as the Paolo of Francesca da Rimini. It was a perfectly beautiful ball in that splendid setting, quite apart from its historic interest.

The following spring my mother was called to America by some business matters, and took one of my sisters with her. The

rest of us went to England to meet them on their return, and while we were all in London, staying at Fenton's Hotel in Saint James's Street, my father went to Harrow to revisit his old haunts, and the head master, Dr. Butler, invited us all down for Speech Day. My father was placed on the platform with the other distinguished visitors, and had a rousing welcome from the boys. Hearing that he was seventy-six years old, they cheered him as "the boy of '76," which made him seem indeed old. We had seats directly facing the stage, and next to me was a gentleman who kindly told me who everybody was. I heard afterward that he was Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's nephew. When we went down to luncheon, where we sat at long tables, Dr. Butler rose and said that this was a purely festive occasion where politics would be dropped. Lord John Russell's ministry had just gone out and party feeling ran high. When my father was called upon for a speech he rose quietly, with his hand in the breast of his coat, looking so handsome with his curly gray head. He had a tremendous ovation—the old boy from America. He told one or two anecdotes of Sir Robert Peel and his great good nature; spoke briefly of Byron, but spoke only for a few minutes, everybody listening most intently. When he sat down a gentleman near us said, "I would not have missed that for fifty pounds!" Then Lord John Russell, who had sons there, rose and began by saying: "As the minister falls, the father rises," which brought out a burst of applause. I was very much struck by the awkward way in which most of the Englishmen stood while speaking—some of them leaning forward with both hands on the table—and by their hemming and hawing; such a contrast to my father's erect attitude and easy way of speaking.

It was a beautiful day, and we all went out on the lawn, and then my father took us to the old schoolroom where he and Uncle John had cut their initials on the panelled wall—J. A. K. and C. K.—and there they are still! Then he showed us the yew-tree—Byron's favorite spot—and the place where they all used to run in the game of his day—hare and hounds; and told us

about Uncle John's famous fight with an upper-class man, who was abusing his fag to an extent that an American couldn't stand, and how Uncle John got the better of the bully of the school.

We made a very pleasant journey on our way back to Rome. My father had never made the grand tour, but he was able to point out to us all the famous pictures, which he had seen in Paris in Napoleon's time, and which he remembered perfectly. Lucerne will always be associated in my mind with his affection for Thorwaldsen's Lion, the memorial to the Swiss Guards who lost their lives defending Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. He used to stand and gaze at it for a long time together. It always seemed to him so fine a thing for a man to die doing his duty. The old French "*Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra*" was his favorite motto. I have seen him standing in front of the monument to Andreas Hofer, repeating the words on it which so many others have repeated during the centuries since they were first uttered: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*." He always said that he could not respond to the petition in the Litany, "From sudden death," for to die in battle seemed to him the finest end that a man could make.

When we returned to Rome we took an apartment in the Piazza di Spagna. My father hunted a great deal that winter, taking the fences and ditches on the Campagna better than many a younger man. He went about a great deal, enjoying everything. There, as elsewhere, from the time I can remember, wherever he went he was made a prominent figure by the admiration and liking which he excited. I think that my father and mother were always singularly independent persons—the independence of perfect simplicity and lack of self-consciousness. They went their own way and lived their own lives, and people flocked around them. It was a happy winter, and he seemed unusually well and strong, but in the spring he had a bad attack of gout. We spent the summer at Frascati, in the Palazzo Marconi, and there he died, on the 27th of September, 1867.

OCCUPATION

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



BEFORE a wide-topped mahogany desk in his library Peter Sanders sat reading court scandals of Henry the Second's reign. He enjoyed the savor of them. He had found life—most of it—very like the picture that old Walter Map gave in his pages of gossip. To be sure, he failed to see how so shrewd a person as Map could have believed the prodigies related in the book; but he recognized a kindred spirit in the man who had jotted down these anecdotes with sardonic humor eight centuries before. As he sat with his head resting on one pudgy hand, Mr. Sanders found himself wondering why he did not write a similar book out of his own experiences. He had long been an enthusiastic reader of Walter Map, but he saw no prospect of ever using his knowledge of the author save by way of imitation. He felt sure that his book would have great success, would be the literary sensation of its year. It would not lack scandalous advertisement. He might call it "Trifles of the Tables," which would correspond closely enough to the original "De Nugis Curialium," and yet mark the difference of materials. He smiled at the notion. After some reflection, he recognized that he could never bring himself actually to publish his memoirs. He knew that they would sell on sight, and he wished to be forgotten rather than remembered by the world. All the same, he might indulge his humor by writing the book, even though it never saw the light. He needed occupation.

After an exile of five years, Mr. Sanders had for a month been back in this book-lined room, living once more in the house from which the representatives of law and order had ousted him as their triumphal ending of a long campaign for the suppression of gambling. He had been the greatest of gamblers, and he had suffered the severest of penalties. In process of time he had grown hardened to a nomadic life, but

he had never come to like it. Now that everything was over, he owed the authorities no grudge for their abrupt termination of his business career; he had come to feel too acutely the disadvantages under which its long continuance had placed him. Besides, he had acquired by much solitary thinking certain oddly matched principles of conduct. He was sometimes a little sorry that he had not made his fortune another way, but he was always thankful nowadays that, at least, he was no longer victimizing the public by games of chance. What he objected to in the treatment he had received was his long exclusion from his own house. That he regarded as unjust. He never had felt other than resentful about it, and he had been perhaps even more bitter these last weeks than ever before. After being delicately and indirectly informed that he might again occupy his house without fear of molestation, he had come back. For a time he had enjoyed the thought of settling down into old ways; he had superintended quite happily the business of placing his more recent purchases of books in rooms already well stocked with rare and interesting volumes; he had felt a novel pleasure in looking forward to an indefinite number of quiet months and years amid the possessions that were his closest bond with earth. Very soon, however, he had realized, as he walked through spacious drawing-rooms from which every trace of their former use had vanished, that he needed more than his own roof above his own belongings to make him happy. Sanders's occupation was gone, and with it had disappeared (by the malevolence of the district attorney) the habit of a permanent domicile. He found himself aggrieved, disappointed, and, as always, too much at leisure.

Had he not shrunk from the thought of exposing his notorious personality to public discussion once more, he would have laid aside his Latin book and begun to set down his recollections without further ado—from