

It is with considerable reluctance that I am yielding to the innumerable requests made of me, for a number of years past, by members of my family, friends, and even several Publishing firms that I "write my memoirs".

My hesitation in the matter is due partly to the fact that for many years of my life I was so interested in human nature and in finding out the workings of the minds of those persons of interest whom I met in one country or another - particularly during my long period in the service of the Nation as a diplomatist, while never taking myself seriously or as in any way an interesting person. So that I not only failed to keep a diary, but even destroyed many records in the way of notes, letters or other memoranda which might now have been useful for the purpose in question. It is also due to the further fact that I do not consider myself gifted with such literary ability as is likely to make such personal memoirs interesting.

I was born in the City of Baltimore, on the twenty-ninth day of March, 1860, in an old colonial house on the corner of Fayette and Holliday Streets, which had belonged to my great-

grandfather White, and in which his sons Henry - my grandfather - and a bachelor brother of his, twelve years older, John White, as well as my father and mother lived. The house, of which a photograph fortunately has been preserved, was sold and pulled down in 1859, to make way for the present City Hall of Baltimore; so that the actual spot on which I was born is now covered by the northernmost track of the Fayette Street trolley; the western front of the City Hall being on the site of the garden of our house.

My father was John Campbell White, son of Henry and Mary LeRoy White, and my mother was Eliza Ridgely, the daughter of John Ridgely of Hampton. My father's family was originally from Scotland, but resident, for several generations before my great-grandfather came to this country in the last years of the 18th century, in the north of Ireland. I have always understood that my great-grandfather's forbears for one, two or perhaps three generations had been Presbyterian clergymen. My great-grandfather White became involved in what is generally known in history as the Irish Rebellion of 1798. He was imprisoned for a time in Dublin Castle, where the family tradition is that he was very well treated, and shortly after his release probably indeed as a result of his connection with the "Rebellion", he emigrated - about the same time as his friend Alexander Brown of Ballymena, near Belfast - to the United States and settled in Baltimore, where he died in 1847, at the age of 90, having been blind for a number of years previously. Alexander

Brown founded the Bank at Baltimore, under the name of Alexander Brown and Sons, which exists to this day, and three of his sons, John, William and James George, who were contemporaries more or less of my grandfather and uncle Henry and John White, subsequently founded banks at Philadelphia, Liverpool and New York, respectively. George, whom I well remember as I also do his brother John, - continuing in the management of the Baltimore Bank - as his son did until his death and the latter's son Alexander does at the present time.

In connection with my great-grandfather's incarceration in Dublin Castle, it may be of interest to mention that when nearly a hundred years afterwards I was a guest at Dublin Castle of successive lords - Lieutenant Ireland (Lords Cadogan, Dudley, Aberdeen, Londonderry) being also the official representative in Great Britain of the United States, I endeavored to ascertain in what part of the Castle the rooms were, in which the political prisoners of 1798 had been confined; but they had long since disappeared, and no one connected with the Government of Ireland at that time seemed to know even where they had been; extensive alterations having been made on several occasions, in the Castle.

My mother's family, the Ridgelys of Hampton, came from England, some of them at least from Lincolnshire, but of the place in which they lived in England no very accurate account seems to have been kept.

(Supplement 1)

The first Ridgely who came to this country landed at

St. Inigo's Creek in southern Maryland, and took up estates there, which for some reason or other, were subsequently exchanged for the Hampton Estates near Baltimore.

Hampton House - a beautiful Colonial structure with a dome and wings and terraced gardens was finished in the year 1790, having been begun seven years earlier by a member of the family known as Captain Charles Ridgely. So far as I am aware the Captain was not a military man, but had been the commander of a merchant ship which made expeditions to distant lands. His portrait hangs in the dining room at Hampton, and is one of the most familiar memories of my youthful days. Before the construction of the big house, there was an older one in which the family lived, and which is still standing, - an interesting specimen of eighteenth century construction. It has been known throughout my life as "the Lower House", being still surrounded by the barns, stables, and the houses, known in slavery days, as the "Negro Quarter". This "lower house", and more particularly the barns, stables, wagon and carriage houses and sheds by which it is still surrounded - was always an interesting object for expeditions on the part of myself, my brother and cousins during our youthful years.

(Supplement 2)

My grandmother, Eliza Ridgely, of another branch of that family, was a beautiful and stately person of whom I have a happy

recollection. She was very fond of me, and I have since realized that she and I had many tastes in common - notably a fondness for our fellow creatures - otherwise "Society". Up to the time of the Civil War (1861) she used to drive about in a carriage, drawn by four horses, with a footman, either standing behind and holding on to straps, if the carriage happened to be a landau; or sitting in a rumble, if she happened to be driving in the carriage known as a caleche. I remember often leaving off playing with my brother and cousins, and being dressed up in white duck clothes, in order to accompany my grandmother on her visits to neighboring country houses or to Baltimore, which was about ten miles distant. I have since understood that it used to be considered somewhat odd that I should prefer accompanying her in this way to indulging in the play of all sorts which was possible in a great country place such as Hampton of which I was also very fond. But I have since realized that the reason was my (then unknown) fondness for human nature and for making acquaintances, and listening to the talk of those older than myself, especially if they happened to be people of the world. There is a beautiful portrait by Sully of my grandmother in the Hall at Hampton, where it has hung throughout the whole of my life. My father and mother were married immediately in front of it in the year 1849, and my mother's second marriage was performed at the same spot in the year 1866.

(Supplement 3).

Hampton was a place to which all foreigners of distinction who visited this country were brought as a matter of course, and

I used to derive great pleasure as a child and small boy from seeing them. I remember particularly visits from Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the Honorable Evelyn Ashley, a "younger son", whom I know well in after life as the great "Lord Shaftesbury", and some years later during the early years of the Civil War, the Marquis of Hartington, accompanied by Colonel Leslie of Glaslough, Co. Monaghan, and Lord Edward Cavendish, father of the present Duke of Devonshire came there. Poor Lord Frederick was assassinated, with Mr. Burke, permanent under-secretary for Ireland, near the Vice Regal Lodge at Dublin in 1881; but in after years during my long official residence in England I got to know both Lord Hartington, who became leader of the Liberal Party (for a time, before his succession to the Dukedom) and also Lord Edward very well; and frequently stayed at Chatsworth with my family, including the children.

I ought perhaps not to forget to mention the fact, which is I believe unusual, of my having seen my grandmother's grandmother, born in 1766, and who died in 1856; I being in that year six years old. Of course I did not realize until some years after her death, how wonderful it was to have lived with one's grandmother and her grandmother at the same time. She was quite a vigorous old lady, whom I remember as distinctly as if I had seen her a week ago, with several old maiden daughters who lived with

her. They all came to Hampton together in summer; the aunts, her daughters, making things lively and occasionally somewhat trying to my grandmother, by their "arguments". Of one of them - Aunt Benny (Henrietta) - I have a really happy recollection. She was extremely amusing and used to tell the children wonderful stories.

(See Supplement 4)

My father died just before I was three years old, and the only distinct recollection that I have of him, is his telling me not to shake the table at the other end of which he was writing and on which I was leaning and presumably pulling it up and down. It was one of those old-fashioned tables, with a single leg in the middle and large folding leaves, which were both in use at the time.

It used to be the fashion in the middle of the 19th century for the leading families of Maryland and Virginia to visit the White Sulphur Springs for several weeks during the summer, and my rigidly grandparents were among those who owned a cottage there. Of course that resort could only be reached by road in those days and in the case of my grandparents the journey required a week, and there was quite a procession from Hampton, consisting of several carriages and baggage wagons. In 1850, three months after my birth, I was taken there with the rest of the family, and I have always understood that my father drove my mother in an open phaeton, my grandfather driving my grandmother and my Uncle, his cousin Margaret Howard, whom he afterward married; but that no

suitable carriage being available for my conveyance, a special one was built for the purpose of transporting my nurse and me in safety to the White Sulphur. I remember it well as "the little carriage" and it was still in use when I was sixteen years of age. I understood in after years from my mother that a very considerable rivalry existed that year at the Springs between her and her friend, Mrs. George H. Pendleton, (nee Alice Key, daughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner", Francis Scott Key), in respect to their babies; to wit: myself, and Francis Key Pendleton, known in later years as Judge Pendleton of New York, who is happily still living and has been a friend of mine throughout our lives.

By far the happiest recollections of my childhood up to the age of fifteen were long annual sojourns from April or May to October or November at Hampton. The older I became, the more do I realize how valuable a background to a man in after life is the country home of his childhood and youth - especially when as in my case it was a large estate of 5000 acres over which the boys of the family were allowed to roam at will, with picnics in the woods, swimming in the Gunpowder River, tobogganing down the terraces of the garden, riding on horseback with one's grandfather, uncles, cousins, and any guests who might happen to be staying at the house.

At most of the interesting periods, which have been

quite numerous, of my public life, my memory has harked back to one happy scene or another, of the early days at Hampton, and in this connection I ought not to omit a reference to slavery as I saw it there.

There is no doubt that the system was a bad one - increasingly so as this country progressed in civilization and in world importance; especially more so for the masters and the white people in general than for the negro people. In so far as my recollections go, the considerable body of slaves owned by my grandfather were on the whole happy and content. Those about the house and gardens were all personal friends of the children of the house, the older ones being called "uncles" and "aunt", and all of them being kindly treated, with much less to do, on account of their numbers, than a similar number of white servants would be expected to accomplish at present. I still remember the younger ones, who at that time were beginning to hear of freedom and of the possibilities of education, coming to me at times privately with little primers, and asking me to explain the spelling of certain words, or the meaning of certain combinations of letters, which they could not understand; begging me at the same time not to let any of my elders know that they had done so, as it was one of the principles of slavery that they should not be taught to read or write. My grandmother used to have services held once a week by a Presbyterian Minister, named Galbraith, (which the family attended in a large square room over the carriage-house) for the house and estate servants, at which there was a good deal of singing

of quite a melodious character by the slaves. Incidentally, the Rev. Mr. Galbraith, when the war broke out, got himself into trouble with the family, and his ministrations were suspended, owing to his having married a mulatto, or at least a person suspected of having negro blood in her veins. He was completely outlawed, and I never remember to have seen him again. There is no doubt, however, that, apart from the evils of slavery from an economic point of view, (as its methods were very wasteful and slipshod), it was also bad for the tempers of the owners. I well remember having seen my grandfather Ridgely lose his temper on one or two occasions, and box the ears of one of the grooms for reasons which seemed to me entirely inadequate, and the incident left a most disagreeable impression on my mind, which is as vivid at the age of 75 as it was on the day of its occurrence. I remember another punishment which of course was not really injurious or painful, except to the pride of the victim. That was cutting off the hair of a mulatto girl who was almost white, and whose hair did not resemble in the least the woolly hair of the negroes. She greatly prided herself on her resemblance in general, and particularly on that of her hair, to the "white folks", and it was great humiliation that it should be cut off, which of course was the basis for that particular punishment. There were other much more serious evils, (although not in the form of punishments), connected with slavery even under the most favorable circumstances, which I need

not mention, as they are well known, Notwithstanding all of which, as I have previously said, my recollection of the system as carried out at Hampton is exceedingly pleasant; many of the objections to which I have referred being of course unknown to me at the time. My grandmother was very particular in having what she was pleased to describe, (and which I then believed to be) "marriages" performed by a clergyman, between the negro servants, when so inclined: not realizing - certainly I did not at the time - that slaves were unable to perform any civil act, being mere chattels, consequently those so-called marriages had no more validity in the eyes of the law than if they had taken place between two animals on the place. It was perfectly possible, therefore, to part these so-called married couples by selling one or the other, or their children, to another master, with no hope of their ever meeting again, although no such case ever arose at Hampton. It often did, however, elsewhere, even among the best masters, as a result of death, and the division of an estate of which the slaves formed part. My grandmother was always very kind in going to see any of the slaves who were ill, and a doctor from the neighboring small settlement then called Towson town, (which has since developed into Towson, the county seat of Baltimore County), was constantly called to attend them.

My long residences at Hampton were usually divided in the middle of summer by a trip elsewhere with my mother and

brother to obtain a little sea air. Such was the case the summer of my father's death, in 1853, and in 1854 when we went to Old Point Comfort (Fortress Monroe), and in 1855 and 1856 to Cape May. In 1854 I remember being taken by my grandfather at Old Point Comfort to call upon the then President of the United States, Mr. Pierce. He said to me, before the President entered the room in which we were waiting for him, to be sure not to forget to take off my hat, which I endeavored to do at the moment of the President's appearance, but failed to accomplish owing to the fact that my straw hat was tied under my chin with a ribbon which for some reason I could not untie with sufficient rapidity somewhat to my discomfiture. President Pierce was the first of a long line of Presidents of the United States to whom I have been presented, and most of whom in my later years, I have known well. Curiously enough, also, Mr. Sidney Webster, who was the President's official Secretary at that time, afterwards married the eldest daughter of the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State under President Grant, and both he and his wife, who was a cousin of my first wife, Margaret Stuyvesant Rutherford, became great friends of mine. Mr. Webster was a man of exceptionally interesting mind, with a good deal of wit and humor, and I remember many exceedingly interesting talks with him during his later years. In 1857 my mother decided to go abroad with her children. We sailed from New York on the 27th of April in the Steamship Argo, a curious old side-wheel vessel with a quaint old Yankee skipper named Lyons, which landed us at Havre in France.

in about a fortnight, on a perfectly beautiful spring day which I well remember. We put up for the night at the Hotel Frascati, and proceeded the next day to Paris, taking up our abode at the Hotel Westminster in the Rue de la Paix. We occupied an entresol at Number 11 (there were two entrances, 11 and 13), which being near the street, afforded me ample opportunities of watching not only the passers by, but more particularly the regiments of soldiers, which frequently marched up and down that important street. One of the incidents of the voyage, which I remember with a questionable pleasure was being kissed every morning by an old gentleman from Baltimore, John H. B. Latrobe, who did not shave (it was very difficult to do so in the dark staterooms of those days, and there were no barbers) and whose beard became rougher every day. He said he had promised my grandmother to look after me, and apparently he chose this rather objectionable way (as far as I was concerned) of carrying out his promise.

(see Supplement 5)

In those days - and indeed long afterwards - the comforts were few, and the discomforts great on the trans-Atlantic steamers. A cow, whose stable was close to the paddle box, (and when that happened to be smashed by a wave, she fared badly and sometimes was washed overboard) as well as live chickens, were carried, for the supply of milk and eggs to the passengers. The staterooms were very small with tiny portholes, and the ventilation was bad, sea-water often broke in through

the skylights, and it was not an uncommon occurrence to look out of one's berth in the morning and see slippers or other articles which might have been left on the floor, floating about in the water which had come in, in spite of the threshold which was quite high to prevent such floodings from the passages outside the staterooms.

We remained abroad until the month of August, 1858, when we sailed from Liverpool in the Cunard Steamship "Asia", having, during the sixteen months of our stay in Europe, visited besides Paris, (on our return to which in the Spring of 1858, we occupied an apartment in the Champs Elysees), Geneva and other places in Switzerland. We spent the winter in Florence in an apartment on the Lung Arno, and returned North via Pisa, the Riviera, etc., to Paris. Florence at that time was under the rule of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, who occupied the Palazzo Pitti. There used to be frequent state processions - usually on Sundays - in connection with some religious fete - in beautiful carriages, which subsequently became the property of the Kings of Italy, and I remember going to see them many years afterwards when I was Ambassador, in the royal stables of Florence, redecorated of course with the arms of the House of Savoy. Florence in those days still had its mediæval walls standing, and retained in general the appearance of a mediæval city to a greater extent than most other places in Europe. The walls and a particularly interesting part of the city known as the Mercato Vecchio, which was as insanitary as it was interesting, have long since disappeared, but

I have quite a distinct recollection of them, although not much over eight years old when we left Florence. Most of our journeys were performed by carriage, as the railroads were few and far between in 1857 - 8. The whole of our trip from Geneva to Florence was accomplished in that way, but I remember deviating from Milan to Venice and back again in a railroad which then existed, and we left Florence by a train which ran as far as Leghorn. There was also a railway from Paris to Dijon, and the journey from Paris to London was also performed by a railway, the channel being crossed by very small and uncomfortable boats.

In London we occupied lodgings overlooking Paddington Station (I think Westbourne Terrace) from the windows of which I remember seeing a train arrive, conveying, I was told, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, but I do not remember to have actually seen those august persons. My chief recollection of our stay in London, is being taken to walk by my nurse in the northern part of Hyde Park, where I used occasionally to amuse myself, by asking kind old gentlemen who happened to pass, what o'clock it was. I also well remember seeing on several occasions, Mr. Junius Morgan, father of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Morgan was at that time a partner in the banking house of Mr. George Peabody, of which he subsequently became the head, and founder of the great Morgan banking house, which has become so well known, and is of such great importance in world finance at the present day, under the guidance of the grandson of the Mr. Morgan to whom I have referred.

In the year 1859 my grandfather and grandmother Ridgely decided to go to Europe and to take their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ridgely with them. My grandfather had not been abroad, I believe since the year 1834, shortly after his marriage to my grandmother, who was his second wife. He was born in 1790, and had been married previously to a Miss Carroll, of the old Maryland family of that name. During the early part of the last century, the leading landed families of that State used to have residences at Annapolis, where there was a great deal of horse-racing, card-playing, etc., and they used to proceed thither in their carriages and four, apparently thinking nothing of the journey, which in my grandfather's case was 37 miles from Hampton, over roads which must have been very bad. His father, General Charles Ridgely of Hampton, of whom an admirable portrait by Sully still hangs in the Music Room there, had been Governor of Maryland in 1815-1818. In those days the Governors of that State were elected by the Legislature, and not as at present and for many years past, by popular vote.

As a result of his early training and heavy responsibilities in managing his large estate - being a typical Squire after the English fashion - my grandfather was not keen about going abroad, but allowed himself to be persuaded to make the trip in the year 1859. They were accompanied by Mr. Henry Johnston of Baltimore, an intimate friend of my uncle's, and who subsequently married Miss Harriet Lane, the niece of President Buchanan, during whose

term of office, she presided at the White House. She had previously done likewise at our Legation in London, when her uncle was Minister there, during the presidency of Franklin Pierce. In later years, Mr. & Mrs. Johnston were great friends of mine. She was eventually left a widow, and lost her two sons, who were fine boys, as a result of poison from bad drainage in their Baltimore house. Towards the end of the last century, more than forty years after Mrs. Johnston left London with her uncle, I was instrumental in arranging an audience for her with Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, which must have been rather touching and not unmingled with sadness, as both the Queen and she had lost their husbands and some of their children during the long years which intervened since they had last met at the end of Mr. Buchanan's mission.

My aunt, Mrs. Charles Ridgely had never been to Europe before, and was particularly anxious to go. My grandmother was equally keen, and so they all got off in the month of May, 1859, my mother being left in charge of the Hampton estate, and particularly of the slaves, over whom there was an overseer, named Gent, whom I well remember as a not particularly attractive person.

My mother was supposed to resemble her grandfather, General Ridgely, who had a strong character, and was a stern but just master, and she was considered well adapted to take

charge of Hampton during the absence abroad of the other members of the family. There were no cablegrams in those days, and the steamers being very slow, letters took usually more than three weeks from one side of the ocean to the other.

I may add, as a matter of interest, that my mother strongly disapproved of schools such as they then existed, for her sons, and my brother and I were never sent to school in this country. There were no schools in those days such as Groton, St. Paul's, and the many other excellent schools that now exist on the lines of the 'public schools' of England. The only school to which my brother and I could have gone would have been the day schools kept by one pedagogue or another whose reputation in Latin or Mathematics was supposed to be more or less good.

I remember that my uncle and my father had been to a famous man of that kind, named MacMally, whose capacity for imparting classical knowledge must have been quite extraordinary; but he had ceased to teach before my time. He had, however, taught my mother Latin, in which she was quite proficient, and which she taught her sons. In order to teach us Greek, she availed herself of another school master of that period, named Rowan, to learn greek herself, in order to teach it to my brother and me. She was one of the very few persons whom I have met in my life, who were able to impart knowledge in an interesting way.

To return, however, to the European trip of the Ridgely family, who took with them the fourth son of my uncle and aunt, named Otho. He is still living, and one of the

incidents of the trip I remember, was, that his nurse lost him in the garden of the Tuilleries. After a great deal of agitation, applications to the police, the child was found in a few hours. One can imagine the anxiety of his parents during that period. Another interesting incident was the return of the French Troops from the Italian War, which the Emperor Napoleon had brought to an abrupt end for political reasons, and to the great dissatisfaction of some of his allies. The return of the troops was signalized by a grand march past through the streets of Paris, and they were reviewed by the Emperor, Empress, and many other nobilities present in Paris at that time, from a stand in the Place Vendome, which I believe was surrounded with stands, in one of which my relations witnessed the great military spectacle.

After a number of letters had been received by my mother from the family abroad stating that all was well, and that they were enjoying their trip greatly, we were profoundly astonished one day at Hampton to see my grandfather suddenly drive up to the door in a hack which he had hired from Baltimore.

It seems that, however much the other members of the family were enjoying their trip to Europe, he had become impossibly bored, and had decided to return home. My uncle and Mr. Johnston, took him to Havre, put him aboard a steamer bound for New York, and as there was no way of announcing his departure from Europe, save by a letter, (which would take longer to make the trip than he did), no one at Hampton was apprised of his return until he appeared in person. And, as in those days there

was no telegraphic communication between Baltimore and Towson, he was unable to send for one of the Hampton carriages to meet him and hired one at the station in Baltimore. The other members of the family returned in the month of October, having greatly enjoyed visits to Switzerland and other places of interest within the restricted area then available for summer travellers in Europe. Shortly after their return, a fair was held at the New Court House which had been built at Towson (as it then was) for the raising of funds wherewith to build the Episcopal Church there, in which my grandmother was much interested, and which she was largely instrumental in constructing. The chief thing which I remember about the fair is having been placed by my mother on a chair "to think" (which was her favorite mode of punishment for minor offenses) in a room with barred windows; the result being that an old nurse of ours always said that I was really the first prisoner in the County Court House at Towson! The building, not quite finished at that time, is still standing and I never pass it, (as I frequently do on the road to or from Hampton, which is only sixty miles from our Washington house), without recollecting that incident of the Towson Fair in 1859.

In thinking over those early days of my life, I am often struck with the great difference - the abyss, indeed, I may say - existing between the ideals and customs of that period and those of the present time. In no respect were these differences more marked, perhaps, than in the matter of divorce, which was then considered, however innocent one or the other party might be, a real

taint upon them both, whereby their position in society was materially affected.

I well remember the case of a particular friend of my mother, a beautiful woman, who had been married to a man of good family, by whom she was very badly treated, - even dragged about by the hair, if my memory serves me - and for whom a divorce became an absolute necessity. In palliation of the man's brutality it can be added, that he shortly afterwards went out of his mind and became a violent lunatic until the end of his days. He was a member of one of the oldest families of Maryland.

Whenever my mother received a visit from the lady in question, she would tell the servant to say to any one else calling upon her at the same time, that she was engaged, and would not receive them; If at any time, the lady in question was dining with her, and she invited other guests, she would always let them know that the lady aforesaid was coming, in case they should not wish to meet her, as some of them objected to doing.

I have since heard of a case somewhat similar from a contemporary of mine, who, on coming to stay with a friend in New York, was told there was a divorced lady next door, as though a freak of nature or a phenomenon of some kind was living near her, and it seems that when the unfortunate lady went out or came in, and was seen by any one in the house where my friend was staying, they all exclaimed: "There she is", and rushed to

the window to look at the tainted lady in question. I mention these incidents to show what the feeling was about divorce in my youth. It was perhaps too rigid, but in my opinion it was certainly better than the terrible laxity now prevailing in that respect, which is merely an attempt to cover immorality with the cloak of a religious ceremony, and I can never get myself accustomed to it. I am referring, of course, not to divorces, such as that of my mother's friend, but to those so constantly occurring in the present day, merely for the purpose of marrying some one else.

I remember very well the election in this country of 1860, with four candidates for the office; to wit: Lincoln and Hamlin, Bell and Everett, Breckenridge and Lane; Douglas and Johnson. There was a considerable amount of excitement throughout the country, because, for the first time, a candidate of the new Republican party had been nominated in the person of Mr. Lincoln, and the slave-owners were greatly alarmed lest in the event of his election their rights as such would in some way or other be done away with. It was this feeling, (shared to a considerable extent by sympathisers in the North) that brought on the Civil War, which was the chief interest of everyone in this country, and, as a matter of course, of the younger generation, during the four years which followed Mr. Lincoln's assumption of the Presidency, (to which he was elected in the previous November) on the fourth of March, 1861.

As it turned out, Mr. Lincoln had no idea of making use of force to abolish slavery, which, however unfortunate as

an institution to the country, he realized to be in accordance with the laws thereof, and he held that the slave-owners were entitled to the protection of the latter in the retention of their human as well as landed possessions. Mr. Lincoln lost no time in making his feelings in the matter known, in the hope of preventing the secession of the Southern States, which then seemed imminent, and which eventually took place.

I have many memories of the Civil War: the greater part of them not very pleasant to one, who, even as a child, greatly disliked heated discussions between members of the family and their friends, and hardly a day passed that I did not hear one or more such discussions, during which the parties thereto frequently lost their tempers, and ended, some of them, by not speaking to each other. My grandfather Ridgely always professed to be a "Union Man"; but it was not long before I noticed feelings of marked satisfaction whenever the Southerners won a victory.

It was very fortunate for all of us that Maryland happened to be on the road from the North to Washington, and consequently to be taken under the control of the Union army. Otherwise, it would doubtless have been reduced to the condition in which, after the war, the other Southern states found themselves, a condition which lasted during the remainder of the century, and from which, only in recent years the South is beginning to recuperate. My grandfather White was very cautious in the expression of any opinion, but I always suspected his sympathies to be on the Southern side also; somewhat modified, however, by his material interests, which

he realized, depended upon the eventual success of the Union forces. My first recollection of the outbreak of hostilities was, the attack by the local militia, as I remember it, upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. I remember where I was actually sitting when the news was made public, i.e., on the marble steps of the house in which we then lived in Baltimore, on the corner of Mt. Vernon Place and Cathedral Street. There is now an apartment house on the site.

All the boys were forming companies, and marching about playing at being soldiers in that first year of the war.

About that time a company of cavalry was raised in Baltimore County, of which my uncle, Charles Ridgely was made Captain, and John Herryman of Hayfield, some distance further up the York road, became Lieutenant. The company usually drilled every Saturday afternoon, at Towson, and members of the family, including myself and the elder boys used to drive over from Hampton to see them. These drills, however, lasted only a few weeks and suddenly came to an end, for reasons not made known to me at the time, although I happened to be the intermediary of their transmission to the captain of the company.

I was sitting reading a book outside the door of the room known as the "little office" at Hampton, when an unknown man approached, and handed me a letter addressed to my uncle, with the request that I would give it to him. He disappeared immediately. I went into the house and delivered the letter. Shortly afterwards several of the men on the place

were sent off on horseback with letters addressed to various neighbors, the purport of which was not imparted to me; but sometime afterwards, I ascertained that they countermanded the next drill of my uncle's company, and no other ever took place.

(see Supplement 8).

It seems that orders had been given by the authorities at Washington to the Commander of the Army in Maryland to stop the drill on the following Saturday, and arrest the officers, on the ground that the company had been formed for assistance to the South. As a matter of fact my Uncle's idea of the "raison d'etre" of his company, was to be of use, in case of need to the State of Maryland - an example of the rather vague idea then prevalent as to States' rights in general and as to the course Maryland was likely to adopt eventually.

At that time General John A. Dix of New York, an officer of excellent reputation, and personally known to my grandfather Ridgely, was placed in command of the United States troops in Baltimore and its neighborhood, and shortly after the incident previously described, the latter went to see the general and asked him what the situation really was in connection with my uncle and his company of cavalry.

General Dix told my grandfather quite frankly that a warrant was out for the arrest, (under martial law which had ^{previously} been proclaimed in Maryland), of my uncle and of Lieutenant John Merryman; that he would suspend acting upon the warrant, which I think he actually produced, for my uncle, but said that

Lieutenant Merryman, either would be, or actually had been already arrested. The latter was the cause of the famous "habeas corpus" which was decided by the courts at that time, and which is well known to all lawyers.

(see Supplement 4).

As a matter of fact my uncle never was arrested, probably owing to assurances given by my grandfather to General Dix that he was not a conspirator against the United States, and he remained quietly at Hampton throughout the war. The outbreak of the war had a very disastrous effect upon my grandmother, who, in 1862 was suddenly stricken down, when spending the day at Baltimore, with a terrific headache, which nothing seemed capable of alleviating and from the effects of which she never really recovered. It turned out to be the beginning of softening of the brain, which gradually became worse, and ended in a stroke from which she died in 1867. For many weeks she remained without moving in the house of the Howards in Eutaw Street, where she was stricken, and when at last she was able to return to Hampton, it was obvious that she was no longer her old self. She was always worrying about something; fearful of an attack by the slaves at night upon the house, which prevented her from sleeping; complaining of the lack of attention to her on the part of members of the family or of the servants, and in general a most unhappy person.

A large number of the younger members of the Ridgely and Howard families went off secretly in the course of the year 1861 to join the Southern army - among them two younger half-

brothers of my aunt, Mrs. Charles Ridgely, Harry and Ridgely Howard, who fought throughout the war, the latter losing his leg in one of the battles.

Throughout the summers of 1861, 62, 63 and 64, reports of victories and defeats of one side or the other kept arriving at Hampton, and keeping the family in a state of excitement. And there was a certain amount of singing of Southern songs by those who did not go to the war, but were in sympathy with the southern cause - one of the chief songsters being a member of the Howard family, known as "Cousin Nunce". His real name was Cornelius, a younger son of Colonel George Howard of Waverly, not far from Doughoregan Manor - the home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton in Howard County.

Fortunately Maryland was never the seat of war; but there were two important raids made by the Confederates into that state in the years 1862 and 1863. The former ended with the battle of Antietam of which I well remember hearing the guns in the far distance one fine afternoon, on the terrace at Hampton; and the other in the much more important and decisive battle of Gettysburg. Shortly after the latter battle, the aforesaid Cousin Nunce set out in his buggy for Gettysburg or as near that place as he could get, in order to discover if possible, some of the members of his family, whether any of them had been wounded or killed. As far as I remember he was not very successful, and returned within a week to Hampton, full of episodes of the great

battle, to which the boys of the family, and I imagine the elders also, listened with rapt attention.

The summer of 1864 my grandfather White, and my mother took Mrs. Bruen's villa on Bellevue Avenue at Newport, and we remained there till the autumn. It was the presidential year, and at the conventions held during the summer, Mr. Lincoln was renominated as the candidate of the Republican party, and Mr. George H. Pendleton of Cincinnati (whose wife was the daughter of Francis Scott Key), who had a cottage at Newport that summer, was the candidate of the Democratic party. We used to see a certain amount of Mr. & Mrs. Pendleton and their children, and I well remember our talk about the hopes and aspirations of the Democrats to turn Mr. Lincoln out and get into power themselves. The late August Belmont, a well known New York banker, and a representative in this country of the Rothschilds, was a leading Democrat, and gave some receptions at his beautiful villa, which was bought for Mr. & Mrs. Pendleton; but the war had by that time taken a turn decidedly against the South, and there was no possible chance after mid summer of 1864 that Mr. Lincoln who was nominated by the Republican convention would not be elected, as he was, by a large majority.

In the following Spring, as all readers of history know, the war came to an end by the surrender of General Lee and his army at Appomattox to General Grant, who very magnanimously allowed every Confederate Soldier to return home and to take his horse with him.

Jefferson Davis, so far, as I can remember, was the only leader of the Confederate States, of which he had been the President, who elicited any vindictiveness on the part of the National Government. He was captured while retreating southwards, and was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe for some time; his detention being rather rigid, but eventually even he was set at liberty, and the South was left to seek its restoration. This however was a very difficult matter in view of the complete devastation of the country by four years of Civil War, and for other reasons, which were the result of Mr. Lincoln's tragic assassination in the month of April 1865, one of the most unfortunate occurrences from the point of view of both North and South, that ever befel this country.

Had he lived through the four years of his second term as President, the reconstruction of the South would have proceeded on wise and generous principles. Whereas he was succeeded by an incompetent man of a curious temper, strong likes and dislikes, and little knowledge of the world, or of how to deal with men, who, with no preconceived ill intentions and still less any malice, nevertheless, for one reason or another, (which are fully set forth in the numerous histories of that period), managed to create innumerable antagonisms in Congress and elsewhere and finally was impeached.

I have on the whole painful recollections of the Civil War and have had a horror of war in general throughout my life. It brings out all that is worst in human nature, causes friends of a

lifetimes to become enemies, to be suspicious of each other's patriotism, and I have never been able to see its advantage from any point of view.

In my own family, which was a large one, I have recollections of endless very heated discussions, and an enormous amount of nonsense being talked by my elders in their excitement over the war.

There was an old lady, named Mrs. Dunoon, an old friend of my grandmother's who used to come to Hampton and describe the Southern Army as though they were all a band of saints; mostly on their knees at prayer when they were not fighting, and for a while I pretty well believed her. On the other hand, others would tell me just the reverse, - that the Northern Army were the patriots, and the Southerners were drunkards, and young aristocrats, who for want of something better to do, took to fighting.

My grandmother Kidgely, whose mind as I have previously said, was weakening, as a result of softening of the brain, felt so strongly on the subject, that she insisted on my mother's not attending the wedding of a niece of two very old friends of hers, on the ground that they had been ardent sympathisers with the Northern cause. She became so excited and unreasonable on the subject that my mother decided not to oppose her, and remained away from the wedding, which my brother and I attended in her stead. It may not be devoid of interest to note that fifty years afterwards, I attended the golden wedding of the couple in question, and made a speech describing the exquisite freshness, and even beauty, of the bride,

on her wedding day. Poor lady, she had attained, during the fifty years which had passed, enormous proportions, and her figure on the fiftieth anniversary of her marriage was as far remote from the description which I gave of her appearance when she was married, as can be imagined.

The summer of 1865 passed without any incidents which I can remember of especial interest; probably because of the comparatively calm atmosphere which succeeded the stormy period of the Civil War. My mother, brother and I spent it for the most part at Hampton, which although I little knew it, was the last sojourn of any duration that I was ever to make in that much beloved home.

In the autumn of that year, an event occurred which probably changed the whole course of my life, viz; My mother's second marriage to Dr. Thomas ^{Hepburn} Buckler, a handsome and very intelligent man, 16 years her senior, whom she had known ever since childhood, and who was well known in Baltimore, and to a certain extent throughout the country. He was interested in many subjects besides his own profession, for which he seemed to have a special instinct, in addition to the knowledge which he had gained by the practice thereof. But he was somewhat ahead of his time in many of his ideas, suggestions, and aspirations, and he rather lacked the power of understanding how to deal with human nature; the result being that he was looked upon by his friends and contemporaries, who were all very fond of him, as somewhat of a visionary.

The marriage took place in November, 1855, and shortly afterwards my mother and her husband, my grandfather White, my brother and I and two of my Ridgely cousins embarked for Europe, with the intention in a general sort of way, of spending a few months, possibly even a year in that part of the world.

My grandfather had been abroad several times in his life and retained many incidents of his experiences at different times while abroad in his mind. He was therefore quite ready to make the trip, and especially because, being a man of genial temperament and kindly feelings towards his fellow men, he was glad to get away from the atmosphere of antagonism and even animosity which then prevailed between so many of his friends, and which he thought would be likely to disappear in another year. As a matter of fact he never returned to the United States, and remained abroad until his death in Paris on Christmas Day, 1882.

It was this circumstance which changed the course of my life. It would presumably have been spent for the most part quietly, and not improbably in a manner not more interesting than those of my contemporaries and friends, had we not gone abroad and had not my grandfather remained there till the end of his days.

My mother was also fond of Europe (with the history of which in general she was more or less well acquainted), and she thought, as did my grandfather, that her sons' education would be a broader one if continued in Europe, than if they had remained at home.

We were all to have sailed together in the month of December, 1865, with two of my Ridgely cousins, John the present owner of Hampton, and his younger brother Charles, in the steamship 'Scotia' - the last paddle-wheeler of the Cunard Line, which was then very popular. But Charles Ridgely and I caught the measles, and were obliged to remain at Hampton, until we got over that disease. So that it was decided to leave us behind with my grandfather, while the rest of the party should sail as arranged, and remain in London until we should join them. I was thereby enabled to pass the last Christmas (of my life, I imagine) certainly for sixty years, which I should ever spend at Hampton, as we sailed two days afterward from New York in the Cunard steamship Java, known then and for the remaining years of her service as the 'Jumping Java', because of her extreme unsteadiness at sea.

I little realized that that Christmas was the last occasion on which I should ever see my Ridgely grandparents, as my grandfather failed rapidly and died during the following summer. My grandmother did likewise in 1867, and I remember, when the news of her death reached us in Paris by letter, there being then no cable across the ocean, how depressed I felt at the realization that the Hampton that I knew and in which I felt as though I had a certain right to live as a grandson of the house had come to an end, and that however agreeable it might be in the future under the regime of my uncle and aunt, it could never be the same for me, and it never was. At that time the great Paris exhibition of 1867 was in full swing, and I had a season ticket, which enabled me to go

there whenever I felt so disposed. Curiously enough, upon hearing of my grandmother's death I went there, and sat for a couple of hours in one of the numerous pagodas or summer houses, which were in the grounds of that wonderful international spectacle, and I pondered fondly over the past which had come to an end, and wondered what my future would be. Not that I ever gave myself any particular concern on that subject then or at any other time, having been always much more interested in human nature and in what others were doing, than in myself.

To return however, to our European trip, my grandfather White and Charles Ridgely the younger joined my mother, her husband, and my younger brother and John Ridgely at No. 7, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, London, where we remained for two or three months, and then went to Paris. During our stay in London we used to walk about a good deal with my grandfather, who knew the city pretty well, and was able to show us many of the great private houses, public buildings, and other objects of interest. He had come abroad early in his life, and had even been on the field of Waterloo about two months after the battle. His account of that experience, and of many of the officers who took part therein, and whose descendants were still living, was exceedingly interesting. We frequently walked past Apsley House, which was presented by the British Nation to the Duke of Wellington, at which in after years during my long connection with our legation and (subsequently Embassy) I was to be an occasional guest of the third Duke and his wife; whereof however, more hereafter. It is not improbable that the

realization that the History of England and our own were the same up to 1776, and that there was far more in common between the two countries, than between America and any other, was then implanted in my mind. The London of that day was considerably different from the same city even a few years after.

The rules of society, that is of the Victorian Epoch, were but little relaxed; no ladies ever drove in hansom cabs, nor did they, so far as I can remember, walk much in the streets.

Nearly every lady of any importance went out to dinner in what was known as a chariot - a large two seated carriage swung on C. - Springs, a coachman sitting on a hammercloth on the sides of which the family arms or coronet or crest were emblazoned, and one or more footmen standing up behind.

In the month of March, 1866, we all went to Paris, and I shall never forget my chagrin upon landing at Boulogne, whither we had crossed from Folkestone, at discovering that I was unable to understand a word of French - as spoken by the natives of that country, and especially the conductor of the train, the porters, ect. Ever since learning French as a child of seven, I had spoken it with my mother, and supposed that I was fairly proficient in that language, but the intonation and the accent which I learned from her were so different from those I heard in France that I was unable to understand the latter. In a few weeks however, that difficulty entirely disappeared, as a result of hearing the French language spoken all the time.

The family took an apartment in the Rue Galilee and after remaining there a few months, were fortunate to obtain a beautiful apartment at No. 5 Rue de Presbourg - one of the twelve houses similar in all respects save size, which surround the Place de l'Etoile, where we spent a happy year, or more, during which, my eldest cousin, John Ridgely and I were sent to a school in what was then the Avenue du Roi de Rome, but after the fall of the Empire, it became and still is the Avenue Kleber. The school, known as the Institution Aubert - Savary, has long since disappeared to make room for apartment houses. It was affiliated with the Lycee Bonaparte, and while there I improved my knowledge of the French language and became quite an adept in French Grammar, besides taking courses in French literature history, geography and other useful branches of knowledge - all of course in the French language, which latter has been of the greatest use to me during my many years of service as a Diplomatist.

My younger brother, Julian, and our cousin Charles Ridgely about his age, went to another school for smaller boys, known as the Institution Sainte Marie, kept by a number of kindly priests. An omnibus used to come and take them to school and bring them home again every day.

Nothing could be more different from the American schools than those of France. There were no ball or other games. The boys were kept at work in the class room nearly all day with only half an hour's interval for what was termed

"recreation", but during which no games were allowed, and only walking about in the recreation yard, which was not very exciting. Most of the boys were of the French bourgeois class, sons of well to do tradesmen in the Rue de la Paix, and there were one or two English pupils, and about as many Americans, one of whom, Aaron Ward, subsequently entered the United States Navy, and died a number of years ago as a retired Admiral. He was full of life, had been brought up a good deal abroad, and married a lady of considerable wealth, whose sister was the wife of Admiral Emory.

My school days in Paris - and indeed the only school days of my life - lasted from the Spring of 1865 until the end of school term 1867, when I remember taking a number of prizes; one of them being for geography, in which I was somewhat proficient especially in the making of maps. At that time, whatever may be the case now, instruction in geography in French Schools, was limited for the most part to geography of France, which was very well taught, and I remember passing an examination on a map of France, without any names, which involved a knowledge of the Prefects eighty-nine in number, a very much larger number of Sous-prefectures; besides all the rivers, railroads, names of the eighty-nine departments, and much else besides. In looking back upon those days, and even my whole life, I do not think that I ever had anything so perfectly pictured upon my brain, as the map of France, as that country was before the loss of Alsace - Lorraine.

1857 was the year of the great International Exhibition and the last of those which presented very distinctive national features of the countries which were there represented. Several members of the family, including myself, obtained season tickets, which included numbered seats in the great building known as the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysees, which had been erected for the first International Exhibition in France, held in the year 1855. The French Emperor, who had until that time, been looked upon more or less as a "parvenu" among the sovereigns of Europe, received visits from all of them, and I well remember seeing the processions of which each of those sovereigns were the center, upon its arrival in Paris.

Among the first were the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, who was by far the handsomest and most distinguished-looking member of a Royal or Imperial House, whom I have ever seen, and at the same time King William of Prussia, who four years later, as a result of the Franco-German war, became the first German Emperor of modern times.

I shall never forget the great scene in the Palais de l'Industrie on the occasion of the distribution of prizes to the exhibitors, which was performed by the Emperor, and of which he made as great a ceremony as possible.

Among his most distinguished guests, were the Sultan of Turkey, the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), and other royal personages, and distinguished men. There was a state procession around the great hall, which involved a walk of

considerable length for the aforesaid personages; but a great cloud was cast over what the Emperor intended to be a joyous occasion, by the news of the execution at Queretaro in Mexico of the Emperor Maximilian, whom Napoleon III had placed upon the throne of that country whereof he had made an empire by the army which he sent to invade it. The tragic termination of that enterprise, which was one of the few serious attempts ever made to defy our Monroe Doctrine, was one of the chief causes of the fall three years later of the second Napoleonic Empire in France. The Emperor had been warned by the United States Government that it would never recognize the Mexican Empire; but the French Emperor believed that the Civil War in America would be won by the South, and thought it safe to defy the warnings of our government. When our Civil War ended, he realized his mistake and was forced to withdraw his troops from Mexico, rather than face a war with the United States, whose army was then very strong, and not yet disbanded. Poor Maximilian could have retired with the French troops, but loyalty to his Mexican adherents prevented him from doing so, and his life was sacrificed as a result.

In the year 1857, although only a little over seventeen years of age, but being as tall as I have been ever since, I began to go into society. In view of the exceptional opportunities which that year afforded for seeing the world, I attended various important functions connected more or less with the Exhibition, and with the visits of the European sovereigns to Paris. The one of

which I have the most distinct recollection as one of the greatest state functions that I have attended, was the great ball given by the Prefect of the Seine, Baron Haussmann, and the Municipality of Paris at the Old Hotel de Ville (which was destroyed by the Commune in 1871) to the Emperor Napoleon, and the two sovereigns who happened to be visiting him at that time, the Russian Emperor, and the King of Prussia. The former was accompanied by Prince Gortschakoff, who was then considered one of the leading statesmen of Europe, and the King by Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, and other eminent Prussians, who were instrumental a few years later, under the guidance of Prince Bismarck, in the foundation of the German Empire. The scene was one of great brilliance, and must have cost the Municipality an enormous sum. Although having no connection with the American legation, I remember, as the carriage in which I slowly approached the Hotel de Ville on the way to the ball, seeing that of General Dix our Minister to France drive swiftly by, and convincing the police who were keeping the slow line in which I was, that I was a part of the general suite. Whereupon he let our carriage pull out of line, and we followed that of the American Minister to the Diplomatic entrance of the great building; thereby reaching the ball probably an hour or more earlier than would have been possible had our carriage remained in the line. The Avenue Victoria, leading up to the Hotel de Ville was brilliantly illuminated, with lights of every color in festoons, huge stars placed at different points, and so was the beautiful facade itself. There were state quadrilles, a state supper for the royalties and distinguished personages in one

of the large rooms of the palace, and I was sufficiently entertained to remain until four o'clock in the morning, long after the day had dawned, when it was impossible to find our carriage, and we had to walk part of the way home. Among the guests of whom I saw a good deal in after life, on that occasion, was Miss Helen Kussel of New York and Newport, who afterwards married Outroy, the French diplomatist; the latter becoming Minister to Washington some years afterwards; also Mr. Beckwith of New York, American Commissioner to the Exhibition, whose daughter, Helen, then known and for many years afterwards by her name of 'Baby Beckwith', a beautiful girl, who remained unmarried for many years, and finally became the wife of the eldest son of Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh Abbey, near Lexington - a title to which he subsequently succeeded.

There was another magnificent ball, of which I have a distinct recollection, at the palace of the Tuileries given by the Emperor and Empress for some of their royal guests; the chief impression left upon me is the marvellous illumination of that portion of the Gardens of the Tuileries reserved for the Imperial family. It was thus that I made my entry into the great world, with which I have been connected more or less ever since.

In the autumn of 1867, it transpired that we could no longer retain the delightful apartment No. 6 de Presbourg - which still (1925) exists - and it then became a question whether it would be most advantageous from an educational point of view for us to spend the following winter at Dresden or Rome. For some

time it seemed as though the former would have been selected, but an American doctor in Paris, - a friend of the family, announced one day that a very alarming disease had broken out there known as the "sneezums" - I can hardly think of it now without laughing - as the story had no foundation whatever, the result was, Dresden was abandoned, and I thereupon lost the chance of attaining proficiency in the German language, Rome having been decided upon, for the winter 1857-8.

We proceeded thither by rail to Nice, and as the line was not then completed to Genoa, and the boat which ran between Nice and Genoa did not seem attractive on a rough sea, we chartered an entire diligence - stage coach - which accomplished the journey by the Corniche Road, in twenty-four hours, starting in the evening.

I sat under the big hood behind the driver, and felt pretty cold during the night watches. As we carried the mail, we had to stop at every town through which we passed. It happened to be a moonlight night, and the views of the Mediterranean at times were very beautiful, as they were throughout the whole of the following day. After remaining a day or two in Genoa, we took the train, via Leghorn and Pisa to Rome direct, arriving late in the evening, and proceeding to the Hotel d'Angleterre, in one of the narrow streets of the Via Condotti. Shortly afterwards we moved to a large and comfortable apartment at No. 42 Via Gregoriana, on the Pincio Hill, whence a superb view was obtained of the city, with the dome of St. Peter's in the

distance, and the many other towers, obelisks, and the distant hills across the Tiber which are the glories of Rome.

We remained there more than six months, and I do not think that I have ever known a city at home or abroad as thoroughly as I got to know the Rome of that day, probably owing to the fact that I explored it on foot. Towards Spring, probably as a result of walking everywhere, and in cold streets, without as the Romans do, putting on a coat when going out of the sun, I got the Roman fever in April, and from that time onward I was not allowed to circulate much on foot. Since then, as a result of drainage, the clearing out of unhealthy spots in various parts of the city, etc., Rome has become as healthy a place of residence as any other city, and Roman fever, from which so many English and Americans died during the first half of the nineteenth century, has not been heard of for many years.

I have the happiest recollections of that winter and spring in Rome, which was then and remained for three years longer under the dominion of the Pope. Its customs were much the same as they had been for centuries; the Cardinals drove about daily in scarlet state Chariots, and usually got out to walk on the Pincio or some other garden, being followed by the footmen who stood behind their carriages, when their masters were driving. The Pope occasionally was the center of a great procession more or less mediæval in its features; many of those participating therein being arrayed in costumes of the 15th century, and the procession itself being headed by an important functionary, whose name I forget,

mounted on a mule, gaily caparisoned in its harness and ornamentation of its bridle.

At that time Miss Emily Harper, a member of one of the old Roman Catholic families of Maryland, and a friend of my family's was in Rome, and through her I was brought in contact with many shining lights of the Vatican; among them Cardinal Antonelli the very astute papal Secretary of State, who was an exceedingly interesting character, and was at that time engaged for the most part in the endeavor to ward off the impending absorption of the Papal States by the newly formed Kingdom of Italy, which came to pass three years later, as a result of the Franco-Prussian War. As a result of Miss Harper's influence with the Vatican authorities, I attended with her all manner of interesting ceremonies - many of them more or less private, in the Sistine chapel, and in many of the churches - some of them little known - of Rome. My cousins and I were often accompanied by Miss Fanny Lyman, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lyman, at that time Rector of the American Episcopal Church in Rome (whose brother incidentally was a well known and highly respected Roman Catholic priest in Baltimore) and by other friends and contemporaries of ours at that time in Rome.

Dr. Lyman subsequently became Bishop of North Carolina and his daughter married a member of Congress from that State, but died not very long afterwards to my regret. Her father was very keen about making expeditions, and I remember particularly one which we made with him and a party of friends to Tivoli. He was especially good at catering on those occasions, and I can

remember now the lusciousness with which he ate - as indeed we all did - the toothsome dishes which he succeeded in causing the cook of the quaint and otherwise not comfortable inn at Tivoli to produce.

We also made a number of excursions with the British archaeological Society to many sites in the neighborhood of Rome, lunching usually at one of the large villas not far from the place we were to visit. My appetite was particularly good on those occasions and I am afraid that I have a better recollection of the admirable cold lunches than of the archaeological interest of those occasions.

In those days the Baths of Caracalla were a favorite ruin, and certain parts of what remained of the vast structure were more accessible than I found them to be upon returning to Rome thirty-seven years afterwards. I must have had a very steady head, not at all addicted to giddiness, as I used to climb up by ruined staircases to what then remained of some of the vaulting and jump across openings therein from one ruin to another. I often wonder now that I did not fall to the ground in performing one of those feats.

We had an audience with the Pope, Pius IX, whose reign lasted for many years longer, and was I believe the longest in the history of the papacy. The Pope had a kindly and benevolent face; but his knowledge of America was somewhat limited, as I remember his asking after the health of one or two public men who had been removed to another sphere several years previously.

Whereby, I am somewhat reminded of the disappointment expressed this year (1925) by the daughter of the Governor of New York, on her return from Rome where she had an audience with the present Pope Pius XI, because he had never heard of her father. Incidentally the present Pope, (who is a man of considerable erudition and distinction, and was in his younger days a great mountain climber) was the papal representative to Poland at the same time that Jack (my son), was charge d'affaires at Warsaw. The latter has since told me that, at a critical moment in the history of the new Polish Republic, when the armies of Bolshevik Russia had invaded Poland, (being within twenty kilometers of the capital) there were numerous meetings of the Diplomatic Party at the Papal Legation, the Papal Representative being the dean thereof, with a view to deciding on the steps which should be taken in the event of the capture of Warsaw by the invading forces.

Upon leaving Rome, which I remember we did, with very great regret and with the happiest memories of our delightful sojourn there, we all went to Florence for a short stay, and there we saw for the first time King Victor Emmanuel, originally King of Piedmont, under whom Italy had then been united, with the exception of the Papal States. The King's appearance was anything but pleasing, and I shall never forget it. He was very bloated, and his complexion a bluish gray; but he was driving in a beautifully turned out victoria in the Cassino, to which I had often been taken as a child ten years before, during the winter

when my mother with her children came to Florence.

The capital of Italy had then been removed temporarily from Turin, which had been the capital of the kingdom of Piedmont (or of Sardinia, as it was sometimes called) to Florence, until the Italians should get possession of Rome. Instead of being the quiet city, which it had been as the capital of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany when we were there ten years before, Florence had completely changed. The old walls had disappeared to make way for broad boulevards, and a vast population for which the city was unfitted, had been crowded into it - a situation which only lasted until 1870, when the capital was removed to Rome, which has been that of Italy ever since.

After leaving Florence, I went with my step-father for a trip through Germany, while my mother, grandfather, and brother (the Ridgely boys having been sent for by their parents while we were in Rome and taken home by their cousin, Harry Howard) went straight to Paris. My step-father and I spent a week at Vienna, and then went to Dresden, where we found the Rev. Dr. Lyman of Rome and his family, and made numerous expeditions to the places of interest in Dresden, and by boat on the River Elbe to "Saxon Switzerland". Thence we proceeded to Berlin which at that time retained the characteristics of a provincial capital. The custom at the hotels was to dine at a table d'hôte at one o'clock, the proprietor of the hotel sitting at the head of the table, and having on his right and left the guests who had been staying there for

the longest time.

From Berlin we went to Cologne, Brussels, and back to Paris, rejoining there the other members of the family.

Shortly afterwards (the early autumn of 1868), the Revolution took place in Spain, as the result of which Queen Isabella II was dethroned and exiled, and a provisional government proclaimed, with Marshall Prim at its head. General Sickles was at that time the American Minister to Spain, and I have a distinct recollection of a picture which appeared of him in the Illustrated London News, ascending on crutches, (he had lost a leg in the Civil War) accompanied by the Secretary of the Legation, a very high flight of steps, leading to a public building on his way to recognize officially the new Spanish Government, in behalf of that of the United States. The Secretary of the Legation happened to be John Hay, who had been Assistant Secretary to President Lincoln during the War, and was many years afterwards to be one of my chiefs in London as Ambassador to Great Britain; he died in the early part of this century as Secretary of State, which he had been under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

In the autumn of 1868, my mother, step-father, and baby half brother (whose birth in Paris on the 1st of February, 1867, I omitted to mention at the proper place) sailed for America aboard the Steamship Scotia (previously referred to as the last of the Cunard paddle steamers) on the third of October. My grandfather, brother and I accompanied them to Liverpool, and then went to pay a visit to John Russell Buckler, a distant connection of my step-father,

and his family, at Stroud in Gloucestershire, whence we proceeded to Paris, and remained there for the winter. We were provided with a quaint old tutor by the name of Strother Ancrum Smith, a fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. He was a learned man, both in classics and mathematics, but had an extraordinary number of queer mannerisms from which I used to derive a good deal of amusement. He was fond among other things of studying the heavens, and I can remember now his queer old face, with a single eye glass, peering out of windows at the heavens. He was also fond of chemistry, and used to try a few elementary experiments with crucibles, etc., in the kitchen of our apartment. But I am afraid that my brother and I derived more amusement than learning from his instructions. On the whole, however, we spent a pleasant winter, being provided with bicycles of the old wooden-wheel type, with a single spring on which the saddle was placed, running from an iron fixture over the hind wheel to a similar fixture over the front wheel, into which the handle-bar was inserted. There were a number of American families in Paris that winter - among them Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rush and their daughters, in the same house with us, of whom I saw a good deal, and the two daughters, Cassie and Mary, became life long friends. In May of 1869 I returned to America for the first time since our departure thence in January 1866, and after spending a few pleasant weeks at Hampton and paying a few visits to other friends and relations, I returned to Europe with my mother, step-father and half-brother to join my grandfather and

younger brother in Europe.

Not long after our arrival in Paris, we took an unfurnished apartment at No. 11 Rue de Tilsitt, and began to settle down to a more protracted existence in Paris, my grandfather having begun by that time to show signs of an aversion to returning home. This was the beginning of a residence of my family in Paris, which lasted until my grandfather's death at the end of the year 1882.

The French Empire, although apparently still in its vigor, was gradually tottering to its fall, which took place in the year 1870. Early in that year, the Emperor had been induced to grant a considerable extension of freedom of the press, and show other signs of liberalism, of which the chief indication was the appointment for the first time in the history of the second empire, of a more or less Liberal Ministry, headed by M. Emile Ollivier, who up to that time had been an opponent of the Imperial government in the Chamber of Deputies, but was induced by the persuasive powers of the Emperor, to undertake the task with a view, or rather in the hope of being able to found a constitutional government by means of which the Empire could be permanently established. Unfortunately in that ministry, the portfolio of foreign affairs was assigned to the Duc de Gramont as a result of whose weakness and incompetency the Franco - German War came to pass in the middle of the year 1870.

The history of that period has been so fully written that I need not dwell upon it, but in later years, when I was Ambassador to France, Mr. Ollivier was still living, and I had many interesting talks with him, on the events of that disastrous year for France, and for himself personally, as he was always blamed by his fellow countrymen for the disasters which befell them in 1870.

He had the firm conviction that, but for the war of 1870 the constitutional form of government might have been established under the Empire, and would have been on the whole the best thing for France. I remember his giving me a graphic description of the way in which the war was brought on, as he believed by the Empress and the Duc de Gramont between them.

The question at issue, as every one knows, was the candidacy of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern - Sigmaringen, for the throne of Spain, which Bismarck had been urging in behalf of the German government, but which had been finally withdrawn. Mr. Ollivier assured me, and such I think was the general opinion at the time, that the withdrawal of Prince Leopold's candidacy closed the incident, and all danger of war had been averted. He described to me in graphic terms his horror, when taking a walk one Sunday evening, at that period, and dropping in by mere chance at the Foreign Office to see if there was any interesting foreign news there, at hearing from the Duc that he had been to St. Cloud that afternoon, and had been ordered

by the Emperor to send a telegram to Berlin, which he had done, demanding that in addition to the withdrawal of the candidacy of the Prince of Hohenzollern - Sigmaringen, a guarantee should be given by the German government that at no future time would the renewal of his candidacy or of that of any other German Prince for the throne of Spain, be renewed. Although at the time M. Ollivier made this statement to me (1908 or 1909) nearly forty years had elapsed since the events which he was describing; the horror and vividness with which he described the effect upon his mind of what the Duc de Gramont told him that Sunday evening, seemed to me as real as though it had occurred within a recent period. Not only it seems had the Foreign Minister been told to send the telegram in question, but a special messenger had been sent to the Quai d'Orsay, at seven o'clock in the evening to ascertain whether the order had been carried out. Mr. Ollivier said of course he recognized as a result of this indescribable folly that war was inevitable, and that the plans which he had formed and believed he could have carried out for the remodeling of the French government on a liberal basis, were bound to fail. What happened thereafter is so well known that I need not say anything further on the subject, and my reason for mentioning the war of 1870 at all is because of my talks with the man who had been Prime Minister of France at the time, but who had no hand, as I shall always believe, in bringing it on.

In this connection, it may be of interest to mention a meeting which I brought about at luncheon at the Embassy at

that time between M. Ollivier and our own John Bigelow. Mr. Bigelow had been American Minister to France in the middle sixties of the last century, and had known Mr. Ollivier, when he was the active opponent of the Empire, and they had apparently been great friends. The latter was still in opposition when Mr. Bigelow retired from our legation at Paris, and returned home in 1866 or 67. They had never met since, and I asked them both to lunch alone with me as previously stated. I greatly regret not to have made notes of the talk between these two interesting men of conditions in France and elsewhere forty years before; but there is one remark that has remained with me ever since, made by Mr. Bigelow as we were leaving the dining room. Mr. Ollivier who was quite deaf, was walking just ahead of us, when Mr. Bigelow said to me: "Ollivier has just remarked that the Emperor Napoleon was a great gentleman. He may have been that from certain points of view, but all that I can say is he was the damndest liar that I ever came across".

It will be remembered that it was Mr. Bigelow who, as Minister to France at the close of our Civil War, forced the withdrawal by the French government of the French troops in Mexico, thereby causing the fall of the Imperial Government which the Emperor had set up in that country under Maximilian, a younger brother of the Emperor of Austria.

A further circumstance in connection with Mr. Bigelow,

may be mentioned here. He was in the habit of coming to Europe and to France, during the later years of his life, and attended the Fourth of July reception at the Embassy in 1906, which was given by his successor, myself. His presence was remarkable for the fact that over forty years had elapsed since he had been the representative of our country in France, and I doubt whether there is any precedent for the attendance of a former diplomatic representative of any country at an entertainment given by his successor in the same country after an interval of that length of time. I had a real admiration for Mr. Bigelow, who was a fine old specimen of a patriot, and his memoirs, which appeared not long after his death, were well worth reading, from a historical point of view particularly.

It may be as well stated here that I had reached the age of nineteen years, without giving the slightest thought to any future career, or being as far as I can remember, in any way interested in myself, except with a view to getting as much enjoyment out of life as possible, which I did then, and I think have done ever since, more or less. In those days the idea of "service" was not generally entertained, and I had been brought up by my grandfather and my mother to feel that if a man were a "gentleman" and was fortunate enough to have the prospect of inheriting an income sufficiently large to enable him to live comfortably, even if not luxuriously in any country, he need not concern himself with any public work, or any other kind of work. And my brother and I were always told that such would be our

condition. While we were in Rome, the then head master of Uppingham School in England, the Rev. T. E. Rowe, whose wife was a distant connection of my stepfather's, happened to be there also, and, realizing the lack of aspiration which we had in regard to any profession or work for the future, he strongly advised our going to the University of Cambridge in England. My mother had always a great objection to universities in general, of which it is fair to state that she had no knowledge or experience except that her brother went to Harvard, where she said that he learned nothing but to smoke, and might have learned to drink, only fortunately he was not inclined that way. It is also fair to add, that it was not considered as indispensable as it is now, for young men of good family and position in our country to go to a university, as it has since become.

However, as the result of the persuasion of the Rev. Mr. Rowe the head master aforesaid, she consented, and my grandfather acquiesced to opening negotiations with one of the Tutors of Trinity College, Cambridge, with a view to my entrance there one or two years later.

Meanwhile, however, having begun to "go out" in society in Paris during the following winter, and especially the winter after, which was probably very bad for me - the late hours at least - I began to show signs of getting into a delicate state of health, and it was decided that the project of going to Cambridge should be abandoned.

My father had at an early age, gone into what was then described as a "decline", from which he had died, and my mother and grandfather greatly feared that I might do likewise.

Meanwhile, and notwithstanding the symptoms in question, I remember very much enjoying the winter of 1868 -70, and particularly the extraordinary brilliancy of the Spring of the latter year in Paris.

Then came the war of 1870, which broke out during our residence at the Maison Barbentane, the place we had taken at Trouville on the Coast of Normandy.

While the war was in progress a Revolution took place and the Emperor was deposed, as a result of which the Empress (whom he had made Regent of France, during his absence at the seat of war) was obliged to take flight, and was conducted by Dr. Evans, the American Dentist, in his private carriage from Paris to Trouville. In the harbor of Trouville, there was at that time a yacht owned by Sir John Burgoyne, an English baronet, on which I happened to be taking tea in the afternoon of the day on which, late in the evening the Empress and Dr. Evans arrived at Trouville, of which circumstances I of course had no knowledge when aboard the 'Gazelle'. The next morning which was very stormy, I happened to get up early and to look out of my window, which faced the sea, and to my great surprise, as a heavy gale was blowing at the time, I saw the yacht on which I had been the previous evening, sailing out to sea between the wooden piers, which ran out for some distance on either side of the channel.

I was the more surprised as Sir John Burgoyne had told me that they proposed remaining for some days at Trouville, and it struck me strange that they should change their mind so suddenly, especially in view of the gale which was blowing at the time. The yacht was a yawl, and not a large one either, so that my astonishment can be easily understood. However I thought no more of the matter, until three or four days later when the London Times arrived with a telegram from its correspondent, at Hyde, Isle of Wight, saying that the "Caselle" had arrived there the evening before, with the Empress Eugenie on board, after a very stormy passage. It then transpired that I had been a witness of the departure of that august person from France. It seems that Sir John Burgoyne had been induced to take on board, and to face the dangers of the Channel, owing to a fear that unless the Empress could be got out of France immediately, she would have been arrested, and perhaps harm might have been befallen her, as the prejudice against her in view of the alleged sinister influence which she was supposed to exercise on the Emperor, was very strong.

In those days there used to be - and I believe there still is a boat running every day between Havre and Trouville, and it was frequently used during that autumn by Americans and others who were leaving France because of the war. I used frequently to watch the departure of those boats, and to meet friends of mine on their way to England via Havre, whence they should obtain a night boat to Southampton.

Among those passengers, I well remember Mrs. Jerome of New York, who was then living in Paris, and her three daughters, the second of whom married a few years later, Lord Randolph Churchill, and entered upon a career in England, which is well known. She was greatly admired and had a large circle of friends; her husband subsequently becoming a Cabinet Minister, and both of them being well known in London Society; especially in what was known as the "Prince of Wales" or the "Marlborough House set".

Throughout those autumn months (1870) the news of a series of disasters to the French armies arrived in rapid succession; but I remember an interesting incident, characteristic of the French, which took place at the Beauville races of that year, near Trouville. I attended them on horseback, riding a delightful grey mare, named Fanny, which my grandfather had bought in England a couple of years before, for me to ride in Paris. After one or two races had been run, there was a sudden pause in the proceedings, and eventually a considerable amount of shouting and excitement, to which my attention was first called when I happened to be at almost the farthest point of the race-course from the grandstand. I galloped across the course, and found that the excitement was caused by a rumor which had just reached the grandstand, to the effect that Marshal MacMahon had captured the Crown Prince of Prussia, and 20,000 prisoners, an event which if true meant a turning in the tide of the war, and possible victory for the French Army. The racing must have been

suspended for more than an hour while the shouting went on, and during that time I rode back hastily to Trouville, to see whether any news such as had been circulating on the race course, had been received there. I found that nothing whatever had been heard of it, and, as the Casino was the place at which all news telegrams - which by the by were very few in number in those days in France - were posted, there was little probability of the reports being true. However, I communicated what I had heard to a comparatively small number of members of the Casino, who were then not at the races, and they also indulged in a considerable outburst of applause. Nothing further was heard on the subject during the remainder of that day, but the enthusiasm on the day before was considerably crushed the next morning by the report of a further Prussian victory.

It was not long after that incident that the Emperor Napoleon III and a large army surrendered at Sedan - an event soon followed by the fall of the Empire, one of the results of which was the flight of the Empress and her abrupt departure in the midst of a raging storm on Sir John Burgoyne's yacht the "Gazelle", which I have previously described.

We remained until quite late in the autumn at Trouville, and I used to ride for considerable distances over the country, in which so far little or no evidence appeared of any war, except that every once in a while I would come across ditches which had been dug across roads and covered by temporary boarding which could be removed quickly with a view to stopping the advance

of a hostile army.

Eventually we all took the boat from Trouville to Havre and sailed thence for Southampton, from which place we proceeded to Torquay, on the south coast of Devonshire, where my uncle Charles Higely, his wife and family, who had decided to take a year's trip abroad, joined us, and we formed quite a large party. It was at Torquay that I first went out hunting, and incidentally managed to run a stake into the leg of my unfortunate mare, Fanny. Being almost a thoroughbred, she was wholly unfitted for that country of high banks and ditches, and after trying this sport a few times there, we all went to Leamington in Warwickshire, which was then and still is one of the centers of fox hunting. My uncle and I used to hire horses and go out frequently to the Warwickshire and North Warwickshire towns, and it was during that winter (1870-1) that I acquired a taste for hunting, which I was fortunately able to indulge during the following eight winters at a better place still for the purpose, to wit: Market Harborough, in Leicestershire from which the Pychley, the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and Mr. Taylby's (shortly afterwards changed to Mr. Fernie's) hounds could all be reached.

My brother and I took a hunting box at Harborough in the autumn of 1871 and were joined before the expiration of the first season by our second cousin, John Steward and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. James H. Jones of New York, and a sister of Mrs. Newbold Morris. Mrs. Jones had died at Lenox during the

autumn of 1871, and the Stewards came abroad shortly after.

I have previously mentioned why I did not go to a university, or "to College", as it was then usually called in this country. My brother Julian had, however, gone to Trinity College, Cambridge (England), and his first term was about to close there. He thereupon joined me at Market Harborough. I had always been fond of riding, from my early childhood, when I used to be taken out on a pillow placed over the pommel of the saddle on which one of the grooms at Hampton was riding, and I had preserved my fondness for it always. My brother, on the other hand, never cared much about riding until he left Cambridge, when he with great courage, went out hunting with me, having little or no "seat" on a horse; the result being that he began by falling off at nearly every fence. He stuck to it, however, with a pertinacity worthy of all praise, which was characteristic of his adherence in after life to certain lines of conduct, and to enterprises which he had undertaken, the result being that he acquired not only a firm, but a graceful "seat" and excellent hands, and was able to enjoy the hunting as much as I did. I remember particularly a black horse called "Devonshire", a wonderful jumper, on which my brother looked particularly well in his scarlet coat and white leather breeches, when once "Devonshire's" head had been turned toward the fence, nothing could prevent him from trying to jump it with all his might, in which he was usually successful. I remember the

great surprise of an old friend of ours, Atherton Blight, who happened to pay us a visit at Market Harborough, and whom we mounted on "Devonshire". Blight thought he would have a look at a jump which seemed rather formidable, with no idea of attempting to jump it. "Devonshire", however, thought otherwise, and took a tremendous jump, with a considerable drop over a broad ditch, to the inexpressible surprise of his rider, who had had no previous experience at fox-hunting, but who strangely enough did not fall off.

I have the happiest recollections of those old hunting days; not only of the sport, but of the intimate acquaintance which I was able to obtain of the character and mental attitude of the English people of almost every class.

Fox-hunting in England, unlike the Chasse-a-courre in France, or in any other country as far as I am aware, is almost indigenous to the soil; every one throughout the countryside in which there is hunting being interested in it. The meets of the hounds in the different villages were usually occasions for the coming together of all classes, either on horseback, in carriages - sometimes even on donkeys, and the great majority of course, on foot. When the hounds would move off to covert, they would be followed by this crowd of people, those on foot, especially in villages which happened to contain a factory of any sort, being particularly enthusiastic and excitable, and, if the covert happened to be within a mile or two of the meet, they would often in their enthusiasm

prevent the fox from getting away, and thereby spoil the sport. In those days, it was absolutely indispensable for an aspirant for election to Parliament, and also for members of the House of Commons for such constituencies to appear from time to time in the hunting field, in order to be "sized up" by the local people, and his election would not infrequently depend upon the impression produced under those circumstances by the candidate.

The hunting field, as I soon realized, is a wonderful place of training of character, good manners, good temper, and coolness of judgment, and it has played a very important part in the development of those qualities in the statesmen and military - not infrequently also even the Naval men of England.

In my case, the nine winters of fox hunting were the best preparation which I could have had for the twenty-one years of Diplomacy of which I was subsequently (although I little knew it at the time) to have experience in England; not only because of the opportunities previously described for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the workings of the minds of the different classes, but also for those afforded me of meeting many of the leading men of the period, and also of those who became more or less prominent, politically or otherwise, during the years which were to follow, of my long residence at London.

There were a number of interesting country places within reach, at which we used to be asked from time to time to stay, either for hunting or for shooting, although it was not essentially

a "shooting" country. The first of those country seats which I remember visiting was Lamport Hall, about eleven miles from Market Harborough, whose owner at that time was Sir Charles Isham, a baronet of advanced years who was eminently, kindly and hospitable, but of a peculiar turn of mind. He had erected a great rockwork in the corner of the garden at Lamport, and had placed various parts thereof, and of the caves which he constructed therein, small figures of gnomes, to which he attributed various powers and which he used to go and talk to, as he fancied, from time to time. Dear old Lady Isham was eminently practical, on the other hand, and particularly desirous of encouraging fox hunting, which Sir Charles really detested, and I have frequently seen him, after she had taken him out to the meet, and gotten him on to his horse, galloping home at a furious rate, after he had got out of her sight, to escape from following the hounds, and not infrequently to confer with his gnomes. They had no son, but two attractive daughters, the younger of whom known as Emmie, became from the time of that visit onwards, a great friend of mine, and eventually married the eldest son of (who became on the death of his father the) McLeod of McLeod, of Dunvegan Castle in the Island of Skye. She was very shy, but had a considerable sense of humor. There were numerous things of interest connected with the past at Lamport Hall and I remember one of them very particularly, viz: the newspaper published in London a day or two after the execution of King Charles I, and giving an account (which I read with the greatest interest, as may be imagined) of that tragic occurrence.

The little news-sheet, (as it was called, when printed) was carefully framed between two glasses, and has been preserved in that condition for many years. It struck my eye, when coming down to breakfast the first morning after my arrival, which must have been just 222 or 223 years after its publication. It was in excellent condition.

Other country seats within reach of Market Harborough, of which I have happy memories, in connection with their owners, and with visits, were Althorp, the beautiful seat of Earl Spencer; Rockingham Castle, the ancestral home of the Watsons; Cottesbrooke, that of the Langhams; Barley Thorpe, near Oakham; Burley - on - the - Hill, the former Lord Lonsdale's hunting-box, a large country house with stabling for a hundred horses, the latter that of Mr. Finch, a descendant of Lord Chancellor Hatton. Lord and Lady Spencer were splendid specimens of their class, simple and charming in manner, and she very handsome. He had just returned when I first went to Leicestershire, from a successful term as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was greatly admired and beloved by the large body of tenantry of his extensive estate.

Of the Watsons of Rockingham I became very fond, and they remained good friends of mine until their premature death not very many years afterwards. Unfortunately neither they nor Lord and Lady Spencer had any children, and those two beautiful and historic places have long since passed into the hands of collateral descendants, although they fortunately remained in the hands of the respective families.

I ought to have mentioned in its proper place, which is just before my fox-hunting career began, my first experience at Oxford. Two friends and contemporaries of mine, John Gittings and his cousin, George Williams of Baltimore, were undergraduates of that university at the time that we went to England during the Franco-Prussian War, and when we were at Leamington, (April, 1871) an hour from Oxford by train, they asked me to visit them at St. John's College, which I did. I knew nothing of the theory and still less of the actual life at Oxford or Cambridge, and I shall never forget the indelible impression of charm, and of historical and intellectual interest which my stay of a few days with those friends in St. John's College, left upon me. It is now more than 55 years since that visit, and I seem to remember almost every detail. At that time Oxford had not been very much changed from what it was for a hundred or more years before; but the interesting talk in the Common Room of the colleges after dinner, the beautiful services in the College Chapels, the boating on the Isis, the semi-monastic character of residence in the old rooms of the colleges, and much else besides which it would take too long to describe, have left in my mind a sense of charm, which will probably remain throughout my life. Incidentally, I made a number of friends - notably Frederick de Saussure, of the Island of Guernsey where his family had been settled for centuries, who was at that time an under-graduate of Pembroke College. He has been a devoted friend to me ever since those days, although circum-

stances have not been such as to admit of our meeting very frequently, but we have corresponded from time to time, and still do so. He was for many years afterwards an Inspector of Schools, under the British Board of Education, and I believe did excellent work in that capacity. Two American friends of mine were undergraduates at the time at Christ Church, Allen Rice and Lloyd Bruce, and I partook of a meal or two in their rooms with them. Rice became subsequently Editor of the North American Review, and was curiously enough succeeded in that position by Bryce. Rice died many years ago (of pneumonia, I think), just after having been appointed Minister to Russia. Bryce survived him many years, and curiously enough, like Rice, was also for a short time a Minister plenipotentiary - to Belgium. Through them I met several undergraduates at Christ Church, who afterwards became friends of mine in England. Among them, Maurice de Bunsen, afterwards one of the ushers at my wedding, and the sixth Lord Londonderry, at that time known as Lord Benham, (whose father Earl Vane, succeeded, upon the death of the fourth Lord Londonderry, to that title whereupon Lord Benham assumed the courtesy title of Lord Castlereagh, eventually succeeding to the Marquisate himself). He was a fine fellow, whose domestic life was far from happy with the beautiful daughter of Lord Shrewsbury, who survived him for a considerable number of years, and was rather a trial in her old days, from all that I have heard, both to her son, the present Lord Londonderry, and to her daughter and son-in-law Lord and Lady Ilchester. I knew her in later years during my residence in London.

In connection with Christ Church, I ought to mention the Dean and Mrs. Liddell. She had the reputation of making strenuous efforts, which I am afraid were not very successful to make use of the Deanery, - or rather its hospitality, as a means of attracting the under-graduates, known as "Desirable" from a matrimonial point of view, in the hope of making what are known as "good matches" for her daughters, of whom there were several. Christ Church was the college to which the greater number of eldest sons of peers, or men of wealth, went as under-graduates, and Mrs. Liddell's opportunities were very considerable, along the lines mentioned. Unfortunately for her, she became too well known as a "designing ~~mama~~", and the only case in which she seemed to be successful was, the engagement between one of her daughters and Aubrey Harcourt, afterwards, a good friend of mine, the only son of Colonel Harcourt of Nuneham Park, a few miles below Oxford on the River. Alas, the poor girl died before the marriage could take place, and Aubrey Harcourt, who lived for many years afterwards and succeeded his father in the ownership of Nuneham, never married. When he died, it was found that he had left the estate to his uncle, the well known Sir William Harcourt, also a good friend of mine, together with Harcourt House in Cavendish Square, which had been rented for many years to the eccentric Duke of Portland, who never would allow himself to be seen by any one. Sir William had been instrumental, a few years before he became the possessor of the fortune which his nephew had left him, in passing through

Parliament an Act establishing what has since become known as the famous Death Duties - i.e. a tax or rather taxes, on inherited estates, which pressed very heavily upon those inheriting landed property. A very strong antagonism arose in that class against Sir William, and it was felt by many of them, and with no little satisfaction when he succeeded to the ownership of Nuneham, that he had been "hoist with his own petard", and that it served him right. Sir William lived hardly more than a year to enjoy his possessions, and upon his death, they devolved upon his sons, known by all his friends as "Loulou Harcourt" who was subsequently created as a result of having served in more than one Cabinet, Viscount Harcourt.

There is nothing very particular to record of the nine years between the time that I began to hunt in England and the date of my marriage in 1879. As far as I remember it was a period of perfect enjoyment without any cares or responsibilities worth mentioning; from the early days of November until the latter part of March, my brother and I and our cousins Mr. & Mrs. Steward occupied the hunting box at Market Harborough, I making frequent trips to Paris, where my grandfather and mother were living at No. 2 Rue de Presbourg (the last house at the top of the Champs Elysees, standing by itself on the left hand side and surrounded by the Place d'Etoile, the Avenue Marceau), besides the two streets previously mentioned. Whenever there was a frost, and hunting became impossible, my brother and I usually took the train to Paris, and

remained there until the frost disappeared. He also spent two or three weeks with the family at Christmas, and whenever we went there, there were usually balls and dinner parties, evening at the theatre, and friends innumerable to visit, whereby the time passed with great swiftness.

During my spare time in Paris, I occupied myself a good deal with the foundation and erection of the New American (Episcopal) Church, which still remains, and has long since proved its usefulness in the Avenue de l'Alma (changed after the war to the Avenue Georges V).

My original connection with this work was based upon a desire to help the Rector, the Reverend John B. Morgan of the old American church in the Rue Bayard, which had become too small for the congregation. He had for some time been receiving promises of gifts of various sources for the erection of a new church, but was unable to induce the Vestry which was largely under the influence of Dr. Evans (brother of the dentist Dr. Thomas W. Evans, previously referred to) who was getting on in years, and disliked the idea of making any efforts or changing what seemed to him the excellent condition of the church as it then was, and to which he had long been accustomed. It therefore seemed to me that the only way to bring about a change was to turn out the Vestry when the next annual election day arrived. The Vestry had been in the habit of reelecting themselves, on every Easter Monday, no one in the congregation being apparently interested in the matter, and it was

assumed by that body that on the particular Easter Monday, upon which I conceived the idea of making a change, the perfunctory election would take place, as in previous years.

Some little time before I consulted privately with a few friends who shared my desire for the erection of a new church, and thought that the Rector's efforts in raising funds for that object should be encouraged, to join me in voting for another set of Wardens and Vestrymen, a plan, which was duly carried out.

To the infinite surprise of Dr. Evans, and one or two other of the old Vestry, who were quietly superintending the election, or rather voting themselves in again for another year, about fifteen or twenty pew holders appeared, and voted for a new Vestry. I forget the names of the eight men selected; two Wardens and six Vestrymen, but I remember that Mr. Richard Henry Lane who happened to be in Paris at that time, author of "Two Years Before the Mast" and an eminent citizen of Massachusetts, was elected Senior Warden, and Mr. Harrison Mithrie, a resident of Paris at that time, was chosen Junior Warden, Mr. Spaulding in charge of the Paris house of Tiffany & Company being one of the Vestry, elected, and I another. Shortly afterwards, a meeting was held of the new Vestry, at which I was appointed Secretary. The Old Vestry, accepted the situation, with the best of grace particularly my predecessor, Secretary of the Vestry, Mr. A. W. Lillie, who was as kind as possible in handing over the records of

the Church to me, and according to every possible information which would be useful in the work of the Secretary to the Vestry. Dr. Evans assumed the position of sad and injured innocence; but after remaining away from the Church for a while, he returned, and eventually, when he realized that the work had assumed serious proportions, he became really interested in it, and did all that he could to help it on. Mr. Lillie lived to a great age, and not only did all that he could to further the erection of the new church but was a leading and useful member until his death, both of the new church, which has long since been completed; and also of the American "Colony" in Paris, and especially of the American Chamber of Commerce in that City. I ought to add that when I returned to Paris in 1907, upon my transfer as Ambassador from Italy to France, there was no one who gave me a more cordial welcome among the American residents of that city, and whom I was more happy to see, still well and strong in spite of his great age, than Mr. Lillie. To my regret I heard of his death only a few years ago.

Thus it was that the beautiful Gothic Church of the Holy Trinity came into existence in Paris. The cornerstone was laid a few years afterwards, and I have a quaint old wood-cut of the ceremony in one of my scrap books.

I have previously referred to the frequent visits which I was able to make to this country during my grandfather's long

residence in Paris, and my hunting seasons in England. One of these visits I remember, particularly well, in 1873, during which, besides the usual pilgrimage to Hampton, I stayed in New York with old Mrs. James H. Jones (nee Schermerhorn), with friends on the Hudson, and with the Chews at their house in Germantown, which dated from before the Revolution, and where, in the ceiling of the bedroom which I occupied, was the mark of a bullet fired into the house during the Battle of Germantown.

One incident of that sojourn at home, which I remember was a day at the New York Races, which were then held at Jerome Park, on what was called the Knickerbocker Club Coach, which was really a coach owned by several members of that newly founded Club, of which I am now (1925) one of the oldest members. Those whom I accompanied on that occasion, were, Mrs. Joe Stone (who was the chaperone) and the Misses Emily Yznaga, Sarah King and Minnie Stevens, who respectively became, afterwards, Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. Frederick Bronson, (in later life and still Mrs. Adrian Iselin) and Mrs. Arthur (afterwards Lady) Paget. The other men,, Thomas Newbold, E. Nicholson Kane, and James H. Jones, brother of Mrs. John Steward, wife of my cousin of that name, to whom I have previously referred, as occupants with me of the hunting - box at Market Harborough,

Neither Miss Yznaga nor Miss Stevens had then been to England, nor consequently begun the remarkable social careers which fell to their lot in after years. Both of them, however, were

supposed at the time, to have an eye on Europe for husbands, and I remember Miss Stevens reproaching me afterwards for not having mentioned more distinctly to her the name of a friend of mine from England who climbed up on the front wheel of the coach to speak to me, and whom I introduced to her, Lord Lewisham (now and for many years past Earl of Larnmouth), as she would have liked to cultivate his acquaintance. Like so many of his compatriots, Lord Lewisham was at that time, rather shy, without very much to say, and Miss Stevens had not found him apparently interesting to talk to, which however, would not have been the case, evidently, if she had known who he was. The party was a very lively one, and although I have been to many race-parties on coaches from country houses in England, since that day, it has left an ineffaceable memory. The only survivors of the party now living are Mrs. Iselin, (at that time Sarah King), Thomas Newbold, and myself.

A few words here about the Knickerbocker Club may not be inappropriate. It was founded in 1872, on a principle not then generally approved, by members of clubs, but which has undoubtedly preserved the Knickerbocker as the most select club in New York, viz: the self perpetuation of the committee by its own members (vacancies thereon being filled by members of the Committee, only, and not, as in most other clubs, by votes of the whole membership of the club).

I remember this principle was very much criticized at

the time, and a number of those whom I knew refused to join the Knickerbocker for that reason, but the wisdom of those who founded the Club on that basis, has been thoroughly justified. I became a member in 1876.

In 1879 - December 3rd - I was married at St. Mark's Church - in - the Bowery, New York, to Margaret Stuyvesant Rutherford, the eldest daughter of Mr. Lewis Morris Rutherford, the astronomer, whose wife was Margaret Chandler. She had been a beautiful woman in her youth, and retained much of it even at the time of my marriage to her daughter, but was in delicate health, and had lost the sight of one eye, and to a considerable extent that of the other, which in no way, however, seemed to modify her vivacity, wit and interest in everything.

At the time of my marriage, the Rutherford family occupied a large brick house on the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street (on the opposite side of which latter were, and still are, St. Mark's Church and its Ancient burial ground). The house had been built by Mr. Peter Stuyvesant, a lineal descendant of the Dutch Governor of that name of New Amsterdam, before that city was captured by the English, and became thereupon New York. My wife's oldest brother had changed his name ^{at a late} from Stuyvesant Rutherford, to Rutherford Stuyvesant, in order to inherit a large part of the fortune of Peter Stuyvesant, his granduncle by marriage; my mother-in-law being a niece of the said Peter's wife, and a favorite niece of his. The old family house was left by Mr.

stay with my brother-in-law, who gave it to his parents.

At that time Second Avenue was still to a considerable extent, though not nearly so much as it had been, a residential quarter, for those in society, but within a few years of the time of my marriage, it was entirely abandoned by society, and the old house is now a hospital (I think) for diseases of women.

Up to the time of my marriage, I had - as previously stated, I think - lived a life of enjoyment, with no thought of doing any serious work, or of making myself useful in the world otherwise than by the cultivation of friendships, and the promotion thereby of good fellowship and good feelings among those by whom I was surrounded, both at home and abroad. But shortly after our marriage my wife, who had an exceptionally interesting mind and a strong sense of public duty, began to talk to me about doing something useful in the world, a matter which we thereupon began to discuss from time to time.

Eventually we came to the conclusion that Diplomacy would be on the whole the best way in which I could serve our Country, especially as she would be able to be of great assistance to me in the pursuit of that profession.

One morning that winter, after we had talked the matter over I remember getting up early and taking a train to Philadelphia, with a view to consulting Mr. John Welsh, a well known banker of that city, and who had been Minister to England, and of whom I had

seen a good deal during my hunting days, as to the best course to pursue if one wanted to take up diplomacy as life work. At that time we had no regular diplomatic service, and secretaryships of legations were usually given to those who had political backing without any particular regard to the qualifications of the appointees for the representation of our country in foreign lands. Mr. Welsh advised me to make it known to my friends that I was prepared to enter the service, and in view of the many I had at that time, in public life, he thought there would be no particular difficulty to my obtaining such an appointment, when a vacancy such as I wished to fill should occur.

My wife and I decided, however, that as long as my grandfather lived, it would not be possible for me to assume any duties or obligations under our Government, owing to the fact that it was necessary for me to share with my brother and our mother in looking after him.

We had intended spending the winter of 1879-80 in New York and Washington, going into the world and extending our acquaintances and friendships of which we both had a large number. But, one month after our marriage, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, died suddenly, and threw the whole family into mourning, thereby preventing us from carrying out our plans for the enjoyment of society, during the winter.

After remaining for nearly three weeks at Tranquillity, Mr. & Mrs. Rutherford's country seat at Warrenford, New Jersey,

we spent Christmas and New Year's with them in the old Second Avenue house, and then went to stay with my brother-in-law, the widower, who was in a terrible state of grief and loneliness. It was not a cheerful way of beginning a married life, but was unavoidable so far as one could see, and we made the best of it. Another inmate of the house at that time was his brother-in-law, Jay Pierrepont, who had just lost his wife, which, of course, notwithstanding the effects of the latter, added to the atmosphere of gloom. Fortunately, our own happiness was so great that no marked impression of gloom is left upon my mind as a result of that stay of two months with my brother-in-law, who was the kindest and best of men, and bore his sorrow with great courage. Towards the end of the month of February, we decided to take a trip to Canada, where, Lord Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, was then Governor-General; the distinction of his position as such being materially enhanced by the presence of his wife, Princess Louise, the fourth daughter of Queen Victoria.

He stayed at Ottawa nearly a week, and enjoyed the hospitality at Government House on several occasions; not only at dinner, but tobogganning and skating with the Governor General, Princess and the Household. The night of our departure for Toronto, the Princess Louise met with a serious accident in her sleigh on the way from Government House to the House of Parliament, to attend the opening ceremony of that body. I forget the details of the accident, but, as far as I remember, the sleigh was upset

and dragged for some distance, and she received bruises, but was not permanently injured. One of the guests at Government House was Earl Grosvenor, oldest son of the first Duke of Westminster, a curious inconsequential overgrown man, who had married not many years before the beautiful lady Sybell Lumley, one of the daughters of Lord Scarborough. Poor Grosvenor, known in his family as Baggy, was a hopeless kind of person for one in his position. He slept nearly all day, getting up usually only in time for dinner, for which he was nearly always late; but had charming manners, was very kindly in his nature, and unfortunately suffered periodically from epileptic fits. Fortunately he died before his father, a few years afterwards.

From Canada, after a brief stay in Montreal, we went to Washington, and spent a week or ten days there at Hornley's Hotel, on the corner of H and 15th Street. It was a favorite place of sojourn, and even of residence, for those public men - Senators and Representatives - who did not happen to have houses of their own, and was kept by a negro by the name of Hornley. Everything as I remember it, was rather primitive, except the food, which was of the best kind of southern cooking, and very much appreciated by all the inmates of the house, which was a former dwelling house, the back building of which had been extended. On the other side of H Street was the house of Mr. L. B. Morton, at that time one of the Members of Congress from New York, who had married not long before Miss Street, and was just entering upon a public career of

importance and considerable distinction. Both Wornley's and the Norton House, had long since disappeared, to make way, the former for a sky-scraper office building, and the latter for the well known Shoreham Hotel. Washington was in those days still, as it had been, from the time of its foundation, very simple and primitive in its ways, social and otherwise. There were very few dinner parties of a formal kind, but a great deal of informal meeting at the houses of certain of the leading people, in the evening, after dinner - usually not by invitation, but friends of the family usually "Dropped in". John Hay was assistant Secretary of State, having not very long been married to Miss Stone, an heiress, of Cleveland, Ohio. She was however, not with him at the time. We saw a certain amount of him, and of the Nortons, of Monsieur Outrey, the French Minister, who had married

; of Sir Edward and Lady Thornton, the British Minister and his wife, and other Diplomats, as well as Senators Edmunds of Vermont, Hale of Maine, Hoar of Massachusetts, and others of importance in the political world. Altogether my recollection of that visit is exceedingly pleasant, and was our first introduction to the political life of this country. From Washington, we returned to my brother-in-law's house in New York, and remained there, until our departure for Europe in May or June to visit my grandfather and mother in Paris.

After spending a few weeks at the Hotel du Rhin, we accompanied my family to a house "Les Fremonts", which they had taken on the top of the hill behind Trouville in Normandy, where we remained

for several months. Before leaving Paris, we decided that as long as my grandfather lived, it would be necessary for us to be more or less in Paris, and we therefore took an apartment at No. 2 Avenue Hoche, where, on the 12th of October, 1880, our daughter Margaret Muriel, was born.

The Avenue Hoche apartment remained our home for the next three years, although we were frequently absent therefrom on visits to this country, and occasionally to England.

During those three years, we formed quite an extensive acquaintance in Paris, among people who were interesting from one point of view or another. The various members of the Rothschild family were very kind to us, and I recall many pleasant evenings spent at dinners in their houses. Barons Alphonse, who owned the house in which Prince Talleyrand lived and died, in the rue St. Florentin, corner of the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the gardens of the Tuileries; Gustave, whose house surrounded by a large garden, was in the Avenue Marigny, opposite the Elysee Palace and Gardens; and Edmond, the three sons of the Baron James, who was a son of the original founder of the family in Frankfort, were all entertaining at that time, and occupying a select position in society. And in addition to them was Baron Nathaniel, originally of the Naples branch of the family, whose wife, a daughter of the head of the Frankfort house of Rothschild, was a lady of singular charm and cleverness. Their beautiful "Hotel" was at the edge of the Parc Monceau, and they also had a beautiful palace at the outskirts of Geneva, overlooking the lake. All these Rothschild houses were full of the most beautiful

works of art, and they entertained at that time the leading members, not only of French society, but of the artistic and literary world. Conversation at which, the French in general are so very good, was always most interesting, and at times of a high order of wit and learning at these entertainments - particularly the small dinners, which were the more attractive, because one was surrounded by everything that is pleasing to the eye from an artistic point of view, as to both works of art and decorations of the room.

We used to see a certain amount in those days of the famous Countess (Melanie) de Fourtales, one of the beauties and intimate friends of the Empress Eugenie, during the French Empire. She had been one of the leaders of society at that time, and remained so - that is of such society as remained after the fall of the Empire - until her death. She had great distinction and charm, and those qualities in my wife, appealed greatly to her. Many pleasant and interesting dinners at the Countess de Fourtales' house in the Rue Tronchet, stand out vividly in my memory.

My wife's cousin, nee Anna Morris, had married the Comte de Montaulnin - a French gentleman of the old school - typical really, in every way and brilliant in conversation, who had done his part in the Franco-Prussian War, and was at that time a Deputy from his Department in the French Parliament. They also used to entertain a good deal, and their parties were very pleasant.

I have especially pleasant recollections of the Spanish Ambassador to France, at that time, the Marquis de Molins and his wife, who were both typical in the best sense of Spaniards of the upper class, and who were at home in their charming Embassy on the Quay d'Orsay, near the Font de la Concorde, every Monday evening, when there was usually dancing and very pleasant assemblage of Paris society. Old Queen Isabella, who had been deposed from the throne of Spain in 1868, and had lived in Paris thereafter, was frequently a guest at those parties, and was a marvel to behold of enormous obesity, and otherwise. Her career as reigning queen is so well known from the time of the famous "Spanish Marriages" devised by King Louis Philippe and his minister Monsieur Guizot, that I need not dwell upon it. It will be remembered that the iniquitous intention of those two distinguished personages was based on the theory that, as a result of the Queen's having no children, the crown of Spain should pass eventually, to the King's son, the Duc de Montpensier and his wife, the younger sister of Queen Isabella. The latter, however, completely foiled their intentions, and led a life which was not an example of the highest morality; besides being a victim of endless revolutions, the last of which, under Marshal Prim, two years before the fall of the French Empire, resulted in her permanent expulsion from Spain, although the crown afterwards reverted to her son, and upon his death, to his grandson, upon whose head it still rests, however insecurely.

We used also to see a certain amount of the German Ambassador to France, at that time, Prince Hohenlohe, and were

frequently guests at the Embassy in the Rue de Lille which building was interesting from the fact that during the reign of the first Napoleon, it had been a residence of the Empress Josephine's son - at one time Viceroy of Italy - Prince Eugene Beauharnais. At the fall of the first empire, the house was bought by the Prussian Government for its Embassy, just as the British Embassy in the Faubourg St. Honore, which was the residence of the Emperor Napoleon's sister, Princess Pauline B. Borghese, had been bought at the same time by the British Government, at the instance of the Duke of Wellington, at that time Commander in chief of the allied Armies, who were occupying France. Both houses, were bought at very low figures. In this connection, it is interesting to note the difference in policy pursued by our own Government, and the leading powers of Europe - Great Britain particularly - in respect to their representatives abroad.

For more than a hundred years, as previously stated, the British and Prussian (after 1871 German) Embassies, had been permanently established in these two beautiful houses, with gardens attached, those of the former extending from the Faubourg St. Honore to the Champs Elysees and those of the German Embassy from the Rue de Lille to the Quai d'Orsay, at which they end in a high terrace. From this terrace a beautiful view is obtained of the Seine, up and down, for a considerable distance with the Gardens of the Tuilleries on the other side Champs Elysees, the Palace of the Louvre, the obelisk of

the Palace de la Concorde, the column of the Palace Vendome, and other public buildings and monuments.

Meanwhile, the representatives of the United States (for many years only a Minister, while those of the leading European powers, were Ambassadors) had been shifted about from one building to another according to the private means of the person holding that position. At one time he was living in a house containing half a dozen or more other families; at another (notably Mr. L. F. Morton and Mr. Whitelaw Reid) in handsome houses of their own, the rent of which they could afford to pay from their private fortune. It is difficult to exaggerate the loss of prestige as well as of accomplishment, involved by such neglect on the part of a country of its representatives abroad. The late Andrew D. White who was twice our representative at Berlin, the first as Minister, and the second as Ambassador, and at another time in Russia, mentions in his Memoirs, how he failed to obtain a concession from the Russian Government, which was greatly desired by ours, solely because he was obliged to live in a comparatively penurious way in an apartment, while the British Ambassador obtained what Mr. White wanted, because he was living in a fine, large house in the best situation in St. Petersburg, furnished and kept up by his Government. The Embassy houses of Great Britain and Germany are as well known in the Capitals of Europe, as are the palaces in which the Sovereigns or Presidents live, while, until recently, scarcely a cabman or any one else, except those having relations with our

Legation or Embassy, had any idea of its location. I had a painful experience of this situation myself, when, upon going to Paris shortly after the close of our Civil War, and, after seeing the British and German Embassies, asking the cabman to take me to the American Legation. He scratched his head, and said he had no idea where that place was, but after some reflection he suddenly seemed to see the light, said he knew where I wanted to go, and took me to the Legation of Peru!

Subsequent inquiry on my part lead to the discovery of our Minister, at that time no less a person than the late John Bigelow - the Secretary of Legation being the late John Hay, in an apartment on the third floor, with only four windows looking on the street, which was an obscure one, called at that time, the Rue du Centre.

On the whole my memories of the three years spent in Paris after my marriage, are very happy. My wife and I, inspired no doubt by the beautiful objects of art which we were in the habit of seeing at the various houses previously described, of our friends, became a good deal interested in that subject ourselves, and, besides picking up old furniture, stuffs, and occasional pictures, etc., for our apartment, she developed what the French call a "flair" for such things.

In 1880 she insisted upon my being painted by Leon Bonnat, a celebrated portrait painter of that time, by whom a great number of our compatriots have had their portraits painted. He was better

however, for old men, than young ones, and while my portrait is very good, I have always regretted that I was not painted by John Sargent, who fortunately not long afterwards made a beautiful full length portrait of my wife, which is in our Washington house among the most precious of my possessions. Sargent was at that time but little known, and it was a considerable venture on our part to give him the commission for such an important portrait; but I had seen one which he had painted of a Miss Burckhardt, which indicated talent of an exceptional order in a man so young as he then was, and it decided us to ask him to paint my wife.

We had no idea at that time that he would become the greatest portrait painter of his day, and have often regretted since that I was not painted by him, instead of by Bonnat.

Fortunately, the latter was commissioned to do a portrait of my grandfather about the same time that mine was painted, and it turned out to be one of the finest ever produced by Bonnat; indeed one of the best of an old man that I have ever seen.

My grandfather died on Christmas Day, 1882. Had he lived for another month, he would have attained the age of 89 years. His death was as peaceful as his life had been. He simply sunk to the floor while washing his face, shortly after having gotten up, apparently in his usual health, in the morning, fell backward, and was dead. I reached his room, from the Avenue Roche within half an hour of his death, and could hardly believe he was not breathing. He looked perfectly natural, and in perfect health, as he seemed to

be as he lay on his bed. He was gifted with a happy nature, and a charming character, and was always anxious to make those about him happy. To my brother and me he was the most devoted of grandparents, even going to the extent of giving us unlimited credit at the banks at which he kept an account. I am glad to add that neither of us abused his confidence in that or any other respect.

After his death, we began to turn our attention to the question of my going into Diplomacy, and, Mr. L. P. Morton happening to be our Minister to France at that time, and a great friend of ours, I consulted him on the subject. He had been appointed to that post in 1881 by President Garfield, who was assassinated shortly afterwards but was on the best terms possible with President Arthur, who had succeeded to the Presidency.

Mr. Morton seemed to think there might be a vacancy in the first secretaryship of his Legation, which turned out to be the case not long afterwards, and he commended me strongly to President Arthur for the Post. Unfortunately, however, or rather very fortunately as it turned out afterwards for me, political reasons - the conciliation of some politician or group in Louisiana - caused the President to prefer a man from that State, who was accordingly appointed. Mr. Morton's mention of my name, however, to the President, brought me to his attention, and not long afterwards when I was in Washington, I went to see him at the request of Mr. Frelinghausen, the Secretary of State, who was an

old friend of my wife's family.

The President was very cordial, but said nothing about my wish to enter the Diplomatic Service, nor did I, and shortly afterwards I sailed for Europe to pay some country house visits in England with my wife, - among them I remember that of Ferdinand Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, to which I have previously referred. It was a great house warming; the place having just been completed and in condition, he considered, to be shown to his friends, and particularly to his relations. All the Rothschilds were very particular in regard to their relations, and usually would not allow any of them to see the places which they were creating until they were in as perfect a condition as possible.

On the occasion to which I refer, Waddesdon was crowded to its utmost capacity, and among the guests were the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), the Duchess of Manchester, (afterwards Devonshire), the beautiful Lady Kildare (afterwards Duchess of Leinster) and as many persons of importance, politically or otherwise as could be gotten into the house.

There was a ball one night, and a great display of fireworks another. In connection with the latter, I remember that a number of guests, among them myself, were playing lawn tennis, until almost eight o'clock in the evening, up to which time there had been no symptoms, as far as we could see, of preparations for the display of fireworks, which was to take place after dinner. When I got to my room, however, and happened to look out of the

window, I saw a perfect army of men creeping out from under the bushes in all directions, who began to set up the framework for the various set "pieces" for the evening's display. They had evidently been kept in hiding there for some hours - probably since lunch time - otherwise some of us would have seen them going into the bushes. Among the many incidents of that visit, I remember a well known French Actress being imported from Paris, and, there being no room for her in the house, she was established at the village Rectory, with a member of the French Embassy, and several guests of the Baron stayed there also, to look after her. The Rector, who was not apprized of the lady's identity, nor pursuit in life, found her charming - as she certainly was, though not exactly the person whom the average individual would have thought of suggesting as a guest to the Rector of a parish in England.

It was while staying at Waddesdon that I received a telegram from Mr. Alphonso Taft, at that time our Minister to Austria (whose son, William, was President of the United States from 1909 - 1913, and is now, 1925, Chief Justice), asking me whether I had been notified of my appointment by President Arthur as Secretary of his Legation, and asking me not to decline it until I had heard from him by mail.

I never had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Taft, nor had the information to which he referred, reached me, although it did so a day or two later, and simultaneously or thereabouts,

I received Mr. Taft's letter, also. In it he explained that an unfortunate condition had existed at the Vienna Legation since he became its Chief, in the combination of the Consul-Generalship and the Secretaryship of the Legation, by our government, for motives of economy, in the same person, which had naturally been objectionable to the Austrian Government. Mr. Taft added that the two offices had now been separated, and he hoped very much that I would accept the Secretaryship of the Legation. I answered, expressing my sincere appreciation of the desire which he expressed, to associate me with his mission to Austria, and saying that I would give the matter serious consideration. I thereupon conferred with my good friends, Mr. James Russell Lowell, our Minister to London, and Mr. L. P. Morton, to whom I had previously referred as representing the United States in France, and as having been desirous that I should become his Secretary of his Legation. They both advised me strongly to accept the appointment, which they felt, if I did not care to retain it for any length of time, would serve as a basis for my transfer to another post.

I followed the advice, wrote to Mr. Taft, and to the State Department, notifying both of my acceptance of the post at Vienna, whither I proceeded shortly afterwards, alone, as it was not convenient for various reasons for my wife to accompany me at that time. And thus began my long career in

diplomacy; although no one had any idea in those days when the "spoils system" was in full vigor, except perhaps myself, that I should be likely to remain longer than the existence of the Republican Administration, which was then in power.

Being however of a hopeful disposition, and having realized the great disadvantage of the interests of our country abroad from the appointment to posts in our legations (we had no embassies then), of men, because they were backed by an important politician at home, without any qualifications whatever, for diplomatic work, - not even the knowledge of French or any other foreign language, I decided to become the nucleus, if possible, of a permanent service. Such an idea was considered chimerical by all of my friends, but I had a feeling that it would be possible for the United States to have, as the other leading powers of the world then had, a non-partisan (as far as domestic politics were concerned) service, to which appointments should be made according to fitness only, and I am able to look back with satisfaction upon the attainment, on the whole, of that early ambition.

It was, however, not an easy matter, as will be subsequently shown, for one whose sole idea was the service of the Nation, and the furtherance of its interests as distinct from those of one or the other political parties at home, to continue to do so, and I was given to understand, as previously stated that I might as well make up my mind to the enjoyment of London Society for such a period only as the Republican Administration should remain

in power. Notwithstanding which I determined to prove the contrary, if possible.

After the receipt of my Commission as Secretary of the Legation at Vienna, I paid a few more visits to country houses in England, and took my departure for my post, leaving my wife and little girl in England for the rest of the summer, as I was afraid that the heat of Vienna might be too great for them.

I did not remain long in the Austrian Capital, chiefly for the reason that it was impossible to obtain a furnished house or apartment there, and I was not prepared to take an unfurnished residence with all the trouble of furnishing it, not feeling that a prolonged period of service there was probable for me. I took up my abode at the Imperial Hotel, formerly the palace of one of the Archdukes, and settled down to my work. As showing of what little importance diplomatic work was looked upon in our country in those days certainly in so far as Austria was concerned, I would say that upon my inquiring whether it would not be desirable for me to visit the Department of State at Washington, with a view to acquainting myself from its archives, with the history of our relations with Austria, I was told that such a step was not in the least necessary, as I could find out anything I might wish to know along those lines from the files of the Vienna Legation.

If, however, my stay at Vienna was not long, it was exceedingly pleasant, and I have the happiest recollections, not only of my relations with Mr. Taft, who was a man of exceptional

ability, rare common sense, and looked at things in general from the broadest and most impartial point of view, but also of many pleasant acquaintances which I made there.

As an evidence of Mr. Taft's desire always to obtain the substance, rather than the shadow, of things, I may mention a bit of advice which he gave me on my arrival, and which was the last sort of advice that I should have expected from one of his extreme simplicity of habits and associations.

He said to me. I think at our very first interview, that he had two suggestions, amounting practically to requests, to make of me; first, that I should never occupy seats in the two court theatres, the Opera and the Burg - Theatre, save in the two first rows, and secondly that I should use only two-horse cabs in the day time. He explained that those were two ridiculous customs at that time prevalent in respect to any one connected with the Court of Vienna, but that if we did not conform to them, we should simply be considered as unaccustomed to the ways of society, and as the object of our Legation was to conduct our Country's business to the best advantage possible, and not to criticize the manners and habits of the Austrian upper class, it was desirable to conform, instead of placing ourselves in antagonism to, their customs. I realized not long afterwards, how wise Mr. Taft's advice had been, as, shortly afterwards, upon asking the Hotel porter to obtain seats for me on a certain evening at the Imperial Opera House, and his subsequently telling

me that none were to be had, I thought I would make inquiry myself at the box office, and found that several seats were available, quite forgetting at the time that they were not in the first or second row of orchestra stalls. Upon reproaching the porter at the hotel, subsequently, I was told by him that of course there were seats available, but they were not in the first or second row, and he never supposed I was willing to go elsewhere.

Subsequently, also, I realized the importance attached to never being seen in a one-horse cab in the day time, by a member of the Diplomatic Body, or of the upper class of Society. In the first place, all the men whom I got to know afterwards, usually went about in two-horse open Victorias - known as "fiakers", whose drivers would put their horses at a full gallop between cross streets, and suddenly pull them up on reaching the litter, by orders of the police, and after crossing those streets at the walk, would dash off again at a full gallop. A further illustration of Mr. Taft's wisdom in the matter was conveyed to me when, on arriving at one of the stations from a country visit, I asked the policeman on duty to call me a cab, and he said that there were none on the stand. I called his attention to the fact that there were several in sight, to which he replied that there were only "oin - spanners" (i.e. one-horse vehicles), which he did not suppose I would drive in.

Austria was at that time a charming but exceedingly narrow-minded nation, certainly in so far as the court and society were concerned, and not many years previous to my residence there it had been called by Mr. Disraeli (afterwards Earl of Beaconsfield) the "China of Europe", and the description is not at all a bad one.

As far as I could ascerttain, little or no interest was taken in any other country, with the exception of England, between the upper class of which and that of Austria and Hungary, there was a sporting sympathy, and the members of those classes used to visit each other from time to time, for shooting, which was very fine in certain parts of Austria.

The United States was hardly known or thought of, and our legation, as such, was of about the same importance from a social point of view, as that of Persia. The Diplomatic business between the two countries consisted chiefly of questions of nationality; that is to say, of Austrians by birth, who had become naturalized in the United States, and on returning to their country, were frequently arrested as not having really divested themselves of their original nationality. The dispatches were few and far between, and cablegrams still fewer.

Mr. Taft, however, took a great interest in his job, and undoubtedly impressed those whom he met, and still more those at the Foreign Office, with whom he had to do business, by his natural distinctions under a somewhat rugged exterior, and thereby enhance the dignity of our country.

SUPPLEMENT 1.

(See F-3).

Origin of the 'Hampton' Ridgelys.

Robert Ridgely, progenitor of the Hampton branch of the family, was a member of the provincial Bar, holding public offices at St. Mary's (then the capital of the Province) and acting as Secretary of the Province in or about the year 1676 during the absence of Sir William Talbot in England. At his death in 1681, he left 6054 acres of land in various counties to be divided between his widow and three sons. The portion of his son Charles lay in Prince George's County, where Charles died early in the 18th century, leaving his affairs in much confusion. But Charles' father-in-law, John Dorney of Anne Arundel County, so adjusted matters that the interests of his Ridgely grand-sons did not suffer. One of these, Charles (2d), held land on the Gun-powder when Joppa (later superseded by Baltimore Town on the Patapsco) was the county seat; he was known as Colonel Ridgely and became owner of what may be called the nucleus of the Hampton tract of land where his family has ever since been seated. There is no proof that this tract was received in exchange for land in Prince George's County; the name of Darnall, which appears on the transfer, happening to be that of a family seated in the latter region may have led to the theory of an exchange.

after it was fit for occupancy, was the birth on January 8, 1790, of John, second son of Charles Kidgely Carman, the nephew of Captain Charles Kidgely. The young Carman family had evidently been installed in the new house in time for the above event, but before plans could be perfected for the house-warming which followed shortly afterwards. This day, briefly recorded by Rebecca, the Captain's wife, as the one in which they went to the 'new House' and 'had Prayers', is notable in the family annals. Rebecca was a Methodist, and is alluded to in one of Bishop Asbury's letters to her as a 'mother in Israel of dry breasts'. The Captain was a deep-dyed politician with a keen eye to the main chance. He had at first invited some of his cronies to take part in a celebration around the festive bowl; but finding that many of his constituents were disciples of Asbury, he remained with them in his wife's company and sent his nephew Charles to conduct festivities in an attic room far removed from the religious rites which were correctly accomplished downstairs. When Cockey Doye, the Captain's political opponent heard of this change of program, he exclaimed: 'Well, well, with Charles Kidgely among the saints and Charlie Carman among the sinners, I may as well give up.'

The Captain died within six months of the house-warming, and in accordance with his will the name of his

nephew Charles Ridgely Carnan was by Act of Legislature changed to that of Charles Ridgely; the portrait of this man, better known as General Ridgely, who was Governor of Maryland in 1815-1818, hangs at Hampton. And thus his son, John Carnan, born at Hampton in 1780, became on the death of the elder son Charles (which occurred during the father's life), John Ridgely of Hampton, the 'grandfather' so often mentioned in these reminiscences.

SUPPLEMENT 3.

(See p-5.)

Eliza, only child of Nicholas Greenberry Ridgely and wife of
John Ridgely of Hampton.

At the time of Lafayette's visit in 1824, among the belles of the day known in Philadelphia, Washington and wherever social functions drew together the elite, was Eliza Ridgely, the daughter of Nicholas Greenberry Ridgely, the successful wine-merchant. She once visited Washington with her friend Miss Coleman, daughter of an iron master from Philadelphia, and some wit wrote about the visit as follows:

"To visit Congress came two maids divine,
The One in iron rich, the other wine;
Which was the fairer it were hard to settle,
The maid of spirit or the maid of mettle."

Lafayette was sufficiently impressed by her attractions to begin, after her marriage in 1828, a correspondence with her lasting till his death in May, 1834 (his last letter to her is dated March 18, 1834), and she and her husband were entertained by him at La Grange during their visit to Europe in 1833-1834.

SUPPLEMENT 4.

(See p-7).

Eliza Ridgely and her grandmother.

While H. W. mentions his unusual experience in having seen both his own grand-mother and hers, he says nothing about a second relationship between the two ladies which is commemorated in the family annals. Eliza Ridgely's mother died at the age of 19 on the day of Eliza's birth (Feb. 10, 1803), and her grand-mother, Mrs. Martin Eichelberger, the 'vigorous old lady', became her foster-mother. Aunt 'Henry', I have understood, was the baby who partook of a share in her mother's ministrations to the orphaned grand-child.

SUPPLEMENT 5.

(See p-13).

John H. B. Latrobe.

The 'gentleman who did not shave' was the eminent lawyer, J. H. B. Latrobe, whose 'Life' has lately been written by John E. Seanes. He was the exact contemporary of Eliza Ridgely, both being born in 1803, and there exists of each a portrait by Sully. At the time of Lafayette's visit in Baltimore in 1824, Latrobe was one of the escort appointed by Gen. Robert Goodloe Harper to accompany the distinguished visitor, and he has given an amusing account of the discomfort which he experienced in riding to Washington beside the General's carriage owing to the rapid pace at which this was driven. Since Latrobe had been a friend of Eliza Ridgely's from her youth, her daughter Mrs. White was naturally commended to his care. His father Benjamin H. Latrobe is well known as the architect of the Capitol in Washington in 1803 and again after the catastrophe of 1812; anyone noticing the 'tobacco' columns in the North Wing can judge of the beauty of his designs. Ferdinand C. Latrobe, the 'perpetual' mayor of Baltimore, was a son of John H. B. Latrobe; to his administration we owe the three bridges over the P. R. R. tracks and Jones' Falls.

SUPPLEMENT 6.

(See p-24.)

Countermanding of the drill in 1861.

The late Mrs. Charles Ridgely (aunt of H. F.) explained her husband's hurried warning to his company, known as 'The Baltimore County Horse Guards', that there would be no drill on the following Saturday.

On the day appointed the ladies of the family were driven to Towsontown as usual in the open carriage; there they found knots of people gathered on the street corners who appeared to be on the tip-toe of expectancy; at each group the carriage was ordered to stop and the ladies smilingly distributed religious tracts. Meanwhile in response to a summons, Captain Ridgely arrived on horseback in plain clothes; he dismounted at Ady's Tavern, where a military officer ordered him to give up the arms, etc. His answer was that he had received them from the State of Maryland and that the State alone had authority to withdraw them. He was not arrested, but a heavy pistol in one of the holsters of his saddle was appropriated. The mate of this pistol had remained at Hampton, where at a later day it accompanied the night-watchman on his rounds.

Hampton NHS Reference Materials

✓ Memoirs of Henry White

Was son of Eliza Ridgely and John Campbell White.

John Campbell White was son of Henry and Mary Le Roy White.

2 Copies

Maryland Historical Society Manuscript Collection
Ridgely Family Papers.

3 Copies

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Ridgely Family Papers: Physical History of
Hampton Mansion, Outbuildings, and
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Volume 1 Snell 1 Copy

Ridgely Family Papers Appendix

Volume 3 Snell 2 Copies

Snell, Charles W., Historic Structures Report,
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Park Service, United States Department of the
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