

SARAH PARKER GOODHUE

Since it was founded in 1754, The New York Society Library has occupied six different locations. Its birthplace was the "Library Room" in City Hall. It then moved to Nassau Street, Leonard Street, Astor Place, and finally rested at University Place in 1856, where it would remain for eighty-one years. The Library's members and benefactors greatly improved the Library at each transition, donating books, necessary objects such as typewriters and cabinets, and monetary bequests.

In 1917, Sarah Parker Goodhue, a member of the library, passed away, leaving the New York Society Library 'objet d'arts, portraits, furniture, china, glass, silver, books, historical autographed letters, and a sum of \$385,000'. [1] She intended this great bequest for a new library building as a memorial to her husband, Charles Goodhue, and to the 'good and distinguished men of his name and ancestry in this country'. This dedication can be seen on a bronze plaque located in the front marble staircase of the library. This donation to the library reflects the evidently generous and cultured character of Sarah Goodhue.

Sarah Parker was born in 1828 in Boston. In her youth, she was fortunate to travel with her family throughout Europe. She was even presented at the French Court in 1847. Her mother introduced Sarah to the art and furnishing world, and it was most certainly during this first European vacation that Sarah began to develop her taste in art and decoration. In 1849, she married Charles Goodhue, the heir to Goodhue & Co., a prosperous commission house in New York. After the wedding, the two immediately set off for their honeymoon in Europe.

Throughout their marriage, Sarah and Charles would visit Europe many times. During the Revolution the British had demolished Charles' family home in New York, leaving him and his bride distaste for the English; yet they positively loved France and its culture. The Goodhues were in France for two very important political uprisings, the Coup d'état in 1850, and the fall of the Second-Empire of Louis-Napoleon in 1871. It was during these two exciting visits that they acquired some of their most valuable historical artifacts, a few of which were eventually included in Sarah's bequest to the Library. Sarah's life, though exciting and prosperous, was not without loss. In her later years, while still perfectly healthy herself, she lost her husband, child, and grandson, leaving her granddaughter-in-law as her only immediate family.

Marion King, a librarian at the Library during the first half of the twentieth century, humorously recorded in *Books and People: Five Decades of New York's Oldest Library*, that Sarah Goodhue intended to leave her bequest to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, until an Englishman was hired as curator, and Sarah consequently turned her eyes upon the New York Society Library. Her donation funded and enabled the Library's move from University Place to the Rogers family's home at seventy-ninth and Madison. In leaving such a generous bequest, Sarah Parker Goodhue is remembered as a woman with an affinity and appreciation for the arts and a wonderful friend to this Library.

[1] *The New York Society Library : 250 Years*, page 105.

M R S. G O O D H U E

an inadequate sketch of the life of a

r e a l g r a n d e d a m e

compiled
from reminiscences and from notes
made over thirty five years ago
by

Henry Beale Spelman

for incorporation as Chapter Twelve
in an informal genealogy entitled
" OUR FAMILY STORY
written for his children and his
grandchildren

This special copy, of this Chapter only,
has been prepared for the use of the

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M R S. G O O D H U E

Mrs. Goodhue was born Sarah Chandler Parker of Boston on August 20 1828, the daughter of James and Sarah (Tucker) Parker whose families belonged to the famous inner Brahmin circles of the Massachusetts capital. Sarah had two sisters; Mary Ellen (Mrs. George Lowell) and Anne (Mrs. John Coolidge); and one brother, Richard. I do not find their names (or many others) in Cleveland Amory's popular (1947) *The Proper Bostonians*, but I do know that the late President Lowell of Harvard was a kinsman of Mrs. Goodhue's; in fact, he and I were guests at her country home in Connecticut, and playing cards after dinner, when he received word of his selection as the next head of the great university. In 1850 Sarah was married to Charles Clarkson Goodhue, scion of a prominent New York family (originally from Salem, Massachusetts), whose ancestral mansion, on Whitehall Street, near the Battery, had been burned by the British when they evacuated the city. Their only child, Sally, married into the equally prominent King family of New York, and my friend Charlie was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. King. These were all families of great means, broadly cultured and widely travelled, and most were Unitarians. Sarah Parker and Charles Goodhue first met when as children they played together on Staten Island, then a fashionable resort for both Boston and New York people, where their families each had summer homes. The New Brighton section was then entirely occupied by hotels and private houses, set far back from the shore, with finely kept lawns extending to the water's edge.

Sarah's mother had made a trip to Europe in 1834, travelling in a sailing vessel which took forty-three days to cross the Atlantic, and this was considered fast time. When she returned from her grand tour she was the first to introduce in Boston a new dance called the "waltz," a

new game of cards called "Boston," and she displayed at her first dinner party the hitherto unknown four prong fork. (I try to verify all family stories since they are necessarily subject to inaccuracies, being but word of mouth accounts: in this instance I find that the waltz was a novelty in 1834; that while a form of Boston may have been played during the Revolution, it was about 1834 that the game was actually developed, in France; but so far I have not been able to check on the four prong fork.)

Sarah's first European trip was made in the fall of 1846, when she was eighteen, accompanied by her father and mother, her sixteen year old brother Richard, and a maid. They sailed on the Caledonia, a side-wheeler, Captain Lott commanding, and the crossing took only sixteen days. They landed at Liverpool, stayed a few days at the Adelphi Hotel (which will sound familiar to anyone who has ever landed at Liverpool), and after a short visit in London left for Paris, via Dover and Calais, where they took an apartment at the Meurice (then the best hotel in Paris, but not as large as now), and lived there for something over two months. Sarah now had her first taste of gay life and was presented at the Court of King Louis Philippe and Queen Maria Amelia on New Years Day, 1847. An immense crowd of guests stood in the long gallery of the Tuileries, men and women on opposite sides, while the King and Queen, with their gentlemen and ladies-in-waiting, walked slowly down between them, stopping to speak to those to be presented and to their particular friends. All the men wore court uniforms, which included a great deal of gold braid and dress swords, and on his way up the great stairway young Richard ignominiously tripped over his sword and fell flat on his face. The ladies were permitted great latitude in their dress: Sarah wore a white silk underdress with a white tulle overdress richly embroidered with white flowers, while her mother's gown was of gold and silver brocade. Next to her mother stood the famous American beauty from Philadelphia, Miss Willing, to whom

Louis Philippe had been very attentive: as the King approached them Miss Willing dropped her fan, expecting the King to pick it up, but instead he called upon one of his gentlemen to do so. The Court was a dazzling spectacle for such a young American; and during their stay in Paris she and her family met many of its members, to whom they were then presented, such as the Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Nemours, recently returned from the Algerian campaign, the Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier, she a beautiful Spanish princess and a bride, wearing a wonderful spider web of diamonds covering her coiled hair, and many others.

Since Sarah was not yet officially "out" in Boston, her mother would not permit her to attend the Presentation Ball which followed the Presentation Court, but she was allowed to go to many small parties in private houses. Paris was very gay that winter and the family had a wonderful time sightseeing, visiting and shopping, and they brought home many dresses and souvenirs. It was Sarah's good fortune to be in Paris many times from then on, since for most of her long life she went there about every four years, and as a result her home in New York was full of beautiful pieces of French china, glass, furniture and materials. From this first trip she still owned when she died two very fine and large Sevres vases which had belonged to the Duc d'Orleans, who had been recently assassinated, and several sets of gorgeous brocaded curtains which had formerly hung in the Palais Royale; and she still had the lace bertha which had been specially made in Brussels to match the brocaded gown her mother had worn at the Presentation Court and Ball. Most of her French treasures were willed to the New York Society Library, but she left me the two lovely miniature cloisonne vases standing on the mantel in my study at Gay Bowers.

From Paris the Parker family went to Italy, travelling in a "Berlin", a carriage built like a landau but designed for four passengers, with a rumble for their maid and courier. Four, and sometimes six, horses were

used, with postillions; six being harnessed imperial style, or three abreast. The trip to Rome, via Marseilles and the Riviera, took about three weeks. At that time it was already possible to make numerous short trips by the very new, and rather unreliable, railroads, or "by the cars" as Sarah would have said; but for long distance travelling it was still customary, and almost obligatory, to travel luxuriously "by post," that is, by a private or rented carriage drawn from one station to the next by hired horses.

A new Pope, Pius the Ninth, had been recently elected that winter and the travellers from Boston found Rome almost as gay as Paris. Pope Pius was very handsome, very popular and quite democratic, driving about in an open carriage and walking unattended in the streets. They were honored with a private audience with His Holiness, who blessed them individually, and they felt that was quite something for Unitarians. They remained in Rome for the Carnival, and from their balcony on the Corso they watched the race of seven riderless horses; the cardinals driving past in their slow and heavy state coaches; the many marching soldiers; and then all the carriage in Rome driving back and forth, their occupants throwing so many flowers and so much confetti that all ladies had to wear masks to protect their faces. Most people were in costume and the streets were a colorful spectacle by day but even more beautiful at night when every balcony was brilliantly lighted by myriads of candles. They were in Rome for Holy Week, and were given cards for all the great ceremonies; and they were thrilled when at night men, suspended from cornices and the dome, lighted countless thousands of candles and turned Saint Peter's into a blaze of gold.

From Rome they journeyed on to Naples, and as they crossed the Pontine Marshes the carriage windows were closed and the horses kept constantly at a gallop, while the travellers eat plentifully, - all as pre-

cautions against the dread fevers emanating from that region in those days. They were all fascinated by Naples and the lovely panorama from their apartment in the Hotel Bellevue. They drove to Sorrento and they sailed to Capri, but their excursion to Vesuvius was the high spot of their trip. It proved a tedious ascent for them, first by donkey-back and then by walking; and on the way there was a terrifying eruption, a long rumble, - then the boom of a nerve-shattering explosion, followed by a great fountain of rocks and lava which rose to a towering height, and as suddenly descended as seven fiery streams pouring down the sides of the mountain.

From Naples they turned northwards and hurried on to Florence, where they stayed several weeks. There they met many interesting people, including Hiram Powers, the famous American sculptor, then at the height of his fame. They bought two of his pieces, a bust of Proserpina, as a gift for an uncle, and a statue of Faith, modeled after Power's eldest daughter, which in later years always stood in the dining room of Sarah's New York home. Apparently the Parkers had long been interested in sculpture. Sarah had already "had her foot taken" as a model for a statue, The Dancing Bacchante, later owned by her sister, Mrs. Coolidge; and while she was still quite small her father and mother acquired a piece of statuary by a youthful Thomas Crawford, who later became widely known, as for his work on the Capitol at Washington; and she used to tell how one day, when her parents were out, Mr. Longfellow called to see the statue and Sarah, in pantalets, had to receive and entertain him. Apparently the great poet and the little girl had a good time together, and Mr. Longfellow pleased Sarah by insisting that young Crawford (then living in Italy) must have used her as his model. During their stay in Florence they went to many parties, the most exciting being a dinner, of twenty-four covers, given in their honor by Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon and formerly King of Westphalia, and it was then that Sarah first eat from a complete gold dinner service, - though she later acquired a gold service of her own. The Bonaparte table linen was woven of

gold and white threads, with gold embroidered crowns and ciphers. Another first for Sarah were the truffles served that evening, but these she failed to appreciate. She was taken into dinner by the Duc de Talleyrand, Prince de Montfort.

Leaving Florence they headed straight for Paris, but crossing the Simplon Pass they were snowed-in by a severe storm and had to take refuge in an Hospice for several days. The mountain roads were blocked by a six foot fall of snow, and monks from the Hospice had to dig them out; but to use the carriage it proved necessary to dismount the wheels and fit the body on sledges; even with the aid of these runners it required four rented oxen as well as their six horses to move them out of the storm area. They rested in Paris for a few weeks and then crossed to England, where they travelled extensively. They reached Boston on the fourth of July, 1847, and almost immediately departed for their summer home on Staten Island.

Sarah was formally Presented to Company the following fall in the family's new home on Mount Vernon Street. There was an evening reception at eight thirty for the older people, followed by a ball for the young crowd which lasted till two a. m. Sarah wore the gown she had had made for the Presentation Court in Paris. There were many debutantes that year so it was a very gay season. All the girls looked very charming since it was the fashion to wear real camellias in the hair: no women had their hair dressed professionally in those days, only simply fixed by personal maids. At parties the young men wore blue coats with gilt buttons, and even the youngest were adorned with whiskers. Mrs. Parker had to give two or three subsequent dances that winter since the Mount Vernon Street house was not large enough to invite everyone at one time. Dancing was very popular in Boston and dances were given not only by the mothers of debutantes but also, very regularly, by ladies without daughters, and they were popularly known to the young people as The Saints. Balls were always held in private houses

never in hotels or clubs; and the popular dances were the waltz, polka, lancers, Virginia reel, the gallop, quadrilles, round and square dances and the redowa, a Bohemian dance in triple time something like a waltz.

There were no Sewing Circles for debutantes at that time, and very few dinner parties were given for them, but reading and bowling clubs were fashionable. Chaperonage was constant, parents even accompanying their daughters to the larger house dances. Sleigh rides were very popular and parties of thirty or more could be carried in one particular sleigh which was known to everyone as Cleopatra.

On her twenty-first birthday, August 20 1849, at Staten Island, Sarah became engaged to Charles Clarkson Goodhue, and during the next winter he would visit Boston about once a fortnight, so they were very active and happy. They were married the following fall, on November 12 1850, in the Mount Vernon Street house, at eight thirty p. m., attended by seven bridesmaids and more groomsmen. The ceremony was followed by a large reception. It was all "gay as a ball," as Sarah used to say. After the reception the groomsmen serenaded the bride and groom, and then there was a supper for all, served at midnight.

Serenading was very popular in Boston that winter; young men would gather before the home of the lady they wished to honor and sing sentimental ditties accompanied by a guitar, and sometimes even by a band; and then at midnight it was de rigueur to serve the serenaders a supper. Shortly after Sarah's wedding her mother, a very popular hostess, was thus serenaded: such occasions "were just like Venice," explained Sarah. At that time only the members of the families involved and those in the bride^L party gave wedding presents, and no engagement presents were given at all: but flowers were given by everyone on all occasions.

The morning following the wedding the bride and groom sailed for

Europe, on the Canade, Captain Harrison commanding, and in London they were met by the same courier who had travelled with Sarah's family on her first trip abroad: they did not stay in London but hurried on to Paris where they went to the Meurice, so she felt quite at home. While in Paris they bought a "glass chariot" and had it specially fitted for their travelling requirements. It had extra large windows, so they could view the scenery with ease, with cleverly constructed folding tables and a multitude of convenient compartments and storage spaces: it was all so remarkably comfortable that one could almost have kept house in the chariot. As a matter of fact they did always carry a plentiful supply of food with them, such as chocolate, coffee, tea, sugar, bread, biscuits and jams, and were quite prepared for emergency meals. During a delightful stay in Paris they saw many friends and were entertained by many people. They went frequently to the opera and the theatre, and became specially devoted to the art of Rachel, the most famous actress of that time.

A note from Mrs. Goodhue's diary of that day (which I have been permitted to consult for the purpose of checking dates) pictures, in her own words, the elegance displayed in Paris that December of 1850:

"After shopping till late we dressed for a drive in the Champs Elysees, and a gay scene it is. The equipages are very handsome and the few English liveries one meets here form a striking contrast to the beautiful, but truly chaste French style. The Duc de Montpensier has a low open vehicle with four bay horses, two postilions, two footmen and the same number of outriders. It is not at all conspicuous except for its neatness."

But despite the gaiety of the French capital they soon headed south, for Italy, travelling post via Lyons, Marseilles, along the Riviera, making visits to Nimes, Arles and Avignon, stopping at Nice, Monaco and San Remo (where they sat up all night because the hotel was so filthy), and so ~~on~~ into Italy and on to Genoa where, shipping the chariot, they took a boat for Civita Vecchia and Rome. They spent two heavenly months in Rome and then drove on to Naples, from which they made the usual excursions. On a visit to Pompeii they secured a vase just rescued from the excavations, for there was no proper controle of such treasures in those days. They were back again in Rome, at the Hotel de Londres on the Piazza di Spagna, in time for Easter; and then they left for Perugia, Florence, Venice, Milan and Switzerland, where they spent the early summer. Toward the end of July they were on their way once more, first going to Vienna where they met the young Emperor Francis Joseph walking in the Park, and he bowed to them with a word of greeting. On their way into Germany they had an amusing experience with a local steam railroad: their carriage was lashed onto an open railroad car and the bride and groom travelled sitting in state inside the glass chariot. They drove on to Prague, Berlin, Brussels and into Holland, and then back to Paris where they rented a furnished apartment for the winter, thus giving Sarah her first housekeeping experience. I cannot but wonder if my reader fully realizes that practically all this vast amount of travelling was done in a private carriage, drawn by horses, - and not by express trains, motors or airplanes?

Their apartment was close to the residence of Prince Louis Napoleon, who lived on the rue Jaubert, in the Faubourg St. Honore, almost at the corner of the rue St. Honore. He was then President of France but during

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the previous winter (of 1850-51) the Prince-President had been already plotting for the famous coup d'etat, "a sudden decisive blow for the good of the state," according to the dictionary; and a measure which now, in the winter of 1948-49, General Charles de Gaulle is presumed to contemplate repeating, also for the good of France, and possibly it would prove so. But while the young Goodhues were naively living in Paris the gay life of fashion and privilege the President was steadily seizing many imperialistic powers and the political air was tense with excitement since all France realized that something dramatic and of vast import was about to take place. On the night of Monday, December 1 1851, the Prince-President held one of his usual receptions at the Elysee Palace for the fashionable world of Paris, and everything seemed secure and serene, for Louis and his three chief confederates kept their secret well. But as his cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton, made her formal adieux, he whispered to her, "Mary, pray for me to-night." On the morning of December 2 Sarah found herself unable to serve her husband with his breakfast since they awoke to find all Paris in a turmoil, no deliveries being made and the servants demoralized. During the preceding night large numbers of soldiers had been smuggled into the city through its famous great sewers, and by morning these troops were in absolute command at all points. General Changarnier had been deprived of his command of the Paris national guard and all the principal enemies of the regime had been arrested: the Prince-President (and embryo Emperor) had greatly extended his personal authority by proclaiming his election for a ten year term; and Thiers, statesman and historian, cried aloud the warning, - "The Empire has come!" Young Mr. Goodhue had started for the Riding Club for his usual before breakfast ride, but was not permitted by the military even to leave his house. Later in the day the police lines were relaxed and Sarah and her husband were able to drive about the city in the afternoon and again at night, when they exclaimed over the strange beauty of the Champs Elysees where thousands of soldiers were bivouacked, their camp fires flaring brilliantly and reflected in the icicles hanging from all the trees.

After the Second Empire was a fait accompli Sarah was formally presented at the Court of Louis Napoleon. For all the rest of her long life she was a constant and regular visitor to France, and followed its changing fortunes with passionate interest: but even after the fall of Louis's Empire she could never believe that the old regime would not return: "France," she would say, "is not ~~what~~ it used to be."

During that winter following the coup d'etat there were many fashionable auctions in Paris and many items of unusual interest and beauty could be bought from dealers and even from private houses. All the vast Orleans property had been confiscated and many of their treasures were offered for sale: only Napoleonic property was sacred. Sarah and her husband bought a great deal at that time, such things, for example, as a set of window curtains, bolster cover and spread, and bed curtains, all made in 1830 for King Louis Philippe's personal use and ever after used by Sarah in her own bedroom: five dozen Sevres plates, painted with historical scenes, and a set of ~~MILLIKEN~~ Hillsboro (?) plates, all from the estate of the lately deceased Marshal Sebastiani: and at the Maison Drouet (a popular auction gallery) they bid in a superb bed quilt which had supposedly come from some royal palace. Shortly after the purchase of the quilt they were approached by a mysterious veiled lady who offered them six times what they had paid for it: at first she refused to explain why she wanted to buy it, so they refused to sell it to her, but when she at last confided that her family were supposed to have concealed a considerable fortune inside the quilt they told her that she could have any money she could find in it, but that they still desired to take the quilt to America. For three hours they all hunted for the concealed money and at last it was actually found. The mysterious lady was most grateful and insisted upon "depositing," as she expressed it, a thousand dollars with Sarah, as a nestegg in case she, the veiled lady, ever had to flee to the United States for, she commented, "there is no one more honorable than an American!" For many years Sarah kept the thousand dollars in a

special savings account, - but the deposit was never claimed.

In the spring they left Paris for London, where it had been arranged for Sarah to be presented at Court, one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting being a particular friend, but Sarah's husband simply would not hear of it: he always claimed that he disliked "society life," but he also was always conscious that the British had burned his family's home in New York. As a matter of fact neither Sarah nor her husband ever cared particularly for England or for most English people, and they visited there for the last time in 1880, staying, as usual, at the St. James Hotel, in Picadilly, which they always referred to as one of the best hotels in the world. Sarah described the Prince of Wales (the future Edward the Seventh) as "a big, fat, stupid-looking boy." She did name one of her many fine horses Melrose, after Melrose Abbey, but when the horse was later killed by lightning, Mr. Goodhue felt the reason for the accident was perfectly self-evident. While avoiding England after 1880, they returned to their beloved France and Italy many times, and once again they were in Paris during a political upheaval, this time soon after the short-lived Commune in 1871, when the Second Empire of Louis Napoleon had fallen; and once again they were able to purchase many furnishings of historic interest, but this time largely Napoleonic. They were always specially devoted to Brussels, and collected a great deal of its lovely laces; and when their daughter Sally came out, in New York, her party gown was made to order in Brussels.

The long wedding trip of the bride and groom (about a year and a half) ended with their return to Boston early in the summer of 1852, and they immediately moved to Staten Island where they set up housekeeping in the Goodhue family home. This house, known as Woodbrook, was built in 1840-41 by Mr. Jonathan Goodhue, father of young Charles, who planted over eleven hundred trees when he first acquired the site. It is, or was, a perfectly lovely place even in the early 1900s when I began visiting there, but even

by that time its surroundings were no longer as sylvan as they doubtless were fifty years earlier. Sarah gave this still secluded spot to the Childrens' Aid Society of New York. During this summer of 1852, when Sarah was not yet quite twenty-four years old, her father gave her the money for the building of a city house and she and Charles then engaged the architect of Woodbrook, William P. Esyerbrook, to design their new home in New York. This was located at 189 Madison Avenue and in its rear was a connecting lot for their private stable, which faced on Thirty-fourth Street. At that time they could see clear across the city, east and west, to both the North and East Rivers; and only the Astors had moved as far north of the center of the city. Both Sarah and Charles were devotedly fond of riding and driving and during all their lives they kept many horses. Some years later they purchased a large tract of land, several thousand acres, at the far end of Lake Waramaug, near New Preston, Connecticut, where they built a charming country house which they named Arrowpoint, from the shape of the point of land on which it stood, and there they also established a large farm. They choose this spot for a summer home because it reminded them (as it has others) of the romantic English Lake District which they had greatly loved. Early each summer they would move their horses and carriages, including a four-in-hand, by boat from New York to Poughkeepsie and then, with the assistance of coachmen and grooms, drive them across country to Lake Waramaug, a semi-annual excursion popularly known as Goodhue's Circus to everyone living along the route.

When I first visited Arrowpoint, in 1902, there was very little plumbing, only one complete bathroom, Mrs. Goodhue's, but that had gold-plated (next page, please)

fixtures, and I therefore had to learn how to conduct myself with the tin tub, pitchers of cold and hot water and rubber mat brought to my room each day before breakfast and dinner. I must confess that on very cold mornings, in the early fall, I more than once emptied the pitchers and liberally splashed the rubber mat without actually undertaking this most awkward of baths. I was young enough (nineteen years on) to be embarrassed about the opinions of the chambermaids. Life at Arrowpoint was delightfully easy and pleasant, and it was enjoyed by an established succession of many house guests throughout the summer, who would arrive, and depart, on the same dates year after year. I am almost ashamed to say that I was there so frequently that one particular room was generally kept for my use, so that I could be there at any time. Guests were left free to entertain themselves till tea time, at four, but then driving, riding or sailing and swimming parties were planned for all, and full use was made of the lovely summer twilight hours; dinner was not served till eight thirty, and after that cards were always in order. At bedtime we would each pick up a candlestick or lamp and march off to our rooms; and one of my clearest mental pictures is that of Mrs. Goodhue bending over the living room lamps and putting them out with a dexterous wave of a fan. I visited Arrowpoint so constantly for so many years (sometimes in the winter we would stay at the comfortable farm house) that I really came to think of it as another home: in fact, I eventually did have a home of my own there, a camp, with a portable house and a motor boat, across the Lake from Arrowpoint but still on Goodhue land; my camp site and my old portable house are now included in a Connecticut State Park.

When I first knew Mrs. Goodhue, in the spring of 1902, she was nearly seventy four but very active in every way and appeared at least ten years younger. She spent the following winter in Egypt, engaging a dahabeah (that most entrancing and luxurious method of travelling) to

take her party of four (and her maid) up the Nile. Her visit to Egypt was her last trip abroad and after that she only travelled from one of her houses to another: she spent each winter in New York, made short stays spring and fall in Staten Island, and her summers in Connecticut. There she took long drives, of many miles, every pleasant day, actually practising what we now term daylight saving by making use of the twilight hours then generally wasted by most people by sitting indoors. She always drove herself, in a low hung carriage something like a cabriolet, without a coachman's seat but with a dickey behind for a groom: and as she grew older, the far ends of the extra long reins, after passing through her hands, were fastened to a cleat directly in front of the groom. This was necessary since she (as any older person) would frequently doze off while driving, and as she had no use for any but spirited horse^s, who would prance excitedly at a farm wagon or a load of hay, but stand on their rear legs and paw the air with fear if one of the very few automobiles should happen to appear, the groom had to be prepared for such emergencies, which never upset Mrs. Goodhue who always seemed to wake up just in time: but in the course of years I had some nervous moments. Charlie had one of the early automobiles and when we went for a spin in it he also always took a groom along whose job was to hold the heads of any horses we might encounter. Quite a number of horses were stabled at Arrowpoint, specially in the early days (there were fifteen or more in my time), but the two pairs of Arabians were reserved exclusively for Mrs. Goodhue's personal use, and she only drove them on alternate days in order that she might always be assured of a good brisk drive.

She employed three elderly housekeepers: the youngest one did the actual housekeeping and always completed her daily business with Mrs. Goodhue before breakfast, which was served at nine on week days and at nine fifteen in recognition of Sundays: one of the older housekeepers was in the meanwhile closing the house Mrs. Goodhue had recently vacated, while the other was slowly opening the house she would next occupy. She never kept an

English-type butler but always had in her employ a man she would refer to as a French "waiter." I could never see how these waiters differed from other peoples' butlers and am certain it was simply a matter of sentimental phraseology. One waiter, who was with Mrs. Goodhue for many years, and as Irish as a shillelagh, was a most endearing old soul whose only fault was an occasional uncontrollable desire for liquor. Mrs. Goodhue kept very little of straight spirits in her house, but sherries and wines were served regularly with dinner, and to help the waiter keep within the narrow path of temperance, she would always ask every guest to empty his wine glasses into the finger bowl before leaving the table: it remained an unsolved problem what happened to the contents of the finger bowls, which frequently held some very good wine. In addition to housekeeper and waiter there was also Mrs. Goodhue's personal maid, a cook and kitchen maids, several house maids and a resident laundress: and because of her life long interest in horses the stable staff of several grooms and stable boys, all under the efficient management of a grand old style Irish coachman. I think she once counted twenty odd people at Arrowpoint whose business it was to look after her welfare and the comfort of her guests. Today such a domestic staff would seem almost incredible to the average American, but Mrs. Goodhue was not an average person even of her own day; and while such a household now would doubtless provoke considerable criticism, I really doubt that it was anything very terrible from a social justice point of view. Most of the men and women were of Mrs. Goodhue's own generation, or only slightly younger; there were enough of them to make the share of each in the daily work decidedly light; they lived in pleasant surroundings, well housed and well fed, and I know they were treated with every consideration. Is it not possible that they were all far happier living independent lives and making money than they

would have been if foistered upon some reluctant relatives principally interested in their old age pensions and their probable savings?

Because of her genuine devotion to the French style of living, and because she was really quite a gourmet, Mrs. Goodhue set an excellent table. The hot cinnamon buns at Arrowpoint were the best I have ever tasted and another specialitie de maison, which I have never had elsewhere except in my own home, was an absurdly simple but truly delectable dessert: a serving of a richly flavored whipped cream and another of grated French bitter chocolate, which one mixed on ones plate according to taste; wonderfully good if the cream is just right and you like chocolate. All meals were served with the same formality, whether Mrs. Goodhue was alone or had a dozen house guests. At dinner the table would be dressed with a number of silver dishes each one always containing an apparently specified number of French chocolates, mints, candied ginger and such delicacies: but since luxuries of this sort were certainly not procurable in the country, I used to wonder how an adequate supply for the season was maintained. She always assumed that there was more of everything which was served, even an indefinite supply of cinnamon buns.

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Mrs. Goodhue was an inveterate opera-goer, strong bond between us.

For I do not know how many years she had central seats on the right aisle at the Metropolitan for both Monday and Friday nights, and for many years she, or Charlie, were kind enough to take me very frequently. When Oscar Hammerstein opened his Manhattan Opera House she was one of the few who had sufficient interest in opera as an art, rather than a social shibboleth, to give his bold venture her practical support; she gave up her Monday night seats at the Met (always considered the choice subscription night) and instead subscribed for two on Mondays at the Manhattan. As a result I was lucky enough to hear many of the remarkably good performances that were given there, some of them outstandingly artistic, in its comparatively short existence. We always dined at 189 Madison Avenue before the opera and afterwards would return there to eat delicious small roast beef sandwiches; and sometimes I would spend the night. At that time every man in the main part of the opera house wore white tie and tails, white gloves and an opera hat.

Mrs. Goodhue was always driven to the opera in her own carriage, but never on her return from it since she had too much consideration for her coachman and her horses to keep them waiting long hours on cold winter nights. So the footman would return to the opera house, pick up a cab (usually the same one, with a cabby and a steed that did not mind late hours or cold weather), wait in the lobby till Mrs. Goodhue appeared and then bring the cab to the carriage entrance and ride back to 189 beside the cabby. I could never reconcile myself to the then prevalent custom of arriving late for the opera and then leaving early; happily for me Mrs. Goodhue approved of arriving on time, if not always for the overture at least for the drawing of the curtain, and she would dine a little early if that was necessary; but she did always leave before the final curtain, in order to avoid the crowd, and she apparently knew the precise moment in every opera for her departure, and as a result there are still a few of the seldom sung operas of which I have never heard the last notes. I once asked her how she knew when to leave if she had

never stayed to the end, but she only laughed and said she guessed she had been born that way.

Sometimes I would dine at 189 and we would play cards afterwards; and I did so quite frequently the winters following Charlie's death, when his grandmother and widow were living together in the big formal house. We usually played Boston or Bezique, the latter being our prime favorite, and at such times and during our drives in the country, Mrs. Goodhue would sometimes talk about the old days in New York, Boston, Staten Island and in Europe. Despite all the beauty, activity and interest in her life she must at times have felt it rather a tragedy, though she never evidenced any such feeling: her husband died when still a very young man; their daughter Sally, their only child, died when still a young woman; and Charlie, her only grandchild and only near relative, died shortly after his marriage. If it had not been for the loving devotion of her granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Goodhue's last years would have been far from happy.