Unpublished biography of Richard Morris Hunt
Written by his widow Catherine Clinton Howland Hunt,
between 1895 and 1909

Manuscript pages from Binder 2 of 4

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Introductory Notes

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The manuscript biography consists of approximately 500 pages, including illustration pages on which photographic prints and engravings are pasted. The text pages are paginated, although there are repeated numbers and skipped numbers, and some typed page numbers show editing in pencil or ink. Illustration pages are not paginated. The sequence of pages follows the order in which the document arrived. The AIA/AAF had placed each manuscript page in a protective plastic sleeve within four three-ring binders with slipcover boxes. At some earlier point in time the manuscript suffered water damage resulting in ink running and bleed-through; the binders are unstained.

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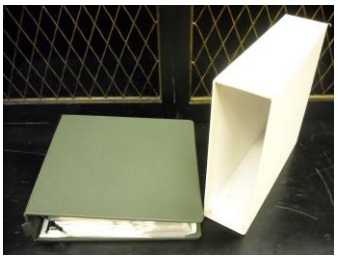
These photographs show the original manuscript’s Binder 1 of 4 in its special housing.



n'a pas parm content, Je lai repris." The poor man had come from some distant bariere!

The less fortunate artists appealed to us both, and one dear fellow, Billy Babcock, with an insatiable love for old prints, into which went the allowance sent him by friends in Boston, instead of into proper clothes and food, often came for his dinner. His coat was always ragged, and we had a little plan by which coats were taken off, and I had a chance to slip out of the room with one of them and sew up the holes, and often too, to slip some notes into the breast pocket. No notice ever was taken of

* John Bigelow was Consul in Paris at the same time Mr. Dayton was the Minister, and Mrs. B- s eccentricities formed a great topic of conversation among the Americans. I must not forget to speak of Dr. Berger, a french Creole, from New Orleans, who had been the head of the medical profession in New York, and my mother's physician. Dr. Trudeau, who had made the Adirondacks famous as a health resort for consumption, is his grandson. He had gone to Paris to spend, in tranquility, his old age. The dear old couple were a picture each side of their fire place, and he begged me to come to him for comfort and help whenever I needed it, and told me many things, which as I was young and ignorant, were a great help to me before Dickie was born.

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Jardin Mabille, now no more, and the rooms were filled, on the warm spring nights, with music. Alphonsine, who had been my maid, went home for the summer, taking the baby's short clothes to make, and Jane a curious little half French, half English woman, with "experience," was engaged to take care of the baby. We went first to Touraine, traveling slowly, spending days at each place, ~~and~~ R- sketching, and having a happy time. Then to Biarritz to make a tour through the Pyrenees where R-- had never been. It used to please him to tell the following story about me ~~on your mother~~. When we were first married, and went to Paris, and traveling was discussed, ~~that~~ I used to say: "Oh' no, let us stay right here, and you can tell me all about the rest." At Biarritz I had a low fever, and the baby had to be weaned for the time being, and a big Basque fish woman, was brought in to ~~take the baby's~~ place. No ice was to be obtained, except that chemically prepared, and no milk that could be relied upon. So the doctor put ~~the~~ baby on stale finger cakes and water, but he continued to thrive wonderfully and was greatly admired. Here began the romantic episode in his little life, of which you will here the story further on. I can shut my eyes and see now the long stretch of white beach upon which I looked from the hotel windows. When the mail came in from Paris one day there was a newspaper where, in a paragraph, deeply underlined,

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was Uncle Joe's name among the killed in one of the seven days battles ~~of the seven days~~ before Richmond. There were several days of terrible anxiety, until we were reassured by letters from home, saying he had been severely wounded. I had been a good deal pulled down by the fever, and ~~your father~~ R-- had some kind of a bed rigged up in a big traveling carriage, and we went on to Pau and made excursions in the Pyrenees.

I remember we returned to Paris by night, and we went straight through from Bordeaux, no sleeping cars in those days, and the carriage was filled with Chasseurs, their guns and bags and game, and each and every one told me when we parted in the morning, they had never seen such a good baby. It was after this, that we went to Fontainebleau and stayed a few days at the Cadran Bleu, a little old hostelry in the town. R-- had often been there in his student days, and the propriétaire, an ex-cook of Louis Philippe, treated us with "distinguished consideration", and brought us dusty bottles of claret from his cellar, and hearts of fromage de la crême to eat with the lingering wild strawberries. No royal chateau has ever appealed to my imagination like Fontainebleau, and around it and its beautiful gardens and forest, are memories which are an undying joy. One day we all bundled into a carriage, nurse, baby, Alphonsine, R-- and I to go to Barizon but in the forest

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the horses ran into a big tree, and we ~~were~~ all ~~as~~ quickly tumbled out ~~again.~~ Whoever had the baby, held him up in her arms as she fell, and fortunately no one was hurt. It was the only time I ever saw Millet, who Uncle William knew so well, and R-- also. The house still stands very much as it was then, except that the spirit which illuminated its life, is no longer there. How~~wonme~~ wishes they had made a point of remembering details when it is too late! but I do remember a long low room in which they received us with that camaraderie which exists in France, among all artists. He in blouse and cap, and Mme. Millet in her peasent home spun clothes , white cap and sabots, and children who looked as if they had come to life out of his pictures, ~~and that~~ he took us to a rough out building or barn, which he used for his studio, where in one corner, was a great pile of potatoes, and in another, of broken boughs and leaves, from which ~~and that~~ a little bright eyed frog jumped out at us.

Mrs, Hunt joined us in Paris, and we went to Vichy for the cure, each taking different springs, but before we left Paris the baby cut his first tooth, and we celebrated it by buying him a little white leghorn hat with blue and white feathers. When we returned to Paris, Jane, the nurse, refused to go home with us,

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and Alphonsina came with us to America. My guardians considered it necessary that I should be at home when I came of age that autumn. We sailed in the ~~in the~~ Scotia with Capt Judkins, and sat at his table with Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador , on whose lap I dumped the baby one day, when I wanted to go to my state room, in perfect confidence that he would consider it a privilege: Although he was a bachelor, he never turned a hair, but confessed afterward, that in all the surprises of his diplomatic life, he never had such a big one . Our plan was to spend the winter at the New York Hotel, but Mrs. Hunt, who had remained in Europe, fretted so much over the possession of her house, that soon after I came of age, we decided to ~~take~~ buy from her 49 West 35th street, ~~off her hands,~~ and as soon as some necessary painting and papering was done, we moved in, and I well remember our first dinner party, consisting of Mrs.. and Mrs. Walter Langdon and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jones, and the huge joints, which would have fed our little company of six for a month. I am tempted to tell here a little incident which taught me a great lesson. Not long after we moved into the house, Capt. Judkins on some return voyage, came to see me one Sunday afternoon. He asked me whether I remembered a story that he had told me on the ship., which was this: He had pointed out a lady sitting at one of the other tables, and said: "That woman is a Southerner, with a queer history. She ran away from her husband

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with a waiter of a cafe in Paris. The husband died, but she got tired of the waiter, and now is going home as if nothing had happened." It seems that I had repeated the story as one of the incidents of the voyage, to some acquaintance at the hotel, who in turn had told it to some one else, improving upon it so far, as to fix the personality on some other Southern lady, who on landing went, as we did, to the New York Hotel. This had come to her ears, and a fire-eating Southern friend had taken the matter up, and sent a challenge to R-- by Capt. Judkins. Fortunately he was out, and as the Capt. said, there was but one thing to be done. I put on my bonnet and we went right down to the hotel and bearded the lion in his den. It took me an hour to persuade the lady and her defender, that I never knew of her existence until that afternoon, and was only relatively to blame for her discomfort. This was followed by a prompt visit from ~~your father~~ R-- and exchange of compliments, and drinks probably. The John Griswolds had returned, and were eager to begin their house at Newport, and R-- ~~began at once on~~ commenced at once the plans. He was also working on the Central Park Gates, and I think had moved his office to 128 Broadway. In the spring we rented, for the summer, Hill Top Cottage then owned by William, buying it the next year, and John Daly, came to take care of the stable. So faithful and devoted a man, who lived with us for 20 years

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whom my children must all remember, deserves an affectionate mention. In the autumn of 1863, William his wife and Ellie (Mrs Diedrich) spent a month or more with us after we returned to New York, and William painted my portait. The designs for the Central Park Gates, into which R-- had brought all his knowledge and enthusiasm, caused him a disappointment from which I can truly say, he never recovered, ~~from.~~

~~Central Park Gates.~~ Central Park Gates

These were designs for the Gateways to the Southern entrances to Central Park at the corner of 5th Ave and 59th St. 7th Ave and 59th St, 6th Ave and 59th St., and 8th Ave. and 59th St. and were respectively to be called the "Gate of Peace", the "Gate of Commerce" "the Artist's Gate", and "the Warrior's Gate." Plans had been prepared by Mr. Vaux, the official architect of the Park, but were of too rural and simple a character to carry out the wishes of the Central Park Commissioners.

On the 14th of May the resignation of Messrs. Olmstead and Vaux as architects of the Park was accepted by the Board, by unanimous consent. The committee on Statuary, Fountains and

Architectural Structures, consisted of Mr. Chas H. Russell, Andrew H. Green, and Mr. J. F. Butterworth, and Mr. Russell was authorized to report on several plans, which had been sent in for the Gateway entrances, and to consult such architects in relation thereto as they might deem proper. On June 12th 1863, the specifications for designs for the gates and gateways were drawn up at the office of the Board of Commissioners of Central Park, and Mr. Hunt suggested "that other architects beside himself should be invited to compete, and that the commissioners should offer premiums for the best designs." The following designation of the gates appear on the minutes.

5th Ave and 59th St.	The Scholar's Gate.
6th " " " " "	The Artist's Gate.
7th Ave. " " "	The Artisan's Gate.
8" " " " " "	The Merchants Gate.

At a meeting on Sept. 2rd, the following resolution offered by Mr. Butterworth, was passed:

"Resolved: that sketches of the four gateways on the southernly boundary of the Park, summitted by Mr. Hunt, be, and the same are hereby approved in their general features, and that the committee on Statuary, Fountains and architectural structures be authorized to

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employ the designer of said sketches, and to proceed with the erection of these gates, with such modification in their details, as the said Committee may approve."

Mr. Andrew H. Green, was a strong supporter of Messrs. Vaux and Olmstead, and although he voted in the unanimous affirmative in the above resolution, did everything in his power to retard the carrying out of the same. And at a meeting held Apr. 19th, 1864, Mr. Russell annoyed at the delay, offered the following resolution. "That the Comptroller of the Park be directed to proceed forth with, with the erecting of the Gateway entrances on 59th St. and the southerly boundary of the Park, together with the several appurtances, as exhibited in the adopted sketches of Mr. Hunt, according to the resolution of this board passed Sept. 2rd 1863, in order that this portion of the work may be early completed:" This resolution was unanimously passed, but on May 11th, Mr. Green, who had begun to make a personal matter of his opposition, induced Mr. Fields to offer a resolution that all work on the gateways of the Park, be deferred until further order of the board, and he so manipulated the situation that no further action was ever taken. The matter was a source of great indignation to both R--'s ~~Mr. Hunt's~~ professional and personal friends, and the injustice of the want of action of the Commissioners, was a blow which R- ~~Mr. Hunt~~ felt all his life. ~~He~~ was a keen and fierce Republican, be-

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lieving that the prosperity of the country, and its safety, lay in the principals of that party. He was vehemently outspoken. Mr. Andrew H. Green was a Democrat, and many of ~~Mr. Hunt's~~ R-- supporters drew their conclusions therefrom. Mr. Green, who had voted to proceed with the erection of these gates, and to employ ~~Mr. Hunt~~ R-- as architect, in the summer of 1865, instigated attacks on the designs in the public press, (I say instigated, because of the personal animus and the constant reference to Messrs Olmstead and Vaux, and to the superiority of rural over Architectural treatment.) These attacks were exhaustively and ably answered by letters to the Evening Post of July 31st 1865 and March 2rd and 5th 1866 were signed "Cives," and were written by Mr. William J. Hoppin, an admirable and educated art critic, foremost in the Civic, artistic and literary circles of New York, and afterward, for many years first secretary of the Legation in London.

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The question has come up several times of the possibility of still carrying out the plans of the Central Park Gates. At one time a self appointed Committee of business men, of whom Mr. W. Lanman Bull was one, offered to raise half the cost, provided the Park Commissioners would authorize the movement, and the city pay the other half ~~of the cost~~. Mr. King, who was then the president of the Park Board, to whom these gentlemen applied, said that as the new board had just come in to office, they did not think it wise to act on a measure which had been directly opposed by the preceeding board.

~~and~~ In 1893 a committee was appointed by the Architectural League, consisting of Mr. French, ~~and~~ Mr. Russell Sturgis, Mr. Blashfield and Mr. Mongomery Schuyler, for the revival of the project of the Central Park Gates in considering the proposed memorial. Mr. William R. Ware and Mr. George B. Post, also of the League, made very sympathetic and interesting addresses, but it was afterward decided by the numerous societies, who combined for the erection of a memorial, ~~to place it elsewhere~~. opposite the Lenox Library.

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In the spring of 1864 we bought the Newport house, very different then from today. My guardians thought it an unwise purchase, as the house had not a particularly good reputation for sanitary conditions, but we were obstinate in our desire to own it, and disregarded their advice; Probably because we had yielded to them in regard to the North West Corner of Park Ave, and 37th St, which R-- thought very advisable, and subsequent transactions proved that he was right, asit resold within six months at an advance of $20,000. It had been offered to us for $60,000. There was a lot in the rear of the house in Park Ave. and R-- plannad to build a studio. He cherished this idea of a studio connected with the house, and some years later tried to buy the old Rossiter house in 38th St. which had a studio on the top floor, and a separate entrance. The prejudice to the Newport house, existed from the fact that one summer previous to William's purchase, there had been two fatal cases of deptheria there Aunt Emily rented it for the summer of 1856, and Harry was born there in August 5th 1856. All the trees were planted by old Mr. Schroeder, who still had a cottage between Hill Top and the corner of Church St. After Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder's death in 1870, we bought in the cottage and the land on which it stood,

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purchased a triangle of land the corner of Catherine St. and Greenough Place , and moved the cottage on to it, and R-- made the attractive little house which ~~it now is~~ is known as "The Hypothenuse". This was done out of friendship to Col. Waring who had long desired a little home of his own. He afterward bought it, at I think the cost price. There was another cottage on Touro St. which was later bought and removed. ~~R--~~ We first altered the house in 1869 and again in 1877. 108 Church St. owned by Capt. Du Blois, a retired sea captain, and ~~a~~ delightful old character, came ~~into our hands~~ we purchased when he died. He left to me two whales teeth, on which were engraved portraits of himself and wife. Our first summer in Newport was a very quiet and sad one, for my dear sister Carrie, Mrs. Charles Russell, had died in the spring. New-port was the place at this date, to which everybody of note, drifted in the summer time; and Prof. Goldwin Smith of Oxford, was entertained by George Bancroft the historian, and R-- dined with him, and was always afterwards, on most friendly terms. The Union League Club gave him a dinner and R-- took me down to arrange the table, with our big gilt wine coolers and whatever else in gold he could lay his hands on, and scarlet poinsettias, Goldwin Smith's political and philosophical writings had all been strongly in favor of the United States, at a time when it was the exception with English Statesmen.

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The New York Fair to raise money for the Sanitary Commission was opened on Apr. 4th 1864. It was a gigantic enterprise, in which all classes of people were interested. The main building was on 14th St. in the armory of the 22nd New York State National Guards, ~~and~~ finding that it could not meet all the requirements, a building was erected on the space between Union Square and the pavement of 17th St. Chicago and Boston had used the same means to raise money with great success, and Mrs. Livermore who had been at the head of the Chicago Fair, came on to help Dr Bellows, who was chairman of the Sanitary Commission, organize one for New York. It was a terribly stormy day some time before Christmas, when I responded to an invitation and met Dr. Bellows at the Union League Club. The storm was so great that only about six or seven people came, but it was the beginning of the largest enterprise in the interest of charity which has ever taken place in New York. Every man and woman of prominence was engaged in it in some way. The organization was perfect, and the city was canvassed by ladies and gentleman with little books soliciting gifts from trades-people in money or goods. Dickie had scarlet fever early in the winter, and I, being of course in mourning, was able to concentrate all my energies on the Fair, which took place in the following year. The bakers were alloted to me, and I saw or communicated with over three hundred. There was a loan collection of pictures to

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which the artists all contributed. The actors gave benefit performanees, and even the children had a department in the Union Square annex, of which R-- superintended the construction. R-- was on the executive Committee. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a hymn which was sung at the opening. Gen. Dix on behalf of the Executive Board, presented the contents of the Fair to the Ladies Committee, and Joseph H. Choate accepted in their behalf. Handels Hallelujah Chorus was sung by the united choirs of the city to an orchestral accompaniement, and Old Hundred by the audience, after which the Fair was declared opened. A paper was issued daily from Apr. 4th to the 24th, the net receipts of which were $1,000 a week. I had the International booth in the 17th St. annex, and Jack sent me from Paris, a large invoice of gloves and articles de Paris, such as was not to be found in the shops of those days; from which, and other things, I made $10,000, the government having remitted all duties on articles for sale at the Fair. A feature of my table was a contraband darkey, whom Leavitt had forwarded to us by express. C. O. D. He was as black as night, and as slow as a snail, but he had a grin from ear to ear, and was very taking. We took him to Newport the following summer to do chores, where he used to lean on his rake on the lawn like a bronze statue, and watch the carriages roll up Kay St. Finally Captain William

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Rogers took him on the Huntsville, of which he was in command.

I was by far the youngest member on the ladies committee , the president of which, was Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and when the final meeting took place, and it became the duty of the committee to hand over the proceeds to the Sanitary Commission, I was asked to write a check of one million dollars, the first two thirds of the profits. "Being the youngest, I was considered the one most likely to longest retain the memory of all that it represented."

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[illegible] Industrialis, [illegible] in command.

I was [illegible] the [illegible] Indian [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] over [illegible] to the Maritime Commission, I was asked to write a [illegible] of <u>one million dollars</u>. The first two thirds of the profits. During the [illegible], I was considered the one most likely to longest [illegible] the memory of all that it requested.

We matronized a party to Trenton Falls in the autumn, consisting of Helen Russell, Nellie James and Katie Hecksher, Griswold Gray, Phil Sshuyler and one other man. The large hotel was closed, and we staid at a little Inn, where the landlord was so anxious tp please, that he would say: " Was your dinner good?" when I answered "yes," he would exclaim, slapping his thigh "I'll beat it tomorrow!" There was no one else in the house until one day a stranger appeared, and the landlord, asked him if he would mind dining at the second table with Mr. Gray's colored man-servant and Dickie's German nurse. This he acceded to, thinking it a phase of American democracy, until he found by accident that

Speaking of Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, I quote from a magazine article: of "New York in the Seventies." which says. "In the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, one of the early strongholds of taste and culture, one often met the scholarly Henry Tuckerman, the essayist, the only man of leisure in those days, who devoted himself to books and society. He was fond of gentle gossip in a way, and never made mischief." I must not forget William Jones Hoppin, who was perhaps, with your Uncle George Dorr, the most constant habitué of the house. You older children called him Uncle William, and he was altogether one of the most delightful men I ever knew.

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We [illegible] a [illegible] to [illegible] Pell's in the evening, Gus-
ritzka, [illegible] Russell, Philip Zamer and Keith Kenkeny, Grae-
wald Corp., Full Employment and our other [illegible]. The large, hotel we
chose, [illegible] at a little Inn, where the landlord was so
on tour [illegible] lawyer, that he would say: " Are your [illegible] or moody"
when I answered yes, he would exclaim, slapping his thigh "I'll
beat it tomorrow!" There was no one else in the house until one
day a stranger appeared, and the landlord, asked him if he would
mind dining at the second table with Mr. Gray's colored man-ser-
vant and Tobin's German nurse. This is [illegible] to thanking it
a phase of American democracy, until he found by accident that
Helen Russell to whom he had letters of introduction, was of our
party, when he introduced Russell as the newly appointed Belgian
Minister, Mr. Maurice Delfosse who afterwards became our firm
friend, and was much at our house in Newport. We married Miss
Harriet Dixon of Boston. Mr. Henry Tuckerman, Mr. William J.
Hoppin, Mr. James Garard, Mr. Alexander, and John Bancker and
many members of the Century Club constantly visited us.

Mr. Henry Tuckerman was a devoted friend deeply attached to Dick and Kitty, and the little house in 35th St. and its Sunday dinners were quite a feature in the New York literary and artistic life. My brother-in-law George Dorr was of most of these parties, and I think it was this winter that Dr. Rimmer came, strongly endorsed by the Boston artists, and gave a course on anatomy at the Cooper Union, which was attended by many of the artists. R-- folowed them with enthusiasm, and his sketch books are full of the results. Rimmer was from some little town in Massachesetts, simple and interesting, but entirely unconventional. Once when he was dining with us, he took the fork from his mouth and traced the bones and veins in my neck to illustrate what he was saying. I was going to some party later, and had on a low necked gown!

My portait had never been finished, and early in April R-- took Dickie and me to Boston and left us with our good friends the Whitwells. I went daily to William's big studio in Summer St. which was destroyed with all its valuable contents, including a number of Millet's pictures and his own, in the great Boston fire of Nov 11th 1872

He began a new picture on the same lines as the first, sitting after sitting delayed us. R-- was unable to return, and sent me

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urgent letters imploring me to have patience and not to come back until William pronounced the portrait finished. Then on the 14th, the news of the assassination of Lincoln at Ford's Theater at Washington, by Wilkes Booth, flashed over the wires and set every American heart wildly beating with sorrow and indignation. The Union League Club, which, in those days stood for all that was best in the Republican party, assumed the duty of making the arrangements for the funeral procession as it passed through New York. R-- undertook a vast ammount of work "especially as no one could do it with a more willing heart, I consider it a sacred duty" 170 The decorations were most impressive, and R-- hardly returned to the office for several days, going to the Chauncey's on Washington Sq. or to the Franklin Delano's on Lafayette Place, for dinner and returning to work until late in the night. ~~A temporary monument~~. He erected a temporary monument on Union Square, a white marble pedestal on which was placed a bust of Lincoln. The whole raised upon a black dais. The excitement was intense; At the Century Club, George Bancroft, Henry Bellows, Parke Godwin and William M. Evarts, and others, made splendid impromptu speeches. It was the Century Club, which had represented since 1847, all that was best in literature and art, and which had enrolled in its membership the most enlightened amateurs. And it was the Clubs pride and plea-

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writing me meantime vehement outpourings of loyalty, no quarters to secessionists, and imploring me to be loyal and firm in any discussions, including any foreigners I might meet. Boston, he feared, was less loyal than New York, where every one was wearing a badge of mourning. The members of the Union League Club wore bands of crêpe on their arms for thirty days, and he begged me earnestly to wear a black bonnet and a bow of crêpe on my shoulder. On the Sunday after Lincoln's assassination, R-- went to Dr. Thompson's church, and heard a splendid oration, during which the congreation frequently broke into cheers, until Dr. Thompson finally said: "I insist there should be no applause in the House of God." He said that if in the street any one dared to express any other than profound bereavement, it was immediately resented by the people; and had not the American populace been of the best and staunchest, trouble would have arisen. In the excitement R--

monument of Lincoln. "To which children even brought the money they had earned." and which was eventually given to H. K. Brown to execute.

On the 24th of April, three hundred members of the Union League Club, joined the procession which marched down to the City Hall. The crowds were dense on the line, ~~of the procession.~~ Stoops and ~~every~~ windows, filled with masses of people. It was only when the colored regiments passed with their heads uncovered that there was a movement, and as far as the eye could reach, black turned to white, with the handkerchiefs which were waved.

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sure to entertain within its walls all the distinguished foreigners in the artistic world, ~~and~~ Saturday evenings was chosen from the first, as the Club night, R-- joined it when it moved to East 15th St. in 1857, and the monthly meeting was rare when he was not one of the company. It was the only Club in which he took enjoyment, until he joined the University Club much later, which he found very convenient, and a pleasant place to dine during the summer. I have been told that he always attracted a group around him, but when he discussed in picturesque and energetic language, politics or art, he emphasized his remarks so forcibly that chairs would be drawn back so that he sat in the center of a circle. In the ealier days ladies were included in its summer and winter festivals. Twelfth night was the occasion of the year, when a Queen and King were chosen with much picturesque detail. On one occasion Miss Amelia Sturgis who afterward married Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, was chosen queen and a beautiful one she must have made.

Linclon's body was exposed in the City Hall, an interminable line of people passed before it. Parents lifted little children that thy might have a glimpse of the face of the man, who said, "With malice towards none, with Charity for all". A guard of honor composed of great generals and statesmen stood around the bier. The Hon. John Jay kept a piece of the laurel which fitly lay on

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it, to give to me. R--'s interest in the Union League Club did not continue ~~after~~ when it ceased to be a political organ. It After it moved to its present quarters 39th St. and Fifth Ave. the character of its members changed, and though he retained his membership for a number of years, and occasionally went there to dinners, the policy of the Club no longer had any interest for him.

Governor Morgan was the senator from New York, and lived in the large house ~~corner of~~ 1500 I St. Washington now owned by John Mclean. Mrs. Morgan invited us to make her a long visit and R-- and Dickie and I went on in the winter of 1866 and staid with them for nearly two weeks, as I was kept there by a badly ulcerated tooth. Official life was recovering socially from the effects of the war and the shock of Lincoln's death. President Johnson had not yet proved himself unworthy, and the White House receptions were exceedingly brilliant. Not only was the White House opened to all comers, but Gen. Grant, Chief Justice Chase, and many others received "the people" on certain evenings. I remember one night, at Gen. Sheridan's instigation, for he happened to be with us, ~~that~~ we all entered Gen. G. Grant's house by the kitchen window, and made our way to the parlors by the back stairs, the front entrance being blocked by guards. The Morgans entertained a great deal and well. They had large independant means and kindly warm hearts, and as their hospitality was necessarily

indescriminate and wine flowed at the supper table, the Senator always requested "his ladies" to withdraw early! Of the people we met Gen. Phil Sheridan stands out most clearly. Ugly, stocky, anything but distinguished looking, he impressed you with his great power, while his ready smile and quick wit made him a charming companion. The old Academy of Music 14th St. and Irving place was seriously injured by fire in May. Plans for its reconstruction were made by R--Reynolds and Mr. Duggan, but Mr. Jackson, the architect of Wallack's theater, was finally given the work, simply because he had previous experience in theaters. R--s plans were considered by architects the best. "It was grandiose and good, of the French Rensissance, the arrangements good, the plans excellent, with the solitary drawback of internal columns". Says one of the architectural critics

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The great Italian tragedienne Adelaide Ristori was in America in 1866, and subsequently two winters, both of which we spent in Europe. She brought letters to Mrs. John Aster, and as she always included me in any interesting occurence, I received with her at a large reception which she gave for Mme Ristori, her husband and her children, and saw much of her during her stay in New York. She played at a theater in 14th St. now no longer existing, and people flocked to see her. She was the most heroic personality on the stage, that I ever saw, and to see her in Medea, when she envelopes the children in her draperies, before she kills them, exceeded in its pathos and tenderness, anything I ever saw. She was pathetic in Mary, Queen of Scots, and terrible as Elizabeth, in which her make up was wonderful, particularly in the last scene, for she dies upon the stage. I often went to her dressing room between the acts, or at the conclusion of the play, but she was never willing that I should see her her when she came out from this last scene of Elizabeth. However, when she was in Paris the following year, during the Expesition of 1867, she sent us a box for her "gala performance at the "Italiens", her husband brought up a little pencil note asking us to come to the green room after the plays were over. It was one of those unsatisfactory performances composed of a single act of different plays which actresses affect, because it shows in one evening, the scope of their genius. It began with Adrienne Lecouvreur, and ended with Eligabeth, so that I saw her after all, and the lines with which

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her face was painted to represent the death agony, were indeed repelling, seen close by, so that it required all possible self control command, when she kissed us on both cheeks after foreign ways. The green room was filled with celebrated and interesting persons but all my attention was taken up by Alexandre Dumas whom the great actress pushed ~~him~~ toward me with some flattering words. The big head with its shock of hair, the broad face, with its unmistakable mulatto types, his mother having been a Haytian negress; the scandals about him, the consciousness that the most versatile literateur in France was talking to me frightened me a good deal more than Ristori. I wished I had written ~~it~~ down at the time, more of what he said ~~was~~ and what I tried to answer, but I do remember distinctly, that he was charming and gracious, and said with the pretty compliments which are always at the tip of a Frenchman's tongue, that I was the first young American lady that he had had the pleasure of meeting, and plied me with questions as to America, in fast and voluble French, which I did my best to satisfy, feeling R-'s amused eyes upon me. At the other end of the room stood the ~~Mr. Kan~~ Menkin. All Paris was ringing with the stories about her and Dumas, the windows of the photographers and ~~French~~ shops had pictures of them taken together in, to say the least, affectionate attitudes. She was a very ugly woman, the wife of Heenen, the prize fighter but with a form almost without

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compare in its perfect beauty, which she showed nightly to "tout Paris" as bound to a house in the arena of the Hippodrome. His son to whom cousin Hortense afterward introduced me, was as blond as his father was dark. The elder Dumas' knew struck with this last episode in his life of literary chaos and moral disorder. For he lost completely, from this time the respect of his confrères, although it was impossible to withhold admiration from his genius. When we went to Russia that same summer, we took his "Voyage en Russie," as containing the best information on every possible subject obtainable, yet he had never been to Russia, and when R-- went to Spain in 1885 he took Dumas' de Paris a Cadiz which country he had equally never visited.

He died in 1870.

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R-- and William J. Hoppin were appointed the American jurors on the Committtee of Fine Arts and Commissioners to the Exposition at Paris in 1867, and we sailed in the Java, Capt. Moody, on the 6th of March. Mr. W. P. W. Dana rented the studio, and Mr. Daniel LeRoy the Newport house, stable and horses, and we left our good John Daly in charge. Shortly before we sailed, we were dining at the Franklin Delanos in Lafayette Place, and R--asked me if I would mind going home alone, as an important meeting had been called for late in the evening, in regard to the Paris Exposition, at the Union League Club. John took me safely home and for the first and only time drove away as I got out of the carriage, I rang the bell, No answer, I rang and rang, until the watchman coming down the street came to my help, ~~but~~ but at last ~~he~~ said, "It is no use, but I'll take you any where you want to go, as soon as I have made my rounds" Nights are cold in February, and I realized that I must find shelter somewhere, also that they would not take me in a hotel in an evening gown, and general festive appearance. I thought over all the friends in the neighborhood, and there was some reason why I could not arouse any one in 35th St. When the watchman came back the first house we bombarded was the John Astors, corner of 33rd St. and Fifth Ave, but we failed to get a responce. And we wandered down 35th St, then filled by Astor houses, and not invaded by the Waldorf-Astoria and shops. We

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came to the Sydney Ashmores, a late household who had just gone up to bed, and found the butler closing the house for the night. He recognized me, as I had lunched there a few days before. He took me into the library, poked up the fire, and left me promising not to disturb the family. The watchman went back to 35th St. to watch for lights in the windows, ~~promising~~ agreeing to notify R---. It was now midnight, and I threw off my white cloak, and took up a book to wait patiently for his arrival, when suddenly I heard a key in the front door, and realized that I had never met the master of the house, although Mrs. Ashmore was a cousin of R--'s. He came in hesitatingly, and some what dazed, but by the time he had reached the library door, I had arisen to the occasion, given him an explanation which he accepted on faith, for he confessed afterwards that he did not know but that his key had opened the door of the next house, or that he had come home from the club with his powers of imagination so developed, that he saw things which did not exist. R-- came in about an hour, and let his own wife, with his own latch key, into their own house. Our passage was very stormy. Mrs Tom Ives, now Lady Vernon Harcourt, crossed ~~with us~~ under our care, and the storm was so severe that we could not get to each other from opposite sides of the ship for several days. The bulwarks and boats were carried away, and the Captain's cabin on deck literally washed out, in a storm in mid-ocean. The Captain forbade the

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ladies to leave their berths for twenty fourshours. The woman who I had engaged to go with us as maid and nurse, disappointed at the eleventh hour, and as I had the promise of a gardeners daughter from Kew, as soon as I reached England, I went with-out an attendant. To add to the discomforts of the voyage, one night when the weather had moderated a little, and Dickie had fallen asleep in the dining saloon, R-- thinking it time for him to go to bed, picked him up and put him on his feet, and walked him down to the stateroom where I was, unconsious that the child had never waked up. A convulsion followed the physical shock, and although we were anxious for several days, there were no bad results. When the Java at last docked at Liverpool, we had been out nearly two weeks, and all the personal of the Cunard office was on the pier to meet us. When we reached London, we took an extra room at the Palace Hotel, Buckingham Gate, built great fires, and spread out the contents of the trunks, for we had not a dry handkerchief among us. The summer before, we had known the Earl of Airlie very well, in Newport and New York. He had gone in for ranching in the west, and had come out to look after his interests. He was simple and kindly, missing his wife and children, and used to like to come in to the Sunday mid-day dinner and for his lunch with Dickie and me. He met us on our arrival and there

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was nothing in the world that he didn't ~~do~~ want to for us during the time we staid in London. The Countess of Airlie, was one of the Stanleys of Alderley, and Lady Stanley had the reputation of having made the best matches for her daughters of any mother in England, every one of whom had married peers of ~~realm~~ the. Lady Airlie had the ~~reputation~~ credit of not being very civil to her husband's American friends, but she certainly was extremely nice to me, and I think the dinner, which we went to at their house was the most beautiful I ever saw. He was a Scotch peer, and consequently not over rich, and they did not own ~~their~~ The London house, but had leased Lord Macaulay's in Kensington. They used the library for a dining room, the books went from floor to ceiling, which was of wood, and one side opened into a conservatory. The table was covered with white Dresden groups, and baskets all filled with violets and cowslips, ~~lighted~~ and white Dresden candelabras lighted it. It was a very distinguished company, and included Mrs. Grote, the widow of the Greek historian, well over eighty, but in full evening dress. R-- took in Ethates Countess of Cork, and I sat between the Marquis of Lorne and the Earl of Salisbury, which latter, asked me during dinner, "how near buffaloes actually came to New York," much to the amusement of Lorne, who had been in the United States, and much in Canada. Englishmen who in those days had no personal experience in ~~been to~~ America had as little idea of it,

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as I remember the first georgraphy taught me, as a small child, about the French, for it dismissed them with this one sentence; "The French are a light people and fond of dancing!" The Adamses were our representatives in London, and both Mrs. Adams and Lady Airlie offered to present us at one of Queen Victoria's drawing rooms, but we were obliged to hurry on to Paris, however we did go to a large evening party (rout they would have called it fifty years before) at Lady Stanley's. It was following a levee at Buckingham Palace, and all the celebrated men in London were there in their court uniform and orders, and I principally remember quite a long talk with Robert Browning, and how the men stood together in groups, and left the women to shift for themselves; also that the ice cream was served from the freezer behind the supper table, about a desert spoon full to each person, which to my American notions seemed queer beg

Jack had engaged an apartment for us, as well as servants, a man and his wife, in the rue Neuve. I had taken over the gardener's daughter from England, but she was unwilling to travel, and I engaged a young German, named Bertha Gans, the niece of the pastor of one of the French churches. Dickie, however, was particularly happy made by the cook, who used to take him to market, and give him many little treats. The days were full for R-- and William

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Hoppin, and the evenings were occupied with brilliant fêtes, in which each minister vied with the other in the way of decorations and entertainments, for they all ~~that~~ had something, the artists from the opera, the great actors from the Théatre Français, and other theaters, to entertain the international guests. Representatives of each country made little groups by themselves, and we were the constant companions of dear old Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy of Baltimore, intimate friends of my father's, who ~~he~~ was also a commissioner. I fared better than most of the women, as some of R--'s old friends were generally present, and we ~~he~~ knew well Mon. Chevalier, the chamberlain, who had charge of the Royal entertainments. We had a carriage by the month, and Jean, the maitre d'hotel went on the box. On one occasion when we had to be at the Louvre at a certain hour, the coachman did not turn up, and we had to go in a street fiacre, which was all very well, but when we came out and down the magnificient escalier d'honneur into a crowd of gorgeous lackeys, it was rather amusing to have Jean, ambitious for the importance of his master step forward and call out "les gens de Mon. Hunt" ~~"Legence de Mon. Hunt"~~, and to have the shabby little street carriage, drawn by its rats of horses, appear.

The work was most interesting and congenial to R--, and he

was ~~much~~ associated in it, with Frederick Schmidt of Vienna, Guilhermy, Marriette Bey, the Egyptian explorer, Lefuel, Lenoir Dubon, Castel, Daumet, Balin, and Viollet- le -Duc, who told him ~~self~~ that he drew all his illustrations for his books on the wood ~~him~~ self. He breakfasted almost daily, with such men as Conture, Delacioix, Barye, Fédal and others, and renewed the associations of his long ~~stay~~ years in Paris. It was characteric of R-- that when the jury thought that the work of one exhibitor, who had died before the distribution of prizes, should be passed over, he contended that his heirs had the right to the recognition, if any, which his work merited, with the result that the grand prize was awarded in this case. The last weeks in Paris were spent at the Hotel du Jardin facing the gardens of the Tuileries, and just before we were to leave, Mon, Chevalier, having been told to select two representatives from each country to be presented to the Emperor and Empress ~~before~~ at a ball to be given to the Emperor of Russia, notified the Kennedys and ourselves that we were to be the Americans. This came on Saturday, and the ball was to take place on Monday . Fortunately everything was open on Sundays in Paris, and there were certain formalities to be gone through with Genl Dix, as well as ourselves to prepare. much more so than now, you can imagine how we scurried, R-- to

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get his court dress, and I to unpack, for the trunks were all ready to be stored at the bankers, for the summer, while we were traveling. Fortunately a new dress had just been delivered, as we were to be only a short time in Paris in the autumn. It was an apple green silk, covered with white tulle, embroidered with golden wheat, with a cornet of the wheat and green, and I could not have had anything more appropiate, The ball put all the other fêtes ~~we had been~~ to in the shade, for the gardens of the Tuileries were illuminated, the paths carpeted, and the fountains glittering under ever changing lights, while from the great stairway of the Tuileries, burned in the commune of 1871, ~~where~~ there was a constant stream of beautiful women and men, in all the bravery of Court dress and uniform, passing out to the gardens to breathe the midnight air on this hot June night. The Channceys watched it all from their balcony of the hotel opposite and really enjoyed it more than we did. The only Americans presented, besides the Kennedys and ouselves, were the Beautiful Mrs. Henry Duncan, and a western woman, who had so worked on the good nature of Gen. Dix that he made an application for her at the last moment. Her husband, if I remember correctly, was a government official, so there was some excuse, but she appeared with a boy about eight, and left with him indignantly, on being

told that there was no provision for his presentation, When the signal was given that their majesties were coming, we all stood. The Emperor simply bowed, but the Empress, that beautiful and gracious woman, stopped and spoke to each one. They came in from dinner with a long train of royalty after them. I think there were eleven crowned heads. The Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Leuchtenberg, The Duke & Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt and one or two of the Eastern potentates, Bismark, Gortschakoff, and other great statesmen in the rear. It was the evening of the great review when the Emperor of Russia had been fired upon, and every effort was made by the brilliancy of the evening, to obliterate the occurence of the afternoon. Dr. Campbell who brought the Prince Imperial into the world, as well as little Dickie Hunt, and Gen. Boucher, were with us most of the evening. The next day we started, for Aix la Chapelle with the Channceys, where Emily and R-- took the cure; and then went with them to Holland, where we parted company. At the Hague, R-- came in triumphantly one day with a wonderful necklace of fifty four intaghos, hanging in two rows of brilliant light, with a story cut deep in each one. It was for me of course, and I put it on and wore it one brief evening. The next day, doubts arose as to ~~its~~ the stones being real.

and R-- took it back to the antiquary from whom he had bought it, and asked if there was no test that could be applied to these so called precious stones. ~~He~~, while insisting upon its authenticity, advised him to take it to a diamond cutter in Amsterdam, who, he said, was the best known expert. So R-- took it, and alas, returned in the evening crestfallen and disappointed, for as the expert touched each little stone it chipped. He pronnouced them antique glass. R-- returned them to the merchant and took his money back, but he always regretted having given them up, never so much so, as when Mrs. Henry Sandford came to our house in Newport, to an evening party with them on her neck, ~~and~~ when I involuntarily exclaimed: "Oh! R-- ~~she~~ Richard has my necklace" and he said, "Oh, what beauties, and what a pity they are not real!" and she with quick sarcasm ~~said~~ replied: "Yes, Henry knew it, and bought them for their artistic, not their intrinsic value." ~~Where we parted company and~~ With the R-- and Dickie and I went to Hamburg, and from there to Copenhagen, where the first short dress which the native had seen caused great excitement. Before that year, we wore long skirts with pully arrangements to shorten them for walking, which made the wearer look like an inflated baloon. In summer the population live at the tea gardens, and by afternoon the town is a "deserted village" We had a nasty voyage up the ~~Skagenack~~ Skager Rack on a

little Norwegian steamer, all the officers of which, spoke English. ~~Men and~~ Men & women were not allowed to occupy the same state-room. Consequently R-- and Dickie had to be at the other end of the boat, and I and Bertha with two strange women. Indeed the accommodations had seemed so uncomfortable when R-- went to engage passages, that he three times changed his money, thinking it would be too hard for me. The approach to Christaina is very pretty, and we were reading ~~over~~ our Murray by moonlight when we reached there at midnight. At Christiana, we engaged a guide, one Pretorius, and took a six days drive in carryalls as far as Hitterdahl. The wooden Architecture interested R-- immensely. We had another rough voyage back to Gottenberg, where heavy rains caused us to stop a day or two and rest, and then we went by boat to the famous falls of Trolhätten, where we found that we had been misinformed, and the railroad to Stockholm was not opened, so we combined forces with a Norwegian bridal party and engaged a boat to take us on to a point which the railroad had reached. It was a weird experience, for a heavy storm came on. and when the little boat was swallowed up in the ten locks through which we had to pass, it seemed each time as if we never would come triumphantly to to the surface again. No sign of life was to be seen when we approached the little town where we were to find our train, ex-

cept the watchman, chanting the quarter hours in big capes with swinging lanterns, ~~and~~ the boatmen carried the women on shore on their broad shoulders. The picturesque experience was worth the discomfort. My brother Joe's comrade at arms, Gen. Bartlett was minister to Sweden. ~~It was~~ The three days voyage across the Baltic ~~which~~ was ~~so~~ most interesting, a voyage of moonlit nights and beautiful mornings, landing at Abo, Helsingford, and Vibourg in the afternoons to go to the tea gardens, and see the churches. It certainly is the way to approach Russia. Admiral Farragut and his staff were in St. Petersburg, and we went down by the same train with them to Moscow. It was a different journey from what it is to day. The railroad was only recently completed, the ~~Emperor~~ Czar having taken his pencil and drawn a line between the two cities. ~~and~~ The carriages were peculiarly constructed, the central part consisting of two stories, salon below and smoking room above, with compartments for men and side, and women the other, with a guard and chambermaid in national costume.

There were no towns at which to stop for meals, ~~and there were~~ but stations, ~~where~~ at which the train drew up at stated intervals, to find steaming samovars, and exceedingly good food, and there in the ~~wildness~~ wa came across a one legged American soldier in the service of the railway, which proves once more what a small place

the world is. Moscow was full of barbaric color. It was as if one were transported to the heart of the middle ages. From our hotel windows (not exciting when Father Joe & I were there 1901) we looked out on a square facing the Holy Gate, and our eyes fell on all manner of men in costumes. We went to Troistska the great monastry, and finally to Nijni Novgood, excursions that at the time seemed anything but profitable, but most interesting to look back upon, but it seemed on our return as if we never would be clean again, and the next morning a visit of Re- to the bankers hurried us back to Germany, and we never shall know if the following circumstances which took place in 1862 had any connection with those of 1867. ~~Two episodes in my Dicks life.~~

~~1862~~ Dick's ~~1867~~ Prospective adventure

It began in Biarritz, France, when he was four months old. Jane, his old nurse, reported that she was constantly followed by two men and a woman; but the idea that anything could happen to a little free born American was so absurd that we paid no attention to her worryments, although they were repeated daily. ~~I had a severe~~ illness at Brarritz, ~~and the doctor insisted on my weaning the baby for the moment, and brought in, to draw my milk, a great big toothless fisher woman in her Basque costume, as a tempory substitute for the baby, so that it happened that the baby and Jane spent most of the day on the beach. I remember that the only~~ ice that could be provided for me during my fever, was in little

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~~artificial lumps made at the aptheeary's, and that the baby deprived of his natural food was fed (and flourished) on water and biscuits de Rheims (sponge biscuits).~~ One day, after I had been moved into the sitting room, and was lying on the couch, a card was brought to me with an unpronounceable Russian name on it, this was soon followed by a lady, who had herself announced with some ceremony, and who without delay, and in very fluent French, laid the following extraordinary proposition before me. She said that her mistress, a cousin of the Emperor of Russia, was not only unfortunately childless, but that political reasons had made it very important that she should have an heir to inherit her vast estates; that the Emperor had said to her "Go to Europe, ma cousine, and come back to Russia with a child. I shall ask no questions and exact nothing, except that it shall be of gentle blood. If any question arises, I will legalize the adoption of the infant." The lady in waiting, without giving me time to interrupt, went on to say that her mistress had been traveling for nearly a year, looking for a child on which to set her affections, and that at last here at Biarritz she had found it; that the child had been followed and had been tracked to the hotel, and enquiries had shown it belonged to a young American lady who was all there.

I was convalescing from an illness when

The nurse had been approached, but been found incorruptable, and each time her mistress had seen the baby, the desire to possess it had grown more intense, and she therefore had decided to apply at once to the parents of the child, and offer them whatever they chose to demand for a complete surrender. Of course the proposition was received with ~~much~~ indignation, and the baby didn'dt go to the beach any more! I think the Russian ~~commisary~~ emissary was convinced that it would take more than the crown jewels to purchase ~~even~~ in 1867 an American even ~~a~~ baby, less dear than mine. The afternoon that we arrived at Moscow, we went for a drive in the public park.

Summer is so short in those northern countries that the vegetation is peculiarly brilliant. I can shut my eyes now and see the various shades of green shimmering lights through the trees, the theatrical prancing of the show horses harnessed alongside their working brothers, the brilliant effective trappings, the Parisian toilets of the woman, the outriders and cossacks, a scene of semi-barbaric splendor, and beyond, on the ~~heads~~ levels of grass, picturesque encampments of Gypsies, which at that moment were in great number in Moscow. At the end of a week, with much reluctance I consented to go to Nijni Novgorod, and then only to go one night and return the next, spending the day there, as it was impassible to take little ~~Dick~~ Dickie, and I did not want to leave him, particularly as I did not have over much confidence in the nurse, a young German woman named Bertha. The housekeeper of the ~~Hotel~~ a respectable

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German woman, promised to keep watch over them during the one day. It proved to be a journey of much interest ~~and~~ much fatigue and much physical discomfort, exhausting to both body and purse, so that the next morning, after listening to some ~~wild~~ crazy tales from Bertha, as to having been followed by ~~some~~ wild looking men in the street, and the housekeeper having forbidden her to leave the house again, Richard left me to recuperate, and went to the bankers. He was a German Russian, the correspondent of ~~J. S. Morgan & Co.~~ Baring Bros; and at once began the following interrogatory:" Mr. Hunt you have been away? "Yes." "You have been to Nij ~~Novgorod~~ Novgorod"? "Yes" "You left your little boy, a remarkably beautiful child, alone here at the hotel in charge of a nurse"?

"Yes"

"I can only tell you two direct things, and you must not ask me any questions. I have received information from authority not to be disregarded, that you must never let that child out of your sight again while you are in Russia, and my advice to you is, to leave the country at your earliest convenience." Nor was it possible to get one word more from the banker, of information or explanation.

It is needless to say that we took the afternoon train to St. Petersburg, and the through train from there to Berlin, having for

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our companions on the journey, Canon Liddell, and Professor Dobson, (Lewis Carroll) who told ~~Dick~~ Dickie stories as enchanting as Alice in Wonderland, and no stranger than the one that has just been recounted.

~~Whether these two episodes had any connection or not, I have never been able to find.~~

~~Catherine C. Hunt.,~~

~~Sunday evening May 17th, 1896.~~

I think I must tell you about an old Russian Prince, who took the greatest fancy to R--. He was a large man, rough, with grey hair and beard, of typical cossack type. We saw him every day in the dining room, where he sat alone and in his short sleeves. One day he came up to our table and asked R-- if he was an American, and then grasped his hand and said he had been watching him ; after that, he used to talk to us daily. And one night took R-- to various socialistic and nihilistic meetings, while I lay awake and trembled till day break with anxiety. He ended by asking us to his estates in the interior of Russia. We had heard that he was under surveillance and not allowed to go to St. Petersburg, but not until after we had refused did we learn that he had the largest estate in Russia, where all the boyar customs were kept up, It was not until we were in the train going from St. Petersburg to Berlin, that I found out that Prof. Dobson was the Lewis Carroll of " Alice in Wonderland". I had asked him if he had ever seen this wonderful tale, and he answered, "Why yes, I wrote it." From Berlin we went via Dresden back to Paris, at Dresden we fell in with the George Bancrofts and R-- always delighted in having gone to the green vaults with Mr. Bancroft to see the wonderful crown jewels. Mr. Bancroft who spoke Ger-

man well, ~~having said~~ said to the guardian. "Are these all real jewels? "to which the keeper of the gems replied in good English: "The Kings of Saxony never wear anything else, sir." I was ill when we reached Paris, ~~and~~ We sailed for home in the early autumn. Félix Dubon and Questel, R's-- French confrères, gave him a dinner before he left Paris, which they called "une diner internationale" E. D. Lindsay and Maurice Fontachon had been left in charge of the office , which was still in W-10th St, When we went to Europe, though I think he must have also had an office at 128 Broadway, for I remember going there before this time. Mr. Marsh who entered the office in 1868, thinks that the pupils were transferred to the downtown office.. As far as I can make out there is no record of the work done in these early years. The work under construction, was the New Haven Club House. "Scroll and Key." Alterations of Alexander Van Reusellaer's house Newport, Gibbs Monument, Newport, and George Hall's house, Brattleboro, and alteration of the Bigelow house Newport. He was designing a pedestal for the 7th Regt Monument, and spoke at a dinner given by the Veterans on April 16th -

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A call for designs for the war offices in Washington, had met with a protest from all the leading architects in the United States, on the ground that the government reserved the right of appointing their own superintendent to carry out the designs, and that the awards to the invited competitors were inadequate. This also applied to a competition ~~asked for,~~ for the Capitol at Albany. The commissioners of the New York Post Office therefore, determined to shift the responsibility from their shoulders to that of the architects, and accordingly, without offering any terms of ther own, they asked ~~these gentlemen~~ certain professional authorities to tell them in plain words, what action they should take to secure their co-operation? "Savoir, if they know what they want, or if knowing, they wil recognize it when they get it." said R. An informal meeting of M. I. A. was called, and a schedule drawn up, for the instruction and terms of compensation to competing architects. This was signed by the first men in the profession, approved by the Postmaster General and Secretary of the Interior, and forty nine designs were placed on exhibition early in June. The committee of selection however, did not include a single scholar or artist. Five architects from the successful competitors were selected to develop the final plans. These were R. John Cowyn, Le Brun, Schultz and Shim, Renwick and Sands. There was much ~~opposition~~ discussion

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through the press, as to the site, there being ~~much~~ great prejudice toward building the postoffice in the park itself. It can be readily understood how impossible and inpracticable it was, for five men to combine and reconcile their plans. My impression is, that the direction was left to LeBrun. There was of course one best among ~~all the others~~, and the author of that plan, was entitled to the recommendation by the commissioners. In the winter of 1868 R-- began to work on the buidlings for the Hampton Industrial Schools, near Fortress Monroe, Va. This brought him into intimate relations with Gen. Armstrong, as delightful a companion, as he was an interesting man, and he staid with us often, after his wife's death in Newport ~~in Newport~~, where Dickie used to hang enthralled over his knee, while he drew pictures and told stories of the Sandwich Is. lands where he was born and brought up, his father having been a pioneer missionary and well as one of the King's ministers. ~~After the~~ He was also working on ~~Hampton Industrial Schoolds~~ designs for the proposed Union Theological Seminary, of which Dr. Prentiss was ~~president~~ Trustee, and his relation with Mr. James Lenox began at this time. ~~In the~~ plans for the ~~Presbyterian Hospital, which was first proposed to~~ call the ~~Lenox Hospital, after Mr. James Lenox, of whom~~ I wish I could give an adequate description of Mr Lenox. Reticent, reserved, but large hearted and large minded, with Scotch caution fully develop-

11/2

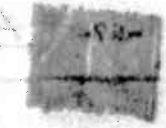
through this screen, we to the side, large being some prejudice towards building the penitentiary in the park itself. It can be readily understood how impossible and impracticable it was, for five men to monopoly and reconcile their views. My impression is, that the matter was left to Ludlow. There was of course one best among all the seven, and the authors of the plan, was entitled to the recommendation by the commissioners. In the winter of 1882 R-- began to work on the buildings for the Kenyon Industrial Schools, near Portress Monroe Va. This brought him into intimate relations with Gen'l Armstrong, as daily trial a companion, as he was an interesting man, and he stood with us often, after his wife's death in Kenyon, where Dick used to have entertained over his dinner, while on crew pictures was held stories of the Sandwich Is. Which he was born and brought up. His father having been one of the King's ministers. He was also working on

~~Hampton Industrial Institute~~ designs for the proposed library

Theological Seminary of which Dr. Frankel was President and his relation with Dr. James Lanox began at this time.

plans for the Presbyterian Hospital, which we finally got to call the Lenox Hospital. Other Dr. James Green, or I may I could give an adequate description, Cultivated reserved, but large hearted and large minded with Solomon smiling fully dressing

ed, he became warmly attached to R--, and showed his affection in characteristic ways; - for instance, he disapproved of R-- smoking, and without a word passing on either side, would each time he stood near him, draw from his vest breast pocket, the cigars with which it was always filled, lay them on the table, and shake his head. But he enjoyed the companionship, and long talks with R--, both in New York and Newport, where he had a house for several summers (at the end of Kay St), and Miss Jane Lenox once told me that R--'s was the only house her brother ever visited outside his own family. Linsay left the office to establish himself. R-- made him a loan to do so, and subsequent loans to carry on his work, thinking he would do better by himself, as he was not amenable to direction. * ~~Marsh entered the office at this time at the age of sixteen at this time, finding there Maurice Fornachon, E.E. Rhat, and the two Beckwiths.~~ *



* E.L.Marsh, at the age of sixteen, entered the office which was still at the studio building, and is today to be found at his post faithful to R--'s memory and to the interests of his sons. Maurice Fornachon, E.E.Rhat and the two sons of Mr.Beckwith, formed the staff at this time.

J.Mazur, at the age of sixteen, entered the office which was still at the radio building, and is today to be found as bandmaster faithful to R--'s monopoly to the interests of his sons. Maurice Rotundun, R.R.Mazur and the two sons of Mr. Jankowski, formed the staff at this time.

The work in the office was a house for Bancroft Davis above Newburgh;Rectory for Anthon Memorial Church;pedestal for the Shakespeare Monument. In accordance with the extraordinary ethics that prevail with individual clients and business bodies in dealing with architects,the building committee of the Union League Club, after engaging R-- to make designs for the proposed new club house, decided to have other plans sent in,in competition. They had given him a general idea of their wants and necessities,and an approximate idea of the amount to be expended,and when the designs were ready,the committee expressed itself as satisfied and pleased. To a proposition recieved from the building committee just before he sailed for home,he replied as follows:"As regards to sketches which Mr.Jay desires to be delivered to him,allow me to say <u>they belong to the architect</u> as much as a lawyer's brief is the property of a lawyer. Drawings and designs are the property of the architect under all circumstances <u>unless otherwise especially provided for</u>. To a person not conversant in the matter 1% of the cost might appear exhorbitant,but upon reflection it will be seen that the idea is the main object to obtain,and the mere execution or the carrying out of the design is a comparitively minor matter, besides of what account are the drawing to any one unless the work is to be executed? In which case the architect should be employed. No architect should or would abandon his designs to be executed by another." He writes at the same time a personal letter to Mr. John Jay,then president of the Club,and his warm friend,

11/2

"The work was

accomplished by the time specified, and to the general satisfaction of the Club. I believe when it was proposed to invite others to compete no objection was raised , but in reality competition , if there was to be any, should have been invited before, and not after my plans were exhibited, Never the less I allowed my plans to remain at the Club, until I thought the project abandoned. As the designs had been called for since my departure, I am led to suppose the Club entertained the idea of building again If so, I should consider it very unfair to me, to have my design (in case of competition) discussed before hand. Of course, I have nothing to say about the propriety or desirability of competition. Under the circumstances my project, having been exhibited, others would have a certain advantage over me, moreover, I would not (nor do I think any one of the professional standing would) permit a design to be executed by another(if it were possible to superintend the work myself) for the reason that the designer better understands his own project than another--- a good design might be imperiled in strange hands--- in which case the designer would be blamed, or supposing the case of a project being well executed by others than the designer, he would gain little credit for it."

In fact I will never again furnish designs unless I am to be employed to execute and superintend, unless the work be too far off. Committees on buildings in American are apt to trifle with architects and the only way to do, is to come to an understanding at the outset." The Union League Club was not built until much later. R-- lost the building of the N. Y. state Insane Asylum owing to his absence in Europe, the committtee deeming it inadvisable to treat with his subordinates. Before he went to Europe he had visited several of the large Insane Asylums in this country, and in Paris he went over all the buildings of that description in course of construction, and found Charenton very suggestive and complete with its accomodations for 600 patients. He enjoyed an immense advantage through the architects, and their kindness and attention in explaining the minutest details.

In a letter to the office, R-- writes: "The criticism you send me is very amusing, the author had better come abroad and instruct the poor benighted Europeans for they are all "suckled at the breast of the later Renaissance", or are suckling it as hard as they can. Having been considerably sucked in by the bastard attempts of the various styles foisted on the public." 'Tis really a sad fact that national architectural types are a fast

In fact I will never again Thursdays during winters I am to be engaged to speak on superfluous and, unless the work be too the city, to attend or [illegible] in Amsterdam. I am not to [illegible] with [illegible] and the only way to do it is to come to an understanding at the outset. The Junior Leagues [illegible] was not quite unfit much [illegible] -- just one building of the N.Y. [illegible] Asylum owing to [illegible] in Europe. The committee decided it inadvisable to treat with [illegible] subordinates. Before he went to Europe he had visited several of the Junior Leagues Asylums in this country, and in Paris he went over all the buildings of that description in course of construction, and found Observation very suggestive and complete with its accomodations for 600 patients. He enjoyed an immense advantage through the architects, and their kindness and attention in explaining the minutest details.

In another letter office, Mr. writes: "The criticism you send me is very amusing, the author between some abroad and knows about the poor benighted Europeans for they are all "suckled at the breast of the Inter Oceanic", or are working it as hard as they can. Having been so considerably mucked in by the bastard children of the various styles foisted on the public."

"It really a sad fact that national architectural types are best

disappearing, as quaint old houses come down, they are replaced by poor meaningless constructions as a general thing; attempts at all styles. Without doubt, the French have surpassed all Europe in modern architecture, as they have in painting and sculpture. In consequence, French architecture is copied to a greater or less extent everywhere, and I fear that it will be so, for some time to come. Now if Europe be on the wrong track, what a pity not to show the mistake and correct the evil. All will agree that the various national styles should be preserved and improved, for there is always room for improvement. Bad as the modern French architecture is, it has only been arrived at after a centurys hard work under Louis XVI, and the Empire. The first steps of classic art were made, and the modern French architecture is the result."

[redacted]arch of this year 1868 we had a dreadful 200 fright, for [redacted] starting to slide, ~~by~~ like, down the bannisters, caught in the little rod which connected the stairs with the landing, and was [redacted]d to the ~~bare~~ tile pavement ~~of the~~ floor below. I heard the [redacted] in my room, and was down stairs and picked him up, and carried him into the parlor before any one else got there. It seemed ages before we could get doctors, and he recovered consciousness. When Dr. Barker told me that he would be all right, I went down to R--'s office to ~~reassure~~ break the news to him. Bertha Gans, whom I had engaged in Paris the year before, provided the next tragedy. A woman who occupied a stateroom with her on coming to America, came and reported her suspicions that something must be wrong, bundles upon bundles having been brought to her house, under the pretence that Bertha had no place to keep them. Poor R-- had to face the disagreeable situation of police officers and detectives, and hunt up some relative who would be responsible for her. A father suddenly developed in Philadelphia, whose existence we had not even suspected. She was so young a girl, and so pretty that we did not feel like taking the responsibilty of putting her in prison. ~~though~~ subsequent developements made us think it would have been better for her if we had done so. Kitty was born on the 22rd of May, 1868, at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, after an illness of thirty six hours, ~~Dr. Barker named her when he said "Why it is a little K itty"~~ during which Dr. Barker did not leave the house. He named her, when he said: "Why it is a little Kitty" She was a very large baby weighing over twelve pounds. Dr. Barker went to Europe when the baby was a month old, and I was left in

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Chambre

Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle.

Ménagerie.

N°

M. Hunt

est autorisé à faire des Etudes d'après les animaux Carnassiers

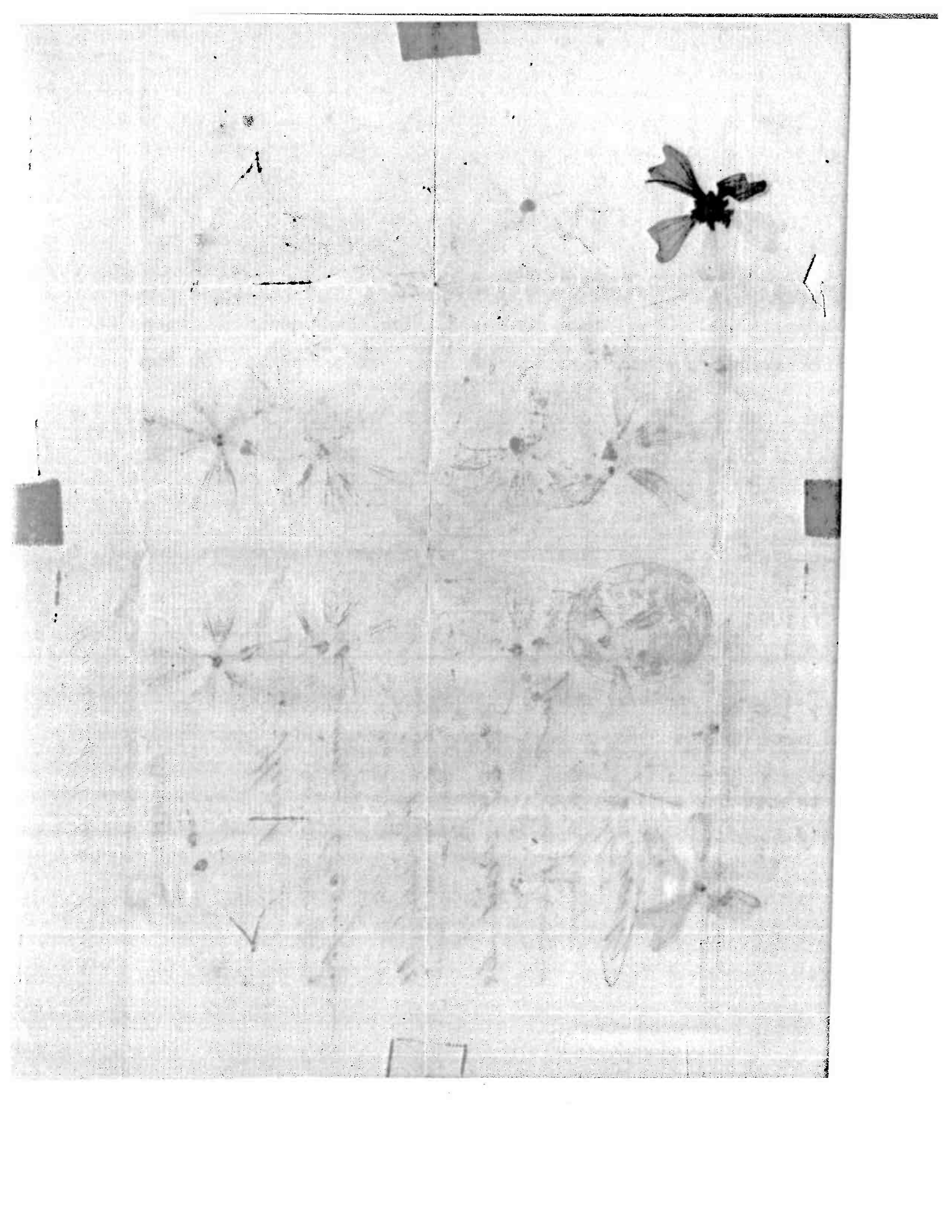
Cette autorisation est valable à partir de ce jour jusqu'au 1 Octobre 1862 de 6 heures du matin à 9. de 10 heures à 1 heure.

Le 23 avril 1862

pour le Professeur administrateur chargé de la ménagerie,

NOTA. Il est expressément défendu aux gardiens de laisser modeler ou dessiner les animaux féroces en dehors des heures ci-dessus indiquées.

Imp. D. N. A. LELOIR, rue des Saints-P.



William Morris Hunt.

ismship ran high and the court room was crowded to hear the able lawyers, for and against.

The first collection of architectural plaster casts was donated to the Museum by R--, who selected the examples with great care, in Paris, and applied in vain to an obdurate government to remit the custom house duties

An appropriation of $350,000 being made, to add to the building, Mr. Theodore Weston, one of the trustees, and his partner Mr. Authur Tuckerman, prepared plans for the addition. At one time during the erection, these seemed very unsatisfactory to the building Committee and di Cesnola, who was ex- officio a member of all the committees, wrote to R-- saying how dissatisfied they were, and asking him as a friend and trustee of the Museum, if he would not correct the plans, before it was toolate. R-- very properly answered that it was too late, and he had no wish to interfere, as they had had the option of applying to him to do the work professionally. In the first place, On November 5th 1894, the new accommodations were opened, but before that, they had been found inadequate, and Mr. Marquand, to whom the Museum owed the most enlightened years of its exist-

R.

-~~Rom~~ ~~Zzzz~~ 213

ence, and who was generous to a fault in his official relations, had asked R-- to make a general plan for future extensions, as well as designs for the new wing on Fifth Ave, as it now stands. The plans were completed before his death and carried out by his son Richard. It is said that R--, referring to this new wing, said that he would choose it as his monument; and it was suggested by a letter to the press, that in the grand vestibule, there should be a protrait medallion of ~~M~~. R--, or a duplicate of Daniel Chester French's bust, which forms a part of the ~~monument~~ memorial which ~~standing~~ stands opposite to the - Lenox library. But the Trustees took no action. During the many years in which R-- was a trustee of the Museum, he faithfully attended the meetings of the board, always interested in projects for its advancement and enlargement, although not always agreeing with the methods employed. The board took cognizance of this when in a meeting held soon

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this however, or the superb success of the wing on Fifth avenue has apparently made no impression upon the present Board of Trustees, as the new wing about to be erected in persuance with the general plan made by R--, has been given out to another architect, instead of going, as it should have, to R--'s sons.

membership dated May 14th,1885,is this note:"I hereby appoint my son,Joseph Howland Hunt,my successor as patron of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

We bought the stable 17 East 27th st.on the 2nd of September, and paid $25,000 for it,and in order to decrease the rent,we leased half of it to Robert Hone,and R-- allowed his brother Leavitt,who had a house that winter in 29th st,to stable his horses there also.

The next year was almost as full professionally as the one preceeding,for the Lenox Library was begun,the Brimmer houses in Boston,Rathbone houses in Providence,designs for the Abattoir Company's slaughter houses,and at Newport the Appleton house,a house for Miss Charlotte Cushman,and a Swiss chalet on the Fort road,for Mrs.Mason Jones,to say nothing of the Travers block of shops which now forms part of the Newport Casino. Sketches were also made about this time for a house for William T.Blodgett,but the project of building was abandoned.

Tom Appleton,too well known as a wit and literateur for me to attempt to describe him,used to say that his house grew out of the good things we gave him to eat,particularly lobster prepared in some way which tickled his palate. He was immensely original and an intelligent companion,but I sometimes used to wish he wouldn't come at eleven o'clock and stay all day! R-- was also doing various work at Greenfield Conn. for Mr.Frederic Bronson,and alterations and monumental work in different places.

Dr.Fordyce Barker brought another baby into the world Sunday March 6th 1870. We called him after my dear and only brother Joseph

Howland, and when he was christened by Dr. Morgan at St. Thomas church, which we attended for a little while, my sister Emily stood as Godmother and my brother, Joseph Howland, as Godfather. He is the fourth Joseph Howland in direct line. I had various drawbacks which prolonged my convalescence for nearly three months, and in the summer, I took Joe, the baby, and went to make a visit to my brother-in-law at Lenox. I was taken ill there and left suddenly for Newport, but was so ill on the train that Miss Jane Crafts, a fellow travelor, took me to her house in Boston for the night, and when the train drew into Newport the next day, I was unconscious and had to be carried to the carriage. I mention this because R-- was at White Plains with a committee selecting a site for the Insane Asylum, and hurried home in the greatest alarm.

Before the records of this year are closed, I must say something of Christine Nillson, who was in Newport in the autumn and much with me, to whom she used to sing alone by the hour.

A wealthy Sweed who had heard her singing at a country fair, had been so impressed with the promise of her genius that he undertook her education. My brother-in-law, George Dorr, had known and been interested in her when she and Clemintina Haggerty, Mrs. James Crafts of Boston, were in school together in Paris, and they both wrote begging me to meet her on her arrival in America, so that I was at the Clarendon Hotel, corner of Fourth avenue and 18th st, when she landed from the steamer. It is difficult to describe people justly when the glamor of distance hangs over them like a veil, but I shall always remember her great freshness, livliness and charm with keen delight. Of peasent extraction there was never a sign that she could have had other surroundings than her present ones, for though an admirable actress she had none of the trappings of her art. I was often with her in her bedroom before she had arisen for the day, in her dressing room at the theater, and was always impressed at her likeness to any simple young girl of her class. She kept aloof from her theatrical associates off the stage. A French governess, who had been with the sisters of M. Rouzand, whom she afterwards married, was her constant companion. She resented familiarities, such as the stage permits, and once when in an impassioned scene Faust clasps Marguerite in his arms, she thought Capoul was taking advantage of the situation, she dropped her head on his shoulder and bit him "as

a lesson". It created a little feeling,but he had recieved his lesson.

She and R-- had a good deal of fun together,and projected a concert tour by which they were to make double money. After the entrance fee to hear her sing,the doors were to be locked and an exit fee demanded to let them out when he began!

When she sailed for England after her marriage in 1874,and her second tour in America,it was on the same steamer with us. It was after R--'s severe illness when raw clams had been what he most relished at home,so I took a barrel with sea,but the capriciousness of convalescence he could not touch one of them. Christine,however,who was a very bad sailor,simply lived on them from port to port. M.Rouzand was a kindly gentlemanly little Frenchman,devoted to her but did not seem to us strong enough to manage so willful and wayward a wife,and we never could understand why she had married him. It was a case when persistance won the day. It never struck us that she had any warmer feeling for him than friendship, but she truly grieved over the distressing nature of his illness, for he was out of his mind some time before he died. After five years she married Count de Miranda,to whose daughter she was devotedly attached.

R

In 1871 R-- was asked to deliver one of a course of three lectures again and later with W.W. Story, Charles Norton, and John Lafarge with Park Godwin and Bayard Taylor at Yale College. The idea of preparing anything to be delivered before a critical academic audience was very distasteful to him. The fluency with which he talked seemed dammed up like a stream weighed down with heavy stones when it came to putting his thoughts on paper. So, he declined that, and repeated invitations, from the same and other sources.

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One of the first patients at the Presbyterian Hospital was an old woman, who called for the ~~matron~~ superintendent (at that time Miss Jane Woolsey, the sister of Aunt Eliza who accepted the position in the interest of trained nursing) to make an important communication to her which she refused to give to the nurse. She pulled her down to within whispering distance and then said: "My dear, can't you possibly recommend me to some hospital less well ventilated than this?"

An unconscious compliment to poor R-- who prided himself on having employed all of the latest methods to keep the air fresh and pure in the wards.

R

~~82~~ 218

1872

At the request of Mr. Charles L. Dana, R.-revised and practically rewrote the article on Architecture, in Appleton's Encyclopedia of 1872.

The Eighth Ave. Grand Opera House was owned by Jim Fisk, a Vermont boy, the son of a peddler, from whom Mrs. Hunt used to buy tins at her kitchen door when she lived in Brattleboro, and who made an immense fortune in the Erie R. R. R-- had arranged offices for the Erie R.R. in the building, a couple of years earlier, and when a question arose as to its safety, he was called in as an expert, to strengthen the construction. R-- found him a rough diamond, but intelligent and appreciative, and R-- sent him the freedom of the Opera House for a year, but I don't think we ever availed ourselves of the privilege. Numberless stories were told about Jim Fisk, and his ready repartee. When he was asked to subscribe to a fence which was to be put about the cemetery at Brattleboro where his father was buried, he replied that:"" He would give them something, but that he never knew any one who wanted to get into the cemetery, or any one that was in, who could get out." So he saw no use for the fence. He owned the Fall River Line of boats, put all the officers into uniform, and tried to establish a naval form of government. Once when we were making

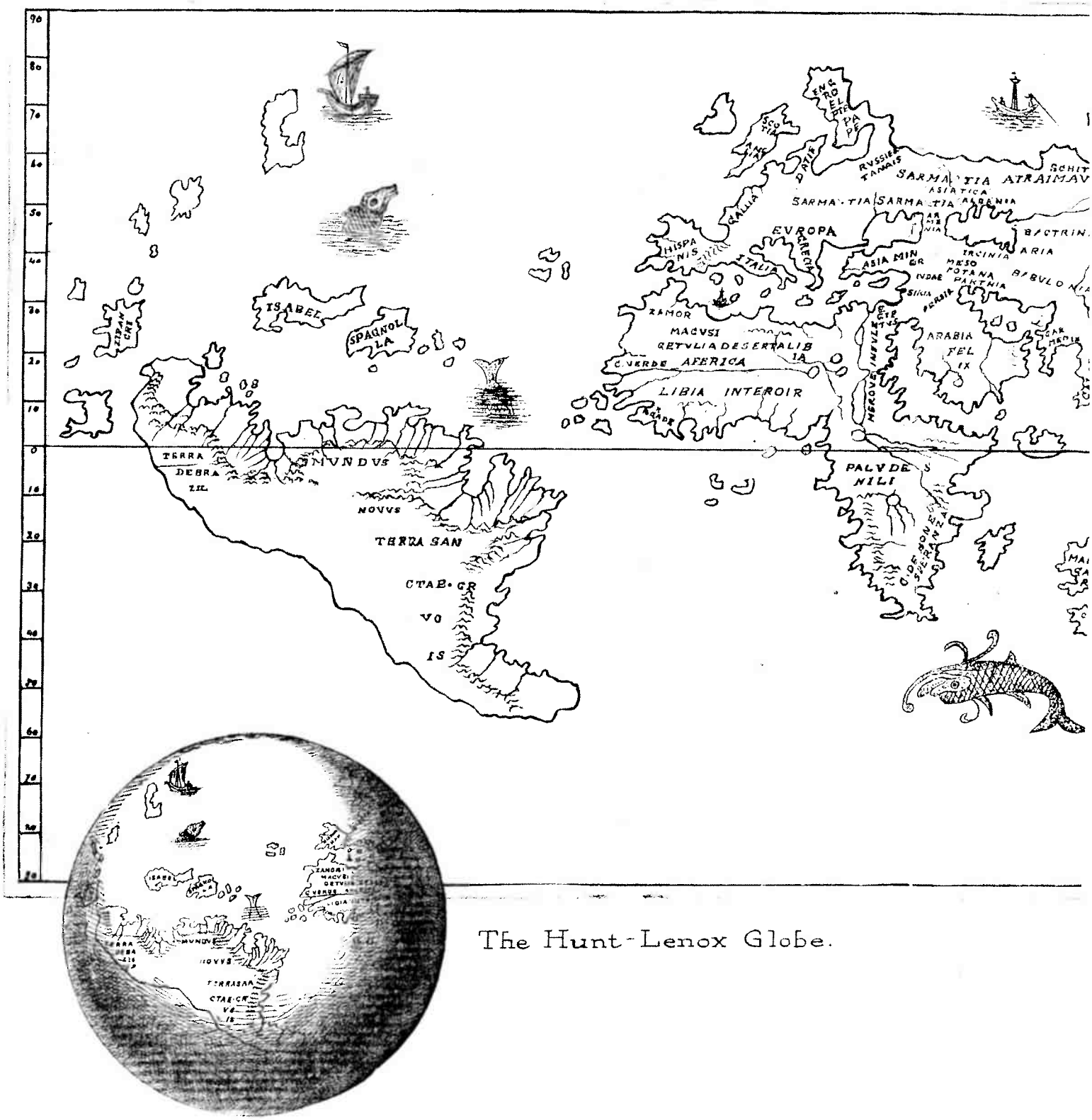
the family exodus
~~ing on~~ in the spring, during his regime we were startled, and amused, by a bridal procession, which boarded the steamer. First Jim Fisk alone, in an Admiral's umifrom, then the captain and all the staff of the boat, then the bride and groom in full evening dress, and eight bridesmaids and groomsmen. They took up about one half of one side of the boat, and went on to Boston, but as we landed in Newport, we did not see the birds of Paradise emerge like little brown wrens the next morning .

An Englishman named Patterson, was working in the Newport studio. His wife was ill, and of such a different class, that we became much interested in her, and tried to do everything to alleviate the circumstances. Patterson himself, was very clever, but unreliable, and his wife so unhappy, and so terribly pressed for money, that she begged me to write to her family in England, and urge them to forgive her, and take her back . I accordingly wrote to a high dignitary of the Church of England, who replied "that she had become infatuated with this man, and had married him in spite of the entreaties of her family, But if she would return to England, her family would take care of her." When her husband deserted her almost immediately afterward, R-- paid her passage back, and we never heard from her again. the many loans which had been made to them,

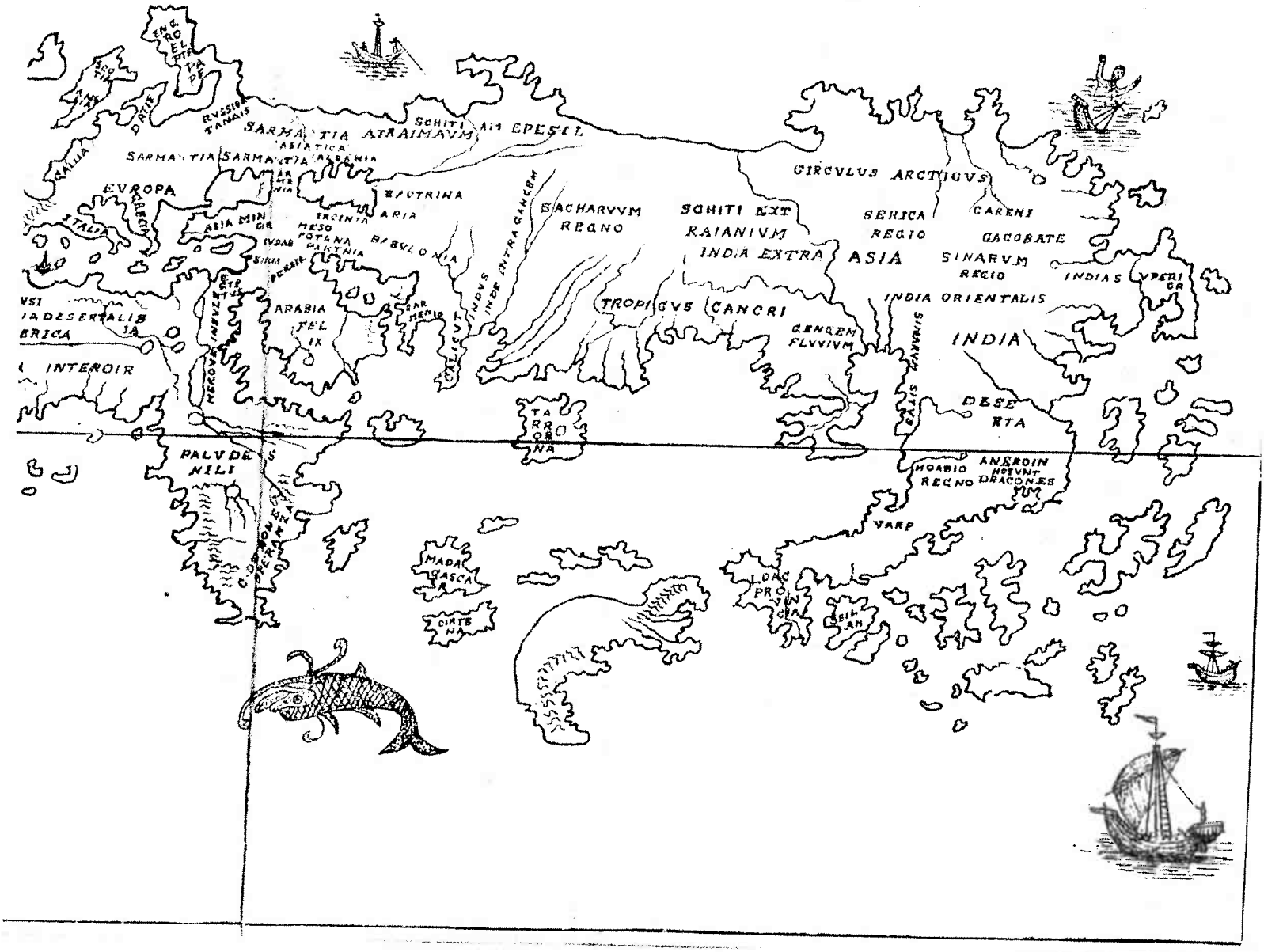
During the summer of 1873,R-- went to Baltimore for some competition.I think it must have been the laying out of the Baltimore Park. He stayed at Mr.H.C.Frick's,who tell the following story: R-- who was very sensitive to both extreme heat and cold,arrived from the station overcome by the heat. The first question he asked Mr.Frick was "are there any ladies in the house?,and when Mr.Frick said"not",he said:"Thank the Lord!" and immediately took off his coat and waistcoat. Mr.Frick says "R-- was so delightfully spontaneous and charming,that it never occured to him that it was in any way peculiar,although he had never laid eyes on him before. William's troubles with his wife began about this time. R-- says in a letter:"They were like oil and fire". For several years about this time,Judge Horace Gray appeared on our piazza at Newport about breakfast time. He was devoting himself to Ellen Mason of Boston, who,however,never smiled on him or any other of her admirers. A life long friend of both Richard and William,his hearty cheery voice could be heard all over the house announcing his arrival. Of an entirely different type was Baron Osten-Sacken,the Russian Consul General to New York,who was a constant visitor to Hilltop. A quiet little man without a sense of humor,absorbed in the study of entomology,he belonged with Henry Tuckerman,Count Corti,Stenerson and others to the piazza contingency.

About this time ~~1872~~ 1873 28 East 21st St. was bought either from Mr. Edward Potter, or his father-in-law Mr. Blatchford ~~about this time~~, and R-- moved all his effects there from the Trinity Building, when his work had outgrown his accommodations. ~~which proved inconvenient.~~ He took the ground floor ~~floor~~ in the rear, for his private office, but did little, practically, to adapt the building to office work, and I often wish that he could see it and enjoy it ~~and enjoy it~~ in its present working perfection. In the ~~autumn~~ beginning of March R-- made a journey to Chicago and Detroit, to look after his personal business interests there, as he had assumed investments made in real estate by other members of the family, thinking that he was better able to ~~hold~~ carry them. After the Chicago fire, building was resumed in the opposite direction to where his lots lay, and though all the property has gradually been sold, it was anything but a profitable investment.

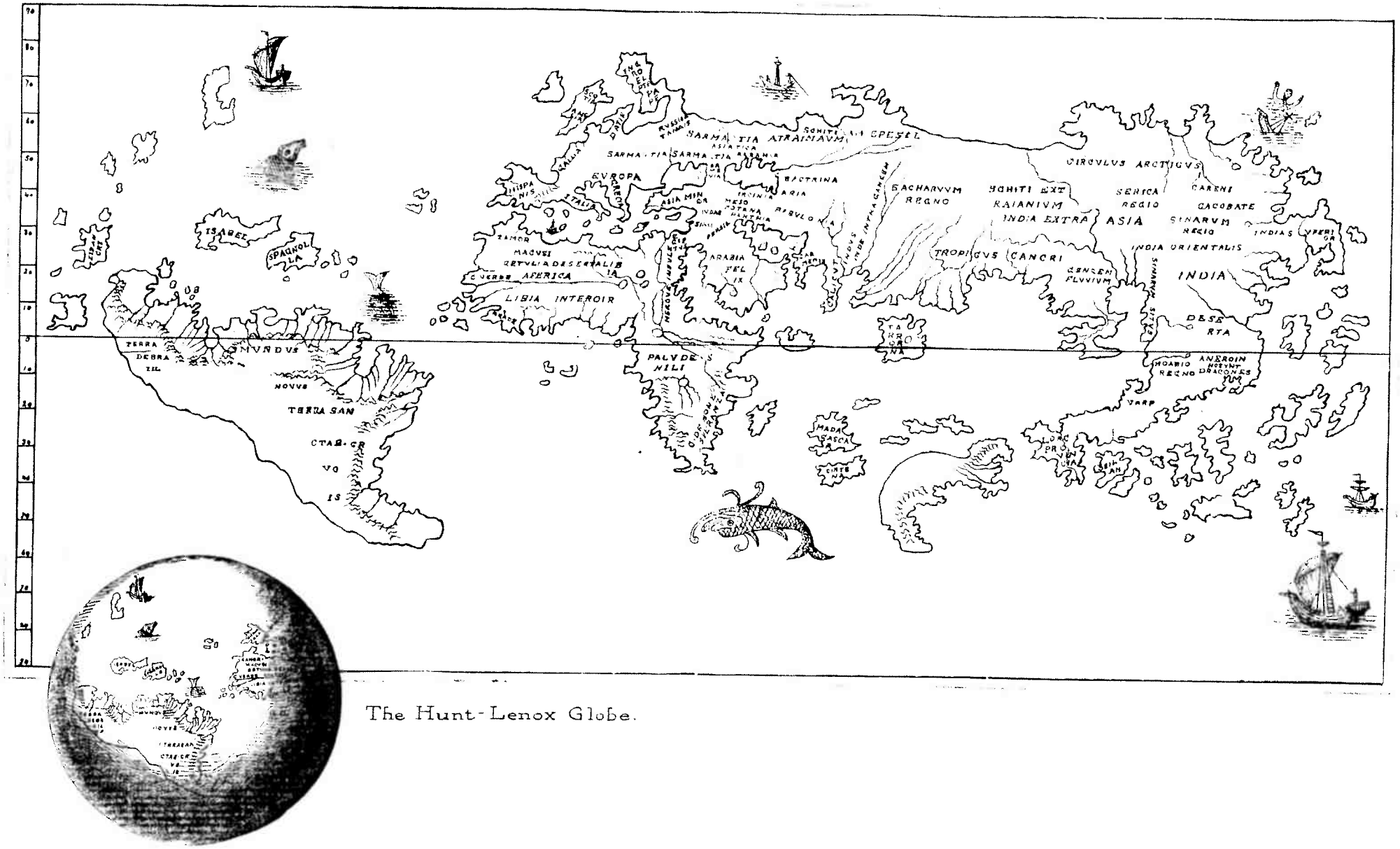
The Lenox Library was about finished, and R-- presented Mr. Lenox with a copper globe, which he had picked up at one of the stalls on the quais in Paris, in his student days. He had always felt that it must be of value, and indeed had paid a good price for it, although he never could remember how much. One evening Henry N. Stevens, the great book expert of London, but who was born in Vermont, and whose father had been an old friend of R--'s



The Hunt-Lenox Globe.

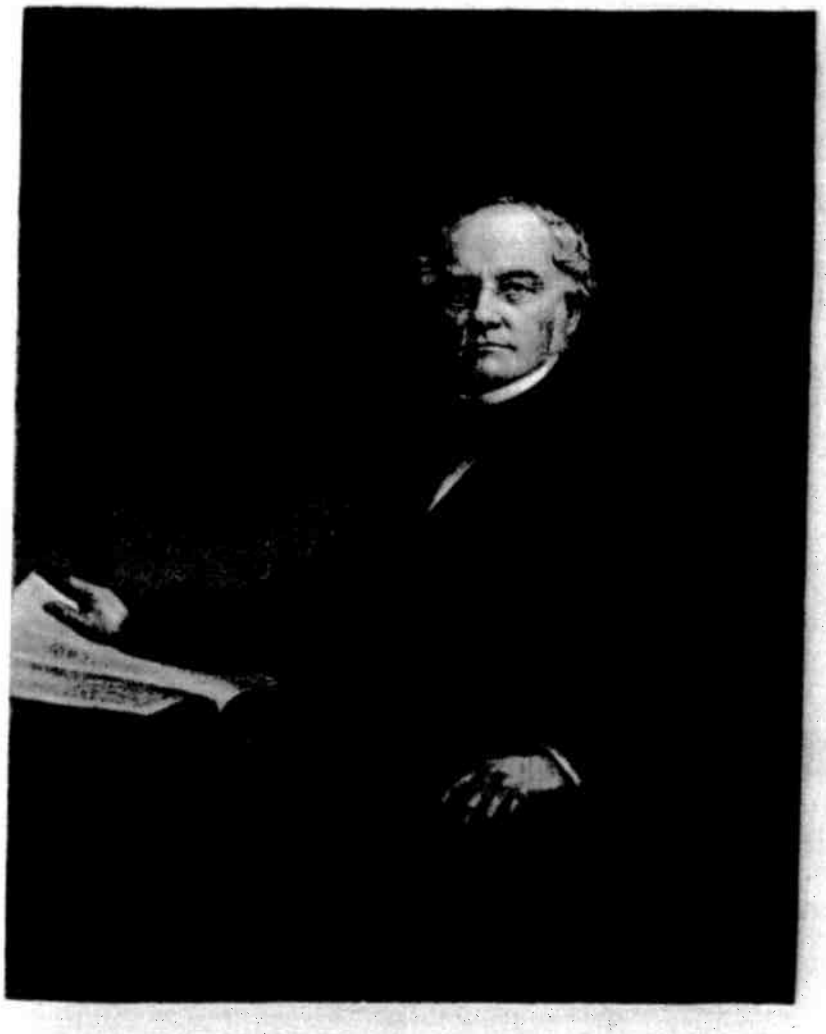


ox Globe.



The Hunt-Lenox Globe.

father, Jonathan Hunt, dined with us at 49 West 35th St., and while talking over library plans and conveniences, books and acquisitions, R-- showed him this small copper globe. He saw at once by its outlines that it was probably older than any other globe known, except Martin Behaims at Nürnberg, and perhaps the Loan globe, and told R-- his opinion of its geography, requesting him to take great care of it, for it would some day make a ~~great~~ noise in the geographical world. Subsequently he borrowed it, took it to Washington, exhibited it to Dr. Hilgard and others at the Coast Survey office, and employed one of the ~~draughtsmen~~ draughtsmen there, to project it in a two Hemisphere map, with a diameter of the original, of about five and half inches. On returning to New York he delivered it back to R--, telling him it was ~~subsequently~~ unquestionably as early as 1510 and perhaps 1505, and was in historical and geographical interest, second to hardly any othere globe, small as it was. On his return to London he showed the drawing of it to Mr. C. H. Coote of the map department of the British Museum, and ~~it~~ a description of it appears in his article on globes in the Encyclopedia Brittanica. Mr. Stevens was authorized to offer R-- £2000 for it, so that the British Museum might acquire it, but R-- ~~he~~ preferred to make a gift of it to Mr. Lenox, for whom he had ~~such~~ the greatest



James Lenox

Brevoort, New York

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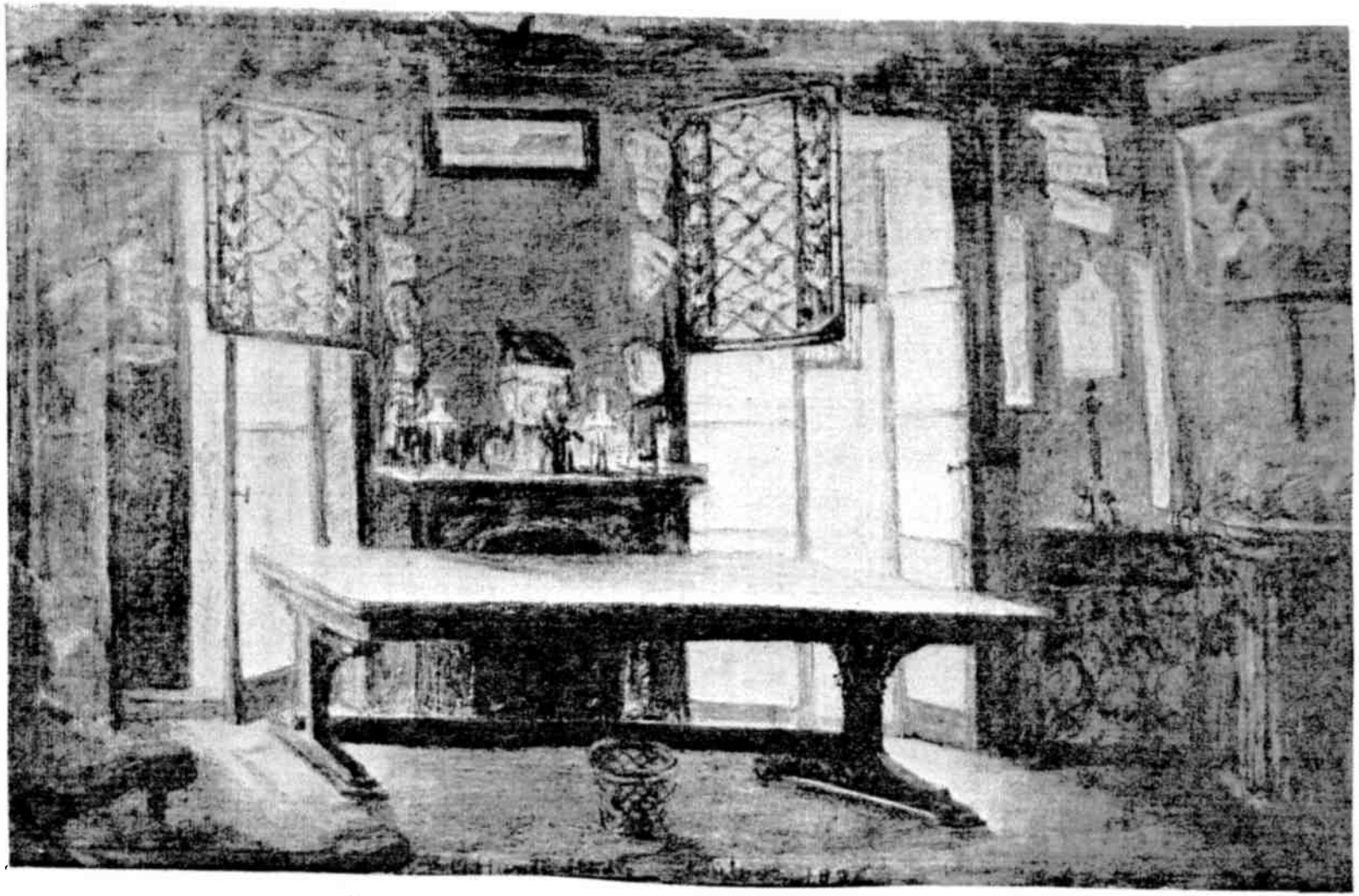
XI

In an article by Mrs.Schuyler Van Rensselaer on Recent Architecture in America in the Century of May 1884, she says: "Mr.Hunt's Lenox Library is a dignified building which teaches a clear lesson as to the value of a large sobriety and reticence in producing architectural nobility. This lesson was peculiarly pertinent, moreover, at the time the building was erected, for showy and purposeless elaboration was then even more characteristic of our art than it is today. It was built, I think, at nearly the same time as the Stewart residence at the corner of Thirty-fourth st. and Fifth ave. and the reader may be left to judge between the two."

to bring some architectual feature out of the original impossible stone structure. There was also a warehouse at Peck's slip and the Dolly Warden store, 480 Broadway, and a store 634 Broadway for Mr. Royal Phelps. A sarcophagus for the Wetmore family, a big music room at Tuxedo; the Delaware and Hudson, ~~and~~ the Tribune Building were also begun. During the summer R-- contracted a slight attack of pneumonia after an excessively hot day in New~~port~~ York, for he went ~~on a~~ To Newport by ~~boat~~, and paced the upper deck in a strong night wind, without even a light overcoat. This kept him at Newport for several weeks. It must have been during the winter that Henry Ward Beecher came one day to the office, about a country house



Private office at 28 East 21st. St. 1886.

at Peekskill. It was not his first visit to R-- for during his occupancy of the University Building Mr. Beecher blew in one day, ~~(perfectly unconscious as to who he was)~~ and said: " Young man, I hear that you have just returned from Paris and are supposed to know a great deal, what do you know about acoustics? I want to build a big Church in Brooklyn!" "Not a d-- thing replied R-, "and that is as much as any one else knows," this perfectly unconscious as to who his visitor was. Whether R--'s language, or his honesty, discouraged Mr. Beecher I do not know, but he did not forget him, evidently. I had a severe illness after Christmas, and was just recovering when R-- went to Peekskill with Mr. Beecher to look over the site, and locate the house. It was a very wet snowy day, and the ground was saturated with dampness. He had no lunch and came home perfectly exhausted, having sowed the seeds of a severe illness. The following Sunday he went to hear Bishop Coxe at Calvary, and came back home with a heavy chill. I got him quickly to bed, and sent for Dr. Barker, who watched him night and day through the long siege of double pneumonia, and brought him back, as by a miracle, from the gates of death. People ~~was~~ are always kind in sickness, but never were people more so. Mr. John Astor came at once to offer to be my banker in case I should have any financial worry, for the house

Mrs. John Jacob Astor
"Aunt Augusta."

Dr. Fordyce Baker.

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R.

or office. But with R--'s usual thoughtfulness, he immediately had a power of attorney drawn up, so that I could attend to all his affairs. He was delirious during ~~all the~~ first part of his illness, with occasional rational gleams in which he was always funny. " Barker" he said one night, when we were all terribly anxious: "Better have a consultation. I prefer a consultation to a post mortem examination" So the consultation was held with Dr. Flint and Dr. Clark, the two great lung specialists. As he began to convalesce, Mr. Beecher, Mr. Lenox, and many others sat with him. and Mr Beecher wrote to me during his illness Two things must always leave an impression after these times of pain and stress in ones life. The great kindness of friends and even strangers, and the opportunity that comes to one of doing all they long for, for those they love. As he was getting well, it seemed impossible for him to wait until the servants came down for his breakfast, so I had a little stove in the bath room, and made toast and tea and boiled eggs at five o'clock, with great thankfulness for the privilege. ~~In those days~~ I always knew everything appertaining to the office work, for R-- wrote me each day in detail during the summer, and in the winter talked them over at night, ~~so that I~~ ~~I always~~ so that I knew what ~~draughtsmen~~ ~~was~~ draughtsmen were working on each plan; and together ~~So that~~ with Raht, I was able to settle

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Brooklyn N.Y. Apl 4. '74

My dear Madam

I pray you not to let your husband worry on so small a matter as my work. It is of little consequence whether I am sooner or later at my home, but it is of great consequence to all lovers of good arts, that he gets well as soon as possible, & with as little care meanwhile.

Tell him, that I do not intend to go any where

Brooklyn N.Y. Apl 4.74

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My dear Madam

I pray you not to let your husband worry on so small a matter as my work.-- It is of little consequence whether I am sooner or later at my house, but it is of great consequence to all lovers of good arts, that he gets well as soon as possible, and with as little care meanwhile.

Tell him that I do not intend to go any where else, and that though I shall cheerfully accept the intermediate service of his staff in the office, I do not intend to lose the pleasure of having it to say." I live in one of Hunt's houses."

The rest that I add, is for your ear, and not to be told to him, that I regard him as one of the few men in his profession who are artists rather than artizans; and that any thing that should withdraw him from work would be a public calmity not easy to be estimated.

Conveying sympathy and affectionate good will to him, and as soon as he is able to receive-- not ghostly council- but genial fellowship, I shall be glad to come and see him

I am, dear Madam,

Very truly yours

Henry Ward Beecher

Mrs. Catherine C. Hunt
49 West 35th St.

else, - and that, though I shall cheerfully accept the intermediate service of his staff in the office, I do not intend to lose the pleasure of having it to say, "I live in one of Hunt's houses."

The best that I add, is for your Ex, that to be told to him, that I regard him as one of the few men in his profession, who are artists rather than artizans; and that any thing that shall recall you to him from Mt Vernon

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many points, and even carry R's-- wishes to the New York Hospital Committee, and so expedite the six months break from all professional matters which was ordered. We sailed in the spring with the intention of R-- going to Weisbaden, and I to Schwalbach, we took with us from America, Eliza, Kitty and Joe's nurse, who we had to send home to Ireland from London, as ~~Dr. Chepmell~~ the Chauncey's physician, pronounced her suffering from an incurable malady, and Joseph, a French Canadian, who, speaking French and German, we thought would relieve R--, and in London we engaged a nursery governess for the three children, a fortunate thing, as was afterward proved. We staid a little while in London, so as to be with the Chauncey's, and then went via Brussels to Cologne to go to these two cures, separated only by an afternoon drive. Joe, or "Dody" as we called him then, was taken sick on the train between Brussels and Cologne, and after a very ill night at the Hotel du Nord, we asked the hotel people to send for a doctor, so Dr. Sticker came, pronounced it scarlet fever, and R-- and I, with Joseph, went into quarantine in three rooms on the first story of the hotel, for the long seige which scarlet fever means. The two older children fortunately had been put for the night on the floor above, and Newberry, the English governess, went out the next morning and found rooms for herself and them, in a pri-

Kitty – Mother – Joe.

Esther and Herbert.

[This plate reproduced in color at the end of the document]

house. Our rooms had a balcony over looking the Rhine, and the memory is very vivid of sunrises, after long nights of watching by my baby, and ~~watching~~ troops in their white undress uniform crossing the bridge, ~~after long nights of watching by my baby.~~ Joseph used to lie on the floor by his side, and in his black hair, Joe kept his little white hand, which was growing daily thinner and thinner. At last the Chauncey's sent me a nurse from London, who might have been the prototype of Mrs. Gamp, and after a week we sent her back again. We were almost under the shadow of the Catheral, and daily I went there for a few moments to rest my spirit in its cool aisles. Since those days I have had an impersonal feeling about all churches of whatever faith, having proved how little the question of creeds has to do with the needs of ones real soul. These were the only fifteen minutes I took during the twenty four hours for many weeks, until my little boy turned the corner, and begun to get well, when R-- and I could leave him with the faithful Joseph ~~tranquil minds~~ and drive with tranquil minds in the afternoon. To go to the Zoological Gardens became a habit, for the lioness had a cub a few weeks old, and the keeper with whom we made friends, took it each day out of the cage, for me to hold and fondle. When I next returned to Cologne ten years later, and took Esther and Herbert out to see the Gar-

dens, which had been the back ground of many a bedtime story, the keeper was still there, and came running to meet me, exclaiming: "Oh Madam, has come back to see her lion, come quickly he has grown up and he is married." The Chaunceys sent me books for Dody from London but it was "Lear's Nonsense Book." which I read through from beginning to end day after day, and the doctor brought him a little canary bird to enliven his convalescence. A little bird who we called between us. "the thousand dollar canary." after the little german doctor's bill appeared! ~~When~~ He came three times a day, when only one visit was necessary, and twice, when none at all, but we consoled ourselves with Murray's statement of "the very reasonable charges of German physicians:" but this one had been in England, and counted by guineas instead of thalers! He was very proud of his proficiency in the English language, and used to come in and address the poor wan little boy: "Oh my good fellow, how you ffind yourself"? The beautiful Mrs. Henry Duncan was the only person who passed through Cologne, that we knew, or who was not afraid to come in to see me. She was there under rather peculiar circumstances, and proved her appreciation of my lack of gossip, by sending me the blue and white presse-papier which always lay on the library table at Newport, and whose superscription reads " A celle qui sait se taire"--

Dr. Jonathan Hunt.

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R

~~-21- 229~~ 230

The Catheral, the romanesque Churches, of which there are so many beautiful examples, the excavations in the fortifications, at Cologne and the Rhine itself, gave R-- daily hours of happy occupation. His sketch books are full of the results . The last architect of the Catheral, was R--'s Austrian friend Frederick Schmidt. It was said, that being a jew, he turned Catholic to get the appointment, but when the work was finished, he put off the robe of Christianity to become a Jew again. So many stories have reached me of the inhumanity of Continental hotel keepers, that it is just to say nothing could have exceeded the kindness of the proprietor of the hotel du Nord, and I am glad to record, that after an absence of ten years, on our return we found our faithful Kellner had become the proprietor. Julius Rittmann I, of course had a double anxiety, feeling that R-- was having no chance to recuperate after his illness, and his letters home are full of the most tender anxiety not only about "Dody" but about me, ~~and~~ Just when we were ready to move on, a new blow came in a letter of condolence from my friend Mrs. Dana, on the sudden death in Paris of Jack, It was our first intimation, and R-- left by the earliest train for Paris having to make the journey alone, as I could not leave Dody, who yet required great care, We ~~having~~ made ~~our~~ plans to meet ~~wait~~ at Coblentz

First trousers

" Dody "

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where a trunk of little sailor suits forwarded from London, was to meet us, and Dody's little dresses were sunk ~~to be sunk~~ in the Rhine. & little three dresses assumed. The other children went on a head, and we were all finally reunited ~~there~~, and went to Schwalbach. Our dear friends, William and Mary Rogers had gone to Madeira after their marriage, and she died there when her baby was born. If all had been well I was to have gone to be with her, after the cure at Schwalbach. In those days this little watering place, hid in the valley of the hills of Nassau, was not much known to Germans and English, ~~people.~~ I think we were the only Americans there. The Queen of ~~the~~ Naples, the herione of Daudet's "Rois en Exile", and her sister the unfortunate Duchess d'Alonçon, who lost her life in the Paris Bazaar fire, two of the four daughters of a Bavarian baron, the third of whom was the beautiful Empress Elizabeth of Austria, were the royalty who attracted every ones attention, particularly so, as they were ~~both~~ all beautiful women. "Dody" was their ~~particular~~ especial admiration, and there was hardly a day that he did not come home with toys in his arms, which they had bought for him in the little shops in the pavillion. R-- could not be induced to leave me, and at the end of my twenty ~~bathe~~ baths, we joined the Sydney Websters at Pontresina, where Dickie and Hamilton had a splendid time climbing the mountains, and where Sydney and R--, Sarah and I

took full joy in congenial companionship. When we left them to make a long drive tour to the Italian lakes, we were met at Geneva by a telegram from the Chauncey's, saying they were in great trouble on account of ~~the~~ Henry's morbid condition ~~of Henry's mind~~ and begging us to come to them at once, so at a moments notice, ~~as it were~~ we abandoned our trip, gave the canary and its gilded cage to Bolongaro, our excellent cocher, and went right through to London, where we found things in a very bad waste Emily had practically been bedridden for three years; that, and Henry's finicial affairs, had so weighed on his mind, that he had become ~~very morbid~~ terrily ill, and physicians advised his making an entire break, and going to America. He had been once to Liverpool with the intention of sailing, but his courage had failed and he returned again to London. R-- stayed with him practically all the time, following him about the London streets ~~[illegible]~~, and convinced that the best thing was to carry out the American ~~[illegible]~~ plan, did not leave him until the tug left the Cunarder which was bearing him home. There were consultations with the doctors, ~~and~~ which came to the final decision that ~~we should remove~~ Emily should move to Paris, and settle ~~her~~ there before Henry's return. This in a measure decided our own plans, and in a letter of R--'s to the men at the office, he says: "If you

only knew how I long to get back and get to work again, but the doctors all tell me not to dream of such a thing this fall, and unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall allow myself to remain over until the early part of next summer, not only on my own account, but also on account of Mrs. Hunt. She is far more to be pitied than me. Just think of being confined to her room six weeks last winter, took care of me for three months, then within two weeks after our arrival here, she nursed little "Dody" during six weeks through the scarlet fever. She proceeded at once to place herself under the doctors care for a month at Schwalbach, and now to be tied down with her sister Mrs. Chauncey for six weeks or two months in London, 'Tis hard indeed! I but be frank with me, both of you, I implore you. Notify me if I'm needed, and I will return post haste. Although I am far from well, I have regained my weight, but my lungs are not yet strong. Difficulty in breathing at times and my ankles are still very weak, and my hand is not very well." and to Mr. Joseph H Choate he writes at the same time how anxious he is to return, but says that if either affairs at the office or his lawsuit (Sterns) necessitate his return he will come back at once. "I imagine the suit will keep, although I long to be done with it. Mrs. Sterns has a

sufficiency of suits to distract her mind; Worth the dress-maker here, is suing her. Poor creature, I really pity her, but why can't she behave herself?" To Mr. Lenox he also writes, what a grief it is to be away, on account of the library building, and I think that R--'s anxiety to be at home, counteracted the benifit of the change. A long and exhaustive letters, and the sketches which he sent back home to the office, prove that no matter where he was, or the circumstances, the office was always paramount in his mind. He sent home mantles and carvings from Florence and Paris for George Wetmore's house, and saw everything with a view to his professional work, Raht and Fornachon wrote to him with great regularity, but Stratton worried him by an over sensitive characteristics, which prevented him from getting on with the otheremen, refusing to do any work under their direction. So when the Wetmore house was finished, of which Stratton had exclusive charge, R-- wrote to him "As there appears absolutely nothing for you to take hold of in the office, my dear fellow, I fear you will have to take a change. The best of friends must part.! but let us hope that ere long, some wise man will call with a big "job" sufficiently large to run the machine at 28 East 21st St, and if occasion offers, and you should be willingly inclined, I h

should rejoice to see you at your old table, I regret that you did not follow out my advice to you, before I left for Europe, it would have been so good for you to have got the work under Raht, either on the Tribune, or the Delaware and Hudson building. It was just what you needed, and you would have gained a great deal of useful experience. Never throw away another such opportunity:"and to Stratton's guardian Mr. Kennedy he adds his regret "at the peculiar desire Stratton has to withdraw from any association with the rest of the office, and for Stratton's good I have written him frankly" These letters seem to have crossed one from Stratton himself, which reports a new piece of work brought into the office by Mr. Kennedy, and R-- supplements his advice to him after expressing his pleasure that he has something that will keep him in the office. "Do follow strictly the advice given you by Raht, you need good schooling in practical drawing. Leave off fancy touches and go in for simple clear work. Put aside false pride, and learn all you can. Don't be ashamed to ask questions, and be frank and cheerful, suppress that "hurt feeling" manner when advice or suggestions are given you. It is enough to dampen the ardor of any one trying to give help."

We decided tp place Dick with Mr. Riquet at the Duplessis

Morny where Grafton Cushing was to be,
Money Institution in Paris, and R-- left the middle of October to take him over, while I remained to make the arrangements for Emily. He also was obliged to return to settle up his brother John's affairs, and writes to his mother: "I have paid all his debts, and being of one mind with you about his last resting place I have purchased a lot at Pére la Chaise, and have requested my old friend Garan (of Lefuels atelier) to build a proper vault for three bodies, and to erect a monument, and he and Dr. Heragault (a life long friend of Jack's) will see to the final burial

His mother did not however agree to this disposition, prefering to have the books sold, so R-- purchased them himself, and presented them to the hospital.

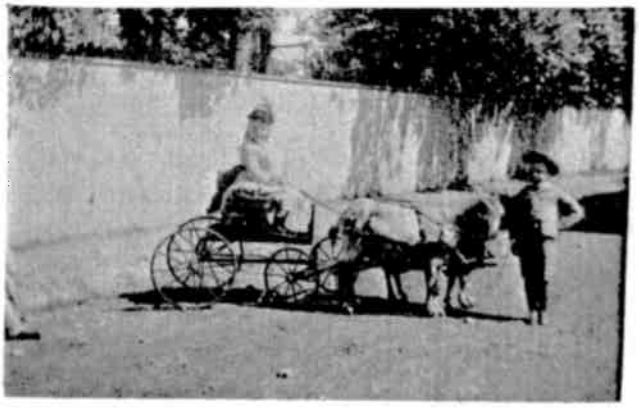
Ave de l'Imperatrice, with servants ready an , (~~for I had preceeded them several days in order to accomplish this~~) ~~to help R decide about Jack's affairs~~ ~~there were some perplexing questions~~, ~~which I could help poor R-- to settle~~, ~~and I was most eager to join him~~. The night I arrived in Paris, held a bitter disappointment, for R-- had taken our old rooms at the Hotel du Jardin, and the salon was filled with flowers, bibelots and sugar plums, and the daintiest little din-

R

ner ordered, but we had had such a terrific crossing that I could only tumble in to bed. I hesitated over the tragedy of poor Jack's life; but in spite of it, he was so good, so true, so kind and loving, that the ~~end of his life~~ is atoned for. For twenty years, he was faithful to one woman, not of his own class but a little lingère who came to live with him about that time. They had one daughter, the Jeanne who has been insane since the Commune, ~~caused~~ resulting from ~~by~~ a shock ~~following on the~~ caused by the brutality of some girls at school, who twitted her with being illegitimate, ~~He~~ led a double life, and ~~no~~ one knew for years of this absorbing interest. When he came home for the first time in twenty five years for a brief visit, he made a confident of me, and I implored him to marry Celestine, and take up his practise some where in the country in America. After his pathetic death (for one day, after long weeks of insommia, and goaded by financial troubles, ~~though~~ which, ~~and that~~ he was ashamed to appeal to R-- to relieve who had helped him again and again) he cut his ~~throat~~, and fell dead before Celestine could get to him. She had stood by him "for better for worse", literally "for richer for poorer," with unselfish devotion; and told me afterwards that when Jack returned and proposed to marry her, she was the one who had

R

refused, reasoning that she was not of his class, and if she appeared by his side, she would inevitably drag him down to her ~~social~~ own level. It was the concierges, the ~~the~~ the poor working girls, tradespeople, to whom ~~He was so inconsequent that~~ Jack brought his skill and knowledge. It was impossible for him to retain any professional position, and though he had a government appointment ~~to~~ in the Hotel Dieu, ~~and~~ of which his friend Dr. Leblé was ~~at~~ the head, ~~of it,~~ he soon gave it up, as also a proposition to succeed the leading American doctor in Paris . He was born with a hopelessly inconsequent nature, but a warm heart, which made all love him who were brought in contact with him. R-- arranged for a little cottage in the country for Celestine, where she could have Jeanne with her, and pursue, at the same time, her trade which was the making of paper patterns: but the poor girl became more and more violent, and had to be transfered to ~~Charenton~~ Charenton?, where she still is. The bright spot at this time ~~R--~~ was a visit R- made ~~to~~ ~~payed Viollet le Duc a visit~~ of several days, at ~~Pierrefont~~ to Viollet-le-Duc at Pierrefont ~~Pierrefont~~, staying at a little Inn near the Chateau, and enjoying the congenial companionship immensely. I should liked to have heard them talk, for the conservation between two men, so versatile and so talented, must have been most interesting. R--'s old friend Theodore Roosevelt was in Paris for about a week, and constantly with us, until suddenly recalled to Liverpool, to by the illness of one of his boys ~~who was ill~~ who was ~~[illegible]~~.



Kitty and Joe.
Newport

Kitty
Nice.

Joe.
Nice.

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R

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at school there. They bought some casks of wine together at the café Vaisin, and we had many nice evenings together. I sometimes wonder that you hardly ever hear any allusion to the father of President Roosevelt, who was the most public spirited man of his day, and whose strong common sense, was a help whenever he was consult-

When Dickie was left in Paris the Joseph Tuckermans were very good to him. Mr. Henry Tuckerman had been so dear a friend and so particularly devoted to Dickie, that Mrs. Joseph Tuckerman, his sister, says in one of her letters about Dickie, that anything she could do, would never repay our devotion to her brother. Mr. Tuckerman wore a wig, and there were many family discussions as to how he kept it on, and some one thoughtlessly asked Dickie, who often went bathing with him, how he managed when he changed to his oil silk cap? He discreetly replied. "How can I know? I always turn my back."

with the tears streaming down my cheeks-- for I had entreated and entreated him in vain, to leave the sketch. But the next day

C. C. H.
Nice 1875.

R. M. H
Nice 1875.

[This plate reproduced in color at the end of the document]

R

we were able to go on to Genoa, where he insisted upon eating a wonderful pate at the table d'hote, and when we all said it had a very suspicious taste, he said he would be d-- if any pate get the better of him, with the consequence that he was taken very ill in the night with symptoms of pleurisy, which in my previous experience, I knew only to well. Mrs. Moses Grennell had died in Genoa the year before, killed, it is said by unskillful doctors. With this in my mind, I did not dare to send for one, and with the memory fresh, of what had been given him in the spring, and a chemist who spoke a little French, I managed to take care of him myself, and to get him well enough to be moved in a few days to Rome, ~~and~~ To a good doctor and ~~two~~ To comfortable rooms in the hotel Grand Bretagne, The Jonn Fields, Mrs. Bigelow Lawrance and Miss Chapman, The Storys, Terrys and many old friends were at the same hotel and we went out quite a good deal. Kitty and Joe delighted in the Pincio, Hill, and Dick was his father's constant companion, who took him to see the monuments of Rome, which was much better instruction for him than he could have had at any school. I think it was at that time, that R-- first made Lanciani's acquaintance, which ripened into great admiration on both sides.

We went North in March, and from Florence R-- took Dick with him for a delightful day at Sienna. We then went via Bologna to Venice and by April we were back in Paris to be with the Chaunceys for a little while before we sailed for home. When we were at Venice on our way back to Paris, a cable came from the Martin Brimmers begging us to go to Milan, and report to them immediately, on the condition of R--'s old friend, and Mrs. Brimmer's brother, George Timmins to whom constant reference is made in his journal of the East. Mr. Timmins had married an Italian lady and they lived in an old palace in Milan. We found him, alas, so seriously ill and his mind so sadly gone, that we cabled them to come at once, which they did, and took back with them to America four fatherless children, whom the mother gave up quite willingly feeling unable to cope with their care. She kept one boy with her and he and his mother died not long afterwards. Of the children brought to this country the oldest boy, brilliant and of lovable qualities, with a promise of a fine career, died while at Harvard. Minna married John Jay Chapman and died soon after the birth of her third boy Victor, my Robin's little friend. Gemma, her uncle's idol and the admiration and friend of Philips Brooks, also died, and there only remains Herbert, the unsatisfactory one of these interesting children.

Though there seemed to have come a lull in the unfortunate events of the year, trouble commenced again with the arrest of Joseph, our own man servant, for some personal misdemeanor not connected with his service to us. Poor R-- was involved with lawyers and courts but was unable to prevent his serving a term of im-

prisonment.When it was accomplished he returned to America broken in health,and we took care of him in the Presbyterian Hospital until he died there of spinal menengitis. The night before we landed from the steamer,a man with a shock of black hair,came crawling on all fours into our stateroom,like a great black bear, with the intent to rob.As he raised himself and hung for a second over my berth,I called to R-- who was sleeping on the sofa,he turned and fled.R-- was on his feet in a moment and rushed into the cabin. The doors opened on every side at the sound of the altercation,the man drew a knife and would have attacked R-- but for men who rushed to the rescue and got the knife away. There was no more sleep that night. A little Swiss maid whom I was bringing home,and who was in the stateroom opposite with Kitty and Joe,and who had been too terrified to speak,said she had waked to find his hand under her pillow,and a lady on the opposite side of the saloon said she had been afraid to make an alarm as her companion had heart disease;and the worst of it was,that having entered American waters,~~and~~ the man,being a British subject,had to be taken back to England to be tried.

R-- found that the work at the office had progressed well under his able assistants,but there arose some misunderstanding regarding the Tribune Building.E.E.Raht and Maurice Fornachon were left in charge of the work in the office when R-- went to Europe,but Raht was the head,and under his directorship the Tribune Building was completed.Mr.Whitelaw Reid was not entirely satisfied with

Raht,and by a subterfuge he tried to evade paying the full architectural commission,on the plea that the final drawings were made by a substitute and not by R-- himself. By mutual agreement,it was put into the hands of Mr.Joseph Choate,and a compromise was effected rather than to go to law,but R-- always felt that Mr.Reid had behaved dishonorably. When Raht severed his connections with the office,he was appointed architect for the Mutual Life Insurance for Austria.He married Margit Cozma,an actress or singer of Buda Pesth.

The contrast is very great between the interest in those days and now in any national or international event. In the winter of 1875-76,Mrs.General L.Cullum,the grand daughter of Alexander Hamilton,was appointed by General Dix,then Governor of New York,head of a committee to arouse interest in the city and the state in the Centennial Exposition.She in turn appointed Mrs.M.E.W.Sherwood chairman of the Dramatic Committee,and after several meetings at her house to reconcile several differing propositions we decided to have tableaux,and better tableaux than any that had ever been seen before,and the theater of the Union League Club,26th st.and Madison avenue was engaged,and fill

ed to overflowing for several nights in succession. Indeed people were willing to pay any price for the priviledge of seeing their friends and acquaintances on the stage. A sequence of tableaux were arranged to illustrate the history of the hundred years from 1775 to 1875,with scenes from Puritan and Knickerbocker life. Mr.Daniel Huntington arranged the tableau which represented his picture of the Republican Court;the grandchildren of the revolutionary heroes taking part. Three hundred and thirty men and women were in the cast,and the costuming was wonderfully accurate. Mr.William Jay wore the dress of his great grandfather,the Chief Justice,of whom Marshall said:"When the ermine fell on his shoulders it touched nothing less pure than itself." Mrs.Henry Chapman,his sister,wore a dress of her great grandmother,the beautiful Catherine Livingston, and Mrs.George Schuyler represented her grandmother Mrs.Alexander Hamilton,in cap and wig,after Copley's picture. Philip Schuyler wore the dress of his great grandfather,the hero of Saratoga;another tableau was the visit of Franklin to the Petit Trianon,in honor of Lafayette and Rochambeau,when Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court showered the American envoy with roses.

Mr.Lester Wallack offered the use of his collection of costume prints,and his advice,and all of the artists

R.

~~-195-~~ ~~247~~ 245

were ready to help. Frank Hopkinson Smith and R-- posed the tableaux of "The Nations" which followed, and and Gunther lent Mrs. Cadwalader Jones a Polar bear, which was a splendid back ground to the scarlet velvet costume worn by her grandmother, to the C Court of all the Russias; and to me a splendid tiger, to use in ~~in~~ my representation of Asia. My dear Mrs. Astor was in mourning, but she begged so hard to dress my head, that tho' I was ~~the~~ rather appalled with the responsibility of so many Astor jewels, I yielded, and she lent me her faithful George as a body guard, who proved as efficient as any of the secret service men, who now surround the chief magistrate of the United States. The bodice I had made of cloth of gold, but the skirt with the signs of the Zodiac I made myself with R--'s help. The following extract from an article by Mrs. Sherwood on these tableaux, is so amusing, that I insert it for your benefit. "Mrs. R.M. Hunt, with a mind full of learning, particularly in archeology, and with her husband behind her, inspired by his researches, was a most useful member of the committee. Hers was one of the most characteristic dresses of "Asia." It was of dusky harmonious hues, embroidered with the signs of the Zodiac, and covered with oriental shawls and jewels; barbaric in pearl and gold, motionless and calm, she stood leaning on the back of a tiger.

Asia

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~~245~~ 246 (1875) R

Esther Morris Hunt was born September 9th 1875, and so marked a double anniversary, for us, as it was the date of our engagement. Neither doctor or nurse were with me when she came into the world, but Dr. Sands reported quickly, and a nurse was borrowed from Mrs. Frederic d'Hanteville. We called her Esther after my mother, and a far away French ancestor named Esther Bou~~dinot~~det who dates back to 1742

She was an adorable baby, and Sarah Woolsey, gave her the name of "The White Lamb." She and Mrs. Waring used to come almost every evening to see her put to bed.

R.

I ~~246~~ 247

1876 was the year of the International Exposition at Philadelphia, R-- was the Juror on Architectural Exhibits, which not only included drawings and plans, but building materials of all kinds. One extroardinary incident occured. The jurors were directed to go to a certain place, where a great box of model bricks, invented by a woman, were to be unpacked, When a workman pried it opened he was directed to close it again as quickly as possible. Meantime, distracted telegrams were received from the relations. 'Send it on, why are you keeping it, we have your bricks.'

It was as hot as only Philadelphia can be in June, and John Sturgis and Leavitt Sattonstahl persuaded R-- to move out to Bryn Mawr, where at least the nights were cool. He took Dick and Jenny with him on one of his many visits, ~~and Jenny~~. Once he came back alarmingly ill, so that Dr. Barker was troubled about him, but he returned to the charge , and finished his work satisfactorily, for, as is always the case, the willing horse was worked to death. The temporary hotels near the Exhibition, were hurriedly and poorly constructed, and the improper drainage caused a great deal of sickness. He was much with General Franklin, my brother Joe's old chief, and took a great deal of pleasure in his companionship, and in meeting the other commissioners, particularly the Chinese and Japanese, From the pocket of the latter, he obtained the five little Japanese boxes which he brought home to me, I went twice

R.

with R-- to visit the Exhibition, once to stay with William Pepper in P hiladelphia, ~~itself~~, and once with Mr. and Mrs. John Astor, who took a house at Germantown, and asked the Webster's and ourselves to be their guests. Each morning we drove into the Exposition, returning in the late afternoon through green lanes to quiet and comfort. R-- read a paper at the tenth Annual convention of the A, I, A, held in Philadelphia Oct. 11th 1876, on the architectural exhibit. I never remember any time when the office at 28 East 21st St. was used for any social purpose, except when Dick had a birthday party, with a Punch and Judy; and later when R had a reception for the architects and their wives. Charles Russell Hone was married to Josephine Hoey in November. The marriage was not particularly acceptable to the Hones, but they went to the wedding breakfast, and we too. The Hoey house in upper Fifth Ave. had a picture gallery, and the breakfast was served at one long table, about which were gathered many theatrical celebrities; I sat next to Boucicault,

A letter from Henry Dudley, an English-man, one of the oldest practitioners in New York, in 1877 is interesting, although always in difficulties and unsuccessful, he was a man for whom R-- had great respect, and whom he helped again and again financially, He even took his son to educate, but he proved a great disappointment to his father, R ~~and~~ ~~and whom~~ ~~found it was impossible to do anything with~~ Mr. Dudley ~~wrote in 1877 and of~~ ~~should be recorded.~~

R

~~fered~~, In order to pay off some of his indebtedness, he offers to come into the office as a draughtsman, "I could not make such a proposition to many, but you I look upon as the gentleman of our profession whom I have the pleasure to know." R-- was distressed at the idea, for ~~Mr. Dudley~~ Mr. Dudley was very venerable looking and a much older man; so R-- thanked him, and set him on his feet once more. Mr. Dudley died in the summer of 1895, a month or so before R--, and a letter came from his daughter, asking how much their father's indebtedness was. R-- was lying on the sofa in the library at Newport, ~~and~~ I writing at my desk for him, ~~and~~ when I read the letter he said: "Answer, that he owed me nothing, but that I owed him much for the example of such honesty and faithfulness", ~~and~~ So he told me to destroy the notes, which I did, and there were a great many of them. The Library at Princeton, which I think was given by Mr. Lenox, as I know he oftener accompanied ~~him~~ R. on his visits, and three houses in Boston, and the Brimmer houses in Boston, was the new work in the office, and he was called on as an expert to report, after several investigations, upon the new Municipal Building in Brooklyn. The winter was an unsettled one, for Dick, who was at St. Paul's School, Concord, was thrown from a double runner, and fell on a sharp stone, concealed by the snow, and I was telegraphed to go to him immediately. Mrs. Webster preceeded me by only a few days, as Hamilton had pneumonia, so

that we had each others companionship during the anxious weeks that followed. The new hospital was just opened and everything was in a chaotic condition and would have been impossible but for the efficient kindness of Mr.and Mrs.Milner Coit. There is little to do in peritonitis but watch,so that I had time to do somewhat for the other sick boys,and that "necessity is the mother of invention" was proved once more,by the little gas stove on which I cooked all sorts of things for the boys in the hospital.

My poor R-- was laid up much of the time I was away by his persistent enemy,and my heart was torn by the necessity of being with Dick,and my desire to go back to him. In the early summer, before going to Newport,we took a cottage at Fishkill adjoining my brothers place,which the children had the run of. They greatly enjoyed the touch of real country life,without which no child should be,and it would have been my preference to have had our summer home where they could have run wild in fields and among farm delights,but I could never make R-- accept my point of view,and you certainly must feel that you all had a happy childhood in Newport. You children dearly loved everything about Tioronda,and the dear uncle and aunt who had no children of their own,and Fishkill was an "earthly paradise"for us all.

In 1876 John N.A.Griswold made a proposition to R-- to buy 12 and 13 Washington Square and divide them between us. R-- assented and went to the auction of Mr.William Butler Duncan's effects,who was then occupying the house,but there was a flaw in

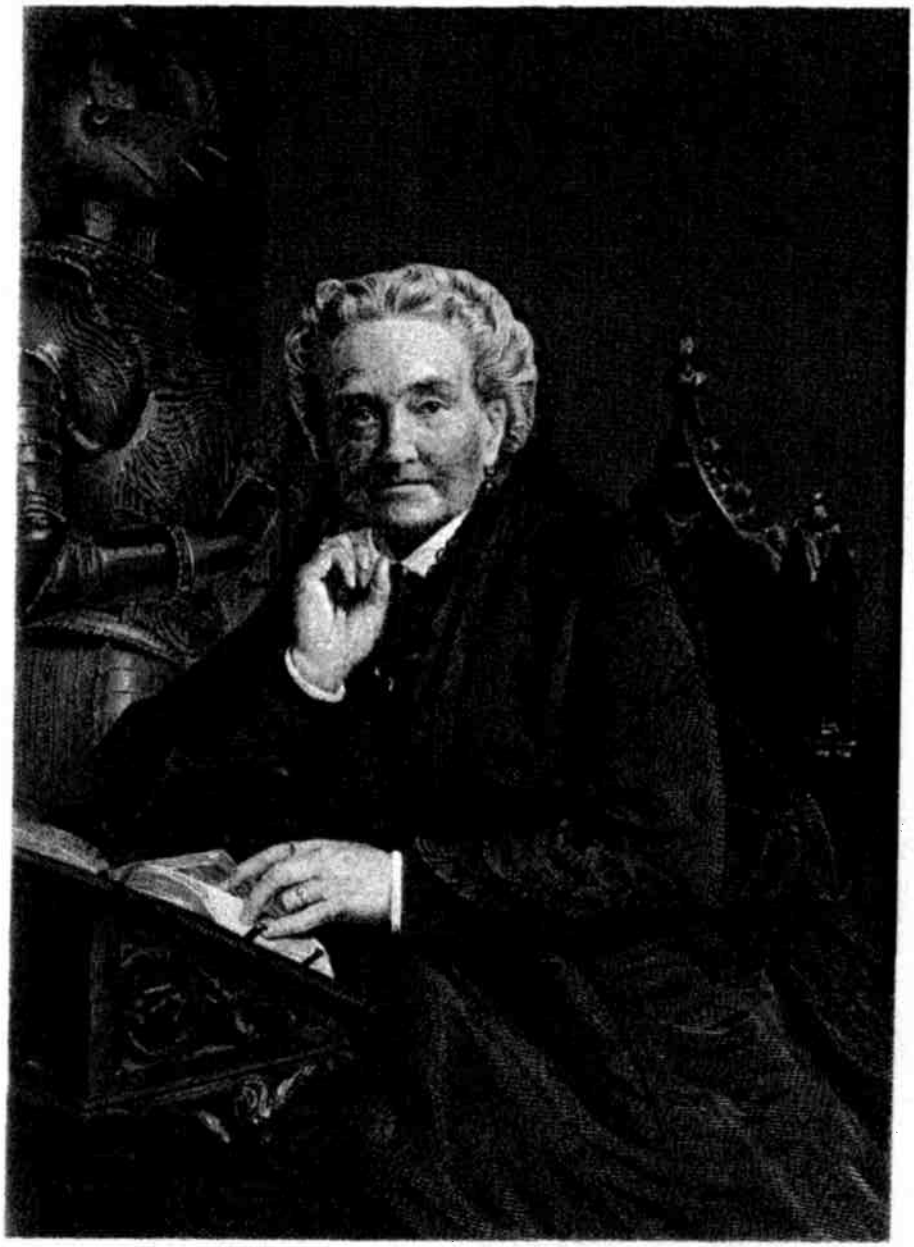
the title and the whole project then fell through.

In a letter from Mrs.Rutherford,who was occupying a house on the bay at Newport which R-- built for her,says:"The only place where it is not perfect is where I did not follow his advice."

Madame Banuelos and her clever daughters were in Newport, and Tonita painted a head of Dick on porcelain.

Miss Cushman retired from the stage in 1875 and had at least one summer of comfort in her Newport house. We had always kept up our association with her,and she often had me with her behind the scenes. The dress she wore in Meg Merrilees had been given to her by the great Mrs.Siddons and she always asserted that she felt a physical thrill when she put it on. During that last summer, when the dread disease was making steady progress,she took long drives with me in a very easy carriage R-- had bought for my comfort after Kitty's birth. She was the most brilliant talker I ever listened to,and as she described her early struggles and all her theatrical experiences,I listened spellbound. She played in Paris with the great English actor Macready,and during that time one of her experiences was to go to the Porte St.Martin to see Frederic LeMaitre in some great melodrama. It was the first time she had seen realistic French acting. Their seats were in the gallery and she was so absorbed and excited that she did not realize what she was doing,until her sister Susan,who was with her,pulled her dress and said:"Let go,Charlotte,let go". For in her excitement she tightly clasped her arms around the supporting pillar

next which she sat. She had a faithful colored maid who had followed all her fortunes from the time she had begun playing in New Orleans;and when they were in London before she got her engagement with Macready,there was a time when they were on the verge of starvation,but Sallie never lost heart.Her loving anxiety made her try to boss Miss Charlotte.on which occasions her mistress used to answer:"Yes ma'am",and she told me it was the only reproof she had ever given her in the long years they had passed together. She had a wonderfully deep impressive voice,and chanted tragic poems like Kingsley's "Three Fishers" in a way never to be forgotten.It was easy to imagine how she could have played Romeo to her sister's Juliet with such success.



Charlotte Cushman

R

Herbert was born on the 6th of August and showed almost immediately ~~there was some~~ a valvular trouble of the heart. I was very unfortunate in the monthly nurse, from whose neglect we both greatly suffered. It seemed for a time as if this new little baby would not stay with us. It was a sad little christening which took place in the nursery, with Emily Hoppin as godmother, and Harry Chauncey as godfather, and Rev. Mr. Mercer slurred over the cermony in irreverent haste, lest the baby would not live through it. I had wanted to call him Philip, after ~~your~~ my Uncle Philip Hone, but R-- did not like the name, and at the last moment suggested Herbert, although it had no family significance for either of us.. Night and day he was watched by the most careful nurses, one of whom was a mulatto of ~~great~~ much carriage, ~~and~~ beauty and intelligence, although she could neither read or write. At last, when the resources of alleopathy and homeopathy, had been tried without success, we sent to Providence for Dr. Okie, an eclectic, with a reputation through New England, for dealing with difficult cases, and we followed faithfully his directions, with the result that by Christmas time, we had a very different baby from the little child, who for two months, could not even be dressed. Dr. Okie considered the risk of moving him to New York would be too great, and we therefore made ~~our~~ preparation to stay in Newport for the winter, but kept 49 West 35th St. open with Mary Desmond and

R

and her daughter in charge, who were as faithful and devoted as the present Mary, ~~They~~ Walsh is. ~~and who both died in our service.~~ By Christmas time our anxiety was relieved, and we had a large Christ~~ams~~mas party, and a little play, in the unfinished room opposite the dining room, which the children ~~had~~ used for a playroom, ~~after the new kitchen was completed,~~ ~~that Spring~~ at which Dick appeared as Santa Claus, and read an address of welcome written by Sarah Woolsey. Dr. Coit refused to accede to certain privileges for him, which the doctors ~~were~~ considered necessary, after his attack of peritonitis, so we declined to let him return to school, and had him with us that winter at Newport studying with a tutor. Alice and Emily Ogston and Marion Howard made the house gay, R-- spent as much time in Newport as possible, and the Warings, the Wilson Eyes and Woolseys, also Miss Catharine Wormley, a were our most intimate coterie. They had ~~an~~ amateur plays every few weeks at the old masonic hall on Church St.; and Miss Susan Hale and the Robert Cushings came to us for Thanksgiving, when Miss Hale gave her lecture on "Universal History", and her monologue of "The Exlixir of Life." "The dream of Fair Woman," in tableaux with Dick, as Joan of Arc, in the armor of R--'s which now hangs at the farm, and I as Cleopatra, in my Asia dress, formed part of another entertainment. R-- played in private theatricals, and entered into the amusements, and except for his enforced absences, it was a happy

(1877)

winter, ~~but~~ with play and work for the studio was kept open.

R-- delivered an address in the autumn on Church Architecture before the Church Congress, the proofs of which flew backwards and forwards. The paper was read at Chickering Hall, I could not leave baby, but Joe and Eliza were present, and Phillips Brooks, Bishop Alonzo Potter, Mr. Barklett, and many ~~of the~~ clergymen congratulated him. It was an urgent plea, that Church Architecture should embody the idea it represented, and in this connection, I quote from a letter from Bishop Whipple written many years after, describing a chance meeting on a railway train. 'He took his seat with me, and we drifted into a general conversation, and then began to talk about the proposed Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He spoke at length of the principles which should govern Church Architecture, the uplifting of hearts, and the visible expression of the religious expression of the ideas of the soul, I was much pleased with his instructive conversation, We met as strangers, but parted as friends.' In the interior decoration of the Belmont Chapel, Newport, every detail is symbolical, and I often heard him say that you should be able to tell from the outside, for what purpose a building was intended. R--'s mother had been failing in health but we were quite unprepared for the news of her death, which came suddenly just before New Year's day. She and Jane were living at 127 East 35thSt. and afterwards, R-- took this

Mrs. Jonathan Hunt
1877.

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house, ~~when he~~ as his share of the estate ~~to~~ which was appointed administrator. William and Leavitt, and I think Kate, were present at the little service held by the son of her old friend, Rev, Octavius B. Frothingham. The solemn moment had healed all differences, for there had been times when her relations had been strained with at least two of her children, and although I do not think it was possible for Mrs. Hunt to ~~have~~ have loved any one who stood between her and one of her sons, I gratefully record, that there never was any serious break between her son Richard and his wife and herself. Capable of great sacrifice, generous, of an intelligence beyond her time, with tremendous pride of family and race, with strong prejudices for and against, she was a remarkable woman, and her children owe her much, particularly William and Richard, whose artistic abilities she encouraged and gave every opportunity of developing. I did not dare to delay my absence from Herbert, and returned to Newport, before R-- his brothers and Jenny went to Suffield, where Mrs. Hunt preferred to be laid beside her father and mother, rather than at Brattleboro by her husband, R-- wrote me the hearse was followed by eight or ten old gentlemen, acquaintances of mother's, who served as pallbearers. The day was superb, the ~~vale~~ view very extensive and beautiful, and I was glad, after all, that she had decided herself, to be laid

there in the midst of her family, who had found their last resting place at Suffield for generations. As her four children passed out of the gate of the cemetery, the pall bearers broke rank, and stood on either side of the gate uncovered, impressive, with the dignity of the old school. A slight snow was falling, but the sun was shining brightly."

It was about this time that R-- found the move up town premature, so he took offices in the newly completed Coal and Iron Exchange built for the Delaware and Hudson R. R. and 28 East 21st St. was rented to several successive woman, some of whom forgot to pay the rent, until it was finally rented and occupied by the Society of Decorative Art from 1879 to 1895.

In 1878 he began plans for the Bronson and Winthrop houses. Madison Ave. and 33 St, the W. K. Vanderbilt house at Oakdale, and made, as a donation, the designs for St. Luke's Church at Saranac, ~~and~~ Dick went in the spring to the Rev. Mr. Bartlett's, the rector of the Episcopal Church of Matteawan, to prepare for the Institute of Technology at Boston. On the 21st of February, R--, although not a graduate of Harvard, was asked to respond to "Architecture and its Professors" at the 12th Annual dinner of the Harvard Club and spoke as follows: "During a recent law suit in this city, I was compared by my learned counsel and your former president, to the

R

lion in Æsop's old story of the Lion and the Donkey, but I very much fear that before the few words which I have to say to you are ended, you will imagine that the reporters skilfully misinterpreted his little tale, or that the donkey simply suffered by comparison with an inordinately stupid lion --- so little accustomed am I to "speak in public at any age." I shall however, only ~~to~~ express my great pleasure at the suggestion that has been made to provide for the study of architecture at the University of Harvard.

This great country of ours, unprecedently rich in building materials, with vast capital to be expended in rapidly growing cities, where millions are spent in yearly construction, calls for greatly increased educational advantages, and the number of young men who, every year, select architecture as their profession proves that such advantages have become a necessity. That the public taste needs cultivating is hardly to be questioned, a taste that accepts so much unstudied, untrained private work, and does not rise in holy condemnation against the mill at the Treasury Department in Washington, that grinds out the unsightly piles, which demoralize the national standard. The history of past ages is written ~~is written~~ in the Architecture of the world, whose pages of stone ~~is~~ not only the antiquarian and historian turn with reverent hands, but which hold the inspiration of artist and poet.

Let Harvard open its doors to such training and to such educational advantages as have already been inaugurated in Boston at the institute of Technology, and let her sister colleges follow in her lead, so that posterity may not turn aside with a blush or a sneer. Victor Hugo, in his immortal Chapter on Architecture in Notre Dame de Paris, entitled "Ceci tuera Cela." prophesies that printing will kill architecture: that the paper leaf will replace the stone tablet; but this can never be so long as architecture embodies the ideas of the age, and the Keystone rests on earnest, faithful , and well directed study." The lawsuit to which he alludes, was brought by R-- to recover from Mrs. Paran Stevens, money due to him, and which she refused to pay after her husband's death. The story of this suit is as follows:

The 27th of July 1870. R-- signed a contract with Mr. Paran Stevens, to construct an apartment house extending from 5th Ave. to Broadway on 27th St. There was an especial arrangement as to compensation, 3% instead of 5%, as Mr. William Paul, the builder selected by Mr. Stevens, was to act as superintendent and clerk of the works, R--'s relations with Mr. Stevens were always cordial and satisfactory, ~~and~~ The first disagreement arose as to the heating of the building, which was found in adequate, but Mr. Stevens

had taken the matter out of R--'s hands, and he was therefore, not responsible. Cracks were also formed, and the arches bulged on the Broadway side caused by the driving of piles for the adjacent building. against R's protest Mr. Stevens died in 1872, and R-- was unable to obtain the last payment due him, and on the advice of Messrs. Evarts, Southmayd and Choate, he brought a suit against Mrs. Stevens, who, with the son-in-law of Mrs. Steven,'s John L. Melcher, and Charles Stevens, were the excutors of Mr. Stevens will. Mrs Stevens engaged Mann and Parsons to represent her interests before the supreme Court, Judge Charles F. Sandford. They charged that the heating was inadequate, and that the building bulged. The jury were out about ten minutes, and brought in a verdict without a dissenting voice, for the plaintive, of $8434.14 with an extra allowance of five per cent. Motion for a new trial on the minutes was denied. I was anxiously awaiting the result in Newport, as the doctors had said that any journey might be fatal to Herbert, and I dare not leave him. R-- telegraphed: 'Choates speech very brilliant, the judges charge a glorious one. Verdict in my favor, Victory complete. Expect me tomorrow night at eight'. Mr. Choates address was indeed very brilliant. He began by saying:

'In a practice in the trial of causes in these courts extending over twenty years, I must say that this is the most unscrupu-

R

lpus and hypocritical defence that I ever heard presented ~~in~~ to a court and jury." He accused them of false swearing . "They make statements, which Mr. Stevens, being dead, cannot deny." He draws a telling picture of Mrs. Stevens' social ambition, and says that "Princes and Grand Dukes have followed in her train, and royalty itself has crooked its elbow to find a resting place for her hand." He used all his sarcasm in thendescription of the litigations which were so dear to her heart. She had had a suit with Mr. Gilman, who she was now calling as a witness against R— .

He says: "But then gentlemen, if in climbing to the top of this gilded ladder of fashion, she brushes aside a mechanic at every round as she rises, if, while she is enjoying all this glory, she is leaving unpaid the bills of honest claimants, why is she to wonder that the merchanics, the laborers, the builders, the architects, look together to their rights and feel and show some interest, when one is seeking to recover from her, his honest dues! They have threatened other plaintiffs: "If you sue us, we will say what we have said in other cases, that all the fault was yours!" I am glad that none has had the courage to face that shameful defence, and submit his character, his work and himself, to the test of your verdict. I leave it to you gentlemen, to say whether he did not answer every question like an honest, intelligent, faithful and skillful man." He was at least incapable of

concealment, and has proved that he has nothing to conceal. This man's name is going down to posterity, indelibly stamped upon these great buildings that he has constructed in this city, The Delaware and Hudson Building, this very Steven's apartment house; the Tribune Building which you see from that window: and the Lenox Library, the fairest edifice that graces the fairest part of the city, all, as you have heard, the products of his gifted brain. The responsibility of the settling of the Fifth Ave. walls lies with Mr. Stevens, He took the responsibility of deciding in the first place, that the party wall could be used without underpinning, and then when the crack began to show itself in consequence, he expressly counter-manded Mr. Hunt's orders to underpin the party wall." He made an illustration from the old nursery story from "The house that Jack built." Mrs. Stevens was the lady all forlorn. "The cow with the crumbled horn, the Stevens estate; that tossed the dog' Mr. Parson; 'that worried the cat' Crooks that was associated with Golman in examination of buildings; ~~that~~ c That caught the rat

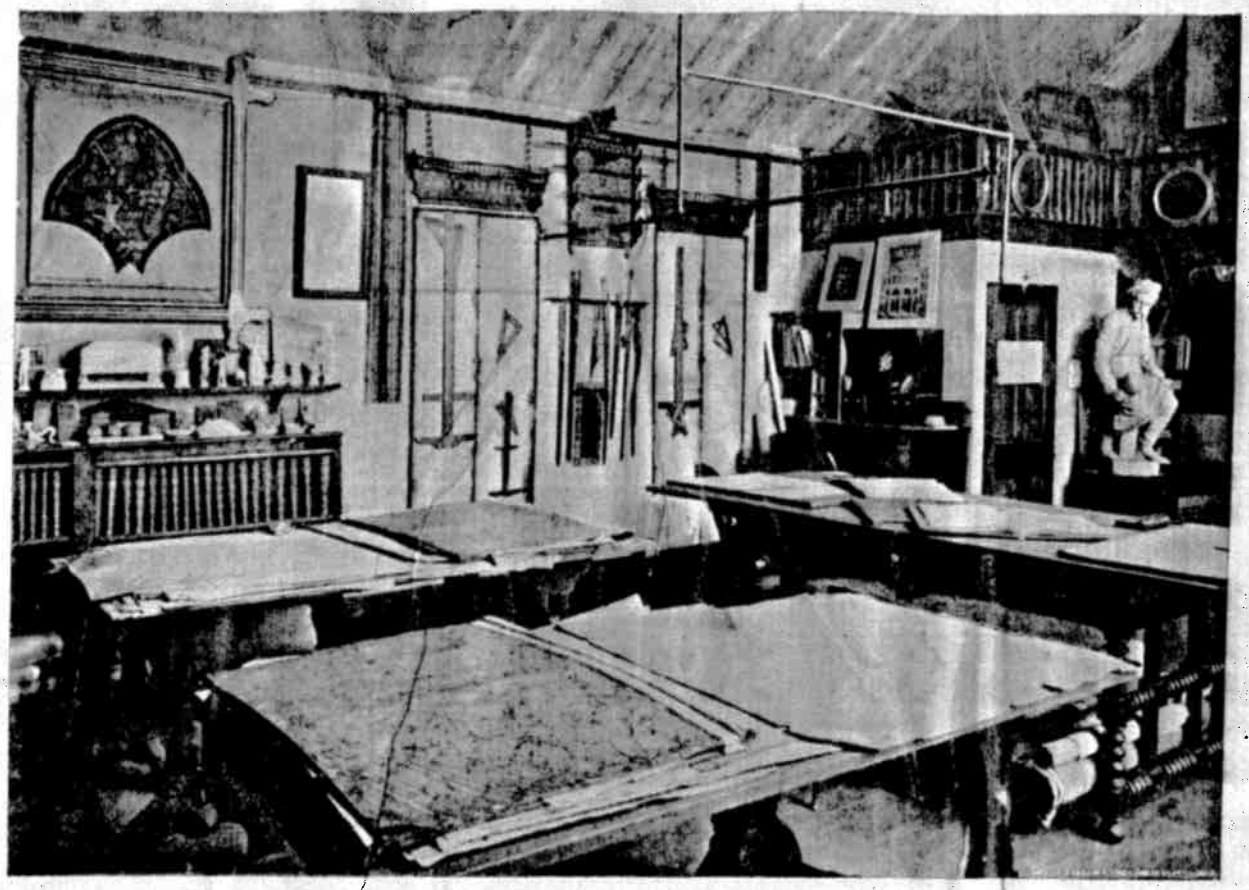
That eat the malt

That lay in the house

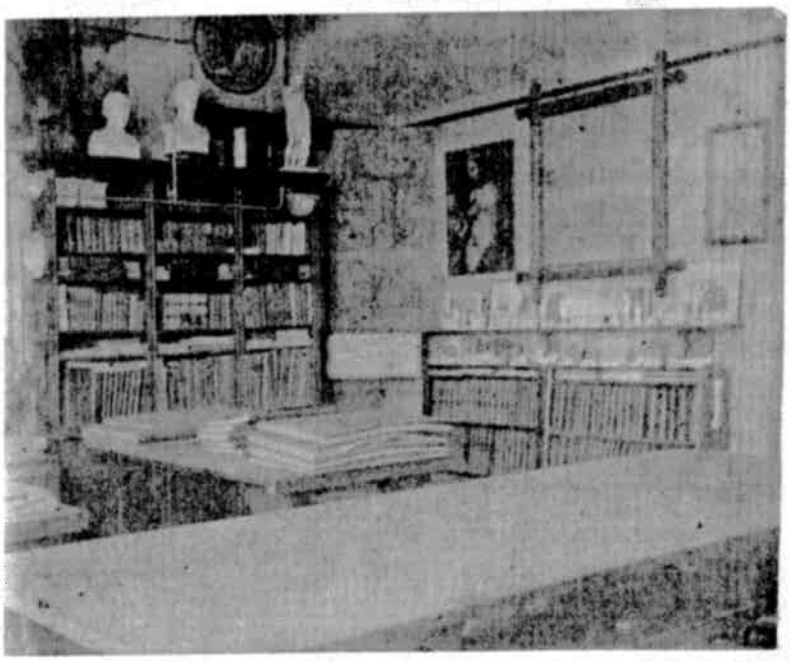
~~That Hunt built house~~

R-- I am told, controlled himself remarkably well, though occasionally during Mr. Parsons address, he arose impetuously to his feet, to answer some accusation, but was restrained by his counsel, and I have heard Mr. Choate say, that he never argued a case with such keen interest, or heard a verdict with such satisfaction. The trial lasted two weeks, and when the verdict was given on the 17th of Jan. 1878, "the Judge sent him out of the court with as clean, as fair and as unblemished a reputation as he went in to it". He dined at the Robert Home's the night of the verdict with a large family party. "Still quivering with excitment". Letters of congrtulation reached him from all over the country, and the first time he went to the Century, there was a regular ovation.

Of all the foreign diplomats who had been in Newport, Count Corti, the minister from Italy, and Mr. Stenerson of Sweden were the first, I remember, who returned civilities. They had a cottage on Kay St. and gave charming little dinners. ~~We knwe them very~~ well, and almost daily they stopped on the piazza as they went by. Corti was extremely ugly, but very witty and agreeable. His nose looked as if it had been sat upon, and Helen Russell ~~some one~~ propounded the following conundrum: "Why should Corti above all men, be married.?" The answer "Pour avoir un nouveau nez." Kitty and Joe had an excellent Swiss governess during this winter spent at Newport



RICHARD MORRIS HUNT'S STUDIO. Newport, R. I.



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Drawing-room. Hilltop, Newport, R. I.

R

Mlle. Tshudi, ~~she~~ who taught the children many accomplishments, and we had constant little entertainments where they were the dramatis personea.

Previous to this time, Mrs. Roser taught Kitty and Joe both in Newport and in New York. One of her sons, who afterwards went on the stage, was Dick's tutor, and a third son, until recently, held classes for girls. They were Southerners, but union people, and their house in Savannah had been the headquarters of Northerners, ~~visiting there~~, but during the war they lost everything, literally, even to their personal effects, as their house was raided by confederates, Marie and her nephew Louis, with her "batterie de cuisine" must have come to us some time previously, Marie had been brought to this country by one of the French Ambassadors. She lived with us thirteen years. Never was there a better ~~cok~~ cook, or a more ~~afith~~ faithful or devoted soul. Once during that time, she went home for several months visit, saying she would be back on a certain date, and sure enough, on that very morning there came a tap on my door and Marie, in big white apron, asked

for the orders for the day, and I did not even know her steamer was in. She had names for all the children, Joe was the "Ambassador" Esther the "Princess", and baby Herbert the "Governor". Once when I had been ill, R-- opened the door during the night, and found her lying outside the door on the floor, and when he said, "Why Marie, what are you doing here?" she answered that she knew all the servants had gone to bed, and thought Madam might want something during the night. She never spent a cent, and R-- had invested her money, so that when she accumulated quite a little sum of money, she yielded to the importunities of her family, who thought that she should share her fortunes with them, and she bought a small hotel, over by the Gare de Lyon where Esther and Herbert used to go and break-fast with her, during the winter of 1885, when we were in Paris, and where she soon killed herself with hard work.

R-- was much with the John Astors and the Sydney Websters, during this winter spent at Newport, and we bought for Dick a black mare whom he called "Zip" after a herione of a play which he had seen at the Newport opera house, For many years, she was one of the family spending the last years of her life on a farm on the Island, where she died. The farmer thus reported her death."Zip died this morning, just as she had lived-- a lady" Jenny's

house in Ayrault st.must have been bought in 1878 or '79. I think it was this season that Lucy Chauncey came home from Europe to spend the summer with me,for it seemed too bad that she should not have some of the opportunities for enjoyment due to all girls.

In June the new Capitol at Albany was nearing completion,and R-- was most anxious that his brother William should accept the commission which he had recieved from Lieut-Governor Dorsheimer, seconded by the architects of the Capitol,Messrs Leopold Eidlitz and H.H.Richardson,to furnish two large mural paintings for the Assembly Hall,and the two great paintings of Columbus the "Discoverer" and"Anahita"the "Flight of Night"were the result,of which,alas only the photographs remain today,for they were painted on plaster not properly prepared or dried,and perhaps the mediums used were not of a durable quality,for they have all cracked and faded away. R-- went backwards and forwards several times during the summer to watch the progress of the work and to encourage his brother with words of admiration,and was with him at the time of the inauguration of the pictures in the Legislative Halls on January 27th,1879.

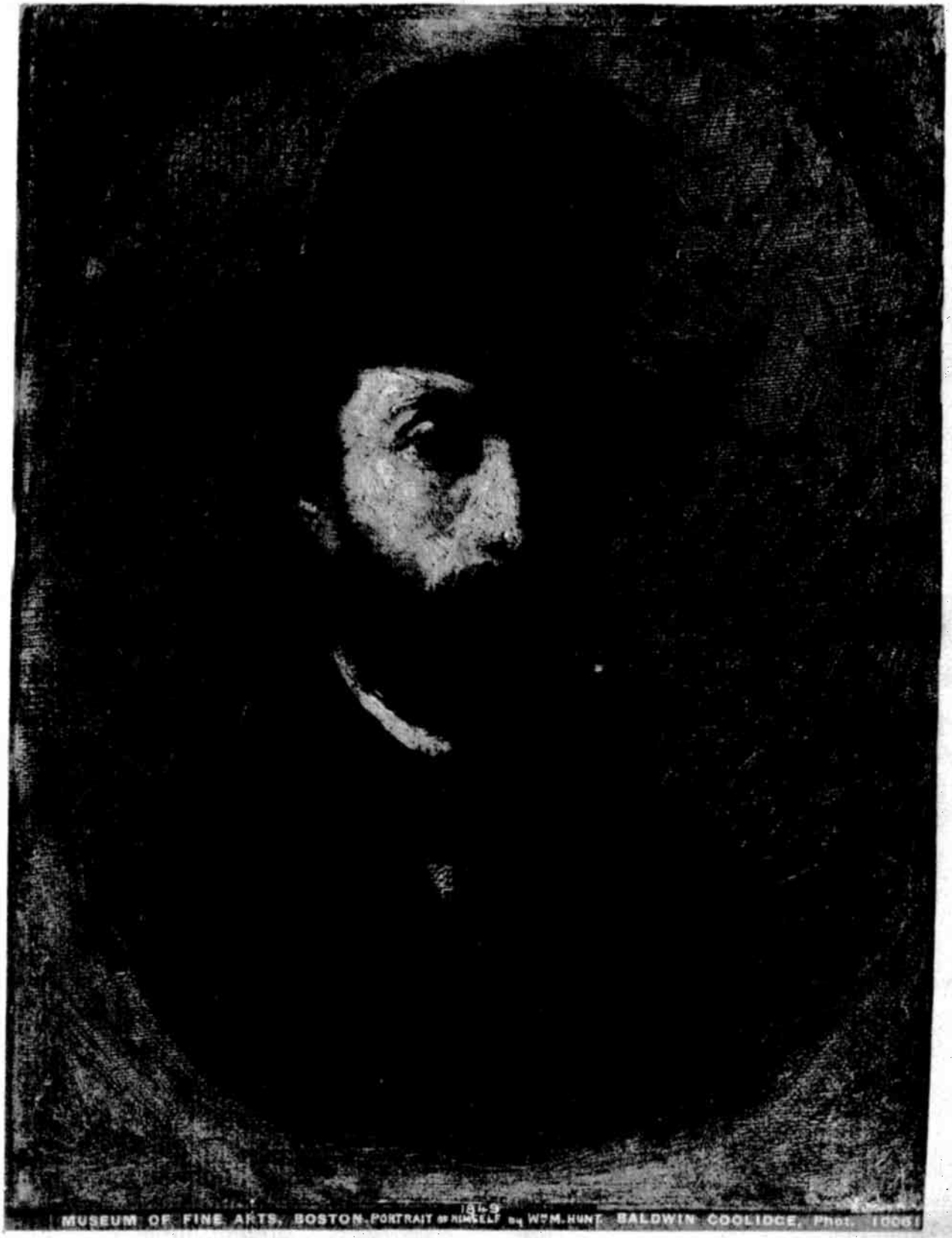
In Newport Dick's first practical architectural work was laying out the bay window in my bedroom to scale. The pleasure of the summer was much increased by Mrs.Bigelow Lawrence and Miss Fanny Chapman,who had a house near us on Catharine st,the French Minister and his wife,the Marquis and Marquise de Noailles,of whom we saw a great deal. Minnie Robson made us a long visit during which she

became engaged to Professor Charles Sargent of Brookline, and my old friend Helen Russell, now Madame Outray was in Newport this and succeeding summers. I cannot resist relating this amusing incident not only from my memory, but from old letters, which records that Downing, the colored caterer of Newport, who for years was without a rival, offered one thousand dollars to any white man who would marry his daughter (she used to ride horseback followed by a white groom) but she finally married the colored barber George Washington, and the first baby was called Louise Eleanora de Montague Washington!

1879 saw the commencement of the W.K.Vanderbilt house, 52nd st. and Fifth Avenue; alterations for the George P.Wetmore house, Newport; St.Marks Church, Islip; and bowling alley, gardener's cottage, hot house, lodge and entrance gates for Oakdale. Dick continued studying with Mr.Simmons, doing some little work at the studio between playtimes and study, and it was autumn of this year that he went to Boston to the Technology. R--'s ethics were begining to have effect upon his brother architects. Mr.George Mason, a resident architect of Newport, who had built many of the earlier Newport houses, although a much older man, often consulted R-- about professional difficulties. Acting upon R--'s advice when Mr.James R.Keene, (for whom he was making alteration and building greenhouses) came to Newport and found the work progressing too slowly to please him, went to Mr.Mason's office, began to stamp about and swear, whereupon Mr.Mason handed him the keys of the house and said

"as he was only accustomed to ... ter find some one else", so Mr. Keene went off to Boston in still greater rage and sent some one else down to finish the work.

Mrs. Paran Stevens had some private theatricals, gotten up, she said, "so as not to ask the Hunts"; however, in spite of her violent temper she was not a woman who harbored resentment, and she sent for R-- one day in the autumn to confess to him that in "he was the most honest man with whom she had ever had ~~any~~ dealings". But Mrs. Stevens was not the only one who entertained the public; for the Robert Cushings and ourselves, having many social obligations to return, gave two joint entertainments at the Masonic Temple on Church St., with two plays; "Hearts are Trumps" and "A Game of Romps", which were a great success. Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Cushing and I were much interested in the little Chapel at the Point, in the fisherman district. Two interesting English people were in Newport, both of whom brought letters to us. One, Miss Alma Stretel, a very original woman, who was making her home with a consumptive brother in Colorado, and who, before and since, has written much on Folklore, and is the translator of Carmen Silva's poems. She married an English artist very much younger than herself, but it is, I understand, an ideally happy marriage. The other, was ~~Theodore~~ Frederick Meyers, who held the chair of Poetry at Oxford, and the author of "St Paul," one of the most beautiful long poems in the English language. He was also deeply interested in and the President of the English Society of Psychological Research. In August R-- spent some weeks, on the doctors advice, at Richfield Springs alone, and very lonely, he was, as his letters testify, although the Eyres, the Douglas Robinsons, the Frederic Kernochans-- the Whitneys, Mr. Dayton our ex-minister



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON. PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF 1849 BY WM. M. HUNT. BALDWIN COOLIDGE, Phot. 10061

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to France, the Leslie Clarks, and Mr. Benjamen Silliman, the famous Brooklyn lawyer, (and an old friend of my father's) were there to relieve the tedium of his cure. He was recalled on the 8th of September by the tragic news of his brother William's death. I met him in Boston where we were joined by Jane and Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the dear friend with whom he spent the last weeks, of his life and we went together to Brattleboro Vt. where his funeral took place on the 11th of September, and where he was laid to rest beside his father on the brow of the hill which looks down upon the winding Connecticut river, the mountains marking the horizon on the North. It was a great grief to R--, indeed to all of us. Death, the great purifier and obliterator, left only the memory of intimate boyhood relations, and the still stronger ones of early manhood, though it was hard to forgive and forget the wife who had separated him from his children and family, and whose resentment even kept her away from his funeral. R--'s pride and belief in William's genius was unbounded, and it is a lasting regret that to the list of his great portraits, is not added one of this brother.

When Dick returned to the Technology, and Joe to school, Kitty went to stay with the Hoppins at Lenox, ~~and I accepted an invitation from Mrs. William Wadsworth, to go with the two younger.~~

and we remained late at Newport with the younger children, for the dampness of the summer was succeeded by glorious crisp days, and the out of door life was varied by all kinds of work in the morning room with the little children running in and out, and R-- opening the door to call out an encouraging: "Hello, busy bee" on his way to the studio.

1880 saw the completion of the Hampton Schools,and the plans for the Presbyterian Church at Palatka Florida,and R-- was continuing the work at Oakdale.

Dick spent much of the summer in town with him,at any rate until July,and when he came to Newport,he joined the Newport Artillery and went in camp with them. He was very popular with the towns people,who had known him since he was a little boy,and one of them payed him the compliment of saying that "he was the one man in camp who was a gentleman in every way."

Joe had a severe attack of dysentery during the summer,and Laura d'Oremieulx,who was staying with us,did much to amuse him in his convalesence. Kitty made a tour of New England with her Aunt Jane,who,unaccustomed to the care of a growing girl,did not quite understand how sensitive she would be, for she put her some times on a different floor from herself in the country hotels, and kept her for hours in the country graveyards while she sketched the tombstones of her ancestors. When they arrived at the Leavitt Hunts at Weathersfield,she was taken ill,we were alarmed at the reports and R-- went to her at once,as Joe was too ill to be left.

Mr.Charles McKim's unhappy relations with his wife,who simply refused to return to him after the birth of their child,was taken into court at Providence with the result that the charges brought against him were refuted and he was given an absolute divorce,with permission to see his little girl once a week.Mr.

McKim was almost crazy over the situation and at this time came to us often sure of a sympathetic welcome.

The 1st.of October Dick went to the Institute of Technology. He and Tom Howard had rooms together at a Mrs.Murphys,124 Charles st. Grenville Snelling was at the school at the same time and his family had a house in Boston that winter which was hospitably open to his fellow students. Dick soon became enthusiastic over his work pleasing R-- very much.

In November the trustees of Columbia College offered R-- the chair of Architecture about to be established,and strenuously urged his acceptance. The idea of training young men again,appealed to him,but he realized it would be impossible for him to give the necessary time without injury to his private practice. They then asked him if he would select or recommend some one,and he suggested the name of William R.Ware,then at the head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology,who would bring with him experience and scholastic ability. Mr.Ware came on to talk the matter over with R--,with the result that he accepted the position,and the following summer R-- went to Cambridge to spend the night at Mr.Henry Van Brunts,where the three talked the matter over again,and Mr.Ware soon after wrote him:"As to the Columbia work,I have very good courage about it. They are in no hurry about organizing the work,and I shall begin with one class only, and that for only a few hours a week. This will give me time during the coming winter to prepare for the serious work of the year

following. A little time for reading and study,a thing I havn't done since I was with you in 10th st. Mr.Ware only retired in 1904,after twenty four years of honorable and useful service.

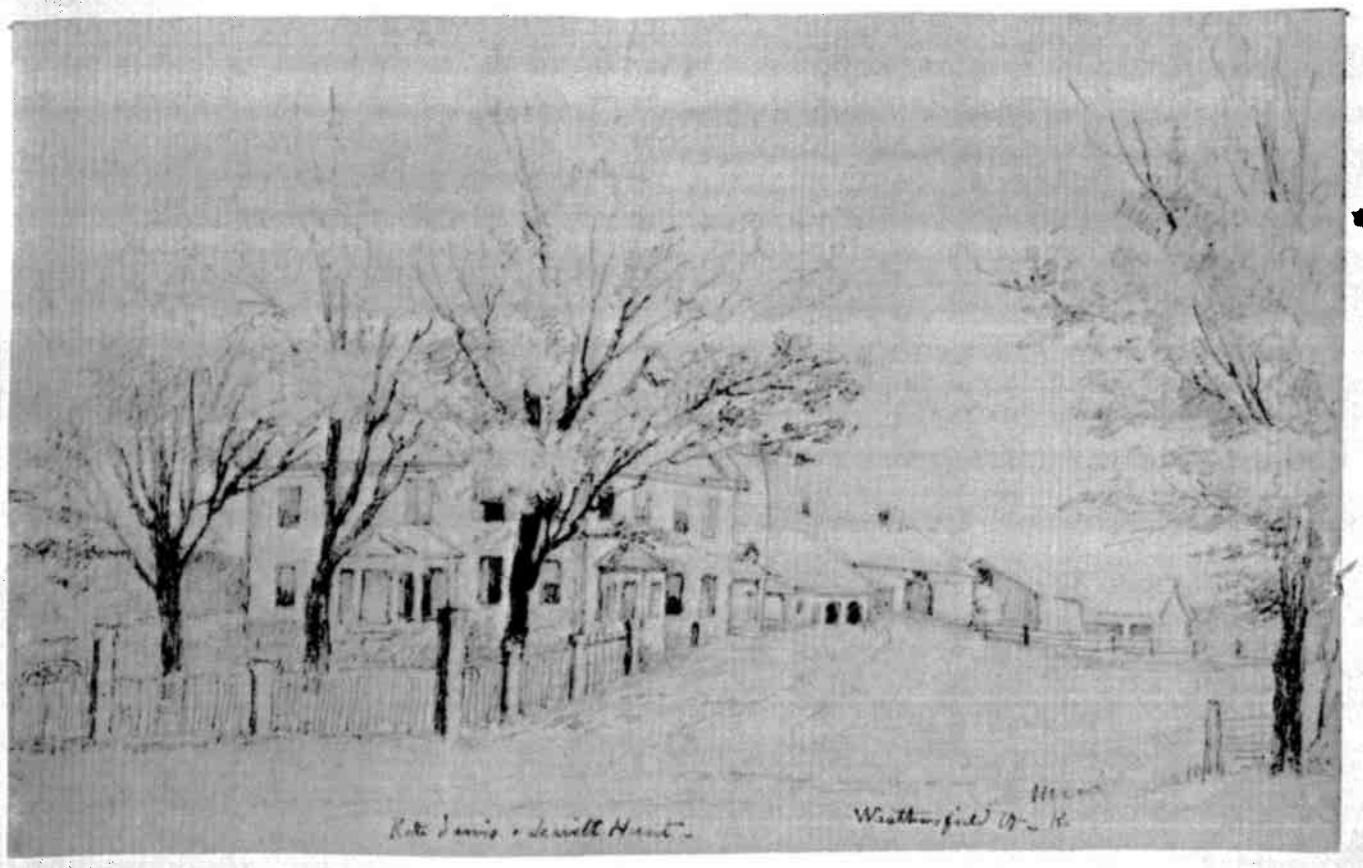
The work in the office in 1881 was the chapel at Princeton College which was about finished.The decorations were by Mr.Frederick Crownshield,and Mr.Lafarge did the windows in the apse, the outside doors had heavy hangings,and there were embroirdered curtains in the chancel,the designs for which were made in the office,and R-- intrusted me with their execution through the Society of Decorative Art.I also had the privilege of attending to Mrs.W.K.Vanderbilt's marble bathroom in the new house,corner of 52nd st.and Fifth avenue,and the two Misses Ely,contributors of the Decorative Art Society,painted the mirrored walls most satisfactorily and artistically.There was also the Guernsey Building, 160 Broadway;work for Mr.Frederic Bronson,Greenfield Conn;The Presbyterian Home for Old Ladies,104th st.and Amsterdam avenue; the Marquand house,corner of 68th st.and Madison avenue,and the two small houses adjoining;Professor Shields' house,Newport;the Ledyard sarcophogus;J.Q.A.Ward's studio in New York,and his stable in Ohio.Dick was in the office which had moved to the Tribune Building.During the summer our faithful Mary Desmond died at 49 West 35th st.Her daughter having died at 28 East 21st.st.She had moved from the office to the house,R-- feeling she was more use ful there.

Garfield was shot in June while at the railroad station in

Mrs. Leavitt Hunt.
Katharine Jarvis.

In war time.

Leavitt Hunt.



R

After his death, his affairs were found to be in a very bad condition, and we were fortunate enough to make up and send her a fund from his Americans patrons. R--'s always interested in all professional matters, headed a subscription for a memorial for George Edward Street R. A. a celebrated English architect, who built among other buildings the American Church in Paris.

The September ~~member~~ number of the North American published a violent attack against R-- by an art critic called Clarence Cook, who Mr. Joseph Choate called the "Champion Jackass of America". Letters of indignation poured in to R--, who regarded the whole matter as "tempest in a teapot". Cook's architectural papers and criticisms had been ridiculous in their want of intelligence and correctness. Mr. Choate, in a private letter says: "The whole world, as far as I can see, is laughing at him." But he passed as a kind of American "Oscar Wilde," and had, as his English prototype, many followers. It was in September that the cable came announcing R's-- election to the Institute of France, ~~and the first mail brought these letters from Ordinot and Bandry.~~ The "demande" was signed as corresponding member as a section of the Beaux-Arts and the first mail followed by the next mail letters from many of his confrères.

Jane Hunt
1875.

Jane Hunt. 1906.

[This plate reproduced in color at the end of the document]

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Col Craighill from Baltimore was in charge of the construction of the Yorktown Monument.

The government detailed a transport to take R-- down the river from Fortress Monroe, and he lived on it during each visit ~~a while there~~ as there were no decent accomodations on shore. In the hall at Hilltop is a water color which he made on the spot before the scaffolding was removed.

The Vanderbilt Mausoleum on Staten Island was planned this year, and I think it was the beginning of his relations and perhaps his first acquaintance with George W. Vanderbilt; ~~and~~ an acquaintance ~~affection~~ which soon developed on both sides into friendship, and then into a warm affection. R-- writes "C'est en beau problème ~~est~~ mais difficile." I am not sure that I will be able to make my ideas harmonize with his: but that and subsequent work proved how well they harmonized, for it was a privilege to work with and for, a client of such ~~and~~ intelligence. In the winter, Joe brought home measles from Dr. Cutler's school. Our good neighbors the Whiteheads took Kitty, as we hoped, out of the danger of infection, but she broke down at the end of ten days , and then the two little ones had it, and two of the younger servants, so that it strung out pretty well over ~~all~~ the whole winter. This of course meant quarantine for me, and when the early spring came, we took the children, whose measles were followed by ~~the~~ whooping cough, to Lakewood where they assigned us ~~to~~ a wing, and we held the fort

~~the fort~~ there, for several weeks, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hopkinson Smith, as she also was recovering from the whooping cough, and her Smith held my little Esther in his arms in the dreadful paroxysms of coughing, which were the most dreadful I ever saw, for I have never known so severe a case. One Sunday in October, one of the Sundays which R-- had to spend in New York, as I was dressing in the morning, a terrible clatter, as if the fence were being all torn down, sent me quickly to the window, to see a horse and dogcart standing on the middle of the lawn, and two men lying in the street just beyond. Isabella and I were on the spot immediately, ~~and as~~ it was early morning, and no one astir, but with the strength that comes in emergencies, we got the one who seemed to be the most injured, up the steps into Dr. Wheeler's office, Wheeler lived in Kay St. How thankful I was for my well equipped medicine closet, with bandages and everything ready , for Dr. Wheeler had nothing on hand, for Isabella, and our ~~my~~ lectures on "first aid to the Injured" ~~stood us in good stead.~~ The men ~~They~~ proved to be a Mr. Caldwell and his brother, who lived far out on the Island. One of the men was moved into the house, and laid there for several weeks. My next excitement was the arrival of a woman, who came on from Brooklyn to consult me about the Elliot Bassetts. Bassett was the son of a well known homeopathic physician. He had married a young German girl, the daughter of his landlady I believe, when ~~wen~~

he was studying architecture in Europe. His father closed all communication with him -- payed his passage back to America and tried to help him get a position and what was more difficult to keep him in them. She was a very fine woman, a good musician and well educated, worth ten of young Bassett, but his father still refused his help even when a little child was born, with a terrible hair lip, and operation after operation had to follow. Her husband deserted her at last, and then her friends got a position for her in the public schools, so that she was able to support herself and her two children.

Joe entered St. Marks in the fall term of 1882; and Dick, who had been with Anthony at the Studio in Newport, went into his father's office to obtain a little experience in practical work. before he went to Paris to the Beaux-Arts.

~~Mr. Marquand opened his house for a reception to the A. I.A.~~ There was plenty of work in the office in 1883. The Yorktown Monument, the Marquand lodge at Newport, the Oakdale extension, Lafayette pedestal, H. G. Marquand stable, New York, the Sydney Webster house, 245 East 17th St., Dr. Paxton's house at Princeton, the Marquand dining room, at Newport; and the Statue of Liberty pedestal. This was America's contribution to the statue which was the gift of France, and a loan exhibition was held at the old Academy of Design, 23rd St. and 4th Ave, of which Mr. Frank Hopkinson Smith was the director, and I the under study, with every

desire to help him. Everybody was most generous in lending their treasures. The attendance was very large and the financial result most satisfactory. The Bartholdi Dramatic Committee gave a performance of "The Princess" at the Madison Square Theater, and the following February augumented the funds by a representation of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women", Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes", in both of which Dick took part, and a little play, the "Portraits of the Marquise", translated by Mrs. Burton Harrison, from the French of Octave Feuillet, written for the Empress Eugenie, and first played by her and other amateurs at Compeigne.

On the 28th of June, R-- and Mr. Ward went to Vermont for the unveiling of the Bennington Monument, and their visit was a delightful one. They stayed with a Mr. & Mrs Brown, whose son I accidentally met some years ago doing hospital service in New York, and R-- must have been in great form for he told me his father and mother still quoted R-- and spoke of his visit as a memorable occasion.

The mode of procedure in all of R--'s work with J.Q.A. Ward was as follows. R-- planned out the general idea of the monument, Ward did the sculpture and R-- furnished the drawings for the pedestal and studied up the inscriptions.

The foreign honors in recognition of R--'s position at the

and Falguiere, he was made Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, in recognition of his international services

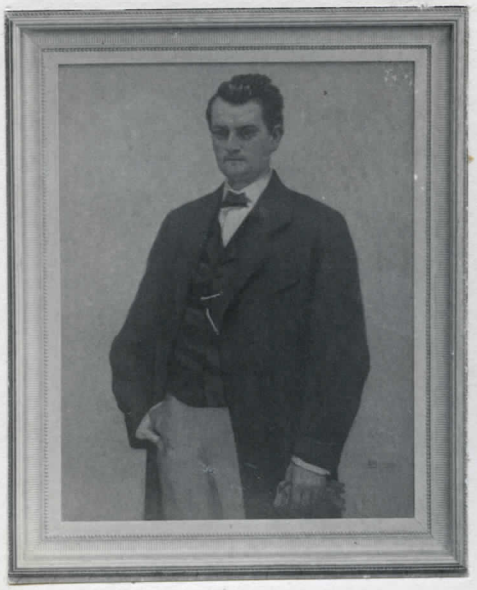
Mrs. John Jacob Astor
"Aunt Augusta."

Dr. Fordyce Baker.

Kitty – Mother – Joe.

Esther and Herbert.

Dr. Jonathan Hunt.



First trousers

" Dody "

Kitty and Joe.
Newport

Kitty
Nice.

Joe.
Nice.

C. C. H.
Nice 1875.

R. M. H
Nice 1875.

Asia

Mrs. Jonathan Hunt
1877.

RICHARD MORRIS HUNT'S STUDIO. Newport, R. I.

Jane Hunt
1875.

Jane Hunt. 1906.