Unpublished biography of Richard Morris Hunt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

Manuscript pages from Binder 1 of 4

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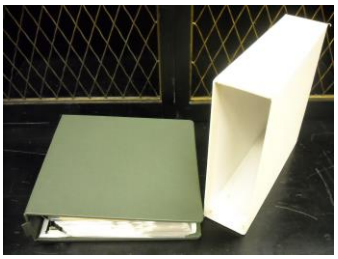
These photographs show the original manuscript’s Binder 1 of 4 in its special housing.



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~~In the~~ last days of October 1828, was born ~~at Brattleboro Vermont, Richard Morris Hunt, the fourth child of his parents.~~ He was named after Lieut. Richard Morris, an officer in the U. S. Navy, ~~the~~ son of ~~Mr. Hunt~~'s sister Mrs. Lewis R. Morris.

Lieut. Morris was on the first American war ~~vessel~~ to visit the Meditteranean. He was a great friend of Mrs. Hunt~~s~~, and used to tease her ~~greatly~~ by calling her "Aunt."

The exact date of Richard's birth is not positively known, as Grandmother Leavitt gave the Bible, in which all the family births and deaths were recorded, to her church. ~~Her~~ daughter, Jane Maria Hunt, afterward indignantly went up into the pulpit and tore out ~~all the~~ records. Your Aunt Jane, to whom they ~~have~~ descended, ~~has~~ mislaid them; but it is safe to say the following dates are correct.

Jane was born at her Grandfather Leavitts at Suffield, in the same room, and having the same nurse, as her mother, ~~on August 31st 1822, as~~ the house which her father was then building in Bratteboro, was not finished. The four succeeding children were however, born in Bratteboro. William, March 31st, 1824, Jonathan, June 1825. Richard, Oct. 31st 1828 and Leavitt, Feb. 22rd 1829. His mother and sister ~~say~~ said Richard was a remarkably happy baby, and that he cooed for hours over his toys, crying so little that his mother was almost anxious. His distinguishing quality, from a very early age, was ~~his~~ presistent industry. He must have been about three years old when he went to Washington with his father and

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mother, and the other children. Mrs. Taylor, the mother of Admiral Taylor whom we met at the Masconomo House, Manchester, Mass. in 1880, then a delightful ~~old~~ lady of ninety, ~~years old, and who~~ had been their opposite neighbor in Washington, remembered R~~ichard as~~ the little boy whom, nearly sixty years before, she had seen struggling with a ~~shovel nearly~~ spade twice as large as himself, cleaning away the snow, and shoveling in the coal. The ~~persistent industry with~~ way in which he returned to the charge again and again, had made an impression which the years had not effaced. The first written record ~~of Richard~~ of the child, is a bill for tuition dated May 24th, 1832, to Sophia Packham, which is so great a contrast to present charges that I have thought it ~~might be~~ interesting enough to copy it here.

Washington, May 24th 1832.

Mrs. Hunt

to Sophia Packham, Dr.

To tuition of Richard, 2 quarters ending May 4th.-	$4.00
To tuition of William and John, 2 quarters each	12.00
Fuel for the season--- 50cts. each----	1.50
Received payment.	$17.50

Sophia Packham.

Jonathan ~~Mr.~~ Hunt, Richard's father, was elected to Congress in 1827, having refused his first nomination in 1825, in deference to his wife's unwillingness to be left alone during the winter at Bratteboro, ~~as~~ This was the winter ~~before~~ of Jonathan's birth and the state of her

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health ~~perverted~~ would not permit of her accompanying him to Washington.

Early in 1828, Mrs. Hunt left the little boys at Mrs. Taylor's infant school in Brattleboro, and taking Jane, went to Washington to ~~pay a little visit.~~ stay for a few weeks. Of this visit, Jane only remembers that one day, when her father and mother were dining with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Webster at Godsbys Hotels, ~~while~~ she was sitting before an open coal fire in the bedroom, ~~she put~~ and putting her feet on the fender, ~~she~~ and fell asleep, ~~and~~ tumbling over into a foot tub of hot water (prepared for her evening bath). As a compensation for this accident, Mrs. Webster dressed her a lovely doll. ~~for her.~~ This was her (Webster's first wife)

Mrs. Tyler and her daughter Amelia had a class for older girls, as well as an infant school. ~~and one of them reports that at recess all the girls run out to catch little Willie Hunt and hug them.~~ The hired man would take William in his arms, and Jane by the hand, up to Mrs. Tyler's in the mornings, and it was then that William first learned to sew. Mrs. Tyler taught this domestic art to the little boys as well as the girls, and their mother carefully preserved a patchwork quilt of bright scarlet and yellow calico on a white ground with a border of violet and gray, made by Jane and William. This she would occasionlly show to the children, telling them that the first one who married, should have it. It consequently fell to William himself, and at the exhibition held after his death at the Boston Museum, it was shown with a few other articles of interest, at the same time with his paintings. The children under her care were devoted to Mrs. Tyler. When she closed her little school soon after these days, she turn-

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ed her attention to the culture of silk worms.

¶ In 1830, when Mr. Hunt returned for his second term, Mrs. Hunt and the five children accompanied him. It took two weeks to make the journey from Brattleboro to Washington, and they ~~done~~ drove the entire distance in their own carriage. Twenty miles to Greenfield, then to Suffield, where they probably spent a day or two with Mrs. Hunt's parents, Jemmia and Thaddeus Leavitt. The next stop was at Hartford, then to New Haven, and by steamboat to New York, where they delayed for a little shopping; then to Phildelphia, Balti~~more~~ and finally to Washington. The journey was made in October, and must have been cold and probably windy, as the caps and mittens of the little family were blown away, until attached by tapes to their coats. ¶ In the spring of 1831, Mr. Hunt went to the west to get the refusal of some land in Cincinnati. He expected to leave Washington at the expiration of his term, and to form a partnership with a Phildelphia lawyer who had already interests in the west. Mrs. Hunt and the children were left in Washington, where she had many friends. Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, ~~spoke~~ spoke of her with much enthusiasm in later years of Mrs. Hunt's beauty at this period, ~~with much enthusiasm.~~ The Johnsons, (Clerk of the House) whose wife was Miss Pringle of Baltimore, and the Matthew St. Clair Clarks were among the most intimate friends. The Cochran house was originally the Clark house, and had at that time, a large chimney or closet, ~~to be~~ used for hiding. There was a rebellion of the negroes during the summer, and fire arms which were kept as a

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protection. were hidden there. ~~This hiding place was probably arranged for the same reason.~~ Better still, they had a big garden where Nannie the daughter, and little Jane gathered rose leaves for rose water. Nannie Clark married General Franklin, who after the War of the Rebellion, was at the head of the government arsenal at Spring field, and so tangled are the threads of life, that my brother Joseph Howland was on Gen. Franklin's staff, until he was appointed Colonel of the 16th N.Y. volunteers. Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Johnson went often to the Capitol library during the summer, where the librarian gave them the use of "Audubon's South American Humming Birds" to copy from, and a room to paint in, and Mrs. Hunt found an opportunity to exercise her innate artistic talent. Her father had sternly forbidden her, when she returned from school, either to paint or draw, considering from the rigid Puritan Strand Point of view of those days, any accomplishment but needle work was a waste of time.

These copies of the humming birds are wonderfully exact reproductions of the prints, and Mrs. Hunt must have taken an infinite ammount of time to do them. She gave them away until years afterward her old friend Mrs. Worthington told her the remaining ones should be kept together, and he sent to England for an album in which to preserve them. This book has a watch paper painted by Mrs. Johnson, a basket of flowers with a bee hovering over it,

~~This album also~~ also contains ~~some~~ drawings by the two Agate brothers, American artists of the period. One of the drawings is a head of Leavitt, ~~and also~~ and another William's, ~~the~~ first preserved drawing made when he was seven years old. ~~So here also~~

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[6A]

and these verses:

"The eyes on all, the heart on one,

Oh no! this never can be done."

Mrs. Hunt copied this watch paper for Edward Everett, another of the intimate Washington friends, and received in return these lines from Mrs. Everett:

"A pretty gift you sent my lord,

And too, the warning word,

And least of all should you rebuke,

The heart that follows on the look,

'The eyes on all, the heart on one'

I fear that never can be done."

[Library of Congress photocopying note: unfolded starting at "The eyes..."]

and also these from Mr. Everett

"To a lady who sent me a beautiful watch-paper with the motto: "The eye on all the heart on one."

"Thanks for the pretty gift you sent,

Thanks for the kind advice you meant:-

"The eye on all, the heart on one",

I fear 'tis hardly to be done.

"Where 'er the eye persues its way,

The heart is very apt to stray.

When beauty charms the gladdened sight,

The heart will beat with fond delight.

"The eye on all, the heart on one'

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And least of all [illegible]

The heart that follows on the look,

'The eyes on all, the heart on one' ← [Library of Congress photocopying note: paper folded starting at "The eyes." -unfolded for photocopying-

I fear that never can be done."

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"Where 'er the eye persues its way,

The heart is very apt to stray.

When beauty charms the gladdened sight,

The heart will beat with fond delight.

"The eye on all, the heart on one'

I fear it never can be done.

"And surely not, my friend, by thee

Should stern law enjoined be.

Within ~~what~~ whose bright impressive gaze

The beam of truest feeling plays.

'The eye on all, the heart on one',

Oh no! it never can be done."

Washington, Feb. 19th. 1829.

¶ Daniel Webster formed part of the Hunt household, after the death of his first wife, for one or two winters. It was ~~a~~ the custom ~~for one or two~~ for members to take a house together and form a mess, two or more families combining as one, instead of going to a hotel. Previous to this he had been, during the adjournment of Congress, to stay with Mr. Hunt in Brattleboro, and it was in Mr. Hunt's office adjoining the house that the bills were prepared for the distribution of the public lands for the following session of Congress.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Hunt and little Jane returned with him for a visit to Marshfield, driving as far as Amherst, where little Jane was taken ill, and the towns people took advantage of the delay to request Mr. Webster to make an address, which he did, from the piazza of the hotel, and which is considered one of his best short speeches.

¶ Judge and Mrs. Peleg Sprague of Maine succeeded Mr. Webster as ~~a~~ members of the Hunt household in Washington, when Mr. Webster was married at a social time to Miss Leroy, and as late as 1884 Mrs. Hunt told me that she had burned that week a great number of Mr. Webster's letters, as they contained so much that was interesting and personal, she feared being applied to for information for publication. Perhaps ~~too~~ she felt they were of too personal a character, but they surely should have been given to one of his descendants. The following letter was written to Mrs. Hunt during her absence in Europe at the time of Mr. Webster's death in 1852, by Mr. Hayward, her business agent in America:

"Mrs. Hunt,

~~Dear Madam,~~

Hopefully Mitchell
will not [illegible]

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Dear Madam:

"You will have known, ere the rec't of this, the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Webster, the event has cast a gloom over the country, and particularly over the city such as I never before knew, our public and private buildings all wear emblems of woe, and altho a week has now elapsed since his death, yet people are as sombre and sad as they were on the day he died, indeed it is difficult to realize that he has indeed been taken from us.

"I was at Marshfield in company with thousands of persons from here and N.Y. to attend the funeral and doubt if a more sorrowful assemblage was ever seen---thinking you might like to read the remarks of Mr. Everett, Choate and others; I send a paper which contains not only them but other incidents relating to his death. The day of the funeral was one of our clear bright Indian summer days, common at this season, and notwithstanding the great crowd, 'a solemn stillness hung around' which evinced the attachment for the great departed, and made one feel it good to be there-- The pres. has selected Mr. Everett to succeed Mr. Webster in the department.

"With kind regards to all,
I am very truly
Yrs.
P.W. Hayward."

The intimacy between the two families was very close. Jane remembers seeing Mr. Webster give her mother the keys of the first Mrs. Webster's trunks, at the time of her death, that she might repack them to be returned to her home in Boston. Mr. Hunt returned from the West for the session of Congress, only tolerably well, and soon became seriously il Jane's only personal recollection of her father, and none of the

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other children were old enough to remember him at all, was standing on a chair by his bedside on the first of May 1832, dressed for a May party. He must have been very ill at that time, as Mrs. Hunt was so engaged that Mrs. Sprague kindly offered ~~and got~~ to get the flowers to dress Jane, as well as take her to the ball, where she and her little friend Nanny Clark

were to carry the crown for the queen. This seems to have been a great fête, the afternoon given up to ~~all~~ the children ~~in Washington~~, and the evening to a ball for the grown up queen and maids of honor ~~etc.~~ After the first of May, Mr. Hunt's physician decided the case was contagious, in fact it was the first case of cholera in Washington in 1832 when that dread disease made such ravages in America, and after this decision the children were never allowed to enter his room ~~, and~~ He died on the 28th of May. Miss Hunt. June also remembers standing watching the funeral from a window up stairs with the other four fatherless little children, and ~~too, remembers~~ she remembers that her Father's large heavy gold faced watch and seals, could not be found after the funeral, and never were recovered. Later, seeing books and papers being looked over in her Father's study, and packed away in boxes and barrels; and that her Mother's brother, John Leavitt, came from Brattleboro and took them ~~all~~ home, but she has forgotten about the journey, except ~~riding~~ driving up the main street of Brattleboro in the ~~her~~ old fashioned ~~Father's open~~ carriage ~~being so high that a flight of steps had to be let down for the~~ with a flight of steps necessary for the ascent and descent of passengers, ~~and~~ drawn by gray horses, to the house which the Father and master would never enter again.

Mrs. Hunt's only sister, Mrs. ~~Miss~~ Gardiner Chandler Hall of Brattleboro once spoke to me with much feeling of Mr. Hunt. Of his ability and of his cheerful patience and devotion to his wife and children.

Mrs. Hunt seems to have had singularly able and devoted advisers in her husband's friends, Horace Everett of Windsor Vt., W. Hunt's ~~His~~ colleague in Washington; Daniel Webster, Edward Everett and John Worthington,

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Mr. Hunt's business advisor, who afterwards became a Sculptor for his lordship's house of Tullamaugh Lee Adelphi House as long as he lived - and the Comte de Menou who had been his classmate at Dartmouth College, and his companion at the law school of Litchfield Conn. He was Chargé d'Affaire from France at the time of Mr. Hunt's death in Washington. Comte de Menou had a romantic history. Born of French parents, while they were living at San Domingo, he was saved at the time of the massacre when the rest of his family perished ~~at the time of the massacre,~~ by a faithful native nurse, who concealed him in a basket and escaped with him on board an American vessel. Doubtless being cognisant of the intimacy existing between the Menou family and the Carrolls of Carrollton, she took the child to Baltimore, where he long lived as one of the family. The tie to America was strengthened by his deep attachment to Mrs. Patterson, one of the beautiful Caton sisters. He continued to love her dearly until the day of his death, although she married Lord Wellesly in 1818. When Mrs, Hunt went to Europe to give her sons educational advantages, the Comte de Menou continued her friend and advisor. I have gathered that his French relations were not very good to him, at any rate he passed the last years of his life in a Brotherhood in Paris, where John constantly saw him, and where I was taken by my Husband , as soon as we reached Paris after my marriage in 1862. He was a pathetic figure in his rolling chair with the senses and faculties which make life worth living, almost all gone: but the memory which remains, is of the courtly grace

~~R-- was his favorite of all the brothers, and~~ his trembling old lips. X he was much interested in our marriage, as he had known many of my family.

ssion, beautiful portraits painted on Sevres porcelain, [illegible]

faithful ~~beautiful~~.

These ~~given him, and which~~ he lent to Jane ~~to copy~~ who made ~~faithful~~ copies of them when she was studying at the royal manufact~~ures~~ory of Sèvres. The whole responsibility now rested upon Mrs. Hunt of the bringing up her children. She placed the four oldest children in the high school for girls and boys, in Brattleboro, of which Mr. McKeon was principal. As the care of the grey horses became troublesome, they were sold, and in the autumn, by the advice principally of Mr. Webster, Mrs. Hunt decided to remove to Boston, and left the children under the care of Gratia Coise, a faithful and excellent nurse, while she went to Boston to make arrangements, ~~who apparently remained with them for years and almost became one of the family, until she left them for a home of her own.~~

In Boston, Mrs Hunt ~~she~~ made inquiries about schools and boarding schools and had about decided upon a school for Jane, ~~taking~~ after the refusal of rooms in the old Hancock house near the state house, ~~and~~ But when she returned to Brattleboro to make her preparations and to break the news to her mother, the poor old lady was so much troubled at the idea of "Maria bringing up a family of boys in a large city," that she promised if Mrs. Hunt would only give up this distressing plan and would go to New Haven instead, she would spend the next winter with her. This determined decided Mrs. Hunt and she wrote and canceled all the Boston engagements, and in October left Brattleboro for New Haven. They lived for a time at the Tontine, then a famous hotel, but Mrs. Hunt soon found that to keep any control of the boys, she had to have a private table, as they ~~boys~~ were so bright and attractive there was danger ~~she was afraid~~ of their being spoiled.

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Finally, not finding it possible to maintain the descipline she desired, she bought a small house on Chapel Street not far from the Lower Episcopal Church, but the family always attended the Unitarian Church on the green . The children all went to school, William and John to Mr. Skinner's on Hillhouse Ave. and Richard to Mr. Smith's on the lower green, but was soon removed to Mr. French's school where he was left from morning until evening . He was very homesick and had to be bribed to stay, with a mulberry colored coat with gilt buttons which he had long desired.

A vacant room in the basement was allotted to the children as a play room, and was principally used by Richard and Leavitt . Their great friend was "Tody" (Theodore) Winthrop ~~whose mother lived not far from them, and~~ who was their constant companion in both studies and amusements. They had theatricals also in this room, with candles in potatoes for the footlights, rows of lead soldiers etc. to help out the stage effect, and so many pins for the admission fee, while Jane on her mother's old piano, the first brought to Suffield about 1814, was owned by the Leavitt Family formed the orchestra, playing the battle of Prague, the show piece of the first quarter of the century, which stamped the proformer as an accomplished musician. Leavitt appeared as Fanny Esster, and when the curtain was drawn, rushed out in an old yellow spangled dress over his little linen trousers, with wavering black ostrich feathers tied on his head, followed by Richard, sword in hand, declaiming to "Tody" Winthrop who opened the scene with; "Here come I Golotean,

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Golotean is my name, with sword and pistol by my side, I've come to win the game." to which Richard replies, "My sword sir, my sword sir! it is not in your power, for I 'll cut you up in pieces, in less than half an hour" Theodore Winthrop may have been the author of this little drama on this primitive vaudeville stage, and it may have been the begining of his promising literary career so unhappily cut short, for he was shot in the fight of Great Bethel while gallantly leading a charge . He was laid to rest in the burial place of his fathers, at New Haven on the 28th of June 1861, with unusual demonstrations of honor from military, civic and academic bodies. The children all happily settled at school and at play, Mrs. Hunt's indomitable energy sought an outlet. ~~Happily~~ At that moment, Gambadella, an Italian ~~and~~ refugee, came to New Haven, bringing a letter of introduction to Mrs. Hunt from Miss Catherine Sedgwick, the authoress, of Stockbridge. Gambadella had fled to America with Foresti, Albinola and others, to escape punishment for their connection with Silvio Pellico, the Italian dramatist, and editor of the Concilitore of Florence, a liberal and anti-clerical newspaper, and 8, with his associates ~~which~~ had been comdemned to fifteen years imprisonment by the religious censorship of the Austrian officials.

Mrs. Hunt at once admired Gambadella's work, and prompted by her interest in him, tried to get up a class to help support him in his exile. In this she did not succeed, but her determination was not to be balked, and ~~she~~ decided if other people would not profit by his teaching ~~tradeing~~, she and her children should. So she fitted up a studio, tinted

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the walls herself, and with Jane and William, became his pupils. They worked in hard black crayons, and copied engravings, heads from Walter Scott's heroine's, etc. William's first copy being ~~Jeanne~~ Jeannie Deans, and Jane's, Effie.

Mrs. Hunt was soon working in oils and with Gambadella's assistance, painted a lovely portrait of William, ~~who~~ He at this time was fourteen, with a broad turned down collar. This picture to-day is owned by Leavitt Hunts. Mrs. Hunt also gave Gambadella an order for Richard and Leavitt, their loving attitude, which is an example to all good little brothers, was a poetical license, however, of the artist, for the boys were constantly playing and wrestling, and had to be bribed to stand still and not to disturb their pose by surreptitious kicks. He also painted a portrait of Jane ~~with~~ in a Scotch plaid shawl.

Gambadella, though working hard and steadily through the summer, was full of fun and frolic, and a great deal with the boys. He left New Haven in the Autumn and Mrs. Hunt had an exhibition of the summer's work. The people who came to see it regretted that they had not allowed their children to study with him when they saw the results. Richard, who was then about eight, had probably not shown any taste for drawing, ~~his mother may have thought him too young to take advantage of Mr. Gambadella's teaching,~~ or Mrs. Hunt, who was always eager to advance her children's interests, would have put him in the class. But he too, began at this time to develope ~~his~~ artistic propensities.

I owe to Mrs. Sydney Ashmore, who was Maria Phelps, a cousin and

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contemporary of Jane's, and who spent part of this summer at New Haven with them, the following anecdote:

Richard built a little brick and timber house in the yard, he dug a cellar, laid and relaid the bricks for the foundation, determined to have it right from the very begining, and this in spite of constant punishment for getting himself dirty, ~~and~~ William, with penknife carved the crossbeams. There are many anecdotes of Richard during those early years in New Haven, which indicate characteristics which were strong in manhood. He always shrank from the sight of pain or deformity, and his sister says that the only time she remembers his being very angry, was when his mother gave away a very pretty and peculiar wood colored suit of ~~clothes half worn~~ half-worn clothes, to a poor boy who made money by showing that he had six fingers on his hand, doubtless feeling that everybody who saw the suit recognized it as his and would associate him with the deformity.

The play room was also a domestic menagerie, and they had cats and puppies and birds in cages which they fed and cared for, and which led to many adventures. Finally they sold out to the other boys, and one day Richard brought home to his mother from a jewelers shop in Chapel St., what had seemed to his ambitious eyes, the most beautiful thing in the world, a wheel of mounted seals. His mother was troubled, and making inquiry at the jewelers, found he had sold them to a boy who ~~came~~ been in to admire them for weeks and finally bought them. Subsequent inquiry elicited the fact that Richard had bartered an old

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watch and sold toys to the boys, until he had raised the necessary sum. She valued it highly, and gave it to Kitty years ago, with an account of its history. He had a curious disposition to barter quite at variance with his later disregard of gain. He once told me that he spent a whole summer collecting the silken seeds of the milk weed, expecting to sell it to an upholsterer in the Autumn, for the filling of pillows, and was much disappointed when he could not find a purchaser, as his industry had interfered with a great deal of pleasure.

The summers during their residence in New Haven, were spent in the vicinity of Guildford, Saybrook Head, and Black Rock, and at Suffield with their Grandmother and Grandfather Leavitt. Many of Richard's vacations were spent with his Aunt Ellen Morris, who had married Lewis R. Morris, celebrated for his courtly manners. They lived on the Connecticut River, and she was greatly attached to Richard, and he to her. I never saw her, for she died ~~just before~~ soon after we were married, but "Aunt Morris" was a name which conjured up memories of the happiest hours of his childhood. Mrs. Morris and her sister Mrs. Charles Blake, were great beauties in their day. Ellen (Mrs. Morris) was blond with a beautiful complexion, eyes and figure, and was called "the dignified Miss Hunt", while Fanny (Mrs. Blake) was known as the "Vermont Rose." She married Mr. Charles Blake of Boston. Mrs. Morris was proud of having been born on the day of Cornwallis's surrender. Mr. Morris was representative from Vermont. The second year Congress met, ~~and~~ she went with him as a bride to Washington. They drove all the way in their coach and four, and her descriptions of the society of that

day, and the people she met were vivid and interesting. Some years later, he was ~~interested~~ associated with Governeur Morris in redeeming the wild lands on the Blue river in New York, not far from Ogdensburg. His wife accompanied him and kept house for them all, and made herself so beloved, that the town of Ellenbero was named after her.

During the winter of 1837, the great New York fire occurred. Mrs, Hunt was then boarding in New York with Richard and Leavitt, and Jane was at Mrs. Smith's school in Fifth Ave, which, under Mrs. Smith' and the Misses Green, her successors, (the sisters of Andrew H. Green) was considered the best school in New York. (The house is now occupied by Mr. Butler Duncans.) John and William remained in New Haven at Mr. Skinner's school. In the spring of 1838, Mrs. Hunt sold the New Haven house and moved to Boston, ~~and~~ taking a house in Mt. Vernon St. and later in Chestnut St. She had made friends in New Haven whom she was sorry to leave. Mr. Ralph Ingersoll, who was an old friend of the childrens father, and Mrs. Hunt's advisor during the years she lived there, and two old gentlemen by the name of Daggett, who still wore short clothes, ruffled shirts, and wigs with queues, as indeed their father must have done in his youth, ~~as~~ for Jane says that her first piece of needlework was a ruffled shirt for her father made at the age of 8. Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, widow of the Vice President, and her four daughters were among her intimates. They entertained a great deal and always included Mrs. Hunt among the guests. Helena, the second daughter, seems to have been an especially close friend, and Jane remembers she accompanied her

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mother on shopping expeditions to New York, and staid with ~~them~~ the children on other occasions when her mother was obliged to go away on business. The move to Boston was made because William had decided to ~~pass the~~ enter Harvard ~~examinations,~~ and she placed him in Mr. William Wells's preparatory school in Cambridge. Richard was at the High School , and soon entered the Boston Latin School, of which Mr. E. S. Dixwell was head master, and of whom William ~~later~~ later, ~~pencilled~~ painted a superb portrait subscribed for by his old scholars.

At this time the beautiful public gardens of to-day, were only a dumping ground for refuse; beyond them was a rope walk and Brahman's ~~Bathe~~ Baths, (Page 3) where all the boys in Boston bathed and amused themselves. The house in Chestnut St. contained a good South yard which was a meeting place for the boys in the neighborhood. Here were formed many of the friendships which William and Richard kept to the end of their lives. Martin Brimmer, Joe Choate, and other friends had a mutual delight in Richard's dog "Jack", well known to all the boys who lived on the steep hill which they coasted down in the severe Boston winters.

Among Mrs Hunts friends were Rufus Choates family, the James, Peter, and John Parkers, the Frothinghams, Tuckers, and the Paiges, the C. P. Brooks, the Edward Everetts, the Abbott Lawrences, Josiah Quincy and the Ticknors, ~~and~~ Miss Abby Joy, and ~~even~~ Daniel Webster, who lived in a large handsome brick house near Mr. Paige's, a brother of his first wife, so that it must have seemed to Mrs. Hunt like renewing her old Washington days.

~~Your Uncle~~ Henry Chauncey says; "It was towards the end of 1842

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on one of our usual College "Saturday holidays ", that I was invited by Mrs. Hunt, with my chum and cousin Charles Dabney, to take dinner (at that time two o'clock was the usual dinner hour in Boston) with her family in her Chestnut St. house. With William and Jack Hunt I was well acquainted, for they were both in College and roomed in the same little house in Cambridge, in which Dabney and I were living. It was then that I saw Richard for the first time. I recall him as a rather slight boy, of active build, with a very full head of brown hair, with bright eager looking eyes, which at times gave promise of the eager look which used in his later days, so often to brighten up his face. In features, coloring and general appearance, except in the "eager look"(I do not know how better to chacterize that eager, fearless, honest outlook of the eyes, which show in his whenever anything aroused Richard's attention) your Herbert, when about twelve years old , recalled vividly how his father looked nearly sixty years ago. Of course with so many young people together, there was much talking and laughing, and with such bright minds as Mrs. Hunt's and Williams', there were many a lively thing said, and many a funny story told. In all this Richard took part, not self asserting in any way, but giving one the impression of his being a clever wide awake observing boy, or true boy in every respect."

At the time Mrs. Hunt moved to New Haven, she had begun to have trouble with Mr. Epaphroditen Seymour, the excutor of her husband's will, and who had succeeded him as the President of the Brattleboro

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Bank. He urged her, on account of the inconvenience of signing papers, to relinquish the guardianship of her children. ~~The~~ troubles ~~ansu-~~ aris-ing from this ill-advised step, brought her into much litigation which lasted for many years. Mr. Francis P. Crownshield, was appointed guardian of William and John, and later Pelham Hayward took care of her property during her prolonged absence in Europe, and proved a most untrustworthy steward, misappropriating funds, so that the income of the family was naturally reduced owing to his dishonesty or inefficiency, and again plunged Mrs. Hunt into lawsuits.

In the early summer of 1842, William was rusticated from Harvard. I suppose his heart was not in classical studies, for from a little boy he was always drawing or carving something, from tortoise shell rings to decorating the margins of his school books. Richard, though always industrious and interested, was not of a particularly scholastic turn, but his quick intellect stood him in good stead, for he would pick up his books and starting for school would ~~learn~~ turn over the leaves, learning on the road. A little card dated Feb. 2nd. 1840, from the Public Latin School, reads that "R. M. Hunt was reported this day to receive a public expression of approbation for industry and good conduct during the past week. No Scholar is entitled to this certificate who has received a mark for absence, misdeamor, or culpably imperfect recitation"

When William was obliged to leave Harvard, he went to Mr. Parker's school at Stockbridge, and for some reason Richard was sent to a Quaker

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School at Sandwich Mass. The following letter which must have been written to his guardian, exists: Sandwich 8th month 19th 1842.

"Respected Friend; When Mrs. Hunt requested a place for her son Richard in our family it was with the proviso that during his vacation he should recreate under the direction and care of my husband. Three weeks since, he was taken ill and died. In consequence of this bereavment, Richard cannot have the care needful for him, as I do not feel capable of taking the responsibility needful for his security from danger. Boys are at all times in want of a watchful guardian. Here are many temptations, the water I consider the principal one. I regret the occasion, but should not do justice to his mother, if I did not inform you that as I am situated, I cannot extend the care which I deem important. Thou wilt please to direct concerning him, as Mrs. Hunt referred us to thee in case of necessity.

Respectfully,

Eliza G. Wing.

The next summer William caught a cold, and his cough was so persistant that he returned to his mother in Boston, where a consultation with Dr. Homans and others, resulted in the opinion that he should leave Boston as soon as possible, and pass the winter in the South or in Italy.

The Rev. Dr. Frothingham, to whom Mrs. Hunt often turned for advice, used all his influence to induce her to go to Europe. William and John were inseparable. She could not think of taking one therefore without the other; or of leaving Richard or Leavitt who were in

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different schools in America. Jane, of course, would naturally go with her mother, ~~so~~ she took them all. John taking his college books so as to be prepared to go on with his studies on his return to Harvard the following year, for Mrs. Hunt certainly had no intention of being absent for a longer time. The owner of the house took it off her hands, the furniture was stored, and Mrs. Hunt went to New York, staying at Mrs. Parker's boarding place on Bowling Green, ~~which kind and injudicious landlady gave the five children strawberry preserves and ice cream, as the last meal on land.~~ ~~Where~~ Her old friend Mr. Worthington had engaged her passages. They sailed on the Duchess of Orleans, with Capt. Richardson, in October 1843. Their fellow passengers were Gov. and Mrs. Dyer of Providence, ~~and her~~ sister Miss Hoppin, and Miss Susan Dehon. Richard until now, had a desire to go into the U. S. Navy, and William to return to college and enter upon the study of surgery, but this step changed the current of all their lives, and awakened inherent talents which had laid dormant until then. Qualities which they inherited from their father's scholastic mind, and their mother's artistic ability asserted themselves.

Arriving at Havre, where they had great difficulty in preventing the custom house authorities from taxing their six life preservers, which vessels did not apparently furnish in those days, they went by diligence to Rouen, and then to Paris, where the Dyers, who knew Paris well, engaged a newly furnished small hotel for the two families in the rue du Helder. Here Mrs. Hunt soon made friends with the Greens, the

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family of their banker, and the Drapers, the American Consuls family, and others. The voyage had already improved Willaim's health. Mrs. Moulton, to whom Mrs. Hunt had brought letters, recommended Drs. Bertin and Lewis, and Mrs. Hunt at once consulted them about William. They advised her decidedly to go to Italy with him for the winter. Mrs. Moulton recommended a school kept by Mon. Dembler, for Richard and Leavitt, who soon, after a little sight seeing, entered there. ~~but~~ Mrs. Hunt was delayed in her departure for Italy, ~~by Richard's~~ by a serious illness, of Richard's which was followed by boils, terminating in a carbuncle on the back of the neck, of which he always bore the scar, and which was so severe as to be alarming. This caused a long delay in the carrying out of the winter's plans, from which William did not apparently suffer. When Richard was well enough he returned to school. Mrs. Moulton ~~being~~ was kindness itself, and during the winter he spent his Saturday and Sundays at her hotel in the Rue de Courcelles, or at Petit Val, their charming country place in the environs of Paris. These were houses always to be remembered with gratitude and appreciation, for in them, one not only met the greatest kindness, but all the celebrities of the day in art, letters and music. Finally in mid winter, Mrs. Hunt with Jane and William started by diligence and steamer for Rome, where they took an apartment ~~in~~ on the sunny side of the street near the Piazza de Spagna ~~and~~. Richard and Leavitt must have joined them soon, as a journal of Richard's exists, beginning at the end of February 1844, in which his apperciation of ~~all~~ the interesting monuments of Rome is re-

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corded with minute faithfulness, and in which he complains that "it is a shame that modern men are robbing ancient Rome of everything movable" and that Rome itself is in such a state of disorder, that no places of amusement (theaters etc.) are open, and in the dark streets there have been many cases of stabbing, a state of things the guillotine does not correct" He appears to have been sketching even then, although he had not decided upon the study of Architecture. William improved rapidly in health and they met their old friends the Gov. Dyers of Providence, and a pleasant and happy winter followed. William at once began working in H. K. Brown's -- the sculptors, studio, and among other things in the evenings, carved a set of cameos, ~~liknesses of each member of the family, which Mrs. Hunt wore as pin and bracelet until they were stolen from her in New York.~~ now at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts left to the Institution by Jane at her death Mrs. Hunt also sat for a protrait bust to H. K. Brown. Jane studied music, and Richard, Italian, ~~and~~ After the winter in Rome, they went to Naples, and the end of April took the steamer there for Leghorn, and by diligence gradually made ~~there~~ its way to Geneva, famous then in a greater degree than even now, for its schools. ~~He~~ R had learned French very rapidly, for the entries in his journal are in that language, after the spring of 1844, so that when Mrs. Hunt decided to leave Richard and Leavitt at Geneva, he persued his studies without difficulty. She was fortunate in her choice of Mr. Briquet's school in the Plain Palais outside of the old city gates, which the boys entered ~~in~~ at the end of May 1844. M. Briquet had several other American boys, (Frank Purgood and Slocum of New

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Orleans) as well as French and English children. Here they spent two ~~most~~ happy and profitable years. During the holidays the family joined forces, and made trips through Holland and Germany, and in the winter the routine work at school, seems to have been broken by excursions, the visits of friends; and the journal records many dances and soirees, which the early hours permitted without interfering with their work.

~~Mrs. Hunt decided it was wise to remove the boys from Mrs. Delmer's school.~~ Mme. Briquet took a motherly interest in the boys and the homelife was made pleasant.

Mrs. Jemima Leavitt, Mrs. Hunt's mother, died when they were in Europe, and neither Mrs. Hunt nor Aunt Betsy had as much as a teaspoon from her. She left everything to Foreign Missions. Richard, having quite got over his passing fancy for the navy, decided upon architecture as his profession, and the second year commenced his studies with Darier, continuing to live at M. Briquets. One summer, Mrs. Hunt and Jane, in order to be near them, boarded with the Swiss family of Mme. Choteaus near by. Mrs. Hunt bought the boys a horse on condition they should take entire care of it themselves. They made a little book of notes and regulations for the care of it. It was called Jacob and was kept in a little stable in the corner of the Choteau's garden, which was a lovely old fashioned spot with one long board walk leading down to a chump of trees, where the nightingales sang in the summer nights.

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Richard ~~He~~ began his ~~examinations of~~ preparations for entrance ab for the École des Beaux Arts, Oct. 1st, 1846, at the atelier of Hector Martin Lefuel, who had recently been appointed to succeed Visconti at the Louvre, his brother John entered the École de Médecine at the same time. During the years that he passed in Paris, in fact from the very commencement of his architectual career, he accumulated ~~valuable~~ architectual ~~work~~ Books, denying himself almost anything to add to his collection. The revolution of 1848, was a moment of great opportunity, and he availed himself of it to acquire many things in which he always took delight and pride. Steadily working at the École, he enjoyed the gaieties and amusements of ~~his~~ life in Paris. "But while the influences with which he was surrounded in those happy years and the atmosphere of generous emulation which he breathed, and the ardent friendships which he formed, apparently converted this spirited American lad into a Frenchman, the solid good sense of his New England stock, strengthened and confirmed his artistic temperament, and never allowed pleasure to interfere with his work." This not only from a sense of duty, but because work was always to him the greatest gratification and satisfaction of his life, "He was called the handsomest American in Paris", and the crayon sketch by one of his fellow students at Conture's atelier, of whose class he was a member in 1851, bears out this testimony

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by its poetical rendering. 76

The theaters, particularly the Français where Rachel was playing, affording him the greatest enjoyment. He never ceased to speak of the wonderful way in which Rachel chanted the "Marseilles" during the revolution of 1848, between the acts of her plays, enveloping herself in the folds of the French flag.

In the beginning of the New Year 1846, he was presented, at the same time as Horace Gray to Louis Philippe, who looked up at the immense height of Horace Gray and exclaimed: "God bless my soul, do they make many like him in America?" I suppose this presentation gave the entré to the balls at the Tuileries, as he often mentions them later. Mon. Cockerel was preaching at the Oratoire and Abbé La Cordaire at Notre Dame, both of whom interested him greatly. He mentions meeting the Duc D'Aumale and Mme. la Duchess in the garden of the Tuileries, but little dreamt how well he should know the Duc in after years. This year Mrs. Hunt and Jane were copying at the Louvre, Jack was at the École de Médecine, Leavitt at Heidelberg, and William at Couture's. During the summers, Richard made a tour of the French Chateaux with letters of introduction from Monsr Lefuel; his mother and Jane went with him. There was no hotel at Chambord, and the ladies were lodged at a convent, where from their windows in the early morning they saw the guard gathering and marching away to their chores, which consisted of sixty Arabs, and how they had defiled its beauties. Amboise then belonged to the old Queen of the Belgians the sister of Louis Philippe.

Quoting again from Uncle Henry. I am able to give you an impres-

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sion of ~~your father~~ R— at this time:

"I was in Paris in 1847 and 1848, and often dined with him and William at 9 rue Jacob, but even with all the brilliant and picturesque talk of William, Richard was marked with overflowing thought and qualities of expression, showing him a keen observer and an acute judge of men and things in Paris. From France I went to Italy and did not return ~~till~~ until the last ~~time~~ of the "terrible days of 1848" As soon as "Circulation" was premitted, I went at once to see how the "Hunt boys" were, and I well remember their "~~vivid~~ ~~living~~" vivid accounts not only of those terrible days, but of the lively times and popular "demonstration" that crowded covered the days from the flight of Louis Philippe to the fearless outburst of June 1848. In those most turbulent days, where almost every day was furnishing a grotesque exhibition of the "moitié singe, moitié tigre" character of the Parisian, Richard had been every where, making no account of danger and he seemed to have seen everything. And I remember that his ~~reports~~ descriptions struck me as being as vivid, resulting from a perfectly calm but quick observation, as those of his much older brothers. Indeed some of them struck me as being stronger, better than the best of theirs. On my ocasional visits to Paris during the next two and a half years, I always went to the rue Jacob, and always found Richard the same, only grown and enlarged mentally as well as physically, the boy becoming the man, but keeping still the same good lines of character."

The Comte de Menou was always the devoted friend of the boys

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Richard even had his especial drawing table at the Count's where he worked from time to time, and in August 1846, he went to England with Jack and Leavitt apparently, making the crossing from Dieppe to Brighton, where John staid at the tailors, and R. and L. at the bakers, and in London at Mme. Saunders, 6 Golden Square. They did the sights pretty thoroughly, R and mentions going to Covent Garden where they saw Grisi and Mario, Taglione, Cerito and Fanny Essler, ~~which~~ with ~~some of your performance~~ some of you children will remember, ~~now~~ (when) he used to illustrate with his fingers the wonderful lightness of Carito's dancing. They spent a month in England and Ireland and Scotland. It was at the Jacob that the beautiful carved bookcase was installed, It came from, as well as the white satin portieres, the hotel of some foreign ambassador. It was used as a wardrobe and hung full of beautiful theatrical costumes, which belonged to the lady who shared for the time the hotel with the ambassador. When it was put up in the apartment, Mrs. Hunt and Jane were asked to dinner, and were terribly affrighted, when not finding any of the sons to receive them, they looked to-ward the bookcase and saw in each panel an immovable figure.

* ~~There were~~ with often des nuits blanche and ~~your father~~'s inordinate love of tea, dates from these days when he drank teapot full after teapot full as a stimulant during his night work.

Wild etc. In 1847 he [illegible] mathematics and perspective: he was Hors de Concour in his Concour d'Architecture. The Political situation was leading up ~~to the rev.~~

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X The murder of the Duchess de Praslin had thrown all Paris into excitement

own hotel under circumstances which proved deliberate premeditation, even the bell pulls having been cut so that it was impossible for her to summon aid. A Mlle. Henriette de Luzy, had been engaged as a governess for the children, who soon adored her, and it was not long before the Duke came under the spell.. The Duchess found herself completely isolated in her own household; husband and children having alike gone over to this stranger. The Duchess wrote pathetic letters to her husband, pleading her own affection~~ate~~ for him, and her claims as a wife and mother. These letters no doubt exasperated the guilty Duke, but they ~~were worthy of~~ inspire deep pity for her whose heart they laid bare. At last things came to such a pass that Mme. de Praslin appealed to her father, insisting on a legal separation from her husband. Every circumstance pointed to the Duke as the murderer, but, as he was a peer of France, he could not be legally arrested, without authority from the King, who immediately gave orders for his arrest, and summoned the peers for his trial. Mean time the duke who had been guarded by the police in his own ~~apartment~~ appartment, con~~tinued~~ tried to take arsenic. He took so large a quality, that he lingered for several days. He was carried to the prison of the Luxembourg, but died untried, having made no confession. The governess was tried and acquitted, no evidence ~~was~~ having been found against her, but popular ~~feeling concerning~~ her, as the inciting cause of the poor Duchess death, was so strong that by the advise of her pastor, the

protestant Mon. Cogheral. ~~Cquel~~ she changed her name and came to New York, where she was the inmate of the family of Mon. Drin ~~Paron,~~ who had a school on the North East corner of Broadway and 17th St., which uncle Joe attended. Through Mon. Perin ~~Parons~~ recommendation, under her new name she came every day to talk French with my elder sisters, and I remember the interest and excitement she occasioned in the family, by the beautiful camelshair shawls and jewels which she wore. She afterwards married Mr. Field, a clergyman of Stockbridge ~~New England~~, and her life must have seemed hum-drum and common place enough, after its early excitements. It seems hard to imagine how such a tragedy could have borne its part among the causes of the revolution, but both Allison and Lamartine set it down as one of the events which greatly assisted in bringing it about, for it was believed by the populace that court favor had pervented the Duke from going to prison like any common criminal, and that the same influence had procured him the poison by which he escaped a public execution. "Mobs, like women, are often swayed by persons rather than by principles" ~~The murder of the Duchess de Pruslin had thrown all Paris into execitement~~ R. with a comrade of the Beaux Arts, Castilla by name, went on the 22 of February 1848 to the Boulevards de la Madelaine, which he found barricaded, and the Boulevards, Rue Royale, and Place de la Concorde, all in the riot. They took refuge in a billiard saloon in the Rue St. Honore, In the Champs Elysees everything was broken, the sidewalks, benches, the trees etc. and they made their way to a Courtiges at the Rond Point where they spent an hour trying to quiet her. (From R. Journal) "On the 23rd, "Everything was upset, processions of working men in the streets crying: "Ah a bas

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Guizot. vive la Reform!" The day before they attacked the Chamber of Deputés. The Tirailleurs de Vincennes fired on the people in the rue St Martin and in that quarter. During the day the King changed his ministers. In the evening Paris was illuminated. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful spectacle then the immense city. Everyone given over to gaiety without restrictions from the police, and the illuminated streets through which they raced singing in the light of their torches.

There is only one place in this great and beautiful city where one cannot pass this is before Guizot's hotel. People press from all sides on the Cuirassiers de Ligne, who are planted at this point to defend the deposed minister from an attack. But now an accident happens!. A shot wounds the horse of a lieutenant of a company. Where did it came from? No body knows. We were too near to be pleasant, we saw the flash and we heard the noise of the guns; for a moment we thought it was fireworks. We were pushed on by the crowd who all rushed to the opposite side, on and on, stopped from time to time by the soldiers who will not let us advance. We cannot believe that they have drawn on the people. A man says to us. "If you do not believe it, go into the first tobacco shop and look about you."

There we find two men shot through the breast with balls. Jack wanted to stay with them, Then I realized that we had had no dinner and we went quickly home so that Jack might prepare himself to return and be of use. By midnight Jack had returned to the apartment with a

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wound in his head, while his friend Cazeaux had been arrested and taken to the Conciergerie, where he was kept for nearly a week ~~when~~ before pressure from the American Legation obtained his release.

Soon we heard cries of "Aux Armes, on assasine nos frères". Then the Tocsin ~~rings~~ rings and the Revolution is declared, which was to dethrone Louis Philippe and restore the Napoleon dynasty. ~~On the 25th of April 1848 Richard returned again to America.~~

At the time of the Coup d'Etat, Mrs. Hunt and Jane had an apartment in the ~~rue~~ Basse du Rampart. The boys had furnished an apartment in the rue Louis le Grande, where they collected all the beautiful things which have become family heirlooms. This was a favorite gathering place for all their friends and they had in succession two famous bonnes whose good cooking long remained in the memories of their compatriots. The morning of the Coup d'Etat, at a short notice Mrs. Hunt with Jane moved down to her son's apartment for protection, hoping to induce them to leave Paris, and go at once to England, Mrs. Hunt had drawn all her money from the bankers, but the boys refused to leave Paris, and Mrs. Hunt and Jane remained in the apartment for ~~the~~ some weeks until the worst of the trouble had passed.

One story in connection with the revolution I have often heard ~~Richard~~ R. tell, George Sumner, the brother of Charles Sumner was living in Paris, and was called by his compatriots "The American Münchausen." He told a story of how in the height of the excitement, when Lamartine sat with his head buried in his hands in the Hotel de Ville, considering how

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he could best arrange matters, for men of all factions were looking to him as the savior of the situation, and he found himself forced for more than seventy hours, almost without rest, sleep or food, to assume the responsibility. There was apparently no man in France, wise enough, or bold enough, to take the supreme part and guide that most aimless of revolutions to a peaceful conclusion, for the moment at least. George Sumner rushed into the hotel de ville, and laid his hand on his shoulder (an impossibility, as every entrance was guarded) and whispered in his ear: "Proclaim the Republic", to which Lamartine replied: "Une bonne idee", and this became the expression which the Americans, who were in Paris at that time use to this day, each one in turn having heard the story from George Sumner.

R-- returned to America for the summer in 1848, sailing on the Bavaria from Havre, and joining his mother, sister and Leavitt, who had preceeded him. They traveled extensively through the South and West, spending the 4th. of July at the Hot Springs, Va., then very primitive, and only frequented by southerners. Here they met among others, Slidell, so prominent later in the Confederate side of the War of the Rebellion, and ~~he~~ R always chuckled over the fact that he had come off victorious in the games of poker with these practised old card players. They made a visit to Henry Clay, in Kentucky, and it may have been at this time that they made their investments in real estate in Chicago, St. Louis and Detroit.

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investments in real estate in Chicago,St.Louis and Detroit.

John and William remained in Paris. They returned in the autumn ~~again~~ on account of William's health, which was again causing anxiety. R--, who had only taken a holiday, had been admitted to the Ecole-des-Beaux-Arts on the IIth. of December I846, and soon after came out 56 in the I68 examined, and was at the head of Lefuel's atelier, at a general concour of rank of all the classes of the Ecole. Working steadily, with interruptions of travel, he went to England again, in the Summer, to the Jersey Islands, and to Normandy, where the cathedral of Caen excited his admiration. The most vivid impressions he seems to have brought away, was disgust for the manners and habits of the young German princes who were their companions at arms.

It must have been in I849 that he worked for a little while in Couture's atelier, where one of his fellow students, Mongeneaux, who afterwards became a celebrated still life painter, did portraits of him and William, and a letter on Oct. IIth. says, "With William whose atelier was in Barriere Blanche, from which we have just moved into 3 rue Lafitte, so as to be half way between Couture's and Lefuel's atelier. It is the maison doree, and so near the Boulevards that from the balcony we have a splendid view, including Montmarte with its windmills. Marie is the bonne. The Comte has already called, and thinks we have succeeded admirably in our choice, and the rooms very cheap at 300 frs. He is growing old and apt to fall asleep."

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He took the year 1852 for extensive travels in the East.

From Journal of 1852; ~~and~~ I am copying extracts from his Journal which begins with a tribute to his brother William's companionship. They had been in Venice together, and I imagine that was the time that Baudry was there with him, as their friendship dated from the time they were students at the Beaux- Arts together, and I often heard them allude to their experiences ~~at that time~~ ~~there together~~. "After Bill's leaving me at Venice to return to Paris, I tried to wean myself to solitary freedom, a state quite as sad to me, as solitary confinement would be to many, for we had lived so long and so happily together . It had been hard for me to leave Paris, and nothing would have tempted me to do so but the sense of obligation to my profession; to get by travel a larger and more extended experience. Leavitt, without knowing it, decided me to break off from the fascinating routine of my Paris life, by saying one night, when we had been discussing my studies and work: "You ought to travel, you are just rotting in Paris." to which I answered, a little angry: "Enough said," and determined to leave at once, hoping Jack, who goes somewhat by fits and starts, would join me somewhere enroute, At Venice I fell in with, besides my old comrade Baudry, some very agreeable young men from the French Academie at Rome and I made the journey through Lombardie, and Piedmont with young Levy, a Philosopher, who proved a most delightful traveling companion. The country is in a damnable state on account of its occupation by the Austrians. In Milan alone 300 of the first families are either in prison or in exile. We got a puff or two of free air on Lake Lugano, and in Piedmont

I find but little specified record of the interval between this time and when R-- recieved his diploma from the Beaux-Arts, and began his travels in 1851. The portrait of Mrs. Hunt was painted by William at this time in Paris after he left Couture's atelier.

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they are, comparitively speaking, quite free, and the good effect on the population is seen everywhere. They are wideawake and occupy themselves in throwing off the yoke of the clergy.

My Philosopher and I parted company, and after three days in Genoa I took a small boat to Leghorn, where, in its free port, I was charged right and left, by custom house officials of all sorts, and had to pay heavy duties on my photographic apparatus which they more-over, took to pieces to be sure it was not an infernal machine. I then went to Florence by the first train where I settled down comfortably at 2125 Strada Porta Rossa, 1st floor, for a good rest, before going to Egypt. A month was passed most delightfully in Florence. Sumner, the baritone singer, John Murray, Giles and Elliot of Georgia, Mr. + Mrs. Edmund Tweed, I persuaded Elliot to visit Egypt with me. Stopping at Sienna, Pisa, and Luca, we took a vetturino for Rome, but at Spoletto, Giles was taken very ill, and detained us fifteen days in the dullest hole imaginable."

The journal does not add the days and nights he nursed this man under the most dispairing conditions; finally dismissing the Italian village practitioner, he assumed the responsibility himself, with the notes and medicine chest with which his mother had provided him before he left Paris.

"When sufficiently recovered, Giles returned to France, Elliot rejoined me, and we pushed on to Rome together. In company with the Pope

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private secretary, who asked to be allowed to join us, and who was well armed, being a privileged member of society to compensate for holding (One ought to be privileged ~~to hold~~ such an infernal position as his),

Rome was very gay and agreeable, but only for foreigners. The Romans themselves being literally in the thralls of the shirri, policeman.—

The French celebrated the proclamation of their Emperor, but it was a sad affair. The Ambassador and General in leaving their palace on horseback, saluted the Roman populance that thronged the streets, but no one paid the least attention to them . Not a loud word was spoken during the day, except by the soldiers on parade, and a dull silent fête it was. Our stay in Rome was soon over, and we were off for Civita- Vecchia by the steamer on the 12th of December, in company with two of the most disagreeable Frenchmen with whom we ever traveled, and with whom we did not exchange a word during the ten hours we traveled together. We found the steamer crowded, the first class especially, and avoiding a fine chance to pay dear and sleep on the floor, we shipped in the second cabin. Elliot and I having dipped largely into curiosities, we profited by the occasion to economize. It was all well and good enough until the dinner bell rang, and we crept slowly down to the table and we felt cheap as it were, and cheaper still, when on seeing the table crowded we were told that we should have to wait until the second, ~~second~~ table. This terrible blow to our pride made us feel funnily for a moment , but we soon had our joke over it, and dined most heartily: making the acquaintance of a charming

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young Greek with whom we went ashore at Naples, where the steamer was delayed for four or five hours. At ten A.M. on the 14th, we reached Messina and early in the morning we had a splendid view of Strombodi, an immense volcanic island rising directly out of the sea.

Messina is most beautifully situated, the upper half of all the palaces that line the shore for a mile or two, have been blown away by the present King of Naples, during the bombardment of July 9th ~~(?)~~ On the 15th we landed at Malta in the quarantined harbor of Vallenta.

The town has a very strange but very confortable appearance, especially for one coming from Italy. Every thing is so neat and clean the houses are very fine, all terraced, the streets at right angles and very hilly, many of them consisting of flights of steps. We strode about the interesting fortifications, at some places over 100 ft from the top of the wall to the bottom of the ditch, which is hewn out of ~~the~~ solid rock. These are immense, extending on the sloping land side for the distance of about a mile, and requiring about 12000 men for the defense, ~~and~~ At present there are about 4000 beside the Maltese guards. The Saracen ruins are quite ~~curion's~~ curious. In La Citta Vecchia, the old capitol of the Knights of Malta, ~~where~~ we saw the catacombs, and the grotto of St Pauls, which appears ~~never~~ always measured ~~more in~~ the same in diameter ~~than~~ (?) ~~altho~~ although he worked every day here, and near this spot, is St Pauls Bay where he was shipwrecked. The governor's, formerly the grand masters villa, has a square which contains a very extensive as well as a very beautiful grove of orange, pepper, citron and palm trees. Elliott and I were permitted

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to eat our fill of mandarin oranges, which were delicious. At Vallanta the governor's palace, and armory as well as the library are fair, but St John's Church is really a very curious monument, the interior being covered with arabesques, sculpture, and the walls of each chapel ~~covered~~ lining with the arms. emblems etc. of the passed great masters. The pavement is likewise covered with the arms of Knights in Florentine mosaic, of its kind, it is a chef d'oeuvre. Sir William Reid, the present governor, is studing out a new theory to protect the harbors in storms, and a devil of a study he has ~~for the purpose,~~ on this rock in the Mediterranean. The general appearance of the island is most forlorn when riding over it. It seems like one immense rock, dark gray on the surface covered with little stone walls, with here and there small stone square houses terraced with one or two grated windows, or port holes, or a door; there is often a sort of small observatory surmounting the top. But little vegetation is seen except a very few low creeping locust trees and three palm trees are all that we observed, I think during our days ride. The island is about sixty miles around. Mr. Winthrop, our consul, was very kind and attentive, dining us, taking us to the opera, putting us up at the club, etc, etc. Elliott and I tried our guns and rifles. Sturges, Timmons, Smith (Consul from Beirutth) Stear Parrema, Parish and Coe, together with the Pasha's yacht, a magnificient steamer costing $125,000, occupied us for about two weeks, or rather eased us in killing time ~~for about two weeks~~.

On the 29th of Dec. the Ripon arrived, and we sailed to Alexandria,

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leaving the excellent Imperial Hotel, and a very pretty Italian lady staying there. I also left about 700 frs. worth of jewelery for mother, with Mr. Winthrop to forward to Paris. The women of Malta wear a black apron and mantilla of silk thrown over their heads. They also have sort of short out petticoat also in black silk. The whole costume is simple and distinguished. The language is rather a harsh mixture of Italien and Arab. The Ripon is a fine boat with hardly any motion, and we numbered about 130 passengers, most of them bound for India.

We had quite a gang of noisy cadets and one scandalous lady. One poor young fellow who had run away from his wife at Malta, was drowned between Alexandria and Cairo, We had a fine trip, no sea sickness, a good sermon Sunday, and a champagne dinner on New Year's day to an accompaniment of a rum band of church and ornamental music. On the 3rd, we took on board a wild looking Turkish pilot for entrance into the harbor of Alexandria, which is dangerous, on account of the reefs and rocks, and we landed at midday and at once were surrounded with half naked Egyptians, Turks, camels, and donkeys racing through the mud six inches deep, hallowing, shouting, and yelling on the way to the European Hotel. Everything was bustle and confusion until about ten P. M. when the Suez passengers left with the mails, the latter occuping 24 camels heavily laden, each with six or seven large wooden trunks. Elliott, Parish, Fellows and I decided to remain for the next steamer. During the last week it has rained nearly all of the time. John Murray would have been astonished to have seen me on a donkey the other day, on the road from Said Pasha's villa, well shut up in my

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military water proof cloak. For having been drenched to the skin twice in one day, I never ventured without it, "Oh no John (Murray) it never rains in Egypt"! As for the streets, india rubber or gutta percha would not have availed, stilts alone might have sufficed. All the young Egyptians speak English quite well . It is impossible to show your nose in the street without being beset by a dozen donkeys and donkey drivers, clubbing right and left does no good "'Tis master, very good donkey," etc, etc, The doctor of the Ripon is one of our company, and on our trot to Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle the late Canal etc., the other day, his donkey, who was carrying about three hundred pounds, sank in the quick sand up to his shoulders. On a race, six foot Elliott, rolled off and the donkey was fastened down, for E's long legs eneveloped the poor animal, nor was there anything to be done until the rider recollected that it was best to lose his hold. Caught in a shower on the way back to the hotel we stopped at the Café Colonna, a nasty hole, where we were not able to stand up in the crowd of half naked filthy black and brown brats, so we sat down on the lousy benches and waited for our donkey drivers . The storm over-took us however, and trotting every donkey through a drove of sheep, where my feet scraped the back of them as we put it, ~~and were~~ We were terribly drenched when we arrived at the gate where the corps de gardes , mostly asleep, keep their guns in cotton cases! Some of the plants, trees and shrubs are very beautiful, presenting a striking appearance. The leaves are immense. We saw a curious fig tree, the leaves some six feet in diameter, the

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fruit growing in clusters. The tree casts an immense shade . After remaining one day at the Barrage, Dr. Fellows and I being restless, took donkeys for Cairo with Acmet, one of our sailors, who always accompanied ~~polished~~ us shooting etc. We had to cross a branch of the Nile about 25 ft long and six feet broad in a ferry boat, containing 4 donkeys, ten women and twelve ~~12~~ men; then, as we trotted along, Doctor amused us by playing leap frog over his donkey. The road to Cairo is very broad, crowded with donkeys, camels and African buffaloes., to say nothing of men, women and children.

We put up at Shepheard's, paid off our donkey boy, got a bath, and went to the Italien theater, with a lantern and men, both are requisite in Alexandria and Cairo. The next morning the rest of our crew, with Reis the dragoman, trotted about Cairo. The lattice work window blinds are very pretty. Over many doors are crocodiles stuffed, I asked our Consul why, one day, and he answered: "Because there is no other place to put them"! The public place has a very wild appearance. The shrubbery and trees do not permit any views through them, and it looks like anything but a city park, which is what it is intended for. The Bazaars are covered with mattings, the stores absurd, 6 cubit feet on an average. Our Consul makes no charges of the affair of ~~Enrics~~ Enrico and Co. ~~1852.~~ He obliged the tower to come down where the affair took place, tried to recognize the guilty through the Americans (?), had fifty condemned, and decided on an extroardinary punishment. They were chained and brought ~~bro't~~ before the consulate, by officers and soldiers. The Americans

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had been invited there . Then came the officer, told the Consul that the Princess was there and he could inflict the punishment he thought proper. He had them marched to the police office, the consul and Americans following. There the trial letter was read aloud and the fifty where whipped separately before them . A son of Pasha of the town was imprisoned and fined 22 frs, for indemnity to Mr. E's servant, who was wounded in the affair? It was an extroardinary affair and all Cairo had turned out to see how it would terminate. While buying of the mercahants in Bazaars , smoked and drunk coffee with them. One day our dragoman catching a man putting his hand in Dr. Fellow's pocket, he and the donkey boys fell upon him and beat him like the devil . They dragged him through the streets, he not resisting , and they still beating, and delivered him up at a Corps de garde, who, in time, took him to the police and invited us to call upon the judge, who with his secretary was sitting upon divans, where we were motioned to place ouselves and we were rquested to send in writing our ideas on the subject, as we were obliged to leave (as we left the next morning). ~~During our stay, Shepherds was covered~~ ? (?) ~~twice~~ I made a great speach on the Union of England and the ~~U. S.~~ United States, broke my pipe in a gesture, had a rum time with the Englishman, after hauling Knickerbocker and Parish out of bed. We had a spree that night aboard the dahabeah; champagne, dancing and singing, and after our nights run, we arrived at Ghizeh and took donkeys to the pyramids. A long ride ~~thro'~~ through a fertile plain, brought us to the borders of the desert where the pyramids are founded on a rock. A caravan was just coming off

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the desert which is about fifty feet higher than the plain.

The stones used in the pyramids are about 6ft long by 8ft. high. The guides beseiged us, and soon they were pulling us up, to crabs to a man, as well as a boy to carry water. When on top, we sent a man down and up the other one, he did it in nine minutes, although it has been done in six. It took us just about six minutes to come up, and the view, "such as it is, is plenty of it". We slid down and climbed up the narrow passages to the interior room, hot work, took lunch, had a squabble over ~~Bakkshish~~ baksheesh. The Sphiynx was very majestic half buried in the sand. Jan. 25th, While at breakfast we were spoken by Brooks and Coolidge in one dahabeah, and Abbott Lawerence and wife in another, and visited with them before we kept on. I wear my Egyptian costume. On leaving we fired salutes. Boats going down the Nile must salute first, two guns, if not very intimate on board. Frank Brooks and Co. have discovered that mint juleps, sherry cobblers, etc, were known to the ancient Egyptians, as well as ten pins; their hieroglyphics denote it., ~~but~~ No wind the remainder of the day, so we overhauled the anchor, a system of navigation, where the river is too shallow near the banks. At dinner, Elliott paid his official champagne, and Fellows goes into office as quarter-master tomorrow. The next day, Fellows and I had good shooting pigeons as far as Benesoutf, where we rejoined the boat; and the day after had a race, nip and tuck, with Mr. Walcott's boat, and caught up with the dahabeah of a party of nice Englishmen. In the after noon I generally read up. We have passed rocky hills of a curious cucular form-

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ation (caused by the wind I believe), and light yellow bluffs.

Monday Jan. 31st 1853, Our two American boats are lined up as usual together. Every morning we are off shooting, generally E-and I together. Yesterday we brought in seventy five pigeons and two cranes. While resting on a log, an old man came up an paid reverence to me, bowing, kissing his hand, then touching mine with his and kissing his hand again. I made a motion as if I would give him something but he refused. In the afternoon we were assailed by men swimming from the shore to the boat crying out : "Oh Christian friends." We gave them money which they put in their mouths. One day we came across a badger, and we tried to burrow out his ~~borough~~, but could n't, the wind blowing in the wrong direction. We came across some plover, and we put up along the bank at night, along with Mr. Walcott's boat. Guards as usual. Come at night, build fires etc. In case any attack is made at night, the Governor of the town from where the guard comes, is held responsible. The guard costs in American money 10cts per night. A ~~dunnier~~ dinner, quartermaster Fellows week finished, and quarter master Hunt's began. Hills and mountains became more prominent on the east bank of the Nile. Arrived at Minyeh ~~(?)~~ about sunset, after a hard days work towing. In the evening went on shore with lanterns, and saw Egyptian dancing girls. In the morning we visited a very extensive sugar ~~refrecienoy~~ refinery belonging to the Pasha, now in the hands of some Englishmen, Formally, it was in the charge of Corsicians, who made a terrible waste of everything. They say there are about 2700 hands employed about the factory and fields.

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They receive one and one half piastres worth of molasses a day . The Pasha takes great pride in this factory, and aims to have the best sugar made in Egypt. The other night ~~the~~ two Englishmen were robbed, and the Pasha turned to the Governor and told him the money must be restored that very evening, at the risk of his own life; so the Governor presented the Englishmen 120 frs. immediately out of his own pocket. The Rais (captain) has been told he must never stop the boat unless he received direct orders from the quartermaster. He replies; "Taib ho ~~wadge~~" - good, gentlemen - there coffee together, and good night.

A tremendous head wind prevails. Saluted two boats, one with ladies, the latter got scared and shrieked, but soon became tame enough and waved their handkerchiefs. The wind is not going down and we laid by, four or five hours in the middle of the day.

A woman on the bank shieking and yelling, waving her arms etc. Her child had just been drowned in the Nile, poor soul! and both banks are filled with woman yelling in sympathy. As the wind did not change, we took the two crews, 28 men, Rais, and the crew of an American boat which has been keeping us company the past week, attached the two together, and we pulled to the next town for safty for the night. During the operation the rope snapped once, men in the water half the time to get the dahabeah off sand bars. Every day makes me think more of the opinion that this is no country for ladies to visit. As Miss Martineau says, "The women of the country sometimes take such care to ~~conceal~~ hide their faces that they discover to the world, what women in other countries

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take every care to conceal". The houses, huts, etc, are built with under baked bricks with straw in them. Sugar, beans, coffee, and tobacco are the principal things we see cultivated. In the field one sees whole families; men digging the ground with a sort of short hoe, and the boys and girls watching the sheep, goats or cows, which resemble bisons, they are a little a fraid of the "howadge" with his gun. Palm date grows every where, and the light at sunset is most beautiful. I have not seen the sun rise, and may never. Duck, geese, herons and cranes, plenty of them, but they are out of ~~the guns reach~~ reach of a gun. A most beautiful white ibis is seen every where. It is pure white and very ~~beautiful~~ lovely, and so tame that you often see it lighting on the cows back. We intend to go to night to see the Sheik of this town, as Fellows, who saw him to day, says he is a very interesting ~~fellow~~ man. After dinner we sent for Vincenzio, the dragoman, for the governor. He and his scribe came and sat crosslegged on the divan . Took coffee and pipes, and we asked them questions about the country and where the Governor's son, that I have alluded to, was. He had gone off to get some fresh water for us, pretty soon he too arrived and presented us with some sherbet, sugar cane ground with water . They eat our figs, oranges , raisons readily. Told us there were gazelles on the mountains, and the Governor said that he would try and get us one on our return, and offered, if the wind did not allow us to go on, to organize a boar hunt. Their way of saluting is curious. They touch hands, kiss hands after, touch the forehead with hand, and then the breast; this is repeated three

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or four times. We gave the Governor a simple receipt for sore eyes and told him that he must insist upon his people keeping the flies out of their eyes.

Feb. 5th, This morning while on quarter deck waiting for breakfast, shrieks were heard in the direction of the other boat, and saw the small boat sinking with Mr. and Mrs. Walcott. Crews of both boats immediately ran to their assistance and Mrs. Walcott was carried to the shore greatly frightened, as well as the old gentleman. We too went to their assistance. Fortunately the English boat has a maid on board (there are several boats in line) who took her clothes to wash out the Nile mud, and dry. How can a man take a lady through this country; and if he does, why doesn't he oblige her to have a maid with her? The Englishmen dined with us, and we got our Georgia major, and Kentucky doctor rather mellow, and so had much singing and story telling.

Feb. 6th. "After breakfast a slight wind got us under way. "Hallo,!" while reading the Miss Harriet Martineau, two guns go off and looking out saw a Prussian Canzia. These are a lighter boat and can sail with less wind, and draw less water than a dahabeah, but much less comfortable. We immediately fired twice as etiquette requires. They lowered their flag and so did we. Many do not understand that this should always be done. The other American boat has no guns. The dragoman has an old flint lock blunderbuss, and an Arab pistol, which as it almost always misses fire, he has to set off with matches. Good wind at sunset and arrived at a bend in the river where the rocks fell some 200 feet, must be rather dangerous in

bad weather. Met an English and American boat, saluted; our Reis, in the fuss, lost his tarbush and turban, and we sent the small boat back for them, and were passed by the other two boats. On the rocks myriads of small birds, which, when a gun was fired, flew upwards like a black cloud. Mountains continue nearer the river on the Eastern side. There are long ranges of square holes, old tombs, some of which have been opened. At dinner passed Manfalut. Next morning Knickerbocker and I went to the shore with Salviatore and Hassam; were caught in the bend of the river and had to walk four and a half hours in the hot sun. We wanted to stay over here, but decided to go on to Girgeh. Osirot to Osirot Shot on the way peligans, cranes, herons, ducks, geese, pidgeons and doves. Came very near shooting a man; Scratched his head at any rate. On the highway it is common for the Egyptians to step up and take the pipe out of a stranger's mouth, smoke a few puffs and return it, but they seem very aimiable and kind. Osirot, what we saw of it, was very clean, and the plain in which it was situated, pretty and luxuriant. The roads through the country are embankments raised some twenty feet. Canals are, and sometimes run through the country, though generally the water is either raised by oxen, or by men placed at different heights. The land is always well irrigated. When land has not been irrigated for some time, as is the case at present, the sun cracks the hard clay and so it is bad walking. Sailing quite slowly, little wind; Parish and Elliott have gone pistol shooting on shore, and we are having some washing done on board the boat, and the devil of a wash-

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ing it is. Met John Green who had been upset and had his crew flogged for the same. Passed my day blacking my bochino with Elliott.

Feb. 12th, when I arose and opened my stern stateroom door, the crew was exceedingly rowdy. M's jaws were done up in a bandage, V's nose and eyes were severely bruised, and the Doctors night shirt was covered with blood. A ghastly sight on the whole. My first feeling was one of thankfulness there were no ladies on board, for servants may get drunk at any time, and get into a fight, and it is a pretty serious thing on a small boat. Still, it would be strange if they did n't more or less, for our crew consists of Italians, Maltese, Americans and Egyptians servants. Vincenzio's reply to Parish, when he was pummeling him was: "That's too bad sir, three Arabs against one then a Christian man comes too." At evening everything calm as usual; coffee on deck and admiring the moon and stars. About 10 P. M. arrived at Girgeh, where the mother of our Reis lives, and as he had asked us to make our stay of twenty four hours for breadmaking at Girgeh, instead of Osirot, we did so.

Feb. 15th, The next morning our luncheon packed into game bags, the Doctor and I, Amar and Hassam on asses, Parish on a horse; three donkeys boys on foot, and we were off for Abidus, through the largest and most fertile plain we have yet seen. Cattle, sheep, horses and cows, some with humps over their fore shoulders, were grazing on all sides. Excessively hot, and we covered about thirty miles before we got back to our boat. The two temples of Abidus, which date from Osirei, and the great Rameses, are nearly, as is the whole town, buried up. There only remains of it, one immense mass of ~~mounds~~. mounds.

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The roof is covered by sand stone lying edgewise and curved out to form the arch. The walls are covered with sculpture and paintings. We let the Arabs loose after we had finished, ourselves, and they finished everything, pork, etc compris even though against their religion. We went on to Belliangx a town further up the river. A market was going on with dancing girls etc.; as the sun was setting took a guard, and from guard relay to guard relay, returned to our boat. Donkeys are the only thing for these excursions. We had covered a good many miles in the hottest of hot suns, and were pretty well tired out, but not too tired to appreciate some cakes and fresh cream sent to us by the Reis' mother.

Feb. 14th. Reis wanted to remain a little longer with his mamma, saying the bread was not cooked etc; but we insisted upon leaving, with or without, as there was a good wind. At night heard what we thought was a steam boat whistle, which proved to be a big flock of geese, there must have been thousands. The doctor and Parish, with David and Salviatore, dressed in white with towels wound around their heads, so that the ducks and geese would be less likely to see them in the moonlight, fired twelve barrels, but the costmnes had been of no avail, for not one was found dead on the Champs de bataille. The themoneter about ninety. Saw two crocodiles, but did not get a shot, though we had just met a boat with ten dead crocodiles aboard. Beautiful sunset and wonderful effects of atmosphere, fine moonlight. I fin-

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ished Reine Margot, by Alexander Dumas. All off on shore shooting pigeons, put my cabin in order and after lunch E. and I went off on a sand bank after geese and pelicans, but at supper there was nothing to show for it. Ironing has been going on in the cabins for the past five days--- Flies in myriads. Mountains and bluffs very beautiful. The other day saw a sort of raft which the natives use to cross, made of three bundles of reeds bound together . They sit in the middle and paddle. Crocodiles begin to be numerous. No wind, obliged to tow the Dahabieh. Arrived at Luxor at sunset, great saluting from all the boats, seven in number. The English Consul, an Egyptian Mustafa, fired us four canons. Mustafa gave a dinner yesterday, all the guests set on the floor. Dancing in the evening. It was not very good taste in the ladies to see these dances. We visited the ~~mines~~ Ruins by moonlight, very fine, and them met Mr. and Mrs. MacCaughey who are on one of the boats very clever English pepple. We are waiting for bread again. Mustafa would be a good looking fellow if he had not had the end of his nose bitten off; he is very clever, Very hot in the Wind.

No wind, towed again. Got into wrong channel as usual. All the men overboard to get the boat off sand bar. Moved on slowly, men looking cucumbers, beans, etc. which they eat raw. Arrived at Erment(?) where Mustafa Pasha has a very large sugar factory. No men at work on account of a difficulty between him and the Viceroy of Egypt. The throne goes to the eldest male nephew of the son of the reigning prince.

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Mr. Fox, the manager of the factory, was very polite and we spent five or six hours with him on the dahabiah. The ground yields about 3300 lbs. of sugar to the acre. They leave it two years and replant. Cotton is planted every year, though if left it would not die. The dora, or native corn, is sometimes cut up by the roots, and produces twice. Hot as pepper! The climate and flies over abundant. Mr. Fox says there are no flies in summer--- insufferably hot. Mr. Fox gave us some porous water jars, and we got some ginger preserves which were coming across the desert from India. At night the Arabs put off on the sand banks and had a fair time drubbing each other down, turning summersaults and other sports. At about 10 A. M. arrived at Esneh, went ashore. Bazaars were all shut on account of a search being made for conscripts. On going into the town met a crowd of women dancing with six feet poles in their hands, crying and yelling, with mud and camel dung besmeared over their faces. They were mourning the death of a friend. The Bazaars not being opened we went to the police office to see their methods regarding the conscripts. The govment officers were examining all the old men of the town. Their sons had run away to escape conscription; and it seems by arresting the father they get the sons later. We are told the fathers receive five hundred lashes a day until the sons return to redeem them. We saw the young men who they had succeeded in conscripting, they were feet and hand cuffed, and an iron ring was passed around their necks with an eye through it, through which a chain or rope was passed, thus were

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strung twenty or thirty together. We saw two ~~munho~~ men who had killed a conscription officer, and were told that they were to be put on board of a man of war at Alexandria. As we passed through the room the poor fellows cried out "hawadge". Outside of the court yard were many who were wailing and crying out "Oh my son!" etc etc. Just inside of the gate were ~~many~~ men armed with spears to guard the entrance, and were impertinent in their demands for ~~many~~ money. We visited the temple Kneph, very fine; and the afternoon I went back and took a sketch of it. Here we saw a couple of hundred camels going to Cairo, and on board the Scotchmen's boat, a lot of snakes, venomous ones, but, the old man in charge handled them as though they were rags. The lot had cost thirty cents. An Aspic was about 3/4 of an inch in diameter and about 18 in. long, of a very light grey color quite savage, with ~~his~~ two horns in his head. They reported having seen several bodies of men on the river banks who had been shot trying to escape the conscription. In the evening we saw again the famous dancing girls of Esneh(?)--- disgusting,- music interesting. The girls have brass castanets and a string of musical ornaments worn around the hips, most of the girls were tight. Part of the town has been washed away by the Nile. My head being completely shaved I wear a turban round my red tarbousch, but it don't make me look like a Turk they say. The cattle stand in water all day, only their nose out, and the camels when they cross the river kneel in the boats. Went ashore to a Nubian village, slaves, elephants tusks, monkeys etc; dancing girls. The Bazaar empty because

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of the Pashas men drafting soldiers every where. Saw a mock fight between two Nubians on a sand bank á l'antique. Some Englishmen lunched with us who had just returned from Aboo Sinbal. Report everything in disorder in Nubia, too hot, too many flies, we will not go. Strange boulders of basalt rock here; altogether different from anything we have seen on the Nile as yet . In the afternoon we visited Elephantin Island, and found nothing but a great pile of broken pottery, but the view is fine, The Englishmen fearing we would be short of provisions brought their dinner on our boat, this enraged our cook, but the affair blew over. During the coffee, we sent Col. Hayes's Dragoman after some dancing girls to come on board. In about twenty minutes, he rushed into the cabin covered with blood, and said; four against one was too much, but he did the best he could. So Elliott sent Vincenzo for the dancing girls, and found out that he had not obeyed, being afraid of the same fate, upon that he was insolent and Elliott knocked him down with his fist. Quartermaster Fellows ordered him off the boat, he was again insolent and said that he would not obey, saying Mr. Hunt was his master. I told him then to go, so he took his coat and his bed and went, we returning to the cabin to our friends, but Mohamed came in shortly, saying there was a great fight ashore, and sure enough Vincenzo had got into another fight with the dragoman who complained of losing two teeth etc. The Colonel sent him off strenously to his boat, we all returned to the cabin, and made a whiskey punch to recuperate until we parted, making a rendezvous for Philea for 4 A.M

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tomorrow morning.

March 1st, 1853. 4 A.M. Salvatore at half past three A.M. reporting that all the crew but two had slept on shore, and complaining that we all might have been murdered. Not enough donkeys, so half of us went on foot, leaving word for the donkey boys to follow. We trotted across the desert in about an hour and a half; sand with basalt rocks in every direction. Lost Parish and Amer who had the provisions. First veiw of Philea was very fine, in the midst of the most desolate wilderness, rise the ruins of the most imposing temple, and a few palms and other trees relieve the eye. Took a small boat across, and visited the ruins of the Island, which is sufficiently complete to get an idea of what it was formerly. The Island is covered with ruined unburnt brick houses, I met an artist sketching here who kindly offered us his boat to take us across to the Island of Beggi opposite, to see the Island and to get a good veiw of Philea from that side, the finest veiw of the ruins. We returned by the way of the cataract, by the shore of the river, which here is bordered with basalt rocks and sand of various colors. Passed the pyramidal stone, and immense block unfinished, of granite half buried in the sand, and we returned to the dahabiah through the town. On arrival at the boat we found Vincenzo Diacono, our dragoman, sitting on the shore, and a Jewish merchant in the cabin. The dragoman had complained to the governor, and the governor had sent the Jew to arrange the difficulty à l'amiable. After much talk, we agreed to give him what we owed him, 23 frs., and 5 frs

pourbois. Vincenzio angry in the extreme, said "he wanted nothing, we would meet again!" The Consul at Luxor had given us letters to a certain Abdul Said, we sent for him and he accompanied us to the governor's, where we all took seats under fine shady trees, on a terrace. The governor's wife also present. After discussing for an hour or so, they suggested that we allow him 3 frs more, and have the matter settled, to which we all agreed. The Consul broke up and we returned to our boat. But the Italien returned in an hour or more accompanied by a Greek, claiming the money, but upon the whole, we thought it safer to refer the matter to the Consul at Cairo, from whom we had got him. We started this morning for Thebes, but were obliged to go around the Island on account of the low water. A man yelled out to us from the shore, a long stream of Arab, about Vincenzio. I told Mohammed to tell him if he wanted anything to catch up with us, that we were bound for Thebes and could wait for no one. However, the wind being ahead, we hauled ashore, and a Prussian boat did the same. Presently V came across the Island with three Arabs, evidently intending to make trouble, so we offered to pay him then and there, but no buono mano. Mohammed urged us to go to the governor again for the letter, stating the full amount to which he was entitled, so Elliott, the Doctor, the dragoman, Mohammed and I, went back to the governor's, who we found sitting among the trees in the midst of a crowd of Arabs arranging about the all absorbing conscription. We sent for the Jew who talked Arabic, Italien and French, and we told him that we would pay the wages due, but not

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the pourbois offered yesterday, and settled the matter at once, instead of leaving it with the Consul at Cairo. V accepted but too readily, gave us a receipt and certificate saying that the things he left on board he left under the care of the captain, and that he took all risk of them. We hear that he had often said that he would stab Parish so we were doubtly glad to get rid of him. While at Philea ~~(?)~~ we saw people running with clubs to a certain point on shore, for half a mile around, We hear that the Scotchmen have got into difficulties with the Arabs, but cannot stop, as "wind and tide wait for no man;" so here we are floating and rowing down the river to continous yelling (singing they call it) night and day. A great deal of visiting has been going on, as many of the crews' families live here-about, and of course we have allowed them to go off, two at a time, as the fellows get a chance rarely. The Arabs seem very affectionate in their family relations, always keeping something as presents for their parents; Everlasting singing! Head winds, going along only so so. Amer is our great dandy, he is good looking and proud. When David was brushing his beard, and looking in the mirror, he copied him just like a monkey, using an old clothes brush. He tried a knife and fork today on some mutton left from our table, but Hassam using his fingers, Amer preceived that he was losing time, and asked David why he cut meat with a knife and not bread. David ~~Daniel~~ replied that it was against his religion. The Arabs imitate foreigners, and play with each other precisely as monkeys do in a cage. In the afternoon visited Gebel Siles ~~Silisles~~ on river side. Mo-

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thing to see, but we shot at an eel. The quarries are very smooth, and the pavement remains. Got up at six and visited the temples, the larger one extremely fine, but the interior buried in dirt and rubbish. Doctor and Parish tried to crawl down into the interior. Very dusty, nothing to see, so we returned to the boat, breakfasted, saw some almahs (dancing girls) on the bank, in an uncommonly loose costumne. Today, having let dragoman go ashore, bought things on our own hook, paying half what the dragoman made us pay; namely, sheep 17 prs, 100 eggs 2.20 prs, chickens 20 prs. We also bought a fighting cock, and hope to get another at the next village; very hot today. Changed our dinner hour to five, to avoid lunching. Reached El- Kab where are the tombs, Eilethyia very interesting, inso-much as one sees illustrated on the walls of the tomb, in quite good preservation, the habits and customs of the ancient Egyptiens. The sunset seen from half way up the mountain, where the tombs are, was very fine, and over a great extent of country. As the sun went down, an immense quantity of bats sallied out of the tombs. Met the Prussian boat in the evening and had a race with it, but it being much lighter and smaller than our boat, it soon passed us. As I said before, by all means every one should take a small boat in preference to a large one, if you value time more than comfort. Much singing as usual, with braod roar from time to time. To day saw an eagle flying away with a serpent in his beak, and met several columns of dust traveling at great speed, at least a hundred feet high. Our crew have determined not to be beaten, and have begged for some arras, a sort

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of brandy made of dates. We have sent a bottle to them, and now half an hour after they are quite gay, and singing lustily. Mohammed says they have just sung a song about the siege, and the taking of Acre by Ibraham Pasha, who he says pays much money to those who sing this song to him. Amer and Co, are singing ~~just~~ an impromptu song about Sensio, and Vincenzo, while rowing. Ran aground at night, men all over board as usual, boosting the boat off a sand bar. Arrived in the morning at Esneh. Reis says he must stop to bake bread for the crew, strangely there being no baking at Thebes. Being obliged to wait 24 hours we strolled thro' the town, changed some money at 10%, saw some more poor conscripts shipped far down the river, who were all chained together about the neck, sitting in the bottom of the boat, and they were all hand-cuffed two by two. The mothers and wives were ~~all~~ assembled on the banks crying and shrieking and striking their breasts, and besmearing their faces with camel dung. The conscripts are guarded by Turks with loaded pistols, sabres etc. and they say that this year the system has been ameliorated! Formerly young men have been taken for their entire lives. Now the infantry are released after four years, cavalry five, military six. We visited the Pashas palace; as usual the two stories are high, walls thick divans round the walls. The bathrooms and appurtenances, are beautifully lighted from the above, the lower vaulting seems to be made of pottery of various forms, about twelve or fifteen inches high, thick glass ~~of~~ in the small apertures. The garden is pretty fair, especially for this coun-

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try, and they gave us many vegetables.

Much amused at Amer who is practising sitting on a chair. Strong head wind, the boat rocks as though we were in a seaport. Rather hard to have to remain over, costs us $24 each day we lose so. This morning, reading and writing, and having two cocks on board we intend to have a fight. Yesterday all the cocks and chickens got out of coops and we had some sport in catching them. We took with us the following amount of ammunition; Powder 60 lbs, shot 300, percussion caps 1200, 4 double barrelled guns, 2 pair of pistols, one rifle, but we have scarcely any use for it. Ducks and geese are very shy, as are also crocodiles, as we have not seen one. All we have to shoot are the pigeons we bought, a wild duck with the wing broken, for three charges of shot; also bought another cock and at eight o'clock commenced rowing and floating down stream, at eleven o'clock having only made 230 rods we put along shore. A very hard head hurricane of wind. Remained by an old Sakia all day; some women of Esneh hearing I wanted a fighting cock, brought a couple of cocks, and we got up a fight. One of mine gave them all jessie. A duck got loose and jumped into the water. Omar and two others put after him, seeing which he dived. Omar dived after him, this was repeated for half an hour, when they caught him. A boat full of conscripts passed us today. The banks filled with sorrowing women, as usual,---- Encore, head winds. Spent all night at Louger (?) Visited Gournah, and the tombs of the king. ~~Belgoum (?) very fine.~~ Dr.

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Parish and I climbed to the top of the mountain for a most magnificent view, and on our return, the dahabiah visited Mirorium (?) In the evening visited Mustafa, Consul. He had four wives with him. We asked him to dine to morrow with us, Sturgis and Timmons with us, and we all together visited Midal Habou. The tombs of many kings, as well as private tombs are numerous. The Temple of Iris very pretty. The Doctor went through one of the longest, deepest and darkest subterranean tombs, filled with bats innumerable. The ground is covered all thatt side of the river, at the foot of the mountains, with flinty stones, skeletons, mummies in rags, and stunk terribly. Much competition with Sturgis and Timmins to day in buying antiquities. Quantities of donkey boys, with fragments of mummies for all. Returned to Mirmorium by boat, ~~and the Pair~~. Some of the ancient tombs now occupied by the modern indigenes, stunk like thunder. The doctor came near cascading. A little brat got scared half to death at the popping of an ale cork. Men pick up corks and tin from bottles and keep them as treasures. Dined with Sturgis and Timmins and Mustafa. Dancing girls in the evening. Magnificent ruins of Carnac (?) visited. The two obelisks yet standing are very inposing. ~~The~~ Avenue of Sphinxes, in some places touching each other. A small granite temple has some of the finest scenes on it I have yet seen. We shot at a fox, lunched in the grand hall and return by ~~(?)~~ ~~Pools~~ ed the Pools and salt petre vats of Albas Pasha Dined on Timmins and Sturgis boat with Mustafa. Splendid time. This morning went with T. and S to Karnac where we joined the rest ~~and~~

and visited the Frenchman now excavating the Temple of Lupar. Terrible dusty wind, made some experiments with Sturgis' photographic machine. In the evening dined with Mustafa á la Turke, we all ate with our fingers, squatting around a table 15 inches high. Most curious thing was the tearing of a roast lamb to pieces with our fingers. Washed our hands before, and hands and mouth afterward. Evening spent with music and dancing girls, then Mustafa got tight. Revisited Medinad Habou ~~(?)~~ Sent back to Karnac for provisions. It is one of the most important towns on the river, Caravans constantly arriving from the East. Here we visited Denderah. The temple is the best preserved we have yet seen and ~~alth~~ although comparitively speaking modern, it interests me perhaps more than any I have yet seen. The secret and subterranean passages, the well preserved covering, the little temple on the roof, and the figure of Cleopatra in relief on the wall. Near it is a little temple to Iris, and an Miamisi (a lying-in-hospital). Retaking the dahabieh, we floated down opposite Dendera, on the sand banks we saw about ten crocodiles. I fired into them but did not hit, but the Doctor, who was out in a small boat, came back with a dindira (crocodile) and a spoon bill duck which was good eating. No wind, we are rowing. Scotch boat with Vincenzio on board has just passed us. We cannot keep up with the light boats. The Scotch don't seem to realize the etiquette on the river. On coming up with another boat they hid themselves in their cabin and fired no salutes. We pardon to the ignorant their faults! They took Vincenzio on board, as they were out of money and he had

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some, but they will pay dear for their whistle in the end. Wind being strong we hauled up at the bank by a small town to watch some fellahs thrashing out beans in a curious way. They have a sort of chariot drawn by oxen with two axles, each bearing four plate iron wheels, about two feet in diameter. They ride around on the bean stalks, and press out the beans. In the evening the French boat, and general Mackintosh's came up, and they visited on our boat. Always head winds; went on shore and visited How, Achmet Pasha's very fine sugar factory. They make five hundred quintals a day, and employ over a thousand men. The men are paid in molasses, which sell at the bazaars, for double. Some times they pay in rose water; in fact they are obliged to pay in what ever the master wishes, and at his price. Fine day, no wind, are rowing past Baha. Fired three times at a snake swimming up to the boat. He retreats and comes up again. Our Reis wanted to see his mother at Girgeh, so I went with him in advance, with one of the small boats, and while loafing through the bazaar with him, his nephew was taken for a soldier. Aground two or three times today. Again strong head wind. Elliott took small boat with Mohammed to go shooting. Rounding a point, the Reis made a pretty manoeuvre and just allowed steamer towing two boats filled with recruits to pass. Wind being so strong the General's, the Frenchmen's, and our boat were hauled up to a large sand bank. One of the Frenchmen came aboard and gave us a great deal of information about the manufacture of gems. Elliott having had some luck we all decided to go quail shooting, but were called back, the wind having gone down somewhat. In putting my gun up,

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one of the barrels went off through the top of my cabin, and the ball went right through the middle of a circle of turbaned heads, that were lying on the deck, but by a miracle did not touch any of them. They all jumped up gesticulating wildly, and I was half scared to death, and decided on the spot that I was not fit to handle fire arms. The whole fleet now got under way. Weather very misty but no dempness. Took donkeys after breakfast, rode about fifteen minutes to the town, which is inland, at the foot of the mountain. Visited the bazaars, brought bowls, pipes etc. E. and I drove to a Darfour encampment on the edge of the desert, where it has waited about about two months, having been from two to four en route . They bring ostrich feathers, ivory, gold dust etc. but would sell nothing to us. We drove through the modern burying grounds with tombs strangely walled in, and ascended the mountain to a large grotto or cave, covered with hieroglyphics some what similar, to the arch temple roof. Returned to the bazaar and saw some Ameh women. Went to Dahabiah. The Frenchman dined with us and we had a jolly evening. After breakfast, Manfalout (?) which town is washing away fast. Saw today a camel and an ox ploughing together. Arrived opposite Beni Hassam early. Took a small boat and ran into another channel to land nearer the mountains. Salvatore fired and wounded a pelican, took a small boat and chased the fellow until about two o'clock. The boat was hauled up to the bank. Pretty soon a flock of three or four hundred came soaring over us. Parish and Salvatore succeeded in getting one with a blue and yellow beak. They measure over ten feet be-

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tween the tips of the wings. Floated fifteen miles this night, we are now hauled up opposite Minyeh, Hardly enough coal to reach Cairo. In spite of this being a fine boat one of the largest newest and handsomest on the Nile, spiders, cockroaches and flies are quite troublesome.

General Mackintosh said at Thebes, "I must get away as soon as possible," Vermin had spread from the Arabs. Another sugar factory. We all went to the great and dirty market at ~~Minyeh~~ Minyeh. We had made arrangement to shoot wild boar tomorrow, but wind wouldn't allow it. Passed Island of Foda, Arrived at Boulak, Doctor and Parish took donkeys immediately for Cairo to get money. Took a look for our list of things which we had lost, and finally were obliged to stand by the Reis' in Arabic. Got through however with noted breakages, and shipped everything to Shephard's hotel. Spent rest of the day settling up with Reis. As usual at breakfast, every one mad on the discussion of Egyptian Antiquities, which I acknowledge is far from edifying to me.

Cairo April 4th. 1853. Visited Shoobra quite pretty ~~but not as well as with us~~. ~~Very expensive~~, ~~but~~ Curious fountain, but in bad taste.

Visited the mosques in which some of the children spit at us threw stones, and called us 'dogs of Christians'. T'was funny to see us all paddling about in our yellow slippers. One of our donkey boys got into a quarrel with a soldier on guard. Both taken up. Cahill, Consul, had the soldier thrashed and the boy released." The journal ends abrupty here, but from the note books, I find a sequence in that follows:

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"Killed all the lions in the space of a week, mosques, bazaars, etc and on the 12th Timmins, ~~Tuniunes~~, Elliott and I took a farewell lunch with Dr. Parish and others, and put off on horseback to Hanska, the first encampment toward Syria, and the next day mounted a camel ~~cmael~~ for the first time, and liked it. Camels and donkeys laden with grass, in the distance looked like trees, and there were pretty effects of mirage. The next day we had to pause, and send our cook back to Cairo with a policeman, as he had lost his passport, but on the 15th we started in good earnest, seeing quails rabbits and gazelles, and in the evening a superb effect of converging sun rays. We were nine hours in the saddle, changing from horse to camel, camping by a well. It seems strange to be stopped by an Arab in the wilderness, for our passports.

16th Heavy sand all day. En route eight hours.

17th, While at breakfast this morning two English gentlemen came up, they had been en route since three o' clock . We came to a source at 12, dug water out of the sand, gave the animals water all round. When we started we fell in with a party of three Americans. Heavy sand today. We encamped after ten hours march, luckily as yet we have had fresh wind most of the time.

18th, Reached Katieh in about nine and a half hours. Here we watered horses. A short time after I came near running into a plam tree for my horse wanted to pass both sides at once. At last Benel Abdou pitched tents, and we supped, I was tired!

19th, We found the other American party encamped within 500 yds of

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us. The sand flies are inconcievably numerous and troublesome. Rode alternately, Camel and Jenny, my horses. Crossed an inlet of the Meditteranean. Crossed many salt ponds, mostly dried up. Camped at the well, Bur Maser.

20th. Americans joined us, and I tried one of their dromedaries. Easier than a camel. Passed several inlets or lakes covered with salt incrustations, and immense sand hills and plains. El Arish had a pretty effect. We had seen no horses for a week. Rumors of war with the Bedouins. ~~Bedonius~~ Quite dreary here, but romantic. By moonlight the sand hills have the effect of a country covered with snow. Terrible sores under the camel's saddles. Saw the Meditteranean two or three times. Bedouins ~~Bedorhies~~ came to the entrance of valley of El Arish to levy blackmail.

21st, El Arish is the guarantine for Syrians ~~Syrcis~~ entering Egypt. We are traveling through the land of the Philistines. Sandy and level plains covered with low bushes. Passed another salt lake, camped at Bur el Zoch. The Bedouins horses are very pretty and neat. They reminded me more of deer than any animal I know of . There is no end to Richmond 's (of the other party) stories. Timmins ~~stone's~~ ~~Tennninnes~~ and I have been taken for Turks, with our Arab Costumnes.

22rd. Both parties off early. Passed a celebrated Shiek's tomb, where we saw some sick children brought for "gireson". Passing over hills and valleys from time to time, an Arab would be seen coming down from the top of the hills on horse back, carrying a long spear. Our dragoman bought sheep from men in the fields. At Khan Jonnee we were

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quarantined, and an account of stock taken by government officers, ~~and a~~ A guard on horse back was given us to escort us to the quarantine house at Gaza. Five hours through a most beautiful and fertile plain, surrounded by hills on all sides. The guard rode very well, but capered about a great deal, and we were driven right or left, so that no one would be touched by us. We crossed ~~the hill~~ at the extremity of the hill, and Gaza was in sight, as well as the hill where Samson pulled down the gates. We were shown into the quarantine court by men with poles four or five feet high. Some Scotchmen were there before us. We could talk with them, and they, happening to touch a camel on the way, it was put into quarantine at their expense for three days.

So happy not to get up before sunrise tomorrow !

23rd. Had a good wash and a good breakfast and watched the Scotchmen examining horses that they wished to buy for Syria, at a distance of from fifty to sixty feet. The director here is very amusing, stands around with a ten foot pole and gives orders. We amuse our selves walking towards him and he backs off, quick steps. At present the camel drivers who are to start tomorrow, are marching into a small room to be fumigated. It takes about a minute and smells like gunpowder.

24th. Talked at our Scotchmen friends, and read a good part of the time. In the afternoon the gentlemen who leave tomorrow had their tongues examined, and were smoked preparatory to leaving quarantine.

23rd. Our little birds who have their nest in the ceiling and fly in and out continuously (no glass in the windows) woke us, as usual, rather

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early. The wind is very hot and fine dust flying. Went up stairs and had a beautiful view of Gaza, Samson's hill, and the plains. Had our tongues examined and were smoked by the man who had the ten foot pole. The inspector receives his pay in a sieve. Money is paid into a strainer, and water poured on it. A man was chasing a feather about the other day to hinder it spreading the plague. Sometimes they throw the money on the ground, it is disinfected and then picked up.

26th April. Started again. Numberless flocks of sheep, goats, cattle etc. Mohammed's young dromedary tried to roll him off en route. Pitched our tents in sight of the Meditteranean.

27th. Richmond's party and ours went on together until Tummins and I put off with a Russian, whom we had met, for Jaffa. We were much cautioned about robbers, and we felt rather scary. The Russians fired once at some horses, and we thought it might be a signal to the brigands. However we arrived at Jaffa all right, and passed through the strange scenes of the market place. Fruits in abundance. Crowds of people, all in costume. We were shown the way to the American Consuls, Mr. Murat, an Arab, very kind and polite. The road was through crowded bazaars, narrow winding hills, lanes and streets, till we had to dismount and go down twisting stone steps to get to the consuls, whose office is directly on the Meditteranean. It was delightful, seated on a divan smoking and looking over the sea. So refreshing after crossing the desert. The Consul accompanied us to the house where

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St. Peter had the dream and the vision, and also to an Armenian Convent which served as a hospital for Napoleon's soldiers. Saw the bank where Napoleon shot about one thousand prisoners. They say when he was ready to leave, that many of the soldiers shot themselves, rather than be left with the Arabs. It is supposed that the Ark was built at Jaffa. Jaffas houses, on top one of the other, reminded me of Geneva.

The Consul wished us to stay with him a few days, but we could not, as we wanted to go to Jerusalem for ~~on account of~~ the Greek Easter. For a mile or two beyond the town, passed through gardens. The roads are bordered by hedges of prickly pear. Jaffa oranges are good but small. The high priest of the Armenian Convent, was a noble looking man, and had been in India. The boys had hard work getting our horses out of the town. ~~Tunnines~~ Timmins received a bad kick just as he was about to mount, but would continue. We met such a funny procession of Arabs in a narrow pass. They carried Mohammed's green flag, and walked very slowly, beat a sort of drum and played on one or two curious instruments. Our stud horses began to act very badly, and continued to do so all the way to Ramleh. Through a very fertile country, wheat fields as far as the eye could reach. Ramleh neat but deserted. Ruined houses and mosques, met many other caravans going to ~~Jerusalem~~ Jerusalem. Haggi had had his tents sent on some three or four hours before. We took tiffin in Underhill's tent, and rubbed Timmins' poor leg, and set off again in the pitch dark. Haggi having a ~~male~~ mare made him go behind. We ~~marching~~ marching a long, singing through the dark, until we mistook the road. Haggi got ahead with his mare, and my

at. Desert land, dry grass and the wagon, and also to an American Sentinel which served as a hospital for Napoleon's soldiers. See the beach where Napoleon also against one thousand prisoners. They met where the are ready to leave, that many of the soldiers died immediately, further been be left with the dead. It is supposed that the are was built at dazzling, after bounce on the one of the other, trembled as of dreadful. The Jesuit wished on the road with like a the dead, but as solid ter. on-commander the grand Sanctor. For a mile or two beyond the town, passed through gardens. The roads are bordered by hedges of prickly pear. Both oranges are good but small. The town proper of the Eternal Sentinel, was a noble looking man, and had been in India. Nine years had since were revolts our barrer but of the town. Dumas arrived a bad wise just as he was about to depart, but would consent. We met such a funny procession of Arabs in a narrow pass. They carried Hammocks green flag, and walked very slowly, each a sort of crucifix and played on one of two curious instruments. The Arab drivers seem to act very badly, and continued to do so all the whole remainder Through a very fertile country, which finishes as far as the eye could reach. Soldiers here are mounted. Mulled donkeys and mounted Arabs, every other carvacca going to Constantine. Dogs had been barking all the time or four hours before. We took Tilda in Madame Lil's tent, and rubbed Dimoline poor leg, and set off again in the pitch dark. Great barking a mosque lit to behind. We encountered a young soldier, but turn, we mistook the road. Lucky met Mahmed with his horse, and he

horse and Timmins's got into a fight. In trying to slip off my horse, I fell, my horse on top of me. Timmins, in spuring his horse away, fell backward under his horse and on top of me. I recollect a tremendous kicking, and pretty soon a tremendous shaking. Jerry, my horse, had taken me up by the left shoulder, in his mouth, and darted across the road with me. She shook and bruised me terribly in the air, until Timmins disengaged himself, luckily unhurt, and drove the horses off. Haggi soon came up and seperated the horses, but they recommended fighting. I remember how they screamed. Jerry had dropped me on a bed of thistles, but my shoulder hurt so I didn't feel them. Soon we got up to a shanty in the town, Haggi and I crept into a sort of barnyard, the inmates of which were five donkeys and a lot of cats. On one side an open shed filled with Arabs. I laid down on a sort of mat, Haggi returned for Timmins, as soon as they came back, we sent Haggi off to the tent, two hours ahead, for my traveling bag with medicines, and blankets to cover us, and a camel to take me on the next morning.

April 28th, They got me on my camel early, and I went along slowly with many other parties, two English ladies along. Timmins and Haggi remained to get Timmins's revolver which he had dropped in the fight the night before, and which they did not think safe to give up. They joined me soon, with the pistol. The horses got into another fight—and I walked on, or rather crept, for he had received another kick last night. Riding on camels, and limping along up and down over the rugged ragged Judean hills, we arrived at Jerusalem. What horrid roads

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horse and Timlinson got into a fight. In trying to side off my horse, I fell my horse on top of me. Timlinson, in spurring his horse back fell backward under his horse and on top of me. I recollect a tremendous kicking, and pretty soon a tremendous shaking. Again, my horse, had taken me up by the left shoulder, in his mouth, and carried several times round with me. He shook and bruised me terribly in the air, until Timlinson disengaged himself luckily unhurt, and drove that brute off. Hagel soon came up and [illegible], but they recommenced fighting. I remembered how they screamed. Hagel had dropped me on a bed of bristles, but my shoulder hurt so I didn't feel them. Soon we got up to a shanty in the town, Hagel and I crept into a sort of hovel, the inmates of which were five donkeys and a lot of rats. On one side an open shed filled with straw. I laid down on a straw mat. Hagel returned for Timlinson as soon as they came. We sent Hagel off to the tent, two hours away, for my travelling bag with medicines, and blankets to cover us, and a camel to take me on the next morning.

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[illegible]

we had been over! Two of our camels had given out. They simply lay down and refuse to move. At the hotel we dined. My shoulder was dressed, and we were in bed literally in no time, and ~~we were~~ sound asleep.

29th, While dressing for breakfast, Richmond's party arrived, and we breakfasted together. By the afternoon, was able to go to the Wailing of the Jews at the wall of the Temple, the Mosque of Omar, then to the Spanish Synogogue, heard and saw the ceremony through. Called at Dr. Barclay's, the American missionary. Passed some time in the top of the house. Fine view of the city. Went to the Holy Sepulchre in the evening to see the ceremonies. Disgustingly profane. Running about, jumping on each other, trampling under foot, round the tomb between files of soldiers. Floors, windows etc, crowded with men, women and children with their beds. They remain all night, and it is considered a great blessing to produce children at the Holy Sepulchre on this night. The Greeks, Armenians, and Copts celebrate on these occasions, and it was terribly noisy. Music was wanting, but the costumes were there. Made the acquaintance of the Armenian Bishop, and took coffee and preserves with him.

April 30th, This morning the American consular agent called; offered his services, and accompanied us through the Via Dollorosa. St. Stephens Gate, Tomb of the Virgin Mary, and to the Mount of Olives, the Place of the Ascension, and a little mosque there, from which there is a fine view of Jerusalem and the surrounding country, and the minaret. Some of the others went on to Bethany, Timmins and I, with two of the

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Scotchmen, took coffee and pipes with the Sheik, and then with the Armenian Consul's Janissory, went to the Holy Sepulchre to see the cermony of the Aparition of Holy Fire. Got into the Latin gallery, and saw worse things than last night, most uproarus tumult I ever witnessed; men running, clapping hands, hooting , running over the heads of the crowds, receiving blows from the police(indeed they deserved worse than they got) ,many of them almost naked; a procession of priests got round the Sepulchre three times. A priest was stationed at each of the holes in the Holy Sepulchre, sticking their arms in, they took out a tin torch with fire in it. Then the rabble began fighting to light all the wax tapers in the church. Strings of candles from the top were let down to be lighted. It was a pretty sight to see the lights arriving in every quarter and nook of the dome. People pass their hands over the candles, and rub their faces to show that the holy fire does not burn, but I saw some scorched. They retain a part of the candle as a talisman, and rub it on the winding sheets in which they bathe in Jordan. It is a terrible sight. Returned to the hotel disgusted with the dirt, noise and superstition. In the evening Timmins and I went to a coffee shop, and listened to Persian and European music by orientals. Dark coffee and cinnamon. In the evening returned for another ceremony at the Holy Sepulchre, crowded with all sizes and ages, prettily illuminated, but disgustingly nasty; couldn't stand it another moment, went back to the hotel, and was glad to get to bed.

May 1st, Sunday. The rest of the party went to the English church,

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my bruises too painful.

May 2rd. At sunrise with Richmond, visited the Armenian Convent. Very rich interesting cermony.. The priests dresses and costumes far richer than any where else in the civilized world. Richmond having English and Prussian letters to the Bishop, we called on him, very agreeable. He told us about the internal broils of the various religious orders, Considerable assasination and poisoning going on. For example, an Armenian priest went over to the Greek church. A short time afterward when passing by an Armenian Chapel, he was dragged in, and three hundred Kurbash cowhides given him, His head shaved, and in the night carried waway by Turkish soldiers, probably to be confined in some convent at Constantinople. We then called on Mr. Barclay, very pleasant family, and returned home by the Holy Sepulchre. One smokes in any part of it.

May 3rd, About eleven, Richmond's party, two Frenchemen and ourselves, left for Jericho. At Bethany we saw Lazarus's tomb. Rocky passes, very strange conformation, no trees, little vegetation, that in patches. Arrived at the Sultan's spring at the foot of the valley of Jordan. A gazelle watching us. The Scotch party, had been hunting, and had wounded a boar. We were five parties encamping at Jericho. Only a tower remaining (Rahab the harlots house) the rest in ruins, with an Arab village around it.

May 4th, Set off about six, went through rather a deserted plain passing the diamond spring to the banks of the Jordan. The Jordan is

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quite muddy, the banks covered with trees and canes. We cut a few sticks, and all bathed. Never having been baptised, Mr. Richmond, who is an English clergyman, baptised me in the Jordan (Dick Kitty and Joe were also baptised with water brought from the river Jordan.) Passing through a desert of dirt, we arrived at the borders of the Dead Sea, in about an hour. The water is filled with salts that are very heavy. You can float in any position. It has a bad taste, and makes the eyes smart. We lunched there and then travelled through very wild passes, had fine view, or views, of the valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The road very circuitous and hilly, not altogether pleasant to me as I had got a mouthful of Dead Sea water by mistake, My horse fell, and we encountered several large centipedes. We slept at Convent of St. Saba, about six o'clock, very curious indeed, situated in a very deep and steep ravine. They served us wild boar for dinner. The rooms were filled with divans on which we slept, and we slept well. The church is rich with silver pictures, only face, feet, and hands showing. The dome is covered with head of Christ, five feet long, and there is a tomb of 14000 skulls of monks, slaughtered by Persians about 400 A. D,

May 5th. On our way to Bethleham, after descending into the rock bed of the River Kedron to visit a holy subteranean spring, where a saint lived for thirteen years with a lion, We were obliged to send back for a guide, as the way became difficult and we had no pass paper, but we found our way again and continued over the hills and through the ravines to Bethleham. Little by little, cultivation began to be seen. No mad tribes

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of Arabs. At Bethleham, visited the Latin Convent, Well fortified. Saw the cave where St Jerome translated the Bible from the Hebrew, several [illegible] Nativity, the Manger. Adora-

May 6th., "Got back to Jerusalem before the gates were closed, which is at sunset. Took a long walk with Miss Barclay and her brother. Saw the place of flaggelation, which is the only spring of running water in Jerusalem.

May 7th, Timmins rejoined me to-night. They had passed the day with a converted jew, Meshalla, with whom our missionaries are in dispute. Visited the Barclays again. This morning saw some man driving a serpent out of the walls of a house with fire. The streets are terribly badly paved, those that are not are dirty, worse, filthy.

Sunday 8th. Went to church with Mr. Richmond, my foot very painful since the bath in the Dead Sea. I shall poultice it this afternoon, and make Miss Barclay a promised sketch, Timmins has sold his horse which kicked him six times in the tour through the Valley of Jordan. Richmond has decided in favor of Meshalla against our missionaries.

9th They have gone back to day to conclude the treaty. I visited an Armenian Convent, Quite pretty Greek cross, blue and white porcelain pistures, doors of mother of pearl, tortoise shell and ebony. Fine grilles, ostich egg lights in abundance, rich embroidered carpets and rich altars. ~~Visited at~~ Went to see the house of the high Priest Caiaphias, which Christ visited previous to the night of his crucifixion. Saw the veiw from Mt Zion,

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where this house stands, as well as the tomb of David, but could n't enter as it is occupied by Moslem mosques. Returned by the gate of David, to the quarters of the Lepers . I rode on my new horse having sold Jenny, who bit me, to Timmins. We went to the Jew quarter and to the Barclays to say adeiu. Young Barclay told us of the ridiculous appearanc of the Bishop of the English Church. His horse kicked in every direction. It was Bucephalus, the horse Timmins owned on the eventful ride, which he sold to the Bishop, after which, he kicked another horse into the Maltese store here. You can be a Knight of the order of St. Sepulchre by paying 1210 frs.! Richmond and party have returned with Meshalla. The Sheik of the Arabs ~~of the~~ of the Frank Mts. had roasted a kid in their honor. A number of bandits at the masses.

10th, Timmins has had boils on his legs, Dead Sea water. I hope to get through this fatiguing journey safe, sound and ~~suete~~ subtle(?). We passed by the tomb of the Kings and in about three hours arrived at Bir Birch and haulted there, in order to let the mules, with tents and luggage, have time to arrive at the encampment. It is a pretty but stony gorge, scarce any vegetation en route today. Donkey pitched Admet over his head. I have a very good rocking horse. It is astonishing to see these Syrian horses skate and slide over these polished and rolling rocks. Don Quixote and Le Chevalier Guillaume and Le Grove(French Painters) took coffee with us . The stones are quite porous.

May 11th, Through stony roads, astonishingly sure are the horses through one of our men rolled off his horse with our flag staff today.

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and nearly ran Timmins through the body with it. We have been obliged to follow a caravan of about 50 Jews, women swinging in baskets each side of the mules, rummy looking crowd. Terrible roads and a very tiresome journey. Lunched and reposed under a big tree, the only one. In the afternoon the valley widened and was more cultivated, and approaching Nablous, Jacob's well and Joseph's tombs. At Nablous the town is prettily situated on the side of a high mountain, and a ~~quite~~ pretty green valley. We passed through quite large bazaars, and encamped on the other side of the town, and on returning to the tents, we found the caravans of the General and the Greek Countess had both arrived. It has become terribly hot. The plain of ~~Esodralon~~ Esdralon, magnificient view. Kleber defeated the Turks here. It is here that Joshua stopped the sea. The plain is beautiful, so is the town. Nablous was beautiful from the mountains this morning. Had rather a nasty meeting with some camels this morning in a narrow rocky road where the foot path was worn 3ft. in a narrow lane. I got out, but two of our horses jumped out on a sliding rock. The horses here are inconcievably sure footed. The Countess says, Old St Marie (her horse) is very firm "More so than a hundred columns standing." How glad I am that Jenny and mother are not here! Primo, they could not travel over these mountains. Second the bugs, vermin etc. are insupportable; Third, the gentlemen are greatly discomforted and the ladies could not endure it for numerous reasons. This is a country to read about, not to visit. On arriving at camp we took our tents" aux grand galop ~~"fore~~ Just before arriving at Mt. Tabor, the Countess charged us

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with her Arabs. She is extraordinary, and the General is afraid of her. She lives with her Arab maid and servant. We ascended Mt. Tabor, such wonderful climbing I never saw. Haggi and the two horses jumped and climbed where I could not go myself. Once only the front horse slid on all fours down a rock, after that they did not stumble at all. Lost the others. Met a caravan of Russian pilgrims, fell in with the party again at the ruins of an ancient town. The view is superb. Mt. Tabor rises directly out of the plains which surround it on all sides but one. We came back by the right road. At the foot, we tried to get back to the tents, lost our way, and called out to some women for directions, who took fright, left their donkeys, and ran for the mountains. Met some Bedouins, (this has the reputation of being the worst place in Syria) at last we arrived at Kan a little after sunset. No tents! what to do? Saw Arabs, heard talking, saw fires in every direction. We watered our horses and took a vote, and decided to go on to Tiberius. Tried to send back word to the General about the tents and of our movements, but none of the men would go through the Bedouin encampment. At last we started. Suddenly two armed Bedouins rose from the ground. We asked them to accompanying us as best policy, but they would not come, but said they had seen the mules and our tents go on. We had prepared all our arms before leaving Kan. We were hungry, tired, Expected to be attacked every moment. We were too excited to feel anything, I ~~have~~ prepared my pistol and continued planning ways of combat. We decided to run into the grain and wait the arrival of the General's caravan. We heard the cries of a

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woman, and Timmins found that it was a Russian woman trying to keep up with the pilgrims. Her horse being with our tents we sent Haggi back, who obliged a Russian to put her on his horse behind him. Achmet was behind one of the Dragoman. Our company was composed of four gentlemen, three servants(two missing) total, nine persons and six horses, and one donkey. After two hours march au clair de la lune, we saw a village. We decided to pass the night with the Sheik if possible, but on approaching, saw tents and at last our flags. We felt ourselves happily rescued indeed. Gillaume and Don Quixote had caught up with the baggage at Kan, being told by the Sheik, that they had been attacked the previous night by another tribe, had some of their cattle stolen, and as they had killed some of the other tribe, they expected to be attacked again in the night, so they decided it were better to go on, left word with an Arab and tried to get some one in the village to go back to meet us, but didn't succeed. The fighting had extended, but all right now for us. We got a guard from the town, but they wouldn't guarantee our horses, and mules, so our own men kept watch.

14th. While packing the mules, the General have in sight, he was astonished to see us so far ahead. So were we! Two and a half hours of good road brought us to Tiberius. The lake is bordered with mountains. It is a walled town. Encampment of soldiers just outside on account of war with Diuses. A nice cool room in an Inn, the first time in a week. General in the same house. Many Jews here. The Countess and the General have gone into an encampment. The General was afraid of a scandal,

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The Countess has doubtless escaped first, as we have not yet seen her. The stables are full of soldiers, a saucy set of fellows, we six have one large room. Looking forward to a bath in the famous house built by Ebrrham Pasha. Hopping swallows are noisy in our rooom . The house is clean never the less, kept by a Jewess, who did not expect to be obliged to open the house on Saturday. Mohammedan women wail at the Tomb, and bring things for ~~dinner~~ the meal, to eat. The men get up at night to eat. The King of the Fleas certainly does hold his court here. At three A, M. we all got up and strode through the nasty uninteresting town, and passed through the Turkish encampment to the famous mineral baths that Ebrrham has ~~laid~~ built so much money in. The greatest humbug! Nasty stinking holes! The others went into the lake, but I couldn't, on account of my foot. Returning, stopped at the Turkish encampment a minute at the camel tent, for coffee. They made the army dance for us to music, while the drum was beating, four pal~~fr~~ led out, as many of the Colonels horses. The other Scotch party has arrived. Returned to the hotel, and saw the other encampment at prayers (the Bedouin encampment is a tribe from Algeria, it is said.) I went to bed early in the evening and tried to get to sleep after dressing my foot, but I couldn't get a wink, all through the night, although I needed it so much.

15th . Up before the cocks. Then carbine over my shoulder, I smoke several pipes on the terrace. Men women and children bundled together on the tops of all the houses. Here and there, a Mohammedan saying his

prayers. The Jews are at the synagogue making a great noise. I smoked and watched until sunrise, and when the town was awake, I went down and wrote while the others still slept. 'Tis inconceivable, the ammount of fleas, gnats, musquitoes and every other kind of vermin, known and unknown, that exists. I wish ~~they~~ the others would awake and get up. My foot terribly ~~and very~~ painful. En route, two of the Scotch men just arrived, rode a little way with us, road pretty good through a low country. Rode through fields of grain just before reaching Cana, where we saw the vases into which the water was changed to wine. Fortunately I got a good nap before we went on. Trying to climb a rock, fell, turning saddle. ~~Timmins did it.~~ Bad road from Cana to Nazareth. Spent the night at a convent. Visited the Church where is the Grotto of the St Virgin, where Gabriel appeared to her, and the window at which he appeared, in the house in front of the Grotto. The house was transported by Angels, to Notre Dame de Lorette in Italy. We assisted at a very lovely Mass; visited the shop of Saint Joseph, and the house where Christ and the Disciples supped. Gillanne and I strolled on to the hill opposite and dined, with religious discussions and so to bed.

16th, Got off early, I on donkey. Road good to Mt. Carmel. Fields well cultivated. The French tried to buy the valley of Esdulan under Louis Philippe. When we arrived at Mt. Carmel, were well received by Frère Charles, one of the founders of the Convent. Very pleasantly situated, and very clean and comfortable.

17th, Early this morning, Frère Charles told us the music we

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heard sounding delightfully, was a high mass, so we all got up and attended with pleasure. Under the Altar is the Grotto where Elias took refuge. During the day we amused ourselves in doors, glad of the rest. Le Frère Charles is excessively obliging.

18th. The inflammation in my foot is going down a little . Frère Charles has put me to bed. Is very kind, and very good to me. Sketched all day and left a souvenir or two in Frère Charles album, who was delighted, and kissed me. A spanish woman made the acquaintance of Timmins to day, and came to see me, thereby scandelizing Frère Charles very much.

19th. Having left the window open last night, was troubled with mosquitoes. Up early, expecting to leave, but Frère Charles would not hear of it, and Timmins stays with me. All our party gone, but the General has arrived, and soon after Frère Charles came into my room much tormented. ~~the countess~~ He is determined on driving the General's Countess away from the Convent, ~~at least he does it.~~ Romantic scenes and stories. She to Corfu, where she says there is a young man in love with her. I pity him. She also says she will travel with Timmins and me!

20th. My foot is better but still obliged to keep in bed, but am sketching all day. Frère Charles devoted. This is the second day of fasting here. General don't like it, says it doesn't agree with English constitutions. Timmins left ~~Beejsouth~~ for Beyrouth early this morning. I intend to take the steamer in a few days and which (God be willing) we will

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arrive together? Now, being more quiet alone, shall study a little Italian. Timmins has been very kind in waiting. Frére Charles makes his medicine into drinks equal to champagne! He presses me continually for a certificate justifying his conduct towards the Countess.

22nd. Poor Frére Charles is literally ill from the light conduct of the Countess. She came to see me to day. She visits also a patient near here on the mountain, an Arab. I really think she is little cracked. She went to confession after her visit to me, and the whole convent is in a tumult as a result. It leaked out today, that one of the monks on the roof overheard a very compromising conversation. She is trying to captivate the son of the French Consul here, an Arab, very wealthy. Frére Charles has great pride in naming several philosophers converted, and says when the wicked are converted they become excellant members of society and very pious.

23rd. I was awakened early this morning by Frére Charles bringing into my room Richmond, Clark and two Englishmen. They were on their way to Beyrouth. Borrowed the family horse from the convent to go and obtain money (being quite out of it) from our Consul, who lent me 6 Napoleons to buy my ticket to Beyrouth for to morrow morning.

24th. Half of the quarter deck on steamer is cooped off for Arabs. We are due this evening. I got a long nap. Hot as Tophet. Exactly at sunset, Haggi was on board, announcing T's arrival, and that (Sam and Gardner Hammond) had returned from Damascus. The shores of Syria were very beautiful from the steamer. The hills gradually rising from the sea

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to Mt. Liban, a chain of snow topped mountains. The hotel is on the sea coast, Beyrouth itself is beautifully situated, and a great deal of verdure in the envirous. Timmins and I talked far into the night.

May 25th. Visited the Bazaars. Not good. My donkey fell down and I crawled over his neck? The Countess, who now calls herself Mme. la Général, has turned up here. I have decided not to wait two weeks for next steamer, though the doctor says that I should give my feet repose.

25th, Drew money at the bankers and went on in the steamer to Constantinople. Timmins, Smith and Mr de His, have decided to go with me. Sold my horse for 500 frs.

27th, Good breakfast, drinking water cooled with snow was very delicious after the bad hot water of Syria. Young Fould on board. At Tripoli all went ashore but me, who contented myself with sketching the pretty old and new town.

28th. Arrived at Lakatieh. Today went ashore with the others. Very pretty here, rich vegetation. 5 P. M. left for Alexandria where Alexander passed with his army, and where Jonah was thrown up by the whale! 'Tis very Jewish here, and there is a great extent of marshes. There is a chance of our being captured by the Russians, as war has been declared.

Sunday 29th, Passed on board doing nothing. This port is a place of bad fevers. We are glad to get away.

30th. We are ~~rion~~ now in for thirty- eight hours run to Rhodes. The Cipriyans also are on board. Mrs. C. decorated me this afternoon as

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Chevalier de L'ordre du Tippet, Mr. C is extremely kind and attentive.

31st. After breakfast heard that the coal took fire last night, but in about two hours they succeeded in getting it out. They say that they have kept the fire under sometimes for forty days.

June 1st, 1853. We are laying before Rhodes taking in coal. Rhodes is a very beautiful city, a perfect type of a city of the middle ages. Beautified with towers minaretes etc. Rich vegetation, palms etc. Took a hasty sketch. Off in rather a rough sea. Small sail boats very pretty. great deal of sail. Much smoke, made me think the boat was again a-fire, but it was only a pudding burning. The coasts of Asia Minor are arid with chains of barren mountains; very picturesque. The captain says, a sort of trade wind blows here eight or ten months of the year. Many small rock Islands. Our pilot down with fever. Coal on fire a - gain this evening.

June 2rd, Arrived at Smyrna. On the Baptismal font of St. Sophia is this inscription; "Wash not thy form only, but thy trangressions." The Captain hurried through the police, so that we just got through before sunset. Hotel very full. Met many acquaintances just arrived. No rooms. We reconnoitered a fresh part of the house, yet unfinished. Half an hour's parlez- vous, succeeded in getting some fine rooms, the best in the hotel, after which they put in some beds.

June 3rd. Spent the day sketching, all dined together.

4th, Sketching.

5th Sunday. There being five ministers in quarantine, we had

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their services. The best sermon from Mr. Richmond.

6th. Early this morning we were in a pretty caique sailing to town about two miles. Gardner, Hammond and I spent the evening in the Bazaars where a religious fête was going on. Firing in every direction.

7th June, Interesting to hear the Jews talk of the missionaries. They are pleased to have them come here and teach their children for nothing, but wont be christianized. One young man, speaking of his brother, said: "He made twins, but not strong enough, one died, next time he make but one." I asked for the receipt. Rabbis keep list of the boys and girls, make up the matches. Father of the boy claiming so much from the father of the girl as dot; for the girls must be married first, as on the father's death all the money goes to the boys. The people of Smyrna are a nasty insolent set. Many robberies committed out side of the city. Timmins was obliged the other day to crack a man over the head for insolence.

8th. This morning we bought five carpets, and in the afternoon started in a pretty fresh blow for Constantinople.

9th. Entered the Dardanelles, very pretty shores, rising high on both sides. Well lined with fortications. Three or four battle-ships in sight. At Mamora, Count and Countess Potocke came on board with Colonel Schiapine. The later very interesting. Every one full of self magnetism, discussing table- turning etc.

10th. Strong wind. In the afternoon arrived at Constantinople. Pretty on approach but unfortunately no sun, and in consequence much

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disappointment. The Cumberland, U. S. frigate here. Dropped anchor, jumped into caique, went to the hotel d'Angleterre, where Mr. Bronson, the U. S. Consul, called in the evening.

11th, Up early and got our party together, about eighteen. Crossed the Golden Horn and visited St. Sophia. The mosque of Achment Solymen, tombs of the Sultans, Janissary, costumes and armory. Finished off with the Seraglio. Much disappointed in every thing.

12th Sunday. Still afflicted with blisters and boils, and rested at home.

13th, Went through several of the Bazaars today. In the evening visited Colonel Schiafino, he showed us most beautiful oriental things. Hermann, ~~Hennam~~ the prestidigatateur, did some fine tricks. (R- told me that Hermann ~~Hennam~~ used to go out into the market place and pull carrots and turnips out of the noses and ears of the Turks, sitting crosslegged before their wares, but that they never cracked a smile.)

14th, Obliged to remain at home on account of my feet, but sketched all day. In the evening a great fire on the other side of the Golden Horn, the others went to see it. This is the month of the Raszan, the mosques are lighted at night and the miniarets look finely. The Russian question causes some excitement. In doors again, Sketching, but in the evening out into a pretty little shop. Timminsy the Hammonds and Hermann. Retired ~~Hennam., Returned~~ and cooked up an excellent poultice over light.

16th Sam Hammond remained at home with me watching the movement of the different steamers through a lorgnette, while I sketched. In the

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evening I bought the wonderful bottle from ~~Hennarm~~ Hermann, and we tried on our Harem dresses (This bottle was one of those from which prestidigitators pour all kinds of wine, and R. told me that he gave ~~Hennarm~~ Hermann, in exchange for it, a beautiful harem dress for his wife, who was an opera singer.) After this bottle had lain for at least thirty five years in a trunk of Eastern costumes etc. I gave it to a little man in the profession, to whom it was a wonderful gift, and a sacred relic)

18th, Tim and I made an excursion and took steamer up the Bosphorus, very beautiful. Had a fine view of the Turkish fleet. Large and fine ships. Houses at the waters edge all along. Fine vegetation, more arid on approaching the Black Sea. On coming back a Pasha had all the aft part of the cabin crowding it terribly. A Turkish doctor, doing magnetising tricks, and a bouncing black eunuch were on board.

Sunday 19th, An ox cart picnic to the 'sweet waters' of Europe. Wet through to the skin in a violent thunder storm, which looked beautifully, passing over Constantinople. Dried ourselves at a café. We lunched in a forest of wet clothes. Returned by the Golden Horn, very beautiful; passing the navy yard, and an immense Turkish Cemetiere, greatly neglected. In the evening joined the rest of the party at the Hotel Europe, and went to see the howling dervishes, through the fine moonlight, It was a disgusting sight.

20th, Visited the bankers. Bought tickets for Trieste, Gardner and Sam Hammond came with us. Before starting saw the Sultan.

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21st, Saw the French and English fleets of about twenty-eight ships and frigates in Vashiki Bay, and in the moonlight stopped at Mytilene where Sapho was born .

23rd, Arrived at Syra. The Sultan has done away with the questions in Syra, on account of troops sent to Constantinople from Egypt, and declared that vessels would be in quarantine five days here. We have just escaped, as we are passing our quarantine on board. On the 24th, we landed and took carriage for Athens through Sandy plain, to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and went at once to the Academie.

25th, Timmins and I visited the Acropolis, most magnificient, and the Temple of Thesius. Slept through most of the day, for it was fearfully hot. In the cool of the evening visited palace and gardens. Temple of Jupiter Olympus, Hadrian's Gate, and strolled through the streets.

26th Sunday. Didn't succeed in getting up early. Hot beyond words, but went to Church, and later to the Acropolis. "I have succeeded in disentangling myself from the great oriental snare, and although but half way toward civilization, I feel much better. The rest of the way is paved at least. I rise at 5 30 and visit the Acropolis" And here (Note by G.C.) one day his eyes fell from the wonderful panorama before him, on a little gleam of light in the dirt at his feet. He did not dare to stoop and investigate, for guards were on duty and tourists looking over his shoulder, as they do to the sketching artist. I suppose it is the human interest that makes people so curious about what a man is doing, for have you never noticed in galleries, how the majority of people

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stop to look at the copies on easels, of the great masterpieces? He sat watching it for hours, until the propitious moment came, when he dropped his handerchief over the lump of dirt, and transfered it to his pocket, and hurrying back to the hotel put it to soak. As the dirt washed itself off, there was revealed the little placque of pure gold which archeologists say came from the ivory statue of Athena, which was one of the chief beauties of the Acropolis, in its days of full splendor. end of work –

27th, I to the Acropolis this A.M. and passed most of the day there, Most of our party leave there to morrow .

28th, To the Acropolis again for most of the day. An Englishman thought of giving me a job, but I sloped . After dinner ~~I went~~ (?) of Demosthenes. The Amphtheater, Stadium, Gate of Actnian, Olympian Palace, by pretty little Byzantine Churches. Here follows a detailed description of the different buildings at Athens. Too closely written to decipher

ook this up

July 1st, Rode to Priens, and on board the Africa left for Trieste,

July 2rd, Passed southern coast of Morea, hilly mountainous and picturesque. Passed Gulf of Navrino and in evening promanaded with the ~~Frälien.~~ Fräulein.

July 3rd, Pretty hard blow to Corfu.

July 4th, Very hard blow, remained in bed.

July 5th, Weather calmed, but headache all day.

6th, Couldn't put in at Pola. Passed a fortified Island. A good port. United States wanted to buy it, but Austria was afraid to let

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them own it. Ampthiteatre at Pola, fine and well preserved.

July 7th, Trieste is prettily situated and quite gay. Tim and I delighted to get back to a civilized world. Got our passports and arranged for Venice, got shaved and put in order. Sorry our Consul wasn't at home, in order to beg a little of his brandy for we are not right yet.

8th, Steamer for Venice. Weather fine but warm. Hotel Europe. Top of the house, Piazza San Marco. Oh how charming!

9th, Morning at the Belle Arti and a heavenly evening in a gondola.

10th, San Marcos, the Ledo etc. Belle Arti San Saluti, and Piazza San Marco.

12th, Palace of Doges. Churches. Jews Palace, Canovas works, Bad!

13th Returned to Trieste to send boxes to New York, went on to Adelsburg.

14th, Cave very fine, but does not compare to the Mammoth Cave Va. Pretty country houses here, Refreshing to see things so green, since so long a stay in those pinched up countries. Spent some time in a barn yard studying the habits of peacocks, cocks, pidgeons etc. Timmins beat me four games of billiards, and we strolled about with our insect man(Baron Ostensacken) to the top of a Hill, ~~for his~~ 36000 bugs he has taken in four months.

15th, Through Gratz and beautiful country to Vienna.

16th, Hotel Emperor Roman, and went to see a doctor with Timmins. Dined at the Casino, visited Esterhazy's picture gallery. At the Para-

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dise Garden met Herrmann, Silleg and wife. Returned to their house, met other artists and had a pleasent time.

I7th. Visited St. Stephens church and called upon Col. Schiafine at Hotel Damn. Went to a public ball in the evening, but saw few pretty women! July 20th. It is very annoying always to have to write ahead for permits, so I have got disgusted and determined to leave Vienna. Made my way in two days journey to Salzborg by way of Ischl, a lovely journey.

July 23rd. From Salzborg to Munich. A long sight seeing day ending with the opera.

July 25th, Sight seeing diversified with pipe buying.

July 26th. Enroute to Nürnberg, then to Frankfort. Delighted with Bavaria, and so on back to Paris on the 29th. where I slept at William's, 25 rue Rochefocauld, and saw at once Joe Coolidge, Brimmer and Arthur Dexter; but I have been too long on the go, and went out to Fontainebleau to the Cadron Bleu, and to sketch. For a year I have been on the go, but I have borne myself in activity without work, and feel unsettled. I wished to be in and within a week I was heartily sick of Paris, and came to Fontainebleau. His note book contains the following: "I think I will

Letter of Sept. 10th. "Yesterday for the first time I got fairly at work again, and a happier man you do not see often. The spirit moved me and I moved with it."

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~~inside his garden."~~

One night after his return to Paris, he went with Arthur Dexter and other friends, to the stage door of one of the theaters, where they ~~were~~ playing some great historical and spectacular drama, and applied for position as sups, ~~and applied for position as sups~~. They were taken to the dressing rooms, and told to pick out costumes of court dignitaries, and follow in the train of the queen. All went very well, until on the middle of the stage, R-- remembered that his hands were black from the acid used in photography, and he used to make a very good story out of his efforts to conceal them behind his back, while he made the proper salutations. It was a last chance to the students of the latin quarter, but this experience satisfied R--.

In the autumn of the same year, he went with his mother and Jane through France and Italy. His swiss friend Franel was with him. It was his first visit to Avignon, Nîmes and that part of France. Rome was full of old friends when they reached there. The Pages, Dexters, Shaws, Crawfords and Martin VanBuren. At Pompeii they lived for some time at a little hotel outside the gate, with a very extended view from its flat roof. R-- had a letter to the Director of the Museum at Naples, and they all worked there from early morning until the doors were closed at sunset. In April 1854, he was appointed by the Ministre d'Etat to a position on the staff of the Travaux de la Rèunion des Tuileries aux Louvre as Inspecteur with an annual salary of 2000 frs.,

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~~for~~ During his absence in the East Visconti had died, and his old patron Hector Lefuel had succeeded him as the architect of the Emperor. He must have had his diploma before this, for Lefuel at once offered him a position in his office, and assigned to him the design and the working plans of the Pavillion de la Bibliothéque ~~of the~~ du Louvre. R-'s relations with Lefuel always remained intimate and affectionate, and each time that we were in Paris after our marriage, we dined with them constantly, meeting at their house many interesting people. It was a typical French ménage. Mme. Lefuel seemed to live a seperate life from her husband, who was a man of the world, and apparently lived in quite a different social atmosphere. The hotel they occupied had a garden between the street wall and the house, and right at the entrance there was a pavillion with library and private apartments which M. Lefuel occupied. It was connected with the main house by a long corridor. Mme. Lefuel was a splendid housekeeper, and her table literally groaned under the good things to eat, ~~such as I have never seen except in that class of French house.~~ She took good care of him during his frequent illnesses, for he was a great sufferer from rheumatism, but his distractions, he took á part, particularly in the green room of the Théatre Français, where he was a conspicuous figure, as well as in the most representative salons of Paris. As his name was Hector, she was always alluded to in the atelier as "Andromache", and there was alas! many a joke at her expense. A letter from M. Lefuel, written to me in 1867

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Don't type this Sheet

when it was impossible for him to accept some invitation on account of one of his attacks of rheumatism, speaks of R--'s work while with him.

Paris, Avril 28th. 1867.

The work at the Louvre was done at the time when dear Dick was working with me and he can well claim a good part of the credit. In not hiding from you this circumstance that his modesty will not permit him to tell you, I am sure my dear Madame that you will love him a little more —

Les travaux aux Louvre été faits du temps ou le cher Dick travaillait avec moi, et il peut á tres juste titre en revendiquez une ~~bonne~~ bonne part. En ne vous chachant pas cette circumstance que sa modestie ne lui á pas permis de vous dire. Je suis sur chére Madame, que vous allez de suite aimer un peu plus l'auteur.

Vieully agréer, chér Madame, l'assurance de me sentiments la plus affecteuesement devoué.

H. Lefuel.

In 1855 having finished his work on the Pavillion de la Bibliotheque du Louvre, he decided that if he was ever going home, it was time for him to return and establish himself. Lefuel was most anxious to have him remain, and even the Comte de Nemou threw all his influence in that direction. Lefuel offered him any government position in his control, and represented that in returning he would leave a certainty for an uncertainty, The façade of the rue de Rivoli had to be finished and the scaffolding down before the 1st. of May. So he staid for that and ~~He~~ then followed, for a few months, general construction in Paris. Christmas 1855 was spent in Paris, R-- having a terrible time with his agents in Boston over his belongings, which had been sent to the care of Hayward, who, having misappropiated money left in his charge, let them go

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in the public stores in default of paying the duties, and R-- had eventually to buy his own things back again, tracing some of them to the people who had bought them at public auction.

It was his last winter in Paris after he decided positively to come home. The whole family were much inconvenienced and put to serious loss by Mr. Hayward. Mr. Rufus Choate had charge of the case. In a Christmas letter to his mother he says: "It has been represented to me that America was not yet ready for the Fine Arts, but I think they are mistaken. There is no place in the world where they are more needed, or where they should be more encouraged. Why, there are more luxurious houses put up in New York

This is the place for Mr. Choate's portrait

About 1906, there was a proposition before the Minister of Fine Arts advocating a tax on all foreigners who came to France to profit by the free instructions provided by the National Schools of the Nation. This proposition was opposed by the Minister in a speech in which he instanced the career of Richard Morris Hunt as one who had recieved his artistic education from the French Government. He said he had more than repaid for his education at once for the work he had done in Mr. Lefuel's office, and that since, he had repaid it a thousand fold in the amount of work he had directly and indirectly given to Frenchmen through advice to his wealthy clients, and for his furtherance of all international art interests.

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so he waited until before sailing for home

ing to America, ~~and so he sailed for home in~~ midsummer, going via Belgium to England with Gus Perkins and his sister Louisa, who afterward married his brother William.

" So in his twenty-seventh year, after an education and training such as no American architect had before, or indeed has since enjoyed, he returned to his native land accredited as an ambassador of art, from the abounding wealth of the old world to the infinite possibilities of the new. This beginning was as usual with all beginnings, small, uncertain, and beset with disappointments. The new world was not then hospitable to such high ideals, such noble enthusiams, as this first American throughbred brought with him from the schools of Paris. He found himself an exile in his own country, and if he had not been inspired by a patriotic ardor and hopefulness which possessed his whole heart to the end, he would more than once been tempted to listen to the ardent entreaties of his old comrades in art, who, with sympathetic affection, were eager to welcome him back again to the more congenial atmosphere of the old world. There, doubtless, he could have made for himself a great career, for the architecture of France knew that it had lost in this aspirant, one of the most vigorous and brilliant personalities which for many years had appeared in its schools. But his natural loyalty was unshaken, and he staved because he loved his country, and because he modestly believed that, sooner or later, he could do something to direct

a part of its crude but tremendous energy to the service of beauty and truth in art."

Most of his father's and mother's old friends had died during the many years he had lived in Europe, So that he came back to his own land almost a stranger, save for the many warm friends he had made among his countrymen in Paris, and the earlier ones of his boyhood in Boston.

In March 1856 he accepted an offer from Mr. Thomas U. Walters, who had charge of the extension of the Capitol at Washington, to become his assistant, with the privilege of returning to New York

and It is an interesting detail that he was paid $50. a week, the largest salary except that paid to Mr. Walters.

[illegible] the work on his house was well advanced. He enjoyed the work on the Capitol building and also the social life the next winter. His mother and Jane joined him in Washington, and they were at Willard's hotel, where the life was unlike any hotel life now existing. The hotel was full of distinguished political people, who all met in the evening in the parlors. Senator Crittenden, a prominent figure, often came in to the room wearing his hat, which annoyed and disgusted R--, who was always particular about respect to the fair sex; So one evening R-- walked into the room in the same way with his hat on his head, and quietly went from one lady to another, Conversing with each.

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Every one knew why it was done, and although no allusion was ever made to this want of courtesy, Mr. Crittenden never again appeared with his hat on. R. paid a visit to Philadelphia, and deplored that "New Yorkers of the last century were not as sensible as Philadelphians, where classical architecture predominates," He also notes that the Furness family "were a most charming and polite". Of this visit Mr. Frank Furness writes: "The first time I ever saw Mr. Hunt was at my father's house when I was a boy of sixteen. He had just left Mr. Walter's office and was on his way to establish himself in New York. My brother, who was a painter, had known Mr. Hunt in Paris. Mr. Hunt had letters to my father. This first meeting with him is very vividly impressed on my mind, for I was fascinated by his appearance. At that time he had not the thoughtful look which he bore in later years, but seemed a bunch of joyous energetic nerves. Every nerve strained to describe what he was saying. I had already begun to learn the use of the instruments in the study of architecture. The moment Mr. Hunt spoke of his profession, I became absorbed and shall never forget seeing him describe a tower, I think, on one of the European Catherals--- He quickly picked up a piece of paper and taken a pencil out of his pocket made one of those wonderful cobweb sketches of his. ~~Quoting from Mr. Furness~~ I had never before seen such drawing. Every line was emphasized in the right place, and thoroughly fulfilled its purpose As soon as he had gone I began to talk to my brother about him,

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asking "if he was not an altogether wonderful fellow." I do not wonder that you ask" replied my brother, "for when I was in Paris he had the reputation of being by far the brightest man in the École des Beaux Arts".

My impression is that his first work was a picture gallery ~~which he built~~ for Mr. Wright at Weehawken. The original plan for a house for Mr. and Mrs. Rossiter, daughter and son-in-law of Dr. Parmly a well known and eccentric dentist, owning much real estate ~~personal property~~, was made in Paris in 1855, when R-- was working on the Louvre, and he was so occupied that this extra work had to be done in the evenings. After he returned to America he resumed work on them, making other sketches which were accepted by Dr. Parmly. When R--- had an opportunity ~~offer~~ to go to Washington to see how public buildings were constructed in this country, he left the plans and the superintendence of the building with Dr. Parmly's approval, in the hands of a first rate architect, Jos. Clark C. Welles who had been practising twelve in New York 12 years. On his return from Washington, in May, he continued his personal superintendence of the house, but when the work was practically finished in Nov. 1857, Dr. Parmly, who had the reputation of being a very close man, refused to honor R's-- bills. The house cost between $50,000 and $60,000 and Dr. Parmly was outraged at the charge of 5% which covered the designs for interior decoration, and considered $450

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which he had paid on account, sufficient for ~~his services.~~ There was nothing to do, but to bring the matter into ~~the~~ court. The case was tried by ~~Stone~~ Storrs and Sedgwick before Judge Hoffman of the Supreme Court.

Messrs. Bradbury, Frederick Diaper, Wightman, Richard Upjohn, Frederick A Petersen, Jacob Wrey Mould, Samuel Curtes, Isaac G. Pearson, Lienau, and Henry Dudley, testified as to Mr. Hunt's ability and the equity of his charges. The situation was aggrievated by the fact that Dr. Parmly's daughter had died, and ~~that~~ Mr. Rossiter ~~soon~~ married again within the year.

Judge Hoffman's charge to the Jury was very clear and logical. And the Jury gave a verdict of 2 1/2%, additional the minimum commission charged by ~~the~~ architects at that time. It was a case of much importance to architects, and has perhaps gone farther than any other, towards establishing the commissions of the profession upon a fixed basis. The Architectural Journals of the day, published the trial in full, with long editorals, and ~~that of~~ "The Architect and Mechanics Journal" of Saturday April 6th, 1861, describes the situation so graphically, that it is inserted intact.

THE RIGHTS OF ARCHITECTS.

Whatever amount of importance the architects of this country may have reson to attach to the trial of Hunt vs. Parmly, to which we have, for weeks past devoted so much space in our col-

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umns, we fear that whole matter will be considered as nothing but a downright farce in any other portion of the civilized world in which these pages may be read. People at a distance will ask, and very naturally, how can architecture as a fine art-- ever arrive at perfection, or by what miracle has it attained even to its present mediocre respectability, in a country where such opinions are current, respecting its intrinsic value and the amount of consideration due to its professors? Where, but here, could any one be found to stand in open court and seriously give such ridiculous opinions about the use and value of an architect's services as those which came from one of the leading witnesses of the defendant? Punch has immortalized one, Coroner Wakley, of London, who boasted in the House of Commons that he could, if he liked to try, turn out poetry by the bushel, as well as any poet dead or alive, although no poet himself; but that was perfect modesty in comparsion with the architectual pretensions of Mr. Thomson, the carpenter.

In any part of the world but the United States, there is but one way in which the services of an architect are applied to any building in which such services are required at all, and that is: to consider him, and him only, the director and supervisor of the whole concern from foundation to actual occupation. If a man wishes to build a simple house or any thing else, which is merely

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the simile of anything already executed, we can understand how he can be perfectly safe in putting such a matter into the hands of a trustworthy contractor of intelligance, without the aid of any architect; but the very moment we cross the boundary of mere mechanical building and enter the domain of architecture, as a fine art, that moment an architect becomes not only indispensable, but, when once employed, his creations are of such a nature that no one can possibly, so well as himself, see them brought to fair and successful issue.

It is not our purpose to enter into any minute consideration of the merits or rights of either party in this controversy. A Jury, after a long and patient investigation, have decided unanimously in favor of the plaintiff, and our readers will be able to judge of the correctness of that verdict from the ample details of the trial which we have laid before them. Our object is rather to comment upon a few of those remarks which were elicited during the trial, and which go to show the very singular light in which architecture is viewed by some of our people. In the first place, it is scarcely conceivable by what contortion of reasoning any man could arrive at such an appreciation of an architect's services as Dr. Parmly seems to have, respecting those of one so distinguished in his profession as Mr. Hunt. It is still more singular in one, who, by his family connections might be supposed to have been breathing an atmosphere of art, and

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whose own profession should have induced him to look at least with sympathy and respect upon the labors of any one gaining a livelihood, like himself by the dearly-earned medium of scientific attainments. Whether we give him credit for thinking that Mr. Hunt could afford to yield him nearly two years of his valuable thoughts and labor for nothing, or whether we notice his horror when Mr. Rossiter announced that the usual charge among all respectable architects was five per cent, the doctor seems to have entertained a very vague notion either of the use or value of an architect's services. But we must, in justice, say that he is by no means singular in this respect. A strange sort of hallucination seems to surround some people(the region of their pockets especially) the moment they come into an architect's office. They seem to think it nothing but a little innocent amusement for an architect to sit down and bother his brains over a drawing-board, week after week evolving forms of beauty out of chaos for any one who wants to build a house for profit or enjoyment. What remote connection those pretty lines can have with a man's substantial advancement in life, much less with bread and cheese or rent, passes their comprehension altogether. They lose sight entirely of the worry and responsibility , the wear and tear of mind and body in inventing, preparing specifications and making contracts-- a mental tax scarcely, if at all, inferior to those

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of a lawyer in conducting ~~some~~ an important case. They forget the constant anxiety in guarding against possible errors, or the vexation of redeeming real blunders, caused one half the time by ignorant mechanics who don't understand working drawings when they have them, or by learned carpenters who reserve to themselves the right of knocking an architect's best thought into a cocked hat whenever it suits their convenience; thoughts that probably took the poor artist days and days to experimentalize upon and mature, but the feeling of meaning of which these "practical" gentlemen often comprehend about as much as a clam may be supposed to ~~do one~~ know of ~~those~~ Beethoven's symphonies. Dr. Parmly, and those who think like him, seem to ignore the long years of study and probation which an architect has to go through before he can produce those marks which seem to come so glibly from his pencil; or-- to come to a standard that perhaps such folks can recognize more easily--the fortune, in actual dollars and cents, which he may expend~~ed~~ in obtaining the kind of knowledge they so much underrate but cannot do without. Such men will walk into a jeweler's store, ascertain the price of a diamond to be $1,000 and pay down the sum cheerfully and aristocratically, without one word of comment, They also understand when they see a thousand dollar's worth of visible, ponderable brickwork, that such labor and material mean dollars and cents; but let an architect

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being in a bill of $1,000 for one year's hard coinage of his brains and nerves, and such art-patrons stand aghast at the imposition. We would like, for curiousty, to reduce the actual time that Mr. Hunt had individually devoted to this house, in sketching, drawing, rubbing out and putting in again, in superintendence, contracts, conferences arguments, locomotion, letter-writing, thinking and plotting by day and dreaming of it by night it would be fun to reduce all the months, so employed, into hours and minutes; then ascertain how many minutes are necessary to draw a tooth, and set Dr. Parmly to work to see how many dollar teeth he could extract in the same amount of time, hour for hour, and without counting any other collateral emoluments that may belong to a dentist's profession. If it be found that the doctor's labor is infinitely better requited than even the rate allowed by the jury to Mr. Hunt(as he will soon find to be so, if he amuses himself with the calculation), we then want him to tell us if to be a good architect [illegible]

All his life long,by example and by precept,he impressed the paramount need of the mastery of principle,practice and method of both design and detail,which is characteristic of the logical training in which France excels.

[illegible] in a bill of $1,000 for one week's hard courage of his
[illegible] and nerves, and our re-partnerships stand against at the in-
[illegible]ter. We would like, for curiosity, to reduce the notion
[illegible]. Just how are usually to [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible], [illegible] for two [illegible], in mu-
[illegible]tings, contracts, conference arguments, litigation,
[illegible], talking and plotting by day and dreaming of it by night
[illegible] would be fun to reduce all the hours, so employed, into dollars
and cents; then ascertain how many minutes are necessary to
[illegible] a tooth, and set Dr. Darrip to work to see how many dollars
[illegible] he could extract in the same amount of time, hour for hour,
[illegible] without counting any other collateral emoluments that may be-
long to a dentist's profession. If it be found then the doctor's
[illegible]or is ordinarily better rewarded than even the rate allowed by
[illegible] Jury to Mr. Bumble(as he will soon find to be so, if he ever
[illegible] meet with the calculation), we then work can to tell us if to
[illegible] a good architect requires less talents, education, energy,
[illegible] industry, varied for accomplishments, &c., than to be a good
dentist; if not, then why does not equal architecture to be at
[illegible] as deserving of emolument as tooth-drawing?

One prime error revealed in this trial in the ridiculous
notion which some people seem to have about an architect's super-
[illegible]tendence. They will contend in earnest with a foreman

His most important work, was the studio building in west 10th St. Mr. James B. Johnston and his brother John ST. were foremost among the art patrons of that day and recognized the importance of providing good studios to meet the demand, and which would also contain a gallery for the exhibition of paintings. They therefore built the 10th St. building, with R-- as the architect. Every studio was taken at once, and it became the camping ground for ~~the most~~ prominent artists such as:

Hayes the animal painter

John La Farge

W. P. W. Dana

William Beard

F. E. Church

H. F. H. DeHaas

J. W. Casilaer

Henry T Tuckerman, the art critic was also among the first to occupy a studio

The large square exhibition room was used for all sorts of exhibitions and sales. As late as 1894 Mr. William Chase, used the big room as his studio and the adjoining smaller ones as his private apartment. And the room was still obtainable for occasional private entertainments, as when Carmencita danced before the Thursday Evening Club. ~~And~~ The studios of the different artists were crowded on Saturday afternoons, which was selected as the ~~acknowledged~~ reception day from the time the building was opened.

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When R-- first came to New York,he established himself at the University Building,the south east corner of Washington square,taking for his quarters the great lecture hall,with two small adjoining rooms and turning the prosaic walls into a veritable museum. His friend, Theodore Winthrop,made it the scene of his novel called "Cecil Dreeme" and R-- the "Stillfleet"of his story. R-- continued to live here for a while after he had moved his offices to 10th st.,taking his meals at the Brevoort House until his mother bought a house 49 West 35th st which he and Leavitt and Jane occupied with her.

George B.Post had graduated from the Engineering School of the New York University in the spring of 1858. Finding there was no opening for an engineer,he combined,with Charles D.Gambrill and Henry Van Brunt in persuading R-- to take them as pupils,but the next year want of space and poor light made larger and better quarters necessary,so R-- transferred all his belongings to the 10th st.Studio Building as well as his pupils,Gambrill,Post,Van Brunt,Ware,Edward Quincey of Boston and Frank Furniss of Philadelphia.E.L.Hyde was a member of the first class,but eventually he abandoned the study of architecture and became a Methodist minister,and Quincey left architecture for the study of painting. In the Studio Building quite a large room was reserved for the students,"there they worked under the constant spur of Mr.Hunt's magnetic enthusiasm". Frank Furniss joined after the reciept of an enthusiastic letter from Mr.Gambrill"about Mr.Hunt's methods of teaching". There was a family council and Dr. Furniss decided that his son should also enter as a student.

The reminiscences are still so vivid in the minds of the men of this class that I will let them speak for themselves. Frank Furniss writes me: My brothers were instrumental in influencing me to come to New York and place myself under Mr.Hunt's instruction.A short time after one of my brothers came home a graduate from Cambridge, he recieved letters from two of his classmates who intended to become architects.These men were Charles D.Gambrill and Henry Van Brunt.They had both been very great friends of my brother's during their college course,as had also been William R.Ware,now professor of Architecture at Columbia College,and even then known by the nickname of "Billy Bob".These three young men hearing that Mr.Hunt was about to open a school of architecture in New York,determined to avail themselves of the opportunity and study with him,Gambrill and Van Brunt going first. They were so much struck with Mr.Hunt and his enthusiastic method of teaching,they wrote to my brother about it;he in turn showed it to my father,and,after a family council, it was decided I should enter at once as a student of Mr.Hunt's just established school of architecture."

(Charley Gambrill's career was unfortunately cut short by his own act. He was a son of a surgeon in the Navy,and married Emily Wight. When he and George Post left the 10th st.studio they formed a partnership,and later Gambrill went into partnership with Richardson,under the firm name of Gambrill & Richardson. This firm finally was dissolved on account of Richardson's want of business

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habits in money matters,and soon afterwards Gambrill shot himself in his office. He was a man of great ability and charming personality,but he had none of the characteristics which go to make up a successful business man.)

"In the Studio Building we had quite a large room the walls, of which, were covered with casts that Mr.Hunt had selected and collected with great care,and I shall never forget his face nor his attitude of extreme distress and dejection when he found that some energetic slavey had dusted them all. The look of positive agony with which he gazed upon the clean white plaster, which he had been admiring only the day before on account of their beautiful coloring of dust, was indescribable,as was also the language to the slavey

A long table at which three people could work,one at each end and one in the center,stood before the window. There were also two large drawing boards standing on trestles,one for each person, and a blackboard made of canvass on a frame hinged to the wall. Behind this blackboard our crockery,knives,forks and spoons,teacups and saucers with other table equipments were kept,for the arrangement was that we,the students,were to have the use of the studio. In addition to the study of orders we were given a monthly problem which we first sketched and then worked up during the month. If the work was not finished in a month,he gave us another problem, but that which he declared to be the most important was to "draw, draw,draw,sketch,sketch,sketch!if you can't draw anything else

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draw your boots,it doesn't matter,it will ultimately give you a control of your pencil so that you can the more rapidly express on paper your thoughts in designing. The greater facility you have in expressing these thoughts the freer and better your designs will be". Four of us had sleeping rooms in the building.We took our breakfasts in the studio,the eatables being purchased for us by Mrs.Winter,the janitress,one of us paying and keeping the accounts for the mess. It seems rather queer when we hear of the extravagance of living in New York to think that our breakfast bill never exceeded $1.30 a week.

The first morning I spent at the studio,when Mr.Hunt came in he nodded to the other fellows and shaking hands with me,said he was very glad to see me among the rest of them.He then made the address which I found afterward was made to all newcomers,and which proved a great incentive to industrious work. It ran some what after this fashion:"Now look here don't you see I am not going to be any kind of a bear leader,schoolmaster or task master to you in any way.You pay me to get out of me every thing I know about architecture,and for what you pay me I am willing to give you the benifit of what I know.If you choose to loaf and throw away the opportunity of getting all that you might out of me that is your look out not mine,you will never by word,look or action on my part know that I do not think you are doing quite right. In short I am here to teach you if you want to be taught,I am not here to force you in any way."

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The first careful drawing in Indian ink in Mr. Hunt's studio was indeed a frightful ordeal. He had such a perfect control over both his pencil and his brush that it seemed to him impossible that everybody else should not have the same facility. The consequence was that the pupil had indeed a terrible time, generally speaking with evident enjoyment, well knowing that he had previously gone through the same ordeal.

In the course of time I also had an opportunity to witness the effect of the Indian ink ordeal on a new comer by the name of Hyde. He was a simple hearted fellow from somewhere down East, I should imagine one of the numerous fishing towns on the Massachusetts coast. He had in his hand a brush full of ink, and was attempting to lay the tint evenly over quite a large surface of paper Mr. Hunt was standing over him watching every trembling stroke of the brush. Hyde over-ran the line where the wash of ink ought to have stopped. "There you go, there you go" shouted Mr. Hunt "floppety, flop." Hyde looked up at him in a piteous way, saying "What do you mean by floppety, flop? Do you take me for a codfish in the bottom of a boat?" "Right you are" was the reply.

I had been in the studio but a few days when Ware joined us, and he and I made arrangements for the sake of economy.

As I look back, upon this time of my life, it was indeed delightful, and the daily visit in the morning that Mr. Hunt al-

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ways paid us was the bright spot in the day.

The whip used by Mr. Hunt to keep us well up to the mark was a critical bludgeon, with now and then between the blows a very small dose of praise, of course greatly prized by all on account of its rarity; the bitter medicine was always administered first, and then came the currant jelly, in the way of praise, to palliate the sometimes fearful dose.

I well remember his going up to Ware's board a few days after the latter's arrival, when the monthly problem, as I remember it, was a public fountain to be erected in the central part of a town. Ware had worked at his design for most(if not all) of the previous night. Mr. Hunt looked at his drawing and said: "Heavens! we have the wash tubs, where are the washwomen?" and then: "Well, I don't know but that the wash tubs might be fixed up, if so and so and so were done, to look something like a fountain."

Ware was a little downcast, but when his master began to show him how it should be done, he became intensely interested, and by the end of the month had succeeded in the matter of design beyond his expectation.

Mr. Hunt constantly sent his pupils to the street with their sketch books, oftentimes telling us it was a great deal too fine a day to stay indoors, and that we better sketch outside. One of his most emphatic instructions to us was: "Never work at a thing when you are in the least tired of it.

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Put it aside; do something else, and then some other time when ~~when~~ you begin to remember with a little curiosity what you have done, take it up and go to work at it again."

We all indeed worked very hard, and we also played very hard, I shall never forget one morning when we had unanimously decided that architecture was rather out of place, and that an oyster stew made in a large tin pan belonging to our cupboard was the thing that demanded our most earnest study. I think the whole affair was suggested by Post.

We sent Mrs. Winter to ~~the~~ Jefferson Market for oysters and milk; butter we had and bread we had, and a good fire to toast the bread by. ~~And a good fire to taost the bread by.~~ Our gas stove was started, the oysters were cooking and the bread toasting, each fellow dropping his own particular piece of well buttered toast into the pan and trying to keep track of it, when, in the midst of an animated dispute between Post and myself as to the proprietorship of a certain piece of toast, the door opened and in walked Mr. Hunt.

A dead silence fell upon the partakers of the feast. Mr. Hunt, however said "Hullo! that smells mighty good. Here, give us a piece of toast, let's have a shy at the stew." Of all charming mornings that ever were spent, this was the most delightful. Mr. Hunt told us about his student life in Paris and the queer times he had spent in the School of Fine Arts. After a couple of

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hours he got up, and looked at his watch with "Hullo! we have no time for architecture this morning. Goodbye, I shall probably see you to-morrow."

Treating us in this way did more to make us feel that our master, as well as the rest of us, was eagerly pursuing the one object; that he, having thoroughly explored all ~~its~~ paths and roads and learned them well, was our trusted guide and leader.

In spite of his familiar manner with the students and the power he had of making the most biting and cutting criticisms of our work, I never knew him to be addressed by any of us in a way that could be construed as in the least disrespectful. He was indeed so far above us all in ability, capacity for work, and knowledge, that I cannot imagine any young man who could fail to be rather awestricken in his presence. He never did anything by halves; He was the hardest worker I have ever known, and when he played he did it just as energetically, and as earnestly as he worked.

I look back to a certain evening when we had quite a spree in Hayes', the animal painter's, studio. It was a large room with, among many other things, a grand paino. The walls were hung with the skins of the birds and beasts that Hayes had from time to time committed to canvas. On the night in question there were gathered there twenty or thirty of the painters living in the

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Studio Building, together with Mr. Hunt's students? Mr. Hunt of course was one of the party.

After a great deal of singing and story telling, somebody at the piano struck up the Lancers. Of course there were no girls to dance with. However all chose partners and we vigorously danced the entire set of Lancers, Mr. Hunt going through the grand chain in his terribly energentic manner with a long clay pipe, a "Church warden", crosswise in his mouth. The dexterity with which he got through the dizzy mazes of the dance without breaking the pipe was a matter of great wonder. I like to remember these things because they reveal to me more distinctly the companion and friend Mr. Hunt was to us all. He rarely praised us to our faces, but when other people, outsiders, asked him how his students were getting on, I have heard that he was loud in his praise of each and all of us, saying that we were a very determined, hard-working set of fellows.

Another time as he entered the studio for his morning visit, he found me at the blackboard engaged in drawing a rough caricature of Quincy? My back was to the door, and I did not know of Mr. Hunt's presence, but went on with the drawing, not regarding the fact that my efforts, then nearing completion, did not seem to be meeting with as loud applause or evidence of approval as when I first began. The cause became plain to me in the sound

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of Mr. Hunt's voice exclaiming "Great God! Furness, if you can caricature a plan as well as you can Quincy, and get as much ink on paper as you have on your coat, you will be a Michael Angelo". I dropped the chalk and tried in some way to get to my drawing board, but it was not to be. Having once started, Mr. Hunt kept me at the blackboard making attempts at caricaturing the whole party, including himself. I cannot but feel a little flattered that he seemed very much amused. After I had got through with my attempts at the caricatures of my fellow students and my master, the inspection of our real work by Mr. Hunt went on as usual, but after that morning I was frequently ordered to the blackboard to finish off the hour of daily instruction by showing, as it appears to me, how badly a man could draw and yet retain some slight resemblance to the individual whose face and figure he was attempting to render ridiculous.

The last summer that I was with Mr. Hunt, he was in ill health and was going to take a three months holiday. Accordingly he transferred Quincy and myself to his brother William, the painter, who had a studio in Newport. Of course I passed a delightful two months there, well knowing that I had a great opportunity, and trying as best I might, to avail myself of it. The last month which I was to have stayed with Mr. Hunt's brother was, however, passed in New York, as the draughtsman was taken ill and, as Mr. Hunt was then in Newport with no intention of returning for the present to New York, he came to his brother's

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studio and asked me to return to New York and "keep shop" for him, as he expressed it, until Fall, when he was to return. I, of course, did as he requested. His office was not very busy at that time, and though New York in the month of September was not as pleasant as Newport, I got along fairly well until Mr. Hunt's return.

The next winter I remained with him at his office, intending to go with Quincy to Paris to complete my architectural education. This, however, I did not do. The war broke out, and instead of going to Paris, I went to Virginia, serving in the army for the next four years.

When I left the service I at once went to New York and saw Mr. Hunt. He was very, very kind, telling me to come immediately back to his office where I should soon be able to pick up what I had learned and go on with the study of my profession.

Naturally a very young man, intensely admiring another man some years his senior, strives to be as much like the object of his admiration in every respect as possible, and thus I tried to acquire the forcible manner which Mr. Hunt used in expressing himself. This was the only thing acquired during my life in Mr. Hunt's studio, which I found could be used with great efficacy in the army-- especially useful was it to a cavalry officer, and, proverbially , to a dragoon.

I can remember one day, after my return to New York, being in the outer office, Mr. Hunt occupying his private room which was shut off by sliding doors from the room where I was. Some con-

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tractor or workman having rather put me out by what I thought his stupidity, I, to use a slang expression, "cut loose at him" for about a minute. Then the sliding doors were quickly pushed aside, Mr. Hunt's head appearing in the aperture: "Good heavens, Furniss", said he, "the pupil has excelled the master in one respect at any rate."

I have endeavored to relate a few recollections of my early days in Mr. Hunt's studio. To attempt to describe in words the actions, teachings, and sayings of the great master would be, for me, impossible, and yet I need no effort to recall them for they have become a part of my professional existence. Not a day passes in the practice of the profession, without the desire on my part for the counsel and advice of one who was so wise, so true and kind."

After R--'s death Mr. Furniss wrote: "In his delightful manner he used frequently to allude to me as his son, and he indeed stood in the relation of father to me in all that pretained to my professional life, and I do not think that I ever have or ever shall take a pencil in my hand without thinking of him in some way."

Mr. Henry Van Brunt writing of the same time says:

"No influence has been so patent in establishing ideals for my guidance in professional life as those which I enjoyed thirty eight years ago as a pupil of Mr. Hunt's. The stimulous and inspiration of this rare experience have always been with me, and I still feel not only a deep sense of gratitude for this most singular service, but in common with my three or four comrades of the 10th st. Studio Building, a deep and enduring affection.

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"The first thing he required of us,his pupils,was to learn thoroughly the orders of architecture,so that if we had a moulding that was taken from any of the given orders,we could construct from this moulding the entire order.He was very decided in his opinion that one should be trained in the orders. "No matter if you never practise classical architecture you get a certain idea of proportion that will never leave you,and that is the essential of good designing in any of the different schools."

There we entered upon an era so rich,so full of surprise and delight,that it seems as we look back upon it as if once more in the world,the joy of Renaissance,the white light of knowledge,had broken in upon the superstitions of romance. To us it was a revalation and an enlargement of vision so sudden and complete that the few years spent by us in that stimulating atmosphere were the most memorable and eventful in life. But if the disciples were glad to learn the master was generous to teach.

It seems to me that an individuality so invigorating and inspiring was never before united with a heart so gentle,so loyal,and so unselfish. I recall countless offices of friendship and interest during my career,which have been of the greatest value to me,and now that these services can no longer be rendered,will remain as a cherished memory. My whole professional life has been warmed and enlightened by this most prolific friendship."

While Mr.George B.Post says:

"I became his pupil in 1858,and from that time I looked to him for

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sympathy and advice with the confident assurance that it would be hearty, true and sound, and I have no one now to turn to. Those of us who were fortunate enough to be placed under the immediate influence of Mr. Hunt as his pupils, will never forget either the wealth of his resources or the inspiring nature of his instruction. These resources were placed at our disposal with a most lavish hand, and under the vehement and strenuous manner of the master, we quickly discovered the truth and tenderness of his heart. The study of architecture, at that time, was persued under the most discouraging conditions. The art was ill understood, and indeed hardly respected by the public. There were but few schools in which it was recognized as a desirable subject for study. There were but few books available, and our traditions were eminently provincial. Examples of good work were so rare that our ideals of perfection were incoherent and doubtful, and were swayed now in one direction and now in another by the literary warfare then prevailing between Gothic and classic camps. Mediaevalism was sustaining itself by the religious ardor of Pugin and the brilliant rhetoric and poetic imagery of Ruskin. Sentiment was keenly aroused, but discipline was silent. But though the atmosphere was thick with prejudice and controversy, there was an intellectual movement in the midst of it exceedingly attractive to young men of education and artistic instincts."

Mrs. Marie Caroline de Trobriand Post has recently compiled a book on the Post family from which I take this account of George B. Post

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"George Browne Post:Eldest son of Joel Browne Post,was born in New York December 15th,1837. After leaving Mr.Churchill's Military School he studied at the University of the City of New York and graduated in the class of Civil Engineering in 1858. Immediately after his graduation he began the study of Architecture under the late Richard Morris Hunt,a man whose name will remain famous in the annals of his profession in this country,not only for his own noble works,but for the influence he exerted upon his art,and the many noted leaders of architecture in America who were his pupils."

The following is an extract from a letter from Mr.William R.Ware.

"It was Mrs.George Schuyler who first told me about Mr.Hunt's 10th st.studio,and it was a rainy Sunday that I presented myself, and to this day a rainy Sunday in New York is always redolent of delightful associations. In the evening they(Post and Gambrill) took me over to the University Building. The big dark room,full of all sorts of old furniture and hangings fragrant from France and Italy,seem in itself full of the inspiration I was eager to recieve, and Mr.Hunt himself to embody the genius of the place,charged to

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overflowing with ~~all~~ the life in Europe. I made my arrangements to join the others, and in looking back to the eight months spent in the 10th St. Studio, it seems to me strange that we should have worked so hard, and yet as I remember it, have so little to show for it, but it is still more remarkable, that accomplishing so little, we should have learned so much. I think we all of us feel that it was then, that we learned all we knew. For my own part, not only do I constantly refer, to the principles of design that are of daily occurence, back to the moment that Mr. Hunt first called our attention to them, but a special series of work and study which are now the characteristic features of our teaching, are the developements of methods of which he gave the clue; ~~but~~ for his efficiency as a teacher lay not so much in precept, as in his personal example, an example beyond the range of our achievements, but none the less stimulating and inspiring. I was there only eight or nine months, almost every day he would come in, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the evening, and set us at some new line of work, spuring us and whipping us along paths then new to this part of the world. Sometimes we would all go and dine together, Mr. Hunt with us, and get him talking after dinner. One night I remember particularly at Stuevs, which I think was in Grand St, I got him to expound the whole scheme of the École, we had had it in fragments before, but I wanted to know all about it. It was that, that made Van Brunt and me ambitious to hand along to others, the light that we were receiving,

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and as you know, everything that has been done at the Institute and at the college, has followed that precept and that The example that impressed me most, even more than his knowledge and skill, was the generosity of his disposition, the lavish way in which he put himself at our service , and indeed it has been so ever since. Whenever there was a chance to be of service, especially a service to the profession, he at once became the most serious and devoted of men. No labor was so difficult or inopportune, but he readily and gladly took it up and gave it all the attention and time it would bear. It was this, and the standard of conduct which he set up, and which he enforced by precept and example, which even more than the work he carried through put him at the head of his profession, and made him to be gladly accepted as its leader. Of course there is no one to take his place. Places like that are not filled. But his memory will last, and be powerful for good, and his influence for good will outlast even his fame. Though he was only a few years older than we, we looked up to him as a Master. He was to us one of the happy guides whom we joyfully followed up to the heights. That was nearly forty years ago , but I think none of us ever changed our attitude. For myself, there is no one for whom I have had the

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same loyal affection and gratitude. There is no one whose approbation, when it has happened to come, has been so welcome; but everything I have done which has been at all worth attempting has been merely the carrying out of the work begun in 10th st. In a letter to R-- asking him to come to see some of his work Mr. Ware says: "I shall never forget that it is your work that I am trying to do. It all counts back to the studio in 10th st. thirty years ago." And he further says: "A satisfactory expression of our condition is in Mr. Emerson's lines in which he sets forth the delight of following an inapproachable leader, in inviting an inimitable master:

"Long have I followed happy guides--
I could never reach their sides.
Their step is forth and ere the day
Breaks up their leaguer, and away
On away their hustling feet
Make the morning proud and sweet.
Keen my senses, my heart was young,
Right good with my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails."

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E.L.Marsh,who entered the office in these ealier days with a letter of introduction from George B.Post,says R-- looked him over and then said ,"in a voice enough to frighten me out of my life;"

"What can you do?" "I can't do much of anything,but I should like to try."(These are his experiences as he gave them to me.)

"I can see him laugh yet.He then called Mr.Beckwith and asked him to find something for me to do. The next morning I was on hand bright and early,before nine o'clock. I opened the studio door and found Mr.Hunt hard at work in his night shirt.An idea had come to him,and with his usual impetuosity he had not waited to prepare himself for the day. "What,you here so soon! I havn't had time to dress yet.What kind of a fellow are you any way to be here before I am fairly up?"He used to say to us."Education first and then experience". Sometimes in the afternoon."Oho,five o'clock and nothing done today?" and then again"Another day over and great work accomplished,time to go home."What are you doing? he would ask his men,at times so sddenly that they would think twice before answering. This would provoke him."Don't you know what you are working on d-- it?""Learn to use a two foot rule,soft charcoal and smoke a pipe if you want to be a successful architect."

He was the only one in the office who could scale a drawing with a two foot rule,but he could never keep one. You could hear him shouting:"Who in hell takes my rule?" Some one was announced who wanted to see him on business,perhaps to sell books or photo-

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graphs:"What you here again? (business over)now get out.If I see you here again within three weeks,bang goes the gun!" If it was a book agent,after buying everything good he had for sale,he would call "Marsh",and with a merry twinkle in his eye,say:"Marsh,take a good look at this man,if you ever find him again coming into this office,get your gun and shoot him on the spot." Once I was passing in the hall and met a man who had been directed to Mr.Hunt's private room. He stopped me ~~in the hall~~ and said:"Do you know I feel like going back and thrashing that man? He has insulted me." "What did he do?"He slammed the door in my face. "Oh,I think you must be mistaken,Mr.Hunt is a gentleman,and if you go back I think he will receive you. He went,and whatever transpired,when he came out he came up to me and said:"That is the most remarkable man I have ever met,and I am awfully glad I went back." At times he seemed very brusque,yet the moment people knew him they loved him for his innate justice,his great heart,his wide intelligence,and his eccentricities were only amusing incidents.Once I persued him to White Plains with a telegram.He was troubled because he thought I had lost my train home and would miss my dinner,but I had to hurry back and could not accept his invitation to dine,so he slipped a five dollar bill in my hand and told me to"get a bite somehow."

Never losing a minute himself,he was impatient of the time taken by the draughtsmen when they went out to lunch,though it was only in words,for he was the first to insist upon the value of rest

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and play. "I am going out for lunch", which usually meant two chicken sandwiches and one cup of tea. Coming back puffing like an express train, "Did it in eight minutes, Great Caesar! it don't take me as long to eat my lunch as it does you fellows", adding with sarcasm, "I s'pose you've been up for a drive in the park, I havn't time to do that." Sometimes when we were going home at night, he would say: "What all going? Why I've just begun to do a days work!"

He always took great pleasure Saturday afternoons after the office had closed at three o'clock, and in fussing over papers on Sunday afternoons, getting publications ready to have bound etc., and in looking up references in whatever books he might have at hand for office work then doing. At the office he used to gather up his sketches and drawings, washing up the color saucers and piling them up neatly so that all might see them Monday morning.

Mr. Marsh usually found on his table when R. was in town, a great number of sketches to be filed away for reference, but these practical hints were never alluded to. He was most exacting with regard to his books in his library, giving out himself the books needed and seeing personally that they were returned to their proper place, and woe be to the man who handled the books roughly. He gave many a man a lesson on how to roll up drawings, and would say that "he and Marsh were the only men who knew how to open an umbrella, and now I'll show you and that will make three." and he would

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demonstrate in a most amusing and genial way. He was most particular and often provoked with the draughtsmen for not figuring their drawings,and to test the accuracy of their memory would ask many questions about measurements,expecting an answer without any guess work. The following story he told in the draughting room with great effect: "In the bank of London they wanted a man.Many applied and were rejected.Finally one man was asked:"How much is twelve times twelve?"Instead of giving a verbal answer,he picked up a piece of paper and pencil and wrote"12 X 12--144." "You are the man we want." said the man in authority. "Now that is what I want you-to do,write down figures,d-- it men,don't be afraid,they wont bite you." He had a way of saying to the men:"I thought of that at three o'clock this morning,when you were all in bed." He often expressed himself in very strong language,and there was never a doubt but that he meant it,but he was always so genial,so pleasent,so sympathetic with his men,they did not resent it. His violent expletives were merely the expression of force without malice to anyone,and I heard a man in the office remark:"that he would rather have Mr.Hunt swear at him than be complimented by anyone else."

"There were many storms but the clouds all had a silver lining, but one. I had often seen him angry,but this was a heavy storm where you could hear the thunder and imagine the lightening flashes now and then,but there was good cause for it,and he finally said to the man: "There isn't room for two of us here,and you had better get out." He was strongly opposed to newspapers being read in the

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draughting room,and I recall a funny incident that took place in the Coal and Iron Exchange. Once when he was supposed to be absent in Newport,one of the men took a newspaper to read,when who should come in but the head of the office,with new life and vigor."Hullo, is that all you have to do?" The paper suddenly dropped to the floor and there it remained all day,Mr.Hunt stepping over and around it. Another time at the Tribune Building a military band was passing the City Hall Park,and the whole staff of the office was watching what was going on outside.Mr.Hunt came in suddenly,made some remark about loafing,gave the order to'fall in'and started to march the length of the building to his office,repeating:"Drum,drum,drum, drum." At all times he was ready to assist his men,but he resented a group of men loafing over a drawing board,and would say:"What is this,a council of war"? He was very particular in his judgment of men selected as his assistants. He placed confidence in them to carry out his ideas.He would trust them openly on their honor,but if he found any one wanting,he had no further use for them. His open-hearted sympathy for the failings of human nature was plain to every one who had dealings with him.He never exacted that which he was not willing to do himself,and I recall an instance when we were in the Tribune Building. I said to Mr.Hunt:"I have a small amount of cash to invest and a good opportunity is offered me,but before tak-it I would like you to tell me if I am likely to remain in your employ?" His answer was:"Go ahead and get your d--ed old piano."

I recall an absence from the office on account of sickness./

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A more kindly welcome back no one could have received. He sent out for a high revolving chair with a back, had it properly adjusted to fit my table, that I might sit there instead of standing, and to call on anyone in the office to help me, adding: "If you can't get the proper assistance, call me and I'll gladly do it".

An engineer said that the first time he ever called at Mr. Hunt's office, he had an opportunity of witnessing a burst of righteous indignation which an assistant had called down on his head by neglecting to make certain parts of a roof of a certain strength. After this fiery denunciation of sham building principles, which was a whirlwind which collapsed the assistant completely, Mr. Hunt explained that one of the greatest trouble he found with young men entering his studio, was in their indifference to the fact that safe building and artistic building are equally important branches in architecture".

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When 1860 began R-- was building two houses for Dr.Williams facing the Common in Boston,and his professional position was not only established but he was fast making warm personal friends in families in whose households he was a welcome guest. The John Jays,the Alexander Hamiltons,the George Schuylers,Minturns,Grinnells and many others,including the Alexander Duncans,for whose warm hearted son David he had much affection. David was engaged to Fanny Bloodgood,and just before his marriage,finding R-- overworked and tired,carried him off on his yacht to Providence to recuperate at his father's and mother's house. He had a delightful visit,and planned some alterations in the large old fashioned Duncan house which Mrs.Duncan,being a Providence woman,had inherited from her father,which they kept up in English style. In one of his sketch books is a note that:"Mrs.Duncan is the kindest lady I ever knew". It is a strange coincidence that I, at that very time, was staying in Scotland with Lady Hay,Mrs.Duncan's daughter. R-- was very ill on his return from Providence with dysentery,and Dr.George Elliott, said to be the handsomest doctor in the United States,attended him and sent him to Newport to convalesce. His brother had bought Hill Top from Dr.Gilliat and was living there. William had built a studio in the rear in Church st. The large upper floor ~~which~~ he occupied himself,while the smaller ones on the ground floor were rented to

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John La Farge, and Miss Helen Russell, whose artistic ability was beyond that of an amateur. ~~Your father~~ R-- stayed at the Filmore House in Catharine St. and I first met him at the corner of Pelham St. and Bellevue Ave. where the Bellevue Hotel then stood. Newport was small and conservative in those days and both these hotels were full of representative people. I was living with ~~the~~ my sister Louisa Hopping, out of town, and had come in for a mornings shopping in narrow Thames St, crowded then, as now, between the hours of ten and twelve. Hamilton, ~~who~~ introduced ~~your father~~ R-- to me, he on foot, and I in the rockaway, and asked him to come out and see us. The moments interview must have been satisfactory, for he came the same afternoon. The next day was a "matinée dansante" at Mrs. Alexander Duncan, who had taken for the summer, Brewer House on Bellevue Ave. where the Mortimer Brooks' now stands, and it may interest you to know that I wore a white muslin over magenta colored silk, with slippers and fan to match, but no bonnet, as Mrs. Duncan had asked me to receive with her. This was a form of entertainment peculiar to Newport in those days, and why not very sensible in a community ~~when the~~ whose sole object is pleasure? People met in the day time and danced, and there were comparatively few evening parties. That same evening I met your father again at a reception at my sister's Mrs. Charles Russell's, where I regret to say, our manners were not very good, for we wandered round and round the carriage drive in front of the house, until I was sent for. Fanny Russell, my sister's step daughter, had been

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a friend of ~~your father~~ R--'s before I knew him and was much pleased at this dawning of a flirtation. From that time until the 9th of Sept. when we were engaged, there was not a day when we did not meet, at least once, except when he was ill for a few days, ~~and~~ when he managed to send me a little note, so that I went to the Hotel Fillmore to see Miss Charlotte Cushman, who brought me down news and messages. This is not the place to speak of my affection and admiration for her, as there are many personal things which I must leave for another time. My sister Carrie and Mr. Russell were away, and I was going to spend a few days with Fanny Russell when returning from Trinity Church with her one Sunday morning we met ~~your father~~ R--, who had been in New York for a few days, standing in front of Miss Anthony's, a famous old boarding house in Catharine St opposite Uncle Williams side gate, and Fanny asked him to come to Oak Lawn to tea. He came however, early in the day and convinced me in the long summer afternoon, where ~~our~~ my happiness lay. When I told Fanny at bedtime, she was dear and sympathic, and though I had some misgivings, I was unprepared for the violent disapproval and opposition, which met me on my return home. My sister Lou and Cousin William Aspinwall, who was my guardian, had other plans for me, and Uncle Joe was influenced for a little time by their report of ~~such~~ the unsuitability of such a marriage. Even as late as 1860 the fact of a man following an artistic profession was to his detriment rather than to his credit. Hard headed business men, with few exceptions had not learnt to admire or to acquire the softening influences of beau-

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tiful things, and I do not doubt but that it seemed a precarious future to them for me to face, ~~in their eyes,~~ His independance and unusual and humorous way of talking, meant to them only excentricity. Some people thought in those days that a man who wore a mustache "couldn't possibly be any good". but this was rather in Boston, which retained puritan influences in its New England conscience, longer than New York, which was rapidly growing cosmopolitan. Carrie and Mr. Russell and Emily and Uncle Henry did not join in the opposition of the others, although they thought I was too young. Cousin William was summoned, and hours of heated discussion followed, with the result that I made the concession, and no other, of waiting six monthes. A concession which ~~your father~~ R. was very loath to accept, as he could not see why there should be the delay in our marriage of an hour! Then followed a time of silent opposition, of waiting and hoping : The engagement was announced to the family in this way: "Kate has engaged herself to a Mr. Hunt" On the other hand, I had the most sympathetic letters full of what a fortunate girl I was, from all ~~your father~~ R.'s friends, including the most beautiful letter of congratulation I ever read from Mrs. George Schuyler, who was a very lovely woman, and one of his best friends; he stayed with her and with the Hamiltons constantly at "Nevis." They all spoke of his talent, of his success as assured, and of his qualities of head and heart as beyond compare, During the autumn he came as constantly to Newport as his work would premit. In Newport he was making alterations in Gov-

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ernor Lawrence's house on the Cliffs (where thirty years later he built "The breakers" for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt) and doing some work for Mr. Edward Willing. He was also then building the Arthur Bronson's house at the end of what is now the Ocean drive, but which was then but little more than an ox cart road with a succession of gates dividing each mans' farm, which ~~was~~ were opened and shut by little boys, so that one always drove with a small bag of pennies. I used to spend many of these days at Williams, and made Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, whose house was afterwards known as the Ashurst house, several visits. William had a little go cart and a pony, and ~~your father~~ R-- used to take me ~~about in it with him~~ on ~~a~~ his tours of inspection, The work of the New York office comprised plans for the restoration for the Central Park arsenal, house for George Hall in Brattleboro, and a picture gallery for Mr. Wright's house in Hoboken, and an addition to Mr. Duncan's house in Providence. Alfred Rives, the son of the late Minister to France, and another student, joined R-- 's class in November. ~~But~~ When the great ball was given for the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music, I came down for it, and staid with the Russells in their big stone house at the corner of Broadway and Great Jones St. I have forgotten under whose escort I came to New York, but it was by the Fall River boat, the only means of access to and from Newport in those days, and the snow storm we encountered, delayed us until four o'clock the next afternoon. Fortunately the passengers were not uncomfortable, as the steamboat was car-

oh the happy day in the golden autumn days!

rying a large invoice of wood pock to New York, and they broke open the boxes to provide meals for us. Needless to say that R-- was waiting on the dock in great anxiety. The ball was most brilliant, and we watched its progress from the boxes of different friends, all eager to welcome us as it was our first appearance together. It may be interesting to my children to know that I wore a pink silk dress with little tulle flounces from the waist to the bottom of the skirt, and a wreath of roses.

R-- had taken me on the floor, just at the moment of the first dance, when a wild rush to a position to see the court quadrille broke the floor of the Academy, and a portion of the company was hurled together in a disheveled heap on to the orchestra chairs below. As my beautiful cousin, Mrs. G. G. Howland, danced in the quadrille, and I knew all the other members of it, I was anxious to be where I could see it. We just escaped falling in with the unlucky ones; fortunately no one was at all seriously hurt. After Christmas, the Hoppins took a house near University Place in 9th Street, and from there we were married on the 2nd of April 1861. by Bishop Bedell, and the Rev. John Cotton Smith, at the Church of the Ascension at the corner of Fifth Ave. and 10th St. We had eight bridesmaids, and eight groomsmen.

It was before the days of a best man. Cousin William, who was to give me away, came in his carriage and took me to Church, where I arrived in some indignation. Fortunately the transit was short, for he had taken the opportunity all the way to advise me

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how to treat my husband, and the burden of his song was." A woman should never let her husband be sure of her, my dear" It was R-- idea to have the groomsmen go up one aisle and the bridesmaids another, and meet me as I arrived at the altar.

The bridesmaids dresses were white tarletan, low neck and short sleeves, in the day time! trimmed with garlands of daisies, butter cups and lilacs, with full wreaths of the same. R-- wore pearl gray trousers! My dress was the conventional white satin, with a long train, low neck and short sleeves, covered with Brussels lace. The night before the wedding, R-- had his bachelor's dinner at the Brevoort House, in the two big front parlors, The crowning ornament on the table was a nougat castle, from which, when broken, a pair of turtle doves emerged. The whole company sung under my window when they left the table. Brown, a famous sexton of Grace Church, with out whom no one could be married in those days, handed us an invitation to dinner from Mrs, Gerry addressed to Mr & Mrs Hunt as we got into the carriage to go to the reception, which was held at Emily Chauncey's 25 N Washington Square. ~~And it may interest my grandchildren to know, that~~ my going away dress was a brown merino with a long water proof coat and a brown bonnet tied under my chin, I remember the discussion as to whether a feather would be suitable for traveling! We thought that no one would surely know us in Albany, but we were greeted by the chambermaid with-" Why Mr. Hunt, how long have you been married"? for she had been at Sharon during ~~the~~ a ~~the~~ summer when R. had been there. The next day Mr. Pruyn came and asked us to dinner'. There were no hotels open at Niagara, so we staid at Buffalo in

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~~in~~ a ramshackley old hotel, and made excursions to the falls, and in the evenings read "Elsie Venner" which Dr. Holmes had just published. While we were putting on water proof suits to go under the falls at Niagara, a huge baboon, whom R-- had not noticed before, landed on his shoulders and gave him a shock from which he did not recover for several days. The room was used as a limited menagerie as well as a dressing room. On our return to New York, we spent a few weeks at the Brevoort House, in the rooms on the first floor, corner of 8th St. & 5th avenue.

It was a moment of great excitement, for Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and obliged to surrender to the confederate General Beauregard, 36 hours after the demand ~~to surrender, and had been refused~~, and the war of the rebellion had become a terrible reality. Cousin William Aspinwall gave a large party in our honor. General Anderson had just returned from Fort Sumter, and brought with him the flag riddled with rebel shots. He lent it for ~~the~~ decoration, and it hung over the door of the picture gallery, and he himself was much more the guest of honor than the bridal party. It was anything but a gay ball, with the impending departure of the 7th Regt. for the war, for the regiment was composed almost entirely of young men that one knew, and hardly any woman present but had a husband or a sweetheart in its ranks. It would be hard to imagine the excitement when the regiment marched down Broadway to take its departure. Every available window was crowded, and women on the sidewalk broke through to the front to call

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"God bless you"! almost every soldier had bouquets stuck on his bayonet. From my sister's Carrie's Russells on Broadway windows where we watched them marching by, tears were streaming down every woman's cheeks, while cheers went up as we recognized the men we knew. R-- in a moment of enthusiasm had gone to the Century Club, and posted up a call to organize a regiment composed of members of the Cen-

* We jointly and severally agree to pay for the largest flag in the City of New York the same to fly until secession ceases to be.

signed:

R. M. Hunt.

S Gandy.

enlist or pay for a substitute, which [illegible] agreed to.

We sailed for Europe in the American ship, The Fulton, Mrs. Hunt went with us to join Jane, who had accompanied Leavitt and his wife (Miss Kate Jarvis) of Wealthy Sacrificed Vermont to Europe on their wedding journey. The newly appointed American minister Mr. Dayton was on board and gave us a dinner on our arrival in Paris, and among others An old French importer of artificial flowers, who wore a bright blue velvet waistcoat buttoned with huge solitare diamonds. It was a matter of some interest on the ship that he placed himself where he could always see me, and introduced himself one day by suddenly standing before my chair and saying in broken English" I would crucify myself for you, my name is ----------and even after we were settled in Paris, he kept me supplied with huge bonbonières and

asked us once, in a casual sort of a way, if we would come out some day to his country place at St. Germain. Something prevented and we did not go until the next day, when we found it was really "the day after the fair," for lanterns hung from all the trees, and we learned that the officers from the garrison had been asked to meet us and the military band engaged! We were dreadfully sorry, and his feelings so terribly hurt that we never saw him again.

Jane and Jack met us when we arrived in Paris at midnight, and took us to the Hotel Des Trois Empereurs, corner of the Place du Palais Royal and the rue de Rivoli, but we soon moved to an apartment at 24 rue de L'Oratoire, off the Champs Elysée. It was a most attractive little apartment, for the propriétaire had a love for bibelots which largely influenced us in its selection. Here many of R's-- old confrères came to dine, and I saw Paris with new eyes, but there was trouble with dishonest servants, and we were glad to go, on the 1st of July, and make a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. N. A. Griswold, who had an apartment in the Ave. Gabrielle, an old friend of R's--, who had married Miss Jane Emmet, and who were rejoicing in the birth of their oldest daughter Minnie, now Mrs. John Murray Forbes. We went to England about the middle of the month, and to Matlock in Devonshire, to meet Leavitt and his wife and baby, who was named after the river Clyde near which he was born in Scotland. At Chatsworth we met our ~~old~~ dear old friend Miss Cushman. With the Isle of Wight in view as a pleasant place to spend several weeks, we went to Southhampton, where R-- came in

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to the hotel radiantly pleased at having met a brother artist in the street, with whom he had agreed to join forces at Bon Church, and was he so pleased, that I had to hide my dismay at the prospect of sharing a cottage with the W. P. W. Dana's, total strangers to me. It proved however, one of the happiest months of my life, for Mrs. Dana was the kindest, the most congenial of companions, and her little children were a source of great delight to me, particularly Willie, a darling baby, whom they all thought, next to his mother, loved me best, and who died a few years later, When we parted, R-- and I took a driving tour through the Isle of Wight. We had to wait a whole week at Folkestone for a sea calm enough to cross over to France for. We had decided to spend the winter in Paris, where we took Mr. Benj. G. Wainwright's apartment 21 Champs Elysée. So much play did not suit R--, He wanted definite occupation, so he made arrangements to go to his old comrade Barye's atelier, and with him to the Jardins des Plantes, where he modeled from life, the Ocelot of which we are so proud. It was done in red wax, and before we left Paris, Jane took it to Barye and had one copy cast in bronze. The other replicas, were done later in America. The sales at the Hotel Druot, were also very enticing to follow, and all the oil paintings now hanging in the Newport house, were bought at different times there. If there

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was a delay in the remittances from home occasionally, he drew on his mother and Jane, until they arrived. My guardians made me an allowance, which was reduced to almost one half, by the high rate of exchange, during the war time. Before he went to model with Barye, through the advice of his old friend Dicker Hearne, an Irish painter living in Paris, we induced Mme. Jules Sanson, the niece and daughter-in-law of the great Sanson of the Théatre Français, to spend part of the day with me so that I would not be left alone. She was an interesting and intelligent woman, a musician by profession, but out of health, and her husband who was libarian at the Bibliothèque du Louvre, thought this would be a relaxtion for her. We went constantly to the theatre together, and it was a pleasure enhanced by the fact that they knew the private history of all the people we were watching. They took us often to the historic green room of the Théatre Français, where at that moment, Mme. Brohan and Mme. Favard reigned supreme, and then to the dressing room of old Sanson, which was in the form of a little apartment, entrechambre, salon and cabinet de toilette, reserved for the doyen of the Théatre Français. We always kept up our relations with the Sanson family, and the last time that we went to see the great actor after the play, was just before sailing for home. He had been playing the old Marquis

in Mlle De La Seigliere, and had not yet changed his dress. His old wife was with us, and he had sent us the box himself, as he said he wanted 'sa petite Americaine' to see him in his best role. When we left, he kissed me on both cheeks, and gave me a great bunch of carnations, the scent of which to-day brings back to me many associations. He lived in an old fashioned rambling hotel at Passy, where his Sunday dinners were celebrated, and where all that was best of the artistic and literary world of Paris were to be met. He had a wonderful collection of autographs: quantities of adoring letters from Rachel, and from the other great actors and actresses whom he had trained. Once when Mme. Jules was ill out there, and I went to see her, there was the prettiest little scene imaginable, like a bit out of Moliere, and as I think back, I see the old fashioned garden, with its cut box, and rambling alleys, with the dear old gentleman wandering up and down between the greeness of the spring, in flowered dressing gown, and black velvet skull cap, declaiming from a volume of Corneille, Racine or Beaumarchais, while under a pear tree in blossom, sat Mme. Samson in a short gown and white cap with a great copper pan, into which she was shelling peas. Mme. Jules Samson's husband died, and she gave up her music, and turned her attention to [illegible] and wrote such good theoretical books on the education of girls, [illegible] was couronné by the French Academie. I say

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theoretically, for she never had any children.

R-- also took singing lessons, having asked Mme. Sanson who was the best teacher in Paris, He presented himself at the Professor's hotel one day and sent in her card of introduction, with all the bravery possible; but when he was admitted to the presence of the great man, who sat down at the piano and tossing back his long locks, looked up at him and said: "Chantez, mais chantez donc, monsieur." He lost all his courage, and the only thing he could think of was ~~some~~ Jeanette et Jeanneton a common place little song they used to sing in the atelier. The result was, that the master said to him: "Frankly my dear Sir, you would be losing time and money to come to me. I will send you one of my pupils who will do just as well, and better." In consequence of this, a young man arrived a few mornings after and the piano in the little salon, was put into requisition. I not being well at this time, was forbidden to get up till the middle of the day, so I had the full benefit, in the adjourning room, of the funny altercations which used to take place. There was one song which began. "Vous etes si jolie, Julie" which particularly excited ~~his~~ R's ire, and the audacity of this young man trying to correct him, made him perfectly furious and he used to rush into my room saying: "Why I never knew such presumption, he thinks he knows more than I do, and I

am old enough to be his father"! It was something in the personality of the young man, which drove him wild and the music lessons were soon given up. We had excellent and devoted servants and had a good deal of company) and a kitchen about 7 by 9 where Clémence, a great tall grenadier of a woman, reigned supreme over ~~power~~ the pots and pans, and a little bit of a lover, in the night service des chemin de fers ~~aus~~ who spent most of his days by her side, pealing potatoes, and making himself generally useful. Occasionally there would be sounds ~~sund~~ of disturbance, and we would have to go in and make peace, but he always returned to the charge of his love making, After the baby came, I used sometimes to say: "Why don't you give him up?" Clémence would reply, "Never Madame, until I have had a baby like Monsieur Dick! and on my next visit to Paris, she came into the room exclaiming, "I have done it, I have done it"! She was a marvelously good cook, and from 10 to 15 frs. a day used to cover all our table expenses. She and Jean the man, and Alphonsine, belonged to the old régime of servants, who considered your pockets and your interest, ~~and~~ Once when I left a shawl in a fiacre, and the cocher honestly brought it back, and we sent Jean down to pay him a reward, He returned looking so crestfallen, that we made enquiries with this result. "Je lui á offert cinq sous il

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