

**Chapter 1 : MEMORIES OF MANY MEN And of Somr Women - MAUNSELL B. FIELD - Google Books**

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IMAKE no pretensions to have written any thing in this little book which rises to the dignity of even minor history. And yet it seems to me that the random, hap-hazard recollections of men and things herein set down can hardly fail to entertain and amuse, although they may not instruct the curious reader. If my anecdotes are sometimes trivial, most of them, at least, concern persons famous, some in civil, and some in military life. If their perusal should not add any thing to the real knowledge which you already possess of those to whom they relate, they may, nevertheless, succeed in presenting to you in bolder relief some of the peculiarities which distinguished them. I have made no attempt to be otherwise than desultory. Some of them you may find worthy to be pressed and preserved with your own collections; and others you may drop by the wayside, as having neither fragrance nor beauty. In either event, I shall be content. How many of those about whom I have written have passed away! The martyr President was carried through the land in a triumphal march to a now neglected and crumbling tomb! But yesterday I followed the remains of the great Chief Justice to their temporary resting-place in the beautiful Georgetown Cemetery. I feel that it is a privilege to have seen such men, and to have known most of them; and it has made me happy during the brief, drowsy hours of a summer vacation to seek relief from the duties of an arduous profession by wandering back into the past in their company. An Interview with Edward Everett. His Story about his Uncle, Joseph Bonaparte. Sanders and George W. Ralph Waldo Emerson in London. Acting Secretary of Legation in France. Secretary Marcy and the Ostend Dispatch. Mason stricken down by a Paralytic Stroke. An Odd Fish in Paris. Award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor The Ways of the English. Disraeli, "Lord John," Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Palmerston. Aaron Burr at Richmond Hill. One Thing to All Men. Thackeray at the Century Club. Poe, and his Lecture upon "The Universe. He visits Lake Superior and the West. Howell Cobb, a Secessionist. Cisco visits Secretary Chase. Chase the Foremost Member of Mr. Van Buren in Washington. Chase and of Mr. Chase passing Counterfeits of his own Currency. Washburne Competitors for the Speakership. Stebbins, a Member of the Committee on Ways and Means. Chase came to leave the Treasury Department. Fessenden is appointed Secretary. Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury. Lincoln and the Fair Sex. I WENT abroad for the first time in the spring of the year , and remained absent from America until the month of December in the year During the intervening period I traveled through all the countries of Europe, except Russia, made the tour of the Seven Churches in Asia Minor, and ascended the Nile as far as the second cataract. I was very young at the time, and my experiences were mostly those of an ordinary traveler. As I am not writing a book of travels, I do not propose giving here any extended account of them. I shall limit myself to a slight, sketchy recital of some trifling incidents connected with distinguished persons whom I happened casually to see. I was the bearer to him of a letter of introduction from Mr. His reserve was constitutional. Hle was as polished as his own writings, but equally cold. To a young man just out of college, this sort of reception operated like a wet blanket. After my first call, I never ventured upon him again. I feared taking cold. He was very feeble, and very bowed and bent, and much anxiety was felt on account of his persistent habit of riding instead of driving; but the old warrior was determined to back his steed as long as he possessed the strength to mount him. Every man removed his hat on meeting the Duke, and he saluted all in turn with a quick military movement of his forefinger to his own. He was then Commander-in-chief. I saw him in the House of Lords, and heard him speak. The Peers then occupied their old apartment in Westminster Hall; it was very small, and there was scant room for visitors, and no seats at all for them. When the Duke rose to speak, his tones were so low as to be almost inaudible to me. He hemmed and hawed, after the English manner, and there were painfully long pauses between his sentences. To one who could only see and not hear, it was a disappointing exhibition. At this time there were iron shutters upon the front of Apsley House, his town residence, which were always kept closed. This was a reminder of ingratitude to the populace, who had stoned his windows on account of his opposition to the Reform Bill. KING had brought with him from home a negro, whom. He was strictly honest

himself, and would not permit others to peculate; and this is a terrible hardship to the underlings of a Parisian establishment. KING was a tall, stiff, stately Southerner, and a dignified and high-toned gentleman. I saw both M<sup>r</sup>. THIE<sup>s</sup>, and heard the former speak. I recollect one thing he said which raised a terrific storm of indignation-" La France a besoin de se sentir gouverner! I attended one day in the summer of the year the races in the Champ de Mars. The carriage in which I came was stationed so far off that, although I could make out that this stand was filled with people, I was unable to distinguish any faces. When I got to the stand it was empty, and I supposed that he had gone home. Lighting a cigar, I turned back until I reached the centre of the course, where I stood some time, watching what was going on. Near me was a young man, who did not particularly attract my attention, in conversation with an older one. I only noticed that he wore very ill-fitting clothes, and had a very decided lisp in his speech. After a while he took a case from his pocket, and, selecting a cigar, asked me for a light. A few minutes later an officer approached him, bareheaded, and asked when Bonaparte would have his guard. He made a triumphal entry into Paris at the head of his regiment, if I recollect aright, the Seventeenth Light Infantry, and marched down the Avenue of the Champs Elysees. He was on foot; his uniform was very seedy, and his boots covered with mud. The regiment had camped outside the walls the night before in order to make its entrance in the day-time, and it was said that the Prince, before starting upon the march, had for effect bedabbled his boots in a gutter. Among the pieces performed was the chorus from the opera of Charles VI. The Prince, by his enthusiastic clapping, split his gloves. His unlucky marriage with the sister of the Queen of Spain was one of the principal causes which led to the hurling of his father from the throne. He was reputed the most daring horseman in Europe; and at the breaking out of the revolution which resulted in the separation of Belgium from Holland, he performed the feat of riding from Brussels to the Hague in a single day. The first time that I saw him was upon a Sunday afternoon, when I was walking, accompanied by a valet de place, on an almost deserted street on the outskirts of the town. Presently there came in view a horse, dashing headlong in our direction; and, turning in alarm to my companion, I exclaimed, "There is a runaway! He had a foraging cap upon his head and a cigar in his mouth, and, without in the least relaxing his speed, he bowed and touched his cap. They were all returning from a country palace where they had been dining. It was said that no aid to the King could stand the service more than two or three years at the utmost, and the position was not at all in request. A few days afterward I was loitering in the Royal Picture-gallery attached to the Palace. Instead of crossing the room, as we supposed it his intention to do, he came directly to us, and began to compliment the artist upon his picture. At length, offering us each a cigar, he withdrew as he had entered. He was a fearful spendthrift. His father was not only a king, but also the most successful merchant and speculator in Europe, and upon his death he left an enormous fortune to his son. The latter managed not only to squander the whole of it in a reign of about seven years, but also to accumulate debts, which compelled the sale, after his death, of his pictures and other effects. He was a very ill-favored man, although the Orange family is noted as an uncommonly fine race. He was never without a cigar. He even smoked at the opera. When he did this, he occupied a latticed proscenium box, where you could not see him, but whence the odor of the tobacco emerged and impregnated the entire atmosphere of the house. He was a great linguist, and otherwise accomplished; but his reputation as a man was scandalous, and he made the Hague during his reign the rendezvous of some of the vilest characters in Europe. I was well accredited to Mr.

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**Chapter 4 : Memories of Many Men and of Some Women**

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