

MEMORIES

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

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1818 - 1898

RECOLLECTIONS

Chapter I.

My children and friends have frequently requested me to write an account of my life and at last I yield to their persuasions.

My first recollections are of a frolic with my Father, on a bright summer morning, in the year 1820. He allowed me to run after him around the room, "in a game of catch" until his horse was at the door, when he caught me up, gave me a ride on his shoulder, kissed me, and left me seated on the Buffet, at the back of which was a mirror, in which I saw him leave me, through the door to the porch, which was opposite the glass. I can see him still as he then looked – A very handsome man, with chestnut hair slightly grey, high forehead, clear complexion, and very brilliant black eyes – Gentle and loving in friendship but very stern for an offender against humanity, law or order. He was a physician of large practice in the then new country of Franklyn County, New York, often riding forty or fifty miles to visit a patient, and even as far as Montreal in Canada. He was also a Judge of the court in Franklin County, at Malone, New York.

On the morning which commences my story, after saying to my kindest and best brother, who was near, "take care of her, Buell" – he mounted his horse, and spent the day on his rounds among the sick, only returning home late in the afternoon. My mother was just recovering from a fever and my little sister was only five weeks old. She begged my father to remain at home, as he looked very fatigued, but he answered that he must see a very sick person at Fort-Covington, eight miles away, and he would take an easy horse to ride. "Kate" my mother said "You know my dear that she is always skittish in the twilight, at which hour you will return." "I know it" he said "but I am too tired for any other, and I can ride any horse – I will be careful." Coming home the horse got

balled with a stone, shied, stumbled, and threw my father against a log by the roadside – fracturing his skull, and breaking a thigh.

He was found by two men, who had worked for him and loved him. They took him tenderly to a farm house near, and then came for my eldest brother who was a young physician in his father's office. He sent after Dr. Powell of Malone, Father's best medical friend. Everything was done that kind friends and best skill could do, but I only saw my father once again, when on his death bed he knew us all and bade us good-bye. Probably there never was a physician more respected and loved by all who knew him. To the poor he gave his services freely – my mother told me the better class paid as they pleased and he was also security for a brother who failed in business.

Thus it was that my mother and her little children were left with only a farm and wild lands in a new country, with plenty of accounts against people, all over that region, and into Canada, which it was impossible to collect. With the aid of my brothers my mother endeavored to carry on the farm, but finding it unprofitable, she disposed of it to my half brother, and four years after my father's death moved to Plattsburg, her home before marriage, in order to be near friends where there were advantages for our education. My sister Mary, my brother Albon Platt, and myself were all who went to Plattsburg. My eldest brother Eben had married and settled at Westville three miles from the farm. My dear brother Buell bought the farm from mother and her children – he having all the time he wished in which to pay for it – It is still the property of his children, and a very beautiful, picturesque place. I have a very vivid remembrance of seeing the “intervale” from the upper windows, with the Ox bow bend of the river, on the banks of which were Elms, Birches, Butternut trees, on which wild grape vines had entwined making such shade that we used to have tea there often in summer. Besides this there were lovely, secluded nooks for a swimming bath, which we often enjoyed, - my sister taking me in the water. I remember the Scotch tutor Norman McDonald, who taught my brothers, sisters and several cousins during two winters. He was of good family, and highly educated – “a university” man.

The boys suspected him of being partial to my sister who was very pretty, as well as good, so one day when they were out at recess, and a heavy snow was falling, it was proposed that they should “smoke the teacher and pupil out” – while he was giving her a French lesson. The school room was a wing of the house, built for my father's office, - the boys climbed from the porch to the roof of the office and rolled snowballs to a size sufficient to stop up the chimney. The snow melted and fell into the stovepipe, the stove was hot, there was such a crackling, and spattering of soot and water as blackened the walls, desks and everything in the room. My pretty sister came into the dining room where I was with her French exercises and drawing books, crying, and I ran to call help from the kitchen. My mother had gone to Fort-Covington and the teacher incensed at the boys, walked over to his Canadian home. When my mother returned in the evening no one dared tell her but my cousin, Nathaniel Bailey, who was the best beloved of her nephews and a great favorite with everybody. I had heard the sleigh bells and was at hand when she entered the door. Nat met her with “Oh Auntie we have been dreadfully bad boys, please forgive us, we are all so sorry and we will never do such a thing again.” They all helped to repair the damages, and making humble apologies to Mr. McDonald, he returned and taught them until spring when we moved to Plattsburg. My beautiful sister Fidelia had married a lawyer in Fort-Covington who was very disagreeable to me, it was a very strange marriage, he being old and very penurious. She was not happy and made religion a refuge from his austerities. – It was the Dove in the Eagle's nest – or rather the Hawk's nest. Such an uncongenial marriage is purgatory. Only one son of the marriage survives. Brilliant, Talented, and Beautiful, she died in the year 1849.

We removed to Plattsburg in the spring of 1824. The roads were bad and it was a rough journey, but my only sorrow was the loss of my doll's cradle which fell from the wagon! The view of the lake and distant mountains struck me as very beautiful when we emerged from the Chateauguy forest. The house we went into faced the lake, with a view of Cumberland head and bay. I recollect a thunder cloud reflected in the lake – a rainbow succeeding the storm formed a complete circle, by the reflection in the water – an exceedingly beautiful panorama of lake, and mountain at sunset with a rainbow as accessory. Just at that time I saw my first steamboat turning the point of Cumberland head, it was explained to me as the Phoenix, which took the place of a former boat which had been burned.

The gardens and door yards were filled with shrubbery just coming into bloom which was a perfect delight to me. My mother gave me letter backs (this was before envelopes were used), and I painted flowers with the petals of peonies, Fleur de Lys, Dandelions, and Buttercups. My mother had taught me to read and to spell, so that when I started to school I was mostly at the head of the class; our reading books, Goldsmiths, Histories of Greece and Rome, and England, in turn, the whole school in the class – large and small. We had to stand some distance from the teacher, and read loud and distinctly. We spelled from the English reader – a line of poetry would be given out and each scholar spelt a word in turn. This taught the use of prepositions and pronouns. If “two” would be given out and the scholar would spell “too” – the teacher said “the numeral adjective”. This was a good exercise for all. I was given Murray's grammar to commit to memory, and the older girls heard me recite the conjugation of the verbs. With Mary Griffin and Juliana Stevens, my seat mates, I played on the slate most of the time. We had an excellent writing master who was very near sighted; all the scholars were seated at a long table which extended through the hall, while Mr. Miller was teaching at one end of the table, the boys would run away from the other end and play hide and seek. If the principal, Mr. Prescott was absent (He occasionally took his “bitters” too frequently) – and Mr. Miller was left to fill his place, Major Halsey's boys, from the cantonment, would raise such a commotion that Mr. Miller would dismiss school. What a noise they would make as they went out!!! I think my brother learned “some latin and a little Greek” – I know that I learned little that was of any use to me afterwards. I became very fond of my school mates – Frances Lord, one of the older girls, always befriended me. Our mothers were friends. She was very lovely. Francis Lynde, Catherine White, Ann Trowbridge, and Ann Safford, with my dear cousins, Mary, Margaret, and Helen Platt, Mary and Sarah Cady, were my dear friends – most of them a year or two older than I was. In the summer of 1828 my sister Mrs. Bailey, took me away from this school – Mr. Prescott had become tyrannical from drink – and sent me to Miss Deming, who had a class of girls in Squire Miller's office (where Mr. Hiram Walworth lives now) – There I began to learn something. I studied Geography, wrote Compositions, and worked a sampler which I now have. In August 1829 I went to New York with my sister and stayed a year. There I had the best of instruction from Miss Grahame, a graduate of Mrs. Willard's Troy Seminary. I attended dancing school and enjoyed jumping rope with my little friends on the Battery. We visited Castle Garden, to hear the band play and see the ships and other craft come in. Representatives of nearly all the nations of the world were to be seen coming from the ships, all of which were at the wharves between the Battery and Barclay street. At that time Broadway ended at Bleecker and Houston streets, where St. Thomas' Church then stood. From there it was the Bloomingdale road out to King's Bridge. Mrs. Edmond Smith, my mother's cousin, (where cousin Sarah Ann Platt lived) took me to drive in her carriage, out the Bowery, then a country road, across to King's Bridge and back to town by the Bloomingdale road. In the Bowery were many old country seats, some built in the Dutch fashion, gables to the street, others in old Colonial style, all with borders of flowers from the house to the street. The Hollyhocks at the Stuyvesant mansion were very fine and showy. This drive took us past Bull's Head Tavern, and returning we saw the Alexander Hamilton house, and that of Aaron Burr, where

he still lived. On Christmas Eve I was taken to see the toy shops in William Street. Nearly all the houses were brick with gables to the street, cross timbers, and with small panes of glass in the windows. The toy and milliner shops were in these houses and lighted up brilliantly for Christmas, dazzled my childish eyes. At this time I visited with my brother the American Institute, and was much interested in the glass blowing and other inventions. I attended Sabbath school at the Cedar street Church – Dr. Mason pastor – and the lessons so thoroughly learned are fresh in my memory. Frances Mease, now “Aunt Fanny”, Mrs. Borrow, was my companion to and from Sunday school. She lived with her Grandfather Mr. Robert Graham, in Pearl street, near Broad. I was at the Broad Street House – it is the old Fraunce’s Tavern. I studied my lessons in the room where General Washington bade farewell to his officers. The tiles around the fire place were illustrations of passages in the Scriptures appropriate to Sunday lessons, and the whole house seemed to be filled with memories of Washington. People then came from Long Island and Connecticut in sloops to Market, and the friends of our family came to visit Aunt Grahame and my sister in their own boats. I was much gratified by a visit from Mr. Richard Smith, my mother’s cousin, from Smithtown, L.I., who came to call upon me with his brother Mr. Edmund Smith, who lived in a very handsome house in Bridge street. After study hours I used to walk up to John and Liberty streets and visit old Mr. Grant Thorburn who had a flower and a bird store. He always gave me a warm welcome, telling me about his pet flowers and explaining all I asked him. Then I went to the Arcade running from John street to Pine, where there was a gallery of pictures by the Peales which were a delight to me. In later years I met Miss Peale, and in Washington Mr. and Mrs. Rembrant Peale, charming people. I spent all my money for books and had quite a library of juveniles when I returned home. My cousin, lieutenant John W. Moores returning from a three years voyage called and invited me to take a walk with him. He took me into the Methodist book store and allowed me to select the books I liked best. He was a good man but died young. Chancellor Kent, a friend of my mother, gave my brother a seat and desk in his office and Albon studied law with William Kent, his son. He did a great deal of writing for the Chancellor, which gave him a start in his practice.

In the autumn of 1830, I returned to Plattsburg, attending school in summer, studying with my step-father – Rev. Mr. Halsey, in winter. His daughter, Mrs. Bailey, was like an own sister to me, and his son Cornelius, a kind brother. The pleasantest memories of my childhood are with this family. During all my intercourse with them there was not the slightest unpleasantness or faultfinding, although my romps with the children were pretty noisy. There were large families of cousins to whom I was tenderly attached. They were the children of my Aunts, Mrs. Moores and Mrs. Bailey. General Moores was a soldier of the Revolution, as aide de camp to General Hazen he received the sword of Cornwallis at the surrender of Yorktown. The society of Plattsburg was very refined and cultivated, for the early settlers were well educated and religious people. Hospitality was a famous virtue in that community. My Grandmother was educated in New Haven, which was then the Athens of America, her mother having died, she was with her eldest sister who was the wife of President Daggett of Yale College, he who distinguished himself by drilling his students and leading them against the British when they threatened Connecticut. They were a Godly people and Miss Grace Daggett, my mother’s cousin, often came to Plattsburg and made herself a great favorite among the young people. General Melancthon Woolsey came to Plattsburg soon after my ancestors – his wife was Alida Livingston, the daughter of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Her sister Helen was the wife of Judge Jonas Platt, both were beautiful and accomplished women, besides being very fine housekeepers. Mrs. Woolsey lived to be nearly one hundred years old. I was named for her daughter Susan who married my mother’s cousin James Platt. One daughter married Mr. Borland of Beacon Hill, Boston. The one I knew best married Wolcott Hubbell, (my mother had been her bridesmaid). She resided with her daughter, my friend, for many years in Fort-Wayne. General Woolsey built a colonial mansion on the east side of Cumberlandhead, the view

from which was magnificent, commanding the strait between the Islands and the beautiful range of Green Mountains. Miss Mary Woolsey had been engaged to several gentlemen and the engagement broken off so when Wolcott Hubbell courted her General Woolsey proposed a hasty marriage. Early one morning in winter he came in his sleigh asking my grandmother – “Mrs. Platt I have come for Maria to come home with me and assist in conducting my daughter Mary to the altar of Hymen this evening.” Grandma answered, “Maria is like souse, always ready – she always has a neat white dress ready for any dance or party.” Therefore my mother, who was only fifteen years old, took her finery in a bandbox and jumped into the sleigh, and with Susan Woolsey and the other daughters assisted Mrs. Woolsey in preparing the house for the evening festival, to which every one was invited. The house being a large one, the immediate relatives and the bridesmaids and the Groomsmen stayed over night. There was a large piazza around the house and the next morning after breakfast, they were all outside admiring the beautiful view. One of the Groomsmen (an Englishman) remarked to another, - “You can’t jump over the railing without touching it with your hands.” My mother who had practiced athletic exercises with her brothers, stepping back a little, sprang over the railing landing safely on her feet on the sward below; Susan Woolsey saying, “Maria has done it.”

A French Gentleman who visited Plattsburg about 1820 remarked to a friend that there were more elegant and beautiful women in that society than he had ever met in any town before. There were Mrs. Woolsey, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Melancthon Smith, Mrs. William Bailey, Mrs. Averill – her daughter afterwards the wife of Chancellor Walworth – Mrs. Wm. Pitt Platt, (a sister of Chancellor Kent), Mrs. De Lord, Mrs. Gen. Moores, The Misses Saily, daughters of a French refugee, Mrs. Caroline Adriance Platt and her family of beautiful daughters, my dear grandmother (Mrs. Nathaniel Platt), Mrs. Charlotte Graham Platt, the wife of Uncle Daniel, also a revolutionary soldier, Mrs. Levi Platt, who was a Miss Miller, her sisters who married – one, Benjamin Moores, and the other Matthew Standish, Mrs. Charles Moores, Mrs. Richard Moores, Mrs. Azariah Flagg, Miss Phoebe Bailey who married Captain Sidney Smith, who distinguished himself at the battle of Plattsburg, and Phoebe, Charlotte and Ann, daughters of General Moores.

As I recollect Plattsburg in my childhood it was exceedingly picturesque – the islands at the mouth of the river were covered with evergreens – Spruces and Balsams and Cedars. The Penobscot Indians came every year camping, to dispose of their baskets and moccasins, their wigwams among the green trees were a great attraction to the children of the town who would beckon from the old bridge for the squaws to come for them and take them over in canoes of birch bark, to the encampment where they would barter bright pieces of calico and strings of beads for baskets and spruce gum.

In my childhood nearly every family in town was connected with the Platts. There was always an affectionate greeting when they met. If friends came to visit at one house, they would be invited to all before they left town. Entertainments were simple, but the welcome always cordial and hearty. Tea and Coffee would be carried around on one tray, while bread and butter, sliced meats, biscuits, afterwards cake and preserves, or fruit with whipped cream, would be passed in the same way. The ladies were famous for their cake and other delicacies. Judge Saily’s daughters were French and the condiments which were served at their table surpassed all others. My Grandfather gave a site for a hotel and grounds on the bank of the lake, to a Frenchman by the name of Fouquet. The large two-story log house, afterwards clapboarded, which he built, was burned some years ago, but the brick house which was erected by his son Douglas Fouquet retains the name. As caterers they were so celebrated that I often heard allusions to the hotel when we were living in England. It is a pity that the sons could not afford to keep the hotel.

The “Sailly” and “de Lord” houses, upon the point were perfect French chalets, set in gardens of flowers and fruit with orchards in the rear, of choicest imported fruit, the La Reine, Fameuse, Bel-Fleur, apples and many others of their importations are still among the best we cultivate. The daughters of Mr. Sailly grew up with my mother and were always fast friends. Doctor Davidson lived in a modest brown house on the point, which was surrounded with shrubbery. His talented wife and daughters were among the most intellectual of our people. There were two sons also, of great promise who died very early. Mrs. Davidson was an invalid and did not realize the necessity of physical training. The eldest daughter married Dr. Townsend, an Episcopal clergyman, and died early, leaving several children. Lucretia was sent away to school to Miss Kent, but health failing, she returned home to die of consumption. She was very beautiful and I remember having been taken to see her in her coffin. The poems of Lucretia and Margaret, both uncommonly gifted, were published with an introduction by Washington Irving.

Cumberlandhead was then occupied by distinguished families, who lived upon large farms, their houses built in colonial style – two stories with hall through the center of the house, and dormer windows in the attic. Those houses are all gone now, except perhaps Mr. Hagers’ which was built by Mr. John Adams, who married a niece of my grandmother. First was the house of General Moores – nearest Plattsburg, then that of Deacon Platt, then Mr. Coe and others, all painted white which made them very conspicuous from the village. General Woolsey’s was on the other side of the head, a cream colored house with large piazzas around it. Each house had a landing on the water side, so that boats could land. In early days all the travel between Quebec, Montreal and Albany and New York, came through the river Sorel or Richelieu, and Lake Champlain, Lake George and the Hudson River. All traveled by sail or row boats, and it was pleasant in a calm, to stop at a friend’s house. The Governor of Canada was a frequent visitor at General Woolsey’s whose large family of attractive daughters, with their accomplished mother, drew plenty of company; while the genial and witty old General with his sons, kept up the gayety and fun.

Commodore Melancthon Woolsey was a son of General Woolsey, and distinguished himself in the Navy. The early settlers of Plattsburg were mostly Presbyterians, Judge Zephaniah Platt, his family and all the Long Island Platts being strict members of that sect. At the time that the war of the Revolution broke out, my grandfather Nathaniel Platt, having raised the first company of “Minute Men” tried to put down the Tory element. There was an old clergyman of the established church of England who continued to pray for “King George, Queen Charlotte, and all the Royal familiee”. My grandfather took him prisoner, with the aid of his men, made him kneel and kiss the Liberty pole which they had erected. Soon after this the British drove all the “rebels” as they called them, off the island. After the British took possession the old Parson used to pray “that they might be delivered from the machinations of that pestilent Rebel Nat Platt.” My grandfather and his brother served through the Revolutionary War, at its close moving to the new country on Lake Champlain, where they established Plattsburg. Very soon after this they built a church in the old colonial style, with a high steeple, and a melodious bell, which could be heard on a clear day across the lake at Burlington. There was a high pulpit, galleries on three sides, and square pews on the side aisles; there was an elegant portico with Ionic columns and large vestibule, out of which the stairs to the galleries ascended, and over which was the vestry room. All the good singers sat in the gallery, as a choir, facing the clergyman. Watts’ Hymns and Psalms were used. About 1827, Mr. Lawrence Myers and his wife, who were a very handsome couple, came to Plattsburg, and settled. He being a fine singer was invited to lead the choir. In the winter there was always a singing school, which all those who could sing, both old and young attended. In 1829 they secured a very superior teacher who was also an excellent man. That winter there was a great deal of religious excitement

throughout the community. Mr. Moore, the teacher, asked some clergyman to open the singing school with prayer; then he selected the most penitential and devotional hymns and anthems, the feeling increased so that meetings for conversation and prayer were held in many houses in the town, resulting in the conversion of a large number, among them many gamblers and drunkards. There was one, the son of a clergyman, who was taken from a drinking saloon to the meetings by friends, he was converted and afterwards studied Theology, and became a most useful Presbyterian clergyman in St. Louis. Another was Saint John Bull Skinner. He was a dreadful drunkard, but was kept quietly by a friend until he sobered, and was then taken to the meetings; he was converted and took the pledge which he kept as long as he lived. He was the man who raised the United States Flag over the Post Office in Washington at the time of the secession. The Post Master General had gone with the Rebels, and he succeeded to the Post Master Generalship. Mr. Skinner and many others, not being able to agree to the Calvinistic doctrines of the Presbyterian church, united in forming an Episcopal church and called a clergyman from the Diocese of Vermont. They built a beautiful Gothic Church, which Bishop Onderdonk of New York came on to dedicate and to install the Rector. General Skinner became a thoroughly useful and distinguished churchman. The Methodists also built a fine stone church, thus adding to the beauty of the town. Before this time all the Methodists, both white and colored, had worshipped in the Court House. Colored servants were usually allotted pews in the gallery of the church (slavery had been abolished in 1817 but the servants remained in the families).

The Academy Building was erected about the same time as the Presbyterian Church, and in early days there were some good instructors. My eldest brother and sister attended that school before I was born. After the dismissal of Mr. Prescott we had Mr. Jonathan Blanchard, a student from Kiddlebury College, as a teacher and he was very popular. My cousins and I attended and improved the opportunity. I advanced so much that my mother concluded to send me away. My friends selected the Hartford Female Seminary, established by Miss Catherine Beecher. My sister from New York went on with me placing me in the care of Mr. Brace, the principal, and a corps of most efficient and agreeable teachers. Miss Elizabeth Lyman, Miss Strong and Miss Anderson were the ones I loved best. The young girls – pupils – were charming companions, but all have gone before! When I attended the reunion of my class in 1892, there was not one of my class to answer to her name. The Seminary building is now used as a club house by the boys of the “Good Will Club”. The part of Hartford where I then boarded was on the edge of town, at the foot of Asylum Hill. The beautiful Sigourney mansion and estate above the windings of Mill River was in full view from my window. I used to see Mrs. Sigourney, the poet, seated in her arbor overhanging the stream, writing or sewing, with two little children by her side. (The house was town down in 1895.) Tall Elms and other forest trees made a perfect shade along the bank – now all changed – that beautiful scene has given place to the big unsightly railway station of the Hartford and New Haven R.R. We had many long rambles in and around the pretty town, then hardly more than a village. There were woods near the College grounds where we went on Saturday afternoons to write our compositions. Six or more girls would walk to “charter oak” or to Doctor Rodgers’, the celebrated botanist’s greenhouses, then a novelty. Mr. Brace would invite us up to the hill where he lived in summer, of an evening, to look at the Constellations through a telescope. This was a “lark”! Some of my school mates married Professors in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. One, Mrs. Fay, is the mother of Professor Fay of the Deaf Mute Asylum of Washington. Doctor Palandet and Mr. Clare were then living, the first teachers of the deaf and dumb to come to this country. In my first term I was examined in the primary and junior studies and entered the senior class; the second term I completed the course and graduated. (1835) Geometry, Algebra, French, Physics, Astronomy, Pailey’s Theology, Rhetoric, Logic, Butler’s Analogy, and Composition. I boarded with a relative of my brother-in-law, a Mrs.

William Hoadley. Hers was a delightful family. She lived to be ninety-two years of age and died in 1895.

The Connecticut people struck me as being very cold and formal, for I had been accustomed all my life to a social warmth of manner. Our governess was very peculiar – a “Mrs. General” and a “Turveydrop”. We entered each room with a curtsy and left in the same way. We were all trained in calisthenics and nearly all the school in penmanship. I wanted to take Music and Crayon Drawing – I had a talent for drawing and have been sorry all my life that I did not study with Miss Catlin, who was a sister of the artist who painted the “Wild Indians of the West”. Music would have been of more service to me than Euclid in my western home.

Catherine Andrus, Mary Beach, Esther Denslow, and Mary Francis, were my seat-mates and friends. Doctor Hawes and Doctor Bushnell were the celebrated preachers in the Center and North Churches. While in this school we often received letters from Harriet Beecher, who afterwards married Dr. Stowe. She while in school had written interesting stories and she sent us “Dr. Enos”, which was read in composition class. When I first went to Hartford I boarded with a Mrs. Smith, who was very strict, fasting often, and given to prayer. Her children and I were half starved – I became so ill that I had to go to New York during the vacation. My Brother took me to Hoboken, then a beautiful park, and I visited my relatives, going back to school in better health. Mr. Andrus took me for drives with Catherine that summer. On the Fourth of July we went to Wordsworth’s Tower. It was on the summit of a mountain commanding a view, looking into four states. The Laurels and Chestnuts were in bloom, neither of which had I seen before. I was obliged to study very hard, and Mrs. Hoadley’s children tell me that I was held up to them as an example of studiousness when they afterwards were in school. I was desirous of fitting myself for a teacher, so as to be thoroughly independent. After leaving school I spent a few days in New York, returning to my mother near Plattsburg for the winter. My cousins and I attended singing school and a reading club composed of about forty girls of our set. We read good literary works, taking turns. Any one was allowed to correct a mispronunciation. This was very improving, for we had among us some fine literary talent. There was an “editors basket”, into which the girls were expected to drop letters, stories, or poetry. These were read along and copied into a book by the editor. (While at Mr. Hoadley’s in Hartford I found a book which he had edited, in which were poems by Bryant, Percival, Pierpont, Mrs. Sigourney and others, who had been members, when young, of a literary club in Granby, Conn. – it was very interesting to me). That winter in Plattsburg was a very severe one – the mercury fell to 30 degrees below Zero. One morning my father observed a man staggering up the road, evidently overcome with the cold. He and a servant went to assist him. He turned out to be our old friend Mr. Moss Kent. When brought to the fire he was unable to speak, but a cup of hot coffee, a good rubbing, with a foot bath, restored him. He had come to bring me some French books to read. When a young man he was engaged to a sister of Fenimore Cooper, who was thrown from her horse and killed. He never married, but spent his fortune educating young girls, and in making presents to his relatives – a piano to one, an organ to another, and a stock of goods to some young nephew to start into business. His sister, Mrs. Platt, was very kind to me: she brought home, on returning from a visit to her brother, Chancellor Kent, the first painted picture books I had ever seen – I was then six years old – they were published in London, and were very rare in those days.

Just as the ice was breaking up in the Lake we visited my mother’s cousins, Judge Jonas and Mr. Robert Platt, who lived on farms stretching along the lake for a mile or more. They were fruit farms and exceedingly beautiful. The houses were of stone – very massive – surrounded with shrubbery. Judge Jonas, after an active life, as jurist and judge, had retired to spend the balance of his days in this lovely spot. It was worth the drive of seven miles to hear him read a chapter in the

Bible so beautifully at family prayers. The exquisite housekeeping of Aunt Helen was a lesson to any one entering the house. The roses in her cheeks were as fresh as when a gay girl at Livingstone Manor.

There was an offer of marriage, which my mother did not wish me to accept, although my step father approved of it, as she thought me too young, and my brother and sister in New York wished me to come and stay with them. I left the latter part of May with my cousin Mrs. Platt, on the steamer Burlington – Captain Sherman. There was a large party of distinguished people from Montreal on board, among them some young people of my own age, and we had a merry time. At White Hall we took a canal boat and were twenty-four hours in reaching Troy. At Troy we took the steamer Robert L. Steevens, and came to Po'keepsie. All the points on the river were known to my cousin, which made the trip very interesting to me, having read Washington Irving's works, or some of them. I spent a week in Po'keepsie visiting relatives, then went to New York where my brother met me.

The house we lived in was two blocks from the Battery on Greenwich street – then a street of residences, - from the upper windows we had a view of the whole bay, the islands, and the shipping in the harbor. It was a very warm summer. My sister went North leaving me to keep house with an incorrigible Irish girl in the kitchen. I consulted some of my older friends, and managed to direct the cook satisfactorily, but I made all the desserts myself. I took lessons of Aunt Grahame. My great bother was that so many young men called in the evenings. I had visits from some young ladies, friends of mine, during the time, which was some relief, but I was very glad when my sister came home.

RECOLLECTIONS

Chapter II.

The next Autumn I took a severe cold which lasted until May. It was the real Influenza, or Grippe which prevailed all through the city. I became so ill in March that my mother came down to take me home. The doctor said that I must not go North, but must go either West or South. My particular friend, Alida Hubbell, had brothers living - one in Fort Wayne and another in Lexington, Missouri. We had discussed the idea of going together, and if our health was improved, of starting a school for girls. My friends in New York thought the idea was preposterous. The daughters of Major Myers and Major Walworth were particular friends of mine, and cousins by marriage. Sarah, who afterwards married Mr. Williams, missionary to China, and Charlotte who was then engaged to Thomas Grahame, were at home. Mrs. Walworth was an old friend of my mother, and I was always welcome at their house, where there were so many young people that it made it very jolly. Mrs. Walworth and her sister, Mrs. Myers, had been at

my father's house on a visit, when the wounded were brought there from the battle of "Chrystler's Field". The wounded were put in the best rooms in the house. Colonel Cummings of Georgia was put in the parlor, Colonel Preston of South Carolina in the room over the parlor. Major Myers in my father's office. The sun shone in the window and into the eyes of the wounded men. My mother asked Charlotte Bailey to take the baby's high chair to stand on, and hang a curtain at the window. Major Myers was not so badly wounded, but that he marked the beauty of the girl, and the delicate symmetry of her foot and ankle. He said that he fell in love then and there, and it ended in a marriage at my father's house. Major Walworth fell in love with the other sister, Katherine Bailey. They were the daughters of Judge Bailey and step daughters of my aunt. Both were near my mother's age. There were no Army Surgeons in General Wilkinson's Army, therefore he requested my father to take the place on his staff, so the wounded were brought to our house, which was the only good one in the neighborhood. The friendship between these families has continued for several generations. (Mrs. Charlotte Walworth Grahame is now in London with her daughter, Mrs. McIlvaine, and her grandson, Clarence McIlvaine, who is in charge of the London branch of Harper's publishing house.). When I was in New York Mrs. Myers was exceedingly kind to me as was also Major Myers who was a Tammany Chief. To return to my departure from New York, two of the most distinguished citizens of Fort Wayne, Indiana, Judge Hanna and Mr. Hamilton, came with letters from Woolsey Hubbell to his father, asking that his sister Alida and I might be permitted to go to Fort Wayne under the care of these gentlemen. Mrs. Hubbell sent for my mother to meet them at dinner, and they persuaded her to consent to my going, representing the climate as being very beneficial to any one with pulmonary complaint; we therefore started the second week in May. Our escorts had business in Buffalo which detained them so we had a week at Niagara Falls, where Alida's sister, Mrs. Gilbert then resided. I passed my eighteenth birthday there, and my cough was so much relieved that I could sleep. We crossed Lake Erie on one of the boats that touched at all points along the route, taking thirty-six hours from Buffalo to Toledo. There was not a decent house at Toledo and we were obliged to walk up a clay bank, very muddy, to the top of the bluff, where there were two or three tumbledown frame buildings. What they called a stage was waiting, a rough wagon with rude seats in which we were driven to Maumee, ten miles through the most magnificent primeval forest that I had ever seen. There was no underbrush, but the sward was covered with beautiful wild flowers and ferns, brilliant feathered songsters flew from every bough making melody. When we arrived at Maumee, where the streets were named and laid off, but not a tree cut down, only blazed and named, Alida's brother, Woolsey Hubbell, met us and made arrangements for us to go on to the head of the Rapids. We were much amused at the frame tavern in Maumee, where a young lady from New England, a very pretty girl, gave all the orders, her sister, the wife of the proprietor being sick. It was Sunday, and she had hidden all the newspapers and checker boards, which annoyed the young men who were there prospecting for bargains in land. We were glad and thankful to get some cold meat and a bite of bread for luncheon, then we drove on to the head of the Rapids, where Mr. Hubbell had engaged two young men to take us up to Fort Wayne in a "Pirogue", which was dug out from a tree forty-eight feet long and four and a half feet thick. Alida and I could sit on the same seat. Mr. Hubbell and another gentleman poled the boat up the river. It was a spring freshet, and the river had overflowed its banks, so that they had to pull under the shade of the trees all the way. When we came to a long bend in the river, the young men would tell us where we could walk across half a mile or so, while the boat was going four or five miles. The flowers were nearly all new to us. – the Buckeye,

Hawthorne, Crabapples, wild plum and Red Bud, filled the air with fragrance. My improved health made it seem like Paradise to me wild as it was. Alida was a Botanist and used all the books in our possession for her Herbarium. Mr. Hubbell knew all the log cabins along the shore and selected the most promising ones for us to pass the night in. The food was corn dodgers and fat bacon, but the fish were so plentiful that they frequently jumped into our boat, and the Hilton boys, who had been furnished by their mother with cooking utensils and materials gave us some black bass and perch nicely cooked.

We arrived in Fort Wayne on Sunday, just one week from Toledo at the mouth of the river. We landed at a beautiful point at the foot of the old fort where General Harmer had been defeated in his war with the Indians. There were no troops there, but the stockade was occupied by an Irish family. Mr. Hubbell took us around the little town by a back street, it being Sunday, so as not to shock the properties of the religious people. We received a warm welcome from Mrs. Hubbell and her mother, Mrs. Sawtelle, and very soon sat down to a delicious supper, with appetites whetted by fresh air and the rough sustenance we had had during the past week. Mr. Hubbell was Teller in the bank in Fort Wayne, and while we were at tea the Cashier called to get his report about some matters of business that had been entrusted to him. We were both struck by the appearance of this gentleman, who was six feet tall, slender and well proportioned, with blue eyes and fair hair. His accent was that of a Bostonian. He soon left us with our friends for the evening. While Mr. Hubbell was moving into a larger house in order to accommodate us, we had to board in the same house with this gentleman and some others of the business men of Fort Wayne. The society was charming for so small a village; families of Army officers who had fought in wars with the Indians were still there. Judge Hanna, and Mr. Hamilton, who had ridden on their horses from Toledo and arrived before us, introduced us to their families and friends, every one called upon us and we were perfectly delighted with the sociability and refinement of the people. Many lived in log cabins which had been chinked and white washed until perfectly smooth on the outside, and were covered with climbing prairie roses. In the interior there were nice carpets and furniture, the bed in every room with white dimity hangings, tied up with bright ribbons. The open fire places with bright brasses were arranged all ready to light, for it was considered healthful to have a fire every evening. Generally two cabins were built near enough to have a hall boarded up between them; over the front doorway was usually a porch covered with vines and arranged with rustic seats. The wild Michigan rose bloomed the whole summer and I have found fifty or sixty blossoms in a cluster. Major Lewis and some others made hedges around their places of wild hawthorne – Mrs. Lewis was a very beautiful woman, she was a sister of Gov. Wallace of Indiana – Major Lewis had been sent in 1828 to take charge of the fort which was Government property. He had served in the Army in some of the battles with the Indians, and was a grandson of Thomas Lewis, a friend of Washington and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. They both showed by their suavity of manner and good breeding, as well as by their beauty, the good old Virginia stock from which they were descended. Mrs. Francis Lewis Curtice of Fort Wayne is the only child living of a very large family. Major Lewis had left the finest trees and shrubs in clearing his farm. Hawthorns were trained in the shape of birds' nests on the lawn. The house was set back on the lawn to allow a stretch of green sward and shrubbery in front. It was composed of log cabins with a passage way between, and had a porch over the entrance covered with rustic work and vines. Major Lewis' cabins were the prettiest of any about Fort Wayne, and the Michigan rose was the

largest and had the greatest number of blooms of any I saw. Mrs. Lewis called and took me home with her the first time I saw the place; she showed me her roses and the different varieties of flowers she cultivated. Her parlor was prettily furnished, probably with furniture brought from Virginia. A bed in each room had dimity hangings which were tied to the high post bedstead with yellow ribbons. The windows hung with dimity and tied in the same way, a handsome carpet on the floor and candlesticks on the mantle piece as bright as brass could be made.

Mrs. Wallace, her mother, a stately lady, handsomely dressed, always had the place of honor at the table and the fireside. Virginia, the oldest daughter, a sweet girl, was one of my scholars, and Charlie, a pretty five-year old boy, often came to school with her. Two older boys, Thomas and David, attended a school in the same building with ours, taught by the Reverend Mr. Hoover, a Lutheran clergyman and most excellent man. About 1836 a large colony of Saxe Germans settled in Adams county, bringing considerable money with which to purchase farms. Mr. Hoover was sent by the Synod as pastor to care for them. Men and women would walk on Sunday, seven, eight and sometimes even twelve miles to hear him preach; he preached in English to all denominations in the morning. When the English congregation was dismissed we would see the Germans in their native dress pouring in in crowds. Their ways were very primitive, but they were generally honest hard working people. One morning a German was seen leaving a load of wood at Mr. Hoover's door; the man threw off his best coat and proceeded to cut and split it. When that was completed and piled up, a middle aged German woman, dressed in black with a white kerchief pinned over her bosom, and a quilted cap trimmed with black lace on her head, walked up to the door. The man nodded and knocked on the door; he asked to see Mr. Hoover, pulled a license out of his pocket, handed it to Mr. Hoover, saying at the same time, "We wants to get married." They were soon joined in the bonds of matrimony and left the house together.

The German children of these settlers did not like the country and came into Fort Wayne as servants. They were a perfect "Godsend" to the housekeepers there, for without them there would have been no servants or "help" as it is called.

The gay society of the town had frequent balls at the house of Zenas Henderson. We received invitations but never accepted them. Two of the leading beaux were merchant tailors, working at their trade, and there were several young merchants who led the dances. The prominent belles were the daughters of a Congressman, Mr. Rockwell, one a beautiful girl, who afterwards married Mr. Rumsey, and there was a Miss Barse, a very pretty girl. There was a disagreement between the two tailors and a printer of the only newspaper in the town. The consequence was a duel between the two tailors which the printer registered as "The Devil among the Tailors", the cause of the quarrel being of course, one of these pretty girls. There was no blood shed, for when just ready to shoot, their hearts melted. Edsal stepped forward saying, "Rumsey we've always been friends, I can't shoot." Edsal resigned his pretensions to the "Belle" and she married Rumsey. The printer was William Wallace, brother of Governor David Wallace. These young girls were scholars of ours, then learning to make pot hooks and studying from a Universal History when they ought to have been put in Websters Spelling Book.

The family of Mr. Allan Hamilton was most kind and polite to us. Thomas and Eliza took us out to drive, and we returned to dinner with them; Mrs. Hamilton had arranged a repast of broiled chicken, currant jelly, etc. etc. The ride was to the old Indian Chief, Richardville's place. The house was a two-story brick dwelling, and inside was quite "Frenchy" with bright red carpets and Watteau figures on the mantle. The Squaws were in a log cabin in the rear of the house. The Chief's daughter, wife of Lafontaine, the second chief, was very handsome. The Chief himself was more like a Frenchman than an Indian, with blue eyes and features like the pictures of Louis XIV. He was very tall, dressed in the French style, wearing the finest linen and broad cloth. His niece, who accompanied him on horse back, wore a velvet riding habit and hat to match. They were often seen in the streets of Fort Wayne.

The day of which I speak, we crossed a neck of the prairie from which the Wabash and the Maumee rivers take their rise. It was the portage where the Voyageurs Charlevoix and other Jesuit fathers carried their boats from the head waters of the St. Lawrence to the head waters of the Mississippi (the little river running into the Wabash and the St. Mary's into the Maumee. Both rise in this neck of the prairie, near the old Chief's residence.) The gorgeousness of the flowers excited our admiration, and Alida took home Orchids and other choice botanical specimens. Mrs. Hamilton was the daughter of Judge Holman of Aurora on the Ohio, and her brother has been many years in Congress.

Our school was a great success and we enjoyed it immensely; the girls were anxious to learn, and improved in every way; many of them were motherless and needed the kindest advice. Most of the girls from ten to fourteen years of age were in our Sabbath school classes. We also worked for a fair and festival in aid of the church. It was held in the old court house which our scholars had decorated with greens and flowers, and we raised enough money to pay for the seats and blinds of the little frame church then building.

Fort Wayne was beautifully situated at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's rivers; the banks of both being overhung with vines intertwined in the branches of graceful Elms, Sycamores, Ash, and other large trees. The "Feeder" for the canal was six or seven miles above, on the St. Joseph, and we used to ride there on horseback on summer evenings. The perfume from the blossom of the Grape vine, like heliotrope and mignonette, filled the air with fragrance, while hundreds of birds warbled in the branches, and wild fowl flew from the river into the thickets for refuge. To me after my long dreary winter of illness it was like fairyland! Tea parties were frequent, and we walked home from them through forest paths to avoid the dusty highway. There was a large party for us at Colonel Wine's one evening. Thomas Hamilton came a little late, I suppose to see me home. The cashier of the bank, Mr. McCulloch, who had taken tea with us, came over where we were sitting and said, "Shall I see you home Miss Man, or shall I let Tom?" I said, "For heavens' sake, take us home." Thomas had been a little to persistent in his attention; there was another young lady who expected Mr. McCulloch to take her home, and Thomas walked with her. The next day Thomas Hamilton appeared with a carriage to take me for a drive, but I had disappeared out of the house and run into a neighbor's house consequently was not at home.

Captain Fairfield, who came from Maine, had bought a large farm a mile from town the year before – his wife was a cousin of Mr. McCulloch – then there were the Rudesils, Hannas, Tailors, Wines, all suburban, and many others where we were made welcome. The next winter there were sleighing parties out of town and Mrs. Hubbell always went – some of the gentlemen would be our particular escorts. Often some of our young lady scholars would be in the company. The religious society on Fort Wayne at the time of our arrival was composed of many refined and cultivated people. The pastor – recently deceased – had been a New England man, his wife from one of the best families of New York (the Willets) had, with her sister, before her marriage to Mr. Chute, been a missionary among the Onondaga Indians in New York State. Several of their children attended our school. There was a “Union Prayer Meeting” in which denominations united, and evening lectures by traveling scientists, or by the most intellectual gentlemen residing in the village. A Mr. Huff, an Evangelist Colporteur lectured upon temperance to our great amusement. He told the story of the man who before breakfast “took a dozet” and after breakfast another “dozet”, before dinner he doubled the “dozet”, and after dinner he doubled the “dozet agin”, and the man lived to fill a drunkards grave, “with the smallpox.” Of course the house resounded with laughter. The Methodist clergyman presiding, preached one day against the use of tobacco, while he was an inveterate tobacco chewer himself! One of our greatest annoyances in entering stores and other public places was the presence of spittoons and tobacco chewers everywhere.

During the summer some young gentlemen whom we had known in New York, came to see us on their way West on business. We had a large correspondence from New York, of letters and papers. We taught one year most acceptably, and we were much attached to our pupils, then Miss Hubbell was called home by her parents, who had moved to Carthage on Lake Ontario, and needed her assistance. I therefore went home also. Mr. McCulloch, the cashier of the bank, had to go to Buffalo for exchange, and took charge of us, but there was a large party that went with us down the Maumee on a flat boat. There was a small cabin for us to sit in – sheltered – the men pushed the boat on the outside. They were very respectful toward us, but would not work. Our party concluded to hire a Pirogue with a better set of men to take us down the Maumee. About sun-down the boat became grounded on the rocks, and the gentlemen made chairs and carried us ashore. We walked through the woods to a cabin where we saw fire. They spread blankets on the floor, putting a big lot of wood as a dividing line between ladies and gentlemen. I quickly laid down next the wall, Alida saying she was afraid of snakes which might come through the cracks in the wall, took the place next the log. They made Mr. McCulloch take the place on the other side of the log. There was not much sleep that night, the gentlemen cracking harmless jokes, which we enjoyed greatly, although quiet as mice. In the morning the old lady gave us a cup of coffee, and we took our boat which soon brought us to the head of the rapids, where we found that our flatboat had arrived before us; the men going to work after we left and pushing hard, had passed us in the night. They raised a flag and shouted a welcome. In our party was a brother of two of the young ladies of our school, and there were some married gentlemen. We met at the head of the rapids a United States officer of very small size, he was in full regimentals, and soon after starting in our stage wagon, at a sudden jolt he was thrown out in the mud. At the next stopping place he had to retire and have his clothes cleaned. The man who drove the stage sang Methodist tunes with a fine baritone voice, between times

addressing his horses in rather profane expletives. He drove over a very bad road, for they were cutting and excavating for the Wabash and Erie Canal.

Arriving at Maumee we took the steamer for Buffalo, and were soon on our way. In Buffalo I bade “adieu” to Alida who was going to visit her sister. I felt very lonely after parting with her (we had been such confidential friends). I took the Erie canal boat, the only way of getting from Buffalo to Albany. There was a very pleasant party on the boat. A Quaker lady from Philadelphia with her two daughters took a motherly interest in me. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman from Rhode Island, charming people, - (his mills had been shut down because of the panic of 1837) and he and his wife were traveling for pleasure. During the day the hanging berths were all taken down, and the passengers played games, chatted or walked the deck. There were several young gentlemen on board – one, Mr. Hall, a very fine looking young fellow, knew my brother in New York. We played chess together for a while, but finding his attentions too particular, I seated myself beside Mrs. Stillman and conversed upon new books. In the evening I went outside of the ladies cabin and seated myself in the bow of the boat, desiring to be quiet and to avoid Mr. Hall’s attentions! There was only a dim light there, from the lanterns in front – I thought myself unobserved. In a short time however, Mr. Hall tiptoed across the boat, and seated himself by my side. He wanted to know why I left the company, and said that I was very much missed there, that he had never seen anyone in his life that he admired as much as he did me. He was very profuse in his compliments, and the only way I could silence him was to tell him that I was promised to some one else. He begged me to change my mind and to let the other one go adrift, said that he was going to New York, would tell my brother all about it, and make all arrangements. I told him that I was going to stop in Utica with a cousin for a week, then meet my sister in Albany and go to my home in Plattsburg. The next morning at an early hour we arrived in Utica. I had engaged a porter to take my trunk to my cousin’s, a very short distance, and Mr. Hall insisted upon walking with me. When we arrived at my cousin’s house, I found Mr. Stillman seated with my cousin in the parlor telling him all about this little love episode, and having a hearty laugh over it. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman had been seated just behind me the night before, and overheard the whole conversation. Mrs. Stillman sent her husband to see that no harm came to me, and to see that I arrived safely in my friend’s house. Years afterwards they met my mother at Dr. Stillman’s house in Plainfield, New Jersey, and gave her a very amusing account of their eavesdropping. The people on that journey were very kind; we were obliged to wait over nearly a day in Rochester, changing boats. I had intended to stay quietly with the Stewardess (a very respectable woman) while all the passengers left the boat to go to one of the large hotels for dinner. I was just eating my small luncheon when Mr. Stillman and another gentleman appeared and said that Mrs. Stillman and the Quaker lady had sent them to bring me to dine with them, thus showing the true kindness of our American people. I felt a little awkward, for although dressed in a handsome brown silk, it was made with a full skirt and “bouffante” sleeves of an old fashion, while all the ladies of the party wore tight sleeves and pointed bodices; the mode having changed entirely while we were in the West. This was not my first love affair, a young man having asked my brother for the liberty to address me when I went to Hartford to school. He gave my sister and myself letters to his relatives there, and I was treated with the greatest kindness and attention at first. All at once these attentions ceased, and I heard the reason why a year afterwards. When Mr. Dimock made a formal proposal for my hand, he was told that I was only a school girl and too young for him. I was much worried for a while (because the Dimocks dropped me) thinking I had

committed some “gaucherie”. While in New York in my seventeenth summer I also received a good deal of attention from a young merchant in South street. I did not care to marry into a family where there were two maiden sisters and an old mother to be taken care of. Years after he married and I met his wife on a Brooklyn ferry boat. She asked to be introduced to me, saying her husband had told her how much he had thought of me. Just before I left New York to go West, while my mother was with me, a gentleman sent up his card asking to see me, saying that he had just heard that I was going West, and that he had come to New York for the express purpose of making me an offer of marriage. A year before when he was in the city, he had called to see my brother, an old friend, and in casual conversation they were speaking of the use of tobacco. I remarked that I did not see how a woman could marry a man who used it. He had remembered this and came then to tell me that he had given up the use of it entirely. He was very elegantly dressed and evidently “gotten up for the occasion.” Of course my mother was very much amused. He was of good family – my mother had known his parents – He became afterwards a judge in the interior of New York state and a very prominent citizen, and a good christian man. I never saw him again so do not know whether he returned to the tobacco or not.

From Utica I had my first ride on a railway to Albany, where my sister met me. We went to the house of a friend whose daughter was one of my “chums”, engaged her dressmaker and set to work to make myself presentable in the latest fashion. The large sleeves of one dress made a new bodice and sleeves in the new style. After our visit to Albany we went through Lake Champlain to Plattsburg where my mother was expecting us. My stepbrother had had the house remodeled, and my room enlarged with nice wardrobes and shelves for my boxes – he was most kind. My sister, my mother and I went to visit relatives in Franklin county, where my brothers resided. On the way we heard of a large party of cousins who had been camping in the Adirondacks, but I had missed my chance by my late arrival home. There was a round of hospitalities at the different little villages where my relatives resided. At my oldest sister’s there was a tea party of forty-five cousins – now all of them are gone, not one remains. After a pleasant visit there we returned to Plattsburg and my sister to New York. I met my brother who had been with the party in the Adirondacks; he told me of his engagement to Miss Marie-Louise Brower. He told my mother that he loved her because she resembled me. This was a great compliment, because she was a very beautiful girl. That winter several of our schoolmates in Plattsburg were married, and it was very gay; sleigh rides, singing clubs and social visiting caused the winter to pass rapidly (I was busily employed making my trousseau, my cousin assisting me). The snow that year was very deep, over the tops of the fences, with a hard crust so that one could walk across the fields and visit the neighbors. One bright sunny morning in March I went over to call on an uncle and aunt, whose daughter was the wife of the Seamens’ Chaplain in the Sandwich Islands. I wished to hear the latest news from them. When I returned I found my mother overturning trunks and boxes, getting together beds, pillows, and blankets, preparatory to packing them. She had opened a letter of mine from Mr. McCulloch because it was postmarked Boston, and in this he said he was coming to claim me in two weeks time. My wedding dress was not made, and I had several other dresses to make; I had expected him in the spring, but up there we did not consider March as spring. He came over the Green Mountains in a Stage Coach and after many dinners and other entertainments among near relatives, we bade adieu to my dear old home, my father and mother, and started for New York the last week of March. (1838)

RECOLLECTIONS

Chapter III.

We were obliged to travel in a double wagon over bad roads, blocked with ice and snow, through the Adirondack region on the west shore of lake Champlain, to Glens Falls, where we stayed all night and had a fine view of the scenery – The Hudson river being on its spring freshet, from there we drove in a light wagon to Saratoga, spent the night and had a drink of congress water, in the morning took the railway to Albany, thence by the Hudson river to New York. We spent two weeks very happily there with my sister and brother, and were invited to many evening parties among relatives. My cousin Theodore – since Admiral Bailey – and his brother Nathaniel Bailey, who married Miss Elize Lorillard, gave evening parties for us. We made purchases for housekeeping while there and took in the sights which we had not before seen. After leaving New York we made a little visit in Utica with my cousin Alrick Hubbell. We again took the canal for Buffalo, from there we were 36 hours in crossing to Toledo, and paid the penalty by seasickness, from there we had the same stage with the same baritone singer but profane driver, to the head of the rapids. Our horses met us there and we rode back to Fort Wayne. It was a fatiguing ride, for the makers of the canal had left trees and other debris in the middle of the road, beside destroying the log bridges, so we were obliged to ford all the streams, the banks of which were very steep and difficult of ascent and descent, the horses having often to plunge into deep water and get up the bank by walking sideways. On arriving at Fort Wayne we were so tired that we were glad to take a cup of coffee and retire immediately. In the morning we went out to make a reconnaissance and see if the house was ready – the carpenters were doing some beautiful work, but were expectorating all over the floor, which made me feel sick at heart. We found that we would have to board with a Mrs. Fairfield, who was a very disagreeable person and not at all honest. While Mr. McCulloch went to the State Board, early in May, I visited a friend and assisted her in preparing her trousseau for her early marriage – it was impossible to get a dressmaker in Fort Wayne, and I cut and fitted an elegant silk dress for the young lady. Her family had come from Maine and from the same town in which my husband was born. When Mr. McCulloch returned from Indianapolis we moved into the house built for the cashier and his family. It was of brick and very elegantly finished, but exceedingly inconvenient for a dwellinghouse. The names of the builders were Tower and Tinkham. My children, Alida, Charles and Fred, were born in this house, but in the Fall of 1843 we moved into a house of our own which we had built on a place in the suburbs of the town. We felt that our little boys would be better away from the streets of the village. It was situated on a bank of the Saint Mary's near the spot where Charlevoix and the Jesuit fathers encamped in 168_. A riffle in the river in the rear of the house was a famous fishing place of the Miami Indians. We often found arrow heads and sometimes money with very ancient dates upon it. We beautified this place with fruit trees and shrubbery – the latch string was always out for friends, and a “Prophets chamber” was always ready for clergymen of all denominations. The Reverend Lyman Beecher came for the ordination of his son Charles, who was our clergyman. He rode my favorite horse all the way from Piqua, - the old gentleman being 75 years old.

Our life was a very quiet one, my time was much occupied with household duties. All the servants we could get were Germans – girls and boys from the Saxe colony in Adams county. They made excellent servants but it took a great deal of training, and as soon as a girl became a good housewife some young man would walk in, court her and marry her. When I visit Fort Wayne now the young women call upon me whom I trained in my kitchen - many of them living in very handsome style, training their families and educating their sons at the very best colleges in the country.

We thought we were very comfortably fixed when we had a canal by which we could go to Buffalo or Cincinnati, but the Pittsburgh Ft. Wayne and Chicago R.R. which came through in 1854 made a much greater change in the tone of society. Railway people came flocking in and multitudes of strangers, giving the little town quite a different aspect. Increased work and responsibilities in the bank took my husband a great deal away from home, so the care of the little farm and the dear little children devolved upon me principally. Mr. and Mrs. Vermilyea, friends of ours, died leaving a family of little children. He was a prominent business man, with quite a large estate. His death was very sudden – a congestive chill – and his wife died of a broken heart a year and a half after. His sister who had quite a large family of her own, was willing to take the two children who resembled her brother – “brunettes”. The two blondes – resembling their mother, she felt she could not take care of. We felt it our duty to take them into our family and they were raised as our own children. We never were sorry, never regretted it, they were docile, amiable, and made themselves very useful in our family, and after receiving a good education, were married from our house. The last one was married just before we went to Washington in October 1864.

When the National Banking Law was passed the bankers of the country who had witnessed his success in the management of the banks in the State of Indiana, desired Mr. Chase to appoint him Controller of the Currency. Mr. McCulloch did not want the appointment, but was persuaded by his banking friends to take it, as they wanted to organize their banks anew under his superintendency. He came to Washington in spring of 1863 from patriotic motives – the country was in the midst of a great war, money was scarce, debts were heavy, and he was persuaded by his friends to take the position and organize the bureau of the currency under the new law. Our son Charles told his father he would take charge of the business in Fort Wayne, and I promised to do all in my power to make it easy for him to leave home. From the time that Sumter was fired upon I had been very active in patriotic work for the saving of the Union. We got the news on Sunday, on Monday morning I went to the stores and bought every yard there was of blue and grey flannel in the city of Fort Wayne. The ladies met in the Town Hall, and we made blouses and overalls for the first company that enlisted. Barracks were erected on the Fair Grounds and the boys were drilled and organized into regiments, soon receiving their accoutrements and uniforms from Indianapolis. The first Colonel was George Humphreys, then Colonel Lin, and Colonel Bass, soon marched with their regiments to Kentucky. Mrs. George, a most excellent woman, volunteered to go as a nurse in the hospitals of Kentucky. She remained with the 23rd corps until Sherman’s march to the sea, and we kept her supplied with everything needed for the hospital service.

My amusements were mostly my flower garden, and painting in oils. I am very fond of painting, but as soon as I got a picture well started some one was sick, a servant

would leave, or company would arrive, so that my efforts were rather crude. It was a gratification to me that my husband enjoyed my pictures, and the last year of his life he had great pleasure in looking at one which hung in the room where he sat.

In the spring of 1863, after the National Banking Law had passed, my husband told me the old State banks were out of existence, he had nothing more to do and would take a rest, so instead of having a silver wedding at home, we concluded to take a journey, visit old friends. We stopped a day or two in Pittsburgh, visited the greenhouses, then spent a day or two in Philadelphia, visited the art galleries to see what was worth seeing, a day or two in Baltimore for the monuments and beautiful surroundings, then to Washington where I had never been before. We went through all the public buildings, the greenhouses, we drove to see some forts, and were amused at the depth of the mud in the streets and the unfinished look of everything about the city – vacant lots had been used for barracks and commissary stores, built in the roughest manner. The mud was over our shoe tops on most of the streets, no pavements, even almost impossible to cross the street from the White House to Lafayette Square. We stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel where the fare was abominable, the glass in the transom of our door was broken, and a company of Kansas politicians held a noisy caucus in the next room all night. We moved the bed into the farther side of the room but did not sleep until nearly morning, they were so noisy. We did not call upon a single acquaintance in the city, but were glad to leave Washington behind us. We spend some days in New York, where I called upon my brother and sister, and then went to Hartford, Connecticut, where I had graduated at Miss Beecher's school, 28 years before. Mr. McCulloch had very pleasant invitations from Mr. Seymour and Mr. Perkins, banking friends, and Mrs. Perkins showed me a copy of Mr. McCulloch's 4th of July address in 1861, which had been published as a campaign document by the Republican party. Upon calling at the house where I had boarded while at school, I found the lady still living there with her family around her, the windows filled with blooming flowers as of old, and her mother glad to see me at the age of 97. My old friend only passed away a few months ago at the age of 92. We passed our silver wedding day while we were in Hartford – the 21st of March – and my husband remarked that we would have been very happy if we could have thought on our wedding day that we would live together twenty-five years, whereas God granted us fifty-seven years. From Hartford we went to Boston, visited the Atheneum and the old churches that my husband had attended when he studied law there. We went out to Mt. Auburn, and took tea with some of his cousins. It was very dreary in Boston, the cold north wind cut like a knife, but we arrived in Kennebunk in a snow flurry, and before we left there we had snow four or five feet deep. A warm welcome awaited us at his brother's house, and his favorite cousin gave a large party for us. We were staying with them and all the relatives came bringing some refreshments so that she should have no trouble. We had a delightful visit there. On our return we called upon my mother at Plattsburg, then came down to New York and stopped at the St. Nicholas Hotel. The next morning – Sunday – as we were going in to breakfast, we met Governor Morton of Indiana - he called out: "Why Judge! Where have you been? Colfax and Chase have been telegraphing for you all over the country, and the only answer they could get from your son in Fort Wayne was that you were somewhere 'down east'". Mr. McCulloch said, "What do they want of me?" "They want you to take charge of the new Currency Bureau." "I can't do it", said Mr. McCulloch, "I want a rest, I am tired." "Oh, I guess you will have to", said the Governor, "they all want you and no one else."

We came home to Fort Wayne and went on to build a convenient and handsome addition to our house which had been much too small for our family. Charlie told us of the number of telegrams which he had received, but his father still declined to have anything to do with the new bureau. He soon went to Indianapolis to see about winding up the business of the Bank of the State. There he met the officers of the twenty branches of the bank, who as one man united in the request that he would accept the office of the Comptroller of the Currency and proceed to organize the new bureau. (I forgot to say that after Mr. McCulloch became President of the Bank of the State of Indiana, - it was after the retirement of the State Bank - I was in Indianapolis a great deal with him and had an opportunity of observing the wire working of politicians.) The corruption in the capitol of a state was something entirely new to me. I expressed myself as being very much surprised to a Lobbyist of the state of New York, and I was told by him that the dishonest political intrigue of Indianapolis was not a tythe of that which existed in Albany. My husband having to get out the circulation for twenty banks, I learned to imitate his signature, so that in the family circle we signed a great part of the notes, which was never discovered by any one of the officers of the banks. They often expressed their surprise at Mr. McCulloch's ability to do so much. We had our suite of rooms at the Bates House, my young ward, Anna Vermilyea, and baby Louise, were in those rooms with me, and we often had from thirty to forty thousand dollars of bank notes being signed. No servant of the hotel was admitted, we saw our visitors in the parlor, but the money was always under the charge of a member of the family. Afterwards in visiting the prison of Dannemora, Clinton County, New York, an old man who had been incarcerated for robbery of bonds in Saratoga, told one of keepers, as I passed by, who I was, and said that he had been in Indianapolis at the same hotel, watching his chance to rob us of those selfsame bonds. My anxieties were great during the panic of 1857, when my husband was obliged to travel night and day from bank to bank, with large sums of money to be used to prevent them from suspending specie payments. We had many good friends in Indianapolis, Governor Morton, Senator Henry S. Lane, the family of President Samuel Merrill of the State Bank, and others. When he returned home he reported this to Charlie and the rest of us. Charlie said: "Father I can take care of your business here, and I think it is your duty to go - the country is in the midst of a great war, the finances are in a very confused condition, you would not let Fred and me enlist to fight, and you said we were too young, and now you really ought to go to take care of the finances from patriotic motives."

He said: "Well Charlie, I will go on and see Mr. Chase and talk it over with him and then if I think right on the whole, after due consideration, I will take the position." Everything was beautiful about our home when he left, roses and early flowers were in bloom, birds were signing, it was a little paradise, and we never went back to it to stay. Now it is a little village of itself, and our house is the medical college of Fort Wayne!!! After my husband had started many bankers came on to urge him to accept and organize a bureau of the currency - they found me working among my flowers, and they said, "Mrs. McCulloch, your husband will never come back here to live", but I did not believe them. Mr. McCulloch came to visit us, and in the fall of 1863 I with my little daughter, went on to Washington, and spent the winter with him.

I made some very pleasant acquaintances and was always very pleasantly received by the families of the different members of the cabinet. The members of the cabinet and their families with a few of the senators and Judges, made up the society of Washington

during the War. Houses were not built for entertaining and all of any size were taken up for Government offices. There were more houses built in Washington the year after the surrender, than there were in Washington at the time of the fall of Richmond. We could only get one room at the house, which is now part of the Arlington Hotel. There was a large closet adjoining, in which we put a cot for my little daughter who was then six years old. In the spring of 1864 I went on to Vermont where my son Fred was at a military school. After spending a day or two with him I went on to Plattsburg to visit my mother, and then by way of Buffalo home to Fort Wayne. I took up the web of life as I had laid it down. My ward, Anna Vermilyea was engaged to be married. In the summer my little girl, "Louise" was very ill. Mr. McCulloch came on and took us to Cresson, where we remained a month. We heard from Fred, who was about to graduate, that a regiment had been formed – the 60th Mass – and he and a number of his friends had enlisted, and were ordered to the front. His father left upon hearing this, hoping to meet him in Baltimore. When he arrived there, however, he was told the regiment had gone towards Washington and we supposed, Richmond. He pressed on to Washington, hoping to hear something from them; he was told that they were probably sent to guard the forts so that the regulars could go to the front. Of course, I was very anxious. As we were at luncheon one day (the day after Mr. McCulloch left) we were called to the porch to see a regiment of soldiers passing down the line toward the West. As soon as I looked at them my heart began to flutter, and I said "There is my boy" – They were so far off I could distinguish nothing but the blue uniforms as I strained my eyes to look. Some of them were on the top of the cars. I said to the ladies who were with me, "Fred is there – Oh! No, it can't be, he is gone to the front, - I know he is gone to the front – and yet I feel that Fred is there." I was in a very excitable state, tears came to my eyes, and the ladies sympathized with me. Next morning the husband of one of these ladies said, "I understand that you were much impressed with the passing of a regiment yesterday – what regiment does your son belong to?" I answered, "The 60th Mass". He said, "At half past three yesterday afternoon I saw that regiment marching into the "Firemans" building and given their dinner by the ladies of Pittsburg." Fred told me afterwards that he stood on the deck of one of the cars looking intently at the ladies on the porch, hoping to see me, but it was too far off and all was indistinct. (Telepathy and mothers' instinct!)

It was a curious circumstance that the regiment should be sent to Indianapolis to guard rebel prisoners, relieving thereby trained soldiers. At Indianapolis Fred was near home,. And later in the season I went down to see him, taking him provisions and comforts. The regiment being composed mostly of college graduates, had a pretty good time in their quarters. In the autumn he went to Washington to assist his father.

At the breaking out of the war, a young Swiss, a teacher of languages and mathematics in Fort Wayne, thought it his duty to get up a battery – he had been trained in a fortress, - as all Swiss men have to be – being particularly skillful in the use of guns and ammunition. The year before he had married a young Swiss lady who had been a teacher in the Spingler Institute in New York (she had visited in our family and had been married in our house. His great trouble was leaving her and her young babe. I told him, if he would go I would take care of his wife and child until his return. Thus in the winter (of 1864) I left Mrs. Sutermeister and baby to take charge of the house and my little Louise, while I went to Washington to spend the winter with Mr. McCulloch. Charlie was at home and all the servants were German – nothing but German was spoken in the house. When I returned in the spring of 1865, Louise spoke German like a native.

Sutermeister came home from the war with great honor, bringing his drawings, sketches of all the battle fields, and many encomiums from General Thomas and General Sherman. He had been on guard in Nashville a great part of the time with his battery – a great many of his Aids and Lieutenants had been his pupils in Fort Wayne. During the winter of '64 while we were boarding in Vermont Avenue, we saw crowds of Confederates coming to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. The house where they took the oath stood in front of where the Department of Justice now is. Some had only rags wrapped around their feet, and old patched quilts thrown over their shoulders; some had a remnant of a hat on their heads, others had nothing but a shock of uncombed and uncut hair so unkempt that they looked like wild men. The feeling among the sympathizers with the rebellion was so great that the bitterness was manifested in their faces and in their deportment. On the morning of Good Friday the 14th of April, we ladies were out in front of the house, Mrs. Dole, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Fleischman, Mrs. Hart, and the remark went around, "There is a conspiracy in the air, this thing is not going to be settled without some terrible catastrophe." It was a very busy day for me, for I expected to leave the next morning for home. The rejoicings had been universal over the fall of Richmond among the loyal people. In the evening all the employees of the government, laborers and others, were marching with bands of music, singing and shouting war melodies. I think we were invited to go to the theatre, but Mr. McCulloch never had time for that. There was a cabinet meeting that afternoon. General Grant, who had just returned, gave a very interesting account of the state of the South, and the good feeling manifested by the officers of the Confederate army, who all said that they were ready to lay down their arms and go home to work. Something was said about hunting up "Jeff Davis", and Mr. Lincoln said he hoped "he would be like Paddy's flea", when they got their fingers on him he would not be there." On his way home from the Treasury Department that evening, Mr. McCulloch called to see Mr. Seward, who had met with a severe accident by being thrown from his carriage a short time before. When we were seated at the dinner table, about five o'clock the gentlemen boarding at the house, Judge Carter, Mr. Dole, and several others, inquired of Mr. McCulloch how things were looking politically. He told them of the meeting of the cabinet, and the satisfaction expressed by Mr. Lincoln at the prospect of such a peaceful settlement of affairs. After dinner Mr. McCulloch and I walked through LaFayette Square and passed the White house grounds which were then beautified by magnolias and other early flowers. We remarked that Mrs. Lincoln had the prospect of another four years of her present residence amid her pleasant surroundings. After calling upon two or three friends I went home and finished packing my trunk. Mr. McCulloch recommended that I should retire early as I had to leave at seven o'clock in the morning. I did not fall asleep immediately as I was thinking over whether I had left everything in order for my husband and my son. A little after ten there was a loud rap upon the door of the adjoining room – occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Dole – at the same time I heard a horse canter by quickly. Mrs. Dole said "Did you hear that horse go by? – they say the man that rode that horse murdered Mr. Seward and all his family." Mr. McCulloch – half asleep, answered, "Oh no, I left Mr. Seward very much better when I left his house at five o'clock." She said, "But this has just happened." He rose, put on his clothes saying, "Sue you won't go in the morning." He went to the door and met Mr. Walker, the Photographer of the Treasury Department, who said Mr. Lincoln had been shot in Ford's Theater. Mr. Walker had run all the way from the theater to tell Mr. McCulloch, and being a delicate man, he fainted on the stairs. Mr. McCulloch said, "I must go, but I will go to Mr. Seward's first." I said, my dear there is a conspiracy in the air, do let Fred go and take his pistols with him." Fred said, "Father do let me go." My

husband said, “NO”, but Fred did follow him at a distance. (Before falling asleep, my husband had said, “I do wish they would not make so much noise and so much ado, there will be some terrible thing happening, they only aggravate the Rebels.”)

Everybody in the house dressed hurriedly. Mr. Dole went over to the White House, saw Edward and little Tad, who was begging to go to his father. Mr. Dole tried to pacify him, and Edward told him his father was at the theater. The child was begging to go to him, saying, “I know my father has been killed.” Being an old friend of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Dole walked the floor, sobbing all night. About midnight I came near to fainting away, and had to retire to my room, my anxiety being very great. A lady friend came and lay down beside me, and at one o’clock I received a line from Mr. McCulloch written in pencil, saying that Mr. Lincoln could not live longer than morning, that he was at his bedside, and would return when the end came. About half past six Mr. McCulloch came in, stating that he must lie down for a few moments, as he would have to arise as soon as the bell of St. John’s Church rang, announcing the death of the President, then go with the Vice President to the office of the Chief Justice, where the Vice President – Mr. Johnson – would take the oath of office. The bell tolled at seven. My husband left immediately, and Mr. Johnson was installed as President of the United States. It was intended that members of the cabinet and General Grant should suffer with Mr. Lincoln. We heard afterwards that men had been loitering around our door, men had been taken away by force from in front of Mr. Stanton’s house. When General Grant was invited to go to the theater, he asked Mrs. Grant if she would like to go. She said, “You know that Mrs. Lincoln was not very agreeable when she went down to City Point not long ago, she was very much excited because the wife of one of the Generals rode on horseback by her husband’s side, while she was escorted with us in a carriage to see the principal points of interest.” General Grant said, “Very well, my dear, if you do not want to go, we will go to visit our children at Burlington, New Jersey, (where they were at school) and this will be a good excuse.” Thus was General Grant’s life saved, probably. Mrs. Grant told me this herself. We were present at the sad scenes of the funeral at the White House in the East Room. I saw him lying in state in the East Room, and I witnessed the funeral march from the windows of the Treasury, as they went down the Avenue. The music of the band was arranged by General Barnard from the simple air, “Mary to the Savior’s Tomb”. It was very touching as a dirge!! I saw the same pageant in New York while there on my way home. I could not remain in Washington for the arrival of the Grand Army, and I missed that wonderful parade and review, which I have always regretted. I was obliged to go home to relieve Mrs. Sutermeister, whose husband had come from the war. As I entered the door my little Louise came down the stairs in her nightgown, a lovely picture to her mother. I was glad to be at home again, and had hoped that my husband would come home to be there with me, but the acceptance of the office of Secretary of the Treasury necessitated our resigning the home in Fort Wayne, and going to Washington to live.

Easter Sunday, after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, we went in the morning to hear Dr. Hall preach at Epiphany Church, the church had been decorated in the usual manner with white lilies, all were veiled with black crape. Dr. Hall preached a sermon upon the Crucifixion of Christ which was wonderfully interesting, from his comparison upon the great chieftain who had been slain, who had saved the country from great war and tumults, thus freeing the slave – with the Savior of the World, whose anniversary of death and resurrection we were observing, - a most eloquent and touching discourse.

Upon returning home we were told that a blind man and his daughter had been to see Mr. McCulloch. He said that he could tell pretty well where the assassin could be found. Being a Union man he had been confined in prison in Richmond for several years where he had lost his eyesight from the hardships he had suffered. His daughter had made her escape with the little children by the "underground road", the avenue by which so many slaves had escaped. While in prison he found from a number of Confederates, who had been confined for some trouble with their regiments, or those in authority, were sending and receiving letters by way of Fort Tobacco, and several houses on their way, one being that of Mrs. Surat, on the corner of C and 6th Streets, Washington. He said "I think if you will send quietly tonight to the corner of C and 6th Streets, you will find some of the assassins." We walked out to where General Auger was drilling some Negro troops which were encamped not very far off. Mr. McCulloch called him aside and told him what he had heard. That night after dark about nine o'clock, when people were supposed to have retired, General Auger marched a company of trained men, quietly, with felt shoes, to Mrs. S's house. They lay down on the side walk in the rear of the house, one or two going in front and ringing the bell, the others watching the back gate. The Officers who entered, locked the doors, put the keys in their pockets and ordered all the lights out. The women were placed in an interior room, sentinels put on guard, orders given that not a word was to be spoken except in a whisper and that by the military. The rest of the troops were quartered in the basement, and a guard stationed at the back gate. Early in the morning - at day break - there was a knock at the gate. Upon opening, a tall man covered with mud appeared, carrying a pick, his pantaloons rolled up above his boots. They asked him what he wanted? He said he had come to dig a drain for Mrs. Surat. He was arrested and proved to be "Paine", who had attempted to assassinate Mr. Seward, and who was identified by members of Mr. Seward's family. He had lain in the marshes of the river since Friday night - this was Sunday evening - so hunger and cold had driven him to seek food and shelter. From him they found out part of the history of the conspiracy to destroy the President and the officers of the Government. He said, that when he saw what a fine old man Mr. Seward was, he hated to strike the blow, but that he was bound by the most solemn vow which he felt obliged to keep.

Our son Charles was engaged to a beautiful girl, the daughter of Mr. Ross, President of the bank of Vincennes and I took Louise, Fred, with Charles and Anna Vermilyea, who had joined us at Peru, to the wedding at Vincennes. They were married in church, and after a very elegant reception at the house of Mr. Ross, they left on the night train to join Mr. McCulloch in Washington. Louise, Fred, and I returned home, and I put my house in order for Charles and Sada to take charge of on their return from their wedding trip. The house was very pretty, for it had been newly furnished the year before, fresh carpets throughout, and more room and conveniences than ever before. From that time I had not more pleasure in my old home. The neighboring Town improvements spoiled many of the beauties. Now the City has taken it all in.

RECOLLECTIONS

Chapter IV.

After my son Charles' wedding we came to Washington and went into the most comfortable house that we could find – which was far from comfortable. I was obliged to take Louise North early in July, and we spent the summer with my relatives in New York, Plattsburg, and in Franklin county, returning to Washington the last of September. That winter we entertained as much as the small quarters would allow, but early in the spring, seeing advertisements of lots on H Street, where there had been barracks, I suggested to Mr. McCulloch that he had better buy and build a house that we might make ourselves comfortable while we had to remain in Washington. I had some Government bonds in my own name, which I proceeded to use, and we employed men who had been discharged by the Government, as carpenters and builders. During the War they had been lavish in employing people, which they were now discharging, in order to reduce expenses. One who had been assistant architect in the Treasury, assisted me in drawing the plans for our building. I planned the interior, he the outside. In November 1866 the house was finished and we moved in. I think it is the best arranged and most convenient private resident in Washington, but not at all handsome in the exterior. (At the close of Mr. McCulloch's term of office in 1869, it was bought by the Hon. Bancroft Davis.) I was enabled to make my husband very comfortable in that house and my daughter Mary was born there. I enjoyed the society of the families of the Army and Navy officers, as well as some of the Senators and Congressmen. The Foreign Ministers were many of them men of distinction, in literature and state craft which served to make our associations at the Capital more agreeable than we had before enjoyed, but the annoyances of office at that time were so great, from the disagreements of the President with Congress, the cotton thieves in the South, and the bad temper of the Secretary of War, who was down upon one set of cotton thieves while he favored another, that my husband felt he could never be happy in that house, and therefore sold it. We bought a farm with part of the money in Vansville, Prince George's County, Maryland, and we build a smaller house on the corner of 14th and K Streets) for a winter residence. The quiet and rest in the summer of 1869 and 1870 did my husband a great deal of good. He sat on a hill, watching the men reaping a field of oats, remarking that "after his six years of hard work, he enjoyed seeing other people work." The road was a very bad one to town, so that we did not go in very often after we gave up the town house. I always enjoyed the country, and Louise and Mary took long drives and rides with their father, so our rural habitation was a delight. As winter approached we piled on heavy logs of wood in the dining room, and Louise spent the evening reading Shakespeare or the bible to her father. A foreign governess kept up her German and her French, and on the 12th of December we moved into our new house on the corner of 14th and K streets. It was very cold, some snow on the ground, but we met old Mr. and Mrs. Blair going on horseback to take up their winter quarters in their house on the Avenue. Mrs. Blair, a Kentuckian by

birth, kept up her riding to the day of her death. They were delightful neighbors, and although three miles away, Mr. Blair often rode over early in the morning to see how we were getting on at the farm. We proceeded to improve the farm the next summer, tearing down Negro quarters, and building those more suitable, but early in the summer Mr. Jay Cooke asked Mr. McCulloch to come over and make him a visit in Philadelphia. Mr. Cooke had been one of the first bankers to negotiate loans for the Government. He took hold of them when many others held back, afraid to venture. In this way he made money himself, at the same time increasing the finances of the country. He had become one of the largest bankers, had established a bank in New York, and was desirous of opening one in London. He wanted Mr. McCulloch to undertake the establishment of this bank. When my husband explained all this to me, as I was not at all well, I consulted Dr. Lincoln before making the move. Dr. Lincoln said, "It will probably add ten years to your life and that of Mr. McCulloch to go abroad." We therefore made our arrangements and in the fall of 1870 we sold our house on the corner of 14th street, packed up our chattels, and on the good ship "Scotia" sailed for Liverpool. Mr. McCulloch had great success in establishing this bank. Mr. Cooke furnished no capital but the reputation of my husband as a financier was all the capital they needed. We were received everywhere with open arms. I never before met with more cordiality than I met with from the best class of English people. Sir Frederick Bruce, who had been Minister to the United States during Mr. McCulloch's term of office, had spoken of us favorably to Lord Granville, and others of his friends. We were soon acquainted with some of the best families in London. Lord and Lady Granville, Lord and Lady Lawrence, The Marquis of Ripon, The Duke of Devonshire, and many others treated us with cordiality and kindness. The new Lord Mayor, "Dakin" had visited us in Washington and was particularly kind, invited us to banquets and balls.

We selected for a residence, No. 23 Queen's Gate Gardens and we had a key to the Park where our little daughter spent most of her time, and there was a fine croquet ground for others. It was a beautiful spot, and none but the very best families lived upon the Square, therefore it was particularly safe for children to be there. We spent three years very happily in that house. We entertained the friends who had invited us, and many of our old American friends, at dinners and receptions. Unfortunately, the climate of London did not agree with me, so although I was charmed with the society, I was often obliged to go to the mountains or the sea side for change of air, giving my seat at dinners to some member of the family or to some friend. The last winter I was there I went to Italy with my son Charles, his wife remained in London under the care of a Physician. We started the first of January, and placed Louise in school in Paris, then by Turin, Genoa, the Riviera, Naples, Rome, and Florence, where we had the last of the carnival – In Venice the carnival was splendid, the Piazza of St. Mark enclosed – Electric Lights and Masquerade Dancers. Then Milan and back to Paris. I had been having bad dreams about Louise, so went out to Neuilly to see her. I found her suffering from chills. She threw her arms around my neck saying, "Oh Mama, I am so glad you have come." I found the child had been starved, the economical French habits of living had not kept up the material for combustion in a growing girl who was taking singing lessons. I took her to a physician who told me I must take her to Nice, that a severe cold might be fatal. We went to Nice and she almost immediately came down with diphtheria. We had a most excellent physician who as soon as possible ordered us to Cimiez, in a closed carriage. She was obliged to remain there till the first of June, at which time she returned home in robust health. I remained with her until sometime in May, when I became exceedingly

anxious about my family at home, and I left her with my maid, and in the care of the Physician whose wife was an English woman. I became very uneasy and the Doctor said that I would have a fever if I did not go home, I was in such a nervous state. I telegraphed my husband who met me at Charing Cross Station. He said, "Where is Louise?", I answered, "The doctor was not willing she should come home so early in the spring, but she is well." He said, "I had the most wretchedly anxious day yesterday I ever had in my life. I thought I was going to lose Charley. He took cold and had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, he is a little easier today, but is still in a very dangerous condition." I went home – went right to Charley's room, did not undress, but remained near him all night. We were fortunate in having the services of Dr. Bell, a most skillful homeopathic physician. He gave no strong medicines, but assisted nature with homeopathic remedies, so as soon as the fever subsided, and the disease left him, Charley was able to walk out into the next room. He has had better health since, than he ever had before in his life, which we attribute to the able skill of the physician. We were fortunate in London in being able to attend some delightful gatherings, among others, the banquets at the Guild Hall, the Lord Mayor's mansion house, where the loving cup presented to the Lord Mayor by Queen Elizabeth is passed around. The gentleman takes the cup and with a low bow, offers to the lady at his right, the lady with a courtesy returns the cup to him, he then turns and with the same ceremony returns the cup to the lady at his left, she courtesys and returns it to him, he sips from the cup and with a low bow returns it to her and she passes it to the gentleman on her left, and so the loving cup goes all around the table. We were invited to dinners at which the Prince of Wales presided – where there was a charity in the background we paid two guineas for a ticket – The Prince was there to assist in entertaining. After dinner the Prince sent a message to Mr. McCulloch to ask him to meet him at the smoking room, and they had a long chat upon finance. The Prince was a most agreeable after dinner companion. Everywhere we found the people of the highest rank with the simplest and most unpretentious manners. The second class people in England are so anxious to get a degree higher in the world, and afraid of lowering themselves by intimacy with any people of whom they are not assured as to the high standing, that they have an uneasy sort of way, fidgety, as if they were not at all self-possessed. The lack of good schools in England, where different classes of people are thrown together causes the women generally of the middle class to be quite uneducated. I think there has been an improvement since twenty years ago, when we lived there, but at that time it was impossible to buy a Geography and Atlas together, like they used in our schools. I went to Hatchard's – the Queen's book store in Picadilly – and bought the best I could find. There was no atlas with it - we found it very imperfect. In mentioning the cities of the United States named Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, Washington, and Cincinnati, and "Sitka". Of course this was very unsatisfactory – our country was very nearly left out. In conversation with a lady of our legation, she told me that an English lady of rank said "I think the war between the North and the South was very unjust, because the two parts of the country are connected by such a narrow isthmus, that the North Americans ought to let the South go." One young lady who had been educated at a boarding school, told me that she could repeat the names of all the counties of the United States. I asked her to do so, and she repeated the names of all the States beginning at the New England States. The best educated ladies I met were from Edinburgh and Glasgow – they had had tutors from the universities and gone through the courses of mathematics, the languages, and the natural sciences. The Queen's daughters, with their brothers attended the lectures of the Royal Society. They inherited a taste for letters from their father, who desired them to be well educated women. The Princess Louise and the

Princess Helene were frequently at lectures in London, while we were there, thinking nothing of coming in from Windsor in order to attend. There were German ladies in waiting at the palace, friends of the Bunsens, from whom we heard pleasant reports of the intelligence of the young princesses. The Princess Louise was married on the 21st of March 1871, and I saw her when I was presented to the Queen, her mother, as the wife of the Marquis of Lorne. The next day the Queen opened the Albert Hall, built in memory of her husband, Prince Albert, the Prince Consort. She came in with her ladies in waiting and the Grand Chamberlain, and was seated on the throne surrounded by the Princesses and the Prince of Wales and other members of her family. She still wore her mourning, although the Prince Consort had been dead ten years. The mistress of the robes begged her to wear a grey dress for the wedding of the Princess Louise, but the Queen would not consent to lay off her black. The tradespeople were very bitter against her for not giving more entertainments and going into gayety, which deprived them of their most profitable custom. We attended the receptions at the foreign office where the beautiful Lady Granville presided. At the entrance of the Prince and Princess of Wales, she dropped on one knee and kissed the Princess' hand. The Prince raised her and there were general salutations among the members of the royal family. Lady Granville was the most graceful and beautiful woman I saw in London, tall, slender, with a fair complexion and golden hair. Her father being Chief of the Clan of Islay, she was a specimen of the highest type of Scotch beauty. Lord Granville and his wife called upon us once at our house on Queens Gate Gardens – she was beautifully dressed, for she had attended a reception at the German Embassy for the Princess Royal, who had just arrived. As Lady Granville left the room, a lady remarked, "Every inch a Countess." Lord Granville told me once that his first wife had been a lady with whom he had been infatuated, of very high rank and superior abilities; she was the mother of Lord Acton. She was of great assistance to Lord Granville in his early diplomatic career, and he revered her memory so much that after her death, he thought he never could marry again, but some years later, being in London and attending the Queen's Court reception, he saw a young lady presented to the Queen, and turning to a friend who had often urged him to marry, he said, "If I thought that young lady would accept me, I would marry again." The friend said, "There is nothing like trying; you are still in your prime, you may succeed." And he said, "I did succeed and there she is!" She was so sweet and lovely as she presided at the dinner table that I fell in love with her myself. After dinner, she took me upstairs where she had the tea table, and introduced me to some of the most distinguished people who had been at dinner. The Duke of Devonshire insisted that our daughter Louise should attend his receptions, although she was not in society, and as he wanted to show her around and we wished her to see his beautiful house, we consented. I bought a simple mull and valenciennes lace dress for her and her father took her to the second reception. Lady Frederick Cavendish assisted her father-in-law in receiving the guests, and she was most kind in showing Louise the most beautiful parts of the house and in introducing her to many distinguished persons there. I felt such an attachment for her that my heart was sore when I heard of her great sorrow, when her husband was assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

My great annoyance in regard to my dress, when I was presented to the Queen, was that I could not get a pair of shoes in England to fit me. Those that I was obliged to wear were made for English feet and did not fit me at all. Standing so long in the great hall among the diplomats was very fatiguing with poorly fitting shoes. The Ball at Buckingham Palace was an immense crowd, some of the ladies very elegantly dressed,

while others wore their oldest gowns and laces, as they expected to have them all torn to pieces. The lights were so poor that I could not see the pictures on the walls, which was a great regret. My coachman and footman had been liberally fed in the servants' quarters with cold roast beef, bread and cheese and ale. They were loud in their praises of royalty. On leaving the palace after the reception, I fell in with General Sheridan and General Forsythe of our army. They kindly escorted me to my carriage. Mr. McCulloch would not be presented at Court because he was unwilling to wear stockings and knee breeches. I had a great respect for the Queen, because of her womanly qualities and extensive charities. Whenever any person who had been employed in any way by the royal family deceased, the circumstances of the widow and children were inquired into by her Majesty, and if necessary a pension and home was given to them. Madam Ferrara, a very fine teacher of vocal music, had been employed to instruct the daughters of the Queen, and we engaged her, through Lady Lawrence to instruct Louise. In the course of the winter, she died very suddenly of an internal complaint, and Louise continued her lessons with the eldest daughter, a young girl who had taken a medal at the royal conservatory. She told Louise that immediately after her mother's death, the Queen sent her a valuable dog as a guard, ordered a lady friend and her husband to stay in the same house with her, and engaged Miss Ferrara at a high price to give lessons to Princess Beatrice. A few months later, when a concert was to be given at Buckingham Palace, she sent word to her inviting her to sing with the best troupe of Covent Garden – Travelli Betti, St. Sane, and others. Miss Ferrara sang "The Bird of the Wilderness", the music of which had been composed especially for her voice. As the Queen was leaving the hall after the performance, she approached Miss Ferrara, gave her her hand to kiss, and said, "My dear, you have a beautiful voice; does your sister sing as well as you do?" This gave the young debutante such prestige that she was invited to sing with this troupe on their annual tour through the cities of England. This was only one of many nice things I knew of the Queen's doing, although at the same time she was reviled by the tradespeople for not giving more balls and entertainments which would have increased their business. The Princesses kept up the charity schools about Windsor or wherever they spent any time, the Princess Helene superintending the sewing. All the linen used about the Palaces was hemmed, stitched and embroidered by the children in the schools in the neatest manner. No machine was allowed on any of the Queen's linen.

In August 1871, Mr. McCulloch, being a member of the North British Insurance Company, went to the regular meeting of the board in Edinburgh. I accompanied him with my maid and our little daughter – our friends, Mr. And Mrs. Cator being of the party. Mrs. Cator was a Miss Scott before her marriage, and was brought up in Edinburgh. The morning after our arrival, we took a carriage and drove all over the neighborhood, visiting in particular the scenes depicted in the "Heart of Midlothian." It was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Walter Scott, and all Edinburgh was in gala array – every place connected with the circumstances of his life or his novels being in gala dress. We were invited to the banquet in the evening and listened to speeches by the Provost, the Lord Chief Clerk, Lord Lawrence and other distinguished persons. The Corn Exchange, a one story building, with a glass roof, had been prepared for this celebration. Although they had covered the roof with matting and straw, a hotter place than this on an August evening could hardly have been found. The tables and seats were made of rough Norwegian pine covered with thin cotton, and we found our dresses well daubed with pitch the next morning. Lord Lawrence said it was hotter than the Black Hole of Calcutta. It was difficult to hear the speakers, except those who had very

strong voices, but there was a Baritone singer with a very strong voice, who gave us selections between the speeches of songs composed by Sir Walter Scott. First, "All the blue bonnets are over the border", then "Young Lochinvar came out of the West", and so on through the whole list of Walter Scott's songs. This was a treat indeed. The next day, when Mr. McCulloch went to the regular dinner of the Insurance Company, Mrs. Cator and I were invited to dine with a Mrs. Smith, the wife of one of the bankers and a prominent member of the board. She introduced me to Mr. Murray, of the house which published the works of Walter Scott, and during the dinner he regaled me with reminiscences of the great author. Mrs. Smith was a very accomplished woman; she showed me the books of sketches which she had made in pencil of the places she and her husband had visited during their annual vacations. The next morning, Mr. McCulloch and I took a carriage and drove to Craig Miller and other beautiful castles in the vicinity of Edinborough. We took little Mary with us and had a delightful morning, enjoying the beauties of Eskdale and wandering through the parks of the various country seats and castles. On our return to the hotel about three o'clock, we found the whole party waiting for us. Mr. Sterling of Kilrobin had invited us all to go to his castle at the Bridge of Allan and spend a few days. Mr. McCulloch had stayed away all the morning because he thought he was not well enough acquainted to go, but Mr. Sterling had ordered my maid to pack our trunks, and being a railway man, had ordered seats for us on a later train. Dinner was waiting for us and we had only to eat it in haste and accompany them to the railway station. On arriving at our destination, we found a magnificent castle, walls in some places ten feet thick, and we received a Highland welcome from Mrs. Sterling, a charming, portly and dignified lady. This castle was situated on the banks of the Allan, which, rising in the hills above, ran through the ground for four miles. These banks were beautified with native shrubbery interspersed with exotics, altogether composing such scenery as one can only find in Great Britain. Waterfall succeeded waterfall, all the way from the source in the mountains, and the rapid stream passed thence through the park to the Bridge of Allan, a little Scotch village. From the windows of the Drawing room and from our room a circle had been cut through the trees, forming a frame to a view of Stirling Castle. From the terrace and the windows we had glimpses of the estates of many noblemen. On Sunday, we went to church in the hall, Mrs. Sterling playing on the organ. She was a very fine musician. The voices of her son and the young ladies of the company joined in a chorus in the works of Handel and Mozart and other sacred composers. This was a great pleasure, Mr. McCulloch being particularly fond of music. We understood that these lovely grounds were thrown open twice a week to all who chose to ramble through them.

Early next morning our hosts had arranged for us to go through the Lochs and visit the scenes described in the "Lady of the Lake". We went a short distance by train, then horses and carriages met us, and we drove through the Trossachs, passing the scene of FitzJames' ride and where his noble charger fell, arriving at the silver strand of Loch Katreen, where a well appointed steamer awaited us instead of Ellen's tiny bark. The day was beautiful, and the hills were in their glory of heather bloom, from which the reflections in the lakes were indeed couleur de rose, now and again a light cloudlet passed over, casting a softer shadow across the mountains. Mrs. Cator and Miss Dundas repeated passages from the great poem at every historic point. After another short drive, we took a second steamer through Loch Lomond, ending the day's tour at Fort William and the pass where so many covenanters suffered. We returned to Mr. Sterling's by rail after this tour through what seems to my mind the most exquisite scenery in Scotland.

The next day we left our hospitable friends and proceeded through Perthshire over the North British route to Golspie in Sutherlandshire. This is the station established by the Duke of Sutherland near his castle of Dunrobin. We wished to visit Dornoch, the original home of my husband's ancestor, Adam McCulloch, whence he emigrated in 1765. We drove over to Dornoch and visited the castle where the records of the county had formerly been kept. A part of this castle had been burned a few years before, and many of the papers which had been saved were sent to Edinburgh for preservation, but the obliging Justice Clark produced a proclamation which was written in 1728 upon parchment in these words, "This is to certify that Colin Mackenzie has been appointed by the councilors of the Borough of Dornoch in the County of Sutherland to represent them in the Parliament at Westminster, being esteemed to be a Godfearing man" – signed, Hugh McCulloch. When looking at the signature, my husband remarked, "This is a very singular circumstance. If I did not know that my father had never crossed the Atlantic, I could take my oath that this was his signature." The name of the councilors were, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Gordon, I think Lord Ross, and the names of the McCullochs, Thomas, George and Alexander. At the time that we were there in 1871, there was not one of the name remaining in the county. The Earls of Sutherland and afterwards the Duke had bought up all the fisheries and all the small farms, compelling the people to leave the country. Where there had been prosperous villages, schoolhouses and churches, with an educated class of people, there were now only vast reaches of country with only sheep and goats to be seen, and enormous enclosed parks for game, where the lordly residents of Dunrobin Castle invited Royalty and the nobility to a slaughter of the wild denizens every year. Is it retribution that is falling upon that noble family for its cruelty to its Scotch tenantry? The record of the clearances in Sutherlandshire is in some points almost as terrible as the late Armenian atrocities. Fortunately, my husband's ancestry came over before the worst of these clearances. Adam McCulloch and his brother Alexander were men of liberal education and came over with a large colony of the better class of people with many illustrious names which are distributed over our country. In early days in the West I met a lady who was the daughter of a Doctor Oliver, who arrived with that colony. Judge Campbell of Cherry Valley was one, Dr. Oliver not finding an opening for a physician in Kennebunk went also to Cherry Valley, New York, then a wilderness, and his daughters, Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Judd, who went to the Sandwich Islands, were most charming women, with Mrs. Ormeston who told me all about them. The Orrs, the McDonalds, the Watsons, Browns, Campbells, Camerons and many other distinguished Scotch citizens of our country are descended from the migrants of this colony. While at Golspie, I sent for the piper to give us tunes on the bagpipes without telling Mr. McCulloch. The man came into the next room to ours and began blowing the pipes. Mr. McCulloch exclaimed, "Sue, what under Heaven is that noise?" I had heard the pipes in Canada when a child, for our home was very near the border. The Davidsons and McDonalds residing at Dundee near us were very sociable and hospitable people and were extremely kind to me in my early years. Norman McDonald, a charming University man was a tutor in my father's family for several winters. When visiting my eldest sister with Mr. McCulloch, we met Mr. McDonald and were entertained in his home near the Canada line. He told Mr. McCulloch that he had often dandled his wife and his son (brother?) when they crossed the Muckle Ferry upon an embankment which the Duke of Sutherland had made to fill up the estuary where people were so often drowned when going to market at Tane. The good sheriff, Hugh McCulloch, was also drowned there when crossing with his townspeople in a storm in 1810. It certainly was a kind deed to do away with that stormy

water, and the high roads all over Sutherlandshire were good enough for driving with horses and the finest wheeled vehicles or bicycles. The people who were walking long distances to church looked at us askance for driving on the Sabbath. The men and women were well shod, with dark woolen clothing, the women wearing white frilled caps and white kerchiefs folded over the bosom. Each woman carried a hymnbook and bible folded in her handkerchief. Upon our arrival at Dornoch, we found that Mr. Stewart, the clergyman, had gone to assist a neighboring minister in the administering of the Lord's Supper, so there was only preaching in Gaelic. We remained for the service, however, which consisted of an extract from the Bible, extemporary prayers, a hymn, led by the precentor in which all joined with full voices. Some of the young people were dressed in the latest mode, coming probably for the summer from some of the neighboring towns, but all knew how to sing. The sermon was on the chapter on the restoring of the sick at the Pool of Bethesda, and the exhortation of the preacher was for all to come and take advantage of the invitation so freely given to partake of the water of Life. I could understand enough Gaelic to appreciate the fervor of his exhortation. We dined at the little inn kept by Mrs. Ghat, that being the name of the Highland family in Sutherland whose crest is a figure of the wildcat of the mountains. She gave us a nice boiled chicken and potatoes, with an apple tart for dessert, served very neatly. She told me that the day after Mr. McCulloch was in Dornoch, the coppersmith came over to inquire about him, having heard that he was there. After several other questions, he asked, "If he was a pretty man." He said, "Ah and all the McCullochs were pretty men." She said, "Madam, perhaps you don't know what that means – it is a large fine strong looking man." The last McCulloch who had been there was a Captain William, who finding all his relatives gone, went immediately to Canada. Mr. McCulloch, receiving at this time a telegram, was obliged to return to London, but the rest of us remained at Golspie for two weeks, scouring the country, and visiting a great many of the residences of the Celtic and Scottish Highlanders, many of which had been destroyed by the Duke of Sutherland in making a railway through the county. They were generally built of stone, underground on the hillsides, with an exit to the ocean and a passageway to drag in their fishing vessels in stormy weather. There is never severe cold on this shore – the Gulf Stream, coming in makes the water very warm, and snow never remains on the ground, consequently the most delicate flowers and fruits are cultivated here, which would never survive the climate of Southern England. I saw upon the walls of Dunrobin Castle, apricots, nectarines and peaches growing, full of fruit and facing the sea. The hedges about the gardens of the railway station were of scarlet fuchsia, living the winters through untouched by winter's cold. Tea roses, jasmine, mignonette and heliotrope covered the walls of the cottages and climbed about the windows. Ascending the stream of the glen, so celebrated in the history of that Scottish clan, there was a succession of waterfalls, and clustering about the rocky banks grew the most beautiful exotics, plants which we could not raise in our section of the United States. The memory of the lovely Duchess of Sutherland, who was the rose of Howard when a child, is embalmed in the minds of the tenantry. She was a good woman, and, like the Queen, most charitable and kind, doing everything she could to elevate and instruct the people around her. I grieve that the serpent should have entered the home of this family with his blighting touch since the departure of the grandmother. I was introduced by a Mr. Lawrence to Mr. Lock, who was the factor of the Duke of Sutherland, also a member of Parliament. Lord Lawrence was on a commission to visit the fisheries at the different seaports in Sutherland, Caithness and Wick, principally the town of Wick. Mrs. Lock sent over a wagonette, with mackintoshes and umbrellas, and her eldest daughter took us to their beautiful

country place where we were entertained in a most hospitable manner. She showed me photographs of the country in every direction, and told me there was fine sea bathing until late in November, the water being so warm. In the evening, the sun coming out clearly, the eldest daughter drove me in her dog cart through their picturesque surroundings, and showed me a statue of her grandfather, erected by the Duchess of Sutherland, in memory of his services to herself and family. I hoped to meet them afterwards in London during the season, but Mrs. Lock and I, both being delicate, we failed to meet again. After two weeks in Sutherlandshire, we left for Inverness. After taking our seats in the railway carriage, and arranging all our belongings for the comfort of the little one and myself, we were surprised at the entrance of several gentlemen, who looked under the seats to see if their portmanteaus were safe. Seeing Lord Lawrence with them, I said, "I will take another carriage, my Lord, I did not know that this was occupied." He replied, "Not by any means, Mrs. McCulloch, there is plenty of room for us all. Why, here is Mary, how do you do?" Of course Mary was delighted, as Lord Lawrence had made quite a pet of her when we spent some time at Brocket Hall, his country place. The railway carriages were like old fashioned coaches, and had no conveniences like our American cars. In a few moments, Lord Lawrence said, "Has any one any water, I am very thirsty." One of the gentlemen said, "I have some bottles of claret, has any one a tumbler?" I said, "There is one in my lunch basket." So Mary's little tumbler served as a drinking cup for all the gentlemen. I had also a bottle of water, but it was very warm. A little later a young man with a number of dogs and a gilly, which he sent into the van, took a seat in our carriage. His face and hands were very much sunburned, his hair red, his coarse stockings and knickerbockers showed rough usage, and he stowed away his various fowling pieces in the pockets of the carriage, saying they were not loaded. I heard afterwards that he was a brother of the Duke of Westminster. One of the gentlemen with Lord Lawrence was Lord Ashley, the son of Lord Chafsberry, whom they were to meet in Glasgow, where Lord Lawrence and Lord Ashley were going to open cheap eating houses for the poor. On arriving at Inverness, we went to the Coffeehouse, the best hotel, registered our names, and ordered dinner as soon as it could possibly be had. There were a great many waiters flying around, clearing tables, and supplying beer to those who came in, but we could get no attention. After nearly an hour's waiting, Lord Lawrence came in in a hurry. He said, "Why Mrs. McCulloch, are you sitting here yet, and have not had any dinner?" I said, "Yes, my Lord, we cannot get waited on." He called a waiter in an authoritative tone, "Set some chairs for these ladies and give them something to eat." There was a chorus of "Yes my Lord's" from the waiters, chairs were placed immediately, the table was set in a trice, and all the flunkies seemed electrically charged by the arrival of his Lordship. We soon had a good dinner set before us, Lord Lawrence drew his chair beside ours, and we had no more trouble while in that hotel. He told us he had found the other hotel unsatisfactory, and so had come to the Coffeehouse, although he feared it would be crowded with the gentry who had come up for the shooting and deer stalking. He inquired for Mr. McCulloch and asked me which way we were going. I answered we were going through the Caledonian Canal, and that we expected to spend Sunday at Oban. He then said, he would telegraph for rooms for us at that place, or we would have difficulty in obtaining accommodations there. After a comfortable night, we took the Canal boat early in the morning, and were all day passing through those beautiful lochs connected by canal, reaching Oban at sundown. As we had been informed, the house was crowded with people, and we met ladies who had walked through Glen Tilt, twenty-eight miles in a day, with a lad of fourteen as sole escort. It is astonishing what an amount of walking

one can do in that clear bracing air. It seemed to me that all the inhabitants of London and other cities had taken a fever of walking in that part of the Island. The sea was rough, therefore we could not go to the Isle of Skye and Isley, as we had intended. We took the steamer however, for an inland trip between the Islands, through the Kiles of Bute, and we had a charming view of the Island on which is situated the castle of Lord Bute. We passed many old castles, among them Dun ? where we saw the Dogs of Fingal. We felt the spirit of Ossian hanging over us all day, there was so much of poetry in the picturesqueness of the scenery. We passed so near the rocky shores of the lochs, that we could have easily spoken to the shepherds in their plaids, who were reading while their faithful Collie dogs watched their sheep. A very charming lady, who with her children was taking an outing in the Highlands, saw how much we were interested in the scenery, and pointed out to us the most interesting points connected with Scottish history and romance. Just at sunset, we passed through the Holy Loch. She pointed out Roseneath, the place of the Marquis of Lorne, to which Princess Louise had been brought home the day before, amid Highland fetes and rejoicings, the sound of the pibroch and the welcomes of the tenantry, which ceremonies took place both here and at Abergeldie Castle. Roseneath was the place where the Duke of Argyle brought Jeanie Deans after all her trials, to take charge of his Dairy. The day had been cloudy, but just then the sun came out gloriously, giving that rosy tinge to the heather clad hills reflected in the loch, which were even more beautiful than at Loch Katreen. Before it was quite dark we passed several more castles and a little later, arrived at the port of Glasgow. There was as much confusion about the docks as there used to be on the arrival of a steamer in New York; there seemed to be no order, and all the cabmen were shouting at once in stentorian voices and Scotch dialect the names of the different hotels. One cabman, coming so near that we could hail him, we asked him to come on board and get our trunks when we would take his cab. He did not like the look of our Saratogas, but after considerable parleying, he got two or three men to assist him and our trunks were lifted on the cab. Just as we were leaving, Mrs. Pell of New York called to us – “Do get rooms for us - three rooms please.” Mr. Pell could not find his Gladstone bag. Mrs. Pell had taken charge for this voyage of her clergyman who was a bachelor, leaving her husband to take care of himself, which the old gentleman was too confused to accomplish. Being the first arrivals at the hotel, we got the best rooms, and were soon settled comfortably and sat down to a very good supper. It was a long time before the Pells arrived. The clergyman of course, had the best room when they finally appeared, but poor Mr. Pell was disconsolate, having lost his bag ...with all his night clothes and toilet requisites. He rose very early the next morning, and when he came in to breakfast announced that he had already bought himself a bag, shirts, shaving materials and everything he needed. There seemed no one in charge of luggage on arriving at any one of the stations, but everyone had to look out for his own possessions. We enjoyed several days in Glasgow, but when I received a letter from my husband, it was not from the bank but from the house. This made me uneasy, as he was not very well when he parted from me. I telegraphed to the office in London, and the answer came that he had not been there; we therefore arranged for an early start for London in the morning, and taking the “flyer”, arrived in that city about ten at night. The stuffy first class carriages had been so exceedingly hot and uncomfortable that I took a second class carriage, with leather covered seats and no carpet on the floor. I soon found that English and Scottish ladies did not travel with trunks, or boxes as they called them, but instead they took a handbag, a large basket with a locked cover and one or two bandboxes of a size which they could tuck under the seat or put up in the rack. Thus they kept their possessions where they

could watch them, and when they arrived at a stopping place, they had them under their own hands, then they beckoned to the driver of a “fly”, who for one and sixpence would take them to any point in the city where they desired to go. After this, I did not travel much in England or on the Continent with Saratoga trunks.

On arriving in London, we were driven directly to our house, which I reached at half past ten. After ringing several times, and smelling a very strong odor of toasted cheese, our footman, Jesse, came out of the basement door. In a maudlin way he stammered, “Why – Why – are you home?” I said “Where is Tobin the butler, that he did not come out?” “He has a bilious attach, mum a bilious attach,” he replied. I asked – “Where is the master?” and stammering very much he told me that he was upstairs in his own room. With considerable difficulty he got the key from the drunken butler, and opened the front door for us. I went at once to my husband’s apartments, and found him in great pain, suffering from an attack of inflammation of the bowels. In our absence the servants had been indulging in a “high old time”, and Mr. McCulloch had no attention whatever. I ordered the cook to make a mustard poultice, and with a few simple remedies I soon had him more comfortable, and sent for a physician. I found that I had arrived at the nick of time, as the servants were all more or less drunk and could not be depended upon. They had used my best linen and china the night before, having evidently had a party. I had hired all these servants from the “Servants Protective Association” (established by the Prince Consort) with good recommendations. Before the year was out, we had to discharge most of them for dishonesty. Afterwards, I was so fortunate as to get a cook housekeeper, who had lived seven years in the family of Sir James Clark, the Queen’s physician, and who was a thoroughly reliable and respectable person. We also obtained a butler from a friend who was leaving town, who served us to our satisfaction.

When the Autumn came on, Louise and my niece, Helen, returned from the Continent, and finding it almost impossible for Louise to study while there was so much going on in the house, being obliged to entertain a great deal, our American friends calling upon us, and Louise being glad to see them, it diverted her from her studies. Assisted by a lady who had visited most of the schools in England, we went through all the boarding schools we could hear of, both in London and its neighborhood, but we could find none where we could leave an American girl. The water is so scarce in London that the bathing facilities are not like ours. Our house in Queens Gate Gardens had been built for Royalty, and had plenty of bathrooms, and we managed by appealing to the proper authorities to get plenty of water. But we found at the boarding schools the girls were limited to a wash basin with a curtain before it, a foot tub and a moderate pitcher of water. Several girls being in each room, they were obliged to take their turn at the basin. This scarcity of water is the reason why the people in the closely populated districts are so dirty. But those in the higher classes were able to get a pretty good bath in what we would call a circumscribed tub. The gentlemen patronized the Turkish baths at the clubs. The opportunities of amusement for those who have plenty of money in London are very great. At the Christmas vacation the theatres are all open for pantomime, and the Opera houses are in full blast, but the best Opera is always in the height of the season, from the middle of February to Easter and from Easter to the time when every one leaves London – the last of July. No one remains in London who can possibly get away in the early winter months, the fog being so dense you are obliged to burn gas all through the day to see to do anything. Mr. McCulloch was so busy that he

did not notice this so much, although he was obliged to eat his breakfast by gas light every morning. He took the underground railway to his office, and as our neighbors were very nice people, he generally had pleasant company all the way down. Several editors of the best daily papers were usually in the carriage with him, and talked over the finances of the world. My respiratory organs not being good, I was frequently troubled for breath: I therefore generally ordered the carriage and drove in the direction from which the wind came. By driving from four to seven miles, I could usually get into sunshine, where birds were singing and hawthorn buds swelling, rural England looking gay, primroses on the banks and violets in the valleys. I would remain while the horses were watered and rested and after several long breaths of pure air, I would go back to town. One can drive thirteen or fourteen miles through the city all the way by parks, only crossing occasionally a street or a square. I drove to a garden party in Epping forest, thirteen miles, without driving any distance upon a crowded street. If it were not for the fog and coal smoke, London would be a delightful place to live in, for there is no city in the world where there are so many advantages for a person to cultivate literary, artistic or scientific taste, and any one with good manners and plenty of money, with a fair education can have all the society he chooses, putting money of course in capital letters. My husband's reputation as a financier gave us the entrée wherever we wished to go, and we thoroughly enjoyed it when we were able to endure the fatigue.

After a year with a very superior governess, and lessons from the best teachers of music, we concluded to place Louise in school near Paris. She had taken lessons from Roche, the famous teacher in Cadogan Gardens, who had taught nearly all the aristocracy of England, and she was therefore well prepared to enter a French school. I took her to Miss Ellis' hotel in Paris, and I visited with Miss Ellis many of the schools. Miss E. knew all the teachers, having been at one time a teacher herself, and having lived nearly all her life in Paris. We settled upon Madame Basseaux's school at Neuilly. I arranged that she should be a parlor boarder, and should go to town for singing lessons from Della Sedia, the best teacher of vocalization then in Paris. In order to take proper care of her, I took an apartment with my maid and Mary so that I could give her a good luncheon, dinner and breakfast over Sunday, and when she came in for her Wednesday and Saturday lessons. In this way, she did very well. I was in Paris six months, but then was obliged to return to London for the Christmas holidays.

Soon after the first of January, my son Charles and I took Louise back to school, and went on from Paris for a trip through Southern France and Italy, so that I might avoid the extreme cold of the winter, see something of Italian art, and give Charlie, who was obliged to return to America in the Spring, an opportunity to see a part at least of Italy. We took a female courier with us, and she managed to pick up all the news and gossip that was afloat at every station. I have never traveled with a courier since – one experience was enough. We went first through the Mont Cenis pass to Turin, where we found over four feet of snow on the ground. There we remained over Sunday, burning more than a cord of wood in our little stove without getting thoroughly warm. We therefore took the train early on Monday for Genoa via Susae. After a ride of an hour or two, we met with a sudden stop, ropes were drawn across the track, rough wagons were awaiting us, there were crowds of half naked peasantry watching their opportunity for pillage, and a strong guard of military to protect us. The passengers were requested to mount the wagons, and we took possession of the seats next one of the drivers, where we were covered by a caleche. There were a great number of these wagons, drawn by six to

eight mules each, and the drivers shouted and cracked their whips incessantly. We found that a mountain tunnel had caved in, and we were therefore obliged to drive around the mountain through which the tunnel passed. I had never before witnessed such horrible poverty as I saw on that drive. Although the snow was deep, and the air intensely cold, men, women and children had not enough clothes to cover them, and they seemed to have no fuel. The poor shivering wretches would come to their doors to see us pass, and beg us for centesimi. Of course there were Roman Catholic churches and priests, but these must have been supported by money from the Pope. After a ride of several hours, we reached the other side, and took the train for Genoa, where we arrived without further accident. Here the air was warm, the sun was shining and the public gardens were gay with blooming flowers. We greatly enjoyed the sights of the city, the beautiful palaces, country seats, gardens and public works. From Genoa, we engaged a man to drive us by diligence over the Cornice road to Spezia. We were three days on the road, amid the sunny Italian scenery, which has been so often described. The first night of the journey, we spent at Sistrea. It was raining a little, and our supper consisted of sour bread and fried veal, with the acid wine of the province. The castellated and ancient building which served as a hotel seemed to me so much like the scene in some one of Mrs. Radcliffe's stories that I felt a little fearful in such weird and uncanny surroundings. But it was clean, and although there was not a door with a latch that would fasten in the house, we managed by barricading our doors with furniture to keep out any one who might want to enter. Charlie had considerable money with him, and in the night if his door or window blew open and could not be closed again, sleep was impossible. But when we awoke in the morning the view was so magnificent that we were well repaid for all our annoyances and fears. The storm of the previous night had blown from their moorings a multitude of the fishing vessels with their picturesque Moorish looking sails, and the fishermen were wading and swimming towards them to secure them again. All that coast is composed of rocky, castellated headlands, with little bays between, picturesque spires of churches, and villas with orange groves, sheltered wherever there is any chance for verdure under the rocky cliffs of the Alps, whose tops were covered with snow. We met an Italian gentleman whose business was in New Orleans, but whose family spent a part of every year in their orange groves at Nervi. Having just come over, he gave Charlie the latest New York papers to read. He said there was no chance to make money in that part of the country, but Nervi was an ideal place to live in: where all kinds of fruit, and particularly the most delicious oranges abounded, and the finest fish could be caught in the water. The sea bathing and boating were also fine, having an equable temperature all the year.

On leaving, we passed through a valley which had been submerged by freshets and where the people were very poor. We had little to eat for dinner, and were surrounded by beggars, while at the same time we saw an old priest coming down the mountain with half a dozen turkeys; he was fat and evidently well to do, for his rubicund face showed he had plenty to eat and more to drink, and the little beggar children were so in awe of him that they did not dare to approach him. He went at once to the wine room of the hostelry for his tippie. At that time the men we saw generally shook their fists at the priests when the clerical backs were turned, having little respect for them. Since then, there have been many changes for the better, and there is no longer so much oppression by the priesthood. Although it was the month of January, there were a great many flowers on the mountains as we passed over them, some species of heather and rhododendron as well as violets and daisies were in bloom. We were very tired before our

journey's end, but as we neared Spezia, from the summit of a hill, the driver called to us to look down, and there in the circular harbor lay our American fleet, half a dozen beautiful frigates with the Admirals flag flying from one of them. As we knew the Admiral and had many friends on the several vessels, we had a very enjoyable stay at Spezia, meeting a number of the officers and their families who were staying at the hotel. After a morning spent in looking about the streets, we took the train for Leghorn and Pisa. We spent a day in the latter town, visiting the leaning tower, the cathedral, and other objects of interest. Thence we took the Levantine railroad to Civita Vecchia. As we passed onwards, it seemed as if every little hill was crowned by a town, or if the space did not admit of this there was at least a group of houses, a villa or a monastery, reminding one most forcibly of the backgrounds in the paintings of the old masters. We had a very curious experience on this train. Although it was a first class compartment, they had put in a colored woman who was being sent to her employers in Southern Italy, and there was also with us a moor from Morocco, a very handsome and gentlemanly man, of dignified appearance and deportment, who told us he had been buying largely of silks, jewels and other Italian fabrics to take home with him to Morocco. He might have sat most appropriately for the portrait of Othello. In addition to these, there were three priests, coming from Syracuse and going to Rome; very intelligent men who spoke fluently in any language in which you chose to address them. They told us many interesting anecdotes of Syracuse and the Italian life in general. It was a strange carriage full of humanity.

We arrived at Rome in the late evening, and were careful to keep the carriage windows closed as we drove through the streets to avoid inhaling the malarious air. We went to the Hotel d'Europe, and asked for rooms with a southern exposure. The man who showed us them assured us that they were "au midi", but when I awakened in the morning, I found my only window opened upon a mould and moss-covered church. Immediately after breakfast therefore, we started out to find sunny rooms. From the bank, where we inquired they directed us to the Hotel Sud, the name of which alone inspired hope, but when we arrived there they could give us but one room, and that was up three flights of stairs. As we wanted three rooms, this would not do. When the proprietor found that we should have to look elsewhere, he put on his most engaging smile, and said, "You go to my wife, she keeps the Hotel della Pace, she is clean, she is English." This terse description being quite satisfactory, we followed his suggestion, and found Madame Blank to be all that her husband has represented. She gave us a suite of rooms on the second floor, facing the Fountain of Trevi, with the sun shining fairly in the windows. The house was neat, the table, excellent, the proprietor's elder son being her right hand man. Our rooms were lighted at night by the old Italian lamps, triple cupped and filled with olive oil, which gave a delightfully soft radiance. Not daring to risk the night air of Rome, I spent my evenings reading. We met here, some American friends, who had lived for some time in Italy, and were able to give us much valuable advice about Rome and Naples. I suffered as much with cold in Rome as I ever had anywhere, for outside of our rooms no palace or gallery was warm, the only mode of heating these huge buildings being a brazier, burning a handful of charcoal in the center of the largest gallery, while the floors being of brick or stone, were icily cold and even with cork soles in my shoes, my feet were chilled in a short time. In spite of these minor ills, however, as it was my first visit to Rome, I was delighted with everything I saw. We called at the studios of our American artists, and received from all a very warm welcome. Mr. Healy was there at that time, painting the portraits of some of our friends. Since then he has

painted the portrait of my husband which hangs in the Treasury Department at Washington.

After two weeks in Rome, we went with our friends to Naples. Our rooms were in the Hotel Washington, kept by a man who had served under Garibaldi, and who in return for his services, had been given this house. Before the war, he had been a brigand, according to report, and he had an immense mountain dog always at his heels, which slept with its master in a small closet under the main staircase. One of the servants told my maid that this dog was always on the watch for thieves. The drawing room and dining room opened on gardens, easy of access to the water, where the fishermen of Santa Lucia hauled in their nets and sold their fish and oysters. Their children were numerous and ready to pick up anything they could lay their hands on. We were told that on one occasion the dog had seized one of these infants who had stolen something from the dining room, and had lacerated the child so severely that the old proprietor was afraid to send it home, so had concealed it in a basement room until the poor little creature died. Whether true or not, he looked quite equal to performing such an act. We found this place unwholesome, being too near the sewers of the city, so after visiting Pompeii, we spent only about ten days there and then returned to Rome. We were all very much interested in Pompeii. The last day we went there, we met a young naval officer from one of our ships who had been given shore leave, and had underrated at his dinner the stimulating qualities of Lachrima Christi. The wine had made him quite wild, and fearing that he would be disgraced on his return to the ship, our friend, Mr. Hager, determined to restore him to his senses. He accordingly obliged him to drink a large quantity of soda water with some drug in it, which soon brought him round. When the young man realized his position, he was most grateful. He could hardly understand why a stranger should have taken so much trouble for him. "Well, you see, you come from the frigate Wabash and as my home is on the banks of the river of that name, I want you to be a credit to your country," said our friend.

Both Mr. Hager and I were the worse for our visit to Naples. Mr. H. came down with a severe attack of Roman fever before leaving Naples, and on the journey he was so delirious that it took the combined forces of my son, my maid and myself to keep him in the carriage. On our arrival, Charlie took Mr. Hager to his hotel while I and my maid proceeded to our rooms at the Hotel della Pace. At the Hotel de Rome, the young man who was traveling with Mr. H. was staying, he having preferred to remain in Rome with other friends rather than to visit Naples. He was at the theatre when the travelers arrived and had to be sent for as Mr. Hager was too ill to be left alone, and they soon had a good physician whom they had employed before, who did all in his power to combat the disease. Our friend eventually recovered, but it gave us a good deal of anxiety while we were in Rome. In those days, Italy was full of malaria, and a large proportion of foreigners suffered from its onslaughts.

We remained in the eternal city over the carnival. A number of the English royal family were there, and a great deal of attention was paid to them. While we were in Naples, the government had opened a new gallery in one of the famous Emperors Baths, and luncheon had been served for Prince Albert and Prince Arthur in the selfsame halls once adorned for a Nero or a Caracalla. The Russian royal family were at that time in Nice, and Prince Alfred was on his way there to claim the hand of the Princess Mary whom he afterwards married. Our balcony faced that reserved for the English princes at

the carnival, and we were witnesses of much of the fun which was always going on. The Queen of Italy, the then Princess Marguerite, being a great favorite with all, bouquets, confetti, and even live birds were constantly conveyed to her balcony. The little birds, held by a silken thread, in their efforts to escape from their captors would fly into the arms of her Majesty. Our American friend, in whose box we sat, being a Roman Catholic, had frequent visits from some of the Cardinals and Papal delegates. She invited Charlie to dine with her one evening, where he met Cardinal Antonelli, with whom he had a very pleasant and interesting conversation.

After a few days more in Rome, we determined to go to Florence and Venice for the remainder of the Carnival. In order to assist the people, who were very poor, the Pope allowed the Carnival to be continued for two weeks longer in the Northern cities. We saw the procession pass below our windows in Florence, and my son said he thought he had never seen so many handsome horses together before. King Victor Emanuel had a number of English and other thoroughbred horses in his stables that winter, in Florence, which he used in the Autumn of each year, hunting in the neighborhood of Monte Rosa and in Piedmont. There were always a sufficient number of these to be borrowed by the livery stable keepers, as it was also the pride of the king to have a fine showing in the Corso. After a few days in Florence, spent principally in visiting its noble galleries, we went on the Venice. We stayed at Danielis, and greatly enjoyed our rides on the Venetian water. The cold was not so severe as in Florence, and we were enabled to visit the churches, galleries and other objects of interest without much suffering. On the great evening at the close of the Carnival, the Piazza of Saint Mark was ablaze with millions of lights. A large square in the center was enclosed for the dancers, the lights were dazzling, and the masked revelers represented everything under the sun. The men dressed as babies, in long clothes, bibs, short sleeves and low necks were particularly ludicrous. The music played by these bands in Venice was the finest that my son had ever heard, and he, being passionately fond of music, enjoyed it all to the utmost. All the palaces and restaurants around the square were lighted, garlanded with flowers and hung with flags and banners. Ices and other refreshments were served to the dancers from the Cafes, but the poverty stricken inhabitants were everywhere and formed a sorry background to the mirth. The women and children and many of the men were apparently eating only pumpkin seeds. They sat on the edges of the fountains and on the steps of the Procuratie, munching their pumpkin seeds and seeming as happy as any in the gay centre. No one jostled them, and we did not see any of them begging. The Austrian rule had left them very poor, but they were happy in coming under the dominion of United Italy. On my last visit, nearly a score of years later, I saw a vast improvement in the condition of the lower classes everywhere, but especially in Venice, for Queen Margherita had taken a great interest in the women, and by establishing lace schools and factories had greatly assisted in their social and industrial betterment. Toward midnight, the dancing ceased, and the fireworks on the water began. Prince Carnival was typified on one of the ships, which was built almost entirely of fireworks. Just before the fireworks began, we saw the Turkish and Chinese marines and sailors land from ships in the harbor. They took their places where they could observe the fireworks. These were finer than any I had ever seen before, all sorts of figures and mottoes being represented, and at the close, Prince Carnival himself went off in a blaze of glory, and to the sound of much banging and cheering.

From Venice we went to Milan, where we saw the great Cathedral and the pictures, Charlie also going to La Scala for the performance of an opera. We visited Verona also, and in the old Roman amphitheatre there, we witnessed an entertainment given to attract a crowd of visitors, with fireworks, dancing, and, I believe, a few wild animals. It was an interesting sight, but we enjoyed even more wandering through the old Italian town, and visiting the supposed tomb of Juliet.

We were obliged to return to Turin in order to pass through the Mont Cenis tunnel. In the compartment with us were a young married couple, going to Paris on their wedding tour. The poor little bride was so frightened at the tunnel, declaring that in going such a tremendous distance underground, the earth must surely fall upon us, that we had to use our utmost efforts and resort to restoratives to keep her from fainting. With her pretty tulle hat and bridal array, she was a pathetic and interesting object. From Macon to Paris the cars were very much crowded, and we had disagreeable neighbors frequently with us. At one time, we had half a dozen French courriers – they wanted to smoke in a first class carriage; one wanted the window open because he was smoking, while another wanted it shut because he had a toothache. They took possession of the seats next the windows, and became so excessively disagreeable that we were obliged to ask the conductor to give us another compartment. This he was quite unwilling to do, and it required a great deal of coaxing and not a little driving to get it done. I think a more objectionable set of men than those six courriers, I have never met, and they effectually prejudiced me against all their fraternity.

We arrived in Paris in the early evening, and as there were great crowds returning from Italy like ourselves, we had much difficulty in securing a carriage. As I was beckoning to a cabman, Charlie said, "There are a great many people getting into omnibuses, with their trunks on top." So I said, "Very well, let us go in an omnibus." This driver to whom we had simply beckoned without any engagement whatever, followed our omnibus, swearing that he would have his pay for the trip. So our maid had to get out while all the people inside were expostulating and swearing, and go with the driver and a policeman to pay a fine, after which she joined us at the hotel. So much for beckoning to a Parisian cabman. I went directly to Miss Ellis's, where I had engaged rooms. I told her that I had been in so many malarial places that I was afraid I should have Roman fever. It was a very cold March day, but she gave me a bright sunny room with a good fire on the hearth, and advised me to keep perfectly quiet, to sleep if I could, or failing that to read an amusing book, and she would send my meals to my room. She also urged me to take wine with my food for a few days. There had been a number of cases of Roman fever in that vicinity, which had given Miss Ellis much anxiety, among them, a young girl from Rhode Island, who was abroad without her parents, and whose traveling companions, wishing to go on to Egypt, had sent her back to Paris under the care of entire strangers. She was utterly exhausted on arriving in Paris, and all the care that the best physician in the fever hospital, the sisters of Charity and many sympathetic friends could give her could not save her life.

I was soon quite well, but as I was anxious about Louise, I drove out to Neuilly in a closed carriage as soon as I could safely do so. She met me by throwing her arms around my neck and bursting into tears. I took her back to Miss Ellis's and she never returned to school. She told me later of the food at the school. For breakfast, they had a piece of bread and a cup of strong coffee. At eleven a basket of dry bread was passed around the

schoolroom, but she had no appetite for that. About one, after school, they had luncheon, which consisted of the leavings of the day before. This was generally what they called "la carcasse", and was not inaptly named – indeed the bones looked so much as if they had been picked before that she could not eat them. She drank her glass of wine, and went until night, as they had dinner at six. Of course, being hungry, she ate heartily, drank a cup of black coffee after it, and had a sleepless night. I found her in a very feverish and depleted condition, and called in a physician, but she came down with diphtheria soon after we arrived at Nice, where the doctor had ordered us to go in the hope of averting illness. She was dangerously ill there, and when able to be moved, I took her to Cimies, which, as the doctors had predicted, we found a delightful place in which to recuperate. Our drives and rambles about that lovely place will long be remembered, but even here, at a pension where other people seemed to live well, I was obliged to take my child to English restaurants and give her good beefsteaks. Everywhere on the Continent, they think it a waste to cook beef without first taking all the juice out of it by a steaming process. I could not imagine why the meat had no good taste to it, even at the Grand Hotel. An old Kentucky judge told me that they first put it in the stock pot to extract all the juice, then browned it and put it on the table for roast beef or steak. Louise made the acquaintance of a little girl who had been sent to Nice under the care of an elderly lady because they feared she was a consumptive. The girl told Louise that her chaperon would give her no meat except the made dishes which were on the table and for which she had no relish, so I had the satisfaction of taking her to our English restaurant and sharing with her our beefsteak, under the promise that she should not tell her chaperon, and we were soon delighted to see the improvement in her appearance. Some time after my return to London, this little girl met some of our friends and told them how much she had enjoyed our luncheons together.

After Louise's recovery, the doctor being unwilling that she should go to London before warm weather, I became very uneasy about my family at home. I became at length so anxious that the doctor said I would have some kind of a fever and as he and his wife promised to look after Louise, and my maid was left to care for her minor wants, I decided to leave her there and went directly through to Paris. A friend of the doctor's was my traveling companion to that point. Being too late for the night train, I had to wait in Paris until the next morning, when I telegraphed my husband to meet me at the Charing Cross station. I could hardly wait patiently until I arrived in London, and my anxiety proved only too well founded. Mr. McCulloch's first words on meeting me were – "Oh, how I have wished for you! Charlie is dangerously ill with inflammation of the bowels." Under the care of a very good physician, however, Dr. Bell, Charlie recovered, and in a few weeks was almost himself again.

That summer we had visits from a number of our relatives; my brother and sister and brother-in-law spent some time with us, and we had made the acquaintance of various English friends, who visited us while we in turn visited them at their country places. Lord Lawrence was frequently with us, and we went to see his family at his home at Bocket Hall, the estate where Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerton had resided. The house was of plain brick of the Queen Anne period, the furniture old and covered with chintz, but there were some fine portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort, presented to Lord Palmerton on their marriage, some portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a fine Vandyke, a large and choice library, collected by the two Prime Ministers, and a very beautiful park, where flourished every species of tree which would grow in England.

Many of these trees had been presents to the two Prime Ministers by foreign princes. The daughter of Lord Melbourne, having married Lord Cooper, the estate had passed to the Coopers, and was leased by Lord Lawrence. When visiting at Cheswich, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and going through the gardens, my younger daughter, aged four, remarked, "Mama, I want to stay here always!" A sentiment which has since found expression in the marriages of so many of our countrywomen. Mr. and Mrs. Cator, other friends of ours, lived in a house which had served as lodge to Queen Elizabeth during many of her hunting trips. It was a charming residence, and its inmates entertained us most hospitably on our frequent visits. Other friends were at Creswell Manor Stafford, near the once famous Epsom.

Every Spring, at the time of the Oxford and Cambridge races, we were invited by Mr. Pochin to Barnsend, where he always had a large party to witness the boat race on the Thames. This estate had been one of Queen Elizabeth's refuges when a girl, and when she needed to be protected from the fanatical followers of Queen Mary, who would have been glad to destroy her. When at Brocket Hall, we once drove over to Hatfield, the seat of Lord Salisbury, and there saw the large straw hat which Queen Elizabeth left behind her when she was hurriedly called to the throne by the death of her sister. There were several other articles of her apparel left behind. The house and grounds are very ancient, and quite unlike other country seats of the same class, and there is a fine large gallery of portraits, mostly of bygone Kings and Queens. The picture of Henry the Eighth is not at all attractive, and is therefore probably very correct. The great park is very wild, immense ferns and underbrush covering the ground except where paths are cut. This is to protect the wild fowl and other game.

In the Autumn, when Mr. Seward and his wards, the Misses Risley, returning from their tour around the world, visited us in London, we invited some English friends to meet them at dinner. Some of these gentlemen, Mr. Seward had met when over just before the war, at the time when he was trying to influence British public opinion in favor of the North. The Alabama claims had just been decided in our favor, and Mr. Seward reminded our friends of what he had told them in 1857 about the strength of our nation and the stability of our government. This was hardly tactful, but Mr. Seward, after all he had gone through, could well be allowed certain privileges. He was still suffering from the effects of the assassin's knife – one arm being paralyzed. He had always made a pet of Louise in Washington, and he expressed his disappointment at not meeting her, she being still in France.

We had taken our house on Queens Gate Gardens for three years; at the expiration of our lease, the owner wished us either to purchase it or to move out as he wished to sell it, and as Mr. McCulloch was going to the United States on a business trip, Louise and Helen, my niece, accompanied him, and Mary and I with a maid went into lodgings until his return. Our son Charlie had gone over in June, and when in New York, had called at the office of Jay Cooke and Co., making inquiries in regard to business. He had been assured that everything was in a most satisfactory condition, and that Mr. Cooke would make no more advances on railways. Of this he had informed his father. However, when my husband arrived at quarantine, in New York harbor, the representatives of the press came on board with papers announcing that Jay Cooke and Co. had suspended specie payments, also that there had been a "Black Friday" and everything in the way of finance was in a most direful confusion. Mr. McCulloch was perfectly overwhelmed, and did not

know what to do. Notwithstanding all Mr. Cooke's promises to Mr. McCulloch, he had made large advances to the Northern Pacific Railway, thus crippling his business. A firm in London had been agents of the Navy Department, and had sent in the care of Jay Cooke and Co., forty thousand pounds in gold, \$200,000, and Mr. McCulloch found that during the run upon the bank on that memorable Friday, they had paid out this Government money for which he was responsible. Of course, the agony of his mind was beyond the comprehension of any who did not know his unwavering sense of honesty. After Mr. McCulloch left London, I received a letter from Charlie, stating that they had so much money in the bank uninvested, he did not know what to do with it, and asking his father what he would recommend them to buy, but as soon as the depositors heard of the failure of Jay Cooke, they made a run upon all the banks of Fort Wayne, and several other houses who were indebted to the firm in London were also compelled to close their doors. There was quite a run also upon the bank in London, but they were well prepared to meet it, and did not have to suspend, although obliged to retrench and accept only strictly business and responsible paper. In order to get along, Charlie went to New York, and tried to sell some securities that he had in the bank, but at first, met with little success. My husband's old friend, Mr. Lanier, returned from Europe at this time, and heard at his office of Charlie's request and emergency. The other members of his firm had refused to give my son any assistance or buy his securities. Upon hearing this, Mr. Lanier took his strong box out of the Safe Deposit, saying to the clerks, "Give young Mr. McCulloch anything he wants." This was enough, and Charlie went home assured that he would not need to suspend specie payments.

After arranging matters as well as he could in America, and obtaining from the Government a promise of time in which to settle the claim, Mr. McCulloch returned to London, and in a short time reorganized the business, leaving out the name of Jay Cooke. His friend, Mr. Thornton, of the firm of Williams, Deacon and Co. who had been one of our best friends in London, lent Mr. McCulloch the money with which to pay back to the Government the sum taken by the American bank, taking a lien upon his real estate in the United States. It was a noble deed for which we shall always be grateful. They never pushed their claim, but in the settling up of the business, they were repaid, every penny, and without sacrificing a private estate. The business had been wonderfully successful in London, and but for Mr. Cooke's rash venture, all the partners would have been millionaires.

In November, Mr. McCulloch returned to London, with my daughter. We took a house in Anerley, out of the London fogs, and where the sun shone in upon us all winter. I had had an attack of Pneumonia while my husband was away, and the doctor had advised me to keep out of the fogs and go to Italy in the Spring, as early as the weather would permit. In April, therefore, we closed our house in Anerley, and left for Paris, spending a week there with our friends, the Hoopers, and arriving in Florence on the nineteenth of April. Mr. McCulloch took rooms in a hotel in London, not far from our former home, furnishing his apartments with many little articles which we had accumulated during the previous three years. It was very hard to be thus separated, but it was imperative that he should remain in England to look after his business. The severe strain he endured at this time brought on the first attack he ever had of Kidney disease. The water in London was so impure that his doctor advised him to take a little whiskey with it, as any kind of wine was bad for his complaint. I think this was a mistake, and while it temporarily relieved him, I believe it aggravated the disease.

Aside from the enforced separation from my husband, who was only able to visit us at long intervals, we spent three years very happily in Florence. I took a villa near San Domenico, on the slope of Fiesole, where we had plenty of sunshine and very fine views of the surrounding country, while below us in the midst of the valley lay Florence. My daughters had lessons in town. I usually drove in with them, and went sight seeing while they were studying. Often, we would take luncheon in the city and spend the afternoon in the galleries, or in driving about the country. It was an ideal kind of life, with much variety and few responsibilities. That winter, Louise was introduced to society, which she enjoyed with the gusto of a pretty girl. I always accompanied her to evening parties, although I was obliged to lie down and take a sleep before hand, as the hours of entertainment at Italian balls are of the latest. I did not take cold in driving to and from the city, as we had a very snug closed carriage and plenty of furs. It did not cost as much to live in the country and keep a carriage as it would have done to board at a hotel in town, and we thus had pure air and sunshine instead of fogs and malaria of the city. Louise had a very fine voice, and her masters wanted to put her upon the operatic stage, but we would not of course consent to this. When we returned to America in 1877 however, she sang at several large concerts for charity, with great success. She had too much voice for the small parlors of the New York houses, and I recollect the astonished faces of the people when she first sang after a dinner party in such a house.

Mr. McCulloch finding that he would be obliged to remain in New York for a part at least of every year, in order to attend to his London business, we all returned to America, and leased a house at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 56th Street, furnishing it in part with what we had picked up during our three years residence in Italy. Here we lived quietly but comfortably, being obliged however, to run away for the heat of summer and the stormy days of March. It was rather an amusing experience to us while living there, after entertaining all friends or acquaintances in London, where our latch string was always out, to see how few of the swells in the set since called the "four hundred" had a shade of recollection of their indebtedness, and called or offered to return our hospitality of the past. The wife of an ex-United States Senator, whom we knew very well, and who had been frequently at our entertainments in Washington and London, when driving past in her carriage, saw me watering my flowers in my window boxes, and did not even bow, although she did the house the honor of a close scrutiny. But our good friends, A.E. Low, and Wm. E. Dodge called to see us frequently, and invited us to their houses as in the past. We have since known whom to cultivate and whom to drop, for when the wheel of social prestige once more swung around with the reappointment of Mr. McCulloch to the Secretary-ship of the Treasury under President Arthur, there were not a few turncoats who strove to make us forget their former indifference. President Seth Low at Columbia College is showing the metal he inherits from his father, and the Dodge family are not likely to be soon forgotten – their benevolence being proverbial.

In 1878, Mr. McCulloch found that he could drop the London business, and in '79 we moved to Washington, as the climate of New York was too severe for us. Taking up our abode at the old Maryland farm, bought in 1869, and adding a commodious wing to the original house, we settled down very happily to a rural existence. We found the winters rater dull, however, being separated from the city by nine miles of muddy road, so Mr. McCulloch bought a house on McPherson Square in 1881, where we have spent our winters until this year of 1895. Here Mr. McCulloch enjoyed the society of his old

friends, particularly those belonging to literary and scientific clubs, although for several years now he has been unable to go out in the evening. Our daughter was with us until the summer of 1881, in which year she was married to Mr. John B. Yale of New York, and they have since lived at Sparkill on the Hudson, where they own a charming residence.

Our son, Charles was married in 1865 to Miss Sadie Ross of Vincennes and their son, John Ross McCulloch, is now a young man of great promise, connected with his father in the banking business. Charles was again married after his first wife had been dead some time, to Mrs. Ada Zollers and has a son by this marriage named after his uncle, Frederick McCulloch.

Our son Fred, in 1868 married Miss Carrie Riddle of Cincinnati, and after living several years in Fort Wayne, removed on account of his health to the milder climate of Virginia, and they still reside on a large Plantation in Buckingham County. They have two sons and a daughter, all grown, and very promising young people. My daughter, Mary, is with me in my declining years. My beloved husband passed away on the twenty-fourth of May of this year, 1895, in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

I forgot to say, that one Sunday afternoon, in October 1884, as we were all sitting around the fire in the drawing room, our children entertaining us with sacred music, the servant announced that the President's carriage was coming up the drive. We went to the door and received President Arthur and his little daughter, Nellie. After chatting with us all for a few minutes in the drawing room, the President said to Mr. McCulloch, "I would like to talk with you privately for a few minutes on a matter of business." The rest of us went out to the garden, and the young people gathered a bouquet for Miss Nellie, for there were still roses in sheltered portions of the garden. Soon after our return to the house, the President left. Mr. McCulloch then said to us, "What do you think! The President has asked me to take charge of the Treasury Department for the rest of his term—shall I accept it or not?" The two grandsons exclaimed, "Oh, Grandpa, do, do, accept!" "Well", he said, "I will think it over, and let the President know in the morning." We therefore made our arrangements and moved into the town house early in November, Mr. McCulloch taking up the duties of his office until the fourth of March. This winter, Mary was introduced to society, as I needed her as an assistant. She was almost too young, and soon become disgusted with the emptiness and insincerity of fashionable life, especially in the Capital. I must say, I enjoyed meeting many of my old friends, and some new ones. I became very fond of the President's sister, Mrs. McElroy, and the Frelinghuysens, Mr. Frelinghuysen being Secretary of State at that time. Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was an old friend, as we had known her as well as her husband from their childhood. Among the Senators' families were also many I esteemed very highly, and took pleasure in renewing my acquaintance with them. I had many old friends in Washington whose society I enjoyed. There has always been a delightful quiet circle of old citizens' families, refined and cultivated, who do not mingle with the political and fashionable set, which last, like moths, flutter round the flame of Presidential and official patronage. The families of the Justices of the Supreme Court, many distinguished lawyers, clergymen and scientists make a charming society, independent of the incoming and outgoing of families of politicians. The day of the

Inauguration of President Cleveland, Mrs. McElroy invited to luncheon the ladies of the old and new cabinets, and some of the leading ladies of the Army and Navy circles. The White House was decorated with the choicest flowers and the table laid in the State dining room in the most tasteful manner. The President took Mr. Cleveland to his own rooms to refresh himself, and Mrs. McElroy introduced the ladies to hers. Everyone was made at home in a few moments after entering the house, and a very pleasant social lunch followed, at the close of which, Mr. Arthur and his family entered their carriage and drove away, leaving President Cleveland and his sister in possession of the White House. I had never seen the transfer made before in such a graceful and elegant manner, for there was no confusion, no evidence of any removal, and the house was in the most perfect order for the newcomers. Mrs. McElroy was not only a most accomplished and graceful social leader, but a housekeeper and hostess of rare ability. I could not help comparing this charming function with the entry of President Johnson's family, when, coming into the house after President Lincoln's death, they found it stripped of all conveniences by thievish employees, household linen, china, cutlery and every kitchen requisite had been stolen. When they in their turn ceded the house to General Grant, everything had been renovated, but as an extra precaution, the Superintendent of Public Building took an inventory of everything at the request of the ladies, to see that nothing was disturbed. Yet, even after this precaution, they did not dare to leave the White House grounds until they saw the president's carriage entering by the other gate. No such complaint could have been made at the close of the Harrison administration, as both Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee were the most thorough housekeepers.

In the following July (1885) I took Mary to Europe. We went first to Paris, spending several days there very pleasantly, as indeed what woman does not? and meeting in the Opera box of our Minister, Mr. Walker, the Italian representatives to the International Monetary Conference, then in session. This was particularly pleasant to Mary, as she speaks Italian so fluently, for these gentlemen were among the most distinguished statesmen in Italy. Mr. Walker persuaded us on leaving Paris, which was uncomfortably hot at that season, to join his wife and daughters at Baden Baden, whence we made a little tour through the Black Forest, then to Berne and Thun, where we settled down for a while, finding there a very pleasant and comfortable pension, Mary and our little Italian maid, Cherubina, rambled over the mountains all day, making the acquaintance of the villagers and mountaineers, and having many amusing and interesting experiences. My health improved greatly here. We also saw a good deal of the army officers stationed in the fortress, it being the season for the annual military reviews. While staying there, the yearly trial of strength between the Swiss Cantons took place. The country is divided in feeling, much as the Lowlanders and the Highlanders of Scotland are divided. In these games, each Canton is represented by its most powerful athletes, the test of prowess being a wrestling match. All the notable men of Switzerland came on to see the games, the President himself standing not far from our seats, surrounded by his staff, - a small man in plain dress, looking not unlike Benjamin Franklin. The strongest men of each canton were set against those of another, the visitor of each round being pitted in his turn against the next winner, and so on until one only was left. Just before the close, the Bernese Athletic club, whose champion had carried all before him till then, was pitted against the champion of the Highland cantons, who also had worsted all his opponents. Then the excitement ran high, for it soon appeared that it was an even match between these two men; one short, thickset and brawny, the other, tall, lithe and muscular. And, at the expiration of the prescribed time it still remained a

drawn game, for neither the tall Highlander nor the bulky Lowlander could be pronounced a winner. Prize cattle and sheep were the prize of the mountaineer, while a sum of money was presented to the townsman. The ceremony had commenced that morning by a procession – the inevitable William Tell and his son marching at its head, followed by a prize bull, decked with ribbons and flowers, and prize cows and sheep, also gaily garlanded, and led by children dressed in the costumes of the different cantons. After these, came wagons and barges, illustrating the various industries of Switzerland – on one, the women in Swiss costumes were making butter, on another men were carving in wood, then the blacksmith's forge, the workers in metal, the cloth weavers, and even the bakers turning their bread – and so on through all the trades. At the close of the procession, these barges encamped around the ground, selling their wares to the spectators. While the games were in progress, the women were ready to repair any accident to the wrestler's clothing, and it was very amusing to see them step out into the ring with needle and thread when any man's clothing gave way.

From Thun, we went to Interlaken, and the Grindelwald, and over the mountains to Lucerne, where we stayed but a few days, going from there to Alldorf, William Tell's birthplace, and intending to cross into Italy by the Simplon pass. We heard, however, that it was partly blocked by snow, so we took the St. Gothard Railway instead and made the journey to Lugano in a day. When we left Switzerland at the summit of the pass, and plunged into the separating tunnel, we were in the midst of snow and ice, and it had been raining continuously since we started. When we emerged in Italy, the sun was shining, the air was warm and summerlike, the beautiful Italian lakes lay stretched below us, and we involuntarily exclaimed, "Bella Italia!" We stayed only a short time in Lugano, and a day in Milan, being anxious to get to Venice, where we had heard of a very good singing master. We reached the Bride of the Adriatic in the dawn of the first day of September, and we spent six delightful weeks there, letting rooms on the Riva degli Schiavoni, and going out for our meals wherever our spirit listed. Mary took lessons from Signor Pucci, and after a forenoon of music, on warm days, we generally took steamer or gondola to the Lido, where after a plunge in the sea, we were ready for a hearty luncheon. The balance of our time we spent sightseeing, or what was quite as pleasant, exploring the less frequented parts of this wonderful old city. In the evening we read many of the old legends and tales connected with its days of splendor.

From Venice, we went to Florence, thrice dear to us by many ties of friendship and association. The last hour's run through the Apennines, before arriving in Florence, was particularly beautiful. Mary continued her studies in vocalization here, and we had delightful reunions with old friends, with our friends, the Stefanis, Levis, and Fenzis. We did not go to Rome because of the heavy rains, the Arno and Tiber being both beyond their banks, and not wishing to leave Mr. McCulloch longer alone, we left Florence on the 6th of December, sailing on the 12th from Havre, so that we were home again by Christmas. We found my husband well, and settled in our town house for the Winter, a change ably superintended by my niece, Miss Cox. He was very glad to see us, but as far as health was concerned, it was a mistake on my part, - my chills and bronchitis kept up all winter, proving that I should have remained until Spring in a milder climate.

