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The digraphs "ae" and "oe" are spelled out for clarity.

The chapter summaries in the Table of Contents are repeated in the book at the start of each chapter. At the end of each chapter is a facsimile autograph and a brief biography of the signer. The running page titles are omitted.

Vol. I, Chap. XLIII: "President's Message or" changed to "President's Message on"

Vol. II, Chap. IX: "Lamar" changed to "Lamon"

A tabulation of the 1884 Presidential vote totals has been added.

The typographical fist is represented by the right guillamet (»).

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[Signed] Faithfully yours,
Ben: Perley Poore

PERLEY'S REMINISCENCES OF SIXTY YEARS IN THE NATIONAL METROPOLIS

Illustrating the Wit, Humor, Genius, Eccentricities, Jealousies, Ambitions and Intrigues of the Brilliant Statesmen, Ladies, Officers, Diplomats, Lobbyists and other noted Celebrities of the World that gather at the Centre of the Nation; describing imposing Inauguration Ceremonies, Gala Day Festivities, Army Reviews, &c., &c., &c.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

The Veteran Journalist, Clerk of the Senate Printing Records, Editor of the Congressional Directory, and Author of Various Works.

Illustrated.

VOL. I.

HUBBARD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, PHILADELPHIA.
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PREFACE.

The public favor with which the journalistic writings of the subscriber have been received prompted the publication of these volumes. Their object is to give personal details concerning prominent men and women in social and political life at the National Metropolis since he has known it. He has especially endeavored to portray those who "in Congress assembled" have enacted the laws, and those who have interpreted and enforced the provisions under which the United States has advanced, during the past sixty years, from comparative infancy into the vigor of mature manhood, and has successfully defended its own life against a vigorous attempt at its destruction.

In chronicling what has transpired within his personal recollection at the National Metropolis, he has gathered what "waifs" he has found floating on the sea of chat, in the whirlpools of gossip, or in the quiet havens of conversation. Some of these may be personal —piquantly personal, perhaps—but the mighty public has had an appetite for gossipings about prominent men and measures ever since the time when the old Athenians crowded to hear the plays of Aristophanes.

The subscriber is aware that some who write of prominent persons and political events indulge too much in sycophantic flattery, while others have their brains addled by brooding on some fancied wrong, or their minds have lost their even poise by dwelling on insane reforms or visionary projects. All this may have its use, but the subscriber has preferred to look at things in a more cheerful way, to pluck roses rather than nettles, and neither to throw filth nor to blow trumpets.

While the Republic has preserved with commendable pride the histories of her statesmen and her martial defenders, it is well that the memories of those of the gentler sex, who have from time to time taken prominent part in shaping the destinies of the nation, should also be remembered. This work will give, it is hoped, an idea of stirring events in both political and social life, of the great men and the fascinating women who have figured in Washington during the past six decades. Those who were too well acquainted with these personal details to think of recording them are fast passing away, and some account of them cannot but interest younger generations, while it will not fail to profit the older politicians, publicists, and journalists.

The great difficulty in the compilation of the "Reminiscences" has been the selection from the masses of material accumulated in diaries, autograph letters, and scrap-books containing published literary matter. To have given a connected political and social history of what has transpired at the National Metropolis during the past sixty years would have required a dozen volumes, so the most conspicuous features only have been here and there selected.

Confident of the exact truthfulness of the sketches here given, this work is presented, without apologies, to a generous public as the result of very extensive observation.

BEN: PERLEY POORE.
INDIAN HILL FARM,
Near Newburyport, Mass.

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PERLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

VOL. I.

CHAPTER I. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS BECOMES PRESIDENT.

John Quincy Adams was elected President of the United States by the House of Representatives on February 9th, 1825. At the tenth popular election for President, during the previous autumn, there had been four candidates: Andrew Jackson, then a Senator from Tennessee, who received ninety-nine electoral votes; John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, then Secretary of State under President Monroe, who received eighty-four electoral votes; William H. Crawford, of Georgia, then Secretary of the Treasury, who received forty-one electoral votes, and Henry Clay, of Kentucky, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, who received thirty-seven electoral votes—in all two hundred and sixty-one electoral votes. As neither candidate had received the requisite majority of one hundred and thirty-one electoral votes, the election of a President devolved upon the House of Representatives, in which body each State would have one vote. As the Constitution required that the choice of the House be confined to the three highest candidates on the list of those voted for by the electors, and as Mr. Clay was not one of the three, he was excluded. Exercising, as he did, great control over his supporters, it was within his power to transfer their strength to either Adams or Jackson, thus deciding the election. The Legislature of his State, Kentucky, had to a certain degree instructed him, by passing a joint resolution declaring its preference for Jackson over Adams, and Jackson always believed that had he accepted overtures made to him, for the promise of the Department of State to Mr. Clay, that would have insured his election.

Mr. Clay decided, however, to request his friends to support Mr. Adams. To one of them he wrote: "Mr. Adams, you well know, I should never have selected if at liberty to draw from the whole mass of our citizens for a President. But there is no danger of his election now or in time to come. Not so of his competitor, of whom I cannot believe that killing two thousand five hundred Englishmen at New Orleans qualifies for the various, difficult, and complicated duties of the Chief Magistracy." Many believed, however, that a bargain was made between Adams and Clay by which the latter received, as a consideration for transferring to the former the votes of Kentucky, Ohio, and Missouri, the position of Secretary of State. The charge was distinctly made by Mr. George Kremer, a Representative from Pennsylvania, and as positively denied by Mr. Clay. General Jackson wrote to Major Lewis: "So, you see, the Judas of the West has closed the contract and will receive the thirty pieces of silver. His end will be the same. Was there ever witnessed such a barefaced corruption in any country before?"

When the Senate and the House of Representatives met in joint convention to count the electoral votes it was found (as every one present had known for months) that no one had received the requisite majority. This was formally announced by Vice-President Daniel D. Tompkins, who also declared that John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, had been elected Vice-President. The Senate, headed by the Vice-President and its Secretary, Charles Cutts, then retired, and the House proceeded to ballot for President.

The election was by States. Each State delegation appointed one of their number to act as chairman, collect their votes, and report the result. Whoever in each delegation received the most votes was reported as the choice of that delegation to the tellers—one from each State—who sat in parties of twelve at two tables. Daniel Webster, the teller of Massachusetts, was appointed by the tellers at one of the tables to announce the result of the ballot, and John Randolph, the teller of Virginia, was appointed to the same service at the other table. The votes of most of the States were matters of confident calculation, but those of others were in some degree doubtful, and there was intense interest manifested as their votes were counted. At last, when the twenty-four States had voted, Mr. Webster announced, in his deep voice, that thirteen States had voted for John Quincy Adams, seven States had voted for Andrew Jackson, and four States had voted for William H. Crawford. Mr. Speaker Clay then announced, in sonorous tones: "John Quincy Adams, having received a majority of the votes cast, is duly elected President of the United States for four years, from the 4th of March next ensuing."

A shout arose from the occupants of the galleries, which Mr. McDuffie promptly asked might be cleared. The vote was carried, and a young man, who was Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, mounting to the broad stone cornice, which ran around the hall outside of the floor of the galleries, but on a level with them, exclaimed, as he walked along: "The Speaker orders the galleries to be cleared; all must retire. Clear the galleries!" The command was obeyed, to the astonishment of some of the foreign ministers present, who had been accustomed to see armed guards at such assemblages, and often to witness their unsuccessful attempts to move the populace. The House soon afterward adjourned.

That evening President Monroe gave a public reception at the White House, which had just been rebuilt after having been burned by the British army—in 1814. The two candidates, Mr. Adams, the elect, and General Jackson, the defeated, accidentally met in the East Room. General Jackson, who was escorting a lady, promptly extended his hand, saying pleasantly: "How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair. I hope you are very well, sir." All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the General's hand, and said, with chilling coldness: "Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well!" The military hero was genial and gracious, while the unamiable diplomat was as cold as an iceberg.

The inauguration of Mr. Adams, on the 4th of March, 1825, was the most imposing demonstration ever witnessed at Washington up to that time. President Monroe called for his successor and they rode together to the Capitol, escorted by the District uniformed militia and by a cavalcade of citizens marshaled by Daniel Carroll, of Duddington, General John Mason, General Walter Smith, and General Walter Jones, four prominent residents. On reaching the Capitol the President-elect was received with military honors by a battalion of the Marine Corps. He was then escorted by a committee of Senators to the Senate Chamber, where the oath of office was administered to the Vice-President-elect, John C. Calhoun. The dignitaries present then moved in procession to the hall of the House of Representatives, on the floor of which were the Senators and Representatives, the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, officers of the army and navy, and many prominent officials, while the galleries were filled with handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Adams read his inaugural address from the Speaker's desk, after which the oath of office was administered to him by Chief Justice Marshall. Salutes were fired from the Navy Yard and the Arsenal, and the new President was escorted to his house, on F Street, where he that evening received his friends, for whom generous supplies of punch and wines were hospitably provided.

President Adams, although at heart instigated by a Puritan intolerance of those who had failed to

conform with himself, was a true patriot, and as a public man was moved by the highest moral motives. He was a great statesman in so far as the comprehension of the principles of government and a mastery of a wide field of information were concerned, but he could not practically apply his knowledge. Instead of harmonizing the personal feuds between the friends of those who had been candidates with him, he antagonized each one with his Administration at the earliest possible moment, and before the expiration of his first year in the White House he had wrecked the Republican party left by Monroe, as completely as his father had wrecked the Federal party established by Washington.

The President, when in London, had married Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson. Her father was an American by birth, but just before the Revolution he went to England, where he resided until after the independence of the Colonies had been recognized. Mrs. Adams was well educated, highly accomplished, and well qualified to preside over the domestic affairs at the White House. She had four children —three sons and one daughter—of whom one only, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, survived her. It is related, as evidence of her good sense, that on one occasion Mrs. Mason, of Analostan Island, called, accompanied by two or three other ladies belonging to the first families of Virginia, to enlist Mrs. Adams in behalf of her son-in- law, Lieutenant Cooper (afterward Adjutant-General of the United States Army, and subsequently of the Confederate forces), who wanted to be detailed as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Macomb. Mrs. Adams heard their request and then replied: "Truly, ladies, though Madames Maintenon and Pompadour are said to have controlled the military appointments of their times, I do not think such matters appertain to women; but if they did and I had any influence with Mr. Adams, it should be given to Mrs. Scott, with whom I became acquainted while traveling last summer." &&& Mr. Adams' private secretary was his son, John Adams, who soon made himself very obnoxious to the friends of General Jackson. One evening Mr. Russell Jarvis, who then edited the Washington *Telegraph*, a newspaper which advocated Jackson's election, attended a "drawing room" at the White House, escorting his wife and a party of visiting relatives from Boston. Mr. Jarvis introduced them courteously, and they then passed on into the East Room. Soon afterward they found themselves standing opposite to Mr. John Adams, who was conversing with the Rev. Mr. Stetson. "Who is that lady?" asked Mr. Stetson. "That," replied Mr. John Adams, in a tone so loud that the party heard it, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house they would not be here." The Bostonians at once paid their respects to Mrs. Adams and withdrew, Mr. Jarvis having first ascertained from Mr. Stetson that it was Mr. John Adams who had insulted them. A few days afterward Mr. Jarvis sent a note to Mr. John Adams, demanding an explanation, by a friend of his, Mr. McLean. Mr. Adams told Mr. McLean that he had no apology to make to Mr. Jarvis, and that he wished no correspondence with him.

A week later Mr. John Adams went to the Capitol to deliver messages from the President to each house of Congress. Having delivered that addressed to the Speaker of the House of Representatives, he was going through the rotunda toward the Senate Chamber, when he was overtaken by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face. A scuffle ensued, but they were quickly parted by Mr. Dorsey, a Representative from Maryland. President Adams notified Congress in a special message of the occurrence, and the House appointed a select committee of investigation. Witnesses were examined and elaborate reports were drawn up, but neither the majority nor the minority recommended that any punishment be inflicted upon Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. John Adams was married, while his father occupied the White House, to his mother's niece, Miss Mary Hellen, of Washington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Hawley, of St. John's Church, and General Ramsey, who was one of the groomsmen, is authority for the statement that the President, usually so grave and unsocial, unbent for the nonce, and danced at the wedding ball in a Virginia reel with great spirit.

The foreign diplomats were recognized as leaders in Washington society, and one of the Secretaries of Legation created a sensation by appearing on Pennsylvania Avenue mounted on a velocipede imported from London. Pennsylvania Avenue was then bordered with scraggy poplar trees, which had been planted under the direction of President Jefferson.

Mr. Adams found the furniture of the White House in a dilapidated condition. Thirty thousand dollars had been appropriated by Congress for the purchase of new furniture during the Administration of Mr. Monroe; but his friend, Colonel Lane, Commissioner of Public Buildings, to whom he had intrusted it, became insolvent, and died largely in debt to the Government, having used the money for the payment of his debts, instead of procuring furniture. When a appropriation of fourteen thousand dollars was made, to be expended under the direction of Mr. Adams, for furniture, he took charge of it himself. This was severely criticised by the Democratic press, as was the purchase of a billiard table for the White House, about which so much was said that Mr. John Adams finally paid the bill from his own pocket.

Mrs. Adams won popularity at Washington by the graceful manner in which she presided over the hospitalities of the White House. The stiff formalities of the "drawing-rooms" of Mrs. Washington and

Mrs. John Adams, and the free-and-easy "receptions" of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, had been combined by Mrs. Madison into what she christened "levees", at which all ceremonious etiquette was banished. Mrs. Monroe, who had mingled in the fashionable circles of London and Paris, as well as of her native city of New York, had continued these evening "levees," and Mrs. Adams, in turn, not only kept up the custom, but improved the quality of the refreshments, which were handed around on waiters by servants.

Mr. Adams used to rise between four and six o'clock, according to the season, and either take a ride on horseback or walk to the Potomac River, where he bathed, remaining in the water for an hour or more in the summer. Returning to the White House, he read two chapters of the Bible and then glanced over the morning papers until nine, when he breakfasted. From ten until four he remained in the Executive Office, presiding over Cabinet meetings, receiving visitors, or considering questions of state. Then, after a long walk, or a short ride on horseback, he would sit down to dine at half-past five, and after dinner resume his public duties.

On one occasion Mr. Adams imperiled his life by attempting to cross the Potomac in a small boat, accompanied by his son John and by his steward, Michael Antoine Ginsta, who had entered his service at Amsterdam in 1814. Intending to swim back, they had taken off nearly all of their clothes, which were in the boat. When about half-way across, a gust of wind came sweeping down the Potomac, the boat filled with water, and they were forced to abandon it and swim for their lives to the Virginia Shore. By taking what garments each one had on, Antoine managed to clothe himself decently, and started across the bridge to Washington. During his absence, Mr. Adams and his son swam in the river, or walked to and fro on the shore. At last, after they had been about three hours undressed, Antoine made his appearance with a carriage and clothing, so they were able to return to Washington. Mr. Adams purchased that day a watch, which he gave Antoine to replace one which he had lost in the boat and alluded to the adventure in his journal that night as "a humiliating lesson and a solemn warning not to trifle with danger." A few weeks later a Revolutionary veteran named Shoemaker, went in to bathe at Mr. Adams' favorite spot, the Sycamores, was seized with cramp, and was drowned. The body was not recovered until the next morning while Mr. Adams was in the water; but the incident did not deter him from taking his solitary morning baths, which he regarded as indispensable to health. Mr. Adams took great interest in arboriculture, and was a constant reader of Evelyn. He had planted in the grounds of the White House the acorns of the cork-oak, black walnuts, peach, plum, and cherry stones, apple and pear seeds, and he watched their germination and growth with great interest. A botanic garden was established under his patronage, and naval officers were instructed to bring home for distribution the seeds of such grains and vegetables as it might seem desirable to naturalize. The seeds thus collected were carefully distributed through members of Congress, and several important varieties of vegetables were thus introduced. Down to the present day the yearly distribution of seeds to rural communities is an important item of Congressional duty.

Henry Clay was the *premier* and the most important member of Mr. Adams' cabinet. He evidently regarded the Department of State as a stepping-stone to the Executive Mansion, and hoped that he would be in time promoted, as Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. The foreign policy of the Administration, which encouraged the appointment of a Minister to represent the United States in the Congress of American Republics at Panama, although in accordance with the "Monroe Doctrine," was denounced as Federalism. Mr. Clay, who had never been a Federalist, did not wish to be regarded as a restorer of the old Federal party, and he accordingly began to create the Whig party, of which he naturally became the leader.

Mr. Clay made a good Secretary of State, but his place was in Congress, for he was formed by nature for a popular orator. He was tall and thin, with a rather small head, and gray eyes, which peered forth less luminously than would have been expected in one possessing such eminent control of language. His nose was straight, his upper lip long, and his under jaw light. His mouth, of generous width, straight when he was silent, and curving upward at the corners as he spoke or smiled, was singularly graceful, indicating more than any other feature the elastic play of his mind. When he enchained large audiences, his features were lighted up by a winning smile, the gestures of his long arms were graceful, and the gentle accents of his mellow voice were persuasive and winning. Yet there has never been a more imperious despot in political affairs than Mr. Clay. He regarded himself as the head-centre of his party— *L'état, c'est moi*—and he wanted everything utilized for his advancement.

General Jackson was meanwhile being brought before the public, under the direction of Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, and Edward Livingston, as a "man of the people." They had persuaded him to resign his seat in the Senate of the United States, where he might have made political mistakes, and retire to his farm in Tennessee, while they flooded the country with accounts of his military exploits and his social good qualities. Daniel Webster told Samuel Breck, as the latter records in his diary, that he knew more than fifty members of Congress who had expended and pledged all they were worth in setting up presses and employing other means to forward Jackson's election.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, two of the three survivors of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, passed hence on the Fourth of July, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of their signing the Magna Charta of our Republic. Their names had been inseparably connected in the minds and upon the lips of the people, as their labors were united in bringing about the events of the Revolution and its final triumph. Mr. Jefferson was the writer, Mr. Adams the orator, of the Congress of '76. The one penned the Declaration of Independence, the other was pronounced "the pillar of its support and its ablest advocate and defender." Mr. Jefferson called Mr. Adams "the Colossus of the Congress," the most earnest, laborious member of the body, and its animating spirit. For the loss of these men, though they fell as a ripe shock of corn falleth—both having arrived at an advanced age—Mr. Adams over ninety—the whole nation clothed itself in mourning.

CHAPTER II. TRAVELING IN "YE OLDEN TIME."

The old stage route between Boston and New York, before John Quincy Adams was President, passed through Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, and Norwalk. Passengers paid ten dollars for a seat and were fifty- six hours or more on the road. This gave way about 1825 to the steamboat line via Providence, which for five dollars carried passengers from Boston to New York in twenty-four hours.

Stage books for the Providence line were kept in Boston at offices in different parts of the city, where those wishing to go the next day registered their names. These names were collected and brought to the central stage office in the Marlboro Hotel at ten o'clock each night, where they were arranged into stage-loads, each made up from those residing in the same part of the city. At four o'clock in the morning a man started from the stage office in a chaise to go about and wake up the passengers, that the stage need not be kept waiting. The large brass door knockers were vigorously plied, and sometimes quite a commotion was caused by "waking up the wrong passenger."

In due time the stage made its appearance, with its four spirited horses, and the baggage was put on. Trunks, which were diminutive in size compared with those now used, were put on the rack behind, securely strapped; valises and packages were consigned to the depths of a receptacle beneath the driver's seat, and bandboxes were put on the top. The back seat was generally given to ladies and elderly gentlemen, while young men usually sought a seat on top of the stage, by the side of the driver. When the passengers had been "picked up," the stages returned to the stage office, where they way-bills were perfected and handed to the drivers. As the Old South clock was striking five, whips were cracked, and the coaches started at the rate of ten miles an hour, stopping for breakfast at Timothy Gay's tavern in Dedham, where many of the passengers visited the bar to imbibe Holland gin and sugar-house molasses—a popular morning beverage.

Breakfast over, away the stages went over the good turnpike road at a rapid pace. Those who were fellow passengers, even if strangers to one another, gradually entered into conversation, and generally some one of them was able to impart information concerning the route. Occasionally the stage would rattle into a village, the driver giving warning blasts upon his long tin horn that he claimed the right of way, and then dash up to a wayside inn, before which would be in waiting a fresh team of horses to take the place of those which had drawn the coach from the previous stopping-place. Time was always afforded those passengers who desired to partake of libations at the tavern bar, and old travelers used to see that their luggage was safe.

Providence was in due time reached, and the procession of stages whirled along the narrow street beneath the bluff, swaying heavily with the irregularities of the road. The steamboats lay at India Point, just below the town, where immense quantities of wood were piled up, for each boat consumed between thirty and forty cords on a trip through Long Island Sound.

The stages used to reach India Point about half-past eleven o'clock, and the boat would start for New York precisely at twelve. There were no state-rooms, the passengers occupying berths, and at the dinner and supper the captain of the boat occupied the head of the table, having seated near him any distinguished passengers. Occasionally there was an opposition line with sharp rivalries, and at one time a then rising New Yorker, Cornelius Vanderbilt, carried passengers from New York to Boston for one dollar.

On arriving at New York, the passengers had to look out for their luggage, and either engage hacks or hand-cartmen, who for twenty- five cents would carry a trunk to any part of the city. The city then, be it remembered, did not reach up Manhattan Island above the vicinity of Broome or Spring Streets, although there were beyond that the villages of Greenwich, Bloomingdale, Yorkville, and Harlem. The City Hotel, on Broadway, just above Trinity Churchyard, Bunker's Hotel, lower down, and the Washington Hotel, which occupied the site of the Stewart building above the Park, were the principal public houses. The Boston stages stopped at Hall's North American Hotel, at the corner of Bayard Street and the Bowery, and there were many boarding-houses where transient guests were

accommodated.

From New York, travelers southward went by steamboat to Elizabethport, where they were transferred to stages, and crossed New Jersey to Bordentown on the Delaware River, where a steamer was in waiting to transport them to Philadelphia. This was a long and fatiguing day's journey, and a majority of travelers remained over a day in Philadelphia, where the hotels were excellent and there were many objects of attraction.

Leaving Philadelphia in a steamboat, passengers went down the Delaware to New Castle, whence they crossed in stages to Frenchtown on the Elk River, and there re-embarked on steamers, which took them down and around to Baltimore, another long and fatiguing day's trip. At each change from boat to stage, or from stage to boat, passengers had to see that their luggage was transferred, and it was generally necessary to give a quarter to the porter. Baggage checks and the checking of baggage were then unknown.

Between Baltimore and Washington there were opposition lines of stages and a good turnpike road. There had been, when I first went over the road, some daring robberies by "road agents," and the mail coaches were protected by a guard, who occupied a perch on the roof over the boot and was armed with a blunderbuss. This weapon had a funnel-shaped barrel, a flint lock, took about half a pint of buckshot for a charge, and was capable of destroying a whole band of robbers at once. In due time the flat, wide dome of the Capitol, which resembled an inverted wash-bowl, was visible, and the stage was soon floundering through the broad expanse of mud or of dust known as Pennsylvania Avenue, taking passengers to the doors of the hotels or boarding-houses which they had previously indicated.

When Congress first met at Washington there was but one hotel there and one in Georgetown. Others were, however, soon erected, and fifty-eight years ago there were half a dozen. The favorite establishment was the Indian Queen Hotel, which occupied the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel and was designated by a large swinging sign upon which figured Pocahontas, painted in glaring colors. The landlord, Jesse Brown, who used to come to the curbstone to "welcome the coming guests," was a native of Havre-de-Grace and had served his apprenticeship to tavern-keeping in Hagerstown and in Alexandria. A glance at the travelers as they alighted and were ushered by him into the house would enable him mentally to assign each one to a room, the advantages of which he would describe ere sending its destined occupant there under the pilotage of a colored servant. When the next meal was ready the newly arrived guest was met at the door of the dining-room by Mr. Brown, wearing a large white apron, who escorted him to a seat and then went to the head of the table, where he carved and helped the principal dish. The excellencies of this—fish or flesh or fowl—he would announce as he would invite those seated at the table to send up their plates for what he knew to be their favorite portions; and he would also invite attention to the dishes on other parts of the table, which were carved and helped by the guests who sat nearest them. "I have a delicious quarter of mutton from the Valley of Virginia," Mr. Brown would announce in a stentorian tone, which could be heard above the clatter of crockery and the din of steel knives and forks. "Let me send you a rare slice, Mr. A." "Colonel B., will you not have a bone?" "Mrs. C., send up your plate for a piece of the kidney." "Mrs. D., there is a fat and tender mongrel goose at the other end of the table." "Joe, pass around the sweet potatoes." "Colonel E., will you help to that chicken-pie before you?"

The expense of living at the Indian Queen was not great. The price of board was one dollar and seventy-five cents per day, ten dollars per week, or thirty-five dollars per month. Transient guests were charged fifty cents for breakfast, the same for supper, and seventy- five cents for dinner. Brandy and whisky were placed on the dinner- table in decanters, to be drink by the guests without additional charge therefor. A bottle of real old Madeira imported into Alexandria was supplied for three dollars; sherry, brandy, and gin were one dollar and a half per bottle, and Jamaica rum one dollar. At the bar toddies were made with unadulterated liquor and lump sugar, and the charge was twelve and a half cents a drink.

On the Fourth of July, the 22d of February, and other holidays, landlord Brown would concoct foaming egg-nogg in a mammoth punch- bowl once owned by Washington, and the guests of the house were all invited to partake. The tavern-desk was behind the bar, with rows of large bells hanging by circular springs on the wall, each with a bullet-shaped tongue, which continued to vibrate for some minutes after being pulled, thus showing to which room it belonged. The barkeeper prepared the "drinks" called for, saw that the bells were answered, received and delivered letters and cards, and answered questions by the score. He was supposed to know everybody in Washington, where they resided, and at what hour they could be seen.

The city of Washington had then been called by an observing foreigner "the city of magnificent distances," an appellation which was well merited. There was a group of small, shabby houses around the Navy Yard, another cluster on the river bank just above the Arsenal, which was to have been the

business centre of the metropolis, and Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol to Georgetown, with the streets immediately adjacent, was lined with tenements—many of them with shops on the ground floor. The Executive Departments were located in four brick edifices on the corners of the square, in the centre of which was the White House. The imposing building now occupied by the Department of the Interior had not been begun nor had the General Post-Office replaced a large brick structure intended for a hotel, but which the pecuniary necessities of the projector forced him to dispose of in a lottery before it was completed. The fortunate ticket was held by minors, whose guardian could neither sell the building nor finish it, and it remained for many years in a dilapidated condition.

The Capitol was pronounced completed in 1825. The two wings, which were the only portions of the building finished when the British occupied Washington, were burned with their contents, including the Congressional Library and some works of art. When Congress was convened in special session after the invasion, the two Houses assembled in the unfinished hotel previously mentioned, but soon occupied a brick building erected for their temporary use, which was afterward known as the Old Capitol Prison.

The tympanum of the eastern pediment of the Capitol was ornamented by a historical group which Mr. John Quincy Adams designed when Secretary of State. It was executed in marble by Luigi Persico, an Italian sculptor, whose work gave such satisfaction to Mr. Adams that he secured for him an order for the two colossal statues which now flank the central doorway. War is represented by a stalwart gymnast with a profuse development of muscle and a benign expression of countenance, partially encased in ancient Roman armor, while Peace is a matronly dame, somewhat advanced in life and heavy in flesh, who carries an olive branch as if she desired to use it to keep off flies.

The then recently completed *rotunda* of the Capitol—Mr. Gales took pains to have it called *rotundo* in the *National Intelligencer*—was a hall of elegant proportions, ninety-six feet in diameter and ninety-six feet in height to the apex of its semicircular dome. It had been decorated with remarkable historical bas-reliefs by Cappellano, Gevelot, and Causici, three Italian artists—two of them pupils of Canova. They undoubtedly possessed artistic ability and they doubtless desired to produce works of historical value. But they failed ignominiously. Their respective productions were thus interpreted by Grizzly Bear, a Menominee chief. Turning to the eastern doorway, over which there is represented the landing of the Pilgrims, he said: "There Ingen give hungry white man corn." Then turning to the northern doorway, over which is represented William Penn making a treaty with the Indians, he said: "There Ingen give white man land." Then turning to the western doorway, over which is represented Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith, he said: "There Ingen save white man's life." And then turning to the Southern doorway, over which is represented Daniel Boone, the pioneer, plunging his hunting-knife into the heart of a red man while his foot rests on the dead body of another, he said: "And there white man kill Ingen. Ugh!"

When Congress was in session, the rotunda presented a busy and motley scene every morning prior to the convening of the two houses. It was a general rendezvous, and the newspaper correspondents were always in attendance to pick up the floating rumors of the day.

The visit of General Lafayette to Washington gave a great impetus to Free-Masonry there. The corner-stone of a new Masonic Temple was laid, and many of the leading citizens had taken the degrees, when the rumored abduction of William Morgan was made the basis of a political and religious anti-Masonic crusade. It was asserted that Morgan, who had written and printed a book which professed to reveal the secrets of Free-Masonry, had been kidnapped, taken to Fort Niagara, and then plunged into the river, "with all his imperfections on his head." Many well-informed persons, however, are of the opinion that Morgan was hired to go to Smyrna, where he lived some years, and then died; but his real or supposed assassination awakened a profound popular indignation. Some good men who belonged to the "mystic tie" felt it their duty to dissolve their connection with it, and the Anti-Masonic party was at once got up by a goodly number of hopeful political aspirants. As General Jackson and Mr. Clay were both "Free and Accepted Masons," Mr. Adams had at first some hopes that he might secure his own re-election as the Anti- Masonic candidate.

A small theatre at Washington was occasionally opened by a company of actors from Philadelphia, who used to journey every winter as far south as Savannah, performing in the intermediate cities as they went and returned. The Jeffersons, the Warrens, and the Burkes belonged to this company, in which their children were trained for histrionic fame, and President Adams first saw the elder Booth when that tragedian accompanied one of these dramatic expeditions as its brightest star. On another occasion he saw Edwin Forrest, then unknown to fame, and enjoyed the finished acting of Cooper, as Charles Surface, in the "School for Scandal." The popular performance at that time was "Tom and Jerry, or Life in London," and the flash sayings of Corinthian Tom and Bob Logic were quoted even in Congressional debates.

The Friends, or Quakers, as "the world's people" call them, had a society at Washington formed

principally by the clerks of that persuasion who had come from Philadelphia when the seat of government was removed from there. Their harmony was, however, disturbed in 1827, when a number of the most influential among them left the "Orthodox" or old belief and followed Elias Hicks, of New York, who founded what has since been known as Hicksite Friends. The Friends believed in a free gospel ministry, and did not recognize either water-baptism or the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. At their meetings the elders and preachers occupied a platform at one end of the meeting-houses, the men sitting on unpainted benches on one side and the women on the other. The congregation would sit quietly, often for an hour, until the Spirit moved some preacher, male or female, to speak or to offer prayer. There was no singing, and often long intervals of silence. Marriages were solemnized at the monthly meetings, the ceremony consisting simply of a public acknowledgment by the man and woman, after due inquiry of their right to be united. After they had stood up in meeting and publicly taken one another to be man and wife, a certificate of the ceremony was publicly read by one of the elders, and then signed by the contracting parties and witnesses.

[Facsimile] John Quincy Adams JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—son of John Adams—was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, July 11th, 1767; Minister to the Netherlands and Prussia, 1794-1801; United States Senator, 1803-1808; Professor at Harvard College, 1808-1809; Minister to Russia, 1809-1817; negotiating the treaty of Ghent in 1815; Secretary of State, 1817-1825; President, 1825-1829; Representative in Congress, 1831, until stricken by death in the Capitol, February 23d, 1848.

CHAPTER III. JOURNALISM IN 1828.

Georgetown, now called "West Washington," was originally laid out as a town in 1751, and settled by the Scotch agents of English mercantile houses, whose vessels came annually to its wharves. They brought valuable freights of hardware, dry goods, and wines, and they carried back tobacco, raised in the surrounding country, and furs, brought down the Potomac by Indian traders. There were also lines of brigs and schooners running to New York, Boston, Salem, Newburyport, and the West Indies. Two principal articles of import were sugar and molasses, which were sold at auction on the wharves. Business in these staples has been entirely superseded by the coal and flour trade.

The main street of Georgetown was generally filled every week-day with the lumbering Conestoga six-horse wagons, in which the farmers of Maryland and Central Pennsylvania brought loads of wheat and of corn, taking back dry goods, groceries, salt, and, during the fishing season, fresh shad and herring. Another source of trade was the Potomac River, which was navigable above Georgetown as far as Cumberland in long, flat-bottomed boats, sharp at both ends, called "gondolas." These boats were poled down the Potomac to the Great Falls, twelve miles above Georgetown, where a canal with locks was constructed, running around the falls and back to the river. The same plan of avoiding the rapids was suggested by George Washington, who was once president of the company. The canal was finished in 1793, but it never yielded a sufficient revenue to pay expenses.

The "gondolas" brought down considerable quantities of flour, corn, pork, and iron, much of which was shipped at Georgetown to other ports. During the year 1812 several hundred hogsheads of Louisiana sugar were brought by way of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Potomac Rivers to Georgetown. This was a realization of Washington's idea that the city which he founded and which bore his name would become an *entrepot* for the products of the Mississippi Valley destined for shipment abroad. He displayed his faith in this belief by the purchase of wharf lots, which would not to-day bring what he paid for them.

The Union Tavern at Georgetown was a well-patronized and fashionable inn during the first quarter of the present century. Among the distinguished men who were its guests were Louis Philippe, Count Volney, Baron Humboldt, Fulton (the inventor), Talleyrand, Jerome Bonaparte, Washington Irving, General St. Clair, Lorenzo Dow (the eccentric preacher), Francis S. Key (author of the "Star Spangled Banner"), with John Randolph and scores of other Congressmen, who used to ride to and from the Capitol in a large stagecoach with seats on the top and called the "Royal George."

When my mother was born in Georgetown, in 1799, the neighbors were startled by the repeated firing of a heavily charged musket beneath the window of her mother's room. It was a welcome-into-the-world salute fired by "Old Yarrah," a very aged Mahometan, who had been brought as a slave from Guinea to Georgetown, where my grandfather had shown him some kindness, which he thus acknowledged after the custom of his own people.

General Washington used to pass through Georgetown on his journeys between the North and Mount Vernon, and I have heard my grandfather describe the interest which he took when the "Federal City" was located. On one occasion he rode over to visit David Burns, who owned a farm on which the Executive Mansion and the Departments now stand. Washington agreed with the Commissioners that what is now Lafayette Square should be a reservation, but Burns disliked to donate any more building

lots for the public good. Finally Washington lost his temper and left, saying, as he crossed the porch: "Had not the Federal City been laid out here, you would have died a poor tobacco planter." "Aye, mon!" retorted Burns, in broad Scotch, "an' had ye nae married the widow Custis, wi' a' her nagurs, you would hae been a land surveyor to-day, an' a mighty poor ane at that." Ultimately, however, the obstinate old fellow donated the desired square of ground.

When Major L'Enfant came to Georgetown to lay out the Federal District he brought a letter of introduction to my grandfather, who had a great deal of trouble in endeavoring to adjust the difficulties between the fiery French officer and the Commissioners appointed to govern the infant metropolis. The Major, who was very imperious, claimed supreme authority, which the Commissioners would not submit to. On one occasion, a Mr. Carroll had commenced the erection of a large brick house, which Major L'Enfant found encroached on one of the proposed streets. Summoning his chain bearers and axmen, he demolished the trespassing structure and filled up the cellar, against Mr. Carroll's earnest protests.

He was a favorite with Washington, but Jefferson disliked him on account of his connection with the Society of the Cincinnati, and availed himself of his difficulty with the Commissioners to discharge him.

The Major then became an unsuccessful petitioner before Congress for a redress of his real and fancied wrongs, and he was to be seen almost every day slowly pacing the rotunda of the Capitol. He was a tall, thin man, who wore, toward the close of his life, a blue military surtout coat, buttoned quite to the throat, with a tall, black stock, but no visible signs of linen. His hair was plastered with pomatum close to his head, and he wore a napless high beaver bell-crowned hat. Under his arm he generally carried a roll of papers relating to his claim upon the Government, and in his right hand he swung a formidable hickory cane with a large silver head. A strict Roman Catholic, he received a home in the family of Mr. Digges, near Washington, in whose garden his remains were interred when he died.

Newspaper "organs" formed an important feature of the early political machinery at Washington. Railroads, as well as the magnetic telegraph, were then unknown, and it took two days or more for the transmission of intelligence between the Federal Metropolis and New York, while it was a week or two in reaching Portland, St. Louis, New Orleans, or Savannah. This made it advisable for each successive Administration to have a newspaper published at Washington which would reliably inform the subordinate officials what was being done and keep alive a sympathy between them and the President.

The *National Intelligencer* was never devoted to Mr. Adams, as its proprietor had a kind regard for Mr. Clay, but it was always hostile to the election of General Jackson. Mr. Joseph Giles, its editor, wrote ponderous leaders on the political questions of the day, and occasionally reported, in short-hand, the speeches of Congressional magnates. His partner, Colonel William Winstead Seaton, was by trade a printer, and his generous hand was ever ready to aid those of his fellow-craftsmen who were in destitute circumstances—indeed, the superannuated compositors of the *National Intelligencer* always received "half pay." Coming here when Washington was only just "staked out," he was honorably identified with the growth of Washington City, and his administration as Mayor is favorably spoken of by the citizens of all classes and parties.

The *National Intelligencer* had been established as a Catholic organ, with John Agg, an Englishman of great ability, as its editor, and Richard Houghton, afterward the popular editor of the Boston *Atlas*, as its Congressional reporter. In 1825 the paper was purchased by Peter Force and became the "hand-organ" of all the elements of opposition to General Jackson. Such abusive articles and scurrilous remarks as the dignified *National Intelligencer* would not publish appeared in the *National Journal*. Some of these articles reflected upon Mrs. Jackson and gave great offense to her husband, who was persuaded that they were inspired by President Adams.

Matthew L. Davis, who was probably the most influential of Washington correspondents, was a New York printer. He had entered political life in 1790 and joined the Democratic party, which came into power by the election of Jefferson as President and Burr as Vice-President. Davis went to Washington shortly afterward, and was boasting that the elevation of Mr. Jefferson was brought about solely by the management of Tammany Hall. Mr. Jefferson was a philosopher, and soon after caught a very large fly, calling the attention of Mr. Davis to the remarkable fact of the great disproportion in size of one portion of the insect to its body. Mr. Davis took the hint, and left the President, in doubt as to whether Mr. Jefferson intended the comparison to apply to New York or to him (Davis) as an individual.

Mr. Davis was at one time wealthy, having cleared over one hundred thousand dollars in the South American trade; but he became poor, and for many years he was the correspondent at Washington of the *Courier and Enquirer*, of New York, under the signature of "The Spy in Washington." He was also the correspondent of the London *Times*, under the signature of "The Genevese Traveler." On one occasion Mr. Davis was presented to the British Minister at Washington (Lord Ashburton) as the author of those letters in the *Times*. "I am delighted to see you," said the Envoy. "They are extraordinary

letters. I have read them with great pleasure. I hope, sir, that you are well paid by the *Times*. If not, sir, let me know it; I will take care that you are paid handsomely." Mr. Davis begged not to be misunderstood, and said that he was amply paid by the *Times*. He received two guineas for each letter.

James Gordon Bennett in 1828, when in his thirtieth year, became the Washington correspondent of the New York *Enquirer*, which was then on the topmost round of the journalistic ladder. It is related of him that during his stay in this position he came across a copy of *Walpole's Letters* and resolved to try the effect of a few letters written in a similar strain. The truth of this is doubtful. It is more probably that the natural talents of the man were now unfettered, and he wrote without fear of censorship and with all the ease which a sense of freedom inspires. He was naturally witty, sarcastic and sensible. These letters were lively, they abounded in personal allusions, and they described freely, not only Senators, but the wives and daughters of Senators, and they established Mr. Bennett's reputation as a light lance among the hosts of writers.

Major M. M. Noah was for many years a leading New York journalist, who occasionally visited Washington, where he was always welcome. Major Noah was born in Philadelphia, where he was apprenticed, as he grew up, to learn the carver's trade, but he soon abandoned it for political pursuits. Receiving the appointment of Consul to Tunis, he passed several years in Northern Africa, and on his return wrote a very clever book containing his souvenirs of travel. About the year 1825 he conceived the idea of collecting the scattered Jews and of rebuilding Jerusalem. Grand Island, in the Niagara River, above Niagara falls, was designated as the rendezvous, and Major Noah's proclamation, which he sent to all parts of the world, created quite a sensation among the Children of Israel. He subsequently was connected with the evening press of New York and was then appointed to a Government office by President Jackson. He was a man of fine personal appearance and great conversational powers.

Another New York journalist, just coming before the public, was Thurlow Weed, a tall man, with an altogether massive person. His large head was at that time covered with dark hair, and he had prominent features and gray eyes, which were watchful and overhung by shaggy eyebrows. He was a man of great natural strength of character, deep penetration as regards human nature, and a good sense, judgment, and cheerfulness in his own characteristics which conduced to respect and popularity. He was most happy in his intercourse with men, for he had, when a mere youth, a geniality and tact which drew all toward him, and it has been said that he never forgot a face or a fact. There has never been a better example of the good old stock of printer-editors, who seemed to have an intuitive capacity for public affairs, and never to love political success well enough to leave their newspapers in order to pursue the glittering attraction of public life.

Among the other newspaper men in Washington were William Hayden, Congressional reporter for the *National Intelligencer*, who afterward succeeded Mr. Houghton as editor of the Boston *Atlas*; Lund Washington, equally famed as a performer on the violin and writer of short-hand; Samuel L. Knapp, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who abandoned the law for journalism and corresponded with the Boston *Gazette*, and James Brooks, a graduate of Waterville, afterward the founder of the New York *Express* and a Representative in Congress, who was the correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser* and other papers.

Prominent as an adopted citizen of Washington and as a personal friend of President Adams was Dr. William F. Thornton, Superintendent of the Patent Office, who had by personal appeals to his conquering countrymen, in 1814, saved the models of patents from the general conflagration of the public buildings. He was also a devoted lover of horse-racing, and on one occasion, when he expected that a horse of his would win the cup, Mr. Adams walked out to the race-course to enjoy the Doctor's triumph, but witnessed his defeat. After the death of Dr. Thornton and of his accomplished wife, it became known that she was the daughter of the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, of London, who was executed for forgery in 1777. Her mother emigrated to Philadelphia soon afterward, under the name of Brodeau, and brought her infant daughter with her. In Philadelphia she opened a boarding-school, which was liberally patronized, as she had brought excellent letters of recommendation and displayed great ability as a teacher. The daughter grew up to be a lady remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments and married Dr. Thornton, who brought her to Washington in 1800.

Congress had placed on the statute-book stringent penal laws against gambling, but they were a dead letter, unless some poor dupe made a complaint of foul play, or some fleeced blackleg sought vengeance through the aid of the Grand Jury; then the matter was usually compounded by the repayment of the money. The northern sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue between the Indian Queen Hotel and the Capitol gate, was lined with faro banks, where good suppers were served and well-supplied sideboards were free to all comers. It was a tradition that in one of these rooms Senator Montford Stokes, of North Carolina, sat down one Thursday afternoon to play a game of brag with Mountjoy Bailey, then the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. That body had adjourned over, as was then

its custom, from Thursday until Monday, so the players were at liberty to keep on with their game, only stopping occasionally for refreshments. The game was continued Friday night and Saturday, through Saturday night and all day Sunday and Sunday night, the players resting for a snatch of sleep as nature became exhausted. Monday morning the game was in full blast, but at ten o'clock Bailey moved an adjournment, alleging that his official duties required his presence in the Senate Chamber. Stokes remonstrated, but the Sergeant-at-Arms persisted, and rose from the table, the Senator grumbling and declaring that he had supposed that Stokes would have thus prematurely broken up the game he would not have sat down to play with him.

Whist was regularly played at many of the "Congressional messes," and at private parties a room was always devoted to whist-playing. Once when the wife of Henry Clay was chaperoning a young lady from Boston, at a party given by one of his associates in the Cabinet, they passed through the card-room, where Mr. Clay and other gentlemen were playing whist. The young lady, in her Puritan simplicity, inquired: "Is card-playing a common practice here?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Clay, "the gentlemen always play when they get together." "Don't it distress you," said the Boston maiden, "to have Mr. Clay gamble?" "Oh! dear, no!" composedly replied the statesman's wife, "he 'most always wins."

There were only a few billiard-rooms, mostly patronized by the members of the foreign legations or visiting young men from the Northern cities. Ten-pin alleys were abundant, and some of the muscular Congressmen from the frontier would make a succession of "ten strikes" with great ease, using the heaviest balls. Some of the English residents organized a cricket club, and used to play on a level spot in "the slashes," near where the British Legation was afterward built, but the game was not popular, and no American offered to join the club.

[Facsimile]
Your obedt servt.
William H. Crawford
William Harris Crawford was born in Virginia, February 24th, 1772;
was United States Senator 1807-1813; Minister to France, 1813-1815;
Secretary of War, 1815-1816; Secretary of the Treasury, 1816-1825;
Judge of the Northern Circuit Court of Georgia, 1827, until he died
at Elberton, Georgia, September 15th, 1834.

CHAPTER IV. PROMINENT SENATORS OF 1827.

The old Senate Chamber, now used by the Supreme Court, was admirably adapted for the deliberations of the forty-eight gentlemen who composed the upper house of the Nineteenth Congress. Modeled after the theatres of ancient Greece, it possessed excellent acoustic properties, and there was ample accommodation in the galleries for the few strangers who then visited Washington. The Senate used to meet at noon and generally conclude its day's work by three o'clock, while adjournments over from Thursday until the following Monday were frequent.

John C. Calhoun was Vice-President of the United States, and consequently President of the Senate—a position which was to him very irksome, as he was forced to sit and dumbly listen to debates in which he was eager to participate. He had been talked of by some of the best men in the country as a candidate during the then recent Presidential election, but the North had not given him any substantial support. Regarding each Senator as an Ambassador from a sovereign State, he did not believe that as Vice-President he possessed the power to call them to order for words spoken in debate. Senator John Randolph abused this license, and one day commenced one of his tirades by saying: "*Mr. Speaker! I mean Mr. President of the Senate and would-be President of the United States, which God in His infinite mercy avert*," and then went on in his usual strain of calumny and abuse.

Mr. Calhoun was tall, well-formed, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, with a serious expression of countenance rarely brightened by a smile, and with his black hair thrown back from his forehead, he looked like an arch-conspirator waiting for the time to come when he could strike the first blow. In his dress Mr. Calhoun affected a Spartan simplicity, yet he used to have four horses harnessed to his carriage, and his entertainments at his residence on Georgetown Heights were very elegant. His private life was irreproachable, although when Secretary of War under Mr. Monroe, he had suffered obloquy because of a profitable contract, which had been dishonestly awarded during his absence by his chief clerk to that official's brother-in-law.

The prime mover of the Senate of that day was Martin Van Buren, of New York, who was beginning to reap the reward of years of subservient intrigues. Making the friends of Calhoun and of Crawford believe that they had each been badly treated by the alliance between Adams and Clay, he united them in the support of General Jackson, and yet no one suspected him. When Mr. Van Buren had first been elected to Congress, Rufus King, of his State, had said to G. F. Mercer, also a member, "Within two

weeks Van Buren will become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member, yet no man will know his."

This prediction was verified, and Mr. Van Buren soon became the directing spirit among the friends of General Jackson, although no one was ever able to quote his views. Taking Aaron Burr as his political model, but leading an irreproachable private life, he rose by his ability to plan and execute with consummate skill the most difficult political intrigues. He was rather under the medium height, with a high forehead, a quick eye, and pleasing features. He made attitude and deportment a study, and when, on his leaving the Senate, his household furniture was sold at auction it was noticed that the carpet before a large looking-glass in his study was worn and threadbare. It was there that he had rehearsed his speeches.

The "Father of the Senate" was Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, who had served in the ranks during the Revolution, and then in the Senate of North Carolina. He was elected to the Second Congress, taking his seat in October, 1791, and after having been re-elected eleven times, generally without opposition, he was transferred to the Senate in 1815, and re-elected until he declined in 1828, making thirty-seven years of continuous Congressional service. At the very commencement of his Congressional career he energetically opposed the financial schemes of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, and throughout his political career he was a "strict, severe, and stringent" Democrat. Personally Mr. Macon was a genial companion. He had none of that moroseness at the fireside which often accompanies political distinction, and it was said that at his home he was the kindest and most beloved of slave- masters.

Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, who had earned the military title in the army during the war with Great Britain, was a large, heavily framed man, with black curly hair and whiskers, prominent features, and a stentorian voice. He wore the high, black-silk neck-stock and the double-breasted frock-coat of his youthful times during his thirty years' career in the Senate, varying with the seasons the materials of which his pantaloons were made, but never the fashion in which they were cut. When in debate, outraging every customary propriety of language, he would rush forward with blunt fury upon every obstacle, like the huge, wild buffaloes then ranging the prairies of his adopted State, whose paths, he used to subsequently assert, would show the way through the passes of the Rocky Mountains. He was not a popular speaker, and when he took the floor occupants of the galleries invariably began to leave, while many Senators devoted themselves to their correspondence. In private life Colonel Benton was gentleness and domestic affection personified, and a desire to have his children profit by the superior advantages for their education in the District of Columbia kept him from his constituents in Missouri, where a new generation of voters grew up who did not know him and who would not follow his political lead, while he was ignorant of their views on the question of slavery.

Senator Randolph, of Virginia, attracted the most attention on the part of strangers. He was at least six feet in height, with long limbs, an ill-proportioned body, and a small, round head. Claiming descent from Pocahontas, he wore his coarse, black hair long, parted in the middle, and combed down on either side of his sallow face. His small, black eyes were expressive in their rapid glances, especially when he was engaged in debate, and his high-toned and thin voice would ring through the Senate Chamber like the shrill scream of an angry vixen. He generally wore a full suit of heavy, drab-colored English broadcloth, the high, rolling collar of his surtout coat almost concealing his head, while the skirts hung in voluminous folds about his knee-breeches and the white leather tops of his boots. He used to enter the Senate Chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding-whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding-gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low voice, "Tims, more porter!" and the assistant doorkeeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a Senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams "a traitor," Daniel Webster "a vile slanderer," John Holmes "a dangerous fool," and Edward Livingston "the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs." One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, a Senator informed him in an undertone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully emptied the vials of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence, and asked, "Is Mrs. Taylor present also?"

Henry Clay was frequently the object of Mr. Randolph's denunciations, which he bore patiently until the "Lord of Roanoke" spoke, one day, of the reported alliance between the President and the Secretary of State as the "coalition of Bilfil and Black George—the combination, unheard of till then, of the

Puritan and the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once wrote to know whether he had intended to call him a political gambler, or to attach the infamy of such epithets to his private life. Mr. Randolph declined to give any explanation, and a duel was fought without bloodshed.

Mr. Randolph, on another occasion, deliberately insulted Mr. James Lloyd, one of "the solid men of Boston," then a Senator from Massachusetts, who had, in accordance with the custom, introduced upon the floor of the Senate one of his constituents, Major Benjamin Russell, the editor of the *Columbian Sentinel*. The sight of a Federal editor aroused Mr. Randolph's anger, and he at once insolently demanded that the floor of the Senate be cleared, forcing Major Russell to retire. Mr. Lloyd took the first opportunity to express his opinion of this gratuitous insult, and declared, in very forcible language, that, as he had introduced Major Russell on the floor, he was responsible therefor. Mr. Randolph indulged in a little gasconade, in which he announced that his carriage was waiting at the door to convey him to Baltimore, and at the conclusion of his remarks he left the Senate Chamber and the city. Mr. Calhoun, who had not attempted to check Mr. Randolph, lamented from the chair that anything should have happened to mar the harmony of the Senate, and again declared that he had not power to call a Senator to order, nor would he for ten thousand worlds look like a usurper.

Senator Tazewell, Mr. Randolph's colleague, was a first-class Virginia abstractionist and an avowed hater of New England. Dining one day at the White House, he provoked the President by offensively asserting that he had "never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent." Soon afterward Mr. Tazewell spoke of the different kinds of wines, and declared that Tokay and Rhenish wine were alike in taste. "Sir," said Mr. Adams, "I do not believe that you ever drank a drop of Tokay in your life." For this remark the President subsequently sent an apology to Mr. Tazewell, but the Virginia Senator never forgot or forgave the remark.

William Henry Harrison, a tall, spare, gray-haired gentleman, who had gone from his Virginia home into the Western wilderness as aid- de-camp to General Anthony Wayne, had been elected a Senator from the State of Ohio, but probably never dreamed that in years to come he would be elected President by an immense majority, with John Tyler on the ticket as Vice-President. Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, had, however, begun to electioneer for the Democratic nomination for the Vice-Presidency, basing his claim upon his having shot Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, and he was finally successful. He was of medium size, with large features, and light auburn hair, and his private life was attacked without mercy by his political opponents.

John Henry Eaton, of Tennessee, was General Jackson's henchman, who had come to the Senate that he might better electioneer for his old friend and commander. William Hendricks, a Senator from Indiana, was the uncle of Thomas A. Hendricks, of a subsequent political generation. The New Hampshire Senators were Levi Woodbury and John Bell, men of decided ability and moral worth. Georgia supplied a polished and effective orator in J. McPherson Berrien. Vermont was represented by portly and good-looking Dudley Chase, who was the uncle of Chief Justice Chase, and by Horatio Seymour, of Middlebury. Maine's stalwart, blue-eyed Senator, Albion Keith Parris, was said to have filled more public offices than any other man of his age, and his colleague, John Holmes, although rude in speech and at times vulgar, was the humorous champion of the North. Ever on the watch for some unguarded expression by a Southern Senator, no sooner would one be uttered than he would pounce upon it and place the speaker in a most uncomfortable position. John Tyler one day thought that he could annoy Mr. Holmes, and asked him what had become of that political firm once mentioned in debate by John Randolph as "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes, and the Devil." Mr. Holmes rose at once. "I will tell the gentleman," said he, "what has become of the firm. The first member is dead, the second has gone into retirement, the third now addresses you, and the last has gone over to the Nullifiers, and is now electioneering among the gentleman's constituents. So the partnership is legally dissolved."

The Senators were rather exclusive, those from the South assuming the control of "good society," which was then very limited in its extent and simple in its habits. Few Senators and Representatives brought their wives to cheer their Congressional labors, and a parlor of ordinary size would contain all of those who were accustomed to attend social gatherings. The diplomats, with the officers of the army and navy stationed at headquarters, were accompanied by their wives, and there were generally a few visitors of social distinction.

The Washington assemblies were very ceremonious and exclusive. Admission was obtained only by cards of invitation, issued after long consultations among the Committeemen, and, once inside the exclusive ring, the beaux and belles bowed beneath the disciplinary rule of a master of ceremonies. No gentleman, whatever may have been his rank or calling, was permitted on the floor unless in full evening dress, with the adornment of pumps, silk stockings, and flowing cravat, unless he belonged to the army or the navy, in which case complete regimentals covered a multitude of sins. The ball, commencing with the stroke of eight precisely, opened with a rollicking country dance, and the lady

selected for the honor of opening the festivities was subsequently toasted as the reigning divinity of fashion for the hour. The "*minuet de la cour*" and stately "quadrille," varied by the "basket dance," and, on exceptional occasions, the exhilarating "cheat," formed the staple for saltatorial performance, until the hour of eleven brought the concluding country dance, when a final squad of roysterers bobbed "up the middle and down again" to the airs of "Sir Roger de Coverly" or "Money Musk."

The music was furnished by colored performers on the violin, except on great occasions, when some of the Marine Band played an accompaniment on flutes and clarinets. The refreshments were iced lemonade, ice-cream, port wine negus, and small cakes, served in a room adjoining the dancing-hall, or brought in by the colored domestics, or by the cavalier in his own proper person, who ofttimes appeared upon the dancing-floor, elbowing his way to the lady of his adoration, in the one hand bearing well-filled glasses, and in the other sustaining a plate heaped up with cake.

The costume of the ladies was classic in its scantiness, especially at balls and parties. The fashionable ball dress was of white India crape, and five breadths, each a quarter of a yard wide, were all that was asked for to make a skirt, which only came down to the ankles, and was elaborately trimmed with a dozen or more rows of narrow flounces. Silk or cotton stockings were adorned with embroidered "clocks," and thin slippers were ornamented with silk rosettes and tiny buckles.

Those gentlemen who dressed fashionably wore "Bolivar" frock-coats of some gay-colored cloth, blue or green or claret, with large lapels and gilded buttons. Their linen was ruffled; their "Cossack" trousers were voluminous in size, and were tucked into high "Hessian" boots with gold tassels. They wore two and sometimes three waistcoats, each of different colors, and from their watch-pockets dangled a ribbon, with a bunch of large seals. When in full dress, gentlemen wore dress-coats with enormous collars and short waists, well-stuffed white cambric cravats, small-clothes, or tight-fitting pantaloons, silk stockings, and pumps.

Duels were very common, and a case of dueling pistols was a part of the outfit of the Southern and Western Congressmen, who used to spend more or less time in practicing. Imported pistols were highly prized, but the best weapons were made by a noted Philadelphia gunsmith named Derringer, who gave his name to a short pistol of his invention to be carried in the trouser's pocket for use in street fights. Some of the dueling pistols were inlaid with gold, and they all had flint-locks, as percussion caps had not been invented, nor hair triggers.

[Facsimile] Edward Everett. EDWARD EVERETT. Born in Massachusetts April 11th, 1794; was a Unitarian clergyman, and a professor at Harvard College, until elected a Representative from Massachusetts, 1825-1835; Governor of Massachusetts, 1836-1840; Minister to Great Britain, 1841-1843; President of Harvard College, 1846-1849; Secretary of State under President Fillmore, 1852-1853; United States Senator from Massachusetts, 1853-1854; died at Boston, January 15th, 1865.

CHAPTER V. PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES OF 1827.

The Hall of the House of Representatives (now used as a National Gallery of Statuary) was a reproduction of the ancient theatre, magnificent in its effect, but so deficient in acoustic properties that it was unfit for legislative occupation. It was there that Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House, had welcomed General Lafayette as "the Nation's Guest." The contrast between the tall and graceful Kentuckian, with his sunny smile and his silver-toned voice, and the good old Marquis, with his auburn wig awry, must have been great. His reply appeared to come from a grateful heart, but it was asserted that the Speaker had written both his own words of welcome and also Lafayette's acknowledgment of them, and it became a subject of newspaper controversy, which was ended by the publication of a card signed "H. Clay," in which he positively denied the authorship, although he admitted that he had suggested the most effective sentences.

Ladies had been excluded from the galleries of the House originally, in accordance with British precedent. But one night at a party a lady expressed her regret to Hon. Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, that she could not hear the arguments, especially his speeches. Mr. Ames gallantly replied that he knew of no reason why ladies should not hear the debates. "Then," said Mrs. Langdon, "if you will let me know when next you intend to speak, I will make up a party of ladies and we will go and hear you." The notice was given, the ladies went, and since then Congressional orators have always had fair hearers—with others perhaps not very fair.

The House was really occupied, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, in the selection of his successor. At first the political outlook was rather muddled, although keen eyes averred that they could perceive, moving restlessly to and fro, the indefinite forms of those shadows which coming events project. Different seers interpreted the phantasmal appearances in different fashions, and either endeavored to form novel combinations, or joined in raking common sewers for filth wherewith to

bespatter those who were the rivals of their favorite candidates. It was then that Congressional investigating committees became a part of the political machinery of the day. The accounts of President Adams when, in former years, he was serving the country in Europe as a diplomatist; the summary execution of deserters by order of General Jackson, when he commanded the army in Florida; the bills for refurnishing the White House; the affidavits concerning the alleged bargain between the President and his Secretary of State, and the marriage of General Jackson to Mrs. Robards before she had been divorced from Mr. Robards, were, with many other scandals, paraded before the public.

Daniel Webster had been recognized in advance as the leader of the House by his appointment as chairman of the committee to inform Mr. Adams that he had been elected President. This Mr. Webster did verbally, but Mr. Adams had prepared a written reply, which had been copied by a clerk and bore his autograph signature.

Mr. Webster was at that period of his life the embodiment of health and good spirits. His stalwart frame, his massive head, crowned with a wealth of black hair, his heavy eye-brows, overhanging his great, expressive, and cavernous eyes, all distinguished him as one of the powers of the realm of the intellect—one of the few to whom Divinity has accorded a royal share of the Promethian fire of genius. His department was ceremonious, and he made a decided impression on strangers. When Jenny Lind first saw him, she was much impressed by his majestic appearance, and afterward exclaimed, "I have seen a man!"

His swarthy complexion gained him the epithet of "Black Dan." He was very proud of his complexion, which he inherited from his grandmother, Susannah Bachelder (from whom the poet Whittier also claimed descent), and he used to quote the compliment paid by General Stark, the hero of Bennington, to his father, Colonel Ebenezer Webster: "He has the black Bachelder complexion, which burnt gunpowder will not change." Although majestic in appearance, Mr. Webster was not really a very large man; in height he was only about five feet ten inches. His head looked very large, but he wore a seven and five-eighth hat, as did Mr. Clay, whose head appeared much smaller. His shoulders were very broad and his chest was very full, but his hips and lower limbs were small.

Mr. Webster had his first great sorrow then. His eldest, and at that time his only, daughter died at Washington, and the next year her mother followed her to the grave. This estimable lady, whose maiden name was Grace Fletcher, was one year older than Mr. Webster, and was the daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman. While on her way to Washington with her husband, the December after he had been re-elected United States Senator by a nearly two-thirds vote in each branch of the "General Court" of Massachusetts, she was taken fatally ill at the house of Mr. Webster's friend, Dr. Perkins, where they were guests.

Mr. Webster had begun at that time to be disturbed about his money matters, although he should have been in a prosperous pecuniary condition. His professional income could not have been less than twenty thousand dollars a year, and he had just received seventy thousand dollars as his five per cent. fee as counsel for the claimants before the Commissioners on Spanish Claims, but he had begun to purchase land and was almost always harassed for ready money.

Edward Everett, who was a member of the Massachusetts delegation in the House, had won early fame as a popular preacher of the gospel, as a professor at Harvard College, and as the editor of the *North American Review*. Placed by his marriage above want, he became noted for his profound learning and persuasive eloquence. At times he was almost electrical in his utterances; his reasoning was logical and luminous, and his remarks always gave evidence of careful study. As a politician Mr. Everett was not successful. The personification of self-discipline and dignity, he was too much like an intellectual icicle to find favor with the masses, and he was deficient in courage when any bold step was to be taken.

George McDuffie, who represented the Edgefield District of South Carolina, had been taken from labor in a blacksmith's shop by Mr. Calhoun and became the grateful champion of his patron in the House. He was a spare, grim-looking man, who was an admirer of Milton, and who was never known to jest or to smile. As a debater he had few equals in the House, but he failed when, during the discussion of the Panama Mission question, he opened his batteries upon Mr. Webster. The "expounder of the Constitution" retorted with great force, reminding the gentleman from South Carolina that noisy declamation was not logic, and that he should not apply coarse epithets to the President, who could not reply to them. Mr. Webster then went on to say that he would furnish the gentleman from South Carolina with high authority on the point to which he had objected, and quoted from a speech by Mr. Calhoun which effectively extinguished Mr. McDuffie.

Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, who had a snowy head and a Roman nose, was called "the bald eagle of the House." Although under fifty years of age, his white hair and bent form gave him a patriarchal look and added to the effect of his fervid eloquence and his withering sarcasm. A man of

iron heart, he was ever anxious to meet his antagonists, haughty in his rude self-confidence, and exhaustive in the use of every expletive of abuse permitted by parliamentary usage. In debate he resembled one of the old soldiers who fought on foot or on horseback, with heavy or light arms, a battle-axe or a spear. The champion of the North, he divided the South and thrashed and slashed as did old Horatius, when with his good sword he stood upon the bridge and with his single arm defended Rome.

George Kremer, of Pennsylvania, was probably the most unpopular man in the House. An anonymous letter had appeared just before the election of President [Adams] by the Representatives denouncing an "unholy coalition" between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, by which the support of the friends of the latter had been transferred to the former, "as the planter does his negroes, or the farmer his team and horses." Mr. Clay at once published a card, over his signature, in which he called the writer "a base and infamous calumniator, a dastard, and a liar." Mr. Kremer replied, admitting that he had written the letter, but in such a manner that his political friends were ashamed of his cowardice, while the admirers of Mr. Clay were very indignant—the more so as they suspected that Mr. James Buchanan had instigated the letter.

Mr. Henry W. Dwight, of Massachusetts, a good specimen of "a sound mind in a sound body," gave great attention to the appropriation bills, and secured liberal sums for carrying on the various departments of the Government. His most formidable antagonist was a self-styled reformer and physical giant, Mr. Thomas Chilton, of Kentucky, who had been at one period of his life a Baptist preacher. He declared on the floor in debate that he was pledged to his constituents to endeavor to retrench the expenses of the General Government, to diminish the army and navy, to abridge the number of civil and diplomatic officials, and, above all, to cut down the pay of Congressmen. He made speeches in support of all these "reforms," but did not succeed in securing the discharge of a soldier, a sailor, a diplomatist, or a clerk, neither did he reduce the appropriations one single cent. The erratic Mr. David Crockett was then a member of the House, but had not attracted public attention, although the Jackson men were angry because he, one of Old Hickory's officers in the Creek War, was a devoted adherent of Henry Clay for the Presidency. One of his colleagues in the Tennessee delegation was Mr. James K. Polk, a rigid and uncompromising Presbyterian, a political disciple of Macon, and a man of incorruptible honesty.

Prominent among the Representatives from the State of New York were Messrs. Gulian C. Verplanck and Thomas J. Oakley, members of the legal profession, who were statesmen rather than politicians. Mr. George C. Washington, of Maryland, was the great-nephew of "the Father of his country," and had inherited a portion of the library at Mount Vernon, which he subsequently sold to the Boston Athenaeum. Messrs. Elisha Whittlesey and Samuel Vinton, Representatives from Ohio, were afterwards for many years officers of the Federal Government and residents at Washington. Mr. Jonathan Hunt, of Vermont, a lawyer of ability, and one of the companions chosen by Mr. Webster, was the father of that gifted artist, William Morris Hunt, whose recent death was so generally regretted. Mr. Silas Wright, of New York, was then attracting attention in the Democratic party, of which he became a great leader, and which would have elected him President had he not shortened his life by intemperance. He was a solid, square-built man, with an impassive, ruddy face. He claimed to be a good farmer, but no orator, yet he was noted for the compactness of his logic, which was unenlivened by a figure of speech or a flight of fancy.

The Supreme Court then sat in the room in the basement of the Capitol, now occupied as a law library. It has an arched ceiling supported by massive pillars that obstruct the view, and is very badly ventilated. But it is rich in traditions of hair-powder, queues, ruffled shirts, knee-breeches, and buckles. Up to that time no Justice had ever sat upon the bench in trousers, nor had any lawyer ventured to plead in boots or wearing whiskers. Their Honors, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices, wearing silk judicial robes, were treated with the most profound respect. When Mr. Clay stopped, one day, in an argument, and advancing to the bench, took a pinch of snuff from Judge Washington's box, saying, "I perceive that your Honor sticks to the Scotch," and then proceeded with his case, it excited astonishment and admiration. "Sir," said Mr. Justice Story, in relating the circumstance to a friends, "I do not believe there is a man in the United States who could have done that but Mr. Clay."

Chief Justice John Marshall, who had then presided in the Supreme Court for more than a quarter of a century, was one of the last survivors of those officers of the Revolutionary Army who had entered into civil service. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a small head and bright black eyes. He used to wear an unbrushed long- skirted black coat, a badly fitting waistcoat, and knee-breeches, a voluminous white cambric cravat, generally soiled, and black worsted stockings, with low shoes and silver buckles. When upward of seventy years of age he still relished the pleasures of the quoit club or the whist table, and to the last his right hand never forgot its cunning with the billiard cue.

Nor did the Chief Justice ever lose his relish for a joke, even at his own expense. In the Law Library

one day he fell from a step- ladder, bruising himself severely and scattering an armful of books in all directions. An attendant, full of alarm, ran to assist him, but his Honor drily remarked, "That time I was completely floored."

Bushrod Washington, who had been appointed to the Supreme Court by President John Adams, was by inheritance the owner of Mount Vernon, where his remains now lie, near those of his illustrious uncle, George Washington. He was a small, insignificant-looking man, deprived of the sight of one eye by excessive study, negligent of dress, and an immoderate snuff-taker. He was a rigid disciplinarian and a great stickler for etiquette, and on one occasion he sat for sixteen hours without leaving the bench. He was also a man of rare humor.

Christmas was the popular holiday season at Washington sixty years ago, the descendants of the Maryland Catholics joining the descendants of the Virginia Episcopalians in celebrating the advent of their Lord. The colored people enjoyed the festive season, and there was scarcely a house in Washington in which there was not a well- filled punch bowl. In some antique silver bowls was "Daniel Webster punch," made of Medford rum, brandy, champagne, arrack, menschino, strong green tea, lemon juice, and sugar; in other less expensive bowls was found a cheaper concoction. But punch abounded everywhere, and the bibulous found Washington a rosy place, where jocund mirth and joyful recklessness went arm in arm to flout vile melancholy, and kick, with ardent fervor, dull care out of the window. Christmas carols were sung in the streets by the young colored people, and yule logs were burned in the old houses where the fireplaces had not been bricked up.

[Facsimile]
With great respect
I am yrs. v. truly. [?]
H. Clay
HENRY CLAY, born in Virginia, April 12th, 1777; United States Senator from Kentucky, 1806-1807, and again 1810-1811; Representative from Kentucky, 1811-1814; negotiator of the treaty of Ghent, 1815; Representative in Congress, 1815-1820, and 1823-1825; Secretary of State under President Adams, 1825-1829; United States Senator from Kentucky, 1831-1842, and 1844, until he died at Washington City, June 29th, 1852.

CHAPTER VI. THE POLITICAL MACHINE.

As the time for another Presidential election approached, the friends of General Jackson commenced active operations in his behalf. The prime mover in the campaign was General John Henry Eaton, then a Senator from Tennessee. He had published in 1818 a brief life of the hero of New Orleans, which he enlarged in 1824 and published with the title, "The Life of Andrew Jackson, Major- General in the Service of the United States, comprising a History of the War in the South from the Commencement of the Creek Campaign to the Termination of Hostilities Before New Orleans." The facts in it were obtained from General Jackson and his wife, but every incident of his life calculated to injure him in the public estimation was carefully suppressed. It was, however, the recognized text- book for Democratic editors and stump speakers, and although entirely unreliable, it has formed the basis for the lives of General Jackson since published.

President Adams enjoined neutrality upon his friends but some of them, acting with Democrats who were opposed to the election of General Jackson, had published and circulated, as an offset to General Eaton's book, a thick pamphlet entitled, "Reminiscences; or, an Extract from the Catalogue of General Jackson's Youthful Indiscretions, between the Age of Twenty-three and Sixty," which contained an account of Jackson's fights, brawls, affrays, and duels, numbered from one to fourteen. Broadsides, bordered with wood-cuts of coffins, and known as "coffin hand-bills," narrated the summary and unjust execution as deserters of a number of militiamen in the Florida campaign whose legal term of service had expired. Another handbill gave the account of General Jackson's marriage to Mrs. Robards before she had been legally divorced from her husband.

General Jackson's friends also had printed and circulated large editions of campaign songs, the favorite being "The Hunters of Kentucky," which commenced:

"You've heard, I s'pose of New Orleans,
'Tis famed for youth and beauty,
There're girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty,
Now Packenham had made his brags,
If he that day was lucky,

He'd have those girls and cotton-bags
In spite of old Kentucky.
But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And was not scared at trifles,
For well he knew Kentucky's boys,
With their death-dealing rifles.
He led them down to cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky,
There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
And here stood old Kentucky.

"Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky!"

After a political campaign of unprecedented bitterness, General Jackson was elected, receiving one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes against eighty-three cast for John Quincy Adams, and so a new chapter was commenced in the social as well as the political chronicles of the National Capital. Those who had known the Presidential successors of Washington as educated and cultivated gentlemen, well versed in the courtesies of private life and of ceremonious statesmanship, saw them succeeded by a military chieftain, whose life had been "a battle and a march," thickly studded with personal difficulties and duels; who had given repeated evidences of his disregard of the laws when they stood in the way of his imperious will; and who, when a United States Senator, had displayed no ability as a legislator. His election was notoriously the work of Martin Van Buren, inspired by Aaron Burr, and with his inauguration was initiated a sordidly selfish political system entirely at variance with the broad views of Washington and of Hamilton.

It was assumed that every citizen had his price; that neither virtue nor genius was proof against clever although selfish corruption; that political honestly was a farce; and that the only way of governing those knaves who elbowed their way up through the masses was to rule them by cunning more acute than their own and knavery more subtle and calculating than theirs.

Before leaving his rural home in Tennessee, General Jackson had been afflicted by the sudden death of his wife. "Aunt Rachel," as Mrs. Jackson was called by her husband's personal friends, had accompanied him to Washington when he was there as a Senator from Tennessee. She was a short, stout, unattractive, and uneducated woman, though greatly endeared to General Jackson. While he had been in the army she had carefully managed his plantation, his slaves, and his money matters, and her devotion to him knew no bounds. Her happiness was centered in his, and it was her chief desire to smoke her corn-cob pipe in peace at his side. When told that he had been elected President of the United States, she replied, "Well, for Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad of it, but for myself I am not." A few weeks later she was arrayed for the grave in a white satin costume which she had provided herself with to wear at the White House. After her funeral her sorrow-stricken husband came to Washington with a stern determination to punish those who had maligned her during the preceding campaign. Having been told that President Adams had sanctioned the publication of the slanders, he did not call at the White House, in accordance with the usage, but paid daily visits to old friends in the War Department. Mr. Adams, stung by this neglect, determined not to play the part of the conquered leader of the inauguration, and quietly removed to the house of Commodore Porter, in the suburbs, on the morning of the 3d of March.

The weather on the 4th of March, 1829, was serene and mild, and at an early hour Pennsylvania Avenue, then unpaved, with a double row of poplar trees along its centre, was filled with crowds of people, many of whom had journeyed immense distances on foot. The officials at Washington, who were friends of Mr. Adams, had agreed not to participate in the inaugural ceremonies, and the only uniformed company of light infantry, commanded by Colonel Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, had declined to offer its services as an escort. A number of old Revolutionary officers, however, had hastily organized themselves, and waited on General Jackson to solicit the honor of forming his escort to the Capitol, an offer which was cordially accepted. The General rode in an open carriage which had been placed at his disposal, and was surrounded by these gallant veterans. The assembled thousands cheered lustily as their favorite passed along, every face radiant with defiant joy, and every voice shouting "Hurrah for Jackson!"

After the installation of John C. Calhoun as Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, the assembled dignitaries moved in procession through the rotunda to the east front of the Capitol. As the tall figure of the President-elect came out upon the portico and ascended the platform, uplifted hats and handkerchiefs waved a welcome, and shouts of "Hurrah for Jackson!" rent the air. Looking around for a moment into ten thousand upturned and exultant human faces, the President-elect removed his hat, took the manuscript of his address from his pocket, and read it with great dignity. When he had finished, Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath, and as the President, bending over the sacred

Book, touched it with his lips, there arose such a shout as was never before heard in Washington, followed by the thunder of cannons, from two light batteries near by, echoed by the cannon at the Navy Yard and at the Arsenal. The crowd surged toward the platform, and had it not been that a ship's cable had been stretched across the portico steps would have captured their beloved leader. As it was, he shook hands with hundreds, and it was with some difficulty that he could be escorted back to his carriage and along Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. Meanwhile Mr. Adams, who had refused to participate in the pageant, was taking his usual constitutional horseback exercise when the thunders of the cannon reached his ears and notified him that he was again a private citizen.

The broad sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue were again packed as the procession returned from the Capitol. "I never saw such a crowd," wrote Daniel Webster to a friend. "Persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson, and they really seem to think that the country is rescued from some dreadful danger." Hunters of Kentucky and Indian fighters of Tennessee, with sturdy frontiersmen from the Northwest, were mingled in the throng with the more cultured dwellers on the Atlantic slope.

On their arrival at the White House, the motley crowd clamored for refreshments and soon drained the barrels of punch, which had been prepared, in drinking to the health of the new Chief Magistrate. A great deal of china and glassware was broken, and the East Room was filled with a noisy mob. At one time General Jackson, who had retreated until he stood with his back against the wall, was protected by a number of his friends, who formed a living barrier about him. Such a scene had never before been witnessed at the White House, and the aristocratic old Federalists saw, to their disgust, men whose boots were covered with the red mud of the unpaved streets standing on the damask satin-covered chairs to get a sight at the President of their choice.

Late in the afternoon President Jackson sat down to dinner with Vice-President Calhoun and a party of his personal friends, the central dish on the table being a sirloin from a prize ox, sent to him by John Merkle, a butcher of Franklin Market, New York. Before retiring that night, the President wrote to the donor: "Permit me, sir, to assure you of the gratification which I felt in being enabled to place on my table so fine a specimen of your market, and to offer you my sincere thanks for so acceptable a token of your regard for my character." This was the commencement of a series of presents which poured in on General Jackson during the eight years of his administration.

The Democratic journalists of the country were also well represented at the inauguration, attracted by this semi-official declaration in the *Telegraph*: "We know not what line of policy General Jackson will adopt. We take it for granted, however, that he will reward his friends and punish his enemies."

The leader of this editorial phalanx was Amos Kendall, a native of Dunstable, Massachusetts, who had by pluck and industry acquired an education and migrated westward in search of fame and fortune. Accident made him an inmate of Henry Clay's house and the tutor of his children; but many months had not elapsed before the two became political foes, and Kendall, who had become the conductor of a Democratic newspaper, triumphed, bringing to Washington the official vote of Kentucky for Andrew Jackson. He found at the National metropolis other Democratic editors, who, like himself, had labored to bring about the political revolution, and they used to meet daily in the house of a preacher-politician, Rev. Obadiah B. Brown, who had strongly advocated Jackson's election. Mr. Brown, who was a stout, robust man, with a great fund of anecdotes, was a clerk in the Post Office department during the week, while on Sundays he performed his ministerial duties in the Baptist Church.

Organizing under the lead of Amos Kendall, whose lieutenants were the brilliant but vindictive Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire; the scholarly Nathaniel Greene, of Massachusetts; the conservative Gideon Welles, of Connecticut; the jovial Major Mordecai M. Noah, of New York, and the energetic Dabney S. Carr, of Maryland, the allied editors claimed their rewards. They were not to be appeased by sops of Government advertising, or by the appointment of publisher of the laws of the United States in the respective States, but they demanded some of the most lucrative public offices in their share of the spoils. No sooner did General Jackson reach Washington then they made a systematic attack upon him, introducing and praising one another, and reciprocally magnifying their faithful services during the canvass so successfully ended. The result was that soon after the inauguration nearly fifty of those editors who had advocated his election were appointed to official Federal positions as rewards for political services rendered.

Up to that time the national elections in the United States had not been mere contests for the possession of Federal offices—there was victory and there was defeat; but the quadrennial encounters affected only the heads of departments, and the results were matters of comparative indifference to the subordinate official drudges whose families depended on their pay for meat and bread. A few of these department clerks were Revolutionary worthies; others had followed the Federal Government from New York or Philadelphia; all had expected to hold their positions for life. Some of these desk- slaves

had originally been Federalists, others Democrats; and while there was always an Alexander Hamilton in every family of the one set, there was as invariably a Thomas Jefferson in every family of the other set. But no subordinate clerk had ever been troubled on account of his political faith by a change of the Administration, and the sons generally succeeded their fathers when they died or resigned. Ordinarily, these clerks were good penmen and skillful accountants, toiling industriously eight hours every week day without dreaming of demanding a month's vacation in the summer, or insisting upon their right to go to their homes to vote in the fall. National politics was to them a matter of profound indifference until, after the inauguration of General Jackson, hundreds of them found themselves decapitated by the Democratic guillotine, without qualifications for any other employment had the limited trade of Washington afforded any. Many of them were left in a pitiable condition, but when the *Telegraph* was asked what these men could do to ward off starvation, the insolent reply was, "Root, hog, or die!" Some of the new political brooms swept clean, and made a great show of reform, notably Amos Kendall, who was appointed Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, and who soon after exulted over the discovery of a defalcation of a few hundred dollars in the accounts of his predecessor, Dr. Tobias Watkins.

Postmaster-General McLean, of Ohio, who had been avowedly a Jackson man while he was a member of Mr. Adams' Administration, rebelled against the removal of several of his most efficient subordinates, because of their political action during the preceding Presidential campaign. At last he flatly told General Jackson that if he must remove those postmasters who had taken an active part in politics, he should impartially turn out those who had worked to secure the election of General Jackson, as well as those who had labored to re-elect Mr. Adams. To his General Jackson at first made no reply, but rose from his seat, puffing away at his pipe; and after walking up and down the floor two or three times, he stopped in front of his rebellious Postmaster-General, and said, "Mr. McLean, will you accept a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court?" The judicial position thus tendered was accepted with thanks, and the Post-Office Department was placed under the direction of Major Barry, who was invited to take a seat in the Cabinet (never occupied by his predecessors), and who not only made the desired removals and appointments, but soon plunged the finances of the Department into a chaotic state of disorder.

Prominent among those "Jackson men" who received lucrative mail contracts from Postmaster-General Barry, was "Land Admiral" Reeside, an appellation he owed to the executive ability which he had displayed in organizing mail routes between distant cities. He was a very tall man, well formed, with florid complexion, red hair, and side whiskers. Very obligingly, he once had a horse belonging to a Senator taken from Pittsburg to Washington tied behind a stage, because the owner had affixed his "frank" to the animal's halter. He was the first mail contractor who ran his stages between Philadelphia and the West, by night as well as by day, and Mr. Joseph R. Chandler, of the United States *Gazette*, said that "the Admiral could leave Philadelphia on a six-horse coach with a hot johnny-cake in his pocket and reach Pittsburg before it could grow cold." He used to ridicule the locomotives when they were first introduced, and offer to bet a thousand dollars that no man could build a machine that would drag a stage from Washington to Baltimore quicker than his favorite team of iron-grays.

Mail robberies were not uncommon in those days, although the crime was punishable with imprisonment or death. One day one of Reeside's coaches was stopped near Philadelphia by three armed men, who ordered the nine passengers to alight and stand in a line. One of the robbers then mounted guard, while the other two made the terrified passengers deliver up their money and watches, and then rifled the mail bags. They were soon afterward arrested, tried, convicted, and one was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, while the other two were condemned to be hung. Fortunately for one of the culprits, named Wilson, he had some years previously, at a horse-race near Nashville, Tennessee, privately advised General Jackson to withdraw his bets on a horse which he was backing, as the jockey had been ordered to lose the race. The General was very thankful for this information, which enabled him to escape a heavy loss, and he promised his informant that he would befriend him whenever an opportunity should offer. When reminded of this promise, after Wilson had been sentenced to be hanged, Jackson promptly commuted the sentence to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

When Admiral Reeside was carrying the mails between New York and Washington, there arose a formidable organization in opposition to the Sunday mail service. The members of several religious denominations were prominent in their demonstrations, and in Philadelphia, chains, secured by padlocks, were stretched across the streets on Sundays to prevent the passage of the mail-coaches. The subject was taken up by politicians, and finally came before the House of Representatives, where it was referred to the Committee on Post-Roads, of which Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, was then the chairman. The Rev. Obadiah B. Brown, who had meanwhile been promoted in the Post-office Department, wrote a report on the subject for Colonel Johnson, which gave "the killer of Tecumseh" an extended reputation, and was the first step toward his election as Vice-President, a few years later.

[Facsimile] J. C. Calhoun JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN was born in South Carolina, March 18th,

1782: was a Representative in Congress, 1811-1817; Secretary of War, 1817- 1825; Vice-President, 1825-1832; United States Senator, 1833-1843; Secretary of State, 1844-1845; United States Senator from 1845 until his death at Washington City, March 31st, 1850.

CHAPTER VII. THE KITCHEN CABINET.

When the Twenty-first Congress assembled, on the 7th of December, 1829, General Jackson sent in his first annual message, which naturally attracted some attention. Meeting his old and intimate friend, General Armstrong, the next day, the President said, "Well, Bob, what do the people say of my message?" "They say," replied General Armstrong, "that it is first-rate, but nobody believes that you wrote it." "Well," good-naturedly replied Old Hickory, "don't I deserve just as much credit for picking out the man who could write it?" Although the words of this and of the subsequent messages were not General Jackson's, the ideas were, and he always insisted on having them clearly expressed. It was in his first message, by the way, that he invited the attention of Congress to the fact that the charter of the United States bank would expire in 1836, and asserted that it had "failed in the great end of establishing a uniform and sound currency." This was the beginning of that fierce political contest which resulted in the triumph of General Jackson and the overthrow of the United States Bank.

General Jackson rarely left the White House, where he passed the greater portion of his time in his office in the second story, smoking a corn-cob pipe with a long reed stem. He was at the commencement of his Presidential term sixty-two years of age, tall, spare, with a high forehead, from which his gray hair was brushed back, a decisive nose, searching, keen eyes, and, when good-natured, an almost childlike expression about his mouth. A self-reliant, prejudiced, and often very irascible old man, it was a very difficult task to manage him. Some of his Cabinet advisers made it a point to be always with him, to prevent others from ingratiating themselves into his good will, and they were thus chronicled in a ballad of the time:

"King Andrew had five trusty 'squires,
Whom he held his bid to do;
He also had three pilot-fish,
To give the sharks their cue.
There was Mat and Lou and Jack and Lev,
And Roger, of Taney hue,
And Blair, the book,
And Kendall, chief cook,
And Isaac, surnamed the true."

Mat. Van Buren was Secretary of State, Lou. McLane Secretary of the Treasury, John Branch was Secretary of the Navy, Lev. Woodbury was his successor, and Roger B. Taney was Attorney-General. Blair, Kendall, and Isaac Hill were also known as "the kitchen cabinet."

The confidential advisers of General Jackson lost no time in establishing a daily newspaper which would speak his sentiments and sound a key-note for the guidance of his followers. The *Washington Globe* was accordingly started on an immense paying basis, as it had the name of every Federal office-holder whose salary exceeded one thousand dollars on its subscription list. The paper was sent them, and in due time the bill for a year. If a remittance was made, well and good; if payment was refused, the delinquent was told informally that he could pay his subscription to the *Globe*, or be replaced by some one else who would pay it. It was owned and edited by Blair & Rives, Rives attending to the business department of the establishment. Mr. Blair had been the partner of Amos Kendall in the publication of the Frankfort *Argus*, and they had both deserted Henry Clay when they enlisted in the movement which gave the electoral vote of Kentucky to General Jackson, and joined in the cry of "bargain and corruption" raised against their former friend. It is related that the first interview between Clay and Blair after this desertion was a very awkward one for the latter, who felt that he had behaved shabbily. Clay had ridden over on horseback from Lexington to Frankfort, in the winter season, on legal business, and on alighting from his horse at the tavern door he found himself confronting Blair, who was just leaving the house. "How do you do, Mr. Blair?" inquired the great commoner, in his silvery tones and blandest manner, at the same time extending his hand. Blair mechanically took the tendered hand, but was evidently nonplussed, and at length said, with an evident effort, "Pretty well, I thank you, sir. How did you find the roads from Lexington to here?" "The roads are very bad, Mr. Blair," graciously replied Clay, "very bad; and I wish, sir, that you would mend your ways."

Mr. Blair made it a rule to defend in the columns of the *Globe* the acts of Jackson's Administration, right or wrong, and he waged merciless warfare against those who opposed them. When Colonel William R. King, of Alabama, once begged him to soften an attack upon an erring Democrat, Mr. Blair

replied, "No! let it tear his heart out." With all his political insolence, however, he possessed remarkable kindness, and a more indulgent father was never known in Washington.

The Washington papers, up to this time, contained very little of what has since been known as local news. A parade, an inauguration, or the funeral of a distinguished person would receive brief mention, but the pleasant gossip of the day was entirely ignored. It was then necessary for the correspondent of a paper in a northern city to mail his letter at the post-office before twelve o'clock at night to insure its departure by the early morning's mail northward. Letters written to New York did not, consequently, appear until the second day after they were written, while those sent to Boston rarely appeared before the fourth day. The people then were better posted as to what transpired at the Nation's Capital than they are now, when dispatches can be sent in a few moments at any time of day or night.

Mrs. Anne Royall began an enterprise in personal literature. She managed to secure an old Ramage printing-press and a font of battered long-primer type, with which, aided by runaway apprentices and tramping journeymen printers, she published, on Capitol Hill, for several years, a small weekly sheet called the *Huntress*. Every person of any distinction who visited Washington received a call from Mrs. Royall, and if they subscribed for the *Huntress* they were described in the next number in a complimentary manner, but if they declined she abused them without mercy. When young she was a short, plump, and not bad-looking woman, but as she advanced in years her flesh disappeared, and her nose seemed to increase in size; but her piercing black eyes lost none of their fire, while her tongue wagged more abusively when her temper was roused. John Quincy Adams described her as going about "like a virago-errant in enchanted armor, redeeming herself from the cramps of indigence by the notoriety of her eccentricities and the forced currency they gave to her publications."

Mrs. Royall's tongue at last became so unendurable that she was formally indicted by the Grand Jury as a common scold, and was tried in the Circuit Court before Judge Cranch. His Honor charged the jury at length, reviewing the testimony and showing that, if found guilty, she must be ducked, in accordance with the English law in force in the District of Columbia. The jury found her guilty, but her counsel begged his Honor, the Judge, to weigh the matter and not be the first to introduce a ducking-stool. The plea prevailed and she was let off with a fine.

The first "Society Letters," as they were called, written from Washington, were by Nathaniel P. Willis, to the New York *Mirror*. Willis was at that time a foppish, slender young man, with a profusion of curly, light hair, and was always dressed in the height of fashion. He had, while traveling in Europe, mingled with the aristocratic classes, and he affected to look down upon the masses; but with all his snobbishness he had a wonderful faculty for endowing trifling occurrences with interest, and his letters have never been surpassed. He possessed a sunny nature, full of poetry, enthusiasm, and cheerfulness, and was always willing to say a pleasant word for those who treated him kindly, and never sought to retaliate on his enemies.

Willis first introduced steel pens at Washington, having brought over from England some of those made by Joseph Gillott, at Birmingham. Before this goose-quill pens had been exclusively used, and there was in each House of Congress and in each Department a penmaker, who knew what degree of flexibility and breadth of point each writer desired. Every gentleman had to carry a penknife, and to have in his desk a hone to sharpen it on, giving the finishing touches on one of his boots. Another new invention of that epoch was the lucifer match-box, which superseded the large tin tinder-box with its flint and steel. The matches were in the upper portion of a pasteboard case about an inch in diameter and six inches in length and in a compartment beneath them was a bottle containing a chemical preparation, into which the brimstone-coated end of the match was dipped and thus ignited.

The Mayor of Washington, during a portion of the Jackson Administration, was Peter Force, a noble specimen of those who, before the existence of trades unions, used to serve an apprenticeship to the "art preservative of arts," and graduate from the printing office qualified to fill any political position. Fond of American history, Mr. Force, while printing the *Biennial Register*, better known as the Blue Book from the color of its binding, began to collect manuscripts, books, and pamphlets, many of which had been thrown away in the executive departments as rubbish, and were purchased by him from the dealers in waste paper. In 1833 he originated the idea of compiling and publishing a documentary history of the country, under the title of the *American Archives*, and issued a number of large folio volumes, the profits going to the politicians who secured the necessary appropriations from Congress. He was emphatically a gentleman—tall, stalwart, with bushy black hair, and large, expressive eyes, which would beam with joy whenever a friend brought him a rare autograph or pamphlet.

Assemblies were held once a week between Christmas Day and Ash Wednesday, to which all of the respectable ladies of the city who danced were invited. It was also customary for those of the Cabinet officers and other high officials who kept house to give at least one evening party during each session of Congress, invitations for which were issued. The guests at these parties used to assemble at about

eight o'clock, and after taking off their wraps in an upper room they descended to the parlor, where the host and hostess received them. The older men then went to the punch-bowl to criticise the "brew" which it contained, while the young people found their way to the dining-room, almost invariably devoted to dancing. The music was a piano and two violins, and one of the musicians called the figures for the cotillions and contra-dances. Those who did not dance elbowed their way through the crowd, conversing with acquaintances, the men frequently taking another glass of punch. At ten the guests were invited to the supper-table, which was often on the wide back porch which every Washington house had in those days. The table was always loaded with evidences of the culinary skill of the lady of the house. There was a roast ham at one end, a saddle of venison or mutton at the other end, and some roasted poultry or wild ducks midway; a great variety of home-baked cake was a source of pride, and there was never any lack of punch, with decanters of Madeira. The diplomats gave champagne, but it was seldom seen except at the legations. At eleven there was a general exodus, and after the usual scramble for hats, cloaks, and over-shoes the guests entered their carriages. Sometimes a few intimate friends of the hostess lingered to enjoy a contra- dance or to take a parting drink of punch, but by midnight the last guest departed, and the servants began to blow out the candles with which the house had been illuminated.

In Jackson's first Administration the country was shocked by the appearance of a book entitled, *The Domestic Manners of Americans*, by Mrs. Frances Trollope. She was a bright little Englishwoman, who had come to this country and established a bazaar at Cincinnati, which proved a failure. So she sought revenge and wealth by a caricature sketch of our pioneer life, founded on fact, but very unpalatable. Expectoration was her pet abomination, and she was inclined to think that this "most vile and universal habit of chewing tobacco" was the cause of a remarkable peculiarity in the male physiognomy of Americans, the almost uniform thinness and compression of their lips. So often did Mrs. Trollope recur to this habit that she managed to give one the impression that this country was in those days a sort of huge spittoon.

Mrs. Trollope first called attention to the fact that American women did not consult the season in either the colors or style of their costumes, never wore boots, and walked in the middle of winter with their pretty little feet pinched into miniature slippers incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose.

Removals from office that places might be provided for Jackson men were the order of the day, but President Jackson was not disposed to displace any veteran soldier. Among other victims designated for removal by the politicians was General Solomon Van Rensselaer, whose gallant services against Great Britain in the War of 1812 had been rewarded by an election to the House of Representatives, followed by his appointment as Postmaster of Albany. He was a decided Federalist and the petition for his removal was headed by Martin Van Buren and Silas Wright.

Visiting Washington, General Van Rensselaer received a cordial greeting from General Jackson at a public reception, and then, taking a seat in a corner, he waited until the room was cleared, when he again approached the President, saying: "General Jackson, I have come here to talk to you about my office. The politicians want to take it from me, and they know I have nothing else to live on." The President made no reply, till the aged Postmaster began to take off his coat in the most excited manner, when Old Hickory broke out with the inquiry: "What in Heaven's name are you going to do? Why do you take off your coat here?" "Well, sir, I am going to show you my wounds, which I received in fighting for my country against the English!" "Put it on at once, sir!" was the reply; "I am surprised that a man of your age should make such an exhibition of himself," and the eyes of the iron President were suffused with tears, as, without another word, he bade his ancient foe good evening.

The next day Messrs. Van Buren and Wright called at the White House and were shown up into the President's room, where they found him smoking a clay pipe. Mr. Wright soon commenced to solicit the removal of General Van Rensselaer, asserting that he had been known as a very active advocate of John Quincy Adams; that he had literally forfeited his place by his earnest opposition to the Jackson men, and that if he were not removed the new Administration would be seriously injured. He had hardly finished the last sentence, when Jackson sprang to his feet, flung his pipe into the fire, and exclaimed with great vehemence, "I take the consequences, sir; I take the consequences. By the Eternal! I will not remove the old man—I cannot remove him. Why, Mr. Wright, do you not know that he carries more than a pound of British lead in his body?" That settled the question, and General Van Rensselaer remained undisturbed as Postmaster at Albany through the Jackson Administration, although Martin Van Buren, when he came into power, promptly "bounced" him.

General Jackson's defiant disposition was manifested when, in a message to Congress, he recommended that a law be passed authorizing reprisals upon French property in case provision should not be made for the payment of the long-standing claims against France at the approaching session of the French Chambers. Some of his Cabinet, having deemed this language too strong, had prevailed

upon the President's private secretary, Major Donelson, to modify it, and to make it less irritating and menacing. No sooner was it discovered by General Jackson than he flew into a great excitement, and when Mr. Rives entered his private office to obtain it for printing, he found the old General busily engaged in re-writing it according to the original copy. "I know them French," said he. "They won't pay unless they're made to."

The French people were indignant when this message reached Paris, and when the Chamber of Deputies finally provided for the payment of the claims, a proviso was inserted ordering the money to be withheld until the President of the United States had apologized for the language used. This General Jackson flatly refused to do, and the "Ancient Allies" of the Revolution were on the verge of hostilities, when both nations agreed to submit their differences to Great Britain. The affair was speedily arranged, and France paid five millions of dollars for French spoilations into the Treasury of the United States, where it has since remained.

[Facsimile] Silas Wright Jr. SILAS WRIGHT, JR., was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, May 24th, 1795; was a Representative from New York in Congress, 1827-1829; Comptroller of New York, 1829-1833; United States Senator, 1833- 1844; Governor of New York, 1844-1846; retired to his farm at Canton, New York, and died there, August 27th, 1847.

CHAPTER VIII. BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

An unimportant resolution concerning the public lands, introduced into the Senate early in 1830 by Senator Foote, of Connecticut (the father of Admiral Foote), led to a general debate, which has been since known as "the battle of the giants." The discussion embraced all the partisan issues of the time, especially those of a sectional nature, including the alleged rights of a State to set the Federal Government at defiance. The State Rights men in South Carolina, instigated by Mr. Calhoun, had been active during the preceding summer in collecting material for this discussion, and they had taken especial pains to request a search for evidence that Mr. Webster had shown a willingness to have New England secede from the Union during the second war with Great Britain. The vicinity of Portsmouth, where he had resided when he entered public life, was, to use his own words, "searched as with a candle. New Hampshire was explored from the mouth of the Merrimack to the White Hills."

Nor had Mr. Webster been idle. He was not an extemporaneous speaker, and he passed the summer in carefully studying, in his intervals of professional duties, the great constitutional question which he afterward so brilliantly discussed. A story is told at Providence about a distinguished lawyer of that place—Mr. John Whipple—who was at Washington when Webster replied to Hayne, but who did not hear the speech, as he was engaged in a case before the Supreme Court when it was delivered. When a report of what Mr. Webster had said appeared in print, Mr. Whipple read it, and was haunted by the idea that he had heard or read it before. Meeting Mr. Webster soon afterward, he mentioned this idea to him and inquired whether it could possibly have any foundation in fact. "Certainly it has," replied Mr. Webster. "Don't you remember our conversations during the long walks we took together last summer at Newport, while in attendance on Story's court?" It flashed across Mr. Whipple's mind that Mr. Webster had then rehearsed the legal argument of his speech and had invited criticism.

As the debate on the Foote resolution progressed, it revealed an evident intention to attack New England, and especially Massachusetts. This brought Mr. Webster into the arena, and he concluded a brief speech by declaring that, as a true representative of the State which had sent him into the Senate, it was his duty and a duty which he should fulfill, to place her history and her conduct, her honor and her character, in their just and proper light. A few days later, Mr. Webster heard his State and himself mercilessly attacked by General Hayne, of South Carolina, no mean antagonist. The son of a Revolutionary hero who had fallen a victim to British cruelty, highly educated, with a slender, graceful form, fascinating deportment, and a well-trained, mellifluous voice, the haughty South Carolinian entered the lists of the political tournament like Saladin to oppose the Yankee Coeur de Lion.

When Mr. Webster went to the Senate Chamber to reply to General Hayne, on Tuesday, January 20th, 1830, he felt himself master of the situation. Always careful about his personal appearance when he was to address an audience, he wore on that day the Whig uniform, which had been copied by the Revolutionary heroes—a blue dress- coat with bright buttons, a buff waistcoat, and a high, white cravat. Neither was he insensible to the benefits to be derived from publicity, and he had sent a request to Mr. Gales to report what he was to say himself, rather than to send one of his stenographers. The most graphic account of the scene in the Senate Chamber during the delivery of the speech was subsequently written virtually from Mr. Webster's dictation. Perhaps, like Mr. Healy's picture of the scene, it is rather high-colored.

Sheridan, after his forty days' preparation, did not commence his scathing impeachment of Warren Hastings with more confidence that was displayed by Mr. Webster when he stood up, in the pride of his

manhood, and began to address the interested mass of talent, intelligence, and beauty around him. A man of commanding presence, with a well-knit, sturdy frame, swarthy features, a broad, thoughtful forehead, courageous eyes gleaming from beneath shaggy eyebrows, a quadrangular breadth of jawbone, and a mouth which bespoke strong will, he stood like a sturdy Roundhead sentinel on guard before the gates of the Constitution. Holding in profound contempt what he termed spread-eagle oratory, his only gesticulations were up-and- down motions of his arm, as if he were beating out with sledge- hammers his forcible ideas. His peroration was sublime, and every loyal American heart has since echoed the last words, "Liberty and union—now and forever—one and inseparable!"

Mr. Webster's speech, carefully revised by himself, was not published until the 23d of February, and large editions of it were circulated throughout the Northern States. The debate was continued, and it was the 21st of May before Colonel Benton, who had been the first defamer of New England, brought it to a close. The Northern men claimed for Mr. Webster the superiority, but General Jackson praised the speech of Mr. Hayne, and deemed his picture worthy to occupy a place in the White House, thus giving expression to the general sentiment among the Southerners. This alarmed Mr. Van Buren, who was quietly yet shrewdly at work to defeat the further advancement of Mr. Calhoun, and he lost no time in demonstrating to the imperious old soldier who occupied the Presidential chair that the South Carolina doctrine of nullification could but prove destructive to the Union.

Mr. Calhoun was not aware of this intrigue, and, in order to strengthen his State Rights policy, he organized a public dinner on the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday, April 13th, 1830. When the toasts which were to be proposed were made public in advance, according to the custom, it was discovered that several of them were strongly anti-tariff and State Rights in sentiment—so much so that a number of Pennsylvania tariff Democrats declined to attend, and got up a dinner of their own. General Jackson attended the dinner, but he went late and retired early, leaving a volunteer toast, which he had carefully prepared at the White House, and which fell like a damper upon those at the dinner, while it electrified the North, "The Federal Union—it must and shall be maintained!" This toast, which could not be misunderstood, showed that General Jackson would not permit himself to be placed in the attitude of a patron of doctrines which could lead only to a dissolution of the Federal Government. But the Committee on Arrangements toned it down, so that it appeared in the official report of the dinner, "Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!"

This was a severe blow to Mr. Calhoun, who had labored earnestly to break down Mr. Adams' Administration, without respect to its measures, that a Democratic party might be built up which would first elect General Jackson, and then recognize Calhoun as legitimate successor to the Presidential chair. His discomfiture was soon completed by the publication of a letter from Mr. Crawford, which informed the President that Calhoun, when in the Cabinet of Monroe, proposed that "General Jackson should be punished in some form" for his high-handed military rule in Florida. Van Buren secretly fanned the flames of General Jackson's indignation, and adroitly availed himself of a "tempest in a tea-pot" to complete the downfall of his rival.

The woman used as a tool by Mr. Van Buren for the overthrow of Mr. Calhoun's political hopes was a picturesque and prominent figure in Washington society then and during the next fifty years. The National Metropolis in those days resembled, as has been well said, in recklessness and extravagance, the spirit of the English seventeenth century, so graphically portrayed in *Thackeray's Humorist*, rather than the dignified caste of the nineteenth cycle of Christianity. Laxity of morals and the coolest disregard possible characterized that period of our existence.

Mrs. General Eaton ruled Andrew Jackson as completely as he ruled the Democratic party. She was the daughter of William O'Neill, a rollicking Irishman, who was in his day the landlord of what was then the leading public house in Washington City. Among other Congressmen who were guests here was Andrew Jackson, then a Senator from Tennessee. It was here he became interested in the landlord's brilliant daughter Margaret, called by her friends "Peg" O'Neill. Before she was sixteen years of age she married a handsome naval officer, John Bowie Timberlake. He died—some say that he committed suicide—at Port Mahon, in 1828, leaving his accounts as purser in a very mixed condition. After the death of Timberlake, Commodore Patterson ordered Lieutenant Randolph to take the purser's books and perform the duties of purser. On the return home of the Constitution it was discovered that Timberlake or Randolph was a defaulter to the Government to a very large amount. A court of inquiry was held on Randolph and he was acquitted, but Amos Kendall, the Fourth Auditor of the Treasury Department, charged the defalcation to Randolph. President Jackson, notwithstanding the decision of the court, dismissed Lieutenant Randolph from the Navy, and refused to give him a hearing.

The Lieutenant, infuriated by his disgrace and pecuniary ruin, in a state of excitement pulled the President's nose in the cabin of a steamboat at the Alexandria wharf. He was immediately seized and thrust on shore, the President declaring that he was able to punish him. He charged that Jackson dismissed him and sustained Kendall's decision in order to save General Eaton, who was Timberlake's

bondsman, from having to make good the defalcation.

General Eaton, who had boarded with his friend, General Jackson, at O'Neill's tavern, soon afterward married the Widow Timberlake, who was then one of those examples of that Irish beauty, which, marked by good blood, so suggests both the Greek and the Spaniard, and yet at times presents a combination which transcends both. Her form, of medium height, straight and delicate, was of perfect proportions. Her skin was of that delicate white, tinged with red, which one often sees among even the poorer inhabitants of the Green Isle. Her dark hair, very abundant, clustered in curls about her broad, expressive forehead. Her perfect nose, of almost Grecian proportions, and finely curved mouth, with a firm, round chin, completed a profile of faultless outlines. She was in Washington City what Aspasia was in Athens—the cynosure by whose reflected radiance

"Beauty lent her smile to wit,
And learning by her star was lit."

General Jackson had come to Washington with a sad heart, breathing vengeance against those who had defamed his wife during the Presidential canvass, thereby, as he thought, hastening her death. This made him the sworn and unyielding foe of all slanderers of women, and when some of the female tabbies of the Capital began to drag the name of his old friend "Peg," then the wife of General Eaton, through the mire, he was naturally indignant, and showed his respect for her by having her a frequent guest at the White House. Enchanting, ambitious, and unscrupulous, she soon held the old hero completely under her influence, and carried her griefs to him. Mr. Van Buren adroitly seconded her, and the gallant old soldier swore "by the Eternal" that the scandalmongers who had embittered the last years of his beloved wife, Rachel, should not triumph over his "little friend Peg."

This was Van Buren's opportunity. He was a widower, keeping house at Washington, and as Secretary of State he was able to form an alliance with the bachelor Ministers of Great Britain and Russia, each of whom had spacious residences. A series of dinners, balls, and suppers was inaugurated at these three houses, and at each successive entertainment Mrs. Eaton was the honored guest, who led the contra-dance, and occupied the seat at table on the right of the host. Some respectable ladies were so shocked by her audacity that they would leave a room when she entered it. She was openly denounced by clergymen, and she found herself in positions which would have covered almost any other woman in Washington with shame. Mrs. Eaton, who apparently did not possess a scruple as to the propriety of her course, evidently enjoyed the situation, and used to visit General Jackson every day with a fresh story of the insults paid her. Yet she gave no evidences of diplomacy nor of political sagacity, but was a mere beautiful, passionate, impulsive puppet, held up by General Jackson, while Mr. Van Buren adroitly pulled the strings that directed her movements.

Mr. Calhoun, whose wife was foremost among those ladies who positively refused to associate with Mrs. Eaton, said to a friend of General Jackson's, who endeavored to effect a reconciliation, that "the quarrels of women, like those of the Medes and Persians, admitted of neither inquiry nor explanation." He knew well, however, that it was no women's quarrel, but a political game of chess played by men who were using women as their pawns, and he lost the game. Van Buren and Eaton next tendered their resignations as Cabinet officers, which General Jackson refused to accept; whereupon the Cabinet officers whose wives declined to call on Mrs. Eaton resigned, and their resignations were promptly accepted. The whole city was in a turmoil. Angry men walked about with bludgeons, seeking "satisfaction;" duels were talked of; old friendships were severed; and every fresh indignity offered his "little friend Peg" endeared her the more to General Jackson, who was duly grateful to Van Buren for having espoused her cause. "It is odd enough," wrote Daniel Webster to a personal friend, "that the consequences of this dispute in the social and fashionable world are producing great political effects, and may very probably determine who shall be successor to the present Chief Magistrate."

Junius Brutus Booth was the delight of the Washington playgoers in the Jackson Administration. His wonderful impersonations of Richard III., Iago, King Lear, Othello, Shylock, and Sir Giles Overreach were as grand as his private life was intemperate and eccentric. He was a short, dumpy man, with features resembling those of the Roman Emperors, before his nose was broken in a quarrel, and his deportment on the stage was imperially grand. He had a farm in Maryland, and at one time he undertook to supply a Washington hotel with eggs, milk, and chickens, but he soon gave it up. His instant and tremendous concentration of passion in his delineations overwhelmed his audience and wrought it into such enthusiasm that it partook of the fever of inspiration surging through his own veins. He was not lacking in the power to comprehend and portray with marvelous and exquisite delicacy the subtle shades of character that Shakespeare loved to paint, and his impersonations were a delight to the refined scholar as well as the uncultivated backwoodsmen who crowded to his performances.

The Washington Theatre was not well patronized, but the strolling proprietors of minor amusements

reaped rich harvests of small silver coins. The circus paid its annual visit, to the joy of the rural Congressmen and the negroes, who congregated around its sawdust ring, applauding each successive act of horsemanship and laughing at the repetition of the clown's old jokes; a daring rope-dancer, named Herr Cline, performed his wonderful feats on the tight rope and on the slack wire; Finn gave annual exhibitions of fancy glass- blowing; and every one went to see "the living skeleton," a tall, emaciated young fellow named Calvin Edson, compared with whom Shakespeare's starved apothecary was fleshy.

General Jackson turned a deaf ear to the numerous applications made to him for charity. At one time when he was President a large number of Irish immigrants were at work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in Georgetown, and, the weather being very hot, many of them were prostrated by sunstroke and bilious diseases. They were without medical aid, the necessities of life, or any shelter except the shanties in which they were crowded. Their deplorable condition led to the formation of a society of Irish-Americans, with the venerable Mr. McLeod, a noted instructor, as president. A committee from this Society waited on the President for aid, and Mr. McLeod made known the object of their visit. General Jackson interrupted him by saying that he "entirely disapproved of the Society; that the fact of its existence would induce these fellows to come one hundred miles to get the benefit of it; that if the treasury of the United States were at his disposal it could not meet the demands that were daily made upon him, and he would not be driven from the White House by a beggar-man, like old Jim Monroe."

Colonel Samuel Swartwout, of Hoboken, was an old personal friend of General Jackson, and when "the Hickory Broom" began to sweep out the old office-holders, in obedience to the maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," the Colonel was an applicant for the then lucrative position of Collector of the Port of New York. Van Buren was against him, and used many arguments with Jackson to prevent the appointment; but after a patient hearing, Old Hickory closed the case by bringing his fist down upon the table and exclaiming, "By the Eternal! Sam, Swartwout *shall* be Collector of the Port of New York!" He was appointed and became the prey of political swindlers, spending the public moneys right regally until his accounts were overhauled, and he "Swartwouted" (to use a word coined at the time) to avoid a criminal prosecution. He remained abroad for many years, and I think died in Europe.

Francis S. Key was United States Attorney for the district of Washington during the Jackson Administration. He was a small, active man, having an earnest and even anxious expression of countenance, as if care sat heavily upon him. In composing the heroic song of the "Star-Spangled Banner," after he had witnessed the unsuccessful night attack of the British on Fort McHenry, he, in a measure, associated himself with the glory of his country. He was a man of very ardent religious character, and some of the most poetic and popular of the hymns used in religious worship were from his pen.

[Facsimile] Danl Webster DANIEL WEBSTER was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18th, 1782; was a Representative from New Hampshire in Congress, 1813- 1817, and removing to Boston, a Representative from Massachusetts, 1823-1827; United States Senator, 1827-1841; Secretary of State under Presidents Harrison and Tyler, 1841-1843; United States Senator, 1845-1850; Secretary of State under President Fillmore from 1850 until his death at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 14th, 1852.

CHAPTER IX. THE STAMPING OUT OF NULLIFICATION.

The rejection by the Senate of the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, was an act of retributive justice, carried out on the very spot where, five years before, he had formed the combination which overthrew the Administration of John Quincy Adams. John C. Calhoun, who was the organizer of the rejection of Mr. Van Buren, thought that he had obtained pledges of a sufficient number of votes; but just before the ayes and noes were called Mr. Webster left the Senate Chamber, and going down into the Supreme Court room remained there until the vote had been taken. Mr. Calhoun consequently found himself one vote short, and had to give the casting vote, as President of the Senate, which rejected the nomination of his rival, who was already in England, where he had been received with marked attention.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Van Buren was warmly welcomed at the White House as a victim of Mr. Calhoun's opposition to the President, and he was soon recognized by the Democratic party as their heir-apparent to the Presidency. His appearance at that time was impressive. He was short, solidly built, with a bald head, and with bushy side-whiskers, which framed his florid features. He added the grace and polish of aristocratic English society to his natural courtesy, and it was his evident aim never to provoke a controversy, while he used every exertion to win new friends and retain old ones. After he had been elected Vice-President, he sat day after day in the chair of the Senate, apparently indifferent alike to the keen thrusts of Calhoun, the savage blows of Webster, and the gibes of Clay. He well knew that General Jackson would regard every assault on him as aimed at the

Administration, and that his chances for the succession would thereby be strengthened. Charges of political chicanery were brought against him in shapes more varied than that of Proteus and thick as the leaves that strew the vale of Valombrosa; but he invariably extricated himself by artifice and choice management, earning the sobriquet of "the Little Magician." He could not be provoked into a loss of temper, and he would not say a word while in the chair except as connected with his duties as presiding officer, when he spoke in gentle but persuasive tones, singularly effective from the clearness of his enunciation and his well-chosen emphasis.

Mr. Van Buren, who was then a widower, kept house on Pennsylvania Avenue, about half way between the White House and Georgetown, where he not only gave dinner parties to his political friends, but entertained their wives and daughters at evening whist parties. Gentlemen and ladies were alike used for the advancement of his schemes for the succession and for retaining his position in the estimation of General Jackson. On one occasions he said to Mrs. Eaton that he had been reading much and thinking deeply on the characters of great men, and had come to the conclusion that General Jackson was the greatest man that had ever lived—the only man among them all who was without a fault. "But," he added, "don't tell General Jackson what I have said. I would not have him know it for all the world." Of course, it was not long before Mrs. Eaton repeated the conversation to General Jackson. "Ah, madam!" said Old Hickory, the tears starting in his eyes, "that man loves me; he tries to conceal it, but there is always some way fixed by which I can tell my friends from my enemies."

Mr. Van Buren was noted for his willingness to sign applications for office, and he used to tell a good story illustrating his readiness to oblige those who solicited his aid. When Governor of the State of New York, a lawyer called upon him to get a convict pardoned from the penitentiary, and stated the case, which was a clear one. "Have you the papers?" he asked. "If so, I will sign them." "Here they are," said the lawyer, producing a bulky document, and the Governor indorsed them: "Let pardon be granted. M. Van Buren." He then left for the office of the Secretary of State, but soon returned. "Governor," said he, "I made a mistake, and you indorsed the wrong paper." He had presented for the official indorsement the marriage settlement of an Albany belle about to marry a spendthrift.

To ingratiate himself further with General Jackson, and to strengthen the Democratic party, whose votes he relied upon to elevate him to the Presidency, Mr. Van Buren organized the war against the United States Bank. General Jackson was opposed to this institution before he became President, and it was not a difficult task to impress upon his mind that the Bank was an unconstitutional monopoly, which defied the legislative acts of sovereign States, which was suborning the leading newspapers and public men of the country, and which was using every means that wealth, political chicanery, and legal cunning could devise to perpetuate its existence. All this the honest old soldier in time believed, and it was then not difficult to impress him with a desire to combat this "monster," as he called the bank, and to act as the champion of the people in killing the dragon which was endeavoring to consume their fortunes. When a committee of wealthy business men from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia waited on him with a remonstrance against his financial policy, he gave them such a reception that they felt very uncomfortable and were glad to get away.

The Democratic politicians and presses heartily seconded their chieftain in this war, promising the people "Benton mint-drops instead of rag-money." Jackson clubs were everywhere organized, having opposite to the tavern or hall used as their headquarters a hickory-tree, trimmed of all its foliage except a tuft at the top. Torch-light processions, then organized for the first time, used to march through the streets of the city or village where they belonged, halting in front of the houses of prominent Jackson men to cheer, while before the residences of leading Whigs they would often tarry long enough to give six or nine groans. Editors of newspapers which supported the Administration were forced to advocate its most ultra measures and to denounce its opponents, or they were arraigned as traitors, and if satisfactory excuses could not be made, they were read out of the party. Among these thus excommunicated was Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who had edited the Philadelphia *Pennsylvanian*.

Nicholas Biddle, its president, managed the affairs of the Bank of the United States with consummate ability. His trials in the bitter contest waged against him and the institution which he represented were almost as manifold as those that tested the patience of Job; and he bore them with equal meekness so far as temper was concerned, but when duty required he never failed to meet his opponents with decision and effect. The Bank had to discount the worthless notes of a number of Congressmen and editors, whose support, thus purchased, did more harm than good. Mr. Biddle had also incurred the hostility of Isaac Hill and other influential Jackson men because he would not remove the non-partisan presidents and cashiers of the branches of the Bank in their respective localities, and appoint in their places zealous henchmen of the Administration.

General Jackson was triumphantly re-elected in November, 1832, receiving two hundred and nineteen of the two hundred and eighty- eight electoral votes cast, while Martin Van Buren received one hundred and eighty-nine electoral votes for Vice-President. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode

Island, Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky cast forty-nine electoral votes for Henry Clay and John Sargent. Vermont gave her seven electoral votes for the anti- Masonic candidates, William Wirt and William Ellmaker, while South Carolina bestowed her eleven electoral votes on John Floyd, of Virginia, and Henry Lee, of Massachusetts, neither of whom were nullifiers. Some of the Jackson newspapers, while rejoicing over his re-election, nominated him for a third term, and William Wirt wrote: "My opinion is that he may be President for life if he chooses."

The ordeal of re-election having been passed, President Jackson and his supporters carried out the programme which had before been decided upon. The removal of the Government deposits from the United States Bank gave rise to stormy debates in Congress, and the questionable exercise of Executive authority met with a fierce, unrelenting opposition from the Whigs.

The debates in the Senate on the Bank and attendant financial questions were very interesting, but the audiences were necessarily small. The circumscribed accommodations of the Senate Chamber were insufficient, and while the ladies generally managed to secure seats, either in the galleries or on the floor, the gentlemen had to content themselves with uncomfortable positions, leaning against pillars or peeping through doorways. Mr. Van Buren, as Vice- President, presided with great dignity, and endeavored to conciliate those Senators who were his rivals for the succession, but he had often to hear his political course mercilessly criticised by them.

John C. Calhoun, who resigned the position of Vice-President that he might be elected a Senator from South Carolina, differed from his great contemporaries in the possession of a private character above reproach. Whether this arose from the preponderance of the intellectual over the animal in his nature, or the subjection of his passions by discipline, was never determined by those who knew the gifted South Carolinian best; but such was the fact. His enemies could find no opprobrious appellation for him but "Catiline," instead of "Caldwell," which was his middle name—no crime but ambition. He disregarded the unwritten laws of the Senate, which required Senators to appear in dress suits of black broadcloth, and asserted his State pride and State independence by wearing, when the weather was warm, a suit of nankeen, made from nankeen cotton grown in South Carolina. Mr. Calhoun had a pale and attenuated look, as if in bad health; his long black hair was combed up from his forehead and fell over the back of his head, and his thin lips increased the effect of the acute look with which he always regarded those around him. His personal intercourse with friends was characterized by great gentleness of manner; he was an affectionate and a devoted husband and father, and Webster truly remarked of him that "he had no recreations, and never seemed to feel the necessity of amusement."

Disappointed in his aspirations for the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Calhoun conceived the idea of dissolving the Union and establishing a Southern Confederacy, of which he would be the Chief Executive. One of his projects, fearing that the success of the main plot would be too long delayed for any benefit to inure to him, was a proposed amendment to the Constitution, to make two Presidents exist at the same time—one from the South and the other from the other sections—and no act in regard to the interests of the South was to be passed without the consent of the President for that section. Of course, his plan was looked upon as puerile, if not mischievous, and failed to attract much attention. His whole soul was then bent on his main scheme, and he enlisted warm, ardent, and talented followers in behalf of it; but little headway was made in it outside of South Carolina.

President Jackson knew well what was going on, and was determined that the law should be put into execution, not against misguided followers, but against Calhoun, the chief conspirator. Calhoun, hearing that Jackson had resolved upon his prosecution and trial, and, if convicted, his execution for treason, sent Letcher, of Kentucky, to confer with him and to learn his real intentions. The President received Letcher with his usual courtesy; but that mild blue eye, which at times would fill with tears like that of a woman, was kindled up that night with unwonted fire. He explained the situation to Letcher, and concluded by telling him that if another step was taken, "by the Eternal!" he would try Calhoun for treason, and, if convicted, he would hang him on a gallows as high as Haman.

Letcher saw that Jackson was terribly in earnest, and hastened to the lodgings of Calhoun, who had retired, but received him sitting up in bed with his cloak around him. Letcher detailed all that had occurred, giving entire the conversation with Jackson, and described the old hero as he took that oath.

There sat Calhoun, drinking in eagerly every word, and, as Letcher proceeded, he turned pale as death, and, great as he was in intellect, trembled like an aspen leaf, not from fear or cowardice, but from the consciousness of guilt. He was the arch traitor, who like Satan in Paradise, "brought death into the world and all our woe." Within one week he came into the Senate and voted—voted for every section of Mr. Clay's bill—and President Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his crime.

During the last days of General Jackson at the Hermitage, while slowly sinking under the ravages of consumption, he was one day speaking of his Administration, and with glowing interest he inquired of the physician:

"What act in my Administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?"

The physician replied that he was unable to answer, that it might be the removal of the deposits.

"Oh! no," said the General.

"Then it may be the specie circular?"

"Not at all!"

"What is it, then?"

"I can tell you," said Jackson, rising in his bed, his eyes kindling up—"I can tell you; posterity will condemn me more because I was persuaded not to hang John C. Calhoun as a traitor than for any other act in my life."

Daniel Webster's reply to Hayne was made the key-note of the resistance by the Administration to Jefferson's assertion adopted by Calhoun, "Where powers have been assumed which have not been delegated, nullification is the rightful remedy." President Jackson's proclamation against this doctrine of nullification—the germ of secession—was written by Edward Livingston, his Secretary of State, and it has been said that it followed, throughout, the doctrine maintained by Mr. Webster in his reply to Hayne, in 1830. So remarkable was this adoption of Mr. Webster's argument, that popular opinion at that time regarded it as a manifest, but of course a very excusable, plagiarism. Mr. Webster, when the proclamation was issued, was on his way to Washington, ignorant of what had occurred. At an inn in New Jersey he met a traveler just from Washington. Neither of them was known to the other. Mr. Webster inquired the news. "Sir," said the gentleman, "the President has issued a proclamation against the nullifiers, taken entirely from Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne." In the course of the ensuing session, and not long after Mr. Webster reached the capital it became necessary for the Administration to act. Mr. Webster was in the opposition, and, excepting in regard to the integrity of the Union and the just power of the Government, there was a wide gulf between the Administration and him. He was absent from his seat for several days when the Force bill was about to be introduced as an Administration measure. A portion of General Jackson's original supporters hung back from that issue. At this juncture there was much inquiry among the President's friends in the House as to where Mr. Webster was. At length a member of General Jackson's Cabinet went to Mr. Webster's rooms, told him the nature of the bill about to be introduced, and asked him, as a public duty, to go into the Senate and defend the bill and the President. It is well known to the whole country that Mr. Webster did so; and it is known to me that General Jackson personally thanked him for his powerful aid, that many of the President's best friends afterward sought to make a union between him and Mr. Webster, and that nothing continued to separate them but an irreconcilable difference of opinion about the questions relating to the currency.

While Mr. Calhoun was undoubtedly the leading Democrat in the Senate, after his return to that body, Mr. Benton was the recognized leader of President Jackson's adherents in that body. His fierce opposition to "Biddle and the Bank," with his prediction that the time would come when there would be no paper money, but when every laboring man would have a knit silk purse, through the meshes of which the gold coin within could be seen, obtained for him the sobriquet of "Old Bullion." His greatest triumph was the passage of a resolution by the Senate "expunging" from its journal a resolution censuring General Jackson for the removal of deposits from the Bank of the United States. This expunging resolution was kept before the Senate for nearly three years, and was then passed by only five majority. The closing debate was able and exhaustive, Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, Thomas Ewing, William C. Rives, William Hendricks, John M. Niles, Richard H. Bayard, and others participating, while Daniel Webster read a protest signed by himself and his sturdy colleague, John Davis. The Democrats had provided a bountiful supply of refreshments in the room of the Committee on Finance, and several Senators showed by their actions that they were not members of the then newly organized Congressional Temperance Society, before which Mr. Webster had delivered a brief address. After the final vote—twenty-four years and nineteen nays—had been taken, Mr. Benton moved that the Secretary carry into effect the order of the Senate. Then the Secretary, Mr. Asbury Dickens, opening the manuscript journal of 1834, drew broad black lines around the obnoxious resolution and wrote across its face: "Expunged by order of the Senate, this 16th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1837."

No sooner had he concluded than hisses were heard, and Mr. King, of Alabama, who occupied the chair, ordered the galleries to be cleared, while Mr. Benton, in a towering rage, denounced the offenders and demanded their arrest. "Here is one," said he, "just above me, that may be easily be identified—the bank ruffian." Mr. King revoked his order to clear the galleries, but directed the arrest of the person pointed out by Mr. Benton, who was soon brought before the bar of the Senate. It was Mr. Lloyd, a practicing lawyer in Cleveland, Ohio, who was not permitted to say a word in his own

defense, but was soon discharged, after which the Senate adjourned.

[Facsimile] Thomas H. Benton THOMAS HART BENTON was born near Hillsborough, North Carolina, March 14th, 1782; was United States Senator from Missouri, 1821- 1851; a Representative in Congress from Missouri, 1853-1855; was defeated as a candidate for re-election to Congress in 1854, and as candidate for Governor of Missouri in 1856, and died at Washington City, April 10th, 1858.

CHAPTER X. PROMINENT MEN OF JACKSON'S TIME.

Henry Clay, after his return to the Senate, was the recognized leader of the Whig Senators, for he would recognize no leader. His oratory was persuasive and spirit-stirring. The fire of his bright eyes and the sunny smile which lighted up his countenance added to the attractions of his unequaled voice, which was equally distinct and clear, whether at its highest key or lowest whisper— rich, musical, captivating. His action was the spontaneous offspring of the passing thought. He gesticulated all over. The nodding of his head, hung on a long neck, his arms, hands, fingers, feet, and even his spectacles, his snuff-box, and his pocket-handkerchief, aided him in debate. He stepped forward and backward, and from the right to the left, with effect. Every thought spoke; the whole body had its story to tell, and added to the attractions of his able arguments. But he was not a good listener, and he would often sit, while other Senators were speaking, eating sticks of striped peppermint candy, and occasionally taking a pinch of snuff from a silver box that he carried, or from one that graced the table of the Senate.

Occasionally, Mr. Clay was very imperious and displayed bad temper in debate. Once he endeavored to browbeat Colonel Benton, bringing up "Old Bullion's" personal recontre with General Jackson, and charging the former with having said that, should the latter be elected President, Congress must guard itself with pistols and dirks. This Colonel Benton pronounced "an atrocious calumny." "What," retorted Mr. Clay, "can you look me in the face, sir, and say that you never used that language?" "I look," said Colonel Benton, "and repeat that it is an atrocious calumny, and I will pin it to him who repeats it here." Mr. Clay's face flushed with rage as he replied: "Then I declare before the Senate that you said the very words!" "False! false! false!" shouted Colonel Benton, and the Senators interfered, Mr. Tazewell, who was in the chair, calling the belligerents to order. After some discussion of the questions of order, Colonel Benton said: "I apologize to the Senate for the manner in which I have spoken—but not to the Senator from Kentucky." Mr. Clay promptly added: "To the Senate I also offer an apology—to the Senator from Missouri, none!" Half an hour afterwards they shook hands, as lawyers often do who have just before abused each other in court.

On another occasion, General Smith, of Baltimore, a Revolutionary hero upward of eighty years of age, who had been a member of Congress almost forty years, was one day the object of Henry Clay's wrath. The old General, who had fought gallantly in the Revolutionary struggle and taken up arms again in the War of 1812, was offensively bullied by Mr. Clay, who said: "The honorable gentleman was in favor of manufactures in 1822, but he has turned—I need not use the word—he has thus abandoned manufactures. Thus

"'Old politicians chew on wisdom past
And totter on, in blunders, to the last.'"

The old General sprang to his feet. "The last allusion," said he, "is unworthy of a gentleman. Totter, sir, I totter! Though some twenty years older than the gentleman, I can yet stand firm, and am yet able to correct his errors. I could take a view of the gentleman's course, which would show how consistent he has been." Mr. Clay exclaimed, angrily: "Take it, sir, take it—I dare you!" Cries of "Order." "No, sir," said Mr. Smith, "I will not take it. I will not so far disregard what is due to the dignity of the Senate."

While Mr. Clay was generally imperious in debate, and not overcautious in his choice of phrases and epithets, he was fond of a joke, and often indulged, in an undertone, in humorous comments on the remarks by other Senators. Sometimes he would be very happy in his illustrations, and make the most of some passing incident. One afternoon, when he was replaying to a somewhat heated opponent, a sudden squall came up and rattled the window curtain so as to produce a considerable noise. The orator stopped short in the midst of his remarks and inquired aloud, what was the matter; and then, as if divining the cause of the disturbance, he said: "Storms seem to be coming in upon us from all sides." The observation, though trivial as related, was highly amusing under the circumstances which gave rise to it and from the manner in which it was uttered.

When Henry Clay returned to the Senate, Daniel Webster yielded to him the leadership of the Whigs in that body, but in no way sacrificed his own independence. "The Great Expounder of the Constitution," as he was called, was then in the prime of life, and had not began those indulgences which afterward exercised such injurious effects upon him. He would also occasionally indulge in a grim witticism. On one occasion, when a Senator who was jeering another for some pedantry said, "The

honorable gentleman may proceed to quote from Crabbe's Synonyms, from Walker and Webster"—"Not from Walker and Webster," exclaimed the Senator from Massachusetts, "for the authorities may disagree!" At another time, when he was speaking on the New York Fire bill, the Senate clock suddenly began to strike, and after it had struck continuously for about fourteen or fifteen times, Mr. Webster stopped, and said to the presiding officer, "The clock is out of order, sir—I have the floor." The occupant of the chair looking rebukingly at the refractory time- piece, but in defiance of the officers and rules of the House, it struck about forty before the Sergeant-at-Arms could stop it, Mr. Webster standing silent, while every one else was laughing.

On another occasion, while Mr. Webster was addressing the Senate in presenting a memorial, a clerical-looking person in one of the galleries arose and shouted: "My friends, the country is on the brink of destruction! Be sure that you act on correct principles. I warn you to act as your consciences may approve. God is looking down upon you, and if you act on correct principles you will get safely through." He then deliberately stepped back, and retired from the gallery before the officers of the Senate could reach him. Mr. Webster was, of course, surprised at this extraordinary interruption; but when the shrill voice of the enthusiast had ceased, he coolly resumed his remarks, saying, "As the gentleman in the gallery has concluded, I will proceed."

Mr. Cuthbert, of Georgia, was much provoked, one day, by a scathing denunciation of his State by Mr. Clay for the manner in which she had treated the Cherokee Indians. As the eloquent Kentuckian dwelt more in sorrow than in anger upon the wrongs and outrages perpetrated in Georgia upon the unoffending aborigines within her borders, many of his hearers were affected to tears, and he himself was obviously deeply moved. No sooner did Mr. Clay resume his seat than Mr. Cuthbert sprang to his feet, and in an insolent tone alluded to what he called the theatrical manner of the speaker. "What new part will Roscius next enact?" said the Senator from Georgia, coming forward from his desk and standing in the area of the hall. He was a man of about the ordinary height, with a round face pitted with the smallpox, small, dark eyes, and a full forehead. As he spoke he twirled his watch-key incessantly with his right hand, while his left was flung about in the most unmeaning and awkward gestures. He twisted his body right and left, forward and backward, as if he were a Chinese mandarin going through a stated number of evolutions before his emperor; in fact, he had "all the contortions of the sybil, without her inspiration." To this display Mr. Clay seemed entirely oblivious, but after Judge White, of Tennessee, had discussed the pending question, Mr. Clay rose, saying, that he would reply to this gentleman's remarks as "they alone were worthy of notice."

In the House of Representatives, during the Jackson Administration, sectional topics were rife, sectional jealousies were high, and partisan warfare was unrelenting. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, who was triumphantly re-elected as Speaker for four successive terms, understood well how to keep down the boiling caldron, and to exercise stern authority, tempered with dignity and courtesy, over heated passions of the fiercest conflicting character. When he was transferred from the Speaker's chair to the Court of St. James, John Bell, of Tennessee, an old supporter of General Jackson, became his successor for the remainder of that session, but at the commencement of the next Congress Mr. Van Buren secured the election of James K. Polk. Mr. Bell, on his next visit to Nashville, threw down the gauntlet, in an able speech, and nominated Judge White. This was the foundation of the White party, which had, as its editorial henchman, the Rev. Mr. Brownlow, known as "the fighting Parson," who soon acquired a national reputation by his defiant personalities in debate and by his trenchant editorial articles in the newspapers of East Tennessee. Mr. Brownlow was at that time a tall, spare man, with long, black hair, black eyes, and a sallow complexion. He was devoted to the Methodist Church and to the White—afterward the Whig—party, and the denominational doctrines of immersion and the political dogmas of emancipation from slavery were objects of his intense hatred.

While Mr. Stevenson was Speaker, General Samuel Houston, who had been residing among the Indians on the Southwestern frontier for several years, came to Washington. Taking offense at some remarks made in debate by Mr. Vance, a representative from Ohio, Houston assaulted and severely pounded him. The House voted that Houston should be brought before the bar and reprimanded by the Speaker, which was done, although Mr. Stevenson's reprimand was really complimentary. That night a friend of General Houston, with a bludgeon and a pistol, attacked Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, who had been active in securing the reprimand, but the latter soon got the best of the encounter.

The first man elected to Congress as a representative of the rights of the laboring classes was Eli Moore, a New York journeyman printer, who had organized trades unions and successfully engineered several strikes by mechanics against their employers. He was a thin, nervous man, with keen, dark hazel eyes, long black hair brushed back behind his ears, and a strong, clear voice which rang through the hall like the sound of a trumpet. He especially distinguished himself in a reply to General Waddy Thompson, of South Carolina, who had denounced the mechanics of the North as willing tools of the Abolitionists. With impetuous force and in tones tremulous with emotion, he denounced aristocracy and advocated the equality of all men. The House listened with attention, and a Southern politician

exclaimed to one of his old colleagues, "Why, this is the high-priest of revolution singing his war song." What added to the effect of this remarkable speech was its dramatic termination. Just as he had entered upon his peroration he grew deathly pale, his eyes closed, his outstretched hands clutched at vacancy, he reeled forward, and fell insensible. His friends rushed to his support, and his wife, who was in the gallery, screamed with terror. His physician positively prohibited his speaking again, and in subsequent years, when the Democratic party was in power, he enjoyed the positions of Indian Agent under Polk, and of Land Agent under Pierce.

Ransom H. Gillet, of the Ogdensburgh district, was one of the old "Jackson Democratic War-Horses." He was a man of commanding presence, a ready speaker, and a famous manipulator of opinion at Conventions.

By birth a North Carolinian, Churchill C. Cambreleng was by adoption a New Yorker, and by strict attention to business he had become one of the merchant princes of the commercial metropolis. Thirty years of age, with a commanding presence, a good voice, a ready command of language, and a practical knowledge of financial matters, he made an excellent Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means and leader of the Jackson men in the House.

He carried business habits into Congress, and passed much of his time at his desk, laboriously answering every letter addressed to him by his constituents or others, or carefully examining papers referred to his Committee. But he was always on the alert, and if in debate any political opponent let slip a word derogatory to the Administration, Mr. Cambreleng was at once on his feet with a pertinent retort or a skillful explanation. He was noted for his liberality, and neither the district charities or his needy constituents ever appealed to him in vain.

The Whigs, during the Jackson Administration, made much of David Crockett, of Tennessee, who was a thorn in the sides of the Democrats, and they succeeded in having him defeated for one Congress, but he was successful at the next election. He was a true frontiersman, with a small dash of civilization and a great deal of shrewdness transplanted in political life. He was neither grammatical nor graceful, but no rudeness of language can disguise strong sense and shrewdness, and a "demonstration," as Bulwer says, "will force its way through all perversions of grammar." Some one undertook to publish his life, but he promptly denied the authenticity of the work, and had a true memoir of himself written and published. This was a successful literary venture, and he next published a burlesque life of Van Buren, "heir apparent to the Government, and appointed successor of Andrew Jackson," which, in the mixture of truth, error, wit, sense, and nonsense in about equal parts, has certainly the merit even at this day of being entertaining. Crockett's favorite expression was, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." When Texas commenced its struggle for independence he went there, and was killed while gallantly fighting at San Antonio. His son, John W. Crockett, served two terms in Congress, was Attorney- General of Tennessee, edited a paper at New Orleans, and died at Memphis in 1852.

Among the other members of the House of Representatives in Jackson's time were several who afterward occupied high positions in the Federal Government. Franklin Pierce, a courteous gentleman, the son of a brave Revolutionary soldier, had been sent from New Hampshire by a large majority, and laid the foundation of personal friendships upon which he afterward entered the White House as President. Millard Fillmore, hale and hearty in personal appearance, represented his home at Buffalo. He soon acquired a reputation for performing his committee work with scrupulous fidelity, and winning the confidence of his colleagues, while advancing on all proper occasions the interests of his constituents, who rejoiced when he became President after the death of Taylor. James Knox Polk, of Tennessee, a rigid Presbyterian, an uncompromising Democrat, and a zealous Freemason, was another Representative who subsequently became President.

There were several other prominent men in the House: Richard Mentor Johnson, a burly and slightly educated Kentucky Indian-fighter, who enjoyed the reputation of having killed Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames, was elected a few years later on the Van Buren ticket Vice-President of the United States, but was defeated in the Harrison campaign four years later; and John Bell, a Whig of commanding presence and great practical sagacity, who was afterward Senator and Secretary of War, and who was defeated when he ran on the Presidential ticket of the Constitutional Union party, in 1860. Elisha Whittlesey, of Ohio, who after sixteen years of Congressional service became an auditor, and was known as "the Watch Dog of the Treasury." Tom Corwin, of the same State, with a portly figure, swarthy complexion, and wonderful facial expression, and an inexhaustible flow of wit, who was not a buffoon, but a gentleman whose humor was natural, racy, and chaste. Gulian C. Verplanck and Thomas J. Oakley, two members of the New York bar, who represented that city, were statesmen rather than politicians. John Chambers, of Kentucky, a gigantic economist, was ever ready to reform small expenditures and willing to overlook large ones. And then there was the ponderous Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, the largest man who ever occupied a seat in Congress—so large that chairs had to be made

expressly for his use.

General James Findlay, who had served creditably in the War of 1812, was a Jackson Democratic Representative in the days of the contest between "Old Hickory" and "Biddle's Bank." He was a type of a gentleman of the old school, and he recalled Washington Irving's picture of the master of Bracebridge Hall. The bluff and hearty manner, the corpulent person, and the open countenance of the General, his dress of the aristocratic blue and buff, and his gold- headed cane, all tallied with the descriptions of the English country gentleman of the olden time. He was greatly beloved in Ohio, and several anecdotes are told of his kindness in enforcing the claims of the United States, when he was Receiver of the District Land Office, for lands sold on credit, as was the custom in those days. Upon one occasion there had been a time of general tightness in money matters, and many farms in the region northeast of Cincinnati but partly paid for were forfeited to the Government. In the discharge of his official duty General Findlay attended at the place of sale. He learned, soon after his arrival there, that many speculators were present prepared to purchase these lands. Mounting a stump, he opened the sale. He designated the lands forfeited, and said that he was there to offer them to the highest bidder. He said that the original purchasers were honest men, but that in consequence of the hard times they had failed to meet their engagements. It was hard, thus to be forced from their homes already partly paid for. But the law was imperative, and the lands must be offered. "And now," continued he, "I trust that there is no gentleman—no, I will not say that, I hope there is no rascal— here so mean as to buy his neighbor's home over his head. Gentlemen, I offer this lot for sale. Who bids?" There was no forfeited land sold that day.

A spirited bronze statue of Jefferson, by his admirer, the French sculptor, David d'Angers, was presented to Congress by Lieutenant Uriah P. Levy, but Congress declined to accept it, and denied it a position in the Capitol. It was then reverentially taken in charge by two naturalized Irish citizens, stanch Democrats, and placed on a small pedestal in front of the White House. One of these worshipers of Jefferson was the public gardener, Jemmy Maher, the other was John Foy, keeper of the restaurant in the basement of the Capitol, and famous for his witty sayings. Prominent among his *bon mots* was an encomium of Representative Dawson, of Louisiana, who was noted for his intemperate habits, the elaborate ruffles of his shirts, and his pompous strut. "He came into me place," said Foy, "and after ateing a few oysters he flung down a Spanish dollar, saying, 'Niver mind the change, Mr. Foy; kape it for yourself.' Ah! there's a paycock of a gintleman for you."

[Facsimile]
Richard Johnson
RICHARD MENTOR JOHNSON was born at Bryant's Station, Kentucky,
October 17th, 1781; distinguished himself in the second war with
Great Britain, and in the Indian wars; was a Representative in
Congress from Kentucky, 1807-1813; was a United States Senator,
1820-1829; was again a Representative, 1829-1837; was Vice-President,
1837-1841; died at Frankfort, November 19th, 1850.

CHAPTER XI. SOCIETY IN JACKSON'S TIME.

The most elegant estate in Washington in Jackson's time was the Van Ness mansion, built on the bank of the Potomac, at the foot of Seventeenth Street. Mr. John Van Ness, when a member of the House from the State of New York, had married Marcia, the only child of David Burns, one of the original proprietors of the land on which the Federal City was located. At that time every able-bodied man between eighteen and forty-five (with a few exceptions) had to perform militia duty, and the District Volunteers, organizing themselves into a battalion, complimented Mr. Van Ness by electing him Major. The President commissioned him, but so strict were the Congressmen of those days that the House investigated his case, and declared that he had forfeited his seat as a Representative by accepting a commission from the General Government. For the empty honor of wearing a militia uniform three or four times a year, and paying a large share of the music assessments, Major Van Ness lost his seat in Congress.

David Burns died soon after his daughter's marriage, and she dutifully conveyed to her husband, through the intervention of a trustee, her paternal inheritance. With a portion of the fortune thus acquired, Major Van Ness built near the old Burns cottage a villa which cost thirty thousand dollars, and was a palace fit for a king. Entertainments the most costly were inaugurated and maintained in it; wit and song were heard within it, and elegance and distinction assembled under its hospitable shelter. From its door-step one could see ships from Europe moored to the docks of Alexandria, while gliding by daily on the river beside it were merchantmen from the West Indies, laden for the port of Georgetown.

Major Van Ness and Marcia Burns lived very happily together and had one child, a daughter, who

grew into womanhood, married, and died a year after her marriage, ere the flowers in her bridal wreath had faded. Mrs. Van Ness loved her daughter with a love that was idolatry, and with her death she received a blow from which she never recovered. She abandoned all the gayeties of the world, and laid aside her sceptre and crown as queen of society. In the charity school and orphan-asylum, by the bedside of the sick and dying, and in the homes of poverty, relieving its wants, she was found to the day of her death. Her last words to her grief-stricken husband and friends assembled about her bedside were: "Heaven bless and protect you; never mind me." The Mayor and City Government passed appropriate resolutions, and attended her funeral.

Major Van Ness erected a mausoleum after the pattern of the Temple of Vesta, at a cost of thirty-four thousand dollars, and placed within it his wife's remains and those of her father and mother. The stately pile stood in a large inclosure for years on H Street, beside the orphan asylum which Mrs. Van Ness richly endowed. Finally the march of improvement, needing all the space available within the city limits, necessitated the removal of the mausoleum to Oak Hill Cemetery, in Georgetown, where the remains of John Howard Payne were subsequently re-interred.

Major Van Ness himself enjoyed everything that worldly preferment could bestow. By turns he was president of a bank and Mayor of Washington, yet with his ample fortune he was always short of ready money. He was never pressed by suit, however, for his good nature was as irresistible as the man was fascinating; the dun who came with a bill and a frown went away with a smile and—his bill. He lived to be seventy-six years of age, when—like the patriarchs of old—he died, full of honor and greatness, and, leaving no direct issue, his property passed into the hands of collateral heirs. They were sensible heirs, who did not seek to intervention of courts and lawyers for a distribution of their interests, but wisely and amicably distributed them themselves. The law, however, was determined not to be entirely shunned. If the heirs would not go to law, the law was accommodating—it would come to them, and it came with a romance.

One day, soon after the death of Major Van Ness, a buxom, matronly looking dame, in heavy mourning and with tear-dimmed eyes, came upon the scene and claimed a share of the estate. They naturally inquired her name and address, and she modestly, but firmly, told them she was the widow of the deceased by virtue of a clandestine marriage which had occurred in Philadelphia. The heirs mistook her modesty for an attempt at blackmail, and acted as defendants in the suit which she instituted. The trial is one of the celebrated cases of the District of Columbia. It lasted upward of a month. Eminent counsel were in it, and many witnesses came to prove the truth of opposite facts. There was no doubt that Van Ness had known the widow and had visited her, for love letters were read in court from him to her; there was no doubt that some ceremony, sanctioned by a minister's presence, had been performed and assisted at by both together, but the requisite formalities to constitute a valid marriage were not fully proven, and the jury disagreed. The matronly dame in heavy mourning did not murmur: luck was against her, and she accepted her luck. She left Washington and never pressed her suit to a second trial, nor further harassed the heirs.

Miss Ann G. Wright, a cousin of Mrs. Van Ness, created a great sensation in Washington by coming to her house for a home. She was a runaway nun from the Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, and had been known in the community as Sister Gertrude. No one ever knew rightly the cause of her sudden departure from the convent. Some said it was disappointed ambition in not being appointed superioress; others, that it was a case of love; but she never told, and the ladies of the convent were just as reticent. She became an inmate of the elegant Van Ness mansion and was a noted and brilliant women in society. It is said that she had written a book, exposing the inner life of the convent, to be published after her death, but I have never heard of its appearance. A few years after she left the convent she accompanied the family of the American Minister to Spain, and resided for some time at Madrid, where she was a great favorite in Court circles.

General Jackson was not cultured or accomplished, but he had a strong, well-balanced mind, and he would go through forests of sophistry and masses of legal opinions straight to the point. Governor Wise, who admired him greatly, used to tell a story illustrative of the rough bark of Old Hickory's character. During the Administration of President Monroe, General Jackson, in command of some troops, invaded Florida and captured Arbuthnot and Ambrister, two Englishmen, who, it was charged incited the Indians to depredations. He at once ordered a court-martial and had them hanged, with but little time to prepare for their future place of abode. He was arraigned for the offense before the Cabinet of Mr. Monroe, and Mr. Adams, the Secretary of State, defended him on the high ground of international law as expounded by Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf. Jackson, who had quarreled with Mr. Monroe, was disposed to regard the matter as entirely personal. "Confound Grotius! confound Vattel! confound Puffendorf!" said he; "this is a mere matter between Jim Monroe and me."

Having received a complimentary letter from President Bustamente, of Mexico, General Jackson sent it to the Department of State with this indorsement: "Mr. Van Buren will reply to this letter of General

Bustamente with the frankness of a soldier." When this reached Mr. Van Buren he laughed heartily, as he was neither a soldier nor remarkable for frankness, and the clerks could not keep a secret.

Although many old citizens, whose relatives and near friends had been turned out of their pleasant offices by the Jackson Administration, kept quite aloof from the White House, there was no lack of social enjoyments at Washington. Mr. Forsyth, the Secretary of State, gave a series of balls, and there were large parties at the residences of Mr. Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, Major-General Macomb, General Miller, and other prominent men, each one in numbers and guests almost a repetition of the other. Mr. Van Buren was at all of them, shaking hands with everybody, glad to see everybody, asking about everybody's friends, and trusting that everybody was well. Colonel Richard M. Johnson was also to be seen at all public gatherings, looking, in his scarlet waistcoat and ill-fitting coat, not as the killer of Tecumseh, but as the veritable Tecumseh himself. Mr. Webster was seldom seen at public parties, but Messrs. Clay and Calhoun were generally present, with the foreign Ministers and their suites, who were the only wearers of mustaches in those days. There were the magnates of the Senate and the House, each one great in his own estimation, with the *chevaliers a'industrie*, who lived as by their wits, upon long credits and new debts, and there were strangers congregated from all sections of the country, some having business before Congress, and others having come to see how the country was governed. Every one, on his arrival, would take a carriage and leave cards for the heads of departments, foreign Ministers, leading army and navy officers, and prominent members of Congress. This would bring in return the cards of these magnates and invitations to their next party.

Mr. Clay was a good *raconteur*, and always had a story to illustrate his opinions advanced in conversation. One day, when he had been complimented on his neat, precise handwriting, always free from blots, interlineations, and erasures, he spoke about the importance of writing legibly, and told an amusing story about a Cincinnati grocery-man, who, finding the market short of cranberries, and under the impression that the fruit could be purchased cheaply at a little town in Kentucky, wrote to a customer there acquainting him with the fact and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons" (the wagoner usually sent). The correspondent, a plain, uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common with merchants' clerks of late years, and the most important word, "cranberries," he failed to make out, but he did plainly and clearly read—one hundred bushels persimmons. As the article was growing all around him, all the boys in the neighborhood were set to gathering it, and the wagoner made his appearance in due time in Cincinnati with eighty bushels, all that the wagon body would hold, and a line from the country merchant that the remainder would follow the next trip. An explanation soon ensued, but the customer insisted that the Cincinnati house should have written *by* Simmons and not *per* Simmons. Who paid the loss history doth not record.

One more of Mr. Clay's stories which he used to tell with dramatic effect: As he was coming here one November the stage stopped for the passengers to get supper at a little town on the mountain side, where there had been a militia muster that afternoon. When the stage was ready to start, the Colonel, in full regimentals, but somewhat inebriated, insisted on riding with the driver, thinking, doubtless, that the fresh air would restore him. It was not long, though, before he fell off into the mud. The coach stopped, of course, for the Colonel to regain his seat. He soon gathered up, when the following colloquy ensued: "Well, driver (hic), we've had quite a turn (hic) over, haint we?" "No, we have not turned over at all." "I say (hic) we have." "No, you are mistaken, you only fell off." "I say we (hic) *have;* I'll leave it (hic) to the com-(hic)-pany. Haven't we (hic) had a turn (hic) over, gentlemen?" Being assured they had not, "Well, driver (hic)," said he, "if I'd known that (hic) I wouldn't a got out."

The automaton chess-player and other pieces of mechanism exhibited by Monsieur Maelzel were very popular at Washington. The chess- player was the figure of a Turk of the natural size, sitting behind a chest three feet and a-half in height, to which was attached the wooden seat on which the figure sat. On the top of the chest was an immovable chess-board, upon which the eyes of the figure were fixed. Its right hand and arm were extended on the chest, and its left, somewhat raised, held a pipe. Several doors in the chest and in the body of the figure having been opened, and a candle held within the cavities thus displayed, the doors were closed, the exhibitor wound up the works, placed a cushion under the arm of the figure, and challenged any individual of the company present to play.

In playing, the automaton always made choice of the first move and the white pieces. It also played with the left arm—the inventor, as it was said, not having perceived the mistake till his work was too far advanced to alter it. The hand and fingers opened on touching the piece, which it grasped and conveyed to the proper square. After a move made by its antagonist, the automaton paused for a few moments, as if contemplating the game. On giving check to the king, it made a signal with its head. If a false move was made by its antagonist it tapped on the chest impatiently, replaced the piece, and claimed the move for itself as an advantage. If the antagonist delayed any considerable time the automaton tapped smartly on the chest with the right hand. At the close of the game the automaton moved the knight, with its proper motion, over each of the sixty-three squares of the board in turn,

without missing one, and without a single return to the same square.

Although positive proof was wanting, it was generally believed that the movements of the figure were directed by a slender person adroitly concealed behind what was apparently a mass of machinery. This machinery was always exhibited when in a fixed state, but carefully excluded from view when in motion. It was noticed by anxious observers that no variation ever took place in the precise order in which the doors were opened, thus giving the concealed player an opportunity to change his position. In what was apparently the winding up of the machine the key always appeared limited to a certain number of revolutions, however different the number of moves in the preceding game might have been. On one occasion sixty- three moves were executed without winding up, and once it was observed that it was wound up without the intervention of a single move.

Monsieur Maelzel also exhibited an automaton trumpeter, life size, attired in a full British uniform. It was rolled out before the audience and performed several marches and patriotic airs. A miniature rope-dancer performed some curious feats, and small figures, when their hands were shaken, ejaculated the words, "Papa!" and "Mamma!" in a life-like manner. But the crowning glory of Monsieur Maelzel's exhibition was a panorama, scenic and mechanical, of the "Burning of Moscow." The view of the Russian capital, with its domes and minarets, was a real work of art. Then the great bell of the Kremlin began to toll, and the flames could be seen making their way from building to building. A bridge in the foreground was covered with figures, representing the flying citizens escaping with their household treasures. They were followed by a regiment of French infantry, headed by its band, and marching with the precision of veterans. Meanwhile the flames had begun to ascend the spires and domes, and the deep tolling of the bells was echoed by the inspiring strains of martial music. At last, as the last platoon of Frenchmen crossed the bridge, the Kremlin was blown up with a loud explosion, and the curtain fell.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, the widow of the founder of our financial system, passed a good portion of the latter part of her life at Washington, and finally died there. She was the first to introduce ice-cream at the national metropolis, and she used to relate with rare humor the delight displayed by President Jackson when he first tasted it. He liked it much, and swore, "By the Eternal!" that he would have ices at the White House. The guests at the next reception were agreeably surprised with this delicacy, especially those from the rural districts, who, after approaching it suspiciously, melting each spoonful with their breath before consuming it, expressed their satisfaction by eating all that could be provided. Mrs. Hamilton was very much troubled by the pamphlet which her husband had published when Secretary of the Treasury, in which he avowed an intrigue with the wife of one of his clerks, to exculpate himself from a charge that he had permitted this clerk to speculate on the action of the Treasury Department. Mrs. Hamilton for some years paid dealers in second-hand books five dollars a copy for every copy of this pamphlet which they brought her. One year the number presented was unusually large, and she accidentally ascertained that a cunning dealer in old books in New York had had the pamphlet reprinted, and was selling her copies at five dollars each which had cost him but about ten cents each. She possessed a good many souvenirs of her illustrious husband, one of which, now in the writer's possession, was the copper camp-kettle which General Hamilton had while serving on the staff of the illustrious Washington.

[Facsimile]
Alexander Stephens
ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born in Wilkes County, Georgia, February 11th, 1812; was a member of the House of Representatives, December 4th, 1843 to March 3d, 1859; was Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy; was again a member of the United States Congress, October 15th, 1877, to January 1st, 1882; was Governor of Georgia, and died at Crawfordsville, Georgia, March 4th, 1883.

CHAPTER XII. JACKSON AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

President Jackson's friends celebrated the 8th of January, 1835, by giving a grand banquet. It was not only the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, but on that day the last installment of the national debt had been paid. Colonel Benton presided, and when the cloth was removed he delivered an exulting speech. "The national debt," he exclaimed, "is paid! This month of January, 1835, in the fifty-eighth year of the Republic, Andrew Jackson being President, the national debt is paid! and the apparition, so long unseen on earth—a great nation without a national debt!—stands revealed to the astonished vision of a wondering world! Gentlemen," he concluded, "my heart is in this double celebration, and I offer you a sentiment which, coming direct from my own bosom, will find its response in yours: 'PRESIDENT JACKSON: May the evening of his days be as tranquil and as happy for himself as their meridian has been resplendent, glorious, and beneficent for his country.'"

A few weeks later, as President Jackson was leaving the Capitol, where he had been to attend the funeral of Representative Davis, of South Carolina, a man advanced toward him from the crowd, leveled a pistol, and fired it. The percussion-cap exploded without discharging the pistol, and the man, dropping it, raised a second one, which also missed fire. General Jackson's rage was roused by the explosion of the cap, and, lifting his cane, he rushed toward his assailant, who was knocked down by Lieutenant Gedney, of the Navy, before Jackson could reach him. The man was an English house-painter named Lawrence, who had been for some months out of work, and who, having heard that the opposition of General Jackson to the United States Bank had paralyzed the industries of the country, had conceived the project of assassinating him. The President himself was not disposed to believe that the plot originated in the crazy brain of Lawrence, whom he regarded as the tool of political opponents. A protracted examination, however, failed to afford the slightest proof of this theory, although General Jackson never doubted it for a moment. He was fortified in this opinion by the receipt of anonymous letters, threatening assassination, all of which he briefly indorsed and sent to Mr. Blair for publication in the *Globe*.

The heads of the executive departments, believing that "to the victors belong the spoils," did not leave an acknowledged anti- Jackson Democrat in office, either in Washington city or elsewhere, with a very few exceptions. One of these was General Miller, Collector of the Port of Salem, Massachusetts. The leading Jackson Democrats in Massachusetts petitioned the President for his removal as incompetent and a political opponent, and they presented the name of a stanch Jackson Democrat for the position. The appointment was made, and the name of the new Collector was sent to the Senate for confirmation. Colonel Benton, who had been made acquainted with the facts, requested that no action be taken until he could converse with the President. Going to the White House the next morning, he said to General Jackson, "Do you know who is the Collector of Customs at Salem, Mr. President, whom you are about to remove?" "No, sir," replied General Jackson; "I can't think of his name, but Nat. Green and Ben. Hallett have told me that he is an incompetent old New England Hartford Convention Federalist." "Mr. President," said Colonel Benton, "the man you propose to turn out is General Miller, who fought so bravely at the battle of Bridgewater." "What!" exclaimed General Jackson, "not the brave Miller who, when asked if he could take the British battery, exclaimed 'I'll try,'" "It is the same man, Mr. President," responded Benton. General Jackson rang his bell, and when a servant appeared, said, "Tell Colonel Donelson I want him, quick!" When the private secretary entered, the President said, "Donelson, I want the name of the fellow I nominated for Collector of Salem withdrawn instantly. Then write a letter to General Miller and tell him that he shall be Collector of Salem as long as Andrew Jackson is President."

Learning that some of the Pension Agents had been withholding portions of the pensions due to Revolutionary veterans, General Jackson had the charges thoroughly investigated, and a list of the pensioners printed, showing what each one was entitled to receive. This disclosed the fact that some of the Pension Agents had been continuing to draw the pensions of deceased soldiers for years after their death, besides retaining portions of the pensions of others. Robert Temple, Pension Agent in Vermont, on hearing of the proposed investigation, hastened to Washington, where he endeavored to bribe a clerk to falsify the list made out for the printer. The clerk obtained from him a list of sixty names of deceased soldiers whose pensions he had continued to draw, and gave it to the Secretary of War. Temple, on learning this, committed suicide.

There were a few veteran office-holders at Washington, whose ancestors had been appointed under Federal rule, but who had managed to veer around into Jackson Democracy. Mr. Webster, in speaking one day of a Philadelphia family which had thus kept in place, said that they reminded him of Simeon Alleyn, Vicar of Bray, in Old England, who steered his bark safely through four conflicting successive reigns. A bland gentleman, he was first a Papist, then a Protestant, next a Papist, and lastly a Protestant again. "He must have been at times," said Mr. Webster, "terribly confused between gowns and robes, and," continued the Senator, "I can fancy him listening at his window to the ballad written on him, as trolled forth by some graceless varlets:

"'To teach my flock I never missed;
Kings were by God appointed,
And they are damned who dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed;
And this in law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whosoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.'"

Mr. Webster was not only fond of repeating quotations from the old English poets, but also verses from the old Sternhold and Hopkins hymn-book, which he had studied in the Salisbury meeting-house when a boy, and sometimes when alone he would sing, or rather chant, them in his deep voice, without

a particle of melody. His favorite verses were the following translation of the xviiith Psalm:

"The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

"On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad."

Late in the Jackson Administration, Richard H. Bayard came to Washington as a Senator from Delaware, to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Arnold Naudain. He was the son of James Asheton Bayard, originally a stanch Federalist, who had followed his father- in-law, Richard Bassett, as a Senator from Delaware, and whose vote had made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States instead of Aaron Burr. He had afterward been one of the Commission which negotiated the treaty of Ghent, and he educated his sons to succeed him in the Senate, and in turn to qualify a grandson to represent his State in the upper branch of the National Council. No one family has furnished so many United States Senators, and they have all been inspired by the knightly courtesy of the Bayard of the olden time, who was "without fear and without reproach."

The Democratic Bayards were antagonized in Jackson's time by the Whig Claytons, the other Delaware chair in the United States Senate having been occupied since 1829 by John Middleton Clayton. He was an accomplished lawyer, and one of the leaders of the Whig party. Under his direction Delaware was a Whig State, and had it been a larger one, Mr. Clayton would doubtless have been nominated to the Vice-Presidency, if not to the Presidency. He was zealously devoted to his party, and when, later in life, a delegation waited on him to question some of his acts as not in accordance with Whig principles, he rose, and drawing himself up to his full height, exclaimed: "What! unwhig me? Me, who was a Whig when you gentlemen were riding cornstalk horses in your fathers' barnyards?" The delegation asked his pardon for having doubted his party loyalty, and at once withdrew.

James Alfred Pearce, of Maryland, entered the House of Representatives during the Jackson Administration, and was successively re-elected (with the exception of a single term) until he was transferred to the Senate in 1843, and served in that body until his death in 1862. He was another "wheel horse" of the Whig party, although he shrank from political controversy. His home friends, who were very proud of his reputation, brought him forward at one time as a candidate for the Presidency. But he refused to permit his name to be used, on the ground that the burdens of the White House were too costly a price to pay for its honors.

Mr. Pearce was a devoted friend of the Congressional Library, and during his long service on the Committee having it in charge he selected the books purchased. In doing this he excluded all works calculated in his opinion to engender sectional differences, and when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established he refused to order it for the Library. He was the founder of the Botanic Garden, and the Coast Survey was another object of his especial attention and favor.

Mr. Pearce's care in the choice of books was my no means a notion of his own. From the founding of the Library it was the policy of many of its warmest friends to exclude every publication which would engender and foster sectional differences. They went on the principle of concealing difficulties, rather than of facing them squarely. Very different is the broader policy now maintained in this great library, on whose shelves every copyrighted book of the United States now finds a place.

Mr. Pearce was a type of the gentleman of the old school. Tall, with a commanding figure, expressive features, blue eyes, and light hair, he was a brilliant conversationalist and a welcome guest at dinner.

Senator William C. Preston, of South Carolina, was not only one of the foremost orators in the Senate, but a delightful conversationalist, with an inexhaustible fund of reminiscence and anecdote. One of his colleagues in the House of Representatives, Mr. Warren R. Davis, of the Pendleton district, was equally famed as a story-teller, and when they met at a social board they monopolized the conversation, to the delight of the other guests, who listened with attention and with admiration.

One evening—as the story is told—at a dinner-party, over the Madeira and walnuts, which formed the invariable last course in those days, Mr. Preston launched forth in a eulogium on the extraordinary power of condensation, in both thought and expression, which characterized the ancient Greek and Latin languages, beyond anything of the kind in modern tongues. On it he literally "discoursed eloquent music," adorning it with frequent and apt illustration, and among other examples citing the celebrated admonition of the Spartan mother to her warrior son on the eve of battle—"With your shield or upon it!"

The whole party were delighted with the rich tones and the classic teachings of the gifted colloquist, except his equally gifted competitor for conversational laurels, who, notwithstanding his enforced admiration, sat uneasily under the prolonged disquisition, anxiously waiting for an opportunity to take his place in the picture. At length a titillation seizing the olfactory nerve of Mr. Preston, he paused to take a pinch of snuff, and Mr. Davis immediately filled up the *vacuum*, taking up the line of speech in this wise:

"I have listened," said he, "with equal edification and pleasure to the classic discourse of our friend, sparkling with gems alike of intellect and fancy, but I differ from him *toto caelo*. He may say what he will as to the supreme vigor and condensation of thought and speech characteristic of classic Greece and Rome; but, for my part, I think there is nothing equal to our own *vernacular* in these particulars, and I am fortunately able, although from a humble source, to give you a striking and conclusive example and illustration of the fact.

"As I was returning home from Congress, some years since, I approached a river in North Carolina which had been swollen by a recent freshet, and observed a country girl fording it in a merry mood, and carrying a piggin of butter on her head. As I arrived at the river's edge the rustic Naiad emerged from the watery element. 'My girl,' said I, 'how deep's the water and what's the price of butter?' 'Up to your waist and nine pence,' was the prompt and significant response! Let my learned friend beat that if he can, in brevity and force of expression, by aught to be found in all his treasury of classic lore!"

A roar of laughter followed this humorous explosion, and a unanimous vote in favor of the *vernacular* awarded the palm to the distinguished and successful wag over his classical but crest-fallen competitor.

The first restaurant established in Washington was by a Frenchman named Boulanger, who was a pupil of the famous Chevet, of the Palais Royal at Paris. His cozy establishment was on G Street, just west of the War Department, where he used to serve good cheer to General Jackson, Van Buren, Clay, Sir Charles Vaughan, and other notables. His soups were gastronomic triumphs, and he was an adept in serving oysters, terrapin, reed-birds, quails, ortolan, and other delicacies in the first style of culinary perfection. His brandies, of his own importation, were of the choicest "bead and brand," and he obtained from Alexandria some of the choice old Madeira which had been imported before the Revolution in return for cargoes of oak staves. Boulanger did not cherish flattering recollections of General Jackson's taste, but Mr. Van Buren used to compliment his savory repasts and enjoy artistic cheer.

The Treasury Department, which had been destroyed by fire, was rebuilt on a plan approved by President Jackson. The eastern front, of Virginia sandstone, was a colonnade copied from the Temple of Minerva Pallas, at Athens, three hundred and thirty-six feet long, with thirty Ionic columns. The artist was Robert Mills, and he wished to set the building back some fifty feet from the line of the street, to give more effect to the architecture, but General Jackson directed him to bring it forward to the building line of the street, and stuck his cane in the ground to show where this was. Of course, he was obeyed.

John Quincy Adams used to occasionally attend the theatre, and he was especially pleased with Hackett as Falstaff. Hackett looked the fat knight well, and his face interpreted many of his remarks and situations explicitly. He delivered the soliloquy upon honor with fine effect, and the scenes at Gad's Hill with Bardolph and his nose, with Mrs. Quickly, and with the Prince when detected in his exaggeration, were very humorous and well pointed.

When Mr. Hackett took his benefit it was announced that at the particular request of Colonel David Crockett, of Tennessee, the comedian would appear on the boards in his favorite character of "Nimrod Wildfire," in the play called "The Kentuckian; or, a Trip to New York." This brought out a house full to overflowing. At seven o'clock the Colonel was escorted by the manager through the crowd to a front seat reserved for him. As soon as he was recognized by the audience they made the very house shake with hurrahs for Colonel Crockett, "Go ahead!" "I wish I may be shot!" "Music! let us have Crockett's March!" After some time the curtain rose, and Hackett appeared in hunting costume, bowed to the audience, and then to Colonel Crockett. The compliment was reciprocated by the Colonel, to the no small amusement and gratification of the spectators, and the play then went on.

When Hiram Powers came to Washington, on his way to Italy, he was rather mortified by the remark of a jealous Italian artist, who saw in him a rival: "When you have been ten years in Italy, you may, perhaps, be able to chisel a little;" before, however, a fourth of that time had elapsed, Powers had finished, from the rough marble block, the admirable bust of Chief Justice Marshall which now graces the hall of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Among the visitors to Washington early in 1834 was Charles Sumner, then a tall, slim, ungainly young man, twenty-three years of age, who was a student at law in Boston, but not admitted to practice. He

was introduced by his friend, Mr. Justice Story, to Chief Justice Marshall and Justices Thompson, Duval, and McLean, and was invited to dine with them. It is not known whether Justice Story told him —as he told Edmund Quincy—that the Court was so aesthetic that they denied themselves wine, except in wet weather. "But," added the commentator on the Constitution, "what I say about wine, sir, gives you our rule, but it does sometimes happen that the Chief Justice will say to me, when the cloth is removed, 'Brother Story, step to the window and see if it does not look like rain.' If I tell him that the sun is shining, Judge Marshall will reply: 'All the better, for our jurisdiction extends over so large a territory that the doctrine of chances makes it certain that it must be raining somewhere, and it will be safe to take something.'"

Mr. Sumner used to attend the sittings of the Supreme Court, which were commenced at eleven and generally lasted until half-past three. The Senate and House of Representatives met at noon and continued in session until four and sometimes five o'clock. The Senate generally adjourned over from Thursday until Monday, and the House rarely sat on Saturday.

Among those with whom young Sumner became acquainted at Washington was Dr. Francis Lieber, a well-educated German, who had fought at Waterloo. He was for more than twenty years a professor in the University of South Carolina, vouched for as "sound on the slavery question," but he afterward became a bitter opponent of the South and of its "peculiar institution." He was a prolific contributor to the press, and he never hesitated about enlisting the services of friends and acquaintances when they could produce materials for his use.

[Facsimile]
A. Stevenson
ANDREW STEVENSON was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, in 1784;
was a Representative from Virginia in Congress, 1823-1834; was
Minister to Great Britain, 1836-1841; died in Albemarle County,
Virginia, January 25th, 1857.

CHAPTER XIII. JACKSON'S LAST YEAR IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Mr. Van Buren, like his predecessor, Mr. Calhoun, suffered mental martyrdom while presiding over the Senate as Vice-President. His manner was bland, as he thumped with his mallet when the galleries were out of order, or declared that "The ayes have it," or, "The memorial is referred." He received his fusillade of snubs and sneers as the ghost of Chreusa received the embraces of AEneas—he heeded them not. He leaned back his head, threw one leg upon the other, and sat as if he were a pleasant sculptured image, destined for that niche of his life.

Henry Clay, then in his prime, was the champion of the United States Bank in the Senate. One day in debate he broke out in the most violent appeal to Martin Van Buren, then presiding in the Senate, to go to the President and represent to him the actual condition of the country. "Tell him," said Clay, "that in a single city more than sixty bankruptcies, involving a loss of upward of fifteen millions of dollars, have occurred. Tell him of the alarming decline in the value of all property. Tell him of the tears of helpless widows, no longer able to earn their bread, and of unclad and unfed orphans who have been driven by his policy out of the busy pursuits in which but yesterday they were gaining an honest livelihood."

The centennial birthday of George Washington was duly honored in the city which he had founded and which bore his name. Divine services were performed at the Capitol, and there was a dinner at Brown's Hotel, at which Daniel Webster prefaced the first toast in honor of the Father of his Country by an eloquent speech of an hour in length. In the evening there were two public balls—"one for the gentry at Carusi's saloon, and the other for mechanics and tradesmen at the Masonic Temple."

Congress had proposed to pay signal homage to the memory of Washington on the centennial anniversary of his birth by removing his remains to the crypt beneath the dome of the Capitol. Mr. Custis, the grandson of Mrs. Washington, had given his assent, but John A. Washington, then the owner of Mount Vernon, declined to permit the removal of the remains.

Congress purchased Rembrandt Peale's portrait of Washington, and the House ordered a full length picture of him from Vanderlyn, a celebrated New York artist. A commission was also given to Horatio Greenough for a colossal statue of Washington in a sitting posture, to be placed on a high pedestal in the centre of the rotunda of the Capitol. The Washington National Monument Association, after consultation with men of acknowledged artistic taste, selected from among the numerous designs submitted a simple obelisk, five hundred feet in height, for the erection of which the American people began at once to contribute.

When "the solid men of Boston" ascertained that General Jackson had actually signed the order for

the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States while enjoying their hospitalities they were very angry. Not long afterward they learned that the United States frigate Constitution, a Boston-built vessel, which was being repaired at the Charlestown Navy Yard, was to be ornamented with a full-length figure of General Jackson as a figure-head. This was regarded as an insult, and the carver who was at work on the figure was requested to stop working on it. This he declined to do, and had his half-carved block of wood taken to the Navy Yard, where he completed his task under the protection of a guard of marines. When the figure-head was completed it was securely bolted to the cutwater of the Constitution, which was then hauled out to her anchorage, and a vessel was stationed on either side of her.

The Bostonians grew more and more indignant, and finally a daring young mariner from Cape Cod, Captain Samuel Dewey, determined that he would decapitate the obnoxious image. The night which he selected was eminently propitious, as a severe rain storm raged, accompanied by heavy thunder and sharp lightning. Dewey sculled his boat with a muffled oar to the bow of the frigate, where he made it fast, and climbed up, protected by the head boards, only placed on the vessel the previous day. Then, with a finely tempered saw, he cut off the head, and returned with it to Boston, where a party of his friends were anxiously waiting for him at Gallagher's Hotel. He was at once made a lion of by the Whigs, and Commodore Elliott was almost frantic with rage over the insult thus offered to his chief.

Dewey soon afterward went to Washington, where he exhibited the grim features of the head to several leading Whigs, and finally carried it, tied up in a bandana handkerchief, to the Navy Department. Sending in his card to Mr. Mahlon Dickerson, then the Secretary of the Navy, he obtained an audience. He was a short, chunky sailor- man, with resolute blue-gray eyes, which twinkled as he said, "Have I the honor of addressing the Secretary of the Navy?"

"You have," replied Mr. Dickerson, "and, as I am very busy, I will thank you to be brief."

"Mr. Dickerson," said the Captain, "I am the man who removed the figure-head from the Constitution, and I have brought it here to restore it."

Secretary Dickerson threw himself back in his chair and looked with astonishment at the man who had cast such an indignity on the Administration.

"Well, sir," said he, in an angry tone, "you are the man who had the audacity to disfigure Old Ironsides?"

"Yes, sir, I took the responsibility."

"Well, sir, I will have you arrested immediately," and the Secretary reached toward his bell to summon his messenger.

"Stop, Mr. Secretary," said Captain Dewey; "you, as a lawyer, know that there is no statute against defacing a ship-of-war, and all you can do is to sue me for trespass, and that in the county where the offense was committed. If you desire it, I will go back to Middlesex County, Massachusetts, and stand my trial."

Mr. Dickerson reflected a moment and said: "You are right; and now tell me how you took away the head."

Dewey told his story, and the story goes that Secretary Dickerson asked him to wait while he stepped over to the White House, followed by a messenger carrying the head. When General Jackson saw it, and heard the Secretary's story, he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "Why, that," he cried at length—"why, that is the most infernal graven image I ever saw. The fellow did perfectly right. You've got him, you say; well, give him a kick and my compliments, and tell him to saw it off again." Dewey was after this frequently at Washington, and he finally obtained the appointment of Postmaster in a small Virginia town. He used to have on his visiting cards the representation of a handsaw, under which was inscribed, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

General Jackson always liked the physical excitement of a horse- race, where a large assemblage thrills with but one thought from the word "Go!" until the winning horse reaches the goal, and he was always to be seen at the races over the National Course, just north of Washington City. Delegations of sporting men from the Atlantic cities crowded into the metropolis during the race weeks; there were jockey-club dinners and jockey-club balls; and the course resounded to the footfalls of noted horses, especially Boston, Sir Charles, Emily, and Blue Dick. In 1836 General Jackson had a filly of his own raising brought from the Hermitage and entered for a race by Major Donelson, his private secretary. Nor did he conceal his chagrin when the filly was beaten by an imported Irish colt named Langford, owned by Captain Stockton, of the navy, and he had to pay lost wagers amounting to nearly a thousand dollars, while Mr. Van Buren and other devoted adherents who had bet on the filly were also losers.

Baillie Peyton, of Tennessee, used to narrate an amusing account of a visit which he made to the National Race Course with General Jackson and a few others to witness the training of some horses for an approaching race. They went on horseback, General Jackson riding his favorite gray horse, and wearing his high white fur hat with a broad band of black crape, which towered above the whole group. The General greatly enjoyed the trials of speed, until a horse named Busiris began to rear and plunge. This stirred Old Hickory's mettle, and he rode forward to give some energetic advice to the jockey, but just then he saw that the Vice-President was ambling along at his side on an easy-going nag. "Mr. Van Buren," he exclaimed, "get behind me, sir! They will run over you, sir!" and the Little Magician, with his characteristic diplomacy, which never gave offense, gracefully retired to the rear of his chief, which, Mr. Peyton used to say, was his place.

President Jackson used to visit his stable every morning, until he became feeble, and he paid especial attention to the manner in which his horses were shod. He never, after he became President, played cards or billiards, nor did he read anything except the *Daily Globe* and his private correspondence. When he received a letter that he desired one of his Cabinet to read, he would indorse on the back "*Sec. of* ——, A. J." He used to smoke a great deal, using either a new clay pipe with a long stem, or a pipe made from a piece of corn-cob, with a reed stem.

Cock-fighting had been one of General Jackson's favorite home amusements, and he had become the possessor of a breed of fowl that was invincible in Tennessee. He had some of these pugnacious birds brought to Washington, and one spring morning he rode out toward Bladensburg, with a select party of friends, to see "a main" fought between the Hermitage and the Annapolis cocks. The birds were not only trained to fight, but were equipped for their bloody work. Their heads and necks were plucked, their tail feathers were closely trimmed, and their natural spurs were cut off and replaced by "gaffs," or sharp blades of finely tempered steel. Each bird had his trainer, ready to administer stimulants and to sponge the blood from the wounds inflicted by the gaffs. General Jackson was very confident that his favorites would again be victorious, but there was no fight, to the great disappointment of all present, who doubtless possessed what has been called "the devil's nerve," which thrills with base enjoyment in the visible pain of man, beast, or bird. The long confinement in coops on the stages, or some other unknown cause, appeared to have deprived the Hermitage birds of their wonted pluck, and the Annapolis cocks crowed in triumph.

There was a grand wedding at Arlington in Jackson's time, when Lieutenant Robert Edward Lee, fresh from West Point, came up from Fortress Monroe to marry the heiress of the estate, Mary Custis. Old Mr. Custis was delighted with his soldier son-in-law, whose father had said of Washington that he was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The Marshalls, the Carters, the Fitzhughs, the Taylors, and other "first families of Virginia" were represented at the wedding, and the happy young couple went, after the ceremony, to old Fortress Monroe, where they resided for a while in a casement fitted up as officers' quarters. The next year Lieutenant Lee brought his bride back to Arlington, which was their happy home until he was persuaded to enlist under the "stars and bars" of the Southern Confederacy.

One of General Jackson's favorites was Jemmy Maher, an Irishman, whom he had appointed public gardener, a position of some responsibility in those days, when its holder had to look after the gardens at the White House, the Capitol, and the Departments. Jemmy's father had been forced to flee to this country to avoid punishment for participation in the Irish rebellion of '98, and the son regarded all Englishmen as his foes. General Jackson, who had "whipped the British" at New Orleans, was the object of his especial adoration, especially as he used to forgive him when the Superintendent of Public Buildings occasionally complained that he drank whisky rather too freely. "Shure, Mr. President," he would say, "I niver drink unless I am dry, and it would be mane in me not to invite me frinds to jine and take a drap with me."

General Jackson was not fond of the theatre, but he went to see the widely heralded performance of Miss Fanny Kemble. The niece of Mrs. Siddons, and the daughter of Charles Kemble, she had been trained from early childhood to sustain the reputation of her distinguished theatrical family. A good-looking young woman, with large, dark eyes, a profusion of dark hair, a low forehead, and healthy strawberry-and-cream complexion, she was personally attractive, and wonderfully effective. Every movement, gesture, and inflection of voice had been carefully studied, and when making an ordinary remark in conversation she would deliver her words with a deliberate attempt at stage effect. Her Juliet with her father's Romeo, was her best character, but they failed signally as Lady Teazle and Charles Surface in the *School for Scandal*.

Miss Kemble did not remain long on the American stage, as she became the wife of Mr. Pierce Butler, a wealthy slave-owner, in 1834. The next year her *Journal* appeared, in which she criticised what she had seen and heard with a free hand, but "'twas pretty Fanny's way," and no one got angry over her silly twaddle. One of the fair author's predictions concerning the fate of our polity yet awaits

fulfillment. "It is my conviction," said she, "that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton." Fifty years have passed since these words were written, and the prophetess has developed into a portly matron, anything but a skeleton, and very unlike the slender Miss of Jackson's time.

When Jefferson was President, the agricultural town of Cheshire, in Western Massachusetts, which had been drilled by its Democratic pastor, named Leland, into the unanimous support of the Sage of Monticello, determined to present him with the biggest cheese that had ever been seen. So on a given day every cow-owner brought his quota of freshly made curd to a large cider-press, which had been converted into a cheese-press, and in which a cheese was pressed that weighted one thousand six hundred pounds. It was brought to Washington in the following winter on a sled, under the charge of Parson Leland, and in the name of the people of Cheshire, was formally presented to President Jefferson in the then unfinished East Room. Jefferson, of course, returned thanks, and after having a great wedge cut from the cheese, to send back to the donors, he invited all present to help themselves. The cheese was variegated in appearance, owing to so many dairies having contributed the curd, but the flavor was pronounced the best ever tasted in Washington.

Jackson's admirers thought that every honor which Jefferson had ever received should be paid to him, so some of them, residing in a rural district of New York, got up, under the superintendence of a Mr. Meacham, a mammoth cheese for "Old Hickory." After having been exhibited at New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, it was kept for some time in the vestibule at the White House, and was finally cut at an afternoon reception on the 22d of February, 1837. For hours did a crowd of men, women, and boys hack at the cheese, many taking large hunks of it away with them. When they commenced, the cheese weighted one thousand four hundred pounds, and only a small piece was saved for the President's use. The air was redolent with cheese, the carpet was slippery with cheese, and nothing else was talked about at Washington that day. Even the scandal about the wife of the President's Secretary of War was forgotten in the tumultuous jubilation of that grand occasion.

General Jackson received that day for the last time at the White House, and was so feeble that he had to remain seated. Mrs. Donelson stood on one side, and on the other was Van Buren, who was inaugurated as President a fortnight later.

[Facsimile] your obt. sert. William R. King WILLIAM RUFUS KING was born in North Carolina, April 1st, 1786; was a Representative in Congress from Alabama from November 4th, 1811, until he resigned to accompany William Pinkney to Russia as Secretary of Legation, April 23d, 1816; was United States Senator from Alabama from March 4th, 1819, until he resigned to go as Minister to France, April 9th, 1844; was again United States Senator from December 7th, 1846 to March 4th, 1853; was elected Vice-President on the Pierce ticket in 1852, as a Democrat, receiving two hundred and fifty-four electoral votes, against forty-two electoral votes for W. R. Graham, a Whig; having gone to Europe for his health, he took the oath of office near Havana, March 4th, 1853; returning to his home at Catawba, Alabama, where he died, April 18th, 1853, the day following his arrival.

CHAPTER XIV. VAN BUREN'S STORMY ADMINISTRATION.

While the electoral votes for the eighth President of the United States were being counted, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, Senator Clay remarked to the Vice-President Van Buren, with courteous significance, "It is a cloudy day, sir!"

"The sun will shine on the 4th of March, sir!" was the Little Magician's confident reply.

The prediction was fulfilled, for on Van Buren's inaugural morning, March 4th, 1837, the sun shone brightly, and there was not a cloud to be seen. Washington was crowded with strangers from all parts of the country, and in anticipation of the time set for the ceremony great numbers began to direct their way at an early hour to the Capitol. Congregating before the eastern portico of the Capitol, the dense mass of humanity reminded those who had traveled abroad of the assembled multitude in front of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday waiting to receive the Papal blessing.

President Jackson and President-elect Van Buren were escorted from the White House to the Capitol by a volunteer brigade of cavalry and infantry and by several Democratic political organizations. General Jackson and his successor rode in an elegant phaeton, constructed of oak from the original timber of the frigate Constitution. It had been made at Amherst, Massachusetts, and was presented by sixty admirers. It had one seat, holding two persons, and a high box for the driver in front, bordered with a deep hammer- cloth. The unpainted wood was highly polished, and its fine grain was brought out by a coat of varnish, while on a panel on either side was a representation of "Old Ironsides" under full sail. The phaeton was drawn by General Jackson's four iron-grey carriage- horses, with elaborate brass-

mounted harness.

Arriving at the Capitol, General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren went to the Senate Chamber, where they witnessed Colonel Johnson take his oath of office as Vice-President. They then repaired to a platform erected over the steps of the eastern portico, followed by the Diplomatic Corps, the Senators, and the principal executive officers. A cheer greeted the old hero, who had risen from a sick-bed, against the protest of his physician, that he might grace the scene, and a smile of satisfaction lit up his wan, stern features as he stood leaning on his cane with one hand and holding with the other his crape-bound white fur hat, while he acknowledged the compliment paid him by a succession of bows. Mr. Van Buren then advanced to the front of the platform, and with impressive dignity read in a clear, distinct voice his inaugural address. His manner and emphasis were excellent, yet the effect upon the multitude was not what might have been expected from so great a collection of men devoted to his support. When he had concluded Chief Justice Taney administered the oath of office, and no sooner had Van Buren kissed the Bible, as a pledge of his assent, than General Jackson advanced and shook him cordially by the hand. The other dignitaries on the platform followed with their congratulations, the populace cheered, and the bands played "Hail to the Chief!"

President Van Buren and ex-President Jackson were then escorted back to the White House, where for three hours a surging tide of humanity swept past the new Chief Magistrate, congratulating him on his inauguration. The assemblage was a promiscuous one, and the reception was as disorderly an affair as could well be imagined. At four o'clock in the afternoon the members of the Diplomatic Corps called in a body, wearing their court dresses, and Don Calderon de la Barca, who was their Dean, presented a congratulatory address. In his reply, Mr. Van Buren made his only known *lapsus linguae* by addressing them as the "Democratic corps." It was not until after his attention had been called to the mistake that he corrected himself, and stated that he had intended to say "Diplomatic Corps." In that evening two inauguration balls were given.

Many strangers had been unable to find conveyances to take them away and could not obtain lodging places. It was interesting, toward nightfall, to witness the gathering anxiety in many a good citizen's countenance as he went from boarding-house to hotel, and from hotel to private residence, seeking lodgings in vain. Money could indeed procure the most luxurious dishes and the rarest beverages; but while the palate could be gratified there was no rest for weary limbs. "Beds! beds! beds!" was the general cry. Hundreds slept in the market-house on bundles of hay, and a party of distinguished Bostonians passed the night in the shaving-chairs of a barber's shop.

General Jackson soon left for Tennessee, relieved from the cares of the Presidential station, and exhibiting an unwonted gaiety of spirit. During the previous winter he had not expected to live until the conclusion of his term, and he could but feel buoyant and happy in finding himself sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, with the prospect of enjoying some years at the Hermitage, in the midst of the agricultural occupations of which he was so fond.

President Van Buren was the first President who had not been born a British subject, yet he was at heart a monarchist, opposed to universal suffrage, and in favor of a strong central government, although he had reached his exalted position by loud professions of democracy. He endeavored to establish a personal intimacy with every one presented to him, and he ostensibly opened his heart for inspection. The tone of his voice was that of a thorough frankness, accompanied by a pleasant smile, but a fixed expression at the corners of his mouth and the searching look of his keen eyes showed that he believed, with Talleyrand, that language was given to conceal thought. He found himself saddled at the commencement of his Administration with national financial embarrassments, bequeathed as a legacy by his "illustrious predecessor," as he designated General Jackson in one of his messages. The destruction of the United States Bank had forced the transfer of the national funds, which it had held on deposit, to the State banks. They had loaned these funds on securities, often of doubtful value or worthless, and when the day of reckoning came general bankruptcy ensued. Manufacturers were obliged to discharge their workmen; provisions were scarce and dear in the Atlantic States, because funds could not be obtained for the removal eastward of the Western crops; and there was much actual distress in the large cities on the sea coast.

To quiet the popular clamor, President Van Buren convened Congress in an extra session, and in his message to that body on its assembling he proposed the establishment of an independent Treasury, with sub- Treasuries in different cities, for the safe keeping of the public money, entirely separate from the banks. The Whigs opposed this independent Treasury scheme, but, to the surprise of those with whom he had of late been politically affiliated, it received the cordial support of Mr. Calhoun. When Congress began to discuss this measure, he became its champion in the Senate, and soon "locked horns" with Mr. Clay, who led its opponents. The debate was continued session after session, and in time Messrs. Clay and Calhoun passed from their discussion of national finances into an acrimonious reciprocal review of the acts, votes, and motions of each other during the preceding thirty years.

During the debate in the House on the bill authorizing the issue of Treasury notes there was an all-night session. The Democrats had determined in caucus to "sit out the bill," and whenever a Whig moved to adjourn his motion was promptly negatived. As darkness came on the lamps were lighted and trimmed, candles were brought into the hall, and the older and feebler members "pairing off," took their cloaks and hats and left. The House being in Committee of the Whole, whenever they found no quorum voting, were obliged by the parliamentary usage to rise and report that fact to the House. When this was done, and the House was again in session as a House, behold, a quorum instantly appeared; and then, by the same law, they were obliged to return into Committee again. This happened so often that at length gentlemen of the Administration side became irritated, remonstrated, demanded that members should be counted in their seats, whether they had voted or no, and at length came to insist that individuals, by name, be compelled to vote. Such a motion having been made in one case, a voice cried out in the confusion which filled the chamber: "How are you going to do it?" and the query was succeeded by shouts of laughter, mingled with sounds of vexation.

As midnight approached it was curious to watch the various effects produced by the scene on different temperaments. Some yawned fearfully; others cursed and swore; others shook their sides with merriment; others reasoned and remonstrated with their neighbors; some very composedly stretched themselves upon the sofas, having first borrowed chair-cushions enough to support their somnolent heads; other bivouacked on three chairs, while some, not finding a convenient couch, stretched themselves flat on the floor of the House, with, perhaps, a volume of the Laws of the United States as their pillow.

At half-past one a call of the House was ordered, the doors were closed, and one hundred and forty-nine members were found to be present. This House went into Committee of the Whole to come out of it again, and the yeas and nays were called until the clerk grew hoarse. Thus rolled the hours away. Candles burned down to their sockets, forming picturesque grottoes of spermaceti as they declined; lamps went out in suffocating fumes. Some insisted on having a window up, others on having it down.

When the morning light began to dawn through the large south windows of the Representatives' Hall, it contrasted strongly with the glare of lights, the smoke of the lamps, and all the crowded tumult within. At four o'clock the Sergeant-at-Arms arrived with Corwin, Giddings, and a dozen other captured absentees, who were, one by one, required to account for their absence by the Speaker, who would say: "Mr. A. B., you have absented yourself from the House during its sittings, contrary to law, and without leave of the House; what excuse have you to offer?" And then the unfortunate men made out the best story they could. Some had been sick; others had a sick wife; others had got a bad headache from the late session; some had witnessed such night scenes on former occasions, and did not wish to see the like again; one had told the Sergeant that he would come if he would send a hack for him, and no hack had been sent; while one very cavalierly informed the House that the reason why he had been absent was that he had not been there. Many were excused altogether; others discharged from custody on paying their fines (about two dollars each to the Sergeant for his fee of arrest). One batch having thus been disposed of, the officer was dispatched to make another haul, and in the meantime the old game was continued; and, as neither party would yield, the unprofitable contest was prolonged, not till broad daylight merely, but down to eleven o'clock, when, all propositions of compromise having been rejected, the debate was regularly renewed. Finally, at a quarter before five o'clock, the House adjourned, quite fagged out.

Among other evidences of the bitter and ferocious spirit which characterized political contests in those days was the duel between Representative Cilley, of Maine, and Representative Grimes, of Kentucky, in which the former fell. Mr. Cilley, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, criticised a charge of corruption brought against some unnamed Congressman in a letter published in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, over the signature of "A Spy in Washington," and indorsed in the editorial columns of that paper. Mr. James Watson Webb, the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, immediately visited Washington and sent a challenge to Mr. Cilley by Mr. Graves, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance. Mr. Cilley declined to receive the hostile communication from Mr. Graves, without making any reflection on the personal character of Mr. Webb. Mr. Graves then felt himself bound by the unwritten code of honor to espouse the cause of Mr. Webb, and challenged Mr. Cilley himself. This challenge was accepted, and the preliminaries were arranged between Mr. Henry A. Wise, as the second of Mr. Graves, and Mr. George W. Jones, as the second of Mr. Cilley. Rifles were selected as the weapons, and Mr. Graves found difficulty in obtaining one, but was finally supplied by his friend, Mr. Rives, of the *Globe*. The parties met, the ground was measured, and the combatants were placed; on the fourth fire Mr. Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died almost instantly. Mr. Graves, on seeing his antagonist fall, expressed a desire to render him some assistance, but was told by Mr. Jones, "My friend is dead, sir!" Mr. Cilley, who left a wife and three young children, was a popular favorite, and his tragic end caused a great excitement all over the country. Mr. Wise was generally blamed for having instigated the encounter; certainly he did not endeavor to prevent it.

The Capitol had its comedies as well as its tragedies, and the leading comedian was Thomas Corwin, a Representative from Ohio, who was a type of early Western culture and a born humorist. He was a middle-sized, somewhat stout man, with pleasing manners, a fine head, sparkling hazel eyes, and a complexion so dark that on several occasions—as he used to narrate with great glee—he was supposed to be of African descent. "There is no need of my working," said he, "for whenever I cannot support myself in Ohio, all I should have to do would be to cross the river, give myself up to a Kentucky negro-trader, be taken South, and sold for a field hand." He always had a story ready to illustrate a subject of conversation, and the dry manner in which he enlivened his speeches by pungent witticism, without a smile on his own stolid countenance, was irresistible.

He was once addressing a Whig mass meeting at Marietta, Ohio, and was taking especial pains not to say anything that could offend the Abolitionists, who were beginning to throw a large vote. A sharp witted opponent, to draw him out asked: "Shouldn't niggers be permitted to sit at the table with white folks, on steamboats and at hotels?" "Fellow-citizens," exclaimed Corwin, his swarthy features beaming with suppressed fun, "I ask you whether it is proper to ask such a question of a gentleman of my color?" The crowd cheered and the questioner was silenced.

[Facsimile] M. Van Buren MARTIN VAN BUREN was born at Kinderhook, New York, December 5th, 1782; was a United States Senator from New York from December 3d, 1821, to December 20th, 1828, when he resigned to accept the office of Governor of New York; this position he resigned on the 12th of March, 1829, having been appointed by President Jackson Secretary of State of the United States; this position he resigned August 1st, 1831, having been appointed by President Jackson Minister to Great Britain, but the Senate rejected his nomination; was elected Vice-President on the Jackson ticket in 1832; was elected President in 1836; was defeated as the Democratic candidate for President in 1840; was the candidate of the Anti-Slavery party for President in 1848, and died at Kinderhook, New York, July 24th, 1862.

CHAPTER XV. COMMENCEMENT OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

It was during the Administration of Mr. Van Buren that the English Abolitionists first began to propagate their doctrines in the Northern States, where the nucleus of an anti-slavery party was soon formed. This alarmed the Southerners, who, under the lead of Mr. Calhoun, threatened disunion if their "peculiar institution" was not let alone. The gifted South Carolinian having in January, 1838, paid a high compliment in debate to John Randolph for his uncompromising hostility to the Missouri Compromise, Mr. Clay said: "I well remember the Compromise Act and the part taken in that discussion by the distinguished member from Virginia, whose name has been mentioned, and whose death I most sincerely lament. At that time we were members of the other House. Upon one occasion, during a night session, another member from Virginia, through fatigue and the offensive exhalations from one of the surrounding lamps, fainted in his seat and was borne to the rear of the Representatives' Hall. Calling some one to the Speaker's chair, I left my place to learn the character and extent of his illness. Returning to the desk, I was met in one of the aisles by Mr. Randolph, to whom I had not spoken for several weeks. 'Ah, Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'I wish you would leave Congress and go to Kentucky. I will follow you there or anywhere else.' I well understood what he meant, for at that time a proposition had been made to the Southern members, and the matter partly discussed by them, of leaving Congress in the possession of the Northern members and returning home, each to his respective constituents. I told Mr. Randolph that I could not then speak to him about the matter, and requested him to meet me in the Speaker's room early the next morning. With his usual punctuality he came. We talked over the Compromise Act, he defending his favorite position and I defending mine. We were together an hour, but to no purpose. Through the whole he was unyielding and uncompromising to the last. We parted, shook hands, and promised to be good friends, and I never met him again during the session. Such," continued Mr. Clay, "was the part Mr. Randolph took in that discussion, and such were his uncompromising feelings of hostility to the North and all who did not believe with him. His acts came near shaking this Union to the centre and desolating this fair land. The measures before us now, and the unyielding and uncompromising spirit are like then, and tend to the same sad and dangerous end—dissolution and desolation, disunion and ruin."

On the same day, in 1838, Mr. Webster gave in his opinion that Congress had the power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. That power, he said, was granted in the most express, explicit, and undoubted terms. It declared that Congress should have "exclusive jurisdiction over all subjects whatsoever in the District of Columbia." Mr. Webster said that he had searched and listened for some argument or some law to controvert this position. he had read and studied carefully the act of cession of the ten miles square from Maryland and Virginia, and he could find nothing there, and nowhere else, to gainsay the plain and express letter of the Constitution. This inspired the Abolitionists with hope that Mr. Webster would become the leader of the crusade against slavery that they had decided to inaugurate. At that time he unquestionably leaned toward emancipation, not only in the District of

Columbia, but everywhere in the United States. This was noticed by the Southern leaders, who began to tempt him—with promises of support for the Presidency—promises which were subsequently broken again and again that a more subservient and available tool might be placed in power.

Before allying himself with the South, Mr. Webster endeavored to identify himself with the West by investing largely in a city laid out on paper in a township in Rock Island County, Illinois. It was at the mouth of Rock River, and it was to have borne the name of Rock Island City. Fletcher Webster went out there and remained for a time, I think, accompanied by his friend, George Curson. Caleb Cushing was also interested in the embryo city, but somehow it was not a success.

Mr. Webster had, however, a very vague idea of the "Great West" of his day. On one occasion when he was in the Senate a proposition was before it to establish a mail-route from Independence, Mo., to the mouth of the Columbia River, some three thousand miles, across plains and mountains, about the extent of which the public then knew no more than they did of the interior of Tibet. Mr. Webster, after denouncing the measure generally, closed with a few remarks concerning the country at large. "What do we want?" he exclaimed, "with this vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, of those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for this country?"

Franklin Pierce, who had served two terms in the House of Representatives, was then elected to the Senate. He proved a valuable recruit for the Southern ranks, as when in the House he had risen one day to a question of privilege, and warmly resented the reading by Mr. Calhoun in the Senate of an article from the Concord *Herald of Freedom*, which declared that the Abolitionists in New Hampshire were as one to thirty. This journal, Mr. Pierce said, "was too insignificant, too odious, in the eyes of his constituents, to be cited as authority. No age or country had ever been free from fanatics, and with equal justice might the whole people of New York be charged with being followers of Matthias as the people of New Hampshire for favoring the designs of the Knapps and Garrisons and Thompsons."

Sergeant Smith Prentiss, who came to Washington during the Van Buren Administration to claim a seat in Congress as a Representative from Mississippi, was the most eloquent speaker that I have ever heard. The lame and lisping boy from Maine had ripened, under the Southern sun, into a master orator. The original, ever-varying, and beautiful imagery with which he illustrated and enforced his arguments impressed Webster, Clay, Everett, and even John Quincy Adams. But his forte lay in arraigning his political opponents, when his oratory was "terrible as an army with banners;" nothing could stand against the energy of his look, gesture, and impassioned logic, when once he was fairly under way, in denouncing the tricks and selfish cunning of mere party management. The printed reports of his speeches are mere skeletons, which give but a faint idea of them. Even the few rhetorical passages that are retained have lost much of their original form and beauty. The professional stenographers confessed themselves utterly baffled in the attempt to report him, and he was quite as unfitted to report himself. Indeed, he complained that he never could reproduce the best thoughts, still less the exact language, of his speeches.

The principal antagonist of Mr. Prentiss, in the courts of Mississippi, was Joseph Holt, a young Kentucky lawyer, who had acquired a national reputation for oratory by a speech which he made in the National Democratic Convention of 1836, when he advocated the nomination of Colonel Richard M. Johnson in a speech of great beauty and power. His arguments were persuasive, the tones of his voice were melodious, and he insinuated himself and his cause into the hearts of his audience, rather than carried them by storm. Devoted to the South and its peculiar institution, he was welcomed in the State of Mississippi, and soon took a prominent position at the bar of its higher courts.

William Rufus King, of Alabama, who was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate while Colonel Johnson was Vice-President, was a prim, spare bachelor, known among his friends as "Miss Nancy King." When a young man he had accompanied the Minister to Russia, William Pinkney, to St. Petersburg, as Secretary of the Legation of the United States. Residing there for two years, he acquired the formal manners of the Court of the Emperor Alexander, with a diplomatic craftiness which he always retained. He was a courteous presiding officer, as was thus oddly exemplified while he occupied the chair. The two Senators from the State of Arkansas pronounced the name of their State differently. Mr. King punctiliously observed the difference, invariably recognizing one as "the gentleman from Ar-kan-sas," and the other as "the gentleman from Ark-an-sas."

Mr. Van Buren was much exercised by a difficulty in the Pennsylvania Legislature, which the State militia was called out to quell, and which it was thought might result in a demand for the intervention of United States troops. Thaddeus Stevens, then an ardent Whig, was a leader in the attempt to force

eleven illegally elected members into the House at the point of the bayonet, the troops having their muskets loaded with buckshot. When the enterprise collapsed, Stevens jumped from a back window of the Capitol and ran off to Gettysburg, where he remained without claiming his seat for about a month, when he came in and offered to take the oath, but the House resolved, with great solemnity, that the seat was vacant, although others who had been out nearly as long were admitted without hesitation.

A prominent young Virginia lawyer, named William Smith, who practiced at Culpepper Court-House, became interested in a mail-route between Washington City and Milledgeville, Georgia, and he grew to be an extensive contractor. Many of his mail-routes were but little more than bridle-paths, over which the mails were carried on horseback. With an eye to the main chance, and with a laudable desire to extend the mail facilities of Virginia, Mr. Smith managed to secure a large number of "expeditions" through Parson Obadiah Bruin Brown, commonly called "Parson Obadiah Bruin Beeswax Brown," the Superintendent of the contract office of the Post-office Department. In place of the horseback system stage lines would be substituted, and this service would be frequently "expedited" without much of a view to "productiveness," from one trip to three or six trips per week. All of these "expeditions" were noted by stars (* *) at the bottom of Smith's vouchers, which, interpreted, meant "extra allowance." So frequently did these stars appear in the Virginia contractor's accounts that he soon came to be known in the Post-office Department as "Extra Billy" Smith, and it adhered to him in after life, when he became a member of the House of Representatives and afterward Governor of Virginia. He still lives at Warrenton, a hale and hearty old man.

Mr. Van Buren had an abundance of political nicknames. He was "the sweet little fellow" of Mr. Ritchie of the *Richmond Inquirer*, and "the Northern man with Southern principles" of the *Charleston Courier;* Mr. Clinton baptized him "the Political Grimalkin;" Mr. Calhoun, "the Weazel;" while he helped himself to the still less flattering name of "the follower in the footsteps"—that is, the successor of his predecessor, a sort of masculine *Madame Blaize*,

"Who strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways,
Except when she was sinning."

who clad all the hungry and naked office-holders "that left a pledge behind" of supporting him; and, like that good dame, led the way to all those who came behind her.

The Southern nullifiers, who had been "squelched" by General Jackson, began to revive under the more genial rule of Mr. Van Buren, and they established an "organ" called the Washington *Chronicle*. It was edited by Richard K. Cralle, who came from Leesburg, Virginia. He was a well-educated gentleman, ultra in his opinions on free trade and Southern rights; but those who were enthusiastic in their praises of his editorials did not subscribe to the *Chronicle*, or if they did, never condescended to pay their subscriptions. So the paper ruined its printers and then gave up the ghost, Mr. Calhoun securing a department clerkship for Mr. Cralle.

[Facsimile] Tristram Burgess TRISTRAM BURGESS was born at Rochester, Massachusetts, February 26th, 1770; was a Representative in Congress from Rhode Island from December 1st, 1825, until March 3d, 1835; was defeated as the Whig candidate for Congress, and afterward as the Whig candidate for Governor, and died at Providence, Rhode Island, October 13th, 1853.

CHAPTER XVI. SOCIAL AND POLITICAL LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

President Van Buren's wife (by birth Miss Hannah Hoes, of Columbia County, New York) had been dead nineteen years when he took possession of the White House, accompanied by his four sons, and presided over the official receptions and dinner parties with his well-known tact and politeness. In the November following his inauguration, his eldest son and private secretary, Colonel Abraham Van Buren (who was a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and who had served on the staff of General Worth), was married to Miss Angelica Singleton, a wealthy South Carolina lady, who had been educated at Philadelphia, and who had passed the preceding winter at Washington in the family of her relative, Senator Preston. On the New Year's day succeeding the wedding Mrs. Van Buren, assisted by the wives of the Cabinet officers, received with her father-in-law, the President. Her rare accomplishments, superior education, beauty of face and figure, grace of manner, and vivacity in conversation insured social success. The White House was refurnished in the most expensive manner, and a code of etiquette was established which rivaled that of a German principality.

The President endeavored to restore the good feeling between the Administration and Washington "society," which had been ruptured during the political rule of General Jackson. He gave numerous entertainments at the White House, and used to attend those given by his Cabinet, which was regarded

as an innovation, as his predecessors had never accepted social invitations. Ex-President Adams, the widow of President Madison, and the widow of Alexander Hamilton each formed the centre of a pleasant coterie, and the President was open in the expression of his desire that the members of his Cabinet and their principal subordinates should each give a series of dinner-parties and evening receptions during the successive sessions of Congress.

The dinner-parties were very much alike, and those who were in succession guests at different houses often saw the same table ornaments, and were served by the same waiters, while the fare was prepared by the same cook. The guests used to assemble in the parlor, which was almost invariably connected with the dining-room by large folding doors. When the dinner was ready the doors were thrown open, and the table was revealed, laden with china and cut- glass ware. A watery compound called vegetable soup was invariably served, followed by boiled fish, overdone roast beef or mutton, roast fowl or game in season, and a great variety of puddings, pies, cakes, and ice-creams. The fish, meat, and fowl were carved and helped by the host, while the lady of the house distributed the vegetables, the pickles, and the dessert. Champagne, without ice, was sparingly supplied in long, slender glasses, but there was no lack of sound claret, and with the dessert several bottles of old Madeira were generally produced by the host, who succinctly gave the age and history of each. The best Madeira was that labeled "The Supreme Court" as their Honors, the Justices, used to make a direct importation every year, and sip it as they consulted over the cases before them every day after dinner, when the cloth had been removed. Some rare specimens of this wine can still be found in Washington wine-cellars.

At the evening parties the carpet was lifted from the room set apart for dancing, and to protect the dancers from slipping the floor was chalked, usually in colors. The music was almost invariably a first and second violin, with flute and harp accompaniments. Light refreshments, such as water-ices, lemonade, negus, and small cakes were handed about on waiters between every two or three dances. The crowning glory of the entertainment, however, was the supper, prepared under the supervision of the hostess, aided by some of her intimate friends, who also loaned their china and silverware. The table was covered with *a la mode* beef, cold roast turkey, duck, and chicken, fried and stewed oysters, blanc- mange, jellies, whips, floating islands, candied oranges, and numerous varieties of tarts and cakes. Very often the older men would linger after the ladies had departed, and even reassemble with those, and discuss the wines *ad libitum*, if not *ad nauseam*, while the young men, after having escorted the ladies to their respective homes, would meet again at some oyster-house or go out on a lark, in imitation of the young English bloods in the favorite play of Tom and Jerry. Singing, or rather shouting, they would break windows, wrench off knockers, call up doctors, and transpose sign-boards; nor was there a night watchman to interfere with their roistering.

A decided sensation was created at Washington during the Van Buren Administration by the appearance there of a handsome and well- educated Italian lady, who called herself America Vespucci and claimed descent from the navigator who gave his name to this continent. Ex-President Adams and Daniel Webster became her especial friends, and she was soon a welcome guest in the best society. In a few weeks after her arrival she presented a petition to Congress asking, first, to be admitted to the rights of citizenship; and, secondly, to be given "a corner of land" out of the public domain of the country which bore the name of her ancestor. An adverse report, which was soon made, is one of the curiosities of Congressional literature. It eulogized the petitioner as "a young, dignified, and graceful lady, with a mind of the highest intellectual culture, and a heart beating with all our own enthusiasm in the cause of America and human liberty." The reasons why the prayer of the petitioner could not be granted were given, but she was commended to the generosity of the American people. "The name of America— our country's name—should be honored, respected, and cherished in the person of the interesting exile from whose ancestor we derive the great and glorious title."

A subscription was immediately opened by Mr. Haight, the Sergeant- at-Arms of the Senate, and Judges, Congressmen, and citizens vied with one another in their contributions. Just then it was whispered that Madame Vespucci had borne an unenviable reputation at Florence and at Paris, and had been induced by a pecuniary consideration to break off an intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe's oldest son, and come to Washington. Soon afterward the Duke's younger brother, the Prince de Joinville, came to this country, and refused to recognize her, which virtually excluded her from reputable society. For some years subsequently she resided in luxurious seclusion with a wealthy citizen of New York, in the interior of that State, and after his death she returned to Paris.

During the Van Buren Administration James P. Espy came to Washington to initiate what has grown into the Weather Signal Service. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and so poor in early life that when seventeen years of age he had not been able to learn to read. He subsequently mastered the English language and the classics, and long before he knew why began to study the mystery of the moving clouds and to form his storm theories. At last he asked of Congress an appropriation of five thousand dollars a year for five years, but he was met with jibes and ridicule. Senator Preston, of South Carolina,

said Espy was a madman, too dangerous to be at large, and the Senator would vote a special appropriation for a prison in which to confine him. Espy was in the Senate gallery at the time. Wounded to the quick, he left the Capital and went to New York, where he delivered a course of lectures with great success. They were repeated in Boston, and he made money enough to enable him to visit Europe.

Not long after reaching Liverpool, January 6th, 1839, a great storm occurred. He went to Lloyd's, consulted the newspapers as they arrived, noted the direction of the wind as given at different places, and from these data constructed the first great storm map ever prepared, with the hour points marked. Every line and curve and point exemplified his theory. He was at no loss now for audiences. He appeared before the British Association of Scientists at London, at which Sir John Herschel was present, an interested auditor. He crossed the channel to Paris, and the Academy of Sciences appointed a committee, composed of the illustrious Arago, "to report upon his observations and theory." The effect of this report, when it reached Washington, was not much different from that which followed, afterward, the announcement of Morse's first transmitted message over the wire from Washington to Baltimore.

Aided by General Jackson and the "machinery" of the Democratic party, engineered by Amos Kendall, Mr. Van Buren secured for himself the re-nomination for the Presidency. But he had great obstacles to contend with. The financial condition of the country, deranged by the absence of the controlling power of the United States Bank, grew worse and worse. There was a total stagnation of business throughout the Union, and from every section came tidings of embarrassment, bankruptcy, and ruin. There were no available funds for the purchase of Western produce and its transportation to the Atlantic markets, so it remained in the hands of the farmers, who could not dispose of it except at great sacrifice. In Ohio, for example, pork was sold at three dollars a hundred pounds, and wheat at fifty cents per bushel, while the price of agricultural labor was but thirty-seven and a-half cents a day.

The campaign was carried on with great bitterness in Congress, where the leading Whigs cordially united in a decisive warfare on the Democrats. General Harrison was eulogized as a second Cincinnatus —plowman, citizen, and general—and the sneering remark that he resided in a log-cabin was adopted as a partisan watch-word. The most notable speech was by Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, who elaborately reviewed the expensive furniture, china, and glassware which had been imported for the White House by order of President Van Buren. He dwelt on the gorgeous splendor of the damask window curtains, the dazzling magnificence of the large mirrors, chandeliers, and candelabra; the centre-tables, with their tops of Italian marble; the satin-covered chairs, tabourets, and divans; the imperial carpets and rugs, and, above all, the service of silver, including a set of what he called gold spoons, although they were of silver- gilt. These costly decorations of the White House were described in detail, with many humorous comments, and then contrasted with the log-cabins of the West, where the only ornamentation, generally speaking, was a string of speckled birds'-eggs festooned about a looking-glass measuring eight by ten inches, and a fringed window curtain of white cotton cloth.

Having described the furniture and the table service of the White House, as purchased by direction of the President, Mr. Ogle proceeded to sketch Van Buren's New Year receptions. "Instead," said he, "of weekly receptions, when all the people were at liberty to partake of the good cheer of the President's house, there had been substituted one cold, stiff, formal, and ceremonious assembly on the first day of every year. At this annual levee, notwithstanding its pomp and pageantry, no expense whatever is incurred by the President personally. No fruits, cake, wine, coffee, hard cider, or other refreshments of any kind are tendered to his guests. Indeed, it would militate against all the rules of court etiquette, now established at the palace, to permit vulgar eating and drinking on this grand gala day. The Marine Band, however, is always ordered from the Navy Yard and stationed in the spacious front hall, from whence they swell the rich saloons of the palace with 'Hail to the Chief!' 'Wha'll be King but Charley?' and other humdrum airs, which ravish with delight the ears of warriors who have never smelt powder. As the people's cash, and not his own, pays for all the services of the Marine Band, its employment at the palace does not conflict with the peculiar views of the President in regard to the obvious difference between public and private economy.

"At these 'annual State levees,' the great doors of the 'East Room,' 'Blue Elliptical Saloon,' 'Green Drawing Room,' and 'Yellow Drawing Room' are thrown open at twelve o'clock 'precisely' to the anxious feet of gayly appareled noblemen, honorable men, gentlemen, and ladies of all the nations and kingdoms of the earth, many of whom appear ambitiously intent upon securing an early recognition from the head of the mansion. The President, at the 'same instant of time,' assumes his station about four feet within the 'Blue Elliptical Saloon,' and facing the door which looks out upon the spacious front hall, but is separated from it, as before remarked, by a screen of Ionic columns. He is supported on the right and left by the Marshal of the District of Columbia and by one of the high officers of the Government. The Marine Band having been assigned their position at the eastern end of the hall, with all their fine instruments in full tune, 'at the same identical moment' strike up one of our most admired

'national airs;' and forthwith a current of life flows in at the wide-spread outer door of the palace, and glides with the smoothness of music through the spacious hall by the Ionic screen into the royal presence. Here (to drop for a moment my liquid figure) each and every individual is presented and received with a gentle shake of the hand, and is greeted with that 'smile eternal' which plays over the soft features of Mr. Van Buren, save when he calls to mind how confoundedly 'Old Tip' chased, caught, and licked Proctor and Tecumseh. Immediately after the introduction or recognition the current sets toward the 'East Room' and thus this stream of living men and women continues to flow and flow and flow, for about the space of three hours—the 'Democratic President' being the only orb around which all this pomp, pride, and parade revolve. To him all these lesser planets turn, 'as the sunflower turns' to the sun, and feel their colors brightened when a ray of favor or a 'royal smile' falls upon them."

[Facsimile] W. L. Marcy WILLIAM LEARNED MARCY was born at Sturbridge, Massachusetts, December 12th, 1786; was United States Senator from New York from December 5th, 1831, to July, 1832, when he resigned; was Governor of the State of New York, 1833-1839; was Secretary of War under President Polk, March 5th, 1845, to March 3d, 1849; was Secretary of State under President Pierce, March 7th, 1853, to March 4th, 1857, and died at Ballston Spa, New York, July 4th, 1857.

CHAPTER XVII. THE LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER CAMPAIGN.

The Presidential campaign of 1840 surpassed in excitement and intensity of feeling all which had preceded it, and in these respects it has not since been equaled. It having been sneeringly remarked by a Democratic writer that General Harrison lived in a log cabin and had better remain there, the Whigs adopted the log cabin as one of their emblems. Log cabins were raised everywhere for Whig headquarters, some of them of large size, and almost every voting precinct had its Tippecanoe Club with its choristers.

For the first time in our land the power of song was invoked to aid a Presidential candidate, and immense editions of log cabin song-books were sold. Many of these songs were parodies on familiar ballads. One of the best compositions, the authorship of which was ascribed to George P. Morris, the editor of the New York *Mirror*, was a parody on the Old Oaken Bucket. The first verse ran:

"Oh! dear to my soul are they days of our glory,
The time-honored days of our national pride;
When heroes and statesmen ennobled our story,
And boldly the foes of our country defied;
When victory hung o'er our flag, proudly waving,
And the battle was fought by the valiant and true
For our homes and our loved one, the enemies braving,
Oh! then stood the soldier of Tippecanoe—
The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted soldier
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe."

Mass conventions were held by the Whigs in the larger cities and in the central towns at the great West. They were attended by thousands, who came from the plow, the forge, the counter, and the desk, at a sacrifice of personal convenience and often at considerable expense, to give a hearty utterance to their deep-felt opposition to the party in power. Delegations to these conventions would often ride in carriages or on horseback twenty-five or thirty miles, camping out during the excursion. They carried banners, and often had a small log cabin mounted on wheels, in which was a barrel of hard cider, the beverage of the campaign. On the day of the convention, and before the speaking, there was always a procession, in which the delegations sang and cheered as they marched along, sometimes rolling balls on which were the names of the States, while the music of numerous bands aided in imparting enthusiasm.

The speaking was from a platform, over which floated the national flag, and on which were seated the invited guests, the local political magnates, the clergymen of the place, and generally a few Revolutionary soldiers, who were greeted with loud applause. The principal orators during the campaign were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, William C. Preston, Henry A. Wise, Thomas Corwin, Thomas Ewing, Richard W. Thompson, and scores of less noted names. General Harrison took the stump himself at several of the Western gatherings, and spoke for over an hour on each occasion. His demeanor was that of a well-bred, well-educated, venerable Virginia gentleman, destitute of humor and fond of quoting from the classic authors.

The favorite campaign document, of which hundreds of thousands were circulated through the mails under the franks of the Whig Congressmen, was the reply in the House of Representatives by Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, to an attack upon Harrison's military record made by Mr. Isaac E. Crary. A native of Connecticut, Mr. Crary had migrated to Michigan, and was the first and the only Representative from

that recently admitted State. Anxious to distinguish himself, he undertook to criticise the military career of General Harrison with great unfairness and partisan vigor. Mr. Corwin replied the next day in one of the most wonderful speeches ever delivered at Washington. For vigorous argument and genuine wit the speech has rarely been equaled. Those who heard it agree that his defense of Harrison was overwhelming and the annihilation of Crary complete. The House was convulsed with laughter at the richness and originality of the humor, and at times almost awed by the great dignity and profound arguments of the orator. The pages of history were ransacked for illustrations to sustain the speaker, and all were poured in rapid profusion upon the head of poor Crary, who sat amazed and stupefied at the storm he had provoked. As Corwin proceeded the members left their seats and clustered thickly about him, the reporters laid down their pens, and everybody gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the hour. As Mr. Corwin painted in mock heroic style the knowledge of military affairs which the lawyer member from Michigan had acquired from reading *Tidd's Practice* and *Espinasse's Nisi Prius*, studies so happily adapted to the art of war, the House fairly roared with delight.

He drew a mirth-provoking picture of Crary in his capacity of a militia brigadier at the head of his legion on parade day, with his "crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare and sickle hams—the steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear, and whose neck was clothed with thunder," and likened Crary to Alexander the Great with his war- horse, Bucephalus, at the head of his Macedonian phalanx.

He traced all the characteristic exploits of the assembled throng on those old-time mustering occasions. The wretched diversity in height and build of the marshaled hosts; the wild assortment of accoutrements, from the ancient battle-ax to the modern broom-stick, the trooping boys, the slovenly girls, the mock enthusiasm of the spectators, all were painted with a master's hand. Finally, after reciting Crary's deeds of valor and labor during the training day, Corwin left him and his exhausted troop at a corner grocery assuaging the fires of their souls with copious draughts of whisky drank from the shells of slaughtered watermelons. When Mr. Corwin came to give the history of General Harrison and defend his military record, he rose to the height of pure eloquence, and spoke with convincing force and unanswerable logic. The fate of Crary was sealed. Probably no such personal discomfiture was ever known from the effect of a single speech. He never recovered from the blow, and was known at home and abroad as "the late General Crary." Even at home the farmers and the boys, in watermelon season, would always offer him the fruit with sly jests and jeers and a joke at his military career; but his public life and usefulness were at an end.

In May, 1840, there was received at Washington the initial number of *The Log Cabin*, a campaign paper published at New York by Horace Greeley. It was printed at the office of the *New Yorker*, then edited by Mr. Greeley, on a thin super-royal sheet, and the price for twenty-eight weekly issues was fifty cents for a single copy— larger numbers much less. It contained a few illustrations bearing on the election, plans of General Harrison's battle-grounds, and campaign songs set to music.

Mr. Greeley's paper was recommended to leading Whigs at Washington by Thurlow Weed, and he obtained eighty thousand subscribers, the Whig Congressmen recommending the paper to their constituents. The *Log Cabin* was the foundation of the *Tribune*, and thenceforth until his death Mr. Greeley was well known at the National Capital. He was a man of intense convictions and indomitable industry, and he wielded an incisive, ready pen, which went straight to the point without circumlocution or needless use of words. Although he was a somewhat erratic champion of Fourierism, vegetarianism, temperance, anti-hanging, and abolition, there was a "method in his madness," and his heretical views were evidently the honest convictions of his heart. Often egotistical, dogmatic, and personal, no one could question his uprightness and thorough devotion to the noblest principles of progressive civilization. Inspired by that true philanthropy that loves all mankind equally and every one of his neighbors better than himself, he was often victimized by those whose stories he believed and to whom he loaned his hard-earned savings. The breath of slander did not sully his reputation, and he never engaged in lobbying at Washington for money, although friendship several times prompted him to advocate appropriations for questionable jobs—the renewal of patents which were monopolies, and the election of Public Printers who were notoriously corrupt.

Mr. Clay "sulked in his tent" until August, when he went to Nashville and addressed a Whig Convention. "Look," said he, in conclusion, "at the position of Tennessee and Kentucky. They stood side by side, their sons fought side by side, at New Orleans. Kentuckians and Tennesseans now fight another and a different kind of battle. But they are fighting now, as then, a band of mercenaries, the cohorts of power. They are fighting a band of office-holders, who call General Harrison a coward, an imbecile, an old woman!

"Yes, General Harrison is called a coward, but he fought more battles than any other General during the last war and never sustained a defeat. He is no statesman, and yet he has filled more civil offices of trust and importance than almost any other man in the Union."

A man in the crowd here cried out, "Tell us of Van Buren's battles!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Clay, "I will have to use my colleague's language and tell you of Mr. Van Buren's '*three* great battles!' He says, that he fought General Commerce and conquered him; that he fought General Currency and conquered him, and that, with his Cuban allies, he fought the Seminoles and got conquered!"

Mr. Kendall came to the aid of President Van Buren, and resigned the office of Postmaster-General that he might sustain the Administration with his powerful pen. He thus brought upon himself much malignant abuse, but in the many newspaper controversies in which he was engaged he never failed to vindicate himself and overwhelm his assailant with a clearness and vigor of argument and a power of style with which few pens could cope. He was not only assailed with the rudest violence of newspaper denunciation, but he was alluded to by Whig speakers in scornful terms, while caricaturists represented him as the Mephistopheles of the Van Buren Administration, and Log Cabin Clubs roared offensive campaign songs at midnight before his house, terrifying his children by the discharges of a small cannon. Defeat stared him in the face, but he never quailed, but faced the storm of attack in every direction, and zealously defended the Democratic banner.

The Whigs of Maine led off by electing Edward Kent Governor, and five of her eight Congressmen, including William Pitt Fessenden and Elisha H. Allen, who afterward, when Minister from the Sandwich Islands to the United States, fell dead at a New Year's reception at the White House. Delaware, Maryland, and Georgia soon afterward followed suit, electing Whig Congressmen and State officers. In October the Ohio Whigs elected Thomas Corwin Governor, by a majority of nearly twenty thousand over Wilson Shannon, and it was evident that the triumphant election of Harrison and Tyler was inevitable. In New York William H. Seward was re-elected Governor, but he ran over seven thousand votes behind General Harrison, owing to certain local issues.

For some months before the election the Democrats mysteriously intimated that at the last moment some powerful engine was to be put into operation against the Whig cause. Mr. Van Buren himself was reported as having assured an intimate friend, who condoled with him on his gloomy prospects, that he "had a card to play yet which neither party dreamed of." The Attorney-General and the District Attorneys of New York and Philadelphia were as mysterious as Delphic oracles, while other Federal officers in those cities were profound and significant in their head-shakings and winks in reference to disclosures which were to be made just before the Presidential election, and which were to blow the Whigs "sky high."

At last the magazine was exploded with due regard to dramatic effect. Carefully prepared statements, supported by affidavits, were simultaneously published in different parts of the country, showing that a man named Glentworth had been employed by some leading New York Whigs in 1838 to procure illegal votes from Philadelphia. The men were ostensibly engaged in laying pipe for the introduction of Croton water.

Messrs. Grinnell, Blatchford, Wetmore, Draper, and other leading New York Whigs implicated promptly published affidavits denying that they had ever employed Glentworth to supply New York with Whig voters from Philadelphia. It was proven, however, that he had received money and had taken some thirty Philadelphians to New York the day before the election. There was no evidence, however, that more than one of them had voted, and the only effect of the disclosure was to add the word "pipe-laying" to the political vocabulary.

The Whigs fought their battle to the end with confidence of success, and displayed an enthusiasm and harmony never witnessed in this country before or since. Commencing with the harmonious selection of General Harrison as their candidate, they enlisted Clay and Webster, his defeated rivals, in his support, and, having taken the lead, they kept it right through, really defeating the Democrats in advance of the campaign. The South were not satisfied with Mr. Van Buren's attitude on the admission of Texas, which stood knocking for admission at the door of the Union, and "the Northern man with Southern principles" was not the recipient of many Southern votes:

"Then hurrah for the field where the bald eagle flew,
In pride o'er the hero of Tippecanoe!"

[Facsimile] Tho. Corwin THOMAS CORWIN was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, July 29th, 1794; was a Representative in Congress from Ohio from December 5th, 1831, to 1840, when he resigned and was elected Governor of Ohio; was defeated for Governor of Ohio in 1842; was a Senator from Ohio from December 1st, 1845, to July 22d, 1850, when he resigned, having been appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Taylor, and served until March 3d, 1853; was again a Representative in Congress from Ohio, December 5th, 1859, to March 3d, 1861; was Minister to Mexico, March 22d, 1861, to September 1st, 1864; died suddenly at Washington City, December 18th, 1865.

CHAPTER XVIII. ENTER WHIGS—EXIT DEMOCRATS.

In 1840 many of the States voted for Presidential electors on different days, which rendered the contest more exciting as it approached its close. There was no telegraphic communication, and there were but few lines of railroad, so that it was some time after a large State had voted before its complete and correct returns could be received. At last all the back townships had been heard from and the exultant Whigs were certain that they had elected their candidates by a popular majority of over one hundred thousand! Twenty States had given Harrison and Tyler two hundred and thirty- four electoral votes, while Van Buren and Johnson had received but sixty electoral votes in six States. The log cabins were the scenes of great rejoicing over this unparalleled political victory, and the jubilant Whigs sang louder than before:

"Van, Van, Van is a used-up man."

General William Henry Harrison was by birth and education a Virginian. His father, Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the largest man in the old Congress of the Confederation, and when John Hancock was elected President of that body Harrison seized him and bore him in his arms to the chair. On reaching manhood William Henry Harrison migrated to Ohio, then the far West, and for forty years was prominently identified with the interests, the perils, and the hopes of that region. Universally beloved in the walks of peace, and somewhat distinguished by the ability with which he had discharged the duties of a succession of offices which he had filled, yet he won his greatest renown in military service. But he had never abjured the political doctrines of the Old Dominion, and his published letters and speeches during the Presidential campaign which resulted in his election showed that he was a believer in what the Virginians called a strict construction of financial questions, internal improvements, the veto-power, and the protection of negro slavery. His intellect was enriched with classical reminiscences, which he was fond of quoting in writing or in conversation. When he left his residence on the bank of the Ohio for the seat of Government he compared his progress to the return of Cicero to Rome, congratulated and cheered as he passed on by the victorious Cato and his admiring countrymen.

On General Harrison's arrival at Washington, on a stormy afternoon in February, 1841, he walked from the railroad station (then on Pennsylvania Avenue) to the City Hall. He was a tall, thin, careworn old gentleman, with a martial bearing, carrying his hat in his hand, and bowing his acknowledgments for the cheers with which he was greeted by the citizens who lined the sidewalks. On reaching the City Hall, the President-elect was formally addressed by the Mayor, Colonel W. W. Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, who supplemented his panegyric by a complimentary editorial article in his newspaper of the next morning.

Before coming East General Harrison visited Henry Clay, at Ashland, and tendered him the position of Secretary of State, which Mr. Clay promptly declined, saying that he had fully determined not to hold office under the new Administration, although he intended cordially to support it. General Harrison thanked Mr. Clay for his frankness, expressing deep regret that he could not accept the portfolio of the Department of State. He further said that if Mr. Clay had accepted this position it was his intention to offer the portfolio of the Treasury Department to Mr. Webster; but since Mr. Clay had declined a seat in the Cabinet, he should not offer one to Mr. Webster.

Mr. Clay objected to this conclusion, and remarked that while Mr. Webster was not peculiarly fitted for the control of the national finances, he was eminently qualified for the management of the foreign relations. Besides, the appointment of Mr. Webster as Secretary of State would inspire confidence in the Administration abroad, which would be highly important, considering the existing critical relations with Great Britain. General Harrison accepted the suggestion, and on his return to North Bend wrote to Mr. Webster, offering him the Department of State and asking his advice concerning the other members of the Cabinet. The "solid men of Boston," who had begun to entertain grave apprehensions of hostilities with Great Britain, urged Mr. Webster to accept, and pledged themselves to contribute liberally to his support.

No sooner was it intimated that Mr. Webster was to be the Premier of the incoming Administration than the Calhoun wing of the Democratic party denounced him as having countenanced the abolition of slavery, and when his letter resigning his seat in the Senate was read in that body, Senator Cuthbert, of Georgia, attacked him. The Georgian's declamation was delivered with clenched fist; he pounded his desk, gritted his teeth, and used profane language. Messrs. Clay, Preston, and other Senators defended Mr. Webster from the attack of the irate Georgian, and his friends had printed at Washington a large edition of a speech which he had made a few months before on the portico of the Capitol at Richmond before a vast assemblage. "Beneath the light of an October sun, I say," he then declared, "there is no power, directly or indirectly, in Congress or the General Government, to interfere in the slightest degree with the institutions of the South."

General Harrison, to quiet the cry of "Abolitionist," which had been raised against him as well as Mr. Webster, made a visit to Richmond prior to his inauguration, during which he availed himself of every possible occasion to assert his devotion to the rights, privileges, and prejudices of the South concerning the existence of slavery. On his return he took a daily ride on the picturesque banks of Rock Creek, rehearsing portions of his inaugural address.

The portfolio of the Treasury Department was given to Thomas Ewing, of Ohio (familiarly known from his early avocation as "the Salt Boiler of the Kanawha") who was physically and intellectually a great man. He was of medium height, very portly, his ruddy complexion setting off his bright, laughing eyes to the best advantage. On "the stump" he had but few equals, as in simple language and without apparent oratorical effort he breathed his own spirit into vast audiences, and swayed them with resistless power. He resided in a house built by Count de Menou, one of the French Legations, and his daughter Ellen, now the wife of General Sherman, attended school at the academy attached to the Convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, in Georgetown.

The coming Secretary of War was John Bell, of Tennessee, a courtly Jackson Democrat in years past, who had preferred to support Hugh L. White rather than Martin Van Buren, and had thus drifted into the Whig ranks. He had served as a Representative in Congress since 1827, officiating during one term as Speaker, and he was personally very popular.

For Secretary of the Navy George E. Badger, of North Carolina, was selected. He had been graduated from Yale College, but had never held other than local offices. His sailor-like figure and facetious physiognomy were very appropriate for the position, and he soon became a decided favorite at the Washington "messes," where he was always ready to contribute freely from his fund of anecdotes.

Francis Granger, of New York, who was to be Postmaster-General, was also a graduate of Yale College. He had been a member of the New York State Legislature and of Congress, and the unsuccessful Whig candidate for Vice-President in 1836. He was a genial, rosy- faced gentleman, whose "silver gray" hair afterward gave its name to the party in New York which recognized him as its leader.

The Attorney-General was J. J. Crittenden, a Kentuckian, whose intellectual vigor, integrity of character, and legal ability had secured for him a nomination to the bench of the Supreme Court by President Adams, which, however, the Democratic Senate failed to confirm. Kept in the shade by Henry Clay, he became somewhat crabbed, but his was one of the noblest intellects of his generation. His persuasive eloquence, his sound judgment, his knowledge of the law, his lucid manner of stating facts, and his complete grasp of every case which he examined had made him a power in the Senate and in the Supreme Court, as he was destined to be in the Cabinet.

The inaugural message had been prepared by General Harrison in Ohio, and he brought it with him to Washington, written in his large hand on one side of sheets of foolscap paper. When it was submitted to Mr. Webster, he respectfully suggested the propriety of abridging it, and of striking from it some of the many classical allusions and quotations with which it abounded. He found, however, that General Harrison was not disposed to receive advice, and that he was reluctant to part with any evidence of his classic scholarship. Colonel Seaton used to relate with great gusto how Mr. Webster once came late to a dinner party at his house, and said, as he entered the dining-room, when the soup was being served: "Excuse my tardiness, but I have been able to dispose of two Roman Emperors and a pro-Consul, which should be a sufficient excuse."

General Harrison was inaugurated on Thursday, March 4th, 1841. The city had filled up during the preceding night, and the roar of the morning salutes was echoed by the bands of the military as they marched to take their designated places. The sun was obscured, but the weather was mild, and the streets were perfectly dry. At ten o'clock a procession was formed, which escorted the President- elect from his temporary residence, by way of Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Capitol. No regular troops were on parade, but the uniformed militia of the District of Columbia, reinforced by others from Philadelphia and Baltimore, performed escort duty in a very creditable manner. A carriage presented by the Whigs of Baltimore, and drawn by four horses, had been provided for the President-elect, but he preferred to ride on horseback, as the Roman Emperors were wont to pass along the Appian Way. The old hero made a fine appearance, mounted, as he was, on a spirited white charger. At his right, slightly in the rear, rode Major Hurst, who had been his aid-de- camp at the Battle of the Thames; at his left, in a similar position, rode Colonel Todd, another aid-de-camp at the same battle. An escort of assistant marshals, finely mounted, followed. Although the weather was chilly, the General refused to wear an overcoat, and he rode with his hat in his hand, gracefully bowing acknowledgments of cheers from the multitudes on the sidewalks, and of the waving of white handkerchiefs by ladies at the windows on either side.

Behind the President-elect came Tippecanoe Clubs and other political associations, with music, banners, and badges. The Club from Prince George County, Maryland, had in its ranks a large platform

on wheels, drawn by six white horses, on which was a power-loom from the Laurel Factory, with operatives at work. Several of the clubs drew large log cabins on wheels, decked with suitable inscriptions, cider-barrels, 'coonskins, and other frontier articles. A feature of the procession was the students of the Jesuits' College at Georgetown, who appeared in uniform, headed by their faculty, and carrying a beautiful banner.

An immense crowd had gathered at the Capitol, and at ten o'clock ladies who had tickets were admitted into the gallery of the Senate Chamber, and were provided with comfortable seats. The east door leading to the Senate gallery was soon opened, when at least five thousand persons rushed to that point. Less than a thousand were enabled to reach the seats provided. Soon after the galleries were filled, the foreign Ambassadors, wearing the court dresses and insignia, were introduced on the floor. The members of the Senate took their seats, after which the Senate was called to order by the Clerk, and Senator King was chosen President *pro tem*. The newly elected Senators were sworn, Vice-President Tyler, of Virginia, entered arm-in-arm with ex-Vice-President Johnson, and after the oath of office had been administered to him he took the chair and called the Senate to order.

The President-elect was then ushered into the Senate Chamber by the Committee, of which Mr. Preston was chairman. The Judges of the Supreme Court, wearing their black silk robes, had taken their seats in front, below the Speaker's chair. The President-elect shook hands cordially with a number of the Senators and Judges, and appeared much younger than many who were his juniors in years.

At half-past twelve o'clock the signal was given, and the officers in the Senate Chamber formed in procession and proceeded to the eastern front of the Capitol, where there was a platform some fifteen feet high and large enough to accommodate an immense crowd. The President-elect took his seat in front, Chief Justice Taney and his associates by his side, the Senators and Ambassadors on the left, and the ladies at the sides. The large area below was filled with an immense multitude of probably not less than from forty to fifty thousand persons. General Harrison, as "the observed of all observers," was greeted with prolonged cheers when he rose to deliver his address. When the uproar had subsided he advanced to the front of the platform, and there was a profound stillness as he read, in a loud and clear voice, his inaugural address. He stood bare-headed, without overcoat or gloves, facing the cold northeast wind, while those seated on the platform around him, although warmly wrapped, suffered from the piercing blasts. All were astonished at the power and compass of his voice. He spoke until two P. M.—one and a half hours—with a clearness that was truly surprising. So distinctly were his words heard that he was cheered at the closing of every sentiment, particularly where he said that he would carry out the pledge that he had made, that under no circumstances would he run for another term. Just before the close of the inaugural he turned to Chief Justice Taney, who held the Bible, and in a clear and distinct voice repeated the oath required. It was a singular fact that when the President took the oath this multitude of spectators before him spontaneously uncovered their heads, while the pealing cannon announced to the country that it had a new Chief Magistrate. As soon as the ceremony was over the immense concourse turned their faces from the Capitol, and filed down the various walks to Pennsylvania Avenue. The procession formed anew and marched to the White House, cheered as it passed by the waiting crowds.

Entering the White House, President Harrison took his station in the reception-room, and the multitude entered the front portal, passed through the vestibule into the reception-room, where they had an opportunity to shake hands with the President, then passed down the rear steps and out through the garden. At night there were three inauguration balls, the prices of admission suiting different pockets. At one, where the tickets were ten dollars for gentlemen, the ladies being invited guests, there was a representation from almost every State in the Union. President Harrison, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, remained over an hour, and was attended by several members of his Cabinet. Mr. Webster was in excellent spirits, and chatted familiarly with Mr. Clay at the punch-bowl, where libations were drunk to the success of the new Administration.

Thus the new Administration was inaugurated. The Democrats surrendered the power which they had so despotically wielded for twelve years, and their opponents, consolidated under the Whig banner, took the reins of government. Passing over Webster and Clay, their recognized leaders, they had elected Harrison as a more available candidate, he having been a gallant soldier and having but few enemies. For Vice-President they had elected John Tyler, for the sole reason that his Democratic affiliations would secure the electoral vote of Virginia.

[Facsimile] Wm H Harrison WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was born in Charles County, Virginia, February 9th, 1773; was Delegate in Congress from the Northwest Territory, December 2d, 1790, to March, 1800; was Governor of Indiana, 1801- 1813; was a Representative in Congress from Ohio, December 2d, 1816, to March 3d, 1819; was United States Senator, December 5th, 1825, to May 20th, 1828; was Minister to Colombia, May 24th, 1828, to September 26th, 1829; became President of the United States, March 4th, 1841, and died in Washington City, April 4th, 1841.

CHAPTER XIX. HARRISON'S ONE MONTH OF POWER.

Government officials at Washington, nearly all of whom had received their positions as rewards for political services, and many of whom had displaced worthy men whose only fault was that they belonged to a different party, were somewhat encouraged by the declarations of President Harrison touching the position of office-holders. It was known from a speech of his at Baltimore, prior to his inauguration, that he intended to protect the right of individual opinion from official interference, and in a few days after he became President his celebrated civil-service circular was issued by Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State. It was addressed to the heads of the Executive Departments, and it commenced thus:

"SIR:—The President is of the opinion that it is a great abuse to bring the patronage of the General Government into conflict with the freedom of elections; and that this abuse ought to be corrected wherever it may have been permitted to exist, and to be prevented for the future."

It would have been fortunate for the country if these views of President Harrison, so clearly stated by Daniel Webster in this circular, could have been honestly carried out; but the horde of hungry politicians that had congregated at Washington, with racoon- tails in their hats and packages of recommendations in their pockets, clamored for the wholesale action of the political guillotine, that they might fill the vacancies thereby created. Whigs and Federalists, National Republicans and strict constructionists, bank and anti- bank men had coalesced under the motto of "Union of the Whigs for the Whigs for the sake of the Union," but they had really united "for the sake of office." The Administration found itself forced to make removals that places might be found for this hungry horde, and to disregard its high position on civil service. Virginia was especially clamorous for places, and Vice-President Tyler became the champion of hundreds who belonged to the first families, but who were impecunious.

Direct conflict soon arose between the President and his Cabinet, he asserting his right to make appointments and removals, while they took the ground that it was simply his duty to take such action as they chose to dictate. The Cabinet were sustained by the opinion of Attorney-General John C. Crittenden, and they also under his advice claimed the right to review the President's nominations before they were sent to the Senate. To the President, who had as Governor and as General been in the habit of exercising autocratic command, these attempts to hamper his action were very annoying, and at times he "kicked over the traces."

One day, after a rather stormy Cabinet meeting, Mr. Webster asked the President to appoint one of his political supporters, General James Wilson, of New Hampshire, Governor of the Territory of Iowa. President Harrison replied that it would give him pleasure to do so had he not promised the place to Colonel John Chambers, of Kentucky, his former aid-de-camp, who had been acting as his private secretary. The next day Colonel Chambers had occasion to visit the Department of State, and Mr. Webster asked him if the President had offered to appoint him Governor of Iowa. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, sir," said Mr. Webster with sour sternness, a cloud gathering on his massive brow, while his unfathomable eyes glowed with anger, "you must not take that position, for I have promised it to my friend, General Wilson." Colonel Chambers, who had been a member of Congress, and was older than Mr. Webster, was not intimidated, but replied, "Mr. Webster, I shall accept the place, and I tell you, sir, not to undertake to dragoon me!" He then left the room, and not long afterward Mr. Webster received from the President a peremptory order to commission John Chambers, of Kentucky, as Governor of the Territory of Iowa, which was complied with.

Mr. Clay undertook to insist upon some removals, that personal friends of his might be appointed to the offices thus vacated, and he used such dictatorial language that after he had left the White House President Harrison wrote him a formal note, requesting that he would make any further suggestions he might desire to submit in writing. Mr. Clay was very much annoyed, and Mr. King, of Alabama, making some remarks in the Senate soon afterward which might be construed as personally offensive, the great Commoner opened his batteries upon him, saying in conclusion that the assertions of the Senator from Alabama were "false, untrue, and cowardly."

Mr. King immediately rose and left the Senate Chamber. Mr. Levin, of Missouri, was called out, and soon returned, bringing a note, which he handed to Mr. Clay, who read it, and then handed it to Mr. Archer. Messrs. Levin and Archer immediately engaged in an earnest conversation, and it was soon known that a challenge had passed, and they as seconds were endeavoring amicably to arrange the affair. After four days of negotiation, Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, and other Senators, acting as mediators, the affair was honorably adjusted. Mr. King withdrew his challenge, Mr. Clay declared every epithet derogatory to the honor of the Senator from Alabama to be withdrawn, and Mr. Preston expressed his satisfaction at the happy termination of the misunderstanding between the Senators. While Mr. Preston was speaking Mr. Clay rose, walked to the opposite side of the Senate Chamber, and stopping in front of the desk of the Senator from Alabama, said, in a pleasant tone, "King, give us a

pinch of your snuff?" Mr. King, springing to his feet, held out his hand, which was grasped by Mr. Clay and cordially shaken, the Senators and spectators applauding the pacific demonstration.

The leading Washington correspondent at that time was Dr. Francis Bacon, brother of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, Connecticut. He wrote for the New York *American*, then edited by Charles King, signing his articles R. M. T. H.—Regular Member Third House. Dr. Bacon wielded a powerful pen, and when he chose so to do could condense a column of denunciation, satire, and sarcasm in to a single paragraph. He was a fine scholar, fearless censor, and terse writer, giving his many readers a clear idea of what was transpiring at the Federal metropolis.

A new-comer among the correspondents during the Harrison Administration was Mr. Nathan Sargent, whose correspondence to the Philadelphia *United States Gazette*, over the signature of "Oliver Oldschool," soon became noted. His carefully written letters gave a continuous narrative of important events as they occurred, and he was one who aided in making the Whig party, like the Federal party, which had preceded it, eminently respectable.

Washington correspondents, up to this time, had been the mediums through which a large portion of the citizens of the United States obtained their information concerning national affairs. The only reports of the debates in Congress appeared in the Washington newspapers often several weeks after their delivery. James Gordon Bennett, who had then become proprietor of the New York *Herald*, after publishing President Harrison's call for an extra session of Congress in advance of his contemporaries, determined to have the proceedings and debates reported for and promptly published in his own columns. To superintend the reporting, he engaged Robert Sutton, who organized a corps of phonographers, which was the nucleus of the present able body of official reporters of the debates. Sutton was a short, stout, pragmatical Englishman, whose desire to obtain extra allowances prompted him to revise, correct, and polish up reports which should have been verbatim, and thus to take the initiative in depriving official reports of debates of a large share of their value. Since then, Senators and Representatives address their constituents through the reports, instead of debating questions among themselves.

The diplomatic representative of Great Britain, during the greater part of the Jackson Administration, was the Right Honorable Charles Richard Vaughan, who was a great favorite among Congressmen and citizens at Washington, many of whom were his guests at the Decatur Mansion, then the British Legation. He was a well-educated and well-informed gentleman, with the courteous manners of the old school. When recalled after ten years' service at Washington, he was a jovial bachelor of fifty, fond of old Madeira wine and a quiet rubber of whist.

A good story is told of General Roger Weightman, when Mayor of the city, who sent by mistake an invitation to Sir Charles Vaughan to attend a Fourth-of-July dinner, at which speeches were invariably made abusive of the British and their Vandalism in the recent war. Sir Charles, who was a finished diplomat, might have construed the invitation into an insult, but he wrote a very polite response, saying that he thought he should be "indisposed" on the Fourth of July.

Russia was then represented by the Baron de Krudener, who resided in a large house built by Thomas Swann, a wealthy Baltimorean. Amicable relations with "our ancient ally," France, had been interrupted by the brusque demand of General Jackson for the payment of the indemnity. Monsieur Serruvier was recalled, leaving the Legation in charge of Alphonso Pageot, the Secretary. He also was recalled, but after the Jackson Administration was sent back as Chargè.

It was expected that the session of the Twenty-sixth Congress, which terminated on the day of the inauguration of General Harrison, would have been followed by a duel between Mr. Edward Stanley, of North Carolina, and Mr. Francis W. Pickens, of South Carolina. Mr. Stanley had been criticised in debate by Mr. Pickens, and he retorted mercilessly. "The gentleman," said he, "compares my speech to the attempt of a 'savage shooting at the sun.' It may be so, sir. But the Committee will remember that in the remarks I made I did not address myself to the gentleman who has so unnecessarily interposed in this debate. And why did I not, sir? Not because I thought I should be as powerless as he describes me, but because I had seen him so often so unmercifully kicked and cuffed and knocked about, so often run over on this floor, that I thought he was beneath my notice, and utterly insignificant. Sir, the gentleman says he is reminded by my speech of the 'nursery rhyme,'

'Who shot Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I shot Cock Robin."'

Well, sir, I am willing to be the sparrow for this cock robin, this chivalrous gentleman; and let me tell the gentleman, if he will not deem me vain, I feel fully able, with my bow and arrow, to run through a

'cowpen full' of such cock robins as he is. In conclusion, I have only to say, sir, to the gentleman from South Carolina, that though my arm may be 'pigmy,' though I may be but a sparrow in the estimation of one 'born insensible to fear,' I am able, sir, anywhere, as a sparrow from North Carolina, to put down a dozen such cock robins as he is. 'Come one, come all,' ye South Carolina cock robins, if you dare; I am ready for you." Mr. Pickens wrote a challenge, but friends interposed, and the difficulty was honorably arranged.

When Mr. Webster became Secretary of State, under President Harrison, his friends in Boston and New York raised a purse to enable him to purchase the Swann House, facing Lafayette Square. Mr. Webster preferred, however, to purchase land at Marshfield, and after he had occupied the house during the negotiations of the Ashburton Treaty, the property passed into the hands of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, who has since resided there.

Mr. Webster was his own purveyor, and was a regular attendant at the Marsh Market on market mornings. He almost invariably wore a large, broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, with his favorite blue coat and bright buttons, a buff cassimere waistcoat, and black trousers. Going from stall to stall, followed by a servant bearing a large basket in which purchases were carried home, he would joke with the butchers, fish-mongers, and green-grocers with a grave drollery of which his biographers, in their anxiety to deify him, have made no mention. He always liked to have a friend of two at his dinner- table, and in inviting them, *sans ceremonie*, he would say, in his deep, cheery voice, "Come and dine with me to-morrow. I purchased a noble saddle of Valley of Virginia mutton in market last week, and I think you will enjoy it." Or, "I received some fine cod-fish from Boston to-day, sir; will you dine with me at five o'clock and taste them?" Or, "I found a famous possum in market this morning, sir, and left orders with Monica, my cook, to have it baked in the real old Virginia style, with stuffing of chestnuts and surrounded by baked sweet potatoes. It will be a dish fit for the gods. Come and taste it."

President Harrison, who was an early riser, used to go to market, and he invariably refused to wear an overcoat, although the spring was cold and stormy. One morning, having gone to the market thus thinly attired, he was overtaken by a slight shower and got wet, but refused to change his clothes. The following day he felt symptoms of indisposition, which were followed by pneumonia. At his Ohio home he had lived plainly and enjoyed sleep, but at Washington he had, while rising early, rarely retired before one o'clock in the morning, and his physical powers, enfeebled by age, had been overtaxed. At the same time, the President's mental powers had undergone a severe strain, as was evident when he became somewhat delirious. Sometimes he would say, "My dear madam, I did not direct that your husband should be turned out. I did not know it. I tried to prevent it." On other occasions he would say, in broken sentences, "It is wrong—I won't consent—'tis unjust!" "These applications—will they never cease!" The last time that he spoke was about three hours before his death, when his physicians and attendants were standing over him. Clearing his throat, as if desiring to speak audibly, and as though he fancied himself addressing his successor, or some official associate in the Government, he said: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

"One little month" after President Harrison's inauguration multitudes again assembled to attend his funeral. Minute-guns were fired during the day, flags were displayed at half staff, and Washington was crowded with strangers at an early hour. The buildings of either side of Pennsylvania Avenue, with scarcely an exception, and many houses on the contiguous streets, were hung with festoons and streamers of black. Almost every private dwelling had crape upon its door, and many of the very humblest abodes displayed some spontaneous signal of the general sorrow. The stores and places of business, even such as were too frequently seen open on the Sabbath, were all closed.

Funeral services were performed in the Executive Mansion, which, for the first time, was shrouded in mourning. The coffin rested on a temporary catafalque in the centre of the East Room. It was covered with black velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and over it was thrown a velvet pall with a deep golden fringe. On this lay the sword of Justice and the sword of State, surmounted by the scroll of the Constitution, bound together by a funeral wreath, formed of the yew and the cypress. Around the coffin stood in a circle the new President, John Tyler, the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, Secretary Webster, and the other members of the Cabinet. The next circle contained the Diplomatic Corps, in their richly decorated court-suits, with a number of members of both houses of Congress, and the relatives of the deceased President. Beyond this circle a vast assemblage of ladies and gentlemen filled up the room. Silence, deep and undisturbed, even by a whisper, prevailed. When, at the appointed hour, the officiating clergyman said, "I am the resurrection and the life," the entire audience rose, and joined in the burial service of the Episcopalian Church.

After the services the coffin was carried to a large funeral car drawn by six white horses, each having at its head a black groom dressed in white, with white turban and sash. Outside of the grooms walked the pall-bearers, dressed in black, with black scarves. The contrast made by this slowly moving body of

white and black, so opposite to the strong colors of the military around it, struck the eye even from the greatest distance.

The funeral procession, with its military escort, was two miles in length, and eclipsed the inauguration pageant which had so recently preceded it. The remains were escorted to the Congressional Burying- Ground, where they were temporarily deposited in the receiving- vault, to be taken subsequently to the banks of the Ohio, and there placed in an unmarked and neglected grave. The troops present all fired their volleys in such a ludicrously straggling manner as to recall the dying request of Robert Burns that the awkward squad might not fire over his grave. Then the drums and fifes struck up merry strains, the military marched away, and only the scene of the public bereavement remained.

[Facsimile] T. Ewing THOMAS EWING was born near West Liberty, Virginia, December 28th, 1779; was United States Senator from Ohio, December 5th, 1831, to March 3d, 1837; was Secretary of the Treasury under President Harrison, March 5th, 1841, to September 13th, 1841; was Secretary of the Interior under President Taylor, March 7th, 1849, to July 25th, 1850; was again Senator from Ohio, July 27th, 1850, to March 3d, 1851, and died at Lancaster, Ohio, October 26th, 1871.

CHAPTER XX. THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING.

John Tyler, having found that his position as Vice-President gave him no voice in the distribution of patronage, had retired in disgust to his estate in Prince William County, Virginia, when Mr. Fletcher Webster brought him a notification, from the Secretary of State, to hasten to Washington to assume the duties of the President. Mr. Webster reached Richmond on Sunday—the day following General Harrison's death—chartered a steamboat, and arrived at Mr. Tyler's residence on Monday at daybreak. Soon afterward, Mr. Tyler, accompanied by his two sons, left with Mr. Webster, and arrived at Washington early Tuesday morning.

The Cabinet had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Tyler should be officially styled, "Vice-President of the United States, acting President," but he very promptly determined that he would enjoy all of the dignities and honors of the office which he had inherited under the Constitution. Chief Justice Taney was then absent, so Mr. Tyler summoned Chief Justice Cranch, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, to his parlor at Brown's Indian Queen Hotel, and took the oath of office administered to previous Presidents. The Cabinet officers were soon made to understand that he was Chief Magistrate of the Republic, and the Whig magnates began to fear that their lease of power would soon terminate. In conversation with Mr. Nathan Sargent, a prominent Whig correspondent, soon after his arrival, Mr. Tyler significantly remarked: "If the Democrats and myself ever come together, they must come to me; I shall never go to them." This showed that he regarded his connection with the Whigs as precarious.

The extra session of Congress, which had been convened by General Harrison before his death, was not acceptable to his successor, who saw that its legislation would be inspired and controlled by Henry Clay. When the two houses were organized, he sent them a brief message, in which the national bank question was dexterously handled, "with the caution and ambiguity of a Talleyrand." Mr. Clay lost no time in presenting his programme for Congressional action; and in a few days its first feature, the repeal of the sub- Treasury Act, was enacted. That night a thousand or more of the jubilant Washington Whigs marched in procession from Capitol Hill to the White House, with torches, music, transparencies, and fireworks, escorting a catafalque on which was a coffin labeled, "The sub-Treasury." As the procession moved slowly along Pennsylvania Avenue, bonfires were kindled at the intersecting streets, many houses were illuminated, and there was general rejoicing. On the arrival of the procession at the Executive Mansion, President Tyler came out and made a few remarks, while Mr. Webster and the other members of the Cabinet bowed their thanks for the cheers given them. The hilarious crowd of mock-mourners then repaired to the house of Mrs. Brown, at the corner of Seventh and D Streets, where Mr. Clay boarded, and received his grateful acknowledgments for the demonstration. The next measure on Mr. Clay's programme, the bill for the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States, was also promptly enacted and as promptly approved by the President. Next came the National Bankrupt Act, which was stoutly opposed by the Democrats, but it finally passed, and was approved by Mr. Tyler.

When Congress enacted a bill creating a National Bank, however, and sent it to the President for his approval, he returned it with his veto. This created much discontent among the Whigs, while the Democrats were so rejoiced that a considerable number of their Congressmen called at the Executive Mansion. The President received them cordially, and treated them to champagne, in which toasts were drunk not very complimentary to the Whig party, or to its leader, Mr. Clay. The Kentucky Senator soon saw that it was of no use to temporize with his vacillating chieftain, who evidently desired to become his own successor, so he determined to force the Administration into a hostile attitude toward the

Whigs, while he himself should step to the front as their recognized leader. Haughty and imperious, Mr. Clay was nevertheless so fascinating in his manner when he chose to be that he held unlimited control over nearly every member of the party. He remembered, too, that Tyler had been nominated for Vice-President in pursuance of a bargain made by Clay's own friends in the Legislature of Virginia, where they had joined the Van Buren members in electing Mr. Rives to the Senate. This bargain Mr. Clay had hoped would secure for him the support of the State of Virginia in the nominating convention, and although Harrison received the nomination for President, Clay's friends were none the less responsible for the nomination of Tyler as Vice-President. He was consequently very angry when he learned what had taken place at the White House, and he availed himself of the first opportunity to speak of the scene in the Senate, portraying the principal personages present with adroit sarcasm.

Some of his descriptions were life-like, especially that of Mr. Calhoun, "tall, careworn, with fevered brow, haggard cheek, and eye intensely gazing, looking as if he were dissecting the last and newest abstraction which sprung from some metaphysician's brain, and muttering to himself, in half uttered words, 'This is indeed a crisis!'" The best word-portrait, however, was that of Senator Buchanan, whose manner and voice were humorously imitated while he was described as presenting his Democratic associates to the President. Mr. Buchanan pleasantly retorted, describing in turn a caucus of disappointed Whig Congressmen, who discussed whether it would be best to make open war upon "Captain Tyler," or to resort to strategem, and, in the elegant language of Mr. Botts, "head him, or die."

The mission to Great Britain had been tendered by President Harrison to John Sargent, a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, who had been the candidate for Vice-President on the unsuccessful Whig ticket headed by Henry Clay in 1836. Mr. Sargent having declined, President Harrison appointed Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, who accepted and his name came before the Senate for confirmation. Mr. Everett was among the most conservative of New England politicians, but he had once, in reply to inquiries from Abolitionists, expressed the opinion that Congress had power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. When the nomination came before the Senate, it was opposed by Mr. Buchanan and Mr. King, of Alabama, and advocated by Mr. Choate and Henry Clay. Mr. King, who would have received the appointment had Mr. Everett's rejection created a vacancy, concluded a bitter speech by saying that if Mr. Everett, holding views in opposition to the South, was confirmed, the Union would be dissolved! Mr. Clay sprang to his feet, and pointing his long arm and index finger at Mr. King, said: "And I tell you, Mr. President, that if a gentleman so pre-eminently qualified for the position of Minister should be rejected by the Senate, and for the reason given by the Senator from Alabama, this Union is dissolved already."

The nomination of Mr. Everett was confirmed by a vote of twenty- three to nineteen. Every Democrat who voted, and two Southern Whigs, voted against him, and several Northern Democrats dodged, among them Pierce, of New Hampshire, Williams, of Maine, and Wright, of New York. The Southern Whigs who stood their ground for Mr. Everett were Clay, Morehead, Berrien, Clayton, Mangum, Merrick, Graham, and Rives.

A second fiscal agent bill was prepared in accordance with the President's expressed views, and he said to Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, then a Representative from Virginia, holding him by the hand: "Stuart, if you can be instrumental in getting this bill through Congress, I shall esteem you as the best friend I have on earth." An attempt was made in the Senate to amend it, which Mr. Choate, who was regarded as the mouth-piece of Daniel Webster, opposed. Mr. Clay endeavored to make him admit that some member of the Administration had inspired him to assert that if the bill was amended it would be vetoed, but Mr. Choate had examined too many witnesses to be forced into any admission that he did not choose to make. Persisting in his demand, Mr. Clay's manner and language became offensive. "Sir," said Mr. Choate, "I insist on my right to explain what I did say in my own words."

"But I want a direct answer," exclaimed Mr. Clay. "Mr. President," said Mr. Choate, "the gentleman will have to take my answer as I choose to give it to him." Here the two Senators were called to order, and both of them were requested to take their seats. The next day Mr. Clay made an explanation, which was satisfactory to Mr. Choate.

This second bank or fiscal agent bill was passed by Congress without the change of a word or a letter, yet the President vetoed it. When the veto message was received in the Senate there were some hisses in the gallery, which brought Mr. Benton to his feet. Expressing his indignation, he asked that the "ruffians" be taken into custody, and one of those who had hissed was arrested, but, on penitently expressing his regret, he was discharged. Tyler's Cabinet first learned that he intended to veto this bank bill through the columns of a New York paper, and such was their indignation that all, with the exception of Mr. Webster, resigned. Mr. Ewing, who had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Harrison, and who had been continued in office by Mr. Tyler, published his letter of resignation, which gave all the facts in the case. The Whig Senators and Representatives immediately met in caucus and adopted an address to the people. It was written by Mr. John P. Kennedy, of

Maryland, and it set forth in temperate language the differences between them and the President, his equivocations and tergiversations, and in conclusion they repudiated the Administration.

Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, then serving his fourth term in the House, espoused the cause of President Tyler, and boldly opposed the intolerant action of his Whig associates. Years afterward Franklin Pierce told his most intimate friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, that Caleb Cushing had such mental variety and activity that he could not, if left to himself, keep hold of one view of things, but needed the influence of a more stable judgment to keep him from divergency. His fickleness was intellectual, not moral. Mr. Cushing was at that time forty-one years of age, of medium height, with intellectual features, quick-glancing dark eyes, and an unmusical voice. He spoke with ease and fluency, but his speeches read better than they sounded. His knowledge was vast and various, and his style, tempered by foreign travel, was classical. He had mastered history, politics, law, jurisprudence, moral science, and almost every other branch of knowledge, which enabled him to display an erudition as marvelous in amount as it was varied in kind.

The Southern Representatives, who had regarded Mr. Cushing with some apprehension as a possible leader of the coming struggle for the abolition of slavery, were well pleased when they saw him breaking away from his Northern friends. When an attempt was made to depose John Quincy Adams from the Chairmanship of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, because he had stood up manfully for the right of petition, the irate ex-President asserted in the House that the position had been offered to Mr. Cushing, who was also a member. This Mr. Cushing denied, but Mr. Adams, his bald head turning scarlet, exclaimed: "I had the information from the gentleman himself."

In this debate, Mr. Adams went to some length into the history of his past life, his intercourse and friendship with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, during their successive Presidential terms. He spoke of their confidence in himself, as manifested by the various important offices conferred upon him, alluding to important historical facts in this connection. He knew that they all abhorred slavery, and he could prove it, if it were desired, from the testimony of Jefferson, Madison, and Washington themselves. There was not an Abolitionist of the wildest character, the ex- President affirmed, but might find in the writings of Jefferson, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, and during his whole life, down to its very last year, a justification for everything their party says on the subject of slavery, and a description of the horrors of slavery greater then they had power to express.

Henry A. Wise had been Mr. Clay's instrument in securing the nomination of Mr. Tyler as Vice-President, and was the most influential adviser at the White House. He was then in the prime of his early manhood, tall, spare, and upright, with large, lustreless, gray-blue eyes, high cheek bones, a large mouth, a complexion saffron-hued, from his inordinate use of tobacco, and coarse, long hair, brushed back from his low forehead. He was brilliant in conversation, and when he addressed an audience he was the incarnation of effective eloquence. No one has ever poured forth in the Capitol of the United States such torrents of words, such erratic flights of fancy, such blasting insinuations, such solemn prayers, such blasphemous imprecations. Like Jeremiah of old, he felt the dark shadow of coming events; and he regarded the Yankees as the inevitable foes of the old Commonwealth of Virginia. He had hoped that the caucus of Whig Representatives, at the commencement of the session, would have nominated him for Speaker. But John White, of Kentucky, had received the nomination, Mr. Clay having urged his friends to vote for him, and Mr. Wise, goaded on by disappointed ambition, sought revenge by endeavoring to destroy the Whig party. He hoped to build on its ruins a new political organization composed of Whigs and of such Democrats as might be induced to enlist under the Tyler banner by a lavish distribution of the "loaves and fishes." President Tyler's vanity made it easy to secure him as a figure-head, and it was an easy task to array him in direct opposition to the Clay Whigs, when John M. Botts wrote an insulting letter, in which he recommended his political associates to "head Captain Tyler, or die."

As the close of the extra session approached, the breach between President Tyler and the Whig party was widened, and those who had elected him saw their hopes blasted, and the labors of the campaign lost, by his ambitious perfidy. Nearly all of his nominations for office were promptly rejected, and those who for place had espoused his cause found themselves disappointed. A few days before the final adjournment, it was announced that Senator Bagby, of Alabama, would the next afternoon expose the shortcomings of the Whig party. He was a type of the old-school Virginia lawyers, who had removed to the Gulf States, and there acquired political position and fortune. He was a large man, with a bald head, a strong voice, and a watch-seal dangling from his waistband.

The "Corporal's Guard" who sustained Mr. Tyler were all on hand and prominently seated to hear him abuse the Whigs, and they evidently had great expectations that he might eulogize the President. Upshur, Cushing, Wise, Gilmer, with the President's sons, Robert and John, were on the floor of the Senate, and they were evidently delighted as the eloquent Alabamian handled the Whig party without gloves. He undertook to show that they were for and against a National Bank, in favor of and opposed

to a tariff, pro-slavery and anti-slavery, according to their location, but all united by a desire to secure the Federal offices.

Proceeding in a strain of fervid eloquence, he all at once turned to Senator Smith, of Indiana, who was sitting in front of him, and asked, in stentorian tones: "Why don't you Whigs keep your promises to the American people? I pause for an answer!" Mr. Smith promptly replied: "Because *your* President won't let us." Mr. Bagby stood still for a moment and then contemptuously exclaimed: "*Our* President! OUR President! Do you think that we would go to the most corrupt party that was ever formed in the United States, and then take for our President the meanest renegade that ever left the party?" He then went on to castigate Mr. Tyler, while the "Corporal's Guard," sadly disappointed, one by one, "silently stole away," and had no more faith in Mr. Bagby.

Junius Brutus Booth still continued to be the leading star at the Washington Theatre, and President Tyler used often to enjoy his marvelous renderings, especially his "Sir Giles Overreach," "King Lear," "Shylock," "Othello," and "Richard the Third." Booth, at this time, was more than ever a slave to intoxicating drink, so much so that he would often disappoint his audiences, sometimes wholly failing to appear, yet his popularity remained unabated.

[Facsimile] Franklin Pierce FRANKLIN PIERCE was born at Hillsborough, New Hampshire, November 23d, 1804; was a Representative from New Hampshire, December 2d, 1833, to March 3d, 1837; was United States Senator from New Hampshire, September 4th, 1837 - 1842, when he resigned; declined the position of Attorney-General, offered him by President Polk in 1846; served in the Mexican War as brigadier-general; was President of the United States, March 4th, 1853, to March 3d, 1857, and died at Concord, New Hampshire, October 8th, 1860.

CHAPTER XXI. DIPLOMATIC AND SOCIAL LIFE OF WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster's great work as Secretary of State—indeed, he regarded it as the greatest achievement of his life—was the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain adjusting all existing controversies. To secure this had prompted Mr. Webster to enter the Cabinet of General Harrison, and when Mr. Tyler became President Mr. Webster pledged himself to his wealthy friends in Boston and New York not to resign until the troubles with the mother country had been amicably adjusted. His position soon became very unpleasant. On the one hand President Tyler, whose great desire was the annexation of Texas, wanted him to resign; on the other hand, many influential Whigs began to regard him with distrust for remaining in the enemy's camp. But Mr. Webster kept on, regardless of what was said by friend or foe.

The appointment of Lord Ashburton to represent the British Government was especially gratifying to Mr. Webster, who had become personally acquainted with him when he visited England in 1839. Lord Ashburton's family name was Alex. Baring. He had visited Philadelphia when it was the seat of the Federal Government as the representative of his father's banking house. Among those to whom he had letters of introduction was Mr. John A. Bingham, a wealthy merchant and United States Senator, who lived in great style. Miss Maria Matilda Bingham, the Senator's only daughter, who was but sixteen years of age, had just been persuaded by the Count de Tilly, a profligate French nobleman, to elope with him. They were married, but the Count soon intimated that he did not care for the girl if he could obtain some of her prospective fortune. He finally accepted five thousand pounds in cash and an annuity of six hundred pounds, and left for France. A divorce was obtained, and Senator Bingham was well pleased soon afterward when young Mr. Baring wooed and won his daughter. With the fortune her father gave her he was enabled on his return to London to enter the House of Baring Brothers as a partner, and on retiring from business in 1835 he was created a Baron, with the title of Lord Ashburton. When appointed on a special mission to Washington Lord Ashburton wrote to Mr. Webster, asking him to rent a suitable house for the accommodation of himself and suite. Mr. Webster accordingly rented the spacious and thoroughly equipped mansion erected by Matthew St. Clair Clarke, Clerk of the House, in his prosperous days. The price paid was twelve thousand dollars rent for ten months, and an additional thousand dollars for damages.

Mr. Webster, who had received full powers from President Tyler to conduct the negotiations on the part of the United States, occupied the Swann House, near that occupied by Lord Ashburton. Much of the preliminary negotiation was carried on at the dinner-tables of the contracting parties, and Congressional guests were alike charmed by the hospitable attentions of the "fine old English gentleman" and the Yankee Secretary of State. Lord Ashburton offered his guests the cream of culinary perfection and the gastronomic art, with the rarest wines, while at Mr. Webster's table American delicacies were served in American style. Maine salmon, Massachusetts mackerel, New Jersey oysters, Florida shad, Kentucky beef, West Virginia mutton, Illinois prairie chickens, Virginia terrapin, Maryland crabs, Delaware canvas-back ducks, and South Carolina rice- birds were cooked by Monica, and served

in a style that made the banker diplomat admit their superiority to the potages, sauces, entremets, ragouts, and desserts of his Parisian white-capped manipulator of casse-roles.

Lord Ashburton was about five feet ten inches in height, and was heavily built, as Mr. Webster was. He had a large head, a high forehead, dark eyes, with heavy eyebrows, and a clear red and white complexion. His principal secretary and adviser was Mr. Frederick William Adolphus Bruce, then in the Foreign Office, who, after a brilliant diplomatic career, was appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath, and came again to Washington in 1865 as the British Minister. Another secretary was Mr. Stepping, a fair-complexioned little gentleman, who was a great wit, and who made a deal of sport for the Congressional guests.

The treaty, as finally agreed upon, settled a vexatious quarrel over our Northeastern boundary, it overthrew the British claim to exercise the right of search, and it established the right of property in slaves on an American vessel driven by stress of weather into a British port. But the treaty did not settle the exasperating controversy over the fisheries on the North Atlantic coast or the disputed Northwestern boundary. When the treaty finally reached the Senate, it was debated for several weeks in executive session, Mr. Benton leading a strong opposition to it. Near the close of the debate Mr. Calhoun made a strong speech in favor of ratification, in which he praised both Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster. This speech secured the ratification of the treaty.

Having concluded the Ashburton Treaty, Mr. Webster started for New England to enjoy the rural life so dear to him on his farm at Franklin, New Hampshire, and at Marshfield, Massachusetts. He announced, before he left Washington, that on his arrival at Boston he should address his friends in Faneuil Hall, and there was an intense desire to her what he might have to say on public affairs. The leaders of the Whig party hoped that he would announce a resignation of his office as Secretary of State, denounce the duplicity of President Tyler, and come gracefully to the support of Henry Clay, who had imperiously demanded the Presidential nomination. But Mr. Webster declined to accept the advice given him, and spoke his mind very freely and frankly. There was—said one who heard the speech—no sly insinuation of innuendo, but a straightforward, independent expression of truth, a copious outpouring of keen reproof, solemn admonition, and earnest entreaty.

Among those former home-friends whose behavior was very annoying to Mr. Webster at this time was Mr. Abbott Lawrence, a Boston merchant, who, having amassed a large fortune, coveted political honors, and was a liberal contributor to the campaign fund of his party. Astute and observing, he imagined himself a representative of the merchant-princes of Venice under the Doges and England under the Plantagenets, and he spoke in a measured, stately tone, advancing his ideas with a positiveness that would not brook contradiction. On several occasions he had been one of the "solid men of Boston" who had contributed considerable sums for the pecuniary relief of Mr. Webster, and this emboldened him to assume a dictatorial tone in advising the Secretary of State to resign after the Ashburton Treaty had been negotiated. The command was treated with sovereign contempt, and thenceforth Mr. Lawrence looked upon Mr. Webster as ungrateful, and as standing in the way of his own political advancement. But Mr. Webster defied the would-be cotton-lord, saying: "I am a Whig—a Faneuil Hall Whig—and if any one undertakes to turn me out of that communion, let him see to it who gets out first."

While Mr. Webster had been negotiating the Ashburton Treaty, and after he had found rest at Marshfield, he displayed the same sprightly humor and tender sweetness which so endeared him to those who were permitted to enjoy intimate social relations with him. He always rose with the sun, visiting his farm-yards at Marshfield, and going to market at Washington, before breakfast, with a visit at either place to the kitchen, where he would gravely discuss the culinary programme of the day with Monica, a cook of African descent, whose freedom he had purchased. After breakfast, he would study or write or fish all day, dressing for a late dinner, after which he gave himself up to recreation; sometimes, as Colonel Seaton's daughter has pleasantly told us, singing hymns or songs, generally impartially to the same tune; or gravely essaying the steps of a *minuet de la cour*, which he had seen danced in the courtly Madisonian era; or joining in the jests of the gay circle, magnificent teeth gleaming, his great, living coals of eyes—"sleeping furnaces," Carlyle called them—soft as a woman's; or his rare, tender smile lighting up the dusky grandeur of his face. Mr. Webster was not, at that period of his life, an intemperate drinker, although, like many other gentlemen of that day, he often imbibed too freely at the dinner-table.

An amusing account has been given of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Webster at a gathering of his political friends, when he had to be prompted by a friend who sat just behind him, and gave him successively phrases and topics. The speech proceeded somewhat after this fashion: Prompter: "Tariff." Webster: "The tariff, gentlemen, is a subject requiring the profound attention of the statesman. American industry, gentlemen, must be ——" (nods a little). Prompter: "National Debt." Webster: "And, gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid (loud cheers, which rouse the speaker); yes,

gentlemen, it should be paid (cheers), and I'll be hanged if it sha'n't be—(taking out his pocket-book)—I'll pay it myself! How much is it?" This last question was asked of a gentleman near him with drunken seriousness, and, coupled with the recollection of the well-known impecuniosity of Webster's pocket-book it excited roars of laughter, amidst which the orator sank into his seat and was soon asleep.

Prominent among the Whig Senators was Nathan F. Dixon, of Westerly, Rhode Island. He was one of the old school of political gentlemen. His snow-white hair was tied in a long queue, he had a high forehead, aquiline nose, wide mouth, and dark eyes, which gleamed thorough his glasses. Respecting the body of which he was a member, he used to appear in a black coat and knee-breeches, with a ruffled shirt, white waistcoat, and white silk stockings. He was the Chairman of the Whig Senatorial caucus, and on the last night of the extra session Mr. Clay had complimented him, in rather equivocal language, on the ability with which he had presided. When the laughter had subsided, Senator Dixon rose, and with inimitable humor thanked the Senator from Kentucky. "I am aware," said he, "that I never had but one equal as a presiding officer, and that was the Senator from Kentucky. Some of you may have thought that he was not in earnest, but did you know him as well as I do, you would credit any remark he may make before ten o'clock at night—after that, owing to the strength of his night-caps, there may be doubts." Roars of laughter followed, and the Senate caucus adjourned, as the Senate had done, *sine die*.

President Tyler had great faith in the power of the newspaper press, and he secured, at an early period of his Administration, by a lavish distribution of the advertising patronage of the Executive Departments, an "organ" in nearly every State. The journals thus recompensed for their support of the Administration were generally without political influence, but Mr. Tyler prized their support, and personally looked after their interests. Alluding to them in a letter to a friend, he said: "Their motives may be selfish, but if I reject them for that, who among the great mass of office- holders can be trusted? They give one all the aid in their power, and I do not stop to inquire into motives." In another letter he complains of an official at New Orleans, saying: "I have felt no little surprise at the fact that he should have thrown into the *Bee* [a most abusive paper] advertisements of great value, and refused to give them to the *Republican*, a paper zealous and able in the cause of the Administration." The central "organ," from which the others were to take their cues, was the *Madisonian*, originally established by Thomas Allen. He disposed of it after he married the handsome and wealthy Miss Russell, of Missouri, whose tiara and necklace of diamonds had been the envy of all the ladies at Washington. John B. Johnson, the author of *Wild Western Scenes*, then became the editor, and wrote ponderous editorials advocating "Justice to John Tyler," which the minor organs all over the country were expected to copy.

[Facsimile] Rufus Choate RUFUS CHOATE was born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, October 1st, 1819; was a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, 1831-1834; was United States Senator, 1841-1845, and died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 13th, 1859.

CHAPTER XXII. THE CAPITOL AND THE DRAWING-ROOM.

When the Twenty-seventh Congress met in December, 1841, it was evident that there could be no harmonious action between that body and the President, but he was not disposed to succumb. Writing to a friend, he said the coming session was "likely to prove as turbulent and fractious as any since the days of Adam. But [he added] I have a firm grip on the reins." In this he was mistaken, or, rather, he had been deceived by the sycophants around him. Neither House paid any attention to the recommendations which he made in his messages, and only a few of his nominations were confirmed. The Whigs, who had elected the President, repudiated all responsibility for his acts and treated him as a traitor, and the Democrats, while they accepted offices from him, generally spoke of him with contempt.

The Senate contained at that time many able men. Henry Clay was in the pride of his political power, but uneasy and restive as a caged lion. John C. Calhoun was in the full glory of his intellectual magnificence and purity of personal character. Preston's flexible voice and graceful gestures invested his eloquence with resistless effect over those whom it was intended to persuade, to encourage, or to control. Barrow, of Louisiana, the handsomest man in the Senate, spoke with great effect. Phelps, of Vermont, was a somewhat eccentric yet forcible debater. Silas Wright, Levi Woodbury, and Robert J. Walker were laboring for the restoration of the Democrats to power. Benton stood sturdily, like a gnarled oak-tree, defying all who offered to oppose him. Allen, whose loud voice had gained for him the appellation of "the Ohio gong," spoke with his usual vehemence. Franklin Pierce was demonstrating his devotion to the slave-power, while Rufus Choate poured forth his wealth of words in debate, his dark complexion corrugated by swollen veins, and his great, sorrowful eyes gazing earnestly at his listeners.

In the House of Representatives there were unusually brilliant and able men. John Quincy Adams, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, was the recognized leader. Mr. Fillmore, of New York, a

stalwart, pleasant-featured man, with a remarkably clear-toned voice, was Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Henry A. Wise, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, was able to secure a large share of patronage for the Norfolk Navy Yard. George N. Briggs (afterward Governor of Massachusetts), who was an earnest advocate of temperance, was Chairman of the Postal Committee. Joshua R. Giddings, who was a sturdy opponent of slavery at that early day, was Chairman of the Committee on Claims. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, an accomplished scholar and popular author, was Chairman of the Committee on Commerce; Edward Stanley, of North Carolina, was Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; Leverett Saltonstall, of the Committee on Manufactures; indeed, there was not a Committee of the House that did not have a first-class man as its chairman.

But the session soon became a scene of sectional strife. Mr. Adams, in offering his customary daily budget of petitions, presented one from several anti-slavery citizens of Haverhill, Massachusetts, praying for a dissolution of the Union, which raised a tempest. The Southern Representatives met that night, in caucus, and the next morning Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, offered a series of resolutions deploring the presentation of the obnoxious petition and censuring Mr. Adams for having presented it. An excited and acrimonious debate, extending over several days, followed. The principal feature of this exciting scene was the venerable object of censure, then nearly four-score years of age, his limbs trembling with palsy, his bald head crimson with excitement, and tears dropping from his eyes, as he for four days stood defying the storm and hurling back defiantly the opprobrium with which his adversaries sought to stigmatize him. He was animated by the recollection that the slave-power had prevented the re-election of his father and of himself to the Presidential chair, and he poured forth the hoarded wrath of half a century. Lord Morpeth, who was then in Washington, and who occupied a seat in the floor of the House near Mr. Adams during the entire debate, said that "he put one in mind of a fine old game-cock, and occasionally showed great energy and power of sarcasm."

Mr. Wise became the prosecutor of Mr. Adams, and asserted that both he and his father were in alliance with Great Britain against the South. Mr. Adams replied with great severity, his shrill voice ringing through the hall. "Four or five years ago," said he, "there came to this house a man with his hands and face dripping with the blood of murder, the blotches of which are yet hanging upon him, and when it was proposed that he should be tried by this House for the crime I opposed it." After this allusion to the killing of Mr. Cilley in a duel, Mr. Adams proceeded to castigate Mr. Wise without mercy.

At the spring races, in 1842, over the Washington Course, Mr. Stanly, of North Carolina, accidentally rode so close to the horse of Mr. Wise as to jostle that gentleman, who gave him several blows with a cane. Mr. Stanly at once sent a friend to Mr. Wise with an invitation to meet him at Baltimore, that they might settle their difficulty, and then left for that city. Mr. Wise remained in Washington, where he was arrested the next day, under the anti- dueling law, and placed under bonds to keep the peace. Mr. Stanly remained at Baltimore for several days, expecting Mr. Wise. He was the guest of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, under whose instruction he practiced with dueling-pistols, firing at a mark. One morning Mr. Johnson took a pistol himself and fired it, but the ball rebounded and struck him in the left eye, completely destroying it. Mr. Stanly returned the next day to Washington, where mutual friends adjusted the difficulty between Mr. Wise and himself.

The vaulted arches of the old Supreme Court room in the basement of the Capitol (now the Law Library) used to echo in those days with the eloquence of Clay, Webster, Choate, Sargent, Binney, Atherton, Kennedy, Berrien, Crittenden, Phelps, and other able lawyers. Their Honors, the Justices, were rather a jovial sort, especially Judge Story, who used to assert that every man should laugh at least an hour during each day, and who had himself a great fund of humorous anecdotes. One of them, that he loved to tell, was of Jonathan Mason, of whom he always spoke in high praise. It set forth that at the trial of a Methodist preacher for the alleged murder of a young girl, the evidence was entirely circumstantial, and there was a wide difference of opinion concerning his guilt. One morning, just before the opening of the court, a brother preacher stepped up to Mason and said: "Sir, I had a dream last night, in which the angel Gabriel appeared and told me that the prisoner was not guilty." "Ah!" replied Mason, "have him subpoenaed immediately."

Charles Dickens first visited Washington in 1842. He was then a young man. The attentions showered upon the great progenitor of Dick Swiveller turned his head. The most prominent men in the country told him how they had ridden with him in the *Markis of Granby*, with old Weller on the box and Samivel on the dickey; how they had played cribbage with the Marchioness and quaffed the rosy with Dick Swiveller; how they had known honest Tim Linkwater and angelic Little Nell, ending with the welcome words of Sir John Falstaff, "D'ye think we didn't know ye? We knew ye as well as Him that made ye."

Mr. Webster gave a party on the night of January 26th, 1842, which was the crowning entertainment of the season. Eight rooms of his commodious house were thrown open to the guests, and were most dazzlingly lighted. There had not been in two Administrations so large and brilliant an assemblage of

female beauty and political rank. Among the more distinguished guests were the President, Lord Morpeth, Mr. Fox, the British Minister, M. Bacourt, the French Minister, Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, and most of the Diplomatic Corps attached to the several legations, besides several Judges of the Supreme Court and many members of Congress. The honorable Secretary received his numerous guests with that dignity and courtesy which was characteristic of him, and seemed to be in excellent spirits. There no dancing, not even music. There was, however, plenty of lively conversation, promenades, eating of ices, and sipping of rich wines, with the usual spice of flirtation.

President Tyler's last reception of the season of 1842, on the night of the 15th of March, gathered one of the greatest crowds ever assembled in the White House. There was every variety of the American citizen *et citoyenne* present—those of every form, shape, length, breadth, complexion, and dress. There were old ladies decked in the finery of their youthful days, and children in their nurses' arms. "Boz" was the lion of the evening, and he stood like Patience on a monument. He totally eclipsed Washington Irving, who was then at Washington to receive his instructions as Minister to Spain. The President's Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, some of the Judges of the Supreme Court, a sprinkling of Senators, two or three scores of Representatives, and fifteen hundred man, women, and children, in every costume, and from every nook and corner of the country, made up the remainder of the medley.

A children's fancy ball was given at the White House by President Tyler, in honor of the birthday of his eldest granddaughter. Dressed as a fairy, with gossamer wings, a diamond star on her forehead, and a silver wand, she received her guests. Prominent among the young people was the daughter of General Almonte, the Mexican Minister, arrayed as an Aztec Princess. Master Schermerhorn, of New York, was beautifully dressed as an Albanian boy, and Ada Cutts, as a flower-girl, gave promise of the intelligence and beauty which in later years led captive the "Little Giant" of the West. The boys and girls of Henry A. Wise were present, the youngest in the arms of its mother, and every State in the Union was represented.

After old Baron Bodisco's marriage to the young and beautiful Miss Williams, the Russian Legation at Georgetown became the scene of brilliant weekly entertainments, given, it was asserted, by especial direction of the Emperor Nicholas, who had a special allowance made for table-money. At these entertainments there was dancing, an excellent supper, and a room devoted to whist. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, General Scott, and several of the Diplomatic Corps were invariably to be seen handling "fifty-two pieces of printed pasteboard," while the old Baron, though not a good player, as the host of the evening, was accustomed to take a hand. One night he sat down to play with those better acquainted with the game, and he lost over a thousand dollars. At the supper-table he made the following announcement, in a sad tone: "Ladies and gentlemens: It is my disagreeable duty to make the announce that these receptions must have an end, and to declare them at an end for the present, because why? The fund for their expend, ladies and gentlemens, is exhaust, and they must discontinue."

Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, then gave a concert at Washington, which was largely and fashionably attended. In the midst of one of his most exquisite performances, while every breath was suspended, and every ear attentive to catch the sounds of his magical instrument, the silence was suddenly broken and the harmony harshly interrupted by the well-known voice of General Felix Grundy McConnell, a Representative from the Talladega district of Alabama, shouting, "None of your high-falutin, but give us Hail Columbia, and bear hard on the treble!" "Turn him out," was shouted from every part of the house, and the police force in attendance undertook to remove him from the hall. "Mac," as he was called, was not only one of the handsomest men in Congress, but one of the most athletic, and it was a difficult task for the policemen to overpower him, although they used their clubs. After he was carried from the hall, some of his Congressional friends interfered, and secured his release.

The publication of verbatim reports of the proceedings of Congress was systematically begun during Polk's Administration by John C. Rives, in the *Congressional Globe*, established a few years previously as an offshoot from the old Democratic organ. This unquestionably had a disastrous effect upon the eloquence of Congress, which no longer hung upon the accents of its leading members, and rarely read what appeared in the report of the debates. Imitating Demosthenes and Cicero, Chatham and Burke, Mirabeau and Lamartine, the Congressmen of the first fifty years of the Republic poured forth their breathing thoughts and burning words in polished and elegant language, and were listened to by their colleagues and by spectators so alive to the beauties of eloquence that they were entitled to the appellation of assemblages of trained critics. The publication of verbatim reports of the debates put an end to this, for Senators and Representatives addressed their respective constituents through the *Congressional Globe*.

[Facsimile]
Felix Grundy
FELIX GRUNDY was born in Berkeley County, Virginia (now West

Virginia), September 11th, 1777; was a Representative from Tennessee, 1811-1814; was United States Senator, 1829-1838; was Attorney-General under President Van Buren, 1838-1840; was again elected Senator in 1840, and died at Nashville, December 19th of the same year.

CHAPTER XXIII. LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

John Tyler, who was fifty-one years of age when he took possession of the Executive Mansion, was somewhat above the medium height, and of slender figure, with long limbs and great activity of movement. His thin auburn hair turned white during his term of office, his nose was large and prominent, his eyes were of a bluish- gray, his lips were thin, and his cheeks sunken. His manners were those of the old school of Virginia gentlemen, and he was very courteous to strangers. The ceremonious etiquette established at the White House by Van Buren vanished, and the President lived precisely as he had on his plantation, attended by his old family slaves. He invariably invited visitors with whom he was acquainted, or strangers who were introduced to him, to visit the family dining- room and "take something" from a sideboard well garnished with decanters of ardent spirits and wines, with a bowl of juleps in the summer and of egg-nog in the winter. He thus expended nearly all of his salary, and used to regret that it was not larger, that he might entertain his guests more liberally.

One day President Tyler joked Mr. Wise about his little one-horse carriage, which the President styled "a candle-box on wheels," to which the Representative from the Accomac district retorted by telling Mr. Tyler that he had been riding for a month in a second- hand carriage purchased at the sale of the effects of Mr. Paulding, the Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Van Buren, and having the Paulding coat-of-arms emblazoned on the door-panels. The President laughed at the sally, and gave orders at once to have the armorial bearings of the Pauldings painted over. Economy also prompted the purchase of some partly worn suits of livery at the sale of the effects of a foreign Minister, and these were afterward worn by the colored waiters in state dinners.

"Beau" Hickman, as he called himself, made his appearance at Washington toward the close of the Tyler Administration. He was of middle size, with long hair, and an inoffensive, cadaverous countenance. It was his boast that he was born among the slashes of Hanover County, Virginia, and he was to be seen lounging about the hotels, fashionably, yet shabbily, dressed, generally wearing soiled white kid gloves and a white cravat. It was considered the proper thing to introduce strangers to the Beau, who thereupon unblushingly demanded his initiation fee, and his impudence sometimes secured him a generous sum. He was always ready to pilot his victims to gambling-houses and other questionable resorts, and for a quarter of a century he lived on the blackmail thus levied upon strangers.

One of the most agreeable homes in Washington was that of Colonel Benton, the veteran Senator from Missouri, whose accomplished and graceful daughters had been thoroughly educated under his own supervision. He was not willing, however, that one of them, Miss Jessie, should receive the attentions of a young second lieutenant in the corps of the Topographical Engineers, Mr. Fremont, and the young couple, therefore, eloped and were married clandestinely. The Colonel, although terribly angry at first, accepted the situation, and his powerful support in Congress afterward enabled Mr. Fremont to explore, under the patronage of the General Government, the vast central regions beyond the Rocky Mountains, and to plant the national flag on Wind River Peak, upward of thirteen thousand feet above the Gulf of Mexico.

A very different wedding was that of Baron Alexander de Bodisco, the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary, and Miss Harriet Williams, a daughter of the chief clerk in the office of the Adjutant-General. The Baron was nearly fifty years of age, with dyed hair, whiskers, and moustache, and she a blonde schoolgirl of "sweet sixteen," celebrated for her clear complexion and robust beauty. The ceremony was performed at her father's house on Georgetown Heights, and was a regular May and December affair throughout. There were eight groomsmen, six of whom were well advanced in life, and as many bridesmaids, all of them young girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, wearing long dresses of white satin damask, donated by the bridegroom. The question of precedence gave the Baron much trouble, as he could not determine whether Mr. Fox, then the British Minister and Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, or Senator Buchanan, who had been Minister to Russia, should be the first groomsman. This important question was settled by having the groomsmen and bridesmaids stand in couples, four on either side of the bridegroom and bride. The ceremony was witnessed at the bride's residence by a distinguished company, and the bridal party then went in carriages to the Russian Legation, where an elegant entertainment awaited them, and where some of the many guests got gloriously drunk in drinking the health of the happy couple.

Queen Victoria's diplomatic representative at Washington at that time, the Honorable Henry Stephen Fox, was a son of General Fox, of the British Army, who fought at the battle of Lexington in 1775, and a nephew of the eminent statesman, Charles James Fox. He had served in the British Diplomatic Corps for several years, and was thoroughly acquainted with his duties, but he held the least possible intercourse with the Department of State and rarely entered a private house. He used to rise about three o'clock in the afternoon, and take his morning walk on Pennsylvania Avenue an hour or two later. Miss Seaton says that a gentleman on one occasion, meeting him at dusk in the Capitol grounds, urged him to return with him to dinner, to which Mr. Fox replied that "he would willingly do so, but his people were waiting breakfast for him." On the occasion of the funeral of a member of the Diplomatic Corps, turning to the wife of the Spanish Minister, he said: "How very old we all look by daylight!" it being the first time he had seen his colleagues except by candle-light. He went to bed at daylight, after watering his plants, of which he was passionately fond.

John Howard Payne visited Washington to solicit from President Tyler a foreign consulate. He was then in the prime of life, slightly built, and rather under the medium height. His finely developed head was bald on the top, but the sides were covered with light brown hair. His nose was large, his eyes were light blue, and he wore a full beard, consisting of side-whiskers and a moustache, which were always well-trimmed. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and usually wore a dark brown frock coat and a black vest, while his neck was covered with a black satin scarf, which was arranged in graceful folds across his breast. Despite his unpretending manner and his plain attire, there was something about his appearance which never failed to attract attention. His voice was low and musical, and when conversing on any subject in which he was deeply interested he spoke with a degree of earnestness that enchained the attention and touched the hearts of his listeners. After much solicitation by himself and his friends, he obtained the appointment of United States Consul at Tunis, and left for his post, where he died, his remains being finally brought to the Capital and buried in Oak Hill Cemetery.

Among the curiosities of Washington about this time was the studio of Messrs. Moore & Ward, in one of the committee-rooms at the Capitol, where likenesses were taken—as the advertisement read— "with the Daguerreotype, or Pencil of Nature." The "likenesses, by diffused light, could be taken by them in any kind of weather during the daytime, and sitters were not subjected to the slightest inconvenience or unpleasant sensation." The new discovery gradually supplanted the painting of miniatures on ivory in water-colors, and the cutting of silhouettes from white paper, which were shown on a black ground. Another novel invention was the electric, or, as it was then called, the magnetic telegraph. Mr. Morse had a model on exhibition at the Capitol, and the beaux and belles used to hold brief conversations over the mysterious wire. At last the House considered a bill appropriating twenty-five thousand dollars, to be expended in a series of experiments with the new invention.

In the brief debate on the bill, Mr. Cave Johnson undertook to ridicule the discovery by proposing that one-half of the proposed appropriation be devoted to experiments with mesmerism, while Mr. Houghton thought that Millerism (a religious craze then prevalent) should be included in the benefits of the appropriation. To those who thus ridiculed the telegraph it was a chimera, a visionary dream like mesmerism, rather to be a matter of merriment than seriously entertained. Men of character, men of erudition, men who, in ordinary affairs, had foresight, were wholly unable to forecast the future of the telegraph. Other motions disparaging to the invention were made, such as propositions to appropriate part of the sum to a telegraph to the moon. The majority of Congress did not concur in this attempt to defeat the measure by ridicule, and the bill was passed by the close vote of eighty-nine to eighty- three. A change of three votes, however, would have consigned the invention to oblivion. Another year witnessed the triumphant success of the test of its practicability. The invention vindicated its character as a substantial reality; it was no longer a chimera, a visionary scheme to extort money from the public coffers. Mr. Morse was no more subjected to the suspicion of lunacy, nor ridiculed in the Halls of Congress, but he had to give large shares of its profits to Amos Kendall and F. O. J. Smith before he could make his discovery of practical value.

The New York *Tribune* was first published during the Tyler Administration by Horace Greeley, who had very successfully edited the *Log Cabin*, a political newspaper, during the preceding Presidential campaign. The *Tribune*, like the New York *Herald* and *Sun* was then sold at one cent a copy, and was necessarily little more than a brief summary of the news of the day. But it was the germ of what its editor lived to see it become—a great newspaper. It soon had a good circulation at Washington, where the eminently respectable *National Intelligencer* and the ponderous *Globe* failed to satisfy the reading community.

Mr. Webster remained in the Cabinet until the spring of 1843, when the evident determination of President Tyler to secure the annexation of Texas made it very desirable that Webster should leave, so he was "frozen out" by studied reserve and coldness. By remaining in the Cabinet he had estranged many of his old political associates, and Colonel Seaton, anxious to bring about a reconciliation, gave one of his famous "stag" supper-parties, to which he invited a large number of Senators and members

of the House of Representatives. The convivialities had just commenced when the dignified form of Webster was seen entering the parlor, and as he advanced his big eyes surveyed the company, recognizing, doubtless, some of those who had become partially alienated from him. On the instant, up sprang a distinguished Senator from one of the large Southern States, who exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have a sentiment to propose —the health of our eminent citizen, the negotiator of the Ashburton Treaty." The company enthusiastically responded. Webster instantly replied: "I have also a sentiment for you,—The Senate of the United States, without which the Ashburton Treaty would have been nothing, and the negotiator of that treaty less than nothing." The quickness and fitness of this at once banished every doubtful or unfriendly feeling. The company clustered around the magnate, whose sprightly and edifying conversation never failed to excite admiration, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a manner most agreeable to all.

Immediately after the resignation of Mr. Webster the Cabinet was reconstructed, but a few months later the bursting of a cannon on the war-steamer Princeton, while returning from a pleasure excursion down the Potomac, killed Mr. Upshur, the newly appointed Secretary of State, Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, with six others, while Colonel Benton narrowly escaped death and nine seamen were injured. The President had intended to witness the discharge of the gun, but was casually detained in the cabin, and so escaped harm. This shocking catastrophe cast a gloom over Washington, and there was a general attendance, irrespective of party, at the funeral of the two Cabinet officers, who were buried from the White House.

One of those killed by the explosion on the Princeton was Mr. Gardiner, a New York gentleman, whose ancestors were the owners of Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound. His daughter Julia, a young lady of fine presence, rare beauty, and varied accomplishments, had for some time been the object of marked attention from President Tyler, although he was in his fifty-fifth year and she but about twenty. Soon after she was deprived of her father they were quietly married in church at New York, and President Tyler brought his young bride to the White House.

Mrs. Lydia Dickinson, wife of Daniel F. Dickinson, a Senator from New York, was the recognized leader of Washington society during the Administration of President Tyler. She was the daughter of Dr. Knapp, and, when a school girl, fell in love with Dickinson, then a smart young wool-dresser, and discerning his talents, urged him to study law and to fit himself for a high political position in life. She was gratified by his unexampled advancement, and when he came here a United States Senator, she soon took a prominent part in the social life of the metropolis.

[Facsimile] CCushing CALEB CUSHING was born at Salisbury, Massachusetts, January 7th, 1800; was a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, 1835- 1843; was Commissioner to China, 1843-1845; served in the Mexican War as Colonel and Brigadier-General, 1847-1848; was Attorney- General of the United States under President Pierce, 1853-1857; was counsel for the United States before the Geneva tribunal of arbitration on the Alabama claims, 1871; was Minister to Spain, 1874-1877, and died at Newburyport, Massachusetts, January 2d, 1879.

CHAPTER XXIV. HOW TEXAS BECAME A STATE.

President Tyler was encouraged in his desire to have Texas admitted as a State of the Union by Henry A. Wise, his favorite adviser, and by numerous holders of Texan war scrip and bonds. Before the victims of the Princeton explosion were shrouded, Mr. Wise called upon Mr. McDuffie, a member of the Senate, who represented Mr. Calhoun's interests at Washington, and informed him that the distinguished South Carolinian would be appointed Secretary of State. Mr. Wise urged the Senator to write to Mr. Calhoun at once, begging him not to decline the position should he be nominated and confirmed. Mr. McDuffie did not ask Mr. Wise if he spoke by Mr. Tyler's authority, but evidently believed that he was so authorized, and promised to write to Mr. Calhoun by that afternoon's mail.

Mr. Wise then went to the Executive Mansion, where he found Mr. Tyler in the breakfast room, much affected by the account of the awful catastrophe of the previous day. Mr. Wise told him rather abruptly that it was no time for grief, as there were vacancies in the Cabinet to be filled, in order that urgent matters then under his control might be disposed of. "What is to be done?" asked President Tyler. Mr. Wise had an answer ready: "Your most important work is the annexation of Texas, and the man for that work is John C. Calhoun, as Secretary of State. Send for him at once."

"No, sir!" replied the President, rather coldly. "The annexation of Texas is important, but Mr. Calhoun is not the man of my choice." This was rather a damper on Mr. Wise, but he resolutely insisted on Mr. Calhoun's appointment, and finally the President yielded. The nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed without opposition. Mr. Calhoun came to Washington, and was soon installed as Secretary of State. It took him only from February 28th to April 12th to conclude the negotiation which placed the "Lone Star" in the azure field of the ensign of the Republic. The treaty of annexation was signed and

sent to the Senate for ratification, but after a protracted discussion it was rejected by a vote of sixteen yeas to thirty-five nays. Stephen A. Douglas, who had just entered Congress as one of the seven Representatives from Illinois, came to the front at that time as the principal advocate for the remission of a fine which had been imposed upon General Jackson by Judge Hall at New Orleans twenty-five years before.

This was the first move made by Mr. Douglas in his canvass for the Presidency, but he was soon prominent in that class of candidates of whom Senator William Allen, of Ohio, said, "Sir! they are going about the country like dry-goods drummers, exhibiting samples of their wares." Always on the alert to make new friends and to retain old ones, he was not only a vigorous hand-shaker, but he would throw his arms fondly around a man, as if that man held the first place in his heart. No statement was too chary of truth in its composition, no partisan manoeuvre was too openly dishonest, no political pathway was too dangerous, if it afforded an opportunity for making a point for Douglas. He was industrious and sagacious, clothing his brilliant ideas in energetic and emphatic language, and standing like a lion at bay when opposed. He had a herculean frame, with the exception of his lower limbs, which were short and small, dwarfing what otherwise would have been a conspicuous figure, and he was popularly known as "the Little Giant." His large, round head surmounted a massive neck, and his features were symmetrical, although his small nose deprived them of dignity. His dark eyes, peering from beneath projecting brows, gleamed with energy, mixed with an expression of slyness and sagacity, and his full lips were generally stained at the corners of his mouth with tobacco juice. His voice was neither musical nor soft, and his gestures were not graceful. But he would speak for hours in clear, well-enunciated tones, and the sharp Illinois attorney soon developed into the statesman at Washington.

The House of Representatives, at that period, could boast of more ability than the Senate. Among the most prominent members were the accomplished Robert C. Winthrop, who so well sustained the reputation of his distinguished ancestors; Hamilton Fish, the representative Knickerbocker from the State of New York; Alexander Ramsey, a worthy descendant of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen; the loquacious Garrett Davis, of Kentucky; the emaciated Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, who apparently had not a month to live, yet who rivaled Talleyrand in political intrigue; John Wentworth, a tall son of New Hampshire, transplanted to the prairies of Illinois; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a born demagogue and self-constituted champion of the people; John Slidell, of New Orleans; Robert Dale Owen, the visionary communist from Indiana; Howell Cobb, of Georgia, and Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, who were busily laying the foundations for the Southern Confederacy, "with slavery as its corner-stone;" the brilliant Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, and the genial Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, who softened the asperities of debate by many kindly comments made in an undertone.

One of General Schenck's stories was told by him to illustrate the "change of base" by those Whigs who had enlisted in the Tyler guard, yet declared that they had not shifted their position. "Many years previous," he said, "when silk goods were scarce and dear, an old lady in Ohio purchased a pair of black silk stockings. Being very proud of this addition to her dress, she wore them frequently until they became quite worn out; as often, however, as a hole appeared in these choice articles, she very carefully darned it up; but for this purpose, having no silk, she was obliged to use white yarn. She usually appropriated Saturday evenings to this exercise. Finally, she had darned them so much that not a single particle of the original material or color remained. Yet such was the force of habit with her that as often as Saturday evening came she would say to her granddaughter, 'Anny, bring me my black silk stockings.'"

The Presidential campaign of 1844 was very exciting. Mr. Van Buren's friends did not entertain a shade of a doubt that he would be nominated, and his opponents in the Democratic ranks had almost lost hope of defeating him in the nominating convention, when, at the suggestion of Mr. Calhoun, he was adroitly questioned on the annexation of Texas in a letter written to him by Mr. Hamett, a Representative from Mississippi. Mr. Van Buren was too sagacious a politician not to discover the pit thus dug for him, and he replied with great caution, avowing himself in favor of the annexation of Texas when it could be brought about peacefully and honorably, but against it at that time, when it would certainly be followed by war with Mexico. This was what the Southern conspirators wanted, and their subsequent action was thus narrated in a letter written a few years afterward by John Tyler, which is here published for the first time:

"Texas," wrote Mr. Tyler, "was the great theme that occupied me. The delegates to the Democratic Convention, or a very large majority of them, had been elected under implied pledges to sustain Van Buren. After his letter repudiating annexation, a revulsion had become obvious, but how far it was to operate it was not possible to say. A majority of the delegates at least were believed still to remain in his favor. If he was nominated the game to be played for Texas was all over. What was to be done?

"My friends," Mr. Tyler went on to say, "advised me to remain at rest, and take my chances in the Democratic Convention. It was impossible to do so. If I suffered my name to be used in that Convention,

then I became bound to sustain the nomination, even if Mr. Van Buren was the nominee. This could not be. I chose to run no hazard, but to raise the banner of Texas, and convoke my friends to sustain it. This was but a few weeks before the meeting of the Convention. To my surprise, the notice which was thus issued brought together a thousand delegates, and from every State in the Union. Many called on me on their way to Baltimore to receive my views. My instructions were, 'Go to Baltimore, make your nomination, then go home, and leave the thing to work its own results.' I said no more, and was obeyed. The Democratic Convention felt the move. A Texan man or defeat was the choice left, and they took a Texan man. My withdrawal at a suitable time took place, and the result was soon before the world. I acted to insure the success of a great measure, and I acted not altogether without effect. In so doing I kept my own secrets; to have divulged my purposes would have been to have defeated them."

The National Whig Convention assembled at Baltimore, and Henry Clay was nominated with great enthusiasm, ex-Senator Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, being nominated as Vice-President. The next day a hundred thousand Whigs, from every section of the Republic, met in mass convention at Baltimore, with music, banners, and badges, to ratify the ticket. Mr. Webster, with true magnanimity, was one of the speakers, and advocated the election of Clay and Frelinghuysen with all the strength of his eloquence. The Whigs were jubilant when their chosen leader again took the field, and the truants flocked back to the standard which they had deserted to support John Tyler. Harmony once more prevailed among the leaders and in the ranks, and the Whig party was again in good working order.

Three weeks later the National Democratic Convention met in Baltimore and remained in session three days. A majority of the delegates advocated the nomination of ex-President Van Buren, but he was defeated by permitting his opponents to pass the two-thirds rule, and on the third day James K. Polk was nominated. Silas Wright was nominated as Vice-President, but he positively declined, saying to his friends that he did not propose to ride behind on the black pony [slavery] at the funeral of his slaughtered friend, Mr. Van Buren. Mr. George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, was then nominated.

Governor Fairfield, of Maine, on his return from Philadelphia on the first of June, 1844, whither he had gone as Chairman of a Committee of the Democratic Convention to inform Mr. Dallas of his nomination as Vice-President, gave an amusing account of the scene. The Committee reached Philadelphia about three o'clock in the morning, and were piloted to Mr. Dallas' house by his friend, Senator Robert J. Walker. Loud knocks at the door brought Mr. Dallas to his chamber window. Recognizing Mr. Walker, and fearing that his daughter, who was in Washington, was ill, he hastened down- stairs, half dressed and in slippers, when, to his utter amazement, in walked sixty or more gentlemen, two by two, with the tread of soldiers, passing him by and entering his front parlor, all maintaining the most absolute silence. Mr. Dallas, not having the slightest conception of their object, stood thunderstruck at the scene. Mr. Walker then led him into the back parlor. "My dear Walker," said he, in amazement, "what is the matter?" "Wait, one moment, if you please, Dallas, wait one moment, if you please." In a few moments the folding-doors connecting the parlors were thrown back, and in the front parlor (which had meanwhile been lighted up) Mr. Dallas saw a semi-circle of gentlemen, who greeted him with applause. Governor Fairfield then stepped forward, and briefly informed Mr. Dallas what the action of the convention had been. The candidate for Vice-President, who had recovered from his momentary surprise, eloquently acknowledged the compliment paid him, and promised to more formally reply by letter. He then opened his sideboard, and all joined in pledging "success to the ticket."

Mr. Clay unfortunately wrote a Texas letter, which fell like a wet blanket upon the Whigs, and enabled the Democratic managers to deprive him of the vote of New York by organizing the Liberty party, which nominated James G. Birney, of Michigan, as President, and Thomas Morris, of Ohio, as Vice-President. This nomination received the support of the anti-slavery men, of many disappointed adherents of Mr. Van Buren, and of the anti-Masonic and anti-rent factions of the Whig party of New York. The consequence was that over sixty thousand votes were thrown away on Birney, nine-tenths of them being drawn from the Whig ranks, thus securing a complete triumph for the Democrats.

At the "birthnight ball," on the 22d of February, 1845, President Tyler was accompanied by President-elect Polk. Mrs. Madison also was present with Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and the members of the Diplomatic Corps wore their court uniforms. A few nights afterward President Tyler gave a "parting ball" at the White House, his young and handsome wife receiving the guests with distinguished grace. Mr. Polk was prevented from attending by the indisposition of his wife, but the Vice-President-elect, Mr. Dallas, with his splendid crown of white hair, towered above all other guests except General Scott and "Long John" Wentworth. There was dancing in the East Room, Mrs. Tyler leading off in the first set of quadrilles with Mr. Wilkins, the Secretary of War, as her partner. This entertainment concluded the "Cavalier" reign within the White House, which was soon ruled with Puritan austerity by Mr. Polk.

Near the close of the session of Congress with which the Administration of John Tyler terminated, a joint resolution legislating Texas into the Union was introduced. When it had been passed by the House

after determined resistance, it was discussed, amended, and passed by the Senate. It reached the President on the 2d of March, received his immediate approval, and the next day a messenger was started for Texas, to have it accepted, and thus secure annexation.

On the morning of the 4th of March, 1845, Mr. Tyler left the White House, not caring to assist in the inauguration of his successor. As the Potomac steamer was about to swing away from the wharf, which was crowded with people who were glad to see the ex-President depart, he came along with his family, a squadron of colored servants, and a great lot of luggage. As they alighted from their carriages at the head of the wharf the whistle sounded, the boat's bell rang, and she began slowly to move away. Some one in the crowd sang out, "Hello! hello! Captain, hold on there, ex-President Tyler is coming. Hold on!" The captain, an old Clay Whig, standing near the stern of the boat on the upper deck, looked over the rail, saw the Presidential crowd coming, but pulled his engine bell violently and shouted, "Ex-President Tyler be dashed! let him stay!" This scene was lithographed and copies hung for years in many of the saloons and public houses of Washington.

[Facsimile] S. A. Douglas STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS was born at Brandon, Vermont, April 23d, 1813; was a Representative in Congress from Illinois, 1843-1847; was United States Senator from 1847 until his death at Chicago, June 3d, 1861.

CHAPTER XXV. RESTORATION OF THE DEMOCRATS.

James Knox Polk was inaugurated as the eleventh President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1845, a rainy, unpleasant day. Had any method of contesting a Presidential election been provided by the Constitution or the laws, the fraudulent means by which his election was secured, would have been brought forward to prevent his taking his seat. But the Constitution had made no such provision, and Congress had not been disposed to interfere; so Mr. Polk was duly inaugurated with great pomp, under the direction of the dominant party. A prominent place was assigned in the inaugural procession for the Democratic associations of Washington and other cities. The pugilistic Empire Club from New York, led by Captain Isaiah Rynders, had with it a small cannon, which was fired at short intervals as the procession advanced.

The Chief Marshal of the procession having issued orders that no carriages should enter the Capitol grounds, the diplomats were forced to alight at a side gate in the rain, and to walk through the mud to the Senate entrance, damaging their feathered chapeaux and their embroidered uniforms, to their great displeasure. Conspicuous in the group around the President was Vice-President Dallas, tall, erect, and dignified, with long, snow-white hair falling over his shoulders. The President-elect read his inaugural, which few heard, and when he had concluded Chief Justice Taney administered the oath of office. As Mr. Polk reverentially kissed the Bible, the customary salutes boomed forth at the Navy Yard and at the Arsenal. The new President was then escorted to the White House, the rain having made Pennsylvania Avenue so slippery with mud that not a few of the soldiers fell ingloriously on the march.

The cry, "Who is James K. Polk?" raised by the Whigs when he was nominated, was unwarranted, for he was not an unknown man. He had been a member of the House from 1825 to 1839, Speaker from 1835 to 1837, and chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means during a portion of his membership. He had been a Jackson leader in the House, and as such he had manifested not only zeal and skill as a party manager, but also substantial qualities of a respectable order. It seems certain that Polk was selected by the Southern Democracy some time before the Convention met in 1844, and that he was heartily in sympathy with the movement for conquering a portion of Mexico to be made into slave States. Polk entered heartily into this business, and worked harmoniously with the instigators of conquest, except that he became self-willed when his vanity was touched.

President Polk was a spare man, of unpretending appearance and middle stature, with a rather small head, a full, angular brow, penetrating dark gray eyes, and a firm mouth. His hair, which he wore long and brushed back behind his ears, was touched with silver when he entered the White House and was gray when he left it. He was a worthy and well-qualified member of the fraternity of the Freemasons, and a believer in the creed of the Methodists, although, out of deference to the religious opinions of his wife, he attended worship with her at the First Presbyterian Church. Calm, cold, and intrepid in his moral character, he was ignorant of the beauty of moral uprightness in the conduct of public affairs, but was ambitious of power and successful in the pursuit of it. He was very methodical and remarkably industrious, always finding time to listen patiently to the stories of those who came to him as petitioners for patronage and place. But his arduous labors impaired his health and doubtless shortened his life. Before his term of office had half expired his friends were pained to witness his shortened and enfeebled step, and the air of languor and exhaustion which sat upon him.

There were two inauguration balls in honor of the new President's accession to power—one at ten dollars a ticket, and the other at two dollars. The ten-dollar ball was at Carusi's saloon, and was

attended by the leaders of Washington society, the Diplomatic Corps, and many officers of the Army and Navy. Madame de Bodisco, wife of the Russian Minister, in a superb court dress, which she had worn while on her bridal visit to St. Petersburg, attracted much attention and contrasted strongly with Mrs. Polk, whose attire was very plain. The ball at the National Theatre was more democratic, and was attended by an immense crowd, whose fight for the supper was emblematical of the rush and scramble about to be made for the loaves and fishes of office. When the guests began to depart, it was found that the best hats, cloaks, and canes had been taken early in the evening, and there was great grumbling. Commodore Elliot had his pocket picked at the White House on inauguration day, the thief depriving him of his wallet, which contained several valued relics. One was a letter from General Jackson, congratulating him on his restoration to his position in the service, and containing a lock of "Old Hickory's" hair; another was a letter from Mrs. Madison, inclosing a lock of Mr. Madison's hair.

Mrs. Polk was a strict Presbyterian, and she shunned what she regarded as "the vanities of the world" whenever it was possible for her to do so. She did not possess the queenly grace of Mrs. Madison or the warm-hearted hospitality of Mrs. Tyler, but she presided over the White House with great dignity. She was of medium height and size, with very black hair, dark eyes and complexion, and formal yet graceful deportment. At the inauguration of her husband she wore a black silk dress, a long black velvet cloak with a deep cape, trimmed with fringe and tassels, and a purple velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin ribbon. Her usual style of dress was rich, but not showy.

Mrs. Polk would not permit dancing at the White House, but she did all in her power to render the Administration popular. One morning a lady found her reading. "I have many books presented to me by their writers," said she, "and I try to read them all; at present this is not possible; but this evening the author of this book dines with the President, and I could not be so unkind as to appeared wholly ignorant and unmindful of his gift." At one of her evening receptions a gentleman remarked, "Madame, you have a very genteel assemblage to-night." "Sir," replied Mrs. Polk, with perfect good humor, but very significantly, "I have never seen it otherwise."

Mr. James Buchanan, the newly appointed Secretary of State, was at this time in the prime of life, and his stalwart frame, fair complexion, light blue eyes, courtly manners, and scrupulously neat attire prompted an English visitor, Mrs. Maury, to say that he resembled a British nobleman of the past generation, when the grave and dignified bearing of men of power was regarded as an essential attribute of their office. Although a bachelor, he kept house on F Street next to the abode of John Quincy Adams, where his accomplished niece presided at his hospitable board. He faithfully carried out the foreign policy of President Polk, but never let pass an opportunity for advancing, with refreshing humility, his own claims to the succession. In a letter written to a friend he alluded to a prediction that he would be the next President, and went on to say: "I or any other man may disappear from the political arena without producing a ripple upon the surface of the deep and strong current which is sweeping the country to its destiny. Nothing has prevented me from removing myself from the list of future candidates for the Presidency, except the injury this might do to the Democratic cause in Pennsylvania. On this subject I am resolved, and whenever it may be proper I shall make known my resolution. Nothing on earth could induce me again to accept a Cabinet appointment." Yet never did a wily politician more industriously plot and plan to secure a nomination than Mr. Buchanan did, in his still-hunt for the Presidency.

William Learned Marcy, the Secretary of War, was the "wheel-horse" of President Polk's Cabinet. Heavily built, rather sluggish in his movements, and always absorbed with some subject, he was not what is generally termed "companionable," and neither bores nor office-seekers regarded him as an amiable man. He used to write his most important dispatches in the library of his own house. When thus engaged he would at once, after breakfast, begin his work and write till nearly noon, when he would go to the Department, receive calls, and attend to the regular routine duties of his position. During hours of composition he was so completely engrossed with the subject that persons might enter, go out, or talk in the same room without in the least obtaining his notice. He usually sat in his dressing-gown, with an old red handkerchief on the table before him, and one could judge of the relative activity of his mind by the frequency of his application to the snuff-box. In truth, he was an inveterate snuff-taker, and his immoderate consumption of that article appeared to have injuriously affected his voice.

President Polk, anxious to placate his defeated rival, Mr. Van Buren, tendered the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury to Silas Wright. He declined it, having been elected Governor of the State of New York, but recommended for the position Mr. A. C. Flagg. Governor Marcy objected to the appointment of Mr. Flagg, then to the appointment of Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, and finally accepted himself the place of Secretary of War. Mr. Robert J. Walker, a Pennsylvanian by birth and a Mississippian by adoption, who had in the United States Senate advocated the admission of Texas and opposed the protection of American industries by a high tariff, was made Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. George Bancroft was appointed Secretary of the Navy, and Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, Postmaster-General.

Mr. John Y. Mason, who had been the Secretary of the Navy in Tyler's Cabinet, was retained by Polk as his Attorney-General, having made earnest appeals that he might not be disturbed. He wrote to an influential friend at Washington that he desired to remain in office on account of his financial wants. "Imprudence amounting to infatuation," he went on to say, "while in Congress, embarrassed me, and I am barely recovering from it. The place is congenial to my feelings, and the salary will assist Virginia land and negroes in educating six daughters. Although I still own a large estate, and am perfectly temperate in my habits, I have felt that the folly of my conduct in another respect may have led to the report that I was a sot—an unfounded rumor, which originated with a Richmond paper." Governor Marcy used to joke Mr. Mason a good deal on the forwardness of the Old Dominion, the mother of Presidents, in urging the claims of her children for Federal office—a propensity which was amusingly illustrated at a private dinner where they were both in attendance. "How strange it is, Mason," said he, "that out of the thousands of fat appointments we have had to make, there is not one that Virginia does not furnish a candidate for, and that every candidate is backed up by the strongest testimonials that he was expressly educated for that particular post!" Mason bore the joke very well, contenting himself with the observation that the people of the United States seemed to know where to look for great men.

Mr. Polk had been elected President on the platform of "the whole of Oregon or none" and "54° 40', or fight." But Mr. McLean, who was sent to England, negotiated a treaty fixing the boundary at 49°, and "54° 40'" was abandoned without the promised fight. Another troublesome legacy inherited by John Tyler was not so easily arranged, and the Mexican War was inaugurated. To the more intelligent portion of the Northern Whigs the contest was repulsive, and the manner in which it was used for the advancement of Democratic politicians was revolting. But few forgot their allegiance to this country in the face of the enemy. Congress, repeatedly appealed to by the President, voted men and money without stint to secure the national success and to maintain the national honor. Whig States which, like Massachusetts, had no sympathy for the war, contributed the bravest of their sons, many of whom, like a son of Daniel Webster, fell victims to Mexican malaria or Mexican bullets.

While President Polk endeavored to gratify each of the component factions of the Democratic party in the composition of his Cabinet, he ruthlessly deposed the veteran Francis P. Blair from the editorship of the *Globe* to gratify the chivalry of South Carolina, who made it the condition upon which he could receive the electoral vote of their State, then in the hands of the General Assembly, and controlled by the politicians. Blair & Rives had loaned ten thousand dollars to General Jackson, who was very indignant when he learned that his old friends were to be shelved, but the Nullifiers were inexorable. The *Globe* ceased to be the editorial organ of the Administration, and "Father Ritchie," who had for many years edited the Richmond *Inquirer*, was invited to Washington, where he established the *Union*, which became the mouthpiece of President Polk. "The *Globe*," says Colonel Benton, "was sold and was paid for; it was paid for out of public money—the same fifty thousand dollars which were removed to the village bank at Middletown, in the interior of Pennsylvania. Three annual installments made the payment, and the Treasury did not reclaim the money for three years."

The first congressional assembly attended by President Polk was graced by the presence of General Felix Grundy McConnell, of Alabama, who appeared arrayed in a blue swallow-tailed coat, light cassimere pantaloons, and a scarlet waistcoat. His female acquaintances at Washington not being very numerous, he had invited to accompany him two good-looking French milliner girls from a shop in the lower story of the house in which he boarded. The young women were dressed as near to the Parisian style of ball dress as their means would permit, and the trio attracted much attention as they promenaded the hall. When the President arrived, the General marched directly to him, and exclaimed in his stentorian voice: "Mr. Polk, allow me the honor of introducing to you my beautiful young friend, Mamselle—Mamselle—Mamselle—*parley vous Francais*—whose name I have forgotten!" Then, turning to the other lady, he asked, "Will you introduce your friend?" The President, seeing General Mac's embarrassment, relived him by shaking hands cordially with each of the young ladies.

[Facsimile] James K. Polk JAMES KNOX POLK was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, November 2d, 1795; was a Representative in Congress from Tennessee, 1825-1839; was Governor of Tennessee, 1839; was President of the United States, 1845-1849, and died at Nashville, Tennessee, June 15th, 1849.

CHAPTER XXVI. DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The metropolis was not very gay during the latter portion of Mr. Polk's Administration. There were the usual receptions at the White House, and at several of the foreign legations the allowance of "table money" was judiciously expended, but there were not many large evening parties or balls. One notable social event was the marriage of Colonel Benton's daughter Sarah to Mr. Jacob, of Louisville. The bridegroom's family was related to the Taylors and the Clays, so Henry Clay, who had been re-elected to the Senate, was present, and escorted the bride to the supper-table. There was a large attendance of

Congressmen, diplomats, and officials, but the absence of officers of the army and navy, generally so prominent at a Washington entertainment, was noticeable. They were in Mexico.

Another interesting entertainment was given by Colonel Seaton, at his mansion on E Street, to the Whig members of Congress and the journalists. The first homage of nearly all, as they entered, was paid to John Quincy Adams, who sat upon a sofa, his form slightly bowed by time, his eyes weeping, and a calm seriousness in his expression. Daniel Webster was not present, having that day received intelligence of the death of his son Edward, who was major of a Massachusetts regiment, and died in Mexico of camp-fever. Henry Clay, however, was there, with kind words and pleasant smiles for all his friends. Crittenden, Corwin, and other Whig Senatorial paladins were present, and Mr. Speaker Winthrop, that perfect gentleman and able presiding officer, headed a host of talented Representatives. Commodore Stockton and General Jones represented the Army and Navy, while Erastus Brooks and Charles Lanman appeared for the press. There was a sumptuous collation, with much drinking of healths and many pledges to the success of the Whig cause.

The reunion at Colonel Seaton's was on Friday night, February 18th, 1848. The following Sunday John Quincy Adams attended public worship at the Capitol, and on Monday, the 21st, he was, as usual, in his seat when the House was called to order. During the preliminary business he was engaged in copying a poetical invocation to the muse of history for one of the officials, and he appeared to be in ordinarily good health. A resolve of thanks to the generals of the Mexican War came up, and the clerk had read, "Resolved by the House that"—when he was arrested by the cry of "Look to Mr. Adams!" Mr. David Fisher, of Ohio, who occupied the desk on Mr. Adams' right, saw him rise as if he intended to speak; then clutch his desk with a convulsive effort, and sink back into his chair. Mr. Fisher caught him in his arms, and in an instant Dr. Fries and Dr. Nes, both members, were at his side.

It was a solemn moment, for a cry went from more than one, "Mr. Adams is dying!" It was thought that, like Pitt, he would give up the ghost "with harness on," on the spot which his eloquence had hallowed. "Stand back!" "Give him air!" "Remove him!" Every one seemed panic-stricken except Mr. Speaker Winthrop, who quietly adjourned the House, and had his insensible colleague removed on a sofa—first into the rotunda, and then into the Speaker's room. Cupping, mustard poultices, and friction were resorted to, and about an hour after his attack Mr. Adams said, "This is the last of earth, but I am content." He then fell into a deep slumber, from which he never awoke. Mrs. Adams and other relatives were with him, and among the visitors was Henry Clay, who stood for some time with the old patriarch's hand clasped in his, and gazed intently on the calm but vacant countenance, his own eyes filled with tears. Mr. Adams lingered until the evening of the 23d of February, when he breathed his last. The funeral services were very imposing, and a committee of one from each State accompanied the remains to Boston, where they lay in state at Faneuil Hall, and were then taken to Quincy for interment. The Committee returned to Washington enthusiastic over the hospitalities extended to them while they were in Massachusetts.

Abraham Lincoln was a member of the last Congress during the Polk Administration. He made no mark as a legislator, but he established his reputation as a story-teller, and he was to be found every morning in the post-office of the House charming a small audience with his quaint anecdotes. Among other incidents of his own life which he used to narrate was his military service in the Black Hawk War, when he was a captain of volunteers. He was mustered into service by Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant of dragoons, stationed at Fort Dixon, which was near the present town of Dixon, Illinois, and was under the command of Colonel Zachary Taylor. Mr. Lincoln served only one term, and before its expiration he began to take steps for appointment as Commissioner of the General Land-office, two years afterward, should the Whigs then come into power. A number of prominent Whig Senators and Representatives indorsed his application, but he was not successful.

Jefferson Davis was a Representative from Mississippi until he resigned to accept the command of a regiment of riflemen, with which he rendered gallant services at Buena Vista, under his father- in-law, General Taylor, with whom he was not at that time on speaking terms. In appearance his erect bearing recalled his service as an officer of dragoons, while his square shoulders and muscular frame gave proof of a training at West Point. His high forehead was shaded by masses of dark hair, in which the silvery threads began to show; his eyes were a bluish-gray, his cheekbones prominent, his nose aquiline, and he had a large, expressive mouth. He was an ardent supporter of State sovereignty and Southern rights, and he was very severe on those Congressmen from the slave-holding States, who were advocates of the Union, especially Mr. A. H. Stephens, whom he denounced as "the little pale star from Georgia."

The Democratic National Convention met at Baltimore on the 22d of May, 1848. There was a prolonged contest over the rival claims of delegates from New York, terminated by the admission of the "hards." General James M. Commander, the solitary delegate from South Carolina, was authorized to cast the nine votes of that State. The two-thirds rule was adopted, and on the fourth day of the

convention, Lewis Cass, of Michigan, was nominated on the fourth ballot, defeating James Buchanan and Levi Woodbury. Having nominated a Northern candidate, a Southern platform was adopted, which covered the entire ground of non-interference with the rights of slave- holders, either in the States or Territories.

General Cass was then in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and had passed forty years in the public service. His knowledge was ample but not profound. He was ignorant on no subject, and was deeply versed on none. The world to him was but a playhouse, and that drama with him was best which was best performed.

When the Whig National Convention met at Philadelphia, on the 7th of June, there was a bitter feeling between the respective friends of Webster and Clay, but they were all doomed to disappointment. The Northern delegates to the Whig National Convention might have nominated either Webster, Clay, Scott, or Corwin, as they had a majority of fifty-six over the delegates from the Southern States, and cast twenty-nine votes more than was necessary to choose a candidate. But they refused to unite on any one, and on the fourth ballot sixty-nine of them voted with the Southern Whigs and secured the nomination of Zachary Taylor. While the friends of Mr. Clay made a desperate rally in his behalf, knowing that it was his last chance, some of those who had smarted under the lash which he wielded so unsparingly in the Senate rejoiced over his defeat. "Thank Providence!" exclaimed ex-Senator Archer, of Virginia, "we have got rid of the old tyrant at last."

As the Whig National Convention had adjourned without passing a single declaration of the party's principles, General Taylor's letter of acceptance was awaited with intense interest. It was believed that he would outline some policy which would be accepted and which would unite the Whig party. A month elapsed, and no letter of acceptance was received by Governor Morehead, who had presided over the Convention, but the Postmaster at Baton Rouge, where General Taylor lived, addressed the Postmaster-General a letter, saying that with the report for the current quarter from that office, two bundles of letters were forwarded for the Dead- Letter Office, they having been declined on account of the non-payment of the postage by the senders. It was in the ten-cent and non-prepayment time. Of the forty-eight letters thus forwarded to the Dead-Letter Office, the Baton Rouge Postmaster said a majority were addressed to General Taylor, who had declined to pay the postage on them and take them out of the office, because his mail expenses had become burdensome. The General had since become aware that some of the letters were of importance, and asked for their return. In due course, the letters were sent back to Baton Rouge, and among them was Governor Morehead's letter notifying the General of the action of the Philadelphia Convention.

General Taylor's letter of acceptance was thus dated a month and five days after the letter of notification had been written. It was "short and sweet." He expressed his thanks for the nomination, said he did not seek it, and that he were elected President, for which position he did not think he possessed the requisite qualifications, he would do his best. He discussed nothing, laid down no principles, and gave no indications of the course he would pursue. Thurlow Weed was not satisfied with this letter, and sent the draft of another one, more explicit, and indorsed by Mr. Fillmore. This General Taylor had copied, and signed it as a letter addressed to his kinsman, Captain Allison. In it he pledged himself fully to Whig principles, and it was made the basis of an effective campaign.

Mr. Webster, who at first denounced the nomination as one "not fit to be made," was induced, by the payment of a considerable sum of money, to make a speech in favor of the ticket. Nathaniel P. Willis wrote a stirring campaign song, and at the request of Thurlow Weed, the writer of these reminiscences wrote a campaign life of the General, large editions of which were published at Boston and at Albany for gratuitous distribution. It ignored the General's views on the anti-slavery question. Meanwhile, the Massachusetts Abolitionists and ultra-Webster men, with the Barn-burner wing of the Democratic party in New York, and several other disaffected factions, met in convention at Buffalo. They there nominated Martin Van Buren for President and Mr. Charles Francis Adams for Vice- President, and adopted as a motto, "Free Speech, Free Soil, Free Labor, and Free Men." This party attracted enough votes from the Democratic ticket in the State of New York to secure the triumph of the Whigs, and Martin Van Buren, who had been defeated by the Southern Democrats, had in return the satisfaction of effecting their defeat.

Mr. Calhoun, soured by his successive failures, but not instructed by them, sought revenge. "The last days of Mr. Polk's Administration," says Colonel Benton, "were witness to an ominous movement, nothing less than nightly meetings of large numbers of members from the slave States to consider the state of things between the North and the South, to show the aggressions and encroachments (as they were called) of the former upon the latter, to show the incompatibility of their union, and to devise measures for the defense and protection of the South."

[Facsimile] H. S. Foote HENRY STUART FOOTE was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September

20th, 1800; commenced the practice of law at Tuscumbia, Alabama, and removed to Mississippi; was United States Senator, 1847-1852; was Governor of Mississippi, 1852-1854, and died May 29th, 1880.

CHAPTER XXVII. MAKING THE MOST OF POWER.

General Zachary Taylor was, of all who have filled the Presidential chair by the choice of the people, the man least competent to perform its duties. He had been placed before his countrymen as a candidate in spite of his repeated avowals of incapacity, inexperience, and repugnance to all civil duties. Although sixty- four years of age, he had never exercised the right of suffrage, and he was well aware that he was elected solely because of his military prowess. But no sooner did he learn that he had been chosen President than he displayed the same invincible courage, practical sense, and indomitable energy in the discharge of his new and arduous civil duties which had characterized his military career.

The President-elect was fortunate in having as a companion, counselor, and friend Colonel William Wallace Bliss, who had served as his chief of staff in the Mexican campaign, and who became the husband of his favorite daughter, Miss Betty. Colonel Bliss was the son of Captain Bliss, of the regular army, and after having been reared in the State of New York he was graduated at West Point, where he served afterward as acting professor of mathematics.

On his way to Washington from his Louisiana plantation, General Taylor visited Frankfort, and personally invited Mr. John J. Crittenden, then Governor of Kentucky, to become his Secretary of State. Governor Crittenden declined, and General Taylor then telegraphed to Mr. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, tendering him the position, which that gentleman promptly accepted.

Mr. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, solicited the appointment of the Secretary of the Treasury, and was offered the Navy Department, which he declined. Mr. Robert Toombs, supported by Representative Stephens and Senator Dawson, succeeded in having Mr. George W. Crawford, of Georgia, appointed Secretary of War.

Mr. William M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, was rather forced upon General Taylor as Secretary of the Treasury by Mr. Clayton and other Whigs, partly on account of his acknowledged talents, but chiefly to exclude objectionable Pennsylvanians, among them Mr. Josiah Randall, who, more than any other, had contributed to the nomination and election of the General. A contest between Messrs. Corwin and Vinton, of Ohio, for a seat in the Cabinet was settled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Ewing, of that State, as Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Jacob Collamer, of Vermont, who had been an unsuccessful competitor with Mr. Upham for a seat in the Senate, and had been recommended by the Legislature of his state as Attorney- General, was made Postmaster-General.

General Taylor came to Washington impressed with the idea that he was politically indebted to George Lunt, of Massachusetts, and William Ballard Preston, of Virginia. He appointed Mr. Lunt District Attorney for the district of Massachusetts, and it was soon understood that he proposed to invite Mr. Preston to a seat in his Cabinet as Attorney-General. The Whig Senators remonstrated, urging Preston's lack of great legal ability and learning, but all to no purpose. Finally Senator Archer, of Virginia, called and asked if there was any foundation for the report that his friend Preston was to be made Attorney-General. "Yes!" answered General Taylor, "I have determined on that appointment." "Are you aware, General," said the Senator, "that the Attorney-General must represent the Government in the Supreme Court?" "Of course!" responded the General. "But did you know that he must there meet Daniel Webster, Reverdy Johnson, and other leading lawyers?" "Certainly. What of it?" "Nothing, General, except that they will make a blank fool of your Attorney- General." The Virginia Senator then took his leave, and the next morning's papers contained the announcement that the President had decided to appoint Mr. Preston Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson Attorney-General.

Mrs. Taylor regretted the election of her husband, and came to Washington with a heavy heart. She was a native of Calvert County, Maryland, and was born on the estate where the father of Mrs. John Quincy Adams had formerly resided. Her father, Mr. Walter Smith, was a highly respectable farmer, and her brother, Major Richard Smith, of the Marine Corps, was well remembered at Washington for his gallant bearing and his social qualities. The eldest daughter of General Taylor had married Mr. Jefferson Davis. A second daughter was the wife of Dr. Wood, of the army, who was at that time stationed at Baltimore, as was General Taylor's brother, Colonel Taylor. Mrs. Taylor, with her younger daughter, Mrs. Bliss, went directly from Louisiana to Baltimore some weeks prior to the inauguration. They broke up housekeeping at Baton Rouge, and took with them William Oldham, a faithful colored man, who had been the body- servant of General Taylor for many years, the parade horse, "Old Whitey," which he had ridden in the Mexican campaign, and a favorite dog.

General Taylor was inaugurated on Monday, March 5th. He was escorted from Willard's Hotel by an imposing procession, headed by twelve volunteer companies. The President-elect rode in an open carriage drawn by four gray horses, and he was joined at the Irving House by President Polk, who sat at his right hand. One hundred young gentlemen, residents of the District of Columbia, mounted on spirited horses, formed a body-guard, and kept the crowd from pressing around the President's carriage. Then came the "Rough-and-Ready" clubs of Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, and Baltimore, with banners, badges, and music, while the students of the Georgetown College brought up the rear.

The personal appearance of General Taylor as he read his inaugural address from a platform erected in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol was not imposing. His figure was somewhat portly, and his legs were short; his thin, gray hair was unbrushed; his whiskers were of the military cut then prescribed; his features were weather- bronzed and care-furrowed; and he read almost inaudibly. It was evident, however, that he was a popular favorite, and when he had concluded the vociferous cheering of the assembled thousands was answered by the firing of cannon and the music of the bands. His praises were on all lips, and his soubriquets of "Rough and Ready" and "Old Zach." were sounded with all honor.

The inaugural message showed that General Taylor regarded the Union as in danger, and that he intended to use every possible exertion for its preservation. Mr. Calhoun had requested, through Mr. Clayton, that nothing should be said in the inaugural on this subject, which had prompted the addition of a paragraph, in which the incoming President declared that a dissolution of the Union would be the greatest of calamities, and went on to say: "Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it, and maintain it in its integrity, to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the Constitution."

In December, 1849, when Congress assembled, the President aroused the violent opposition of Southern members by recommending, in his message, that California be admitted as a free State, and that the remaining Territories be allowed to form Constitutions to suit themselves. So indignant were some of the Southerners that the dissolution of the Union was openly threatened. To allay this agitation Clay's compromise measures were proposed, but Taylor did not live to see the bill passed.

The horde of office-seekers which invaded Washington after the inauguration of President Taylor recalled the saying of John Randolph, when it was asserted that the patronage of the Federal Government was overrated: "I know," said the sarcastic Virginian, "that it may be overrated; I know that we cannot give to those who apply offices equal to their expectations; and I also know that with one bone I can call five hundred dogs." The Democratic motto, that "To the victors belong the spoils," was adopted by the Taylor Administration. Unexceptionable men were removed from office, that their places might be filled with officers of Rough and Ready clubs or partisan orators. Veterans like General Armstrong and even the gifted Hawthorne, were "rotated" without mercy from the offices which they held. In the Post-Office Department alone, where Mr. Fitz Henry Warren, as Assistant Postmaster-General, worked the political guillotine, there were three thousand four hundred and six removals during the first year of the Taylor Administration, besides many hundred clerks and employees in the post-offices of the larger cities.

In the dispensation of "patronage" there was a display of shameless nepotism. A brother-in-law of Senator Webster was made Navy Agent at New York. Sons of Senators Crittenden, Clay, and Davis received important appointments abroad, and the son-in-law of Senator Calhoun was retained in the diplomatic service. Two sons-in-law of Senator Benton were offered high places. A nephew of Senator Truman Smith was made one of the United States Judges in Minnesota, and a nephew of Secretary Clayton was made purser at the Washington Navy Yard. The assurance of the President that he had "no friends to reward" was apparently forgotten, and he was hedged in by a little circle of executive councilors, who ruled all things.

While the Administration was profligate in this abuse of patronage, the conduct of several of the Secretaries was such as to give the President great uneasiness as he became acquainted with what was going on. Old claims were revived, approved by the Secretaries, and paid. Prominent among them was the Galphin claim, the Chickasaw claim, the De la Francia claim, the Gardiner claim, and many others. From the Galphin claim Mr. Crawford, Secretary of War, received as his share one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars. The lawyers in Congress declared that the Secretary acted professionally, but others censured him severely. Judge Cartter, then a Representative from Ohio, was severe in his comments on the monstrous corruption of the allowance of interest, the payment of which he said that he disliked "both as an exaction of the part of the capitalists, and on account of its origin with the Jews, who killed the Saviour."

President Taylor, although a Southerner by birth and a slave-owner, took prompt steps to thwart the

schemes of Mr. Calhoun and his fellow-conspirators. Military officers were ordered to California, Utah, and New Mexico, which had no governments but lynch law; and the people of the last-named province, which had been settled two hundred years before Texas asserted her independence, were assured that her domain would be guaranteed by the United States against the claim of the Lone Star State.

Socially, President Taylor enjoyed himself, and he used to take morning walks through the streets of Washington, wearing a high black silk hat perched on the back of his head, and a suit of black broadcloth, much too large for him, but made in obedience to his orders, that he might be comfortable. Mrs. Taylor used to sit patiently all day in her room, plying her knitting-needles, and occasionally, it was said, smoking her pipe. Mrs. Bliss was an excellent housekeeper, and the introduction of gas into the Executive Mansion, with new furniture and carpets, enabled her to give it a more creditable appearance. It was said that she did the honors of the establishment "with the artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess."

General Taylor found it difficult to accustom himself to the etiquette and the restraint of his new position. One day when the bachelor ex-Secretary of State called with a number of fair Pennsylvania friends to present them to the President, General Taylor remarked: "Ah! Mr. Buchanan, you always pick out the prettiest ladies!" "Why, Mr. President," was the courtly reply, "I know that your taste and mine agree in this respect." "Yes," said General Taylor, "but I have been so long among Indians and Mexicans that I hardly know how to behave myself, surrounded by so many lovely women."

[Facsimile] ZTaylor ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange County, Virginia, November 24th, 1784; never cast a vote or held a civil office until he was inaugurated as President, March 5th, 1849; died at the White House, after a few days' illness, July 9th, 1850.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE GREAT COMPROMISE DEBATE.

The Thirty-first Congress, which met on the first Monday in the December following the inauguration of President Taylor, contained many able statesmen of national prominence. The organization of the House was a difficult task, nine "free-soil" or anti-slavery Whigs from the North and six "State-rights" or pro-slavery Whigs from the South, refusing to vote for that accomplished gentleman, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, who was the Whig candidate for Speaker. On the first ballot, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, had one hundred and three votes, against ninety-six votes for Robert C. Winthrop, eight votes for David Wilmot, six votes for Meredith P. Gentry, two votes for Horace Mann, and a number of scattering votes. The tellers announced that these was no choice, and the balloting was continued day after day, amid great and increasing excitement. After the thirty-ninth ballot, Mr. Winthrop withdrew from the contest, expressing his belief that the peace and the safety of the Union demanded that an organization of some sort should be effected without delay.

The Southern Whigs who had opposed Mr. Winthrop were vehement and passionate in their denunciation of the North. "The time has come," said Mr. Toombs, his black, uncombed hair standing out from his massive head, as if charged with electricity, his eyes glowing like coals of fire, and his sentences rattling forth like volleys of musketry—"the time has come," said he, "when I shall not only utter my opinions, but make them the basis of my political action here. I do not, then, hesitate to avow before this House and the country, and in the presence of the living God, that if, by your legislation, you seek to drive us from the Territories of California and New Mexico, and to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, I am for disunion; and if my physical courage be equal to the maintenance of my convictions of right and duty, I will devote all I am and all I have on earth to its consummation."

Such inflammatory remarks provoked replies, and after a heated debate Mr. Duer, of New York, remarked that he "would never, under any circumstances, vote to put a man in the Speaker's chair who would, in any event, advocate or sanction a dissolution of the Union." This brought a dozen Southerners to their feet, with angry exclamations, and Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, who was near Mr. Duer, said "There are no disunionists." "There are!" exclaimed Mr. Duer. "Name one!" shouted Mr. Bayly. At that moment Mr. Meade, of Virginia, rose and passed directly before Mr. Duer, who pointed to him and shouted, "There's one!" "It is false!" replied Mr. Meade, angrily. "You lie, sir!" responded Mr. Duer, in tones which rang through the hall; and, drawing himself up, he stood unmoved, while his political friends and foes clustered angrily about him, every man of them talking and gesticulating most furiously.

Fortunately, Mr. Nathan Sergeant (known as a newspaper correspondent over the signature of Oliver Oldschool), who was the Sergeant-at- Arms of the House, was in his seat at the Speaker's right hand. Seizing the "mace," which represents the Roman fasces, or bundle of rods, bound by silver bands and surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, which is the symbol of the authority of the House, he hastened to Mr. Duer and stood at his side, as if to protect him. His official interposition was immediately respected by all concerned in the disorder, and even the most tumultuous began at once to subside, so that no forcible measures were needed to prevent further violence.

Quiet was restored, and the excited Representatives, one by one, obeyed the sharp raps of the Speaker's gavel, accompanied by the peremptory order, "Gentlemen will take their seats." Mr. Duer, who had recovered his usual composure, then addressed the Chair, and having been recognized, apologized to the House for having been provoked into the use of the unparliamentary expression, but justified himself by referring to a speech which Mr. Meade had just made and printed, which contained disunion sentiments. Mr. Meade promptly challenged Mr. Duer, who showed no indisposition to fight, but with some difficulty friends secured an amicable settlement of the quarrel.

Finally, after three weeks of angry recriminations, it was voted that a plurality should elect, and on the sixty-second ballot Mr. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, having received one hundred and two votes against one hundred votes for Mr. Winthrop, was declared the Speaker of the House. He did not have that sense of personal dignity and importance which belonged to Sir John Falstaff by reason of his knighthood, but he displayed the same rich exuberance of animal enjoyment, the same roguish twinkle of the eye, and the same indolence which characterized the fat Knight.

President Taylor's first and only message to Congress was transmitted on the Monday following the organization of the House, December 24th, and the printed copies first distributed contained the sentence, "We are at peace with all the nations of the world and the rest of mankind." A revised edition was soon printed, in which the corrected sentence read, "We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity with them." The blunder caused much diversion among the Democrats, and greatly annoyed Colonel Bliss, who, as the President's private secretary, had superintended the publication of the message. The message contained no allusion to the slavery question, but the President had declared himself in favor of the untrammeled admission of California into the Union, while, on the other hand, he did not approve the "higher law" doctrine which Mr. Seward was advocating as a nucleus for a new political party in the North.

Meanwhile, Henry Clay had reappeared at Washington as a Senator from Kentucky, and occupied his old quarters at the National Hotel, a large stockholder in which, Mr. Calvert, of Maryland, was one of Clay's many friends. Although in his seventy-third year, Mr. Clay was apparently hale and hearty, but showed his age. His head, bald on the top, was fringed with long, iron-gray hair, his cheeks were somewhat sunken, his nose had a pinched look, but his wide mouth was, as in years past, wreathed in genial smiles. He always was dressed in black, and from a high black satin stock, which enveloped his long neck, emerged a huge white shirt collar, which reached to his ears. He mingled in society, generally kissed the prettiest girls wherever he went, and enjoyed a quiet game of cards in his own room, with a glass of toddy made from Bourbon County whisky.

At the commencement of the session Mr. Clay requested that he might be excused from service on any of the standing committees of the Senate, and his wish was granted. It was not long, however, before he evinced a desire to re-enter the arena of debate as a leader of the Whig party, but not as a follower of President Taylor. Presenting a series of resolutions which would consolidate the settlement of the eight different questions involving slavery, then before Congress, into what he expected would prove a lasting compromise, he moved their reference to a select committee of thirteen, with instructions to report them in one bill. The Committee was authorized, but not without opposition, and Mr. Webster's vote secured for Mr. Clay the chairmanship. A general compromise bill was speedily prepared, and the "battle of the giants" was recommenced, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun engaging for the last time in a gladitorial strife, which exhibited the off-hand genial eloquence of the Kentuckian, the ponderous strength of the Massachusetts Senator, and the concentrated energies of South Carolina's favorite son. Mr. Clay was the leader in the debate, which extended over seven months, and during that time he was ever on the alert, sometimes delivering a long argument, sometimes eloquently replying to other Senators, and sometimes suggesting points to some one who was to speak on his side. Indignant at the treatment which he had received from the Whig party he stood unsubdued, and so far from retreating from those who had deserted him, he intended to make the Taylor Administration recall its pledges, break its promises, and become national, or pro-slavery, Whigs.

Mr. Webster was equally grieved and saddened by the faithlessness of Massachusetts men who had in years past professed friendship for him, but of whose machinations against him he had obtained proof during the preceding autumn. He also ascertained that, to use the words of Mr. Choate, "the attention of the public mind began to be drawn a little more directly to the great question of human freedom and human slavery." If he responded to the beatings of the New England heart, and resisted the aggressions and usurpations of the slave power, he would have to follow the lead of the Abolitionists, for whom he had always expressed a profound contempt. Dejected and depressed, Mr. Webster would at that time have been glad to take the mission to England, and thus terminate his career of public service; but he was defeated by the claims of Mr. Abbott Lawrence, who, having been recently disappointed in not receiving the appointment of Secretary of the Treasury, refused to be comforted unless he could be the successor of George Bancroft at the Court of St. James.

Thaddeus Stevens and Joshua R. Giddings asserted, after the decease of Mr. Webster, that he prepared a speech, the manuscript of which they had read, which was a powerful exposition and vindication of Northern sentiment upon the compromise measures, especially the fugitive-slave bill. If this was true, he was doubtless induced to "change front" by pledges of Southern support for the Presidency; but he is reported by Theodore Parker as having said to a fellow Senator, on the morning of the 7th of March, "I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me." He should have remembered that he himself said of the Emperor Napoleon, "His victories and his triumphs crumbled to atoms, and moldered to dry ashes in his grasp, because he violated the general sense of justice of mankind."

At this time Webster's far-seeing mind was doubtless troubled by the prospects of a bloody civil war, with the breaking up of the Union he loved so well. He stood by the old compromises rather than bring on a sectional conflict, and in his opinion there was no sacrifice too great to avert a fratricidal contest. "I speak to-day," said he, "for the preservation of the Union!" His words were in after years the key-notes of many appeals for the protection and the preservation of the United States.

Mr. Calhoun's health had gradually failed, and at last he was supported into the Senate Chamber wrapped in flannels, like the great Chatham, and requested that his friend, Senator Mason, might read some remarks which he had prepared. The request was, of course, granted, and while Mr. Mason read the defiant pronunciamento its author sat wrapped in his cloak, his eyes glowing with meteor- like brilliancy as he glanced at Senators upon whom he desired to have certain passages make an impression. When Mr. Mason had concluded, Mr. Calhoun was supported from the Senate and went back to his lodgings at Mr. Hill's boarding-house, afterward known as the Old Capitol, to die.

Mr. Jefferson Davis aspired to the leadership of the South after the death of Mr. Calhoun, and talked openly of disunion. "Let the sections," said he, in the Senate Chamber, "part, like the patriarchs of old, and let peace and good-will subsist among their descendants. Let no wound be inflicted which time cannot heal. Let the flag of our Union be folded up entire, the thirteen stripes recording the original size of our family, untorn by the unholy struggles of civil war, its constellation to remain undimmed, and speaking to those who come after us of the growth and prosperity of the family whilst it remained united. Unmutilated, let it lie among the archives of the Republic, until some future day, when wiser counsels shall prevail, when men shall have been sobered in the school of adversity, again to be unfurled over the continent-wide Republic."

Senator Hale, who, with Salmon P. Chase, was not named on any of the committees of the Senate, was a constant target for the attacks of the Southerners, but the keenest shafts of satire made no more impression upon him than musket-balls do upon the hide of a rhinoceros. One day when Senator Clemens had asserted that the Union was virtually dissolved, Mr. Hale said, "If this is not a matter too serious for pleasant illustration, let me give you one. Once in my life, in the capacity of Justice of the Peace—for I held that office before I was Senator—I was called on to officiate in uniting a couple in the bonds of matrimony. They came up, and I made short work of it. I asked the man if he would take the woman whom he held by the hand to be his wedded wife; and he replied, 'To be sure I will. I came here to do that very thing.' I then put the question to the lady whether she would have the man for her husband. And when she answered in the affirmative, I told them they were man and wife then. She looked up with apparent astonishment and inquired, 'Is that all?' 'Yes,' said I, 'that is all.' 'Well,' said she, 'it is not such a mighty affair as I expected it to be, after all!' If this Union is already dissolved, it has produced less commotion in the act than I expected."

[Facsimile] Robt. C. Winthrop ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP was born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 12th, 1809; was a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts from December 5th, 1842, to July 30th, 1850, when, having been appointed a United States Senator from Massachusetts, he took his seat in the Senate, serving until February 7th, 1851; was Speaker of the House during the Thirtieth Congress, and a part of the Thirty- first Congress.

CHAPTER XXIX. PROMINENT STATESMEN AND DIPLOMATS.

A prominent figure at Washington during the Taylor Administration was General Sam Houston, a large, imposing-looking man, who generally wore a waistcoat made from the skin of a panther, dressed with the hair on, and who generally occupied himself during the sessions of the Senate in whittling small sticks of soft pine wood, which the Sergeant-at-Arms provided for him. His life had been one of romantic adventure. After having served with distinction under General Jackson in the Creek War, he had become a lawyer, and then Governor of the State of Tennessee. Soon after his inauguration he had married an accomplished young lady, to whom he one day intimated, in jest, that she apparently cared more for a former lover than she did for him. "You are correct," said she, earnestly, "I love Mr. Nickerson's little finger better than I do your whole body." Words ensued, and the next day Houston

resigned his Governorship, went into the Cherokee country, west of the Arkansas River, adopted the Indian costume, and became an Indian trader. He was the best customer supplied from his own whisky barrel, until one day, after a prolonged debauch, he heard from a Texas Indian that the Mexicans had taken up arms against their revolted province. A friend agreeing to accompany him, he cast off his Indian attire, again dressing like a white man, and never drank a drop of any intoxicating beverage afterward. Arriving in Texas at a critical moment, his gallantry was soon conspicuous, and in due time he was sent to Washington as United States Senator. His strong points, however, were more conspicuous on the field than in the Senate.

William H. Seward entered the Senate when General Taylor was inaugurated as President, and soon became the directing spirit of the Administration, although Colonel Bullit, who had been brought from Louisiana to edit the *Republic*, President Taylor's recognized organ, spoke of him only with supercilious contempt. Senator Foote sought reputation by insulting him in public, and was himself taunted by Mr. Calhoun with the inconsistent fact of intimacy with him in private. The newly elected Senator from New York persisted in maintaining amicable relations with his revilers, and quietly controlled the immense patronage of his State, none of which was shared by the friends of Vice-President Fillmore. He was not at heart a reformer; he probably cared but little whether the negro was a slave or a freeman; but he sought his own political advancement by advocating in turn anti-Masonry and abolitionism, and by politically coquetting with Archbishop Hughes, of the Roman Catholic Church, and Henry Wilson, a leading Know-Nothing. Personally he was honest, but he was always surrounded by intriguers and tricksters, some of whose nests he would aid in feathering. The most unscrupulous lobbyists that have ever haunted the Capitol were well known as devoted adherents of William H. Seward, and he swayed them as a sovereign.

Mr. James Buchanan had not shed many tears over the defeat of his rival, General Cass, and when the Whigs came into power he retired from the Department of State to his rural home, called Wheatland, near Lancaster, Pa. He used to visit Washington frequently, and was always welcomed in society, where he made an imposing appearance, although he had the awkward habit of carrying his head slightly to one side, like a poll-parrot. He always attempted to be facetious, especially when conversing with young ladies, but when any political question was discussed in his presence, he was either silent, or expressed himself with great circumspection. From his first entry into the House of Representatives, in 1821, he had entertained Presidential aspirations, and had sought to cultivate friendships that would be of service to him in obtaining the object of his ambition, protesting all the while that he was indifferent on the subject. After his retreat to Wheatland he began to secure strength for the coming National Democratic Convention of 1851, industriously corresponding with politicians in different sections of the country, and he was especially attentive to Mr. Henry A. Wise, with whose aid he hoped to secure the votes of the delegates from Virginia in the next National Democratic Convention.

Mr. Wise, recalling the time when he was a power behind the throne of John Tyler, encouraged Mr. Buchanan to bid for Southern support, and intimated a readiness to "coach" him so as to make him a favorite in the slave States. His counsels were kindly taken and in return Mr. Buchanan wrote to the fiery "Lord of Accomac," in his most precise handwriting: "Acquire more character for prudence and moderation, and under the blessing of Heaven you may be almost anything in this country which you desire. There is no man living whose success in public and in private life would afford me more sincere pleasure than your own. You have every advantage. All you have to do is to go straight ahead, without unnecessarily treading upon other people's toes. I know you will think, if you don't say, 'What impudence it is for this childless old bachelor of sixty years of age to undertake to give me advice! Why don't he mind his own business?' General Jackson once told me that he knew a man in Tennessee who had got rich by minding his own business; but still I urged him, and at last with success, which he never regretted."

The free distribution of plants and seeds to Congressmen for their favored constituents has made it an equally easy matter for the Commissioner of Agriculture to obtain liberal appropriations for his Department and the publication of enormous editions of his Reports. Indeed, the Bureau of Agriculture has grown under these fostering influences to one of immense magnitude, and its beautiful building, erected in Lincoln's time, is one of the ornaments of the city.

The first of the Agricultural Reports was issued by Edmund Burke, while he was commissioner of Patents during the Polk Administration. On the incoming of the Taylor Administration Mr. Burke was succeeded by Thomas Ewbank, of New York City, and Congress made an appropriation of three thousand five hundred dollars for the collection of agricultural statistics. When Mr. Ewbank's report appeared the Southern Congressmen were (to quote the words used by Senator Jefferson Davis, in debate) amazed to find that it was preceded by what he termed "an introduction by Horace Greeley, a philosopher and philanthropist of the strong Abolition type." "The simple fact," he continued, "that Mr. Greeley was employed to write the introduction is sufficient to damn the work with me, and render it worthless in my estimation." This view was held by many other Southerners.

Notwithstanding this fierce denunciation, however, the public appreciated just such work as had been undertaken, and so rapid was the growth of interest in this direction that the Department of Agriculture was fully organized in 1862. It has continued to issue immense numbers of Reports, which are standing objects of jest and complaint, but the fact still remains that they contain splendid stores of valuable information.

Queen Victoria accredited as her Minister Plenipotentiary to President Tyler the Right Honorable Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, an accomplished diplomat, slender, and apparently in ill health. He was afterward, for many years, the British Minister at Constantinople, where he defeated the machinations of Russia, and held in cunning hand the tangled thread of that delicate puzzle, the Eastern Question. His private secretary while he was at Washington was his nephew, Mr. Robert Bulwer (a son of the novelist), who has since won renown as Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, and as the author —Owen Meredith.

The bitter political discussions at the Capitol during the first six months of 1850 prevented much social enjoyment. There were the customary receptions at the White House, and "hops" at the hotels, but few large parties were given. Tea-parties were numerous, at which a succession of colored waiters carried trays heaped with different varieties of home-made cakes and tarts, from which the beaux supplied the belles, and at the same time ministered to their own wants, balancing a well-loaded plate on one knee, while they held a cup and saucer, replete with fragrant decoctions from the Chinese plant "which cheers, but not inebriates."

The reigning belles were the queen-like widow Ashley, of Missouri, who afterward married Senator Crittenden, and her beautiful daughter, who became the wife of Mr. Cabell, of Florida. Mrs. Fremont and her sisters made the home of their father, Colonel Benton, very attractive; General Cass's daughter, who afterward married the Dutch Minister, had returned from Paris with many rare works of art, and the proscribed Free-soilers met with a hearty welcome at the house of Dr. Bailey, editor of the *New Era*, where Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), passed her first winter in Washington.

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1850, a large reception was given by ex-Speaker Winthrop to his gentlemen friends, without distinction of party or locality. At the supper-table Mr. Winthrop had at his right hand Vice-President Fillmore, and at his left hand Mr. Speaker Cobb. Webster and Foote, Benton and Horace Mann, the members elect from California, with Clingman and Venable, who were trying to keep them out, were seen in genial companionship. Most of the Cabinet and the President's private secretary, Colonel Bliss, were there, side by side with those who proposed to impeach them. The only drawback to the general enjoyment of the occasion was the understanding that it was the farewell entertainment of Mr. Winthrop, who had given so many evidences of his unselfish patriotism and eminent ability, and whose large experience in public affairs should have entitled him to the continued confidence of the people of Massachusetts. President Taylor was absent, and Colonel Bliss apologized for his non-attendance, saying that he was somewhat indisposed.

The old hero had that day sat in the sun at the Washington Monument during a long spread-eagle address by Senator Foote, with a tedious supplementary harangue by George Washington Parke Custis. While thus exposed to the midsummer heat for nearly three hours, he had drank freely of ice-water, and on his return to the White House he had found a basket of cherries, of which he partook heartily, drinking at the same time several goblets of iced milk. After dinner he still further feasted on cherries and iced milk against the protestations of Dr. Witherspoon, who was his guest. When it was time to go to Mr. Winthrop's he felt ill, and soon afterward he was seized with a violent attack of cholera morbus. This was on Thursday, but he did not consider himself dangerously ill until Sunday, when he said to his physician, "In two days I shall be a dead man." Eminent physicians were called in, but they could not arrest the bilious fever which supervened. His mind was clear, and on Tuesday morning he said to one of the physicians at his bedside, "You have fought a good fight, but you cannot make a stand." Soon afterward he murmured, "I have endeavored to do my duty," and peacefully breathed his last. His sudden death was immediately announced by the tolling of the bell in the Department of State, and in a few moments the funereal knell was echoed from every church steeple in the district.

[Facsimile]
William H. Seward
WILLIAM H. SEWARD was born at Florida, New York, May 16th, 1801; was Governor of New York, 1838-1842; was United States Senator from New York from March 4th, 1849, until he entered the Cabinet of President Lincoln as Secretary of State, March 5th, 1861; remained Secretary of State under President Johnson until March 3d, 1869; traveled around the world in 1870-1871, and died at Auburn, New York, October 10th, 1872.

CHAPTER XXX. FILLMORE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

On the tenth of July, 1850, the day after the death of General Taylor, Mr. Fillmore appeared in the Representatives' Hall at the Capitol, where both houses of Congress had met in joint session, took the oath of office, and immediately left. The new President was then fifty years of age, of average height, florid features, white hair, shrewd, gray eyes, and dignified yet courteous manners. He had risen from the humble walks of life, by incessant toil, to the highest position in the Republic. Always animated by an indomitable spirit and by that industry and perseverance which are the sure guarantees of success, he was undoubtedly a man of ability, but his intellect seemed, like that of Lord Bacon, to lack to complement of heart. A blank in his nature, where loyalty to the public sentiment of the North should have been, made him a willing instrument to crush out the growing determination north of Mason and Dixon's line that freedom should be national, slavery sectional.

Mr. Fillmore had given satisfaction to the Senators by the impartial manner in which he had presided as Vice-President over their deliberations. They had, by a unanimous vote, approved of his ruling, which reversed the decision of Mr. Calhoun, twenty-three years before, that the Vice-President had no right to call a Senator to order for words spoken in debate, and they had ordered his explanatory remarks to be entered upon the journal. By Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed, however, he was treated with marked contempt, and under their direction the Taylor Administration had given him the cold shoulder. Even his requests that two of his personal friends should be appointed Collector of the Port and Postmaster at Buffalo had been formally refused, and the places had been given to partisans of Mr. Seward. The unexpected death of General Taylor was an element which even Mr. Seward had never taken into account, and the first consequence was undisguised confusion among the supporters of the Administration. The members of the Cabinet promptly tendered their resignations, and it was plainly visible that the sudden removal of the President had checkmated the plans so carefully made, and forced the chief player to feel the bitterness of political death. Mr. Fillmore was known to be amiable in private life, but it was evident that he would show little regard for those who had snubbed and slighted him in his less powerful position.

The remains of the deceased President lay in state for several days in the East Room at the White house, and were then interred with great pomp. Religious services were held at the White House, where the distinguished men of the nation were grouped around the coffin. At the funeral there was a large military escort of regulars and volunteers, commanded by General Scott, who was mounted on a spirited horse and wore a richly embroidered uniform, with a high chapeau crowned with yellow plumes. The ponderous funeral car was drawn by eight white horses. Behind the car was led "Old Whitey," the charger ridden by General Taylor in Mexico. He was a well-made horse, in good condition, and with head erect, as if inspired by the clang of martial music, he followed to the grave the remains of him whom he had so often borne to victory. When the artillery and infantry fired the parting salute at the cemetery, the old war- horse pricked up his ears and looked around for his rider.

Mr. Fillmore tendered the Secretary of State's portfolio to Mr. Webster, who promptly accepted it. He had been assured that if he would advocate the compromises he would create a wave of popular sentiment that would float him into the White House in 1856, against all opposition, and that no Democratic aspirant would stand in his way. Believing all this, Mr. Webster had committed himself in his 7th of March speech, and had found that many of his life-long friends and constituents refused to follow his lead. Faneuil Hall had been closed to him, and he was glad to escape from the Senate Chamber into the Department of State. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren had found that Department a convenient stepping-stone to the Presidential chair, and why should not he?

Mr. Webster was a great favorite in the Department of State, for he made no removals, and his generous and considerate treatment of the clerks won their affection. His especial favorite was Mr. George J. Abbott, a native of New Hampshire, who had been graduated at Exeter and Cambridge, and had then come to Washington to take charge of a boys' school. He was an accomplished classical scholar, and he used to hunt up Latin quotations applicable to the questions of the day, which Mr. Webster would commit to memory and use with effect. His private secretary was Mr. Charles Lanman, a young gentleman of literary and artistic tastes, who was a devoted disciple of Isaak Walton. Mr. Webster and he would often leave the Department of State for a day of piscatorial enjoyment at the Great Falls of the Potomac, when the Secretary would throw off public cares and personal pecuniary troubles to cast his lines with boyish glee, and to exult loudly when he succeeded in hooking a fish. Another clerk in the Department who enjoyed Mr. Webster's esteem was Mr. Zantzinger, the son of a purser in the Navy, who possessed rare accomplishments. Whenever Mr. Webster visited his estates in New Hampshire or Massachusetts, he was accompanied by one of these gentlemen, who had the charge of his correspondence, and who, while enjoying his fullest confidence, contributed largely to his personal enjoyment.

Mr. Webster's Washington home was a two-story brick house on Louisiana Avenue, next to the Unitarian Church. His dining-room was in the basement story, and it was seldom that he had not friends at his hospitable table. Monica, the old colored woman, continued to be his favorite cook, and her soft-shell crabs, terrapin, fried oysters, and roasted canvas-back ducks have never been surpassed at Washington, while she could make a regal Cape Cod chowder, or roast a Rhode Island turkey, or prepare the old-fashioned New Hampshire "boiled dinner," which the "expounder of the Constitution" loved so well. Whenever he had to work at night, she used to make him a cup of tea in an old britannia metal teapot, which had been his mother's and he used to call this beverage his "Ethiopian nectar." The teapot was purchased of Monica after Mr. Webster's death by Henry A. Willard, Esq., of Washington, who presented it to the Continental Museum at Indian Hill Farm, the author's residence.

Under the influence of the new Administration, Congress passed the several compromise measures in Mr. Clay's bill as separate acts. The debate on each one was marked by acrimony and strong sectional excitement, and each one was signed by President Fillmore amid energetic protests from the Northern Abolitionists and the Southern Secessionists. The most important one, which provided for the rendition of fugitive slaves, he referred to Attorney-General Crittenden before signing it, and received his opinion that it was constitutional. When it was placed on the statute book, the Union members of the House of Representatives organized a serenade to President Fillmore and his Secretary of State, Daniel Webster. The President bowed his acknowledgments from a window of the Executive Mansion, but Mr. Webster came out on the broad doorstep of his home, with a friend on either side of him holding a candle, and, attired in a dressing gown, he commenced a brief speech by saying, "Now is the summer—no! Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York." This ended the speech also.

The wife of President Fillmore was the daughter of the Rev. Lemuel Powers, a Baptist clergyman. She was tall, spare, and graceful, with auburn hair, light blue eyes, and a fair complexion. Before her marriage she had taught school, and she was remarkably well- informed, but somewhat reserved in her intercourse with strangers. She did not come to Washington until after her husband became President, and her delicate health prevented her mingling in society, though she presided with queenly grace at the official dinner- parties.

The President's father, "Squire Fillmore," as he was called, visited his son at the White House. He was a venerable-looking man, tall, and not much bowed by his eighty years, his full gray hair and intelligent face attracting much attention. When he was about to leave, a gentleman asked him why he would not remain a few days longer. "No, no!" said the old gentleman, "I will go. I don't like it here; it isn't a good place to live; it isn't a good place for Millard; I wish he was at home in Buffalo."

The corner-stone of one of the "extensions" of the Capitol was laid on the seventy-sixth anniversary of our national independence, July 4th, 1851, by the fraternity of Free Masons in "due and ample form." President Fillmore, the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, several Governors of States, and other distinguished personages occupied seats on a temporary platform, which overlooked the place where the corner-stone was laid, Major B. B. French, Grand Master of the Masons of the District of Columbia, officiating. Mr. Webster was the orator of the day, and delivered an eloquent, thoughtful, and patriotic address, although he was evidently somewhat feeble, and was forced to take sips of strong brandy and water to sustain him as he proceeded. Among the vast audience were three gentlemen who had, fifty-eight years previously, seen General Washington aid his brother Free Masons in laying the corner-stone of the original Capitol.

Later in that year, the large hall which contained the library of Congress, occupying the entire western side of the centre of the Capitol, was destroyed by fire, with almost all of its valuable contents. The weather was intensely cold, and, had not the firemen and citizens (including President Fillmore) worked hard, the entire Capitol would have been destroyed. Congress soon afterward made liberal appropriations, not only for reconstructing the library of cast-iron, but for the purchase of books, so that the library soon rose, phoenix-like, from its ashes. But the purchases were made on the old plan, under the direction of the Congressional Joint Committee on the Library, the Chairman of which then, and for several previous and subsequent sessions, was Senator Pearce, of Maryland, a graduate of Princeton College. There was not in the Library of Congress a modern encyclopaedia, or a file of a New York daily newspaper, or of any newspaper except the venerable daily, *National Intelligencer*, while *DeBow's Review* was the only American magazine taken, although the London *Court Journal* was regularly received, and bound at the close of each successive year.

Jenny Lind created a great sensation at Washington, and at her first concert Mr. Webster, who had been dining out, rose majestically at the end of her first song and made an imposing bow, which was the signal for enthusiastic applause. Lola Montez danced in her peculiar style to an audience equally large, but containing no ladies. Charlotte Cushman appeared as *Meg Merrilies*, Parodi and Dempster sang in concerts, Burton and Brougham convulsed their hearers with laughter, Booth gave evidence of the undiminished glow of his fiery genius by his masterly delineation of the "wayward and techy"

Gloster, and Forrest ranted in *Metamora*, to the delight of his admirers. Colonel John W. Forney told a good story about a visit which he paid with Forrest to Henry Clay soon after the passage of the compromise measure. The Colonal unguardedly complimented a speech made by Senator Soulé, which made Clay's eyes flash, and he proceeded to criticise him very severely, ending by saying: "He is nothing but an actor, sir—a mere actor!" Then, suddenly recollecting the presence of the tragedian, he dropped his tone, and turning toward Mr. Forrest, said, with a graceful gesture, "I mean, my dear sir, a mere French actor!" The visitors soon afterward took their leave, and as they descended the stairs, Forrest turned toward Forney and said, "Mr. Clay has proved by the skill with which he can change his manner, and the grace with which he can make an apology, that he is a better actor than Soulé."

[Facsimile] Millard Fillmore MILLARD FILLMORE was born at Summer Hill, New York, January 7th, 1800; was a Representative in Congress from New York, 1837-1843; was defeated as a Whig candidate for Governor of New York, 1844; was elected State Comptroller, 1847; was elected Vice-President on the Whig ticket headed by Z. Taylor in 1848, receiving one hundred and thirty-six electoral votes, against one hundred and twenty- seven electoral votes for W. O. Butler; served as President of the United States from July 9th, 1850 to March 3d, 1853; was defeated as the National American candidate for President in 1856; and died at Buffalo, New York, March 8th, 1874.

CHAPTER XXXI. ARRAIGNMENT OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Clayton, when Secretary of State, had received a proposition from August Belmont, as the agent of the Rothschilds, to pay the Mexican indemnity in drafts, for which four per cent. premium would be allowed. Then Mr. Webster became Secretary of State, and he entered into an agreement with an association of bankers, composed of the Barings, Corcoran & Riggs, and Howland & Aspinwall, for the negotiation of the drafts by them at a premium of three and a-half per cent. The difference to the Government was about forty thousand dollars, but the rival sets of bankers had large interests at stake, based on their respective purchases of Mexican obligations at depreciated values, and a war of pamphlets and newspaper articles ensued. The dispute was carried into Congress, and during a debate on it in the House, Representative Cartter, of Ohio, afterward Chief Justice of the Courts in the District of Columbia, was very emphatic in his condemnation of all the bankers interested. "I want the House to understand," said he, with a slight impediment in his speech, "that I take no part with the house of Rothschild, or of Baring, or of Corcoran & Riggs. I look upon their scramble for money precisely as I would upon the contest of a set of blacklegs around a gaming-table over the last stake. They have all of them grown so large in gormandizing upon money that they have left the work of fleecing individuals, and taken to the enterprise of fleecing nations."

Mr. Charles Allen, of the Worcester district of Massachusetts, availed himself of the opportunity offered by this debate on the payment of the Mexican indemnity to make a long-threatened malignant attack on Daniel Webster. He asserted that he would not intrust Mr. Webster with the making of arrangements to pay the three millions of Mexican indemnity. He stated that it was notorious that when he was called to take the office of Secretary of State he entered into a negotiation by which twenty-five thousand dollars was raised for him in State Street, Boston, and twenty-five thousand dollars in Wall Street, New York. Mr. Allen trusted that the Democratic party had yet honor enough left to inquire into the matter, and that the Whigs even, would not palliate it, if satisfied of the fact.

Mr. George Ashmun, Representative from the Springfield district, retorted that Mr. Allen had eaten salt with Mr. Webster and received benefits from him, and that he was the only one who dared thus malignantly to assail him. Mr. Ashmun alluded to a letter from Washington, some time previously published in the Boston *Atlas*, stating that a member of the House had facts in his possession upon which to found a resolution charging a high officer with "corruption and treason," and he traced a connection between that letter and Mr. Allen's insinuations.

Mr. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama, followed Mr. Ashmun with a glowing eulogy of Mr. Webster, in which he declared that, although Massachusetts might repudiate him, the country would take him up, for he stood before the eyes of mankind in a far more glorious position than he could have occupied but for the stand which he had taken in resisting the legions which were bearing down against the rights of the South. This elicited a bitter rejoinder from Mr. Allen, who alluded to the fact that Mr. Hilliard was a clergyman, and said that he had found out how to serve two masters. Mr. Ashmun, asking Mr. Allen if he had not published confidential letters addressed to him by Mr. Charles Hudson, received as a reply, "No, sir! no, sir! You are a scoundrel if you say that I did!" The debate between Messrs. Ashmun and Allen finally became so bitter that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, and other Representatives objected to its continuance, and refused to hear another word from either of them. The next day Mr. Lewis, of Philadelphia, improved an opportunity for eulogizing Mr. Webster, provoking a scathing reply from Mr. Joshua Giddings.

Immediately after this debate, Mr. Ashmun wrote to Mr. Hudson to inquire whether the statement was true or false, and received the following telegraphic dispatch:

"BOSTON, March 3d, 1851.

"HON. GEORGE ASHMUN: I wrote a confidential letter to Hon. Charles Allen just before the Philadelphia Convention in 1848. He read the letter in a public meeting at Worcester and published it in the Worcester *Spy*. (Signed) CHARLES HUDSON."

Mr. Ashmun declared on the floor of the House, by the authority of Mr. Webster, that the statement of Mr. Allen was "false in all its length and breadth, and in all its details," but there was doubtless a foundation for the statement. The friends of Mr. Webster admitted that a voluntary contribution had been tendered him as a compensation for the sacrifices he had made in abandoning his profession to accept the office of Secretary of State, and they justified his acceptance of the money on the ground that after having devoted the labors of a long life to his profession, and attained in it a high rank, which brought large fees, he should not be asked to relinquish those professional emoluments without, in justice to his obligations to his family, accepting an equivalent. Without indorsing this State-Street view of the case, it is to be regretted that the charges were made, to trouble Mr. Webster's spirit and sour his heart.

Mr. Webster often sought consolation in his troubles from the grand old poetry of the Hebrew Bible, which awakened peaceful echoes in his own poetic soul. His chosen "crony" in his latter years, though much younger than himself, was Charles Marsh, a New Hampshire man. Well educated, polished by travel, and free from pecuniary hamper, Marsh was a most delightful companion, and his wit, keen as Saladin's cimeter, never wounded. Fletcher Webster was also a great favorite with his father, for he possessed what Charles Lever called "the lost art of conversation." Sometimes, when Mr. Webster's path had been crossed, and he was black as night, Marsh and Fletcher would, by humorous repartees and witticisms, drive the clouds away, and gradually force him into a conversation, which would soon become enlivened by the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods."

That Mr. Webster felt keenly the attacks upon him was undeniable, and atonement could not afterward be made by eulogizing him. It has been well said, that if charity is to be the veil to cover a multitude of sins in the dead as well as in the living, cant should not lift that veil to swear that those sins were virtues. Mr. Webster was sorely troubled by the attitude taken by many Massachusetts men at a time when he needed their aid to secure the Presidency, which he undoubtedly believed would be tendered him by the Southern Whigs, seconded by many Southern Democrats. He lost flesh, the color faded from his cheeks, the lids of his dark eyes were livid, and he was evidently debilitated and infirm. At times he would be apparently unconscious of those around him, then he would rally, and would display his wonderful conversational qualities. Yet it was evident to those who knew him best that he was "stumbling down," as Carlyle said of Mirabeau, "like a mighty heathen and Titan to his rest."

One pleasant afternoon in March, Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, delivered a long speech in the House upon the politics of that State, in which he defended the State Rights party and ridiculed the Union movement as un-necessary, no one then being in favor of either disunion or secession. This, one of his colleagues, Mr. Wilcox, denied. "Do you mean," said Mr. Brown, "to assert that what I have said is false?" "If you say," bravely responded Mr. Wilcox, "that there was no party in Mississippi at the recent election in favor of secession or disunion, you say what is false!" The last word was echoed by a ringing slap from Brown's open hand on the right cheek of Wilcox, who promptly returned the blow, and then the two men clinched each other in a fierce struggle. Many of the members, leaving their seats, crowded around the combatants, while Mr. Seymour, of Connecticut, who temporarily occupied the chair, pounded with his mallet, shouting at the top of his voice, "Order! order!" The Sergeant-at-Arms was loudly called for, but he was absent, and before he could be found the parties had been separated. The Speaker resumed the chair, and in a few moments the contestants, still flushed, apologized to the House—not to each other. A duel was regarded as inevitable, but mutual friends intervened, and the next day it was formally announced in the House that the difficulty "had been adjusted in a manner highly creditable to both parties, who again occupied the same position of friendship which had existed between them previous to the unpleasant affair of the day before." Thus easily blew over the terrific tempests of honorable members.

Mr. Leutze, a talented artist, petitioned Congress to commission him to paint for the Capitol copies of his works, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and "Washington Rallying his Troops at Monmouth," but without success. Mr. Healy was equally unsuccessful with his proposition to paint two large historical paintings for the stairways of the extension of the Capitol, one representing the "Destruction of the Tea in Boston Harbor," and the other the "Battle of Bunker Hill;" but subsequently he received an order to paint the portraits of the Presidents which now grace the White House. Mr. Martin, a marine artist of recognized ability, also proposed in vain to paint two large pictures, one representing the

famous action between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and the other the night combat between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. Indeed, there have been scores of meritorious works of art offered to and declined by Committees of Congress, which have expended large sums in the purchase of daubs disgraceful to the Capitol of the nation. The recognition refused these painters at Washington was freely accorded elsewhere, however. Leutze's "Columbus Before the Council at Salamanca" is justly deemed one of the gems of the Old World, and has given him an imperishable name. Among the really great works of our own country is Healy's painting, "Webster's Reply to Hayne," now in Faneuil Hall.

So with sculpture. Hiram Powers endeavored, without success, to obtain an order for his colossal statue of America, which was highly commended by competent judges, while Mr. Mills was liberally remunerated for his effigy of General Jackson balancing himself on a brass rocking-horse. Powers wrote: "I do not complain of anything, for I know how the world goes, as the saying is, and I try to take it calmly and patiently, holding out my net, like a fisherman, to catch salmon, shad, or pilchards, as they may come. If salmon, why, then, we can eat salmon; if shad, why, then, the shad are good; but if pilchards, why, then, we can eat them, and bless God that we have a dinner at all."

The honors secured for Colonel Fremont by his father-in-law, Mr. Benton, for his path-findings across the Rocky Mountains, inspired other young officers of the army, and some civilians, with a desire to follow his example. Returning to Washington, each one had wonderful tales of adventure to relate. Even the old travelers, who saw the phoenix expire in her odoriferous nest, whence the chick soon flew forth regenerated, or who found dead lions slain by the quills of some "fretful porcupine," or who knew that the stare of the basilisk was death—even those who saw unicorns graze and who heard mermaids sing—were veracious when compared with the explorers of railroad routes across the continent. Senator Jefferson Davis did much to encourage them by having their reports published in quarto form, with expensive illustrations, and Cornelius Wendell laid the foundation of his fortune by printing them as "Pub. Docs."

The *National Era*, edited by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, was a source of great annoyance to the pro-slavery men, and one occasion they excited an attack on his house by a drunken mob. Dr. Bailey was a small, slender man, with a noble head, and a countenance on which the beautiful attributes of his character were written. Taking his life in his hands, he went to his door-way, attended by his wife, and bravely faced the infuriated crowd. He denied that he had any agency in a recent attempt to secure the escape of a party of slaves to the North, and then called the attention of his hearers to the fact that at a public meeting of the citizens of Washington, not very long before that night, resolutions had been passed denouncing the French Government for having fettered the press, yet they were proposing to do in his case what their fellow-citizens had condemned when done by others. His remarks produced an effect, but the leaders of the mob raised the cry, "Burn the *Era* office!" and a movement was made toward that building, when Dan Radcliffe, a well-known Washington lawyer with Southern sympathies, sprang upon Dr. Bailey's doorstep and made a eloquent appeal in behalf of a free press, concluding with a proposition that the assemblage go to the house of the Mayor of Washington and give him three cheers. This was done, Radcliffe's good nature prevailing, and the mob dispersed peacefully.

Dr. Bailey was, however, no novice in dealing with mobs. Ten years before he came to Washington he resided in Cincinnati, where, in conjunction with James G. Birney, he published *The Philanthropist*, a red-hot anti-slavery sheet. During his first year in this enterprize his office was twice attacked by a mob, and in one of their raids the office was gutted and the press thrown into the river. These lively scenes induced a change of base and settled the good Doctor in the national metropolis.

The ablest newspaper correspondent at Washington during the Fillmore Administration was Mr. Erastus S. Brooks, one of the editors and proprietors of the New York *Express*. He was then in the prime of life, rather under the average height, with a large, well-balanced head, bright black eyes, and a swarthy complexion. What he did not know about what was going on in political circles, before and behind the scenes, was not worth knowing. His industry was proverbial, and he was one of the first metropolitan correspondents to discard the didactic and pompous style which had been copied from the British essayists, and to write with a vigorous, graphic, and forcible pen. Washington correspondents in those days were neither eaves-droppers nor interviewers, but gentlemen, who had a recognized position in society, which they never abused.

[Facsimile] R. J. Walker ROBERT J. WALKER was born at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, July 19th, 1801; removed to Mississippi in 1826, and commenced the practice of law; was United States Senator from Mississippi, 1836- 1845; was Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk, 1845- 1849; was appointed, by President Buchanan, Governor of Kansas in 1857, but soon resigned, and died at Washington City, November 11th, 1869.

CHAPTER XXXII. FOREIGN INFLUENCE AND KNOW-NOTHINGISM.

The forcible acquisition of territory was the means by which the pro-slavery leaders at the South hoped to increase their territory, and they defended this scheme in the halls of Congress, in their pulpits, and at their public gatherings. Going back into sacred and profane history, they would attempt to prove that Moses, Joshua, Saul, and David were "filibusters," and so were William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, Gustavus Adolphus, and Napoleon. Walker simply followed their example, except that they wore crowns on their heads, while he, a new man, only carried a sword in his hand. Was it right, they asked, when a brave American adventurer, invited by the despairing victims of tyranny in Cuba or of anarchy in Central America, threw himself boldly, with a handful of comrades, into their midst to sow the seeds of civilization and to reconstruct society—was it right for the citizens of the United States, themselves the degenerate sons of filibustering sires, to hurl at him as a reproach what was their ancestors' highest merit and glory?

General Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," was the leading native filibuster, but foremost among the foreign adventurers—the Dugald Dalgettys of that epoch—who came here from unsuccessful revolutions abroad to seek employment for their swords, was General Heningen. He had served with Zumala-Carreguy, in Spain, with Schamyl, in the Caucasus, and with Kossuth, in Hungary, chronicling his exploits in works which won him the friendship of Wellington and other notables. Going to Central America, he fought gallantly, but unsuccessfully, at Grenada, and he then came to Washington, where he was soon known as an envoy of "Cuba Libre." He married a cultivated woman, and his tall, soldier-like figure was to be seen striding along on the sunny sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue every pleasant morning, until in later years he went South to "live or die in Dixie."

President Tyler having sent Mr. Dudley Mann as a confidential agent to Hungary to obtain reliable information concerning the true condition of affairs there, the Austrian Government instructed its diplomatic representative at Washington, the Chevalier Hulsemann, to protest against this interference in its internal affairs, as offensive to the laws of propriety. This protest was communicated to Mr. Webster after he became Secretary of State, and in due time the Chevalier received an answer which completely extinguished him. It carefully reviewed the case, and in conclusion told the protesting Chevalier in plain Anglo-Saxon that nothing would "deter either the Government or the people of the United States from exercising, at their own discretion, the rights belonging to them as an independent nation, and of forming and expressing their own opinion freely and at all times upon the great political events which might transpire among the civilized nations of the earth." The paternity of this memorable letter was afterward ascribed to Edward Everett. It was not, however, written either by Mr. Webster or Mr. Everett, but by Mr. William Hunter, then the Chief Clerk of the Department of State.

Meanwhile, Kossuth had been released from his imprisonment within the dominion of the Sublime Porte, by request of the Government of the United States, and taken to England in the war steamer Mississippi. In due time the great Behemoth of the Magyar race arrived at Washington, where he created a marked sensation. The distinguished revolutionist wore a military uniform, and the steel scabbard of his sword trailed on the ground as he walked. He was about five feet eight inches in height, with a slight and apparently not strongly built frame, and was a little round-shouldered. His face was rather oval; a pair of bluish-gray eyes gave an animated and intelligent look to his countenance. His forehead, high and broad, was deeply wrinkled, and time had just begun to grizzle a head of dark, straight hair, a heavy moustache, and whiskers which formed a beard beneath his chin. Whether from his recent captivity or from constitutional causes, there was an air of lassitude in his look to which the fatigues of his voyage not improbably contributed. Altogether, he gave one the idea of a visionary or theoretical enthusiast rather then of a great leader or soldier.

Kossuth was the guest of Congress at Brown's Hotel, but those Senators and Representatives who called to pay their respects found members of his retinue on guard before the door of his apartments, armed with muskets and bayonets, while his anteroom was crowded with the members of his staff. They had evidently been reared in camps, as they caroused all day and then tumbled into their beds booted and spurred, furnishing items of liquors, wines, cigars, and damaged furniture for the long and large hotel bill which Congress had to pay. Mr. Seward entertained the Hungarian party at an evening reception, and a number of Congressmen gave Kossuth a subscription dinner at the National Hotel, at which several of the known aspirants for the Presidency spoke. Mr. Webster was, as became the Secretary of State, carefully guarded in his remarks, and later in the evening, when the champagne had flowed freely, he indulged in what appeared to be his impromptu individual opinions, but he unluckily dropped at his seat a slip of paper on which his gushing sentences had been carefully written out. General Houston managed to leave the table in time to avoid being called upon to speak, and General Scott, who regarded Kossuth as a gigantic humbug, had escaped to Richmond. Kossuth was invited to dine at the White House, and on New Year's day he held a reception, but he failed in his attempt to secure Congressional recognition or material aid.

A number of the leading public men at Washington were so disgusted by the assumption and arrogance displayed by Kossuth, and by the toadyism manifested by many of those who humbled

themselves before him, that they organized a banquet, at which Senator Crittenden was the principal speaker. "Beware," said the eloquent Kentuckian, in the words of Washington, "of the introduction or exercise of a foreign influence among you! We are Americans! The Father of our Country has taught us, and we have learned, to govern ourselves. If the rest of the world have not learned that lesson, how shall they teach us? We are the teachers, and yet they appear here with a new exposition of Washington's Farewell Address. For one, I do not want this new doctrine. I want to stand *super antiquas vias* —upon the old road that Washington traveled, and that every President from Washington to Fillmore has traveled."

The main effect of Kossuth's visit to the United States was an extraordinary impetus given to "The Order of United Americans," from which was evolved that political phenomenon, the American, or Know-Nothing, party. The mysterious movements of this organization attracted the curiosity of the people, and members of the old political organizations eagerly desired to learn what was carefully concealed. Secretly-held lodges, with their paraphernalia, pass- words, and degrees, grips, and signs, tickled the popular fancy, and the new organization became fashionable. Men of all religions and political creeds fraternized beneath the "stars and stripes," and solemnly pledged themselves to the support of "our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

The leaders of this Know-Nothing movement, who in the delirium of the hour were intrusted with dictatorial authority, were in no way calculated to exercise a permanent, healthful control. They were generally without education, without statesmanship, without knowledge of public affairs, and, to speak plainly, without the abilities or genius which might enable them to dispense with experience. Losing sight of the cardinal principle of the American Order, that only those identified with the Republic by birth or permanent residence should manage its political affairs, these leaders fell back upon a bigoted hostility to the Church of Rome, to which many of their original members in Louisiana and elsewhere belonged. The result was that the mighty organization had begun to decay before it attained its growth, and that the old political leaders became members that they might elbow the improvised chieftains from power when the effervescence of the movement should subside. A number of Abolitionists, headed by Henry Wilson and Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, sought admission into the lodges, knelt at the altars, pledged themselves by solemn oaths to support the "Order," and then used it with great success for the destruction of the Whig party.

Another noted person who visited Washington early in the Administration of Mr. Fillmore was William M. Tweed, of New York, who came as foreman of the Americus Engine Company, Number Six, a volunteer fire organization. Visiting the White House, the company was ushered into the East Room, where President Fillmore soon appeared, and Tweed, stepping out in front of his command, said: "These are Big Six's boys, Mr. President!" He then walked along the line with Mr. Fillmore, and introduced each member individually. As they were leaving the room, a newspaper reporter asked Tweed why he had not made a longer speech. "There was no necessity," replied the future pillager of the city treasury of New York, "for the Company is as much grander than any other fire company in the world as Niagara Falls is grander than Croton dam." Two years afterward, Tweed, profiting by a division in the Whig ranks in the Fifth District of New York, returned to Washington as a Representative in Congress. He was a regular attendant, never participating in the debates, and always voting with the Democrats. Twice he read speeches which were written for him, and he obtained for a relative the contract for supplying the House with chairs for summer use, which were worthless and soon disappeared.

Senator Andrew Pickens Butler was a prominent figure at the Capitol and in Washington society. He was a trifle larger round at the waistband than anywhere else, his long white hair stood out as if he were charged with electric fluid, and South Carolina was legibly written on his rubicund countenance. The genial old patriarch would occasionally take too much wine in the "Hole in the Wall" or in some committee-room, and then go into the Senate and attempt to bully Chase or Hale; but every one liked him, nevertheless.

Then there was Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, a New Yorker by birth, with a florid face, long gray hair, and prominent eyes, forming a striking contrast in personal appearance with his dapper little colleague, Senator Benjamin, whose features disclosed his Jewish extraction. General Taylor had wished to have Mr. Benjamin in his Cabinet, but scandalous reports concerning Mrs. Benjamin had reached Washington, and the General was informed that she would not be received in society. Mr. Benjamin then rented a house at Washington, furnished it handsomely, and entertained with lavish hospitality. His gentlemen friends would eat his dinners, but they would not bring their wives or daughters to Mrs. Benjamin's evening parties, and she, deeply mortified, went to Paris.

On the first day of December, 1851, Henry Clay spoke in the Senate for the last time, and General Cass presented the credentials of Charles Sumner, who had been elected by one of the coalitions between the anti-slavery Know-Nothings and the Democrats, which gave the latter the local offices in

New York, Ohio, and Massachusetts, and elected Seward, Chase, and Sumner to the United States Senate. Soon after Mr. Sumner took his seat in the arena which had been made famous by the political champions of the North, the South, and the West, Mr. Benton said to him, with a patronizing air, "You have come upon the stage too late, sir. Not only have our great men passed away, but the great issues have been settled also. The last of these was the National Bank, and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive-slave laws, involving no national interests."

Mr. Sumner had but two coadjutors in opposing slavery and in advocating freedom when he entered the Senate, but before he died he was the recognized leader of more than two-thirds of that body. He was denounced by a leading Whig newspaper of Boston when he left that city to take his seat as "an agitator," and he was refused a place on any committee of the Senate, as being "outside of any healthy political organization," but he lived to exercise a controlling influence in Massachusetts politics and to be Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. He had learned from Judge Story the value of systematic industry, and while preparing long speeches on the questions before the Senate he also applied himself sedulously to the practical duties of a Senator, taking especial pains to answer every letter addressed to him.

Mr. Speaker Linn Boyd used to preside with great dignity, sitting on an elevated platform beneath a canopy of scarlet curtains. Seated at his right hand, at the base of the platform beside the "mace," was Andrew Jackson Glossbrenner, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and on the opposite side was Mr. McKnew, the Doorkeeper. Mr. John W. Forney officiated at the Clerk's table, having been elected by a decided majority. His defeat two years previous had been very annoying to his Democratic friends at the North, who were expected to aid the Southern wing of the party with their votes, and yet were often deserted when they desired offices. "It is," said one of them, "paying us a great compliment for our principles, or great contempt for our pliancy." Mr. Buchanan wrote to a Virginia Democratic leader, "Poor Forney deserves a better fate than to be wounded 'in the house of his friends,' and to vote for a Whig in preference to him was the unkindest cut of all. It will, I am confident, produce no change in his editorial course, but I dread its effect." Mr. Forney did not permit his desertion to influence his pen, and his loyalty to the party was rewarded by his election, two years after this defeat, as Clerk of the House.

[Facsimile] [illegible] JEFFERSON DAVIS was born in Christian County, Kentucky, June 3d, 1808; graduated at West Point in 1828; was an officer in the United States Army, 1828-1835; was a Representative from Mississippi, December 1st, 1845 to June, 1846, when he resigned to command the First Regiment of Mississippi Riflemen in the war with Mexico; was United States Senator, December 4th, 1847, to November 1851; was defeated as the Secession candidate for Governor of Mississippi in 1851 by H. S. Foote, Union candidate; was Secretary of War under President Pierce, March 7th, 1853, to March 3d, 1857; was again United States Senator, March 4th, 1857, until he withdrew, January 21st, 1861; was President of the Confederate States; was captured by the United States troops, May 10th, 1865, imprisoned two years at Fortress Monroe, and then released on bail.

CHAPTER XXXIII. PLOTTING FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The first session of the Thirty-second Congress, which began on the 1st of August, 1852, was characterized by sectional strife, and was devoted to President-making. President Fillmore, who had traveled in the Northern States during the preceding summer, felt confident that he would receive the Whig nomination, and so did Mr. Webster, who "weighed him down"—so Charles Francis Adams wrote Henry Wilson—"as the Old Man of the Sea did Sinbad." Meanwhile Mr. Seward and his henchman, Mr. Weed, were very active, and the latter afterward acknowledged that he had himself intrigued with the Democratic leaders for the nomination of Governor Marcy, who would be sure to carry the State of New York, and thus secure the defeat of the Whig candidate. "Holding President Fillmore and his Secretary of State, Mr. Webster, responsible for a temporary overthrow of the Whig party," says Mr. Weed, "I desired to see those gentlemen left to reap what they had sown. In other words, I wanted either Mr. Fillmore or Mr. Webster to be nominated for President upon their own issues. I devoted several weeks to the removal of obstacles in the way of Governor Marcy's nomination for President by the Democratic National Convention."

General Cass, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Buchanan were equally active in the Democratic ranks, and their respective friends became so angry with each other that it was an easy matter to win the nomination with what the politicians call "a dark horse."

The sessions of the National Democratic Convention were protracted and stormy, and on the thirty-fifth ballot the name of General Franklin Pierce was brought forward, for the first time, by the Virginia delegation. Several other States voted for the New Hampshire Brigadier, but it did not seem possible that he could be nominated, and the next day, on the forty-eighth ballot, Virginia gave her vote for

Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York. It was received with great applause, but Mr. Dickinson, who was a delegate pledged to the support of Cass, was too honorable a man to accept what he thought belonged to his friend. Receiving permission to address the Convention, he eloquently withdrew his own name and pleaded so earnestly for the nomination of General Cass, that he awakened the enthusiasm of the audience, and received a shower of bouquets from the ladies in the galleries, to which he gracefully alluded "as a rose-bud in the wreath of his political destiny."

The Convention at last, on the forty-ninth ballot, nominated General Pierce (Purse, his friends called him) a gentleman of courteous temper, highly agreeable manners, and convivial nature. He had served in the recent war with Mexico; he had never given a vote or written a sentence that the straightest Southern Democrat could wish to blot; and he was identified with the slave-power, having denounced its enemies as the enemies of the Constitution. William R. King, at the time president *pro tempore* of the Senate, was nominated for Vice-President, receiving every vote except the eleven given by the delegation from Illinois, which were for Jefferson Davis. Cass and Douglas were at first much provoked by the action of the Convention, but Buchanan gracefully accepted the situation.

Daniel Webster felt and asserted that he was entitled to receive the Whig nomination. More than thirty years of public service had made him the ablest and the most conspicuous member of his party then on the stage, and neither Fillmore nor Scott could compare with him in the amount and value of public services rendered. He had worked long, assiduously, and faithfully to deserve the honors of his party and to qualify himself for the highest distinction that party could bestow upon him. He must receive its nomination now or never, as he was then upward of sixty years of age, and his vigorous constitution had shown signs of decay. He engaged in the campaign, however, with the hope ad the vigor of youth, writing letters to his friends, circulating large pamphlet editions of his life and of his speeches, and entertaining at his table those through whose influence he hoped to receive the Southern support necessary to secure his success. No statesman ever understood the value of printers' ink better than did Mr. Webster, and he always took care to have a record of what he did and said placed before the country. Unfortunately for his printers, much of his last campaign work was done on credit, and never was paid for.

President Fillmore, meanwhile, was quietly but steadily using the patronage of the Federal Government to secure the election of delegates to the Whig National Convention friendly to his own nomination. Mr. Webster counted on the support of the President's friends, but he never received from Mr. Fillmore any pledges that it would be given. On the contrary, the leading office-holders asserted, weeks prior to the assembling of the Convention, that the contest had already been narrowed down to a question between Fillmore and Scott. Mr. Seward's friends were of the same opinion, and urged the support of Scott as the only way to defeat the nomination of Fillmore. Horace Greeley wrote from Washington to Thurlow Weed: "If Fillmore and Webster will only use each other up, we may possibly recover—but our chance is slim. There is a powerful interest working hard against Douglas; Buchanan will have to fight hard for his own State; if he gets it he may be nominated; Cass is nowhere."

The Whig National Convention, the last one held by that party, met in Baltimore on Wednesday, the 16th of June, 1852. Two days were spent in effecting an organization and in preparing a "platform," after which, on proceeding to ballot for a Presidential candidate, General Scott had one hundred and thirty-four votes, Mr. Fillmore one hundred and thirty-three, and Mr. Webster twenty-nine, every one of which was cast by a Northern delegate. Not a Southern vote was given to him, despite all the promises made, but Mr. Fillmore received the entire Southern strength. The balloting was continued until Saturday afternoon without any change, and even the eloquence of Rufus Choate failed to secure the vote of a single Southern delegate for his cherished friend. After the adjournment of the Convention from Saturday until Monday, Mr. Choate visited Washington, hoping to move Mr. Fillmore; but the President "made no sign," and Mr. Webster saw that the Presidency, to which he had so long aspired, was to pass beyond his reach. He was saddened by the disappointment, and especially wounded when he was informed that Mr. Clay had advised the Southern delegates to support Mr. Fillmore.

A nomination was finally made on the fifty-third ballot, when twenty- eight delegates from Pennsylvania changed their votes from Fillmore to General Scott. That evening a party of enthusiastic Whigs at Washington, after serenading President Fillmore, marched to the residence of Mr. Webster. The band performed several patriotic airs, but some time elapsed before Mr. Webster appeared, wearing a long dressing-gown, and looking sad and weary. He said but a few words, making no allusion to General Scott, and when, in conclusion, he said that, for one, he should sleep well and rise with the lark the next morning, and bade them good-night, the serenaders retired as if they had had a funeral sermon preached to them. Thenceforth Mr. Webster was a disappointed, heart-stricken man, and he retired to Marshfield profoundly disgusted with the insincerity of politicians.

The noisy rejoicings by the Whigs at Washington over the nomination of General Scott disturbed Henry Clay, who lay on his death-bed at the National Hotel, attended only by one of his sons, Thomas

Hart Clay, and a negro servant. The "Great Commoner" was very feeble, and a few days later he breathed his last, as a Christian philosopher should die. His hope continued to the end, though true and real, to be tremulous with humility rather than rapturous with assurance. On the evening previous to his departure, sitting an hour in silence by his side, the Rev. Dr. Butler heard him, in the slight wanderings of his mind to other days and other scenes, murmuring the words, "My mother! mother! mother!" and saying "My dear wife," as if she were present.

"Broken with the storms of life," Henry Clay gave up the ghost, and his remains were escorted with high funeral honors to his own beloved Commonwealth of Kentucky, where they rest beneath an imposing monument. Twice a candidate for the Presidency, and twice defeated, his death was mourned by an immense number of attached personal friends, and generally regretted by the people of the United States.

The Whigs were greatly embarrassed by General Scott, who persisted in making campaign speeches, some of which did him great harm. Their mass meetings proved failures, notably one on the battleground of Niagara, but they endeavored to atone for these discouraging events by a profuse distribution of popular literature. They circulated large editions of a tract by Horace Greeley, entitled, "Why am I a Whig?" and of campaign lives of "Old Chapultepec," published in English, French, and German. Mr. Buchanan was unusually active in his opposition to the Whig ticket. "I should regard Scott's election," he wrote to a friend, "as one of the greatest calamities which could befall the country. I know him well, and do not doubt either his patriotism or his integrity; but he is vain beyond any man I have ever known, and, what is remarkable in a vain man, he is obstinate and self-willed and unyielding. His judgment, except in conducting a campaign in the field, is perverse and unsound; and when, added to all this, we consider that, if elected at all, it will be under the auspices of Seward and his Abolition associates, I fear for the fate of this Union." General Scott was mercilessly abused by the Democratic orators and writers also, who even ridiculed the establishment of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, with the contribution levied on the City of Mexico when captured by him, as the creation of an aristocratic body of military paupers.

The Democratic party, forgetting all previous differences, rallied to the support of their candidate. A campaign life of him was written by his old college friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and eloquent speakers extolled his statesmanship, his military services, and his devotion to the compromise measures which were to avert the threatened civil war. A good estimate of his character was told by the Whig speakers, as having been given to an itinerant lecturer by the landlord of a New Hampshire village inn. "What sort of a man is General Pierce?" asked the traveler. "Waal, up here, where everybody knows Frank Pierce," was the reply, "and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he's a pretty considerable fellow, I tell you. But come to spread him out over this whole country, I'm afraid that he'll be dreadful thin in some places."

The death of Mr. Webster aided the Democratic candidate. The broken- down and disappointed statesman died at his loved rural home on the sea-shore, where, by his request, his cattle were driven beneath his window so that he could gaze on them once more before he left them forever. He wrestled with the great Destroyer, showing a reluctance to abandon life, and looking into the future with apprehension rather than with hope. When Dr. Jeffries repeated to him the soothing words of Sacred Writ, "Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me," the dying statesman exclaimed, "Yes; that is what I want, Thy rod; Thy staff!" He was no hypocrite, and although he prayed often and earnestly, he did not pretend that he felt that peace "which passeth all understanding," but he did exhibit a devoted submission and a true reliance on Almighty God. Craving stimulants, he heard Dr. Jeffries tell an attendant, "Give him a spoonful of brandy in fifteen minutes, another in half an hour, and another in three quarters of an hour, if he still lives." These directions were followed with exactness until the arrival of the time last mentioned, when the attendants were undecided about administering another dose. It was in the midst of their doubts that the dying statesman, who had been watching a clock in the room, partly raised his head and feebly remarked: "I still live." The brandy was given to him, and he sank into a state of tranquil unconsciousness, from which he never rallied.

Those who attended the funeral at Marshfield saw Mr. Webster's remains lying in an open iron coffin, beneath the shade of a large elm tree before the house. The body was dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, white vest, cravat, pantaloons, gloves, and shoes with dark cloth gaiters. His hand rested upon his breast, and his features wore a sad smile familiar to those who had known him in his later years. The village pastor conducted the services, after which the upper half of the coffin was put on, and on a low platform car, drawn by two black horses, it was taken to the burial- ground on the estate. On either side of the remains walked the pall-bearers selected by the deceased—six sturdy, weather-bronzed farmer-fishermen, who lived in the vicinity—while General Pierce, the Mayor of Boston, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and other distinguished personages followed as they best could. There were many evidences of grief among the thousands of Mr. Webster's friends present, and yet death was for him a happy escape from trouble. He was painfully aware that he had forfeited the political confidence

of the people of Massachusetts and gained nothing by so doing; he had found that he could not receive a nomination for the Presidency, even from the party which he had so long served, and his pecuniary embarrassments were very annoying. Neither could he, under the circumstances, have continued to hold office under Mr. Fillmore, who, after Webster's funeral, appointed Edward Everett as his successor in the Department of State.

When the nineteenth Presidential election was held, General Scott received only the electoral votes of Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky, and Tennessee; Pierce and King received two hundred and fifty-four votes against forty-two votes for Scott and Graham.

[Facsimile]
JJCrittenden
JOHN JORDAN CRITTENDEN was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, September 10th, 1786; was United States Senator from Kentucky, December 1st, 1817, to March 3d, 1819, and again December 7th, 1835, to March 3d, 1841; was Attorney-General under President Harrison, March 5th, 1841, to September 13th, 1841; was again United States Senator, March 31st, 1842 - 1848; was Governor of Kentucky, 1848-1850; was Attorney-General under President Fillmore, July 20th, 1850, to March 3d, 1853; was again United States Senator, December 3d, 1855, to March 3d, 1861; was a Representative in Congress, July 4th, 1861, to March 3d, 1863, and died at Frankfort, Kentucky, July 26th, 1863.

CHAPTER XXXIV. PIERCE AT THE HELM.

General Pierce received a severe blow after his election, a railroad accident in Massachusetts depriving him of his only child, a promising boy, to whom he was devotedly attached. A week before the inauguration he escorted his sorrow-stricken wife to Baltimore, where he left her, and then went to Washington, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Sidney Webster. President Fillmore invited them to dine socially at the White House, and in the evening they were present at a numerously attended public reception in the East Room.

The inauguration of General Pierce attracted crowds from the cities on the Atlantic coast, with some from the western slope of the Alleghanies. It was a cold, raw day, and the President-elect rode in a carriage with President Fillmore, surrounded by a body-guard of young gentlemen, mounted on fine horses, and serving for that day as Deputy United States Marshals. There was a military escort, composed of the Marine Corps, the uniformed militia of the District, and visiting companies from Baltimore and Alexandria. Behind the President's carriage marched several political associations and the mechanics at the Navy Yard, with a full-rigged miniature vessel.

As William R. King, the Vice-President elect, was in Cuba, hoping to benefit his health, the Senate elected David J. Atchison, of Missouri, President *pro tempore*. The Senate, accompanied by the Diplomatic Corps and officers of the army and of the navy, all in full uniform, then moved in procession to the east front of the Capitol. When the cheers with which the President-elect was received had subsided, he advanced to the front of the platform and delivered his inaugural address, which he had committed to memory, although he held the manuscript in his hands.

The personal appearance of General Pierce was dignified and winning, if not imposing, although he was but five feet nine inches high, slenderly built, and without that depth of chest or breadth of shoulder which indicate vigorous constitutions. His complexion was pale and his features were thin and care-worn, but his deportment was graceful and authoritative. It was evident that he belonged to that active, wiry class of men capable of great endurance and physical fatigue.

The inaugural was a plain, straightforward document, intensely national in tone, and it stirred the hearts of the vast audience which heard it like the clarion notes of a trumpet. The new President had an abiding confidence in the stability of our institutions. Snow began to fall before he had concluded his address and taken the oath of office, which was administered by Chief Justice Taney.

William Rufus King took the oath of office as Vice-President on the 4th of March, 1853, at a plantation on the highest of the hills that surround Matanzas, with the luxuriant vegetation of Cuba all around, the clear, blue sky of the tropics overhead, and a delicious sea breeze cooling the pure atmosphere. The oath was administered by United States Consul Rodney, and at the conclusion of the ceremonies the assembled creoles shouted, "*Vaya vol con Dios!*" (God will be with you), while the veteran politician appeared calm, as one who had fought the good fight and would soon lay hold of eternal light. Reaching his home at Cahaba, Ala., on the 17th of April, he died the following day, and his remains were buried

on his plantation, known as the "Pine Hills."

President Pierce formed a Cabinet of remarkable ability. He had wanted Caleb Cushing as his Secretary of State, but the old anti- slavery utterances of the Massachusetts Brigadier had not been forgotten, and Pierce could make him only his Attorney-General. Governor Marcy was placed at the head of the Department of State, and he invited Mr. George Sumner, a brother of the Senator, to become Assistant Secretary of State, but the invitation was declined. James Guthrie, a stalwart, clear-headed Kentuckian, was made Secretary of the Treasury, with Peter G. Washington, a veteran District politician, as Assistant Secretary. Jefferson Davis solicited and received the position of Secretary of War, James C. Dobbin, of North Carolina, was made Secretary of the Navy; Robert McClelland, of Michigan, was designated by General Cass for Secretary of the Interior, and James Campbell, of Pennsylvania, was appointed Postmaster-General, with thirty thousand subordinate places to be filled, its progressive improvements to be looked after, and a general desire on the part of the public for a reduction of postage. An abler Cabinet never gathered around the council-table at the White House.

Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, entertained more than any of his associates. His dinner-parties, at which six guests sat down with the host and hostess, were very enjoyable, and his evening receptions, which were attended by the leading Southerners and their Northern allies, were brilliant affairs with one exception. On that occasion, owing, it was to said, to a defect in the gas meter, every light in the house suddenly ceased to burn. It was late, and with great difficulty lamps and candles were obtained to enable the guests to secure their wraps and make their departure.

No other President ever won the affections of the people of Washington so completely as did General Pierce. Such was the respect entertained for him by citizens of all political creeds, that when he took his customary "constitutional" walk down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol and back one could mark his progress by the uplifting of hats as he passed along. He and Mrs. Pierce, disregarding the etiquette of the White House, used to pay social visits to the families of New Hampshire friends holding clerkships, and to have them as guests at their family dinner-table. The President's fascinating courtesy and kindness were irresistible.

Roger A. Pryor first figured at Washington in the spring of 1853. He was an editorial contributor to the Washington *Union*, the Democratic organ, and he wrote a scathing review of *The War of Ormuzd and Ahriman*, by Henry Winter Davis, of Baltimore, which set for the United States and Russia as the respective champions of the principles of liberty and of despotism, and claimed to foresee in the distant future a mighty and decisive conflict between these persistent combatants. This Mr. Pryor pronounced impossible, asserting that "in every element of national strength and happiness Russia is great and prosperous beyond any other country in Europe," and that the United States and Russia, instead of becoming enemies, "will consolidate and perpetuate their friendly relations by the same just and pacific policy which has regulated their intercourse in times past." This article was very distasteful to the Democratic readers of the *Union*, and the editor denounced it. Mr. Pryor came back at him in the *Intelligencer*, declaring that he was not the eulogist of the Russian Empire, but setting forth at great length the good-will of Russia toward the United States, and especially announcing that "in Russia the maudlin, mock philanthropy of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is an unknown disease." It was the general belief in Washington that Mr. Pryor had been inspired by some one connected with the Russian Legation.

Old Madeira wine has always been very popular in Washington, especially on the tables of their Honors the Justices of the Supreme Court. For many years supplies were obtained from the old mercantile houses in Alexandria, which had made direct importations prior to the Revolution. During the Fillmore Administration many Washington cellars were replenished at the sale of the private stock of wines and liquors of the late Josiah Lee, of Baltimore. Fifty demijohns of various brands of Madeira were sold at prices ranging from twenty- four dollars to forty-nine dollars per gallon; and one lot of twenty- two bottles commanded the extreme price of fifteen dollars and fifty cents per bottle, which at five bottles to the gallon is at the rate of seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents per gallon.

Mr. Brady came from New York and opened a "daguerrean saloon" at Washington, and the dim portraits produced on burnished metal were regarded with silent astonishment. Up to that time the metropolis had been visited every winter by portrait and miniature painters, but their work required long sittings and was expensive. The daguerreotypes, which could be produced in a few moments and at a comparatively small cost, became very popular, and Brady's gallery was thronged every morning with distinguished visitors. Mr. Brady was a man of slight figure, well proportioned, with features somewhat resembling the portraits of Vandyke. He possessed wonderful patience, artistic skill, and a thorough acquaintance with the mechanical and chemical features of sun-painting. For the next thirty years he took portraits of almost all the prominent persons who visited Washington City, and in time his reminiscences of them became very interesting.

The citizens of Washington enjoyed a rare treat when Thackeray came to deliver his lectures on the

English essayists, wits, and humorists of the eighteenth century. Accustomed to the spread-eagle style of oratory too prevalent at the Capitol, they were delighted with the pleasing voice and easy manner of the burly, gray-haired, rosy- cheeked Briton, who made no gestures, but stood most of the time with his hands in his pockets, as if he were talking with friends at a cozy fireside. He did not deal, like Cervantes, with the ridiculous extravagance of a fantastic order, nor, like Washington Irving, with the faults and foibles of men, but he struck at the very heart of the social life of his countrymen's ancestors with caustic and relentless satire. Some of the more puritanical objected to the moral tendencies of Thackeray's lectures, and argued that the naughty scapegraces of the British court should not have been thus exhumed for the edification of an American audience.

Thackeray made himself at home among the working journalists at Washington, and was always asking questions. He was especially interested in the trial of Herbert, a California Congressman, who had shot dead at a hotel table a waiter who had not promptly served him, and he appeared to study old Major Lane, a "hunter from Kentucky," "half horse and half alligator," but gentlemanly in his manners, and partial to rye-whisky, ruffled shirts, gold-headed canes, and draw-poker. The Major had fought—so he said—under Jackson at New Orleans, under Houston at San Jacinto, and under Zach. Taylor at Buena Vista, and he was then prosecuting a claim before Congress for his services as an agent among the Yazoo Indians. It was better than a play to hear him talk, and to observe Thackeray as he listened.

Rembrandt Peale visited Washington during the Pierce Administration, and greatly interested those who met him with his reminiscences. His birth took place while his father, Charles Wilson Peale, was in camp at Valley Forge. After the War of the Revolution, and while Washington was a resident of Philadelphia, Charles Wilson Peale painted several portraits of him. Young Rembrandt used to pass much of his time in the studio, and in 1786, when the best of the portraits was painted, he stood at the back of his father's chair watching the operation. In 1795, when he was but seventeen years of age, he had himself become a good painter, and Washington then honored him with three sittings of three hours each. The young artist, who was naturally timid and nervous in such a presence and at such a work, got his father to begin a portrait at the same time, and to keep the General in conversation while the work went on. The study of Washington's head then painted by Rembrandt Peale served as the basis of the famous portrait of him which he afterward painted, and which was pronounced by contemporaries of Washington his best likeness. It was exhibited to admiring crowds in Europe and the United States, and in 1832 was purchased for two thousand dollars by the Federal Government, to be hung in the Capitol.

Rev. Charles W. Upham, who represented the Essex district of Massachusetts in Congress, was at one time a victim to our copyright laws. He had compiled with care a life of George Washington, from his own letters, which was, therefore, in some sense, an autobiography. The holders of copyright in Washington's letters, including, if I am not mistaken, Judge Washington and Dr. Sparks, considered the publication of this book by Marsh, Capen & Lyons, of Boston, who had no permission from them, as an infringement of their copyright. The curious question thus presented was tried before Judge Story, who held that it was an infringement, and granted an injunction against the sale of the book. The plates, thus becoming worthless here, were sold to an English house, which printed them.

Jullien, the great musician, gave two concerts at the National Theatre, Washington, in the fall of 1853, with his large orchestra and a galaxy of glorious stars. The effect of many of their performances was overpowering, and the enraptured multitude often for a moment appeared to forget their accustomed restraints, and arose to wave their scarfs or hats in triumph, or blended their shouts of applause with the concluding strains of the "Quadrille Nationale," and other entrancing pieces. The solos were all magnificent and the entire performance was a triumphant success.

[Facsimile] Thaddeus Stevens THADDEUS STEVENS was born at Peacham, Vermont, April 4th, 1792; was a Representative from Pennsyvlania, December 3d, 1849, to March 1st, 1853, and again December 5th, 1859, to August 11th, 1868, when he died at Washington City.

CHAPTER XXXV. CHIVALRY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

President Pierce, seconded by Secretary Marcy, made his foreign appointments with great care. Mr. Buchanan was sent as Minister to the Court of St. James, a position for which he was well qualified, and John Y. Mason, of Virginia, was accredited to France. The support given to the Democratic party by the adopted citizens of the Republic was acknowledged by the appointment of Mr. Soulé, a Frenchman, who had been expelled from his native land as a revolutionist, as Minister to Spain; Robert Dale Owen, an Englishman, noted for his agrarian opinions, as Minister to Naples, and Auguste Belmont, Austrian born, Minister to the Netherlands.

The civil appointments, of every official grade, large in their number and extended in their influence upon various localities and interests, were made with distinguished ability and sagacity, and were

received with general and widespread satisfaction. The President's thorough knowledge of men, his intimate acquaintance with the relations of sections heretofore temporarily separated from the great mass of the Democracy, and his quick perception of the ability and character essential to the faithful performance of duty were active throughout, and he kept constantly in sight his avowed determination to unite the Democratic party upon the principles by which he won his election. Where so many distinguished names were presented for his consideration, and where disappointment was the inevitable fate of large numbers, a degree of complaint was unavoidable. But no sooner was the fund of Executive patronage well-nigh exhausted than might be heard, "curses, not loud but deep." Presently, as the number of disappointed place-hunters increased, the tide of indignation began to swell, and the chorus of discontent grew louder and louder, until the whole land was filled with the clamors of a multitudinous army of martyrs. For the first three months after the inauguration the Democratic party was a model of decorum, harmony, and contentment. All was delight and enthusiasm. Frank Pierce was the man of the time; his Cabinet was an aggregation of the wisdom of the country; his policy the very perfection of statesmanship. Even the Whigs did not utter one word of discontent. Frank Pierce was still President, his Cabinet unchanged, his policy the same, but all else, how changed! But it was no fault of his. He had but fifty thousand offices to dispense, which, in the nature of things, could go but a short way to appease the hunger of two hundred thousand applicants. For every appointment there were two disappointments, for every friend secured he made two enemies. A state of universal satisfaction was succeeded by a state of violent discontent, and the Administration, without any fault of its own, encountered the opposition of those who but a few weeks previously were loudest in its praise.

In order to re-enlist public favor and to reunite the Democratic party, Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé, United States Ministers respectively to England, France, and Spain, were ordered by the President, through Mr. Marcy, to meet at Ostend. There, after mature deliberations, and in obedience to instruction from Washington, they prepared, signed, and issued a brief manifesto, declaring that the United States ought to purchase Cuba with as little delay as possible. Political, commercial, and geographical reasons therefor were given, and it was asserted in conclusion that "the Union can never enjoy repose, nor possess reliable security, so long as Cuba is not embraced within its boundaries." This was carrying out the views of Mr. Buchanan, who, when Secretary of State, in June, 1848, had, under the instructions of President Polk, offered Spain one hundred million of dollars for the island.

Mr. Buchanan had accepted the mission to England, that he might from a distance pull every available wire to secure the nomination in 1856, coyly denying all the time that he wanted to be President. In a heretofore unpublished letter of his, dated September 5th, 1853, which is in my collection of autographs, he says: "You propounded a question to me before I left the United States which I have not answered. I shall now give it an answer in perfect sincerity, without the slightest mental reservation. I have neither the desire nor the intention again to become a candidate for the Presidency. On the contrary, this mission is tolerable to me alone because it will enable me gracefully and gradually to retire from an active participation in party politics. Should it please Providence to prolong my days and restore me to my native land, I hope to pass the remnant of my life at Wheatland, in comparative peace and tranquillity. This will be most suitable both to my age (now past sixty-two) and my inclinations. But whilst these are the genuine sentiments of my heart, I do not think I ought to say that in no imaginable state of circumstances would I consent to be nominated as a candidate."

Mr. Buchanan was greatly exercised over the court costume which he was to wear, and finally compromised by adopting a black evening dress suit, with the addition of a small sword, which distinguished him from the servants at the royal palace. He had always been jealous of Governor Marcy, then Secretary of State, and instead of addressing his despatches to the Department of State, as is customary for foreign Ministers, he used to send them directly to the President. It is said that General Pierce rather enjoyed seeing his chief Cabinet officer thus snubbed, and that he used to answer Mr. Buchanan's communications himself.

The proposition to repeal the Missouri Compromise of 1820, and to admit Kansas and Nebraska as States, with or without slavery, as their citizens might respectively elect, gave rise to exciting debates. The North was antagonistic to the South, and the champions of freedom looked defiantly at the defenders of slavery. One of the most exciting scenes in the House of Representatives was between Mr. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Mr. Francis B. Cutting, a New York lawyer, who had defeated Mr. James Brooks, who then was editor of the *Express*.

Mr. Cutting was advocating the passage of the Senate bill, and complaining that the friends of the Administration not only wanted to consign it to the Committee of the Whole—that tomb of the Capulets—but they had encouraged attacks in their organs upon him and those who stood with him. Mr. Breckinridge interrupted him while he was speaking, to ask if a remark made was personal to himself, but Mr. Cutting said that it was not. Mr. Breckinridge, interrupting Mr. Cutting a second time, said that while he did not want to charge the gentleman from New York with having intentionally played the part of an assassin, he had said, and he could not now take it back, that the act, to all intents, was like

throwing one arm around it in friendship, and stabbing it with the other—to kill the bill. As to a statement by the gentleman that in the hour of his greatest need the "Hards" of New York had come to his assistance, he could not understand it, and asked for an explanation.

"I will give it," replied Mr. Cutting. "When, during the last Congressional canvass in Kentucky, it was intimated that the friends of the honorable Representative from the Lexington district needed assistance to accomplish his election, my friends in New York made up a subscription of some fifteen hundred dollars and transmitted it to Kentucky, to be employed for the benefit of the gentleman, who is now the peer of Presidents and Cabinets."

"Yes, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Breckinridge, springing to his feet, "and not only the peer of Presidents and Cabinets, but the peer of the gentleman from New York, fully and in every respect."

A round of applause followed this assertion, and ere it had subsided the indomitable Mike Walsh availed himself of the opportunity to give his colleague a rap. "When [he said] we came here we protested against the Administration interfering in the local affairs of the State of New York, and now my colleague states that a portion of his constituents have been guilty of the same interference in the affairs of the people of Kentucky." "Is that all," said Mr. Cutting, in a sneering tone, "that the gentleman from New York rose for?" "That's all," replied Mr. Walsh, "but I will by on hand by and by, though."

Mr. Breckinridge, his eyes flashing fire, remarked in measured tones that the gentleman from New York should have known the truth of what he uttered before he pronounced it on the floor. He (Mr. B.) was not aware that any intimations were sent from Kentucky that funds were needed to aid in his election, nor was he aware that they were received. He did not undertake to say what the fact might be in regard to what the gentleman had said, but he had no information whatever of that fact. He (Mr. B.) came to Congress not by the aid of money, but against the use of money. The gentleman could not escape by any subtlety or by any ingenuity a thorough and complete exposure of any ingenious device to which he might resort for the purpose of putting gentlemen in a false position, and the sooner he stopped that game the better.

Mr. Cutting, who was also very much excited, made an angry reply, in which he stated "that he had given the gentleman an opportunity of indulging in one of the most violent, inflammatory, and personal assaults that had ever been known upon this floor; and he would ask how could the gentleman disclaim any attack upon him. The whole tenor and scope of the speech of the gentleman from Kentucky was an attack upon his motives in moving to commit the bill. It was in vain for the gentleman to attempt to escape it by disclaiming it; the fact was before the Committee. But he would say to the gentleman that he scorned his imputation. How dare the gentleman undertake to assert that he had professed friendship for the measure with a view to kill it, to assassinate it by sending it to the bottom of the calendar? And then, when he said that the Committee of the Whole had under its control the House bill upon this identical subject, which the Committee intended to take up, discuss, amend, and report to the House, the gentleman skulked behind the Senate bill, which had been sent to the foot of the calendar!"

"Skulked!" hissed Mr. Breckinridge. "I ask the gentleman to withdraw that word!"

"I withdraw nothing!" replied Mr. Cutting. "I have uttered what I have said in answer to one of the most violent and most personal attacks that has ever been witnessed upon this floor."

"Then," said Mr. Breckinridge, "when the gentleman says I skulked, he says what is false!" The Southern members began to gather around the excited Kentuckian, and the Speaker, pounding with his gavel, pronounced the offensive remark out of order.

"Mr. Chairman," quietly remarked Mr. Cutting, "I do not intend upon this floor to answer the remark which the gentleman from Kentucky has thought proper to employ. It belongs to a different region. It is not ere that I will desecrate my lips with undertaking to retort in that manner."

This settled the question, and a duel appeared to be inevitable. The usual correspondence followed, but President Pierce and other potent friends of the would-be belligerents interfered, and the difficult was amicably adjusted, under "the code of honor," without recourse to weapons.

Governor Marcy, President Pierce's Secretary of State, was a great card-player, and Mr. Labouchere tells a good story which happened when he was Secretary of the British Legation at Washington. "I went," said he, "with the British Minister, to a pleasant watering- place in Virginia, where we were to meet Mr. Marcy, the then United States Secretary of State, and a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States was to be quietly discussed. Mr. Marcy, the most genial of men, was as cross as a bear. He would agree to nothing. 'What on earth is the matter with your chief?' I said to a secretary who accompanied him. 'He does not have his rubber of whist,' answered the secretary. After this every night the Minister and I played at whist with Mr. Marcy and his secretary, and every night we lost. The

stakes were very trifling, but Mr. Marcy felt flattered by beating the Britishers at what he called their own game. His good humor returned, and every morning when the details of the treaty were being discussed we had our revenge, and scored a few points for Canada." A true account of the money designedly lost at Washington by diplomats, heads of departments, and Congressmen would give a deep insight into the secret history of legislation. What Representative could vote against the claim of a man whose money he had been winning, in small sums, it is true, all winter?

General John A. Thomas, of New York, who was Assistant Secretary of State during a part of President Pierce's Administration, was a fine, soldierly looking man, very gentlemanly in his deportment. He was a native of Tennessee, and was for several years an officer in the United States Army, commanding at one time the corps of cadets. He married a Miss Ronalds, who belonged to an old New York family, and he took her with him when he went abroad as Solicitor to the Board of Commissioners appointed by the President to adjust the claims of American citizens upon the British Government. Mr. Buchanan was the American Minister at the Court of St. James, and Mr. Sickles Secretary of Legation. Mrs. Thomas having expressed a wish to be presented at court, Mr. Buchanan assented, and, when the day for presentation arrived, requested Mrs. Thomas to place herself under the charge of Mrs. Sickles, who would accompany her to the palace of St. James. This arrangement Mrs. Thomas decidedly declined, and by so doing gave so much offense to Mr. Buchanan that she was never presented at court at all. Nor did the matter end here. When Mr. Buchanan came to the Presidency he found General Thomas filling the office of Assistant Secretary of State. From this office he immediately ejected him, for the old grudge he bore Mrs. Thomas for refusing to go to court with Mrs. Sickles, as General Thomas declared to his friends. Mr. Buchanan was always very fond of Mr. Sickles and his wife, and it was said that he narrowly escaped being in the Sickles' house when Barton Key was shot down after coming from it.

The Amoskeag Veterans, of Manchester, New Hampshire, a volunteer corps which wore the Continental uniform and marched to the music of drums and fifes, came to Washington to pay their respects to the President, who received them with lavish hospitality. They visited Mount Vernon under escort of a detachment of volunteer officers, and were escorted by the venerable G. W. P. Custis around the old home of his illustrious relative. At a ball given in the evening the "old man eloquent" wore the epaulettes originally fastened on his shoulders by him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The sword given him by General Washington Mr. Custis had presented to his son-in- law, Captain Robert E. Lee, of the Engineer Corps, during the Mexican campaign.

[Facsimile] John Tyler JOHN TYLER was born in Charles County, Virginia, March 29th, 1790; was a Representative in Congress from Virginia, December 17th, 1816, to March 3d, 1821; was United States Senator from Virginia, December 3d, 1827, to February 28th, 1836; was elected Vice-President on the Harrison ticket in 1840; became President, after the death of President Harrison, April 4th, 1841; was a delegate to the Peace Convention of 1861, and its President; was a delegate to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, which assembled at Richmond in July, 1861; was elected a Representative from Virginia in the first Confederate Congress, but died at Richmond, Virginia, before taking his seat, January 17th, 1862.

CHAPTER XXXVI. CRYSTALLIZATION OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law re-opened the flood-gates of sectional controversy. The Native American organization was used at the North by the leading Abolitionists for the disintegration of the Whigs, and they founded a new political party, with freedom inscribed upon its banners. The Free-Soil Democrats who had rebelled against Southern rule, with the Liberty Whigs, and those who were more openly arrayed against slavery, united, and were victorious at the Congressional elections in the Northern States in the autumn of 1854. "The moral idea became a practical force," and the "Irrepressible Conflict" was commenced. "As Republicans," said Charles Sumner, "we go forth to encounter the oligarchs of slavery."

The great contest was opened by a struggle in the House of Representatives over the Speakership. Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, a Democrat, who had joined the Know-Nothings, was the Northern candidate, although Horace Greeley, with Thurlow Weed and William Schouler as his aides-de-camp, endeavored to elect Lewis D. Campbell, an Ohio American. The Southern Know-Nothings voted at one time for Henry M. Fuller, of Pennsylvania, but they dropped him like a hot potato when they learned that he had accepted a place on the Republican Committee of his State. William Aiken, a large slaveholder in South Carolina, was the favorite Southern candidate, although the vote of the solid South was successively given to several others. Meanwhile, as day after day passed, the President's message was withheld, and all legislation was at a dead-lock. The Sergeant- at-Arms, Colonel Glossbrenner, an ex-member of the House, obtained a loan of twenty thousand dollars from a bank in Pennsylvania, which enabled him to make advances to impecunious members of both parties, and thus to insure his

re-election.

Early in January an attempt was made to "sit it out," and all night the excited House seethed like a boiling cauldron; verdant novices were laughed down as they endeavored to make some telling point, while sly old stagers lay in ambush to spring out armed with "points of order." Emasculate conservatives were snubbed by followers of new prophets; belligerent Southrons glared fiercely at phlegmatic Yankees; one or two intoxicated Solons gabbled sillily upon every question, and sober clergymen gaped, as if sleepy and disgusted with political life. Banks, unequaled in his deportment, was as cool as a summer cucumber; Aiken, his principal opponent, was courteous and gentlemanlike to all; Giddings wore a broad-brimmed hat to shield his eyes from the rays of the gas chandelier; Stephens, of Georgia, piped forth his shrill response, and Senator Wilson went busily about "whipping-in." Soon after midnight the South Americans began to relate their individual experience in true camp- meeting style, the old-line Democrats were rampant, the few Whigs were jubilant, and the bone of Catholicism was pretty will picked by those who had been peeping at politics through dark-lanterns, and who were "know-nothings" about what they had done. In short, every imaginable topic of discussion, in order or out of order, was lugged in to kill time.

Meanwhile the supply of ham at the eating-counter below-stairs was exhausted, the oysters were soon after minus, and those who had brought no lunch had to mumble ginger-cakes. It was remarked by good judges that as the morning advanced the coffee grew weaker, suggesting a possibility that the caterer could not distinguish between cocoa and cold water, and only replenished his boiler with the latter. There were more questions of order, more backing people up to vote, and an increase of confusion. Men declared that they would "stick," while they entreated others to shift, and as daylight streamed in upon the scene, the political gamesters had haggard and careworn countenances. The result of the night's work was no choice.

At last, after nine long, tedious weeks, the agony was over, and Massachusetts furnished the Thirty-fourth Congress with its Speaker. Although what was termed "Americanism" played an important though concealed part in the struggle, the real battle was between the North and the South—the stake was the extension of slavery. When the decisive vote was reached the galleries were packed with ladies, who, like the gentle dames in the era of chivalry, sat interested lookers-on as the combating parties entered the arena. On the one side was Mr. Aiken, a Representative from the chivalric, headstrong State of South Carolina, the son of an Irishman, the inheritor of an immense wealth, and the owner of eleven hundred slaves. Opposed to him was Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, a State which was the very antipodes of South Carolina in politics, who, by his own exertions, unaided by a lineage or wealth or anything save his own indomitable will, had conquered a position among an eminently conservative people. Voting was commenced, and each minute seemed to be an age, as some members had to explain their votes, but at length the tellers began to "foot up." It had been agreed that the result should be announced by the teller belonging to the party of the successful candidate, and when the sheet was handed to Mr. Benson, of Maine, the "beginning of the end" was known. Radiant with joy, he announced that Nathaniel P. Banks, Jr., had received one hundred and three votes; William Aiken, one hundred; H. M. Fuller, six; L. D. Campbell, four; and Daniel Wells, Jr., of Wisconsin, one. The election was what a Frenchman would call an "accomplished fact," and hearty cheers were heard on all sides.

Magnanimity is not a prominent ingredient in political character, and some factious objections were made, by Mr. Aiken soon put a stop to them. Rising with that dignity peculiar to wealthy and portly gentlemen of ripe years, he requested permission to conduct the Speaker-elect to the chair. This disarmed opposition, and after some formalities, he was authorized, by a large majority resolve, to perform the duty, accompanied by Messrs. Fuller and Campbell. Cheer after cheer, with waving of hats and ladies' handkerchiefs, announced that on the one hundred and thirty-third vote the Speaker's chair was occupied. The mace, emblem of the Speaker's authority, was brought from its resting-place and elevated at his side. The House was organized.

The address of Mr. Banks, free from all cant, and delicately alluding to those American principles to which he owed his office, was happily conceived and admirably delivered. Then old Father Giddings, standing beneath the large chandelier, with his silvery locks flowing picturesquely around his head, held up his hand and administered the oath of office. The authoritative gavel was handed up by Colonel Forney, who was thanked by a resolution complimenting him for the ability with which he had presided during the protracted contest, and then the House adjourned.

It then became necessary to divide the spoils, and after an exciting contest, Cornelius Wendell, a Democratic nominee, was elected Printer of the House by Republican votes, in consideration of certain percentages of his profits paid to designated parties. The House binding was given to Mr. Williams, editor of the Toledo *Blade*, a lawyer by profession, who had never bound a book in his life. Mr. Robert Farnham paid him a considerable sum for his contract, and the work was done by Mr. Tretler, a

practical bookbinder. Mr. Simon Hanscomb, who had been efficient in bringing about the nomination of Mr. Banks, received a twelve-hundred dollar sinecure clerkship, and others who had aided in bringing about the result were cared for. One Massachusetts Representative had his young son appointed a page by the doorkeeper, but when Speaker Banks learned of it, he ordered the appointment to be canceled. Luckily for the lad, the father was enabled to secure for him an appointment as a cadet at West Point, and he became a gallant officer.

The first session of the Thirty-fourth Congress was protracted until the 18th of August, 1856, and it was distinguished by acrimonious debate. The most remarkable speaker was Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, of whom it might be said, as of St. Paul, "his bodily presence is weak," while his shrill, thin voice, issuing as it were by jerks from his narrow chest, recalled John Randolph. Contrasting widely in size was the burly Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, who had won laurels in the Mexican War, as had the gallant General Quitman, a Representative from Mississippi. Henry Winter Davis, of Baltimore, and Anson Burlingame, of Boston, were the most eloquent and enthusiastic of those who had been washed into Congress by the Know-Nothing wave, and with them had come some ignorant and bigoted fellows. Equally prominent, but better qualified, on the other side was John Kelly, who had defeated the candidates brought out by "Sam" and "Sambo" to oppose him. The venerable Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, who led the abolition forces, was as austerely bitter as Cato was in ancient Utica when he denounced the Fugitive Slave Law, under the operations of which many runaway slaves were captured at the North and returned to their Southern masters.

The eloquence of Mr. Clingman, who represented North Carolina, was alternately enlivened by epigrammatic wit or envenomed by scorching reply. Mr. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, was commencing a long and useful Congressional career. Mr. Schuyler Colfax, an editor- politician, represented an Indiana district. The veteran Mr. Charles J. Faulkner, with his choleric son-in-law, Mr. Thomas S. Bocock, and the erratic and chivalrous Judge Caskie, represented Virginia districts. Mr. Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, sat near his brother, Israel D. Washburne, of Maine. Mr. Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, was then an ardent Republican, and so was Mr. Francis E. Spinner, of New York, whose wonderful autograph afterward graced public securities.

Mr. Albert Rust, one of the Representatives from Arkansas, won some notoriety by attacking Horace Greeley at his hotel. The next day he was brought before Justice Morsell, and gave bonds to appear at the next session of the Criminal Court. He appeared to glory in what he had done. Mr. Greeley was evidently somewhat alarmed, and during the remainder of his sojourn at Washington his more stalwart friends took care that he should not be unaccompanied by a defender when he appeared in public.

The Territory of Utah was represented in the House by Mr. John N. Burnhisel, a small, dapper gentleman, who in deportment and tone of voice resembled Robert J. Walker. It was very rarely that he participated in debate, and his forte was evidently taciturnity. In private conversation he was fluent and agreeable, defending the peculiar domestic institutions of his people. The delegate from Oregon was Mr. Joseph Lane, who had served bravely in the Mexican war, gone to Oregon as its first Governor, and been returned as its first Territorial Delegate. He was a keen-eyed, trimly built man, of limited education, but the possessor of great common sense. Henry M. Rice, the first Delegate from the Territory of Minnesota, had been for years an Indian trader in connection with the American Fur Company, and was thoroughly acquainted with the people he represented, and whose interests he faithfully served. New Mexico, then a *terra incognita*, was represented by Don José Manuel Gallegos, a native of the Territory, who had been educated in the Catholic schools of Mexico, and who was devoted to the Democratic party. He had as a rival Don Miguel A. Otero, also a native of New Mexico, who had been educated at St. Louis, and whose Democracy was of the more liberal school. He successfully contested the seat of Mr. Gallegos in the Thirty-fourth Congress, and secured his re- election in the two ensuing ones.

The Senate was behind the House in entering into the "irrepressible conflict." The death of Vice-President King having left the chair of the presiding officer vacant, it was filled *pro tempore* by Mr. Jesse D. Bright, of Indiana. He was a man of fine presence, fair abilities, and a fluent speaker, thoroughly devoted to the Democratic party as then controlled by the South. He regarded the anti-slavery movement as the offspring of a wanton desire to meddle with the affairs of other people, and to grasp political power, or —to use the words of one who became an ardent Republican—as the product of hypocritical selfishness, assuming the mask and cant of philanthropy merely to rob the South and to enrich New England. The rulings of the Chair, while it was occupied by Senator Bright, were all in favor of the South and of the compromises which had been entered into. The Secretary of the Senate, its Sergeant-at- Arms, its door-keepers, messengers, and even its little pages, were subservient to the South.

Mr. James Murray Mason, a type of the old patrician families of Virginia, was one of the few remaining polished links between the statesmen of those days and of the past. His first ancestor in

Virginia, George Mason, commanded a regiment of cavalry in the Cavalier army of Charles Stuart (afterward Charles II) in the campaign against the Roundhead troops of Oliver Cromwell. After the defeat of the royal forces at the battle of Worcester, Colonel Mason escaped to Virginia, and soon afterward established a plantation on the Potomac, where his lineal descendants resided generation after generation. The future Senator was educated at Georgetown, in the then infant days of the Federal city, and the society of such statesmen as then sat in the councils of the republic was in itself an education. He possessed a stalwart figure, a fine, imposing head covered with long gray hair, a pleasing countenance, and a keen eye. No Senator had a greater reverence for the peculiar institutions of the South, or a more thorough contempt for the Abolitionists of the North. His colleague, Mr. Robert M. T. Hunter, was of less aristocratic lineage, but had received a more thorough education. He had served in the Twenty-sixth Congress as Speaker of the House, and he was thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary law and usages. He had also paid great attention to finance and to the tariff questions. Solidly built, with a massive head and a determined manner, he was very impressive in debate, and his speeches on financial questions were listened to with great attention.

John P. Hale was a prominent figure in the Senate, and never failed to command attention. The keen shafts of the Southerners, aimed at him, fell harmlessly to his feet, and his wonderful good nature disarmed malicious opposition. Those who felt that he had gone far astray in his political opinions did not accuse him of selfish motives, sordid purposes, or degraded intrigues. His was the "chasseur" style of oratory—now skirmishing on the outskirts of an opponent's position, then rallying on some strange point, pouring in a rattling fire, standing firm against a charge, and ever displaying a perfect independence of action and a disregard of partisan drill.

President Pierce felt very unkindly toward Mr. Hale. At an evening reception, when the Senator from New Hampshire approached, escorting his wife and daughters, the President spoke to the ladies, but deliberately turned his back upon Mr. Hale. This action by one so courteous as was General Pierce created much comment, and was the subject of earnest discussion in drawing-rooms as well as at the Capitol.

[Facsimile] Lewis Cass LEWIS CASS was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, October 9th, 1782; crossed the Allegheny Mountains on foot when seventeen years of age to Ohio, where he commenced the practice of law; was colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers, which was a part of General Hull's army, surrendered at Detroit, August 16th, 1812; was Governor of Michigan Territory, 1813-1831; was Secretary of War under President Jackson, 1831-1836; was Minister to France, October 4th, 1836, to November 12th, 1842; was United States Senator from Michigan, December 1st, 1845, to May 29th, 1848; was defeated as the Democratic candidate for President in the fall of 1848; was elected to fill the vacancy in the Senate, occasioned by his own resignation, December 3d, 1849, to March 3d, 1857; was Secretary of State under President Buchanan, March 4th, 1857, to December 17th, 1860, when he resigned; retired to Detroit, Michigan, where he died, June 17th, 1866.

CHAPTER XXXVII. POLITICAL STORM AND SOCIAL SUNSHINE.

Charles Sumner had not spoken on the slavery question immediately on taking his seat in the Senate, and some of his abolition friends in Boston had began to fear that he, too, had been enchanted by the Circe of the South. Theodore Parker said, in a public speech: "I wish he had spoken long ago, but it is for him to decide, not us. 'A fool's bolt is soon shot,' while a wise man often reserves his fire." But Senator Seward, who had been taught by experience how far a Northern man could go in opposition to the slave-power, advised him that "retorted scorn" would be impolitic and perhaps unsafe.

Mr. Sumner, however, soon began to occupy the floor of the Senate Chamber when he could get an opportunity. His speeches were able and exhaustive disquisitions, polished and repolished before their delivery, and arraigning the South in stately and measured sentences which contained stinging rebukes. The boldness of his language soon attracted public attention, and secured his recognition as the chosen champion of Freedom. One afternoon, while he was speaking, Senator Douglas, walking up and down behind the President's chair in the old Senate Chamber and listening to him, remarked to a friend: "Do you hear that man? He may be a fool, but I tell you that man has pluck. I wonder whether he knows himself what he is doing? I am not sure whether I should have the courage to say those things to the men who are scowling around him."

Mr. Sumner was at that time strikingly prepossessing in his appearance:

"Not that his dress attracted vulgar eyes,
With Fashion's gewgaws flauntingly display'd;
He had the bearing of the gentleman;
And nobleness of mind illumined his mien,
Winning at once attention and respect."

He was over six feet in stature, with a broad chest and graceful manners. His features, though not perhaps strictly regular, were classical, and naturally of an animated cast; his hazel eyes were somewhat inflamed by night-work; he wore no beard, except a small pair of side-whiskers, and his black hair lay in masses over his high forehead. I do not remember to have ever seen two finer- looking men in Washington than Charles Sumner and Salmon P. Chase, as they came together to a dinner-party at the British Legation, each wearing a blue broadcloth dress-coat with gilt buttons, a white waistcoat, and black trowsers.

The conservative Senators soon treated Mr. Sumner as a fanatic unfit to associate with them, and they refused him a place on any committee, as "outside of any political organization." This stimulated him in the preparation of a remarkable arraignment of the slave-power, which he called the "crime against Kansas." It was confidentially printed before its delivery that advance copies might be sent to distant cities, and nearly every one permitted to read it, including Mr. William H. Seward, advised Mr. Sumner to tone down its offensive features. But he refused. He was not, as his friend Carl Schurz afterward remarked, "conscious of the stinging force of the language he frequently employed, . . . and he was not unfrequently surprised, greatly surprised, when others found his language offensive." He delivered the speech as it had been written and printed, occupying two days, and he provoked the Southern Senators and their friends beyond measure.

Preston S. Brooks, a tall, fine-looking Representative from South Carolina, who had served gallantly in the Mexican war, was incited to revenge certain phrases used by Mr. Sumner, which he was told reflected upon his uncle, Senator Butler. Entering the Senate Chamber one day after the adjournment, he went up to Mr. Sumner, who sat writing at his desk, with his head down, and dealt him several severe blows in the back of his head with a stout gutta- percha cane as he would have cut at him right and left with a dragoon's broadsword.

Mr. Sumner's long legs were stretched beneath his desk, so that he was pinioned when he tried to rise, and the blood from his wound on his head blinded him. In his struggle he wrenched the desk from the floor, to which it had been screwed, but before he could gain his feet his assailant had gratified his desire to punish him. Several persons had witnessed this murderous assault without interfering, and when Mr. Sumner, stunned and bleeding, was led to a sofa in the anteroom, Mr. Brooks was congratulated on what he had done.

For two years Mr. Sumner was a great sufferer, but the people of Massachusetts, recognizing him as their champion, kept his empty chair in the Senate ready for him to occupy again when he became convalescent. A chivalrous sympathy for him as he endured the cruel treatment prescribed by modern science contributed to his fame, and he became the leading champion of liberty in the impending conflict for freedom. Mr. Seward regarded the situation with a complacent optimism, Mr. Hale good-naturedly joked with the Southern Senators, and Mr. Chase drifted along with the current, all of them adorning but not in any way shaping the tide of events. With Mr. Sumner it was different, for he possessed that root of statesmanship —the power of forethought. Although incapacitated for Senatorial duties, his earnest words, like the blast of a trumpet, echoed through the North, and he was recognized as the martyr-leader of the Republican party. The injury to his nervous system was great, but the effect of Brooks' blows upon the slave-holding system was still more injurious. Before Mr. Sumner had resumed his seat both Senator Butler and Representative Brooks had passed away.

The debate in the House of Representatives on a resolution censuring Mr. Brooks for his murderous attack (followed by his resignation and unanimous re-election) was marked by acrimonious altercations, with threats of personal violence by the excited Southerners, who found themselves on the defensive. Henry Wilson and other Northern Congressmen went about armed with revolvers, and gave notice that while they would not fight duels, they would defend themselves if attacked. Mr. Anson Burlingame, who had come from Michigan to complete his studies at Harvard College, married the daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, and had been elected to Congress by the Know-Nothings and Abolitionists, accepted a challenge from Mr. Brooks. He selected the Clifton House, on the Canadian shore of Niagara Falls, as the place of meeting, which the friends of Mr. Brooks declared was done that the duel could not take place, as Mr. Brooks could not pass through the Northern States, where he was so universally hated. Mr. Lewis D. Campbell, who was Mr. Burlingame's second, repelled this insinuation, and was confident that his principal "meant business."

During the administration of President Pierce, Congress created the rank of Lieutenant-General, and General Scott received the appointment. He established his head-quarters at Washington, and appeared on several occasions in full uniform riding a spirited charger. Colonel Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, and "Old Chapultepec," as Scott was familiarly called by army officers, did not get along harmoniously, and the President invariably sided with his Secretary of War. Mr. Seward, meanwhile, busily availed himself of the opportunity to alienate General Scott from his Southern friends.

While the Northern and Southern politicians "bit their thumbs" at each other, the followers and the opponents of Senator Douglas in the Democratic ranks became equally hostile, and in some instances belligerent. I was then the associate editor of the *Evening Star*, a lively local sheet owned and edited by Mr. Douglas Wallach. Walking along Pennsylvania Avenue one afternoon, I saw just before me Mr. Wallach engaged in an excited controversy with an elderly gentleman, who I afterward learned was Mr. "Extra Billy" Smith, an ex-Representative in Congress, who had grown rich by the extra allowances made to him as a mail contractor. Each was calling the other hard names in a loud tone of voice, and as I reached them they clinched, wrestled for a moment, and then Smith threw Wallach heavily to the sidewalk. Sitting on his prostrate foe, Smith began to pummel him, but at the first blow Wallach got one of his antagonist's thumbs into his mouth, where he held it as if it were in a vise. Smith roared, "Let go my thumb! you are eating it to the bone!" Just then up came Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, and Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, who went to the rescue of Smith, Keitt saying: "This is no way for gentlemen to settle their disputes," as he forced Wallach's jaws apart, to release the "chawed-up" thumb. Wallach was uninjured, but for several weeks he went heavily armed, expecting that Smith would attack him.

One day Mr. McMullen, of Virginia, in advocating the passage of a bill, alluded to some previous remarks of the gentleman from Ohio, not the one (Mr. Giddings) "who bellowed so loudly," he said, "but to his sleek-headed colleague" (Mr. Taylor). Mr. Taylor, who was entering the hall just as this allusion was made to him, replied that the would rather have a sleek head than a blockhead.

Mr. McMullen then said: "I intended nothing personally offensive, which no one ought to have known better than the gentleman himself. I made use of the remark at which the gentleman exhibited an undue degree of excitement to produce a little levity; neither of us ought to complain of our heads. If united, there would not be more brains than enough for one common head."

Senator Jones, of Tennessee, generally called "Lean Jimmy Jones," was the only Democrat who ever tried to meet Mr. John P. Hale with his own weapons—ridicule and sarcasm. One day, after having been worsted in a verbal tilt, Mr. Jones sought revenge by telling a story as illustrating his opponent's adroitness. There was a Kentuckian, he said, whose name was Sam Wilson, who settled on the margin of the Mississippi River. He had to settle upon high lands, near swamps from ten to twenty miles wide. The swamps were filled with wild hogs, which were considered a species of public property that every man had a right to shoot, but they did not have a right thereby to shoot tame ones.

Sam had a very large family, and was known to entertain a mortal aversion to work. Yet he always lived well and had plenty of meat. It was inquired how Sam had always so much to eat? Nobody saw him work. He used to hunt and walk about, and he had plenty of bacon constantly on hand. People began to suspect that Sam was not only shooting wild hogs, but sometimes tame ones; so they watched him a good deal to see whether they could not catch him. Sam, however, was too smart for them, and always evaded, just (said Mr. Jones) as the honorable Senator from New Hampshire does. Finally, old man Bailey was walking out one day looking after his hogs at the edge of the swamp, and he saw Sam going along quietly with his gun on his shoulder. Presently Sam's rifle was fired. Bailey walked on to the cane-brake, as he knew he had a very fine hog there, and looking over he found Sam in the act of drawing out his knife to butcher it. Old man Bailey, slapping Sam on the shoulder, said, "I have caught you at last." "Caught thunder!" said Sam; "I will shoot all your blasted hogs that come biting at me in this way." "That is the way," Senator Jones went on to say, "that the Senator from New Hampshire gets out of his scrapes."

Mrs. Pierce came to the White House sorrow-stricken by the sad death of her only child, but she bravely determined not to let her private griefs prevent the customary entertainments. During the sessions of Congress there was a state dinner once a week, to which thirty-six guests were invited, and on other week-days half-a-dozen guests partook of the family dinner, at which no wine was served. There was also a morning and an evening reception every week in the season, at which Mrs. Pierce, dressed in deep mourning, received with the President.

The evening receptions, which were equivalent to the drawing-rooms of foreign courts, were looked forward to with great interest by strangers and the young people, taxing the busy fingers of mantua-makers, while anxious fathers reluctantly loosened their purse- strings. Carriages and camelias were thenceforth in demand; white kid gloves were kept on the store counters; and hair-dressers wished that, like the fabulous monster, they could each have a hundred hands capable of wielding the curling-tongs. When the evening arrived, hundreds of carriages might be seen hastening toward the spacious portico of the White House, under which they drove and sat down their freights. In Europe, it would have required at least a battalion of cavalry to have preserved order, but in Washington the coaches quietly fell into the file, and patiently awaited their turn. At the door, the ladies turned into the private dining-room, used as a dressing-room, from whence they soon emerged, nearly all of them in the full glory of evening toilet and radiant with smiles. Falling into line, the visitors passed into the parlors, where they were received by President Pierce and his wife. Between the President and the door stood

District Marshal Hoover and one of his deputies, who inquired the name of each unknown person, and introduced each one successively to the President. The names of strangers were generally misunderstood, and they were re-baptized, to their annoyance, but President Pierce, with winning cordiality, shook hands with each one, and put them directly at ease, chatting pleasantly until some one else came along, when he introduced them to his wife.

Leaving the Presidential group and traversing the beautiful Green Drawing-room, the guests entered the famed East Room, which was filled with the talent, beauty, and fashion of the metropolis. Hundreds of either sex occupied the middle of the room or congregated around its walls, which enshrined a maelstrom of beauty, circling and ever changing, like the figures in a kaleidoscope. A prominent figure in these scenes was Edward Everett, cold-blooded and impassible, bright and lonely as the gilt weather-cock over the church in which he officiated ere he became a politician. John Van Buren—"Prince John"—he was called—was another notable, his conversation having the double charm of seeming to be thoroughly enjoyed by the speaker and at the same time to delight the hearer. General Scott, in full uniform, was the beau ideal of a military hero, and with him were other brave officers of the army and of the navy, each one having his history ashore or afloat.

The members of the Diplomatic Corps were marked by the crosses and ribbons which they wore at their buttonholes. Mr. Crampton, who represented Queen Victoria, was a noble specimen of the fine old English gentleman, personally popular, although he did not get along well with Secretary Marcy. The Count de Sartiges, who had recently married Miss Thorndike, of Boston, was an embodiment of French character, as Baron Von Geroldt was of the Prussian, and the little Kingdom of Belgium had its diplomatist in the august person of Monsieur Henri Bosch Spencer. Senor Don Calderon de la Barca, the Spanish Minister, was very popular, as was his gifted wife, so favorably known to American literature. As for the South American Republics, their representatives were generally well dressed and able to put a partner through a polka in a manner gratifying to her and to her anxious mamma.

Then there were the office-seekers, restless, anxious, yet confident of obtaining some place of profit; the office-holders, many of whom saw in passing events the handwriting on the wall which announced their dismissal; the verdant visitors who had come to Washington to see how the country was governed; and generally a score of Indians with gay leggings, scarlet blankets, pouches worked with porcupine quills, and the full glory of war paint. The Marine Band discoursed sweet music, but no refreshments were offered, so, many of the gentlemen, after having escorted the ladies to their homes, repaired to the restaurants, where canvas-back ducks, wild turkeys, and venison steaks were discussed, with a running fire of champagne corks and comments on the evening.

Secretary McClelland's series of evening receptions were thronged with the elite of the South, and at Secretary Guthrie's one could see the majestic belles of Kentucky. The finest diplomatic entertainment was given by the Brazilian Minister, in honor of the birthday of his imperial master, and the evenings when Madame Calderon de la Barca was "at home" always found her attractive drawing-rooms crowded. General Almonte, the Mexican Minister, was noted for his breakfast-parties, as was Senor Marcoleta, of Nicaragua, who was trying hard to have an interoceanic canal cut through his country. Among the Congressmen, Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, gave the most elegant entertainments, at which the supper-table was ornamented with a silver service, "looted" in after years by soldiers, with the exception of a large solid silver waiter, which was found in a swamp, propped up on four stones, and with a fire under it, some deserters having used it to fry bacon in. A gloom was cast over this gay society, however, by the sad fate of the wife of Mr. Justice Daniels, of the Supreme Court, whose clothes accidentally took fire, and burned her so terribly that she survived but a few hours.

[Facsimile] Gº:Washington GEORGE WASHINGTON was born February 22d, 1732, in Westmoreland County, Va.; was public Surveyor when sixteen years of age; when nineteen was Military Inspector of one of the districts of Virginia; participated in the French and Indian war, 1753; Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces in 1755; married Mrs. Martha Custis, 1759; member of the Continental Congress, 1774; Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, 1775; resigned command, December 23d, 1783; President of the United States, April 30th, 1789, to March 4th, 1797; died at Mount Vernon, December 14th, 1799.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. GROWTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

Mr. Cushing conceived the idea of getting up a difficulty with Great Britain, as likely to advance the prospects of President Pierce for re-election, and to divert the attention of the people from the anti-slavery question. The pretext was the recruiting in the United States, under the direction of the British diplomatic and consular representatives of the Crown, of men for the regiments engaged in the Crimean War.

Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, was a large, well-built man, with white hair and side whiskers,

courtly manners and great conversational powers. His father had been a celebrated surgeon in Ireland, from whom he afterward inherited considerable property. He lived at Carolina Place, on Georgetown Heights, in good style, entertained liberally, rather cultivated the acquaintance of American artists and journalists, and was often seen going on an angling expedition to the Great Falls of the Potomac. He undoubtedly directed the objectionable recruiting without the slightest diplomatic skill. He seemed to go to work in the roughest and rudest manner to violate our laws, as if he did not care a copper whether he was discovered or not, and to comment in coarse terms upon our institutions.

Mr. Marcy, as Secretary of State, sent all the facts to Great Britain, his dispatch closing with a peremptory demand for the recall of Mr. Crampton and the British Consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. Accompanying the despatch was an elaborate opinion by Attorney-General Cushing, who cited numerous precedents, and declared that the demand for the recall of those who had been accomplices in the violation of municipal and international laws should not be taken as a cause of offense by Great Britain.

Monsieur de Sartiges, the French Minister, undertook to mediate between Mr. Crampton and Secretary Marcy. Calling at the Department of State, he represented that the continuance of peaceful relations between England and the United States was the earnest wish of his master, the Emperor, who, after his accession to the throne of France, had personally, and through his representatives, evinced on every possible occasion a friendship to the Union. Mr. Marcy expressed satisfaction at the assurance given, and remarked that it did not correspond with other official statements which the United States had received from parties of reputable standing in their own country.

The Minister promptly interposed and denied in the firmest manner the truth of any report adverse to the one which he had just made. The scene at this moment, according to representation, must have been one of interest, for Mr. Marcy, rising from his seat, excused his absence for a moment. He returned in a short time from an adjoining room with an original despatch in his hand, addressed to the Secretary of War, Mr. Davis, which he opened, and by permission of M. Sartiges, commenced reading extracts.

"Now," said Mr. Marcy, closing the document, "what I have just read to you is from a report of an army commission which was sent out by this Government for the benefit of science, and am I to understand from the free assurance that you have given, that his Majesty, the Emperor, was ignorant of the language used by his War Secretary to the officers of this mission, to whom he only declined extending the courtesies solicited, but added to the refusal an expression hoping 'that when they met it might be at the cannon's mouth'?" Mr. Marcy continued: "This language is further corroborated by a despatch to this department from our Minister at Paris."

De Sartiges took a hurried leave, but sought revenge by making himself generally disagreeable. He had a row with Mr. Barney, a venerable ex-member of the House and a gentleman of the old school. At evening parties before leaving he would enter the drawing-room where ladies and gentlemen were assembled, with his hat on and a cigar in his mouth, which he would light by the chandelier. He also persisted in firing at cats and rats from the back windows of his house, thus endangering the lives of persons in the adjacent back yards.

Mr. Crampton was recalled and received a diplomatic promotion, going to St. Petersburg as Sir John Crampton. While there, in 1861, he married a young daughter of Balfe, who afterward procured a divorce, after a curious suit at law, tried before "a jury of matrons."

England was forced to admit that Mr. Crampton's conduct was "notoriously at war with the rights of neutrality and national honor." This was not altogether pleasant to some of the old Nestors of the Senate, who wanted once more to sound the war tocsin. General Cass, who had had a bad fall on the outside steps of the Department of the Interior, was "eager for the fray;" the valiant Clayton, of Delaware, saw an opportunity to wipe out the stigma cast upon his treaty; and although the patriarchal Butler (owner of men-servants and maid-servants, flocks and herds) displayed the lily flag of peace in the Senatorial debate, it was as eccentric as were his weird-like white locks. Lord Clarendon had then his hands full, but his successors took their revenge in 1862, when attempts were made to obtain recruits in Ireland for the Union Army. Mr. Cushing's elaborate arguments against enlistments for a foreign power were copied and sent back to the Department of State at Washington.

The diplomatic representatives of Queen and Czar, Emperor and Kaiser, were greatly troubled during the Crimean and other European wars, and it would not answer for them to be seen in friendly relations with each other. These foreign diplomats delude themselves with the belief that they play an important political part at Washington. So they do in the opinion of the marriageable damsels, who are flattered with their flirtations, and in the estimation of snobbish sojourners, who glory in writing home that they have shaken hands with a lord, had a baron to dine with them, or loaned an *attache* a hundred dollars. But, in reality, they are the veriest supernumeraries in the political drama now being performed on the

Washington stage. Should any difficulty arise with the foreign powers they represent, special Ministers would be appointed to arrange it, and meanwhile the *Corps Diplomatique* "give tone to society," and is a potent power—in its own estimation.

The various legations all exhibit their national characteristics. The British attaches represent the Belgravian of the London magazines; their hair parted just a line off the exact centre, their soft eye only one degree firmer than those of their sisters', while their beautiful, long side-whiskers are wonderful to behold. The Spanish gentlemen one recognizes by their close-shorn black heads and smooth faces, all courtesy, inevitable pride and secretiveness, eyes that, like those of their women, betray a hundred intrigues, because they seek to conceal so much. The exquisite politeness of the South Americans make you wonder if you rally can be dust and ashes after this perfect deference, and their manners are marked by more vivacity than those of the Spanish people. The Russian diplomatists have generally been on the most friendly terms with Congressmen and citizens generally, while the Prussians and the Frenchmen have had several little difficulties with the Department of State and with the residents of Washington.

Although Mr. Marcy was unwilling to cater for the favor of the press to the extent which characterized the conduct of many other public men, he generally had a good word for the reporters and correspondents whom he met. "Well, Mr. ——," he would say, as he walked up the steps of his office in the morning, to some member of the press, who affected or had a great acquaintance with the secrets of State—"Well, what is the news in the State Department? You know I have always to go to the newspaper men to find out what is going on here." At another time he would suggest a paragraph which, he would quizzically intimate, might produce an alarm in political circles, improvising, for example, at a party of Senator Seward's, some story in the ordinary letter-writer style about Seward and Marcy being seen talking together, and ending with ominous speculations as to an approaching coalition, etc., in doing which he would happily hit off the writers for the press.

Mr. Cushing was more accommodating. He would converse freely with those correspondents in whom he had confidence, and permit them to copy his opinions in advance of their delivery upon their pledges that they should not be printed before they were officially made public. He wrote a great many editorials, somewhat ponderous and verbose, for the Washington *Union*, and the elaborate statements on executive matters made by the correspondents who enjoyed his favor were often dictated by him.

Mr. Buchanan, removed from the intrigues of home politics, kept up an active correspondence with his friends. "I expected," he wrote to Mr. Henry A. Wise, "ere this to have heard from you. You ought to remember that I am now a stranger in a strange land, and that the letters of so valued a friend as yourself would be to me a source of peculiar pleasure. I never had any heart for this mission, and I know that I shall never enjoy it. Still, I am an optimist in my philosophy, and shall endeavor to make my sojourn here as useful to my country and as agreeable to myself as possible.

"I have been in London," Mr. Buchanan went on to say, "long enough to form an opinion that the English people generally are not friendly to the United States. They look upon us with jealous eyes, and the public journals generally, and especially the Leviathan *Times*, speak of us in terms of hostility. The *Times* is particularly malignant, and as it notoriously desires to be the echo of public opinion, its language is the more significant. From all I can learn, almost every person denounces what they are pleased to call the crime of American slavery, and ridicules the idea that we can be considered a free people whilst it shall exist. They know nothing of the nature and character of slavery in the United States, and have no desire to learn. Should any public opportunity offer, I am fully prepared to say my say upon this subject, as I have already done privately in high quarters."

The first hotel in the District of Columbia was Suter's Tavern, a long, low wooden building in Georgetown, kept by John Suter. Next came the Union Hotel there, kept by Crawford. The National Hotel in Washington was for some years under the management of Mr. Gadsby, who had previously been a noted landlord in Alexandria, and what was afterward the Metropolitan Hotel was the Indian Queen, kept by the Browns, father and sons. Another hotel was built nearer the White House by Colonel John Tayloe, and was inherited by his son, Mr. B. Ogle Tayloe. It was not, however, pecuniarly successful, as it was thought to be too far up-town. Mrs. Tayloe, who was born at the North, used to visit her childhood's home every summer, and in traveling on one of those floating palaces, the day-boats on the Hudson River, she was struck with the business energy and desire to please everybody manifested by the steward. On her return Colonel Tayloe mentioned the want of success which had attended his hotel, and she remarked that if he could get Mr. Willard, the steward of the Albany steamer, as its landlord, there would be no fear as to its success. Mr. Tayloe wrote to Mr. Willard, a native of Westminster, Vermont, who came to Washington, and was soon, in connection with his brother, F. D. Willard, in charge of Mr. Tayloe's hotel, then called the City Hotel. The Willards gave to this establishment the same attention which had characterized their labors on board of the steamboat. They met their guests as they alighted from the stages in which they came to Washington. They stood

at the head of their dinner-tables, wearing white linen aprons, and carved the joints of meat, the turkeys, and the game. They were ever ready to courteously answer questions, and to do all in their power to make a sojourn at the City Hotel homelike and agreeable.

Success crowned these efforts to please the public, and the City Hotel soon took the first rank among the *caravanserais* of the national metropolis. Mr. E. D. Willard retired, and Mr. Henry A. Willard took into partnership with him Mr. Joseph C. Willard, while another brother, Mr. Caleb C. Willard, became the landlord of the popular Ebbitt House. In time it was determined to rebuild the hotel, which was done under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Willard, who was designed by nature for an architect. When the house was completed it was decided that it should be called henceforth Willard's Hotel, and about one hundred gentlemen were invited to a banquet given at its opening. After the cloth was removed, the health of the Messrs. Willard was proposed as the first toast, and then Mr. Edward Everett was requested to make a reply. He spoke with his accustomed ease, saying that there are occasions when deeds speak louder than words, and this was one of them. Instead of Mr. Willard returning thanks to the company present, it was the company that was under obligations to him. In fact, he thought that in paying their respects to Mr. Willard, they were but doing a duty, though certainly a duty most easily performed. "There are few duties in life," said Mr. Everett, "that require less nerve than to come together and eat a good dinner. There is very little self-denial in that. Indeed, self-denial is not the principle which generally carries us to a hotel, although it sometimes happens that we have to practice it while there." Mr. Everett went on to say that under the roof which sheltered them he had passed a winter with John Quincy Adams, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Story, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster. These were all gone, but with them he could name another now living, and not unworthy to be associated with them, Washington Irving. "Think of men like these gathered together at the same time around the festive board under this roof! That was, indeed, the feast of reason, not merely the flash of merriment, which set the table in a roar, but that gushing out of convivial eloquence; that cheerful interchange of friendly feeling in which the politician and the partisan are forgotten. Yes, gentlemen," Mr. Everett went on to say, "there were giants in those days; giants in intellect, but in character and spirit they were gentlemen, and in their familiar intercourse with each other they had all the tenderness of brethren."

The new hall of the House of Representatives was finished about this time. It was throughout gayly decorated, and its ceiling glittered with gilding, but it was walled in from all direct communication with fresh air and sunlight. Captain Meigs, of the Engineer Corps, who had been intrusted by Secretary Davis with the erection of the wings, had added to the architect's plans an encircling row of committee-rooms and clerical offices. Instead of ventilating the hall by windows, a system was adopted patterned after that tried in the English House of Commons, of pumping in air heated in the winter and cooled in the summer, and Captain Meigs had thermometers made, each one bearing his name and rank, in which the mercury could only ascend to ninety degrees and only fall to twenty-four degrees above zero. He thought that by his system of artificial ventilation it would never be hotter or colder than their limits; but he was woefully mistaken, and immense sums have since been expended in endeavoring to remedy the deficient ventilation. The acoustic properties of the new hall were superior to those of the classic and grand old hall, but with that exception, the gaudily embellished new hall was less convenient, not so well lighted and ventilated, and far inferior in dignified appearance to the old one.

[Facsimile] Abbott Lawrence ABBOTT LAWRENCE was born at Groton, Massachusetts, December 16th, 1792; was a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, 1835- 1837, and 1839-1840; was Minister to Great Britain, 1849.

CHAPTER XXXIX. THE NORTHERN CHAMPIONS.

The entrance of William Pitt Fessenden into the Senate Chamber was graphically sketched years afterward by Charles Sumner. "He came," said the Senator from Massachusetts, "in the midst of that terrible debate on the Kansas and Nebraska bill, by which the country was convulsed to its centre, and his arrival had the effect of a reinforcement on a field of battle. Those who stood for freedom then were few in numbers—not more than fourteen—while thirty- seven Senators in solid column voted to break the faith originally plighted to freedom, and to overturn a time-honored landmark, opening that vast Mesopotamian region to the curse of slavery. Those anxious days are with difficulty comprehended by a Senate where freedom rules. One more in our small number was a sensible addition. We were no longer fourteen, but fifteen. His reputation at the bar, and his fame in the other House, gave assurance which was promptly sustained. He did not wait, but at once entered into the debate with all those resources which afterward became so famous. The scene that ensued exhibited his readiness and courage. While saying that the people of the North were fatigued with the threat of disunion, that they considered it as 'mere noise and nothing else,' he was interrupted by Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, always ready to speak for slavery, exclaiming, 'If such sentiments as yours prevail I want a dissolution, right away'—a characteristic intrusion doubly out of order. To which the newcomer rejoined, 'Do not

delay it on my account; do not delay it on account of anybody at the North.' The effect was electric; but this incident was not alone. Douglas, Cass, and Butler interrupted only to be worsted by one who had just ridden into the lists. The feelings on the other side were expressed by the Senator from South Carolina, who, after one of the flashes of debate which he had provoked, exclaimed: 'Very well, go on; I have no hope of you!' All this will be found in the *Globe* precisely as I give it, but the *Globe* could not picture the exciting scene—the Senator from Maine, erect, firm, immovable as a jutting promontory, against which the waves of ocean tossed and broke in a dissolving spray. There he stood. Not a Senator, loving freedom, who did not feel on that day that a champion had come."

A most extraordinary claim was presented at Washington during the Pierce Administration by Mr. Francis B. Hayes, a respectable attorney, who had Reverdy Johnson as his legal adviser. It was from the heirs of Sir William Alexander, the Earl of Stirling, who was regarded as the most brilliant man in the courts of James VI. and of Charles I. He received from these monarchs grants of an immense domain in North America, including, in addition to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and Canada, a considerable portion of Maine, Michigan, and Wisconsin, together with a strip of land reaching from the headwaters of Lake Superior to the Gulf of California, and "the lands and bounds adjacent to the said Gulf on the west and south, whether they be found a part of the continent or mainland, or an island," as it was thought they were, which was commonly called and distinguished by the name of California.

The immensity of this land-claim was sufficient to defeat it, and it was asserted that the claimant, whose father had established his title to the Earldom of Stirling in the Scotch courts, was a pretender, and that the most important papers substantiating the claim were forgeries. Just then there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* an elaborate article of more than sixty pages, showing up the worthlessness of the claim, and the *North American Review* published a reply, in which it said: "If the present claimant is indeed (as we believe him to be) the legal representative of the first Earl, there can be no doubt that he is, morally speaking, entitled to the principal and interest of the debt secured by royal bond to his ancestor, and that it would not be unworthy the magnanimity of both the British Government and our own to tender him some honorable consideration for the entire loss to his family, through the fortunes of war, of revenue and benefit from the *bona fide* and, for the times, immense outlay of his ancestor in the colonization of the Western wilderness." No capitalists were found, however, who were willing to advance the funds for the prosecution of the claim, and Lord Stirling finally accepted a department clerkship, which he creditably filled.

The last winter of President Pierce's Administration was a very gay one at Washington. In addition to the official and public entertainments at the White House, Secretaries McClelland and Davis, and several of the foreign Ministers, gave elegant evening parties, the Southern element predominating in them. Senator Seward and Speaker Banks also gave evening receptions, and the leading Republicans generally congregated at the pleasant evening tea- parties at the residence of Mr. Bailey, the editor of the *Era*, where Miss Dodge, afterward known in literature as "Gail Hamilton," enlivened the cozy parlors with her sparkling conversation.

The wedding of Judge Douglas was a social event. His first wife had been Miss Martin, a North Carolina lady, who was the mother of his two young sons, who inherited from her a plantation which had belonged to her father in Lawrence County, Mississippi, on which there were upward of a hundred slaves. The "Little Giant's" second wife was Miss Ada Cutts, a Washington belle, the daughter of Richard Cutts, who was for twelve years a Representative from Maine when it was a district of Massachusetts, and afterward Comptroller of the Treasury. Miss Cutts was tall, very beautiful, and well qualified by education and deportment to advance her husband's political interests. She was a devout Roman Catholic, and they were married in a Roman Catholic Church, where the bridegroom did not seem at home. She had no children, and after having been for some years a widow, she was married a second time to Colonel Williams, of the Adjutant General's Department of the Army.

The last session under the Pierce Administration was a stormy one. Vice-President Breckinridge delivered an eloquent address when the Senate removed into its new chamber, which was followed by angry debates on the tariff, the Pacific Railroad, the fish bounties, the admission of Minnesota, and the submarine telegraph to England.

In the House Mr. Banks won laurels as Speaker, displaying a thorough acquaintance with the intricacies of parliamentary rules and prompt action in those cases when excited Representatives sought to set precedence at defiance. There was an investigation into a charge of bribery and corruption, made by Mr. Simonton, the correspondent of the New York *Times*, and he was kept in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms for not giving the facts upon which he had based his charges. It was evident to all, however, that Mr. Simonton was correct when he stated that "a corrupt organization of Congressmen and certain lobby-agents existed."

With the exception of a few favored ones, the officers of the army were glad when the termination of the term of service of Colonel Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War approached. He had acted as though he was Commander-in-Chief, treating the heads of bureaus as if they were his orderlies, and directing everything, from a review down to the purchase of shoe-blacking. He also changed the patterns of uniforms, arms, and equipments several times, and it was after one of these changes that he received a communication from Lieutenant Derby, well known in literary circles as John Phoenix, suggesting that each private have a stout iron hook projecting from a round plate, to be strongly sewed on the rear of his trousers. Illustrations showed the uses to which this hook could be put. In one, a soldier was shown on the march, carrying his effects suspended from this hook; in another, a row of men were hung by their hooks on a fence, fast asleep; in a third, a company was shown advancing in line of battle, each man having a rope attached to his hook, the other end of which was held by an officer in the rear, who could restrain him if he advanced too rapidly, or haul him back if he was wounded. When Secretary Davis received this he was in a towering rage, and he announced that day at a Cabinet meeting that he intended to have Lieutenant Derby tried before a court-martial "organized to convict" and summarily dismissed. But the other Secretaries, who enjoyed the joke, convinced him that if the affair became public he would be laughed at, and he abandoned the prosecution of the daring artist- author.

Mr. Healy came to Washington in the last winter of the Pierce Administration, and painted several capital portraits. Mr. Ames, of Boston, who exhibited a life-like portrait of Daniel Webster, and Mr. Powell also set up their easels, to execute orders. Captain Eastman, of the army, was at work on the sketches for the illustrations of Schoolcraft's great work on the Indians, and Mr. Charles Lanman, the author-artist, added to his already well-filled portfolios of landscapes. Mr. George West, known to fame as a painter of Chinese life, was engaged by Captain Meigs to paint prominent naval events in spaces in the elaborate frescoing on the walls of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, but after he had completed two he refused to submit to the military rule of Meigs, and stopped work. What he had done was then painted out. An Italian fresco-painter, Mr. Brimidi, was more obedient to orders and willing to answer the roll-calls, so he was permitted to cover the interior walls of the new Capitol with his work—allegorical, historical, diabolical, and mythological.

President Pierce was the most popular man personally that ever occupied the Presidential chair. When, in 1855, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad was completed to Culpepper Court-House, Virginia, John S. Barbour, president of the road, invited a number of gentlemen to inspect it and partake of a barbecue. President Pierce, Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, and other distinguished officials were of the invited guests. The party went to Alexandria by steamer, and on landing there found a train awaiting them, with a baggage- car fitted up as a lunch-room. The President was in excellent spirits, and when the excursionists reached the place where the barbecue was held, he enjoyed a succession of anecdotes told by the best story tellers of the party. The feast of barbecued meats was afterward enjoyed, and early in the afternoon the party again took the cars to return. On the return trip a gentleman with an enormous beard, having imbibed very freely, leaned his head on the back of the seat and went to sleep. A blind boy got in at one of the stations, and moving along the aisle of the car, his hand came in contact with the man's beard, which he mistook for a lap-dog, and began to pat, saying "Pretty puppy, pretty puppy." This attention disturbed the sleeper, who gave a loud snort, when the boy jumped back and said, "You wouldn't bite a blind boy, would you?" President Pierce was much amused with this occurrence, and often spoke of it when he met those who had witnessed it with him.

Mr. George W. Childs, then a courteous and genial book publisher in Philadelphia, endeavored to obtain from Congress an order for an edition of Dr. Kane's work on the Arctic regions. The House passed the requisite resolution, but the Senate refused to concur, although it had ordered the publication of several expensive accounts of explorations at the far West. The Congressional *imprimatur* was also refused to the report of the Hon. J. R. Bartlett, who was the civilian member of the Joint Commission which had established the new boundary between the United States and Mexico. He had refused to bow down and worship the "brass coats and blue buttons" of his military associates, so his valuable labors were ignored, while an enormous sum was expended in illustrating and publishing the work of Major Emory, the ranking army officer on the Commission.

[Facsimile] Nathl P. Banks NATHANIEL PRENTISS BANKS was born at Waltham, Massachusetts, January 30th, 1816; was a Representative in Congress, December 5th, 1853, to December 4th, 1857, when he resigned, having served as Speaker in the Thirty-fourth Congress; was Governor of Massachusetts, January 1858, to January, 1861; served throughout the war as major- general of volunteers; was a Representative in Congress, December 4th, 1865, to March 3d, 1873, and again December 6th, 1875, to March 3d, 1877; was appointed United States Marshal for the district of Massachusetts.

CHAPTER XL. EXCITING PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

As the time for the Presidential election of 1856 approached, the Democrats, thoroughly alarmed by the situation, determined to make a last struggle for Southern supremacy, and Washington was agitated by the friends of the prominent candidates for the Democratic nomination for months before the National Convention at Cincinnati.

President Pierce earnestly desired a renomination, and had distributed "executive patronage" over the country in a way which he hoped would secure him a majority of the delegates. He had done all in his power to promote the interests of the South, but success had not crowned his efforts, and he was ungratefully dropped, as Daniel Webster had been before him.

James Buchanan, then in the sixty-fifth year of his age, had started in public life as a Federalist, and in 1819 had united in a call for a public meeting to protest against the admission of Missouri as a slave State. But he had become converted to pro-slavery Democracy, and although he had been defeated three times in Democratic Conventions as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, he was regarded as the most "available" candidate by those who had been in past years identified with the Whigs. His political views are summed up in the following extract from one of his speeches in Congress: "If I know myself, I am a politician neither of the West nor the East, of the North nor of the South. I therefore shall forever avoid any expressions the direct tendency of which must be to create sectional jealousies, and at length disunion—that worst of all political calamities." That he endeavored in his future career to act in accordance with this uncertain policy no candid mind can doubt.

Stephen A. Douglas' doctrine of "squatter sovereignty" was repudiated by the Southern Democrats with but few exceptions. Bold, dashing, and energetic in all that he undertook, with almost superhuman powers of physical endurance, he even forced the admiration of men who did not agree with his opinions. No man ever lived in this country who could go before the masses "on the stump," and produce such a marked effect, and his personal magnetism won him many friends. One day the "Little Giant," going up to Beverly Tucker, a prominent Virginia politician, threw his arm on his shoulder, and said, in his impulsive way, "Bev., old boy, I love you." "Douglas," says Tucker, "will you *always* love me?" "Yes," says Douglas, "I will." "But," persisted Tucker, "will you love me when you get to be President?" "If I don't, may I be blanked!" says Douglas. "What do you want me to do for you?" "Well," says Tucker, "when you get to be President, all I want you to do for me is to pick some public place, and put your arm around my neck, just as you are doing now, and *call me Bev.!*" Douglas was much amused, and used to relate the circumstance with great glee.

General Cass had a few faithful friends, and Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, who was a blatant Buchanan man, was not without hope that he himself might receive the nomination.

Many of the delegates to the Cincinnati Convention passed some time in Washington City. Massachusetts sent Charles Gordon Greene, the veteran editor of the Boston *Post;* Benjamin F. Butler, then known as a smart Lowell lawyer, and the old anti-Mason, Ben. F. Hallet, then United States District Attorney. Among the Kentuckians were the gallant John C. Breckinridge, the pugnacious Charles A. Wickliffe, J. W. Stevenson, and T. C. McCreery, afterward Governors and Senators, and the courteous William C. Preston, afterward Minister to Spain. From Louisiana were Senators Slidell and Benjamin, prominently connected with the Rebellion a few years later, and Pierre Soulé. Florida was to be represented by Senator Yulee, of Israelitish extraction, who in early life spelled his name L-e-v-i. Then there were Vallandingham, of Ohio; Captain Isaiah Rynders, of New York; James S. Green, of Missouri; James A. Bayard, of Delaware, and other party magnates, who all expressed their desire to sink all personal grievances to secure victory.

The Democrats met in Convention at Cincinnati, where the friends of each candidate had their headquarters, that of Mr. Douglas being graced by Dan Sickles, Tom Hyer, Isaiah Rynders, and other New York politicians, while at a private house leased by Mr. S. M. Barlow, the claims of Buchanan were urged by Senators Bayard, Benjamin, Bright, and Slidell. General Pierce had few friends beyond the holders of Federal offices, and General Cass received a cold support from a half-dozen old friends.

The first two days were occupied in settling the claims of contestants to seats. The anti-Benton delegates from Missouri were admitted, and the New York wrangle was finally settled by adopting the minority report of the Committee on Credentials, which admitted both the "Hards" and the "Softs," giving each half a vote. On the first ballot, Buchanan had one hundred and thirty-five votes, Pierce one hundred and twenty-three, Douglas thirty-three, and Cass five. The balloting was continued during four days, when, on the sixteenth ballot (the name of Pierce having been withdrawn), Buchanan received one hundred and sixty-eight votes, Douglas one hundred and twenty- one, and Cass four and a half. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, then withdrew the name of Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Buchanan was unanimously nominated. The Convention then balloted for a candidate for Vice- President, and on the second ballot John C. Breckinridge was nominated.

The Native Americans and the Republicans flattered themselves that the Democratic party had been

reduced to a mere association of men, whose only aim was the spoils of victory. Indeed, Mr. Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, asserted in a public speech that "were President Pierce to send out all his force of marshals and deputy marshals to find such a party, each one provided with a national search-warrant, they would fail to discover the fugitive! It, too, has departed! His marshals would have to make returns upon their writs similar to that of the Kentucky constable. A Kentucky fight once occurred at a tavern on 'Bar Grass!' One of the combatants broke a whisky bottle over the head of his antagonist. The result was a State's warrant. The defendant fled through a corn-field, over the creek, into a swamp, and there climbed a stump. Seating himself in the fork, he drew his 'bowie,' and as the constable approached in pursuit, he addressed him:

"'Now, Mr. Constable, you want to take me, and I give you fair warning that if you attempt to climb this stump, by the Eternal! I'll take you!' The constable, who had been about the court-house enough to learn some of the technical terms used in returning writs, went back to the 'Squire's office, and indorsed upon the warrant: 'Non est inventus! through fieldibus, across creekum, in swampum, up stumpum, non comeatibus!' So it is with the old Jackson Democratic party—'non comeatibus!'"

The Democratic party, however, was in a better condition than its opponents imagined. President Pierce entered heartily into the campaign, Jefferson Davis and Stephen A. Douglas worked shoulder to shoulder, and Mr. Buchanan proved to be a model candidate. When his old friend, Mr. Nahum Capen, of Boston, sent to him a campaign life for his indorsement he declined, saying: "After reflection and consultation, I stated in my letter of acceptance substantially that I would make no issues beyond the platform, and have, therefore, avoided giving my sanction to any publications containing opinions with which I might be identified and prove unsatisfactory to some portions of the Union. I must continue to stand on this ground."

The Governors of the Southern States were satisfied with the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, although the leading secessionists avowed their intention to avail themselves of the opportunity for organizing a rebellion which they hoped would prove a revolution. Officers of the army and navy, born at the South, or who had married Southern wives, were appealed to stand by the States to which they first owed allegiance, and accessions to those willing to desert the Union when their States called for their services were announced. Prominent among those officers who intimated that their intention was to serve Virginia rather than the Federal Government was Colonel Robert E. Lee. A Virginian by birth, he had married the only child of George Washington Parke Custis, and when not on duty away from Washington he resided at "Arlington." On Sundays he worshiped in Christ Church, at Alexandria, occupying the family pew in which George Washington used to sit.

The National American Convention had met at Philadelphia on the 19th of February, and (after an exciting discussion of the slavery question, followed by the withdrawal of the Abolitionists) nominated Fillmore and Donelson. This ticket was adopted at an eminently respectable convention of the Whig leaders, then without followers, held at Baltimore on the 17th of September.

Some of Mr. Seward's friends desired to have him nominated by the Republicans at their National Convention, to be held at Philadelphia on the 17th of June, but Thurlow Weed saw that he could not receive as many votes as were cast for Scott in 1852, and advocated the nomination of John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," whose young and pretty daughter might be seen every pleasant afternoon riding on horseback on Pennsylvania Avenue with her old grandfather, Colonel Thomas H. Benton. "Old Blair, of the *Globe*," and his two sons, Preston King, of New York, John Van Buren, and David Wilmot, with other distinguished and disgruntled Democrats, with several clever young journalists, created a great enthusiasm for Colonel Fremont. Mr. Bailey, of the Washington *Era*, with a few old Whigs, advocated the nomination of Judge McLean, while Burlingame, at the head of the "Young America," or Know-Nothing branch of the party, endeavored to get up enthusiasm for Mr. Speaker Banks, "the bobbin-boy."

When the Republican National Convention met there were self-styled delegates from Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, and Virginia, but it was, in fact, a convention of nearly a thousand delegates from the free States. An informal ballot showed that Fremont had a large majority and he was unanimously nominated. Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, was nominated as Vice-President, defeating Nathaniel P. Banks, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, and David Wilmot.

The Republicans endeavored to revive the excitements of the Log Cabin campaign, and a considerable zeal was manifested by the Americans, the Democrats, and the Whigs, but Mr. Buchanan received the electoral votes of five large free States, and of every Southern State with the exception of Maryland, which gave its vote for Mr. Fillmore. Colonel Fremont received the vote of every Northern State with the exception of California, Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Mr. Buchanan was astonished at the large vote which he had received, and he regarded this as a proof that what he called "Abolition fanaticism" had at last been checked.

The electoral votes for President and Vice-President were counted, in accordance with the established custom, in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The Senators went there in procession, advanced up the middle aisle, and took seats provided for them in the area in front of the Speaker's chair, the Representatives receiving them "standing and in silence." Mr. Speaker Banks handed his "gavel" to Judge Mason, President of the Senate *pro tempore*, and the venerable old fogies took arm-chairs in the area before the table. Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania, with Messrs. Jones, of Tennessee, and Howard, of Ohio duly appointed tellers, then took possession of the clerk's desk, and the proceedings commenced. State by State, the Chairman took the packages, broke the seals, and handed the documents to the tellers, by one of whom they were read. Maine led off with "Fremont and Dayton," and for awhile it was all that way. But the Pathfinder stuck in the sands of New Jersey, and then "Old Buck" began to make a showing, varied by the Maryland vote for Millard Fillmore. Everything went along "beautiful," and the vote had been announced by the tellers, when objection was made to the vote of Wisconsin, which was one day late, owing to a snow storm.

A regular scene of confusion ensued, in which their high mightinesses, the Senators, became intensely aroused. The great Michigander growled like an angry bear, and old Judge Butler became terribly excited, his long hair standing out in every direction, like that of a doll charged with electric fluid. At last he led the van, and the Senators withdrew in great dudgeon, to cool off as they passed through the Rotunda. In due time they returned, however, and after a little talk the vote was officially announced. The Senate then retired, the House adjourned, and the country turned its expectant eyes toward the coming Administration.

[Facsimile] Winfield Scott Lieut Genl U. S. WINFIELD SCOTT was born at Petersburg, Virginia, June 13th, 1786; received a liberal education; was admitted to the bar and practiced a few years; entered the army in 1808 as a captain of light artillery; commanded on the northern frontier and won the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane in 1814; defeated Black Hawk in 1812; commanded in the Mexican campaign, which resulted in the capture of the City of Mexico in September, 1847; was defeated as the Whig candidate for President in 1852; was commissioned as Lieutenant-General in 1855, and died at New York, May 29th, 1866.

CHAPTER XLI. MISS LANE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

After the election of Mr. Buchanan, his home at Lancaster, "Wheatland," was a political Mecca, to which leading Democrats from all sections made pilgrimages. Mr. Buchanan, who was experienced in public affairs, appointed his nephew, Mr. J. Buchanan Henry, a well-informed young gentleman, recently admitted to the Philadelphia bar, as his private secretary, and made him indorse brief statements of their contents on each of the numerous letters of recommendation for office which he received.

A few weeks before his inauguration, Mr. Buchanan visited Washington, that he might confer with his leading political friends. He entertained a large party of them at dinner at the National Hotel, after which nearly all of those present suffered from the effects of poison taken into their systems from an impure water supply, and some of them never recovered.

Mr. Buchanan was accompanied, when he left his home to be inaugurated, by Miss Harriet Lane, his niece, a graceful blonde with auburn hair and violet eyes, who had passed a season in London when her uncle was the American Minister there, and who was as discreet as she was handsome, amiable, and agreeable. With her, to aid in keeping house in the Executive Mansion, was "Miss Hetty" Parker, who had for years presided over Mr. Buchanan's bachelor's-hall, and his private secretary, Mr. J. Buchanan Henry.

On his arrival at Washington, Mr. Buchanan was taken to a suite of rooms prepared for him at the National Hotel, but he soon after went to the house of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the generous founder of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, where he remained until his inauguration. On the morning after his arrival, the *National Intelligencer* gave the following as the probable composition of his Cabinet: Secretary of State, Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, of Georgia; Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, of Virginia; Secretary of the Navy, Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee; Secretary of the Interior, J. Thompson, of Mississippi; Postmaster-General, J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania; Attorney-General, Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut. It was also said that Mr. Jones had declined, and that the position of Postmaster-General had been tendered to W. C. Alexander, of New Jersey. This programme, arranged by Mr. Buchanan before he had left his home, was but slightly changed. Mr. Toucey was made Secretary of the Navy, Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster-General, and Jere Black was brought in as Attorney-General. But these carefully made arrangements failed to beget confidence. Republicans were defiant, as were men of the dominant party, and everywhere there were apprehensions.

The inaugural message had been written at Wheatland, where Mr. J. Buchanan Henry had copied Mr.

Buchanan's drafts and re-copied them with alterations and amendments, until the document was satisfactory. It met the approval of the selected Cabinet when read to them at Washington, the only change being the insertion of a clause shadowing the forthcoming Dred Scott decision by the Supreme Court as one that would dispose of a vexed and troublesome topic by the highest authority.

It was also arranged that Mr. Buchanan's friend, Mr. John Appleton, who had represented the Portland district in Congress, and had served as Minister to Bolivia and as Secretary of Legation at Paris, should edit the Washington *Union*, which was to be the "organ" of the new Administration. Mr. Appleton's salary, with the other expenses of the paper above its receipts, were to be paid by Mr. Cornelius Wendell, as a consideration for the printing and binding for the Executive Departments.

Major Heiss, who had made sixty thousand dollars on the public printing, and then lost forty thousand dollars in publishing the New Orleans *Delta*, established a paper called *The States*, which was to be the organ of the filibusters and the secessionists. He was aided by Major Harris, a son-in-law of General Armstrong, who had made his fortune while Senate Printer, other parties doing the work for about half of what was paid for it. Mr. Henri Watterson, who had been born at Washington, while his father represented a Tennessee district in the House, commenced his brilliant editorial career as a reporter on *The States*.

At midnight on the third of March, the fine band of P. S. Gilmore, which had accompanied the Charlestown City Guard to Washington, formed in front of Mr. Corcoran's house, beneath the windows of the chamber occupied by Mr. Buchanan, and played "Hail to the Chief," followed by the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia." The city was filled that night with strangers, many of whom could not find sleeping-places. Every hotel was crammed, every boarding- house was crowded, private houses were full, and even the circus tent was turned into a dormitory at fifty cents a head.

Congress was in session all night, and the Capitol was crowded. Just prior to the final adjournment of the House, the newspaper correspondents, who had received many courtesies from Mr. Speaker Banks, united in writing him a letter of thanks. In his reply he said: "The industry and early intelligence which gave value to your labors are often the subject of commendation, and to this I am happy to add that, so far as I am able to judge, you have been guided as much by a desire to do justice to individuals as to promote the public weal."

The sun rose in a fog and was greeted by a salute from the Navy Yard and the Arsenal, while the rattling notes of the "reveille" were heard on all sides, and hundreds of large American flags were displayed from public and private buildings. The streets were filled with soldiers, firemen, badge-bedecked politicians, and delighted negroes. Well-mounted staff officers and marshals galloped to and fro, directing military and civic organizations to their positions in the procession. The departments were closed, and the clerks were anxiously discussing the probability of a rotation in office which would force them to seek other employment.

As noon approached, carriages conveyed the privileged few to the Capitol, where, at "high twelve," the gallant and gifted John C. Breckinridge solemnly swore to protect and defend the Constitution. He then administered the same oath to Jefferson Davis and other new Senators.

Meanwhile that gallant Mexican War veteran, General Quitman, who commanded the military, had been formally received, and had given the word "March!" Colonel W. W. Selden, the Chief Marshal, had at least thirty gentlemen as aides, all finely mounted and handsomely attired, with uniform sashes and saddlecloths, forming a gallant troop. At the head of the column was the Light Battery K, of the First Regular Artillery, commanded by Major William H. French. Next came a battalion of marines, headed by the full Marine Band, in their showy scarlet uniforms. Twenty-four companies of volunteer militia followed, prominent among them the Albany Burgess Corps, with Dodworth's Band; the Charlestown City Guard, with Gilmore's Band; the Lancaster Fencibles; the Willard Guard, from Auburn, New York; the Law Grays, and a German Rifle Company, from Baltimore.

Following the escort, in an open carriage drawn by two fine gray horses, sat President Pierce and President-elect Buchanan. Flowers were thrown into the carriage as it passed along, and cheers drowned the music of the bands. The carriage was followed by political clubs from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Lancaster, each having its band and banners. The Washington Democratic Association had a decorated car, drawn by six horses, from which rose a liberty pole seventy feet high, carrying a large American flag. This and a full-rigged miniature ship-of-war were gotten up at the Washington Navy Yard.

On reaching the Capitol, Mr. Buchanan was escorted to the Senate Chamber. Mr. Breckinridge had been sworn in as Vice-President, and a procession was soon formed with him at its head, which moved

to the platform erected in the usual place over the steps of the eastern portico. As he came out, dressed with his habitual precision in a suit of black, and towering above the surrounding throng, the thoughtful gravity of his features hushed the impatient crowd. There was a second of intense quiet, then cheer after cheer rent the air. Soon he was surrounded by the magnates of the land, civil, military, and naval, with the Diplomatic Corps and a number of elegantly dressed ladies. Advancing to the front of the platform he read his inaugural address from manuscript in a clear, distinct tone, and when he had concluded, reverentially took the oath of office, which, as with several of his predecessors, was administered by the venerable Chief Justice Taney. The cheers of the multitude were echoed by a President's salute, fired by the Light Artillery near by, and repeated at the Navy Yard and at the Arsenal. The procession was then re-formed and escorted the President to the White House, where he held an impromptu reception.

As there was no hall in Washington large enough to contain more than six hundred people, a temporary annex to the City Hall was erected by the managers of the Inauguration Ball. The interior was decorated with the flags of all nations, and the ceiling was of white cloth, studded with golden stars, which twinkled as they were moved in unison with the measure of the dancers below, and reflected the blaze of light from large gas chandeliers.

Mr. Buchanan arrived about eleven o'clock, accompanied by Miss Lane, and was received by Major Magruder, who very discreetly spared him the infliction of a speech. Miss Lane wore a white dress trimmed with artificial flowers, similar to those which ornamented her hair, and clasping her throat was a necklace of many strands of sea pearls. She was escorted by Senator Jones and the venerable General Jessup in full uniform.

The most beautiful among the many ladies present was the wife of Senator Douglas, who was dressed in bridal white, with a cluster of orange-blossoms on her classically formed head. Senators Cameron and Dixon, with their wives, were the only Republican members of the upper house present, but there was no lack of those from sunnier climes, with their ladies, among whom Mrs. Slidell, who was something of an oracle in political circles, was conspicuous. Mrs. Senator Thompson, of New Jersey, dressed in white, with silver ornaments, was much admired. The ladies of the Diplomatic Corps were elegantly attired, especially Madame de Sartiges, the wife of the French Minister. President Buchanan and suite were first admitted, with the Committee, to the supper-table. Dancing was kept up until daylight, and although the consumption of punch, wines, and liquors was great, there were no signs of intoxication.

Two days after Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated Chief Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court, gave a decision in the Dred Scott case, in which he virtually declared that "negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect." Dred Scott had been a slave in Missouri, belonging to Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the United States Army, who had taken him, in the performance of his official duties, to Illinois, and thence to Minnesota. Returning with him to Missouri, Dred Scott was whipped, and claiming that he had secured his freedom by a residence in a free State and a free Territory, he brought suit for assault and battery. Meanwhile Dr. Emerson died, leaving to his widow and to his only daughter a considerable slave property, among them Dred Scott. Mrs. Emerson afterward married Dr. Calvin C. Chaffee, who came into Congress on the Know- Nothing wave and afterward became a Republican. The suit brought by Dred Scott was defended by the administrator of the Emerson estate, on behalf and with the consent of the wife of Dr. Chaffee and the daughter, who were the heirs-at-law. The final decision of the Supreme Court that Dred Scott was not a citizen of the United States and could not sue in the United States Court remanded him and his family to the chattelhood of Mrs. Chaffee. This decision was a great victory for the South, as it not only reduced all persons of African descent to a level with inanimate property, but asserted that a slave-holder could go to any part of the country, taking his slaves and preserving his ownership in them.

Mr. Justice B. R. Curtis, who had been appointed by President Fillmore on the recommendation of Daniel Webster, dissented. He furnished a copy of his dissenting opinion for publication in the newspapers, but the majority opinion was not forthcoming, and the clerk of the court said that the Chief Justice had forbidden its delivery. Shortly afterward, Judge Curtis, having heard that extensive alterations had been made in the majority opinion, sent from Boston to Washington, being himself then in Massachusetts, for a copy. He was refused. A long and bitter correspondence ensued between him and Judge Taney. He claimed the right, which he undoubtedly possessed, to consult the record for the further discharge of his official duties. Judge Taney denied the right, and obtained an order of court forbidding anybody to see the opinion before its official publication in the Reports. The clerk of the court finally offered to supply manuscript copies of the decision at seven hundred and fifty dollars each, but the indefatigable Cornelius Wendell succeeded in obtaining a copy and printed a large edition in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution.

[Facsimile] John B. Floyd JOHN BUCHANAN FLOYD was born in Montgomery County, Va., in 1805;

was Governor of Virginia, 1850-1853; was Secretary of War under President Buchanan, 1857-1860; was a Confederate brigadier-general, 1861-1863; died at Abingdon, Va., August 26th, 1863.

CHAPTER XLII. DIPLOMACY, SOCIETY, AND CIVIL SERVICE.

President Buchanan was virtually his own Secretary of State, although he had courteously placed his defeated rival, General Cass, at the head of the State Department. Nearly all of the important diplomatic correspondence, however, was dictated by Mr. Buchanan, who had, like Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, served as Secretary of State, and who was thoroughly versed in foreign relations. General Thomas, the Assistant Secretary of State, was soon dismissed, and Mr. John Appleton was persuaded to leave the editorial chair of the Washington *Union* and take his place.

The British Government, which had pleasant personal recollections of Mr. Buchanan, promptly sent Lord Napier as Minister Plenipotentiary, no successor to the dismissed Sir John Crampton having being accredited during the Administration of President Pierce. The new Minister was a Scotchman by birth, slender in figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and thoroughly trained in British diplomacy. He was an especial protégé of Lord Palmerston, and Lord Clarendon had placed the olive-branch in his hand with his instructions. The press of England proclaimed that he had instructions to render himself acceptable to the Government and the people of the United States, and to do all in his power to promote kind feelings between the two countries. Soon after he landed at New York he made a speech at the annual dinner of the St. George's Society, in which he repudiated the previous distrustful and vexatious policy of the British Foreign Office towards the United States, and declared that the interests of the two countries were so completely identified that their policy should never be at variance.

The claim by Great Britain of the right to search vessels belonging to the United States which her naval officers might suspect to be slave-traders, and the establishment of a British protectorate over the Mosquito coast, in defiance of the Monroe Doctrine, were knotty questions. Lord Napier, evidently, was not capable of conducting the negotiations on them in a manner satisfactory to Lord Palmerston, who sent to Washington as his adviser Sir William Gore Ouseley, a veteran diplomat. He was not in any way accredited to the United States Government, but was named Special Minister to Central America, and stopped at Washington on his way there, renting the Madison House, on Lafayette Square, and entertaining there with great liberality.

Sir William Gore Ouseley, who was a Knight Commander of the Bath, had resided at Washington as an attaché to the British Legation forty years previously, while Mr. Vaughan was Minister, and had then entered personally into a treaty of permanent peace and amity with the United States by marrying the daughter of Governor Van Ness, of Vermont. Miss Van Ness was a young lady of great beauty, residing at the metropolis with her uncle, General Van Ness, at one time the Mayor of Washington. Sir William afterward visited Persia as the historian of the embassy of his uncle, Sir Gore Ouseley, and his published work contained much new information in relation to that then almost unknown portion of the world. He had afterward been connected with the British Legations in Spain, Brazil, and Buenos Ayres, and his acquaintance with the Spanish race, language, and literature was probably equal, if not superior, to that of any other Englishman. He was the author of a valuable work on the United States, and also of an expensive and illustrated volume on the scenery of Brazil.

It was doubtless due to considerations such as there, the special acquaintanceship of this veteran diplomat with the character, circumstances, and views of the several nationalities involved in the difficulties to be arranged, which had prevailed over mere political affinities and induced his selection by Lord Palmerston for the errand on which he came to Washington. His personal relations with Lord Napier were very friendly, and Mr. Buchanan was the friend of both, having known Lady Ouseley before her marriage. For some months the Ouseleys were prominent in Washington society. Lady Ouseley frequently had the honor of being escorted by the President in her afternoon walks, sometimes attended by her daughter, who wore the first crimson balmoral petticoat seen in Washington. When President Buchanan and Miss Lane took their summer flight for Bedford Springs, the Ouseleys were their traveling companions, sharing their private table, and their entertainments at Washington were numerous and expensive.

At one of these, Lady Ouseley wore a rich, blue brocade trimmed with Honiton lace, with a wreath of blue flowers upon her hair, fastened at each side by a diamond brooch; Miss Lane, the President's niece, wore a dress of black tulle, ornamented with bunches of gold leaves, and a head-dress of gold grapes; Miss Cass, the stately daughter of the Premier of the Administration, was magnificently attired in pearl-colored silk, with point-lace flounces but wore no jewelry of any kind; Mrs. Brown, the wife of the Postmaster- General, wore a rich pink silk dress, with pink roses in her hair; Mrs. Thompson, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, wore a pink silk dress with lace flounces, and a head-dress of pink flowers; Madame Sartiges, the wife of the French Minister, wore a rich chene silk, and was

accompanied with her niece, dressed in pink tarlatan; Madame Stoeckl, the wife of the Russian Minister, looked as stately as a queen and beautiful as a Hebe in a dress of white silk, with black lace flounces, cherry-colored flowers, and gold beads; Miss Schambaugh, of Philadelphia, who was called the handsomest woman in the United States, wore a white-flounced tarlatan dress trimmed with festoons of dark chenille, with a head-dress of red japonicas; Mrs. Pendleton, the wife of the Representative from the Cincinnati District, wore a white silk skirt with a blue tunic trimmed with bright colors; Mrs. McQueen, the wife of a South Carolina Representative, wore a rich black velvet, and Mrs. Boyce, from the same State, wore a lilac silk dress trimmed with black illusion; Mrs. Sickles, wife of the Representative from New York, wore a blue silk dress, with rich point lace flowers, and was accompanied by her mother, who wore a lavender brocade dress, woven with gold and silver flowers, and Miss Woodbury, a daughter of the late Judge Woodbury, wore a black tarlatan dress over black silk, with a head- dress of gilt beads.

Among the gentlemen present were Lord Napier, Edward Everett, Secretary Thompson, Senator Mason, Representatives Keitt, Miles, Boyce, McQueen, Clingman, and Ward; Captains Ringgold and Goldsborough, of the navy; General Harney and Colonel Hardee, of the army, and a number of others.

The commencement of Mr. Buchanan's Administration was distinguished by the number of social entertainments given in Washington. It was then as in Paris just before the Revolution of 1830, when Talleyrand said to the crafty Louis Philippe, at one of his Palais Royal balls: "We are dancing on a volcano." The hidden fires of coming revolution were smoldering at the Capitol; but in the drawing-rooms of the metropolis the Topeka Guelphs cordially fraternized with the Lecompton Ghibellines night after night, very much as the lawyers of Western circuits who, after having abused each other all day in bad English, met at night in the judge's room to indulge in libations of bad liquor. Even when Lent came, instead of going to church, in obedience to the chimes of consecrated bells, society kept on with its entertainments.

Among the most prominent houses were those of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Aaron V. Brown, whose wife was assisted by the daughter of her first marriage, Miss Narcissa Sanders. At Secretary Thompson's a full-length portrait of "Old Hickory," by Sully, kept watch and ward of the refreshment table. The connected houses occupied by Secretary Cass, afterward the Arlington Hotel, were adorned with many rare works of art, brought by him from the Old World. Senators Gwin, of California, Thompson, of New Jersey, and Clay, of Alabama, with Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, also entertained frequently and generously. At the supper-tables wild turkeys, prairie-hens, partridges, quails, reed birds, chicken and lobster salads, terrapin, oysters, ice-creams and confectionery were furnished in profusion, while champagne, sherry, and punch were always abundant.

Among choice bits of scandal then afloat was one at the expense of a lady who prided herself on the exclusiveness of the society which graced her *salons*. A *double-distilled-F.-F.-V.*, no one could obtain invitations to her parties whose *ecusson* did not bear the quartering of some old family, and thus these entertainments were accused of resembling the tournaments of ancient times, to which the guests were led, not from any prospect of amusement, but merely to prove their right to *ennuyer* themselves *en bonne compagnie*. Foreigners, however, were always welcome, and one of the "pets," a romantic looking young Frenchman, who was quite handsome and made a great sensation in fashionable society, avoided the Legation as representing a usurper, and therefore quite unworthy the attention of one like himself, of the "vielle roche." The young man, enveloping himself somewhat in mystery, assumed the dignity of Louis Quatorze in his earlier days, and his decisions on all fashionable matters were law. Where he lived no one exactly knew, as his letters were left in Willard's card-basket, but his aristocratic protector persuaded Gautier to let her look at the furnaces of his restaurant- kitchen, and there—must it be said?—she found M. le Compte, in white apron and paper cap, constructing a *mayonnaise*. "This young man is my best cook," said Gautier, but the lady did not wait to receive his salutation.

The wild hunt after office was kept up during the summer and fall after Mr. Buchanan's inauguration, fortunate men occasionally drawing place-prizes in the Government lottery. One of the best jokes about applicants for office was told at the expense of a Bostonian, who presented, among other papers, a copy of a letter to Mr. Buchanan from Rufus Choate, with a note stating that he sent a copy because he knew that the President could never decipher the original, and he had left blanks for some words which he could not himself transcribe.

Governor Geary had returned from Kansas, disgusted with the condition of things there, and had been replaced as Governor by Robert J. Walker, who was expected to play the part of "wrong's redresser," as the Prince did in Verona when called to settle the difficulties between the Montagues and the Capulets.

[Facsimile] Peter Force PETER FORCE was born at Passaic Falls, N. J., November 26th, 1790; became a printer and journalist at Washington; collected and published many volumes of American

documentary history; was Mayor of Washington, 1836-1840; died at Washington, D. C., January 23d, 1868.

CHAPTER XLIII. PRELUDE TO THE REBELLION.

General Thomas J. Rusk, United States Senator from Texas, who had fought bravely at the battle of San Jacinto, had committed suicide during the summer. He had been elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and the Senate elected as his successor Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, a tall, fine-looking man, whose wife was a great favorite in Washington society. He received twenty-eight votes, Mr. Hamlin receiving nineteen votes, and voting himself for Mr. Seward, which showed the Republican strength in the Senate to be twenty.

The leader of the Southern forces in the Senate was Mr. John Slidell, who was born in New York, but found his way, when young, to New Orleans, where he soon identified himself with the Creole population and became noted as a political manager. His organization of the colonization of Plaquemine Parish, by a steamboat load of roughs from New Orleans, secured the defeat of Henry Clay in Louisiana and virtually prevented his election as President. Wealthy, and without conscientious scruples on political matters he was well- fitted for the leading position in the formation of the Southern Confederacy, which he obtained; but President Davis took good care to send him abroad, knowing that if he could not rule the Confederacy he would take the first occasion to ruin it. What he lacked in positive intellect he more than made up in prudence, industry, and energy.

On the third day of the session Mr. Douglas gave notice that he would the next afternoon define his position on the Kansas question. The announcement brought crowds to the Senate Chamber. Every Senator was in his seat; every past or present dignitary who could claim a right "to the floor" was there, and the galleries were packed with spectators, Mrs. Douglas prominent among the fairer portion of them. The "Little Giant" was neatly dressed in a full suit of black, and rose to speak at his seat, which was about in the middle of the desks on the right of the President's chair, where the Democrats sat. He spoke boldly and decidedly, though with a studied courtesy toward the President. There was a great difference between the question of popular sovereignty as advocated by Mr. Douglas, and the great question of human freedom for which Mr. Sumner and other Representatives of Northern sentiments were stoutly battling. After Mr. Douglas had concluded, Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, congratulated Mr. Henry Wilson on the "new Republican ally," and many other bitter things were said about him by the Southrons, but the *bon mot* of the day was by Senator Wade: "Never," said he, "have I seen a slave insurrection before."

There was a large attendance at the organization of the House, when the roll-call showed that two hundred and twenty-five were present. Then Mr. Phelps gracefully moved that the House proceed to the election of a Speaker, thereby showing that he was not a candidate. Mr. Jones nominated James L. Orr of South Carolina; Governor Banks nominated Galusha A. Grow; and H. W. Davis was nominated but withdrawn. The election was then commenced *viva voce*, the clerk calling the roll. Colonel Orr had one hundred and twenty-eight votes, and was declared elected.

Governor Banks and A. H. Stephens were appointed a committee to conduct the Speaker-elect to the chair. He then delivered a brief, sensible address, after which he was approached by the patriarchal Giddings, who handed him a small Bible and administered the oath of office, which duty devolves on the oldest Representative. The Sergeant-at-Arms elevated his mace—that "bauble" of authority so distasteful to the Puritans—and the Speaker began to swear in the members State by State.

Among investigations ordered was one into an alleged attempt at bribery by Lawrence, Stone, & Co., when the tariff bill was under consideration, which disclosed the fact that they had paid fifty- eight thousand dollars to Colonel Wolcott, who came to Washington as a representative of the Massachusetts manufacturers. Colonel Wolcott, when brought before the House, declined to make the desired revelations, and he was locked up in the Washington Jail—a miserable old building. Those Representatives who were believed to have received some of this money were naturally uneasy, and undertook to intimate that the Colonel had pocketed the whole of it. He philosophically submitted to the decree of the House, occupying the jailer's sitting-room—a cheerful apartment, with a good fire, bright sunshine coming in at the windows. He had numerous visitors, his meals were sent him from a restaurant, and he certainly did not appear to suffer seriously from his martyrdom.

In the exciting debates on the admission of Kansas, Senators Sumner, Wilson, Fessenden, and Seward were positive in their denunciation of the use of Federal troops for the enforcement of the laws, which encouraged the Southern Senators in their belief that the secession of a State would not be forcibly opposed. "The Senate," said Henry Wilson, "insists that the President shall uphold this usurpation— these enactments—with the bayonet. Let us examine the acts of these usurpers which Senators will not repeal; which they insist shall be upheld and enforced by the sabres of the dragoons."

Said William H. Seward: "When you hear me justify the despotism of the Czar of Russia over the oppressed Poles, or the treachery by which Louis Napoleon rose to a throne over the ruins of the Republic in France, on the ground that he preserves domestic peace among his subjects, then you may expect me to vote supplies of men and money to the President that he may keep the army in Kansas." Ben Wade was equally severe on the use of the army, declaring "that the honorable business of a soldier had been perverted to act as a petty bailiff and constable to arrest and tyrannize over men."

The racket in the House of Representatives commenced with a struggle as to whether the President's Message on the Lecompton Constitution of Kansas should be referred to the Democratic Committee on Territories or to a select committee of fifteen. The session was protracted into the night, and after midnight but few spectators remained in the galleries. Those Representatives who could secure sofas enjoyed naps between the roll-calls, while others visited committee-rooms, in which were private supplies of refreshments. About half-past-one, Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, then standing on the Democratic side of the House, objected to General Quitman's making any remarks. "If you are going to object," shouted Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, "return to your own side of the hall." Mr. Grow responded: "This is a free hall, and every man has a right to be where he pleases." Mr. Keitt then came up to Mr. Grow and said: "I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that." Mr. Grow replied: "I mean just what I say; this is a free hall, and a man has the right to be where he pleases." "Sir," said Mr. Keitt, "I will let you know that you are a black Republican puppy." "Never mind," retorted Mr. Grow, "I shall occupy such place in this hall as I please, and no negro-driver shall crack his whip over me." The two then rushed at each other with clinched fists. A dozen Southerners at once hastened to the affray, while as many anti-Lecompton men came to the rescue, and Keitt received—not from Grow, however, a blow that knocked him down. Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, a very athletic, compactly built man, bounded into the centre of the excited group, striking right and left with vigor. Washburne, of Illinois, and his brother, of Wisconsin, also were prominent, and for a minute or two it seemed as though we were to have a Kilkenny fight on a magnificent scale. Barksdale had hold of Grow, when Potter stuck him a severe blow, supposing that he was hurting that gentleman. Barksdale, turning around and supposing it was Elihu Washburne who struck him, dropped Grow, and stuck out at the gentleman from Illinois. Cadwallader Washburne, perceiving the attack upon his brother, also made a dash at Mr. Barksdale, and seized him by the hair, apparently from the purpose of drawing him "into chancery" and pommeling him to greater satisfaction. Horrible to relate, Mr. Barksdale's wig came off in Cadwallader's left hand, and his right fist expended itself with tremendous force against the unresisting air. This ludicrous incident unquestionably did much toward resorting good nature subsequently, and its effect was heightened not a little by the fact that in the excitement of the occasion Barksdale restored his wig wrong-side foremost.

The Speaker shouted and rapped for order without effect. The Sergeant-at-Arms stalked to the scene of the battle, mace in hand, but his "American eagle" had no more effect than the Speaker's gavel. Owen Lovejoy and Lamar, of Mississippi, were pawing each other at one point, each probably trying to persuade the other to be still. Mr. Mott, the gray-haired Quaker Representative from Ohio, was seen going here and there in the crowd. Reuben Davis, of Mississippi, got a severe but accidental blow from Mr. Grow, and various gentlemen sustained slight bruises and scratches. A Virginia Representative, who thought Montgomery, of Pennsylvania was about to "pitch in," laid his hand upon his arm, to restrain him, and was peremptorily ordered to desist or be knocked down. Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, caught up a heavy stone-ware spittoon, with which to "brain" whoever might seem to deserve it, but fortunately did not get far enough into the excited crowd to find an appropriate subject for his vengeance; and all over the hall everybody was excited for the time.

Fortunately, it did not last long, and no weapons were openly displayed. When order was restored several gentlemen were found to present an excessively tumbled and disordered appearance, but there remained little else to recall the excitement. Gentlemen of opposite parties crossed over to each other to explain their pacific dispositions, and that they got into a fight when their only purpose was to prevent a fight. Mutual explanations and a hearty laugh at the ludicrous points of the drama were followed by quiet and a return to business. It was finally agreed, about half-past six o'clock on Sunday morning, that the Democrats would permit a vote to be taken on Monday without further debate, delay, or dilatory motion.

When Mr. Orr's mallet rapped the House to order at noon on Monday, only six of the two hundred and thirty-four Representatives were absent, and the galleries were packed like boxes of Smyrna figs. Rev. Dr. Sampson made a conciliatory prayer, the journal was read, two enrolled bills were presented, and then the Speaker, in an unusually earnest tone, stated the question. Tellers had been ordered, and he appointed Messrs. Buffington, of Massachusetts, and Craige, of North Carolina. "Is the demand for the previous question seconded?"

The imposing form of Buffington was soon seen making his way down to the area before the Speaker's table, where Craige met him. The two shook hands, and there was then a quick obedience to

the Speaker's request that gentlemen in favor of the motion would pass between the tellers. Father Giddings, crowned with silvery locks, led the Republican host down to be counted. Burlingame followed, and among others who filed along were Henry Winter Davis, General Spinner, John Sherman, General Bingham, Frank Blair, the trio of Washburnes, Gooch, Schuyler Colfax, John Covode, Governor Fenton, Senator Cragin, and burly Humphrey Marshall. When all had passed between the tellers Buffington wheeled about and reported to the Speaker, who announced the result rather hesitatingly: "One hundred and ten in the affirmative. Those opposed will now pass between the tellers."

Then the Southern Democrats, with their Northern allies, came trooping down, headed by the attenuated Stephens. Dan Sickles and John Cochrane, who were afterward generals in the Union armies, were then allied with Zollicoffer, Keitt, and others, who fell in the Confederate ranks, and there were so many of them that the result appeared doubtful. At last it was Mr. Craige's turn to report, and then all was silent as the grave.

The Speaker's usually loud, clear voice hesitated as he at last announced: "One hundred and four in the negative. The ayes have it, and the demand for the previous question is seconded. Shall the main question be now put?" The main question was next put, and the vote by ayes and nays on a reference of the Kansas question to the Committee on Territories, was ayes, 113; nays, 114. Then came the vote on the reference to a select committee of fifteen, and Speaker Orr had to announce the result, ayes, 114; nays 113. The North was at last victorious.

[Facsimile] Howell Cobb HOWELL COBB was born at Cherry Hill, Ga., September 7th, 1815; graduated at Franklin College, 1834; was Representative from Georgia, 1843-1851 and 1855-1860; was chosen Speaker, 1849; was Governor of Georgia, 1851; was President of the Confederate Congress, 1861; died in New York city, October 9th, 1868.

CHAPTER XLIV. POLITICIANS, AUTHORS, AND HUMORISTS.

Bluff Ben Wade, a Senator from Ohio, was the champion of the North in the upper house during the prolonged debates on the Kansas- Nebraska Bill. Dueling had long been regarded as a lost art in the Northern States, but Mr. Wade determined that he would accept a challenge should one be sent him, or defend himself should he be attacked. But no one either assaulted or challenged him, although he gave his tongue free license.

One day Senator Badger spoke plaintively of slavery from a Southern point of view. In his childhood, he said, he was nursed by an old negro woman, and he grew to manhood under her care. He loved his "old black mammy," and she loved him. But if the opponents of the Kansas-Nebraska bill were triumphant, and he wished to go to either of those Territories, he could not take his "old black mammy" with him. Turning to Mr. Wade, he exclaimed: "Surely, you will not prevent me from taking my old black mammy with me?" "It is not," remarked the Senator from Ohio, dryly, "that he cannot take his old black mammy with him that troubles the mind of the Senator, but that if we make the Territories free, he cannot sell the old black mammy when he gets her there."

The future leader of the Great Rebellion, Senator Jefferson Davis, had then assumed the leadership of the Southern Senators and their Northern allies. His best friends were forced to admit that his bearing, even toward them, had become haughty, and his manners imperious. His thin, spare figure, his almost sorrowful cast of countenance, composed, however, in an invariable expression of dignity, gave the idea of a body worn by the action of the mind, an intellect supporting in its prison of flesh the pains of constitutional disease, and triumphing over physical confinement and affliction. His carriage was erect —there was a soldierly affectation, of which, indeed, the hero of Buena Vista gave evidence through his life, having the singular conceit that his genius was military and fitter for arms than for the council. He had a precise manner, and an austerity that was at first forbidding; but his voice was always clear and firm. Although not a scholar in the pedantic sense of the term, and making no pretensions to the doubtful reputation of the sciolist, his reading was classical and varied, his fund of illustration large, and his resources of imagery plentiful and always apposite.

Senator Robert W. Johnson—"Bob Johnson," every one called him— had made many friends while a member of the House, and was one of the most popular Senators. He was a man of generous feeling, honorable impulses, and a cheerful humor, which had endeared him to the homely backwoodsmen of his State. He was a fine speaker, pouring forth fact and argument with an earnestness that riveted attention, and lighting up the dull path of logic with the glow of his captivating fancy, while he spiced his remarks with the idiosyncrasies of frontier oratory, familiar and quaint illustrations, and blunt truth. At heart he loved the Union, but he could not stand up against the public sentiment of his State.

Henry Bowen Anthony was the first Republican Senator who had not been identified with the Abolitionists. Before he had been a week in the Senate, he was graciously informed that the Southern

Senators recognized him as a gentleman, and proposed to invite him to their houses. "I can enter no door," sturdily replied the man of Quaker ancestry, "which is closed against any Northern Senator." Mr. Anthony was at that time a very handsome man, with jet black hair, blue eyes, and a singularly sweet expression of countenance. His editorial labors on the Providence *Journal* had given him a rare insight into men and politics, which qualified him for Senatorial life. He was soon a favorite in Washington society, wit and general information embellishing his brilliant conversation, while his social virtues gave to his life a daily beauty.

Ostensibly to negotiate a postal treaty, but really to see what could be done about an international copyright between Great Britain and the United States, came Anthony Trollope, Esq. He was a short, stout old gentleman, with a round, rosy face and snow-white hair, who loved to talk, and who talked well. His mother, Mrs. Frances Trollope, had written a cruelly sarcastic book on the manners and customs of Americans in 1830, and he was somewhat dogmatic in his criticisms of what he saw and heard. He shone especially at gentlemen's evening parties, at which he narrated anecdotes about Macaulay, Dickens, and Thackeray, and of his own exploits in "'unting," which he regarded as the noblest of all pastimes.

Mike Walsh was not only a demagogue, but an incorrigible joker. He used frequently to visit Washington after the expiration of his Congressional term, and was in the city after the close of the summer session of the Thirty-fifth Congress. Judge Douglas was also there, busily engaged in advancing his Presidential prospects. One evening, as Walsh was sitting in front of the Kirkwood House, he remarked that the weather looked threatening, but that he hoped it would prove good on account of the serenade that was to be given to Judge Douglas that night. The thing took at once, and he visited all the hotels, and in casual conversations broached the serenade, and the fact that the Marine Band had been engaged for the occasion. When ten o'clock P. M. came there were not less than six or seven hundred people in front of Judge Douglas's new residence; and as the streets had been newly opened and were still unpaved, the mud was ankle deep. There were also some thirty or forty hacks and a number of private carriages; and as the Judge and his beautiful and accomplished wife had heard of the intended ovation, they had prepared for the emergency by taking up the parlor carpets and setting out a collation for the sovereigns. But, alas! no Marine Band appeared; and as eleven o'clock came and no music, the crowd began slowly to thin out, until at last it got whispered around that Mike Walsh had something to do with the getting up of the serenade, when, amid curses and loud guffaws, there was a general stampede of the crowd.

In the midst of the stormy debates at the Capitol, there was an entertainment where men of both sections fraternized. It was a "wake" at the house of Mr. John Coyle, the cashier of the *National Intelligencer*, whose Milesian blood had prompted him to pay Hibernian honors to the memory of one who had often been his guest. The funereal banquet had been postponed, however, in true Irish style, when it had been ascertained that the deceased was not dead, and in due time the guests were again invited, to honor him whom they had mourned—Albert Pike, of Arkansas. There he was, with stalwart form, noble features, waving hair, and a patriarchal beard —at once the Kit North and the Körner of America.

After a neat welcome by the host, uprose the erudite dignitary of the State Department, and he read, in deep, full tones, an obituary sketch of the supposed deceased, which he had prepared upon the receipt of the sad news. Pike's remarks, in reply, were touchingly beautiful, especially when he expressed his delight at having read kind notices of himself from those whom he had feared were his enemies, and his hopes that all enmity between him and his fellow- men might remain buried in that tomb to which he had been consigned. Jack Savage then sang a song (to the tune of "Benny Havens, O!"), describing a forced visit of "the fine Arkansas gentleman" to the Stygian shore, where he craved permission of Pluto to return to earth for one night at Coyle's:

"'Are you not dead?' the King then said.
'Well, what of that? said he,
'If I am dead, I've not been waked, and buried dacently.'
'And why,' the monarch cried,
'Desire again to share life's toils?'
'For the sake of one good frolic more,
'Even at Johnny Coyle's.'
One spree at Johnny Coyle's; one spree at Johnny Coyle's;
And who would not be glad to join a spree at Johnny Coyle's?"

Pluto then enumerated the good cheer and good company, and "Horace and Anacreon in vain would have him stay." But the gentleman from Arkansas demonstrated that they were all surpassed at Johnny Coyle's. The recital of the genial qualities of various gentlemen named enlisted Proserpine, who urged Pluto to let him go, that he might return, bringing his friends with him.

"And so the Queen at last prevailed, as women always do,
And thus it comes that once again this gentleman's with you;
He's under promise to return, but that he means to brake,
And many another spree to have besides the present wake.
One spree at Johnny Coyle's, etc."

This song was followed by a story, and that story by a song, and it was nearly daylight in the morning before the guests separated.

The Sons of Malta, a secret order which sprang into existence during Mr. Buchanan's Administration, was a remarkable institution. The original object of the organization was the capture of Cuba, and many prominent military men of the South were the leading spirits in the movement; but the filibustering was soon abandoned, and a newspaper man, who had been initiated, conceived the idea of making "some fun for the boys." The whole business of initiation, etc., was transformed into a series of the most stupendous practical jokes and outrageously comical proceedings ever dreamed of. The Order spread rapidly all over the Union. At Washington the lodge fitted up Marini's Hall in luxurious style, with carpets, cushioned seats, and an expensive paraphernalia. Many Senators and Representatives who had been initiated at their respective homes were regular attendants, and there was no lack of candidates, until a sedate citizen, enraged by the disclosure of his domestic infidelity, denounced the whole affair as a gigantic "sell."

While the Order was on the high tide of prosperity Mr. Buchanan was asked if he would receive a delegation of the Sons of Malta, representing twenty different States. Mr. Buchanan was a zealous Freemason—having gone up into the Royal Arch degree—and thinking that the institution resembled Freemasonry, he named an hour for the visit. The members of the delegation were promptly on hand, and after they had taken their position along one side of the East Room, Mr. Buchanan entered. The spokesman addressed him in a short speech, in which he eulogized the Order as composed of Union-loving citizens, associated for charitable purposes.

Mr. Buchanan listened attentively, and said in reply: "Gentlemen of the Sons of Malta, I feel grateful for the honor you have done me in making this visit. I do not know much about the Order, but I have no doubt of its charitable objects and its patriotism. In your praiseworthy object of charity I would say, God speed you in so noble an enterprise. We are told that Faith, Hope, and Charity are the links that bind us together in social Union. Faith and Hope may pass away, but Charity endures forever. I do not feel that there is any danger of the dissolution of the Union by the oppression of one portion of our country upon another; for should that period unhappily arrive, the people, who made it, will preserve it. Again, allow me cordially to thank you for this visit, and I would be most happy to take each one of you by the hand as representatives of the Sons of Malta from all parts of the Union." So solemn was the scene that several portly delegates were evidently convulsed with emotion (or secret laughter), and the Union was regarded as safe. Owners of ships, stocks, States, and the Order took courage.

[Facsimile] Geo. Bancroft GEORGE BANCROFT was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3d, 1800; graduated at Harvard College, 1817; was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, 1843-1846; was Minister to Great Britain, 1846- 1849; to Prussia, 1867-1871; to Germany, 1871-1874.

[Frontispiece missing]

PERLEY'S REMINISCENCES OF SIXTY YEARS IN THE NATIONAL METROPOLIS

Illustrating the Wit, Humor, Genius, Eccentricities, Jealousies, Ambitions and Intrigues of the Brilliant Statesmen, Ladies, Officers, Diplomats, Lobbyists and other noted Celebrities of the World that gather at the Centre of the Nation; describing imposing Inauguration Ceremonies, Gala Day Festivities, Army Reviews, &c., &c., &c.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE,

The Veteran Journalist, Clerk of the Senate Printing Records, Editor of the Congressional Directory, and Author of various Works.

Illustrated.

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PERLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I. FOREIGN COMPLICATIONS AND DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

While President Buchanan was anxiously awaiting information from Central America, he received from Mr. Dallas, the Minister at London, notes of a conversation between himself and the Earl of Malmesbury, in which the English Minister said: "Lord Napier has communicated to the President the treaty negotiated by Sir William Gore Ouseley with the Minister from Nicaragua." It was believed that no objection had been expressed to its provisions. One of its objects was to terminate the Mosquito Protectorate. Now, this was virtually the relinquishment on the part of England of her construction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and, of course, was very desirable news to Mr. Buchanan, yet Lord Napier had withheld it. He either was disgusted at this settlement of the long-talked-of difficulty without his aid, or his devotion to a fair Southern widow had made him stupidly inattentive to what was going on. A hint to the English Government was thereupon given by Mr. Buchanan that his Lordship had better be transferred to some other post, and he was transferred accordingly.

Mr. Seward had endeavored to introduce Lord Napier into Republican society instead of that which Southerners had made so agreeable, and when he was recalled was mainly instrumental in getting up a subscription ball in his honor. It was given at Willard's Hotel, in the long dining-room, which had been decorated for the occasion with flags of all nations, mirrors, and chandeliers. At one end of the room, beneath full-length portraits of General Washington and Queen Victoria, was a raised dais, on which Lord and Lady Napier received the company. He wore a blue dress-coat with gilt diplomatic buttons, white waistcoat, and blue trousers, and looked the "canny" Scotchman and Napier that he was. Lady Napier wore a white silk ball-dress, with three flounces of white tulle, puffed and trimmed with black Brussels lace, a corsage, and a head-dress of scarlet velvet with pearls and white ostrich feathers. After the presentations the ball was opened with a quadrille, in which Lord Napier danced with Madame Limburgh, a daughter of General Cass, Mr. Ledyard and Mrs. Seward, Jr., being their vis-a-vis. In the same quadrille was Senator Seward and the beautiful Mrs. Conrad, of Georgia, having as their vis-a-vis Mr. Danby Seymour, M. P., and the niece of Senator Dixon, of Connecticut.

Supper was served at eleven o'clock. Mr. Speaker Orr escorted Lady Napier to the table, followed by Lord Napier escorting the Countess de Sartiges. It was a bountiful repast, with a profusion of champagne. Dancing was kept up until a late hour. A few days afterward Lord Napier embarked on an English war-steamer for his home.

Elegant entertainments were given during Mr. Buchanan's Administration by the members of his Cabinet, the receptions at the house of Postmaster-General Brown, graced by his daughter-in-law, Miss Narcissa Sanders, surpassing all others in elegance. Mrs. Gwin's fancy ball was far above any similar entertainment ever given at Washington. Charles Francis Adams, then a Representative from Massachusetts, entertained very hospitably; Mr. Seward gave numerous dinner-parties, and his parlors were open every Friday evening to all who chose to visit him; the Blairs kept open house for the new Republican party; Mr. John Cochrane gave a great dinner-party to the correspondents of the leading newspapers; Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler had fashionable audiences to hear her readings, and was much made of in society, but she terrified the waiters at her hotel by her imperious manners. On all sides gayety abounded.

A large party of Democrats, after enjoying a dinner on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, went, at past eleven o'clock, to the White House to honor the President. They evidently disturbed him from his sleep, for he appeared in a dressing-gown, and as if he had just arisen from his bed. Mr. Buchanan was an exceedingly amiable and courteous politician, and showed it on this occasion by getting up at that unseemly hour to address these gentlemen, who were full of supper, wine, and patriotism. He, however, naively remarked to them, in concluding his remarks, "that in bidding them good-night he hoped they would retire to rest, and that to-morrow all of them would be better prepared for the discharge of their respective duties." Evidently Mr. Buchanan, while appreciating the motive and feelings of these gentlemen, manifested a little characteristic waggishness about their going to rest and getting up refreshed for their duties.

The murder, one bright Sunday morning in February, of Philip Barton Key, the District Attorney of the District of Columbia, by Mr. Daniel E. Sickles, a member of the House of Representatives from New York, created a great sensation. Mr. Sickles, although a young man, had been for some years prominently connected with New York politics. He had taken from her boarding-school and married the handsome young daughter of Madame Bagioli, who had, with her husband, acquired some celebrity in New York as Italian music teachers. Soon after the marriage Mr. Sickles had received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at London (Mr. Appleton having been unable to accompany Mr. Buchanan), and Mrs. Sickles thus made her *debut* as the presiding lady of the bachelor Minister's establishment. In 1857 Mr. Sickles entered Congress, and rented the "Woodbury House," on Lafayette Square, where he lived in elegant style. His coaches, dinners, and parties were irreproachable, and Mrs. Sickles was noted for her magnificent jewelry and beautiful toilettes. Mr. Buchanan was a frequent visitor at their house, and was to have been godfather at the christening of Mr. Sickles' infant daughter, with Mrs. Slidell as godmother, but an attack of whooping-cough postponed the ceremony.

Prominent among gentlemen "in society" at that time was District Attorney Key. His father, in years past, had been a leading member of the Maryland Bar, practicing in Georgetown, and the family had always been highly respected. It was, however, as the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" that the elder Mr. Key acquired a national fame. One of his daughters, Mrs. Ellen Key Blunt, inherited her father's poetical genius, and had, since her widowhood, become prominent as a reader in public. Another daughter married Mr. George Pendleton, then a Representative from Ohio. Daniel, a son, was killed in a duel by a Mr. May; and Philip Barton, having become somewhat popular as a politician and a lawyer, received from Franklin Pierce the appointment of District Attorney. About that time he was appointed Captain of the "Montgomery Guards" also, and looked gallantly in his green and gold uniform. He married Miss Swann, of Baltimore, who died a few years afterward, leaving young children, and from that time Mr. Key's health had been very feeble. The previous winter (Mr. Buchanan having guaranteed him against rotation) he went to Cuba, but was not at all benefitted. Tall, slender, with rather a sad yet handsome face, he was just the man to win a woman's heart. He was somewhat foppish, too, in his attire, riding on horseback in white leather tights and high boots.

About an hour before Mr. Key was shot, he said to a young lady, whom he joined on her way home from church: "I am despondent about my health, and very desperate. Indeed, I have half a mind to go out on the prairies and try buffalo hunting. The excursion would either cure me or kill me, and, really, I don't care much which." Soon afterward, he saw, from the windows of his club-house, a signal displayed at the window of the residence of Mr. Sickles, across the square, which informed him that Mrs. Sickles desired to see him. He had hardly left the club-house, however, when he was met by Mr. Sickles, who, without warning, drew a pistol and shot him down like a dog. He was taken into the club-house, which he had so recently left, and died in a few moments. Mr. Sickles surrendered himself at once and was imprisoned in the jail, where he enjoyed the comforts of the keeper's room, and received the visits of many friends.

Mr. Sickles' trial came off in a few weeks before Judge Crawford, an old gentleman, whose intellect appeared to be somewhat clouded, but who endeavored to conceal a lack of capacity by a testy, querulous manner not especially imposing. The prosecution was conducted by District Attorney Ould, prominent afterward in the Confederate service as having the charge of the exchange of prisoners. He

was educated for the Baptist ministry, and spoke with a somewhat clerical air. It was not to be supposed that he would show ingratitude to Mr. Buchanan for his appointment by over-exerting himself to secure the punishment of one who was known to be a favorite at the White House. Mr. Carlisle, retained soon after the murder by Mr. Key's friends to aid in the prosecution, was by many regarded as the Choate of the District Bar. Nervous in manner, yet cold at heart, crammed with the tricks of the law, and gifted with a flow of language wherewith to cloak them, he brought with equal felicity the favorable points of his client's case into prominence, and showed great acuteness in suppressing or glossing over whatever might be prejudicial to his interest. He was not, however, permitted to use much evidence touching the morality of the prisoner and the manner in which the victim had been lured to his tomb.

The defense was conducted by Edwin M. Stanton, previously known at Washington as a patent lawyer, and as having concluded successfully an important California land case for the Government. He had a head which Titian would have loved to paint, so massive were its proportions, and so sweeping were its long locks and beard. He stood like a sturdy sentinel on guard before his client, pleading the "higher law" in justification, and mercilessly attacking the counsel on the other side whenever they sought to introduce damaging evidence. He had as his aids-de-camp Messrs. Phillips, Chilton, and Radcliff, of the District Bar, each knowing well his Honor the Judge and the rest of the court.

Then there were David R. Graham and James T. Brady, prominent New York lawyers, who brought their eloquence to bear upon the jury, and were aided by T. F. Meagher, a glorious specimen of a rollicking Irish barrister.

Mr. Sickles sat in the dock, which was for all the world like the old-fashioned, square, high church pews. He looked exactly as one would imagine a successful New York city politician would look—apparently affable, yet bent on success, and unrelenting in his opposition to those who sought to impede his progress. When the verdict of acquittal came, there was a scene of tumultuous disorder in the court-room. Mr. Stanton called in a loud tone for cheers, and rounds of them were given again and again. President Buchanan was delighted with the acquittal of "Dan," as he familiarly called him, and his friends gave him a round of supper-parties.

Anson Burlingame, who was prominent in political and social circles at that eventful epoch, had transplanted the Western style of oratory to Massachusetts, where he had married the daughter of a leading Whig, and entered political life through the "Know-Nothing" door. He did not have much to say on the floor of the House, but he was an indefatigable organizer, and rendered the Republican party great service as, what is called in the English House of Commons, a "whipper-in." He prided himself on being recognized as a man who would chivalrously defend himself if attacked, but he showed no desire for fighting when hostilities became inevitable. He then went abroad in a diplomatic capacity.

[Facsimile]
John Adams.
JOHN ADAMS was born at Braintree, now Quincy, Mass., October 19th, 1735; removed to Boston, 1768; was Delegate to first Congressional Congress, September, 1774; assisted in the Treaty of Peace, January, 1783; was United States Minister to England, 1785-1788; was Vice-President with Washington, 1789-1797; was President of the United States, 1797-1801; died July 4th, 1826.

CHAPTER II. VISITS FROM DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS.

The Japanese Embassy arrived in Washington on the 14th of May, 1860, in the steamer Philadelphia, which brought them up the Potomac from the United States frigate Roanoke, on which they had come from Japan. They were received at the Navy Yard with high honors, and escorted by the district militia to their quarters at Willard's Hotel.

The entire party numbered seventy-one. The three Ambassadors were rather tall and thin in form, with long and sharp faces. They had jet-black hair, so far as any was left by the barber. In dressing the hair the men expended as much care as women, and took as much pride and pleasure in its neat and fashionable adjustment. It was shaved off to the very skin, except around the temples and low down in the back of the neck, from which it was brought up on all sides to the top of the head and fastened by a string. It was then carried forward, well stiffened with pomatum, in a queue about four inches long, and of the size of one's finger, and pointed over the front part of the head, which was left completely denuded of all hair. They dressed in silk robes, and wore two swords at their sides, according to universal usage with the higher classes of their land. When they went in state to see the President they had little hats tied on the tops of their heads, and some of them had water-proof hats along, but they

generally went bare-headed, carrying fans to keep the sun's rays away from their eyes. When not using these fans they stuck them down back of their necks into their robes. They used the folds of cotton cloth swathed around them in place of pockets. President Buchanan entertained the eight highest dignitaries of the Embassy at a dinner-party, at which ladies were present, and they attended evening parties given by Mrs. Slidell and by Madame Von Limburg, arriving at eight and leaving at nine. They paid one visit to the Capitol, where they went in on the floor of the Senate by virtue of their diplomatic position, and after a short stay crossed the rotunda to the House, where they took seats in the gallery set apart for the Diplomatic Corps. A special committee, with John Sherman as Chairman, waited upon the three Ambassadors and invited them to take seats on the floor. On the way they stopped to pay their respects to Mr. Speaker, in his gorgeous apartment, where they took a glass of champagne with him. They then went on the floor and took seats at the right of the Speaker's platform, where the members crowded around them. Some children attracted their attention, and Master Dawes was taken on the knee of the Japanese chief Ambassador while he was a guest of the House.

The principal object of the mission of the Embassy was to get an English copy of the treaty between Japan and the United States, signed by the President. The original was burned in the great fire at Jeddo in 1858. The copy in Japanese was saved. This they brought with them, and a copy of it not signed, and a letter from the Tycoon to the President. The box containing these documents was looked upon by them as almost sacred. It was called the "treaty box," and was never allowed to be out of their sight. It was a box three feet long, twenty-six inches in depth, and eighteen inches wide, covered with red morocco leather, and neatly sewed around the edges. There were three japanned boxes placed together, and then covered. Around the box was a light framework, and when carried was borne on a pole which rested on the shoulders of two stalwart policemen, closely followed by a Japanese with two swords in his girdle.

Some of the caricatures sketched by the Japanese were excellent, and there was no mistaking Mr. Buchanan as they portrayed him. They would not, however, sell one of these productions, even when fabulous prices were offered, replying: "*Mi sogo Miphon*"—I will take it to Japan.

When President Buchanan learned that the Prince of Wales intended to visit Canada, he hastened to write to Queen Victoria, tendering to her son a cordial welcome should he extend his visit to the United States. The invitation was accepted, and the Prince, who traveled under the name of Lord Renfrew, with the gentlemen of his suite, became the guests of Mr. Buchanan at the White House. The heir-apparent, who was then rather stout and phlegmatic, appeared, like Sir Charles Coldstream, to be "used up," but he philosophically went the rounds of the public buildings and was the honored guest at a public reception and at a diplomatic dinner. He apparently enjoyed a visit, with Miss Lane, to a fashionable boarding-school for young ladies, where he rolled several games of nine-pins with the pupils, but he could not be induced to remain on the White House balcony at night in a drizzling rain watching fire-works that would not always ignite. Indeed, it was rumored that his Lordship had slipped away from his guardian and visited some of the haunts of metropolitan dissipation.

The British party was taken to Mount Vernon on the revenue cutter "Harriet Lane," accompanied by President Buchanan, Miss Lane, nearly all of the Diplomatic Corps, and the leading army, navy, and civil- service officials. President Buchanan escorted his guests to Washington's tomb, and the great-grandson of George III. planted a tree near the grave of the arch-rebel against that monarch's rule. That evening the Prince dined at the British Legation, where Lord Lyons had invited the Diplomatic Corps to meet him, and the next morning he left for Richmond. When President Buchanan learned that the expenses of the trip to Mount Vernon were to be paid from a contingent fund at the Treasury Department, he objected, and wished to pay the bills himself, but Secretary Cobb finally paid them.

Mr. Buchanan's courteous civility toward the Prince of Wales, and the demonstrations made toward him in the Northern States, evidently made a deep impression on Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, who also doubtless felt chagrined by the inhospitable manner in which the young traveler was treated in Virginia. In the darkest hours of the Civil War which followed, when so many leading British statesmen espoused the cause of the Confederates, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were always friends of the Union. Their restraining influence, at a period when there were many causes of alienation, undoubtedly prevented a recognition of the belligerent rights of the Confederate States, which would have been followed by an alliance with them as an established government. Commercially this would have been desirable for Great Britain, as it would have enabled her merchants to have obtained possession of the cotton crop, and to have paid for it with manufactured articles—British shipping enjoying the carrying trade.

President Buchanan was very industrious, and gave personal attention to his official duties. Rising early, he breakfasted, read the newspapers, and was in his office every week-day morning at eight o'clock. There Mr. J. Buchanan Henry, his private secretary, laid before him the letters received by that morning's mail, filed and briefed with the date, the writer's name, and a condensed statement of the

contents. Letters of a purely personal nature the President answered himself, and he gave Mr. Henry instructions as to the reply to, or the reference of the others. An entry was made in a book of the brief on each letter, and the disposition of it if it was referred to a Department. This system enabled the President to ascertain what had been done with any letter addressed to him by reference to Mr. Henry's books.

President Buchanan remained in his office, receiving such visitors as called, until one o'clock, when he went to luncheon. Returning to his desk, he rarely left it before five o'clock, when, with few exceptions, he took a hour's walk. He did not use his carriage a dozen times a year, except when he resided, during the summer, at the Soldiers' Home, and drove in to the White House in the morning and back in the afternoon.

On his return from his daily "constitutional" walk, Mr. Buchanan dined, at six o'clock, with the members of his household. He kept up the established etiquette of not accepting dinner invitations, and rarely attended evening parties or receptions, on the ground that universal acceptance would have been impossible, and any discrimination would have given offense. Once a week some of the members of the Cabinet, accompanied by their wives, dined at the White House "en famille," and, as there was no ceremony these were regarded as pleasant entertainments.

A series of State dinners was given during each session of Congress, the table in the large dining-room accommodating forty guests. The first of these dinners, annually, was given to the Justices of the Supreme Court and the law officers, the next to the Diplomatic Corps, and then to the Senators and Representatives in turn, according to official seniority, except in a very few cases where individuals had by discourtesy rendered such an invitation improper. Miss Lane and Mr. Henry issued the invitations and assigned seats to those who accepted them in order of precedence, which was rather a delicate task. Mr. Henry had also, in the short interval between the arrival of the guests in the parlor and procession into the dining-room, to ascertain the name of each gentleman and tell him what lady he was to take in—probably introducing then to each other. It was, he used to say, a very *mauvais quart d'heure* to him, as he was pretty sure to find at the last moment, when the President was leading the procession to the table, that some male guest, perhaps not accustomed to such matters, had strayed away from his intended partner, leaving the lady standing alone and much embarrassed. He had then to give them a fresh start.

Mr. Henry, as private Secretary, was charged with the expenditure of the library fund, the payment of the steward, messengers, and also with the expenditures of the household, which were paid out of the President's private purse. These latter expenditures generally exceeded the President's salary in the winter months, because President Buchanan enjoyed entertaining and entertained liberally from inclination. In summer, the social entertaining being much less, and the President being at the Soldiers' Home, the expenses were much less. The President's annual salary, then twenty-five thousand dollars, did not defray the actual household expenses of the Executive Mansion. Other Presidents had saved a considerable part of their salaries, but Mr. Buchanan had to draw upon his private means, not only for his expenses, but for his generous charities. He also made it a rule, which other Presidents had neglected, not to accept presents of any value, even from his most intimate friends or political supporters, and it was a part of the duty of his private secretary, Mr. Henry, to return any gifts at once with the thanks of the President.

[Facsimile] James Buchanan JAMES BUCHANAN was born in Franklin County, Pa., April 22d, 1791; entered the Legislature of Pennsylvania when twenty-three years of age; was elected to Congress, 1820, where he served five terms; was Minister to St. Petersburg, 1831-1833; was United States Senator, 1833-1845; was Secretary of State under Polk, 1845-1849; was Minister to England, 1853-1856; was President of the United States, 1857- 1861; died June 1st, 1868.

CHAPTER III. THE GATHERING TEMPEST.

The clouds which had long been hovering portentously in our skies now began to spread and to blacken all around the heavens. This was greatly intensified on all sides by the daring raid of John Brown, of Ossawattomie, Kansas. Locating on a farm near Harper's Ferry, Va., he organized a movement looking toward a general slave insurrection. Seizing the Armory of the United States Arsenal buildings, all of which were destroyed during the war, he inaugurated his scheme, and for a few hours had things his own way. But troops were rapidly concentrated; Brown's outside workers were captured or shot; the Arsenal building was fired into; one of his sons was killed, another mortally wounded, and when the doors were forced Brown was found kneeling between their bodies. His arrest, trial, and execution were speedily accomplished, but all the thunders of a coming storm henceforth rolled all around the heavens.

At the South, the leaders used the excitement created by this affair to consolidate public opinion in

their section and to cast opprobrium on the Republicans at the North. They saw that their ascendancy in the national councils was hastening to a close, and that if they were to carry out their cherished plans for a dissolution of the Union, and for the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, they must strike the blow during the Administration of Mr. Buchanan. Meanwhile Washington ran riot with costly entertainments in society and secret suppers, at which the Abolitionists of the North and the Secessionists of the South, respectively, plotted and planned for the commencement of hostilities.

One of the neutral grounds, where men of both parties met in peace, was the superbly furnished gambling-house of Pendleton, on Pennsylvania Avenue, known to its frequenters as "The Hall of the Bleeding Heart," though he preferred the appellation, "The Palace of Fortune." Pendleton belonged to one of the first families of Virginia, and his wife, a most estimable lady, was the daughter of Robert Mills, the architect of the Treasury. His rooms were hung with meritorious pictures, and the art of wood-carving was carried to great perfection in the side-boards, secretaries, and tables, which served the various purposes of the establishment. The dining and supper tables were loaded with plate of pure metal. The cooking would not have shamed the genius of Soyer, and it was universally admitted that the wines were such as could have been selected only by a connoisseur. This incomparable provider had ten thousand dollars invested in his cellar and his closet.

The people who nightly assembled to see and to take part in the entertainments of the house consisted of candidates for the Presidency, Senators and Representatives, members of the Cabinet, editors and journalists, and the master workmen of the third house, the lobby. Pendleton's, in its palmiest days, might have been called the vestibule of the lobby. Its most distinguished professors might be found there. They lent money to their clients when the "animal scratched too roughly," that is to say, when the play ran against them, and they became "broke," as they sometimes did. Pendleton himself was an operator in the lobby. His professional position gave him great facilities. He assisted in the passage of many useful bills of a private nature, involving considerable sums of money. A broker in parliamentary notes is an inevitable retainer of broker votes.

In the outer parlors, as midnight approached, might have been seen leading members of Congress, quietly discussing the day's proceedings, the prospects of parties, and the character of public men. A few officers of the army added to the number and variety of the groups which occupied this apartment. Here all were drinking, smoking, and talking, generally in a bright and jocose vein. Servants were gliding about with cigars, toddies, cocktails, and "whisky-straights" on little silver trays. Among them were two "old Virginny" darkies, very obliging and popular, who picked up many quarters and halves, and not a few "white fish," representing one dollar each.

But the third room was the haunt of the tiger! The company around the faro table would be playing mostly with counters of red, circular pieces of ivory, called fish, or chips, each of which represented five dollars. A few who were nearly "broke" would be using the white ones of one-fifth the value. The players were silent as the grave, because some of them were "in great luck," and large piles of red chips were standing upon different cards to abide the event of the deal, but, alas! the close of the deal was unfavorable, and before the little silver box, from which the cards were drawn, yielded the last of the pack, the most of the red piles had been drawn to the bank side. But some of them had doubled, and the owners drew them down as capital for the chances of the next deal. If one had great good fortune and some prudence, while possessor of the red piles before named, he would leave the house with his few hundreds or thousands of dollars; but the chances were that between midnight and dawn the gamesters would all retire minus the money they had brought into the place, and all they had been able to borrow from friends.

There were, however, exceptions. The largest amount ever won from the proprietor at Pendleton's was twelve hundred dollars, for a stake of one hundred dollars. When Humphrey Marshall was appointed Minister to China by President Pierce, in 1852, he lost his "outfit" and six months' pay, and was forced to accept a loan from Pendleton to enable him to reach the scene of his diplomatic labors. When Pendleton died, Mr. Buchanan attended his funeral, and several leading Democratic Congressmen were among his pall-bearers. His effects, including the furniture of his gambling-house, were sold at auction, attracting crowds of the most fashionable people in Washington, and probably for the first time since the descent of Proserpine, the gates of Hades were passed by troops of the fair sex.

Vice-President Breckinridge turned his back on the Union with marked regret. One night, as a supper-party at Colonel Forney's, Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, undertook to ridicule the Kentucky horse raisers. Breckinridge stood it for awhile, but Keitt persisted in returning to the blue-grass region for a location to his stories, and finally Breckinridge retorted. He described a recent visit to South Carolina, and his meeting there with several of the original Secessionists. One of them, who was a militia officer in Keitt's own district, had just returned from a muster arrayed in faded regimentals of blue jeans, with a dragoon's sword trailing at his side and a huge fore-and-aft chapeau surmounted with a long feather. He was full of enthusiasm for the cause and descanted with particular eloquence upon what he called

the wrongs of the South. "'I tell you, sah,' said he," continued Breckinridge, "'we cannot stand it any longer; we intend to fight; we are preparing to fight; it is impossible, sah, that we should submit, sah, not for a single hour, sah.' I asked him, 'What are you suffering from?' and he replied: 'Why, sah, we are suffering under the oppression of the Federal Government. We have been suffering under it for twenty-five years and more, and we will stand it no longer.'" Breckinridge then turned toward Keitt, and continued, "I advise my young friend here from South Carolina to visit some of his constituents before undertaking to go to war with the North, and advise them to go through the Northern states to learn what an almighty big country they will have to whip before they get through." Breckinridge was sincere in this remark, yet not many months had elapsed before he was forced into secession by the agitators.

The re-opening of the slave-trade, by which negroes could be imported and sold for very low prices, was one of the allurements held out to the poor whites of the South. A cargo was actually brought in a yacht called the Wanderer, commanded by Captain Corrie, who obtained the requisite capital for the enterprise by obtaining the passage of a large claim for the military services of a South Carolina organization in the War of 1812. Marshal Rynders suspected the destination of the Wanderer when she was about to leave New York, but he was persuaded to let her go. A few months later she landed near Brunswick, in Georgia, three hundred and fifty negroes, who were speedily distributed over the Gulf States. One or two were seized by United States Marshals, but they were soon taken from them. The experiment was a success.

While the two House of Congress were convulsed by sectional strife there was no cessation in the presentation of jobs, some of which were disgraceful schemes for plundering the Treasury. The most active advocates of these swindles, and of some more meritorious legislation which they were paid to advocate, were the lady lobbyists. Some of them were the widows of officers of the army or navy, others the daughters of Congressmen, and others had drifted from home localities where they had found themselves the subjects of scandalous comments. The parlors of some of these dames were exquisitely furnished with works of art and bric-a-brac, donated by admirers. Every evening they received, and in the winter their blazing wood fires were surrounded by a distinguished circle. Some would treat favored guests to a game of euchre, and as midnight approached there was always an adjournment to the dining-room, where a choice supper was served. A cold duck, a venison pie, broiled oysters, or some other exquisitely cooked dish with salads and cheese, generally constituted the repast, with iced champagne or Burgundy at blood-heat. Who could blame the Congressman for leaving the bad cooking of his hotel or boarding-house, with an absence of all home comforts, to walk into the parlor web which the adroit spider lobbyist had cunningly woven for him.

Washington was enlivened during the recess of Congress by a visit from the "Chicago Zouaves," a volunteer organization which had been carefully trained by its young commander, Captain E. E. Ellsworth, in a novel drill based on the quick movements of the Moors. The staid old military organizations were magnetized by the rapid, theatrical manner in which the Zouaves executed the manual and several gymnastic company movements. Their uniform was loose scarlet trousers, gaiter boots, and buff-leather leggings, a blue jacket trimmed with orange-colored braid, and a red cap with orange trimmings; their scarlet blankets were rolled on the top of their knapsacks. They drilled as light infantry, and moved like electric clocks. The entire drill lasted nearly three hours, including stoppages for rest, a few moments each time, and, although performed under a scorching sun on the hot sand, and comprising a series of vigorous exercises, the men stood it well, and attended strictly to their business.

The step of the Zouaves was in itself a peculiarity and strongly suggestive of thorough pedestrian and gymnastic preparation. The diminutive stature of the men and their precision in accomplishing the allotted length of the step, gave to it something of a steady *loping* movement, but yet so firm and springy that the effect was most animated. Another feature in the general excellence of the Zouaves was noted in their method of handling their arms, which, instead of the inanimate and gingerly treatment so observable even among finely drilled companies when executing the manual, were grasped with a nervous energy of action and shifted with a spirit which was thrillingly suggestive of a will, as well as the power, to act. The visitors were quite boyish in appearance, and mostly of small stature, falling even below the ordinary size of short men in our cities.

Captain Ellsworth was in appearance the most youthful of his corps, but he had a finely marked countenance and a self-reliant manner. The corps visited Mount Vernon, and was received at the White House by President Buchanan and Miss Lane. After witnessing an exhibition of their performance, the President made a patriotic and prophetic little speech to Captain Ellsworth, concluding by the remark: "We wish you prosperity and happiness in peace—should war come, I know where you will be." Within a short year the gallant officer lay in a soldier's grave.

Owen Lovejoy, a Representative from Illinois, was one of the prominent Republican orators. He was a man of considerable brains and a good deal of body, and his style of utterance was of the hyper-intense

school. On one occasion he begun his speech at the top of a voice of most prodigious compass, and kept on in the same strain, which, mildly described, might be characterized as a roar. When some waggish member on the Southern side cried, "Louder!" the effect upon the audience was convulsing. There stood Lovejoy, with his coat off and his collar open, his big, bushy head thrown back like a lion at bay, and brandishing his arms aloft, while his whole body rocked and quivered with excitement, hurling his denunciations not at the slave-power this time, but at the Secessionists. His tremendous voice rang through the hall like the peal of a trumpet, and when he described the insults to the old flag he was truly eloquent.

The Southern conspirators endeavored to secure the co-operation of the Indians, and delegations from several tribes were successively brought to Washington, where they "went the grand rounds" of the haunts of dissipation. They were dirty, disgusting-looking fellows, without one particle of the romance about them with which Cooper has invested the Indian character. Several tribes joined the Southern Confederacy, and fought desperately against the Union, which had for years before paid them liberal annuities.

[Facsimile] Th. Jefferson THOMAS JEFFERSON was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Va., April 2d, 1743; was a member of the Virginia Legislature, 1769; was Delegate to the Continental Congress, 1775; re-entered the Virginia Legislature, 1777; was member of Congress, 1783; was Secretary of State under Washington, 1789-1793; was Vice-President with Adams, 1797-1801; was President of the United States, 1801-1809; died July 4th, 1826.

CHAPTER IV. LINCOLN'S ELECTION INAUGURATES REBELLION.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President by the people on the 6th of November, 1860. Three days afterward, Horace Greeley wrote to the *Tribune* as follows: "If the Cotton States shall become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace." Less than a week after the election Mr. Yancey said, in a public address, in Montgomery, his home, "I have good reason to believe that the action of any State will be peaceable—will not be resisted—under the present or any probable prospective condition of Federal affairs."

When Congress met, the Senate occupied its new chamber. The Southern conspirators in both Houses were outspoken and truculent, while the Abolitionists were defiant and exasperating. The message of President Buchanan was a non-committal document, showing that he was perplexed and overwhelmed by what he had not the courage to control. Encouraged by his declaration that the Executive possessed no constitutional power to use the army and navy for the preservation of the life of the Republic, the Southern Senators at Washington, who directed the movements of the Secessionists, were emboldened to direct them to withdraw from the Union and organize a Confederacy. Meanwhile some of them were to remain in Congress to defeat all hostile legislation.

Senator Seward, who assumed the leadership of the Republicans in Congress, had been correctly described by Henry Clay as "a man of no convictions." He had not that magnetic mind which could subordinate others, or the mental courage to take the helm in the hour of victory, but he relied upon the pecuniary operations of an unscrupulous lobby, which had followed him from Albany, and sought to fill its military chest with the spoils of the public printing and binding. After long announcement the Senate Chamber was crowded to hear what he would have to say on the political situation. Political friends and political foes, the most conservative and the most ultra, the Abolitionist from Vermont and the fire-eater from Mississippi, all looked upon that pale, slight figure in a gray frock coat—so calm, so self-possessed, so good-natured—as the man who had but to speak the word and the country would be saved.

The speech had been carefully composed and elaborated, as was everything which emanated from that source. It was in type before it was pronounced. The manuscript lay before the Speaker on the desk, but it was delivered almost entirely through the power of his wonderful memory. Senators gathered closely around him, and anxiously caught every syllable as it fell from his lips. The speaker seemed the only tranquil Senator there. It appeared incredible that any man could present an exterior of such coolness and quietude, and apparently smiling unconcern, amid anxiety and excitement so deep and intense.

Mr. Seward was not a graceful orator, but there was a certain impressive manner corresponding with the importance of what he had to say which arrested the hearer's regard, and when he was evolving some weighty maxim of political philosophy, and particularly during his vivid delineations of the grandeur and power of the Union, and of the calamities which might follow its dissolution, every eye was fixed upon him. There were several quite dramatic passages in the speech which roused the orator to more than usual animation. Such were the allusions to the gray-headed Clerk of the Senate, the contrast of the man-of-war entering a foreign port before and after the dissolution of the Union, and the

episode, where, enumerating by name the great men who had added glory to the Republic, he said: "After all these have performed their majestic parts, let the curtain fall."

The speech was an ingenious piece of literary composition, which had been foreshadowed by a series of able editorials in the Albany *Evening Journal*, published as feelers of public opinion, and to prepare the way for this speech. It was the hand of Weed, writing, but the ideas were from the brain of Seward.

The Southern States soon began to secede, and their Senators and Representatives to leave the capital. Jefferson Davis made a long farewell speech, at the commencement of which he said: "Tears are now trickling down the stern face of man, and those who have bled for the flag of their country and are willing now to die for it, stand powerless." As he proceeded he referred to the possession of Fort Sumter, and said that he had heard it said, by a gallant gentleman, that the great objection to withdrawing the garrison was an unwillingness to lower the flag. "Can there," said he with dramatic effect, "be a point of pride against laying upon that sacred soil to-day the flag for which our fathers died? My pride, Senators, is different. My pride is that that flag shall not set between contending brothers; and that, when it shall no longer be the common flag of the country, it shall be folded up and laid away, like a vesture no longer used; that is shall be kept as a sacred memento of the past, to which each of us can make a pilgrimage and remember the glorious days in which we were born." In concluding his remarks, Mr. Davis invoked the Senators so to act that "the Angel of Peace might spread her wings, through it be over divided States; and the sons of the sires of the Revolution might still go on in the friendly intercourse with each other, ever renewing the memories of a common origin; the sections by the diversity of their products and habits, acting and reacting beneficially, the commerce of each might swell the prosperity of both, and the happiness of all be still interwoven together. If there cannot be peace," he said, "Mississippi's gallant sons will stand like a wall of fire around their State, and I go hence, not in hostility to you, but in love and allegiance to her, to take my place among her sons, be it for good or for evil."

Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, who was one of the last to leave, compared the seceders to representative of the "ten tribes of Israel!" Senator Hale, that genial hard-hitter, replied: "Ten tribes," said he, "did go out from the kingdom of Israel, but the ark of the living God remained with the tribe of Judah!" This was loudly applauded by the Republicans in the Senate galleries, and the presiding officer had to pound lustily with his mallet to secure order. Then Mr. Hale proceeded:

"I think the galleries ought to be excused for applauding a reference made to the Scriptures. I say, there is where the ark of the covenant remained. What became of the ten tribes? They have gone, God only knows where, and nobody else. It is a matter of speculation, what became of them—whether they constitute the Pottawatomies or some other tribe of savages. But the suggestion of the Senator from North Carolina is full of meaning. There were ten tribes went out, and remember, they went out wandering. They left the ark and the empire behind them. They went, as I said before, God only knows where. But, sir, I do hope and pray that this comparison, so eloquent and instructive, suggested by the honorable Senator, may not be illustrated in the fate of these other tribes that are going out from the household of Israel."

Late in January, 1861, the Legislature of Virginia proposed the appointment of commissioners, by each State, to meet at Washington on the 4th day of February, and devise, if practicable, a plan for settling the pending difficulties between the slave-holding and non-slave-holding States. This was at first met with a howl of opposition from the Northern Abolitionists, who feared that it might lead to another compromise, but they soon changed front, and urged the Governors of their respective States to send pronounced anti-slavery delegations. Twenty-one States were represented by gentlemen who had nearly all filled high political stations, and who possessed ripe experience, wisdom, dignity, and weight of character. John Tyler was elected president, and the "Peace Congress," as the organization styled itself, sat with great formality in the old Presbyterian Church, which had been converted into a hall attached to Willard's Hotel. A long series of resolutions was discussed and adopted, but they were not of as much value as the paper on which they were written.

Meanwhile, Captain Stone, on the staff of General Scott, had organized the militia of the District of Columbia, and as the birthday of Washington approached, they made arrangements for a parade, with two batteries of light artillery stationed at the Arsenal. Against this parade Mr. Tyler protested, and wrote a letter to the President, sharply rebuking him for having permitted the parade. Mr. Buchanan excused himself, saying that he "found it impossible to prevent two or three companies of regulars from joining in the procession with the volunteers without giving offense to the tens of thousands of people who had assembled to witness the parade." Mr. Seward adroitly availed himself of the reverence for the "old flag" which had been awakened by Daniel Webster in his speeches in defense of the Union, and, in accordance with his suggestion, the "stars and stripes" were freely displayed, evoking that love of country which is so vital a principle in the American heart.

After the withdrawal of the Southern members of the Cabinet had compelled Mr. Buchanan to fill their places, General John A. Dix, the new Secretary of the Treasury, sent Mr. W. Hemphill Jones, a amiable old clerk, who wore a sandy wig, to New Orleans, with instructions to secure, if possible, the bullion in the United States Mint there. Soon after Mr. Jones had arrived at New Orleans, he informed the Secretary that Captain Brushwood, who commanded the United States revenue cutter there, had refused to obey his orders as a special agent of the Department, and mediated going over to the Secessionists. Whereupon the Secretary telegraphed to Jones to take possession of the revenue cutter, adding, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." This message never reached New Orleans, but it was made public, and received by the Northern people as an assurance that the Union would be defended. To those who knew the estimable old gentleman to whom the message was sent, the idea of his shooting down Captain Brushwood, or any one else, was simply ridiculous. Indeed, he thanked his stars that he was able to get back to Washington unharmed.

The electoral votes for President and Vice-President were counted in the hall of the House on Wednesday, the 13th of February, 1861. Vice-President Breckinridge presided over the two Houses "in Congress assembled," and announced the result.

As the year advanced the alienation of the sections increased, and the spirit of fraternity was so far extinguished as to close the minds and hearts of the people at the North and at the South to the admission of any adjustment which would be honorable and satisfactory to all conservative citizens. The Government of the Confederate States was formally inaugurated at Montgomery, Alabama, with Jefferson Davis as its President, and Alexander H. Stephens as its Vice-President. Throughout the old South the new flag was flung to the breeze, and the old flag was as generally rejected. The State Sovereignty, about which so much had been said, thenceforth stood in abeyance to the supreme authority of the new Government, which was clothed with all the powers of peace and war and of civil administration. Hostilities had virtually been declared, for, as the States seceded, the Confederates had seized the arsenals, the navy yards, the mints, the custom-houses, and the post-offices, while many officials—civil, military, and naval—had unceremoniously left the service of the United States to enter that of the Confederate States.

[Facsimile] John PHale JOHN PARKER HALE was born at Rochester, New Hampshire, March 31st, 1806; was a Representative from New Hampshire 1843-1845; was United States Senator, 1847-1853, and again, 1855-1865; was Minister to Spain, 1865-1869; and died at Dover, New Hampshire, November 18th, 1873.

CHAPTER V. MR. LINCOLN AT THE HELM.

The unexpected arrival of Mr. Lincoln at Willard's Hotel early on the morning of Saturday, February 23d, 1861, created quite a sensation when it became known in Washington. It was not true, as asserted, that he came in disguise, although he wore a traveling cap and shawl which had been loaned him, and which very materially changed his appearance.

Mr. Lincoln felt confident that an attempt was to have been made to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore. Among other statements which confirmed him in this opinion was one by Mr. Chittenden, of Vermont, afterward Register of the Treasury. Mr. Chittenden was a delegate from the State of Vermont to the Peace Congress, then in session, one of the leading Southern members of which expressed great surprise on learning of Mr. Lincoln's arrival, and said, "How in the mischief did he get through Baltimore?" Senator Sumner was also one those who believed that the President- elect was in danger of assassination, and he wrote him after his arrival, cautioning him about going out at night. "Sumner," said Mr. Lincoln, "declined to stand up with me, back to back, to see which was the taller man, and made a fine speech about this being the time for uniting our fronts against the enemy and not our backs. But I guess he was afraid to measure, though he is a good piece of a man. I have never had much to do with Bishops where I live, but, do you know, Sumner is my idea of a Bishop."

Mr. Lincoln, after eating his breakfast, made a formal call on President Buchanan at the White House, accompanied by Mr. Seward. He then received the members of the Peace Congress, who had formed in procession in the hall where they met, and moved to the reception parlor of the hotel. Ex-President Tyler and Governor Chase led the van. The latter did the honors, first introducing Mr. Tyler. Mr. Lincoln received him with all the respect due to his position. The several delegates were then presented by Governor Chase in the usual manner. The greatest curiosity was manifested to witness this, Mr. Lincoln's first reception in Washington. The most noticeable thing that occurred was the manifestation by Mr. Lincoln of a most wonderful memory. It will be remembered that the Convention was composed of many men, who, although distinguished in their time, had not of late been very much known. Each member was introduced by his surname, but in nine cases out of ten, Mr. Lincoln would promptly recall their entire name, no matter how many initials it contained. In several instances he

recited the historical reminiscences of families. When the tall General Doniphan, of Missouri, was introduced, Mr. Lincoln had to look up to catch Doniphan's eye. He immediately inquired:

"Is this Doniphan, who made that splendid march across the plains and swept the swift Comanches before him?"

"I commanded the expedition across the plains," modestly replied the General.

"Then you have come up to the standard of my expectation," rejoined Mr. Lincoln.

When Mr. Rives, of Virginia, was introduced, Mr. Lincoln said: "I always had an idea that you were a much taller man." He received James B. Clay, son of the Kentucky statesman, with marked attention, saying to him: "I was a friend of your father." The interchange of greetings with Mr. Barringer, of North Carolina, who was his colleague in Congress, was very cordial. When Reverdy Johnson was presented, he expressed great rejoicing, remarking to him:

"I had to bid you good-bye just at the time when our intimacy had ripened to a point for me to tell you my stories."

The Southern Commissioners freely expressed their gratification at his affability and easy manner, and all joined in expressing agreeable disappointment at his good looks in contrast to his pictures. Nothing was said to any one in regard to the condition of the country or the national troubles. After the reception of the Peace Congress was concluded, a large number of citizens were presented.

A large number of ladies then passed in review, each being introduced by the gentleman who accompanied her, and Mr. Lincoln underwent the new ordeal with much good humor. All that day the hotel was crowded with members of Congress and others, anxious to see the President-elect, of whom they had heard so much, and among them were several newspaper corespondents, who had known him while he was a member of the House of Representatives. One of the correspondents who talked with him about his forthcoming message received, confidentially, the following account of it:

Mr. Lincoln had written his message at his Springfield home, and had had it put in type by his friend, the local printer. A number of sentences had been re-constructed several times before they were entirely satisfactory, and then four copies had been printed on foolscap paper. These copies had been locked up in what Mr. Lincoln called a "grip-sack," and intrusted to his oldest son, Robert. "When we reached Harrisburg," said Mr. Lincoln, "and had washed up, I asked Bob where the message was, and was taken aback by his confession that in the excitement caused by the enthusiastic reception he believed he had let a waiter take the grip-sack. My heart went up into my mouth, and I started down-stairs, where I was told that if a waiter had taken the article I should probably find it in the baggage-room. Hastening to that apartment, I saw an immense pile of grip-sacks and other baggage and thought that I had discovered mine. The key fitted it, but on opening there was nothing inside but a few paper collars and a flask of whisky. Tumbling the baggage right and left, in a few moments I espied my lost treasure, and in it the all-important document, all right; and now I will show it to you—on your honor, mind!" The inaugural was printed in a clear-sized type, and wherever Mr. Lincoln had thought that a paragraph would make an impression upon his audience, he had preceded it with a typographical fist —».

One copy of this printed draft of the inaugural message was given to Mr. Seward, and another to the venerable Franics P. Blair, with the request that they would read and criticise. A few unimportant changes were made, and Mr. Nicolay, who was to be the President's private secretary, made the corrected copy in a fair hand, which Mr. Lincoln was to read. Mr. Nicolay corrected another copy, which was furnished to the press for publication and is now in my possession.

Mr. Seward had, from the moment that his offered services as Secretary of State were accepted, acted as chief of the incoming Administration, and undertook to have a voice in the appointment of his associates. Mr. Lincoln, however, was determined to make his own selections. The great contest was for the Treasury Department, the Pennsylvania Republicans urging the appointment of Simon Cameron, while Eastern and New York Republicans preferred Salmon P. Chase. Ohio was not united in the support of Mr. Chase, but he finally received the appointment, Mr. Cameron going into the War Department, and Mr. Gideon Welles, of Connecticut, receiving the Navy Department on the recommendation of Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin, who was requested to select some one for that position. The Blair interest was recognized by the appointment of Montgomery Blair as Postmaster-General, while Edward Bates, of Missouri, whose name had been mentioned as the Presidential candidate in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, was made Attorney-General. The Interior Department was given to Caleb W. Smith, of Indiana.

The preparations for the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln were of an unusual character. Many believed that an attempt would be made on that day by the Secessionists to obtain possession of the Government, and great precautions against this were taken, The ostensible director was General Scott, who had his head-quarters at a restaurant near the War Department, and who rode about the city in a low coupé drawn by a powerful horse. But the real director of the military operations was Colonel Stone, of the regular army, who had been organizing the military of the District, and who had a very respectable force at his command. He had a battalion of the United States Engineer Corps directly in the rear of the President's carriage, and sharp-shooters belonging to a German company were posted on buildings all along the route, with orders to keep a vigilant watch as the President's carriage approached, and to fire at any one who might aim a weapon at the President. There was also a large force of detectives stationed along the route and at the Capitol.

The procession was a very creditable one, the United States troops and the District Militia making a fine show, with the Albany Burgess Corps, and a few organizations from a distance. Mr. Lincoln rode with President Buchanan, and, on arriving at the Capitol, entered the Senate Chamber leaning on the old gentleman's arm. After Mr. Hamlin had taken his oath of office as Vice-President, and several new Senators had been sworn in, a procession was formed, as usual, which repaired to the platform erected over the steps of the eastern portico of the Capitol. When Mr. Lincoln came out he was easily distinguished as his tall, gaunt figure rose above those around him.

His personal friend, Senator Baker, of Oregon, introduced him to the assemblage, and as he bowed acknowledgments of the somewhat faint cheers which greeted him the usual genial smile lit up his angular countenance. He was evidently somewhat perplexed, just then, to know what to do with his new silk hat and a large gold- headed cane. The cane he put under the table, but the hat appeared to be too good to place on the rough boards. Senator Douglas saw the embarrassment of his old friend, and, rising, took the shining hat from its bothered owner and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address. Mr. Lincoln was listened to with great eagerness. He evidently desired to convince the multitude before him rather than to bewilder or dazzle them. It was evident that he honestly believed every word that he spoke, especially the concluding paragraphs, one of which I copy from the original print:

"»I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. »The mystic chords of memory which stretch from every battle-field and patriot grave to every loved heart and hearthstone, all over our broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Having closed his address, Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the White House, where he received the public for an hour, after which the doors were closed. The new Administration was thus successfully launched, and the Secretaries went to work to see what remained in the National coffers, arsenals, navy yards, and armories. The most important public measures were decided by Mr. Lincoln and one or two of his Cabinet officers without consultation with the others. Indeed, as hostilities approached, each member of the Cabinet was too busily engaged with his own official duties to discuss those of his colleagues, and Mr. Seward never wanted any criticism on his management of diplomatic affairs, any more than Mr. Cameron or Mr. Welles tolerated interference with the conduct of the war.

[Facsimile] Your friend as ever A. Lincoln ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12th, 1809; was in early life a farmer, a boatman, and a land surveyor, after which he studied law and practiced at Springfield, Illinois; was a Representative from Illinois to Congress, 1847-1849; was an unsuccessful candidate for United States Senator, in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858; was elected President of the United States in 1860 as a Republican, and was inaugurated March 4th,1861; issued the first call for troops April 15th, 1861, and the Proclamation of Emancipation January 1st, 1863; was re-elected President in 1864, and was again inaugurated March 4th, 1865; was assassinated April 14th, and died April 15th, 1865; he was buried at Springfield, Illinois.

CHAPTER VI. THE STORM BURSTS.

Washington City presented a strange spectacle during the first month after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. Many of the Southern sojourners had gone to their respective States, while others, some of them holding important civil, military, and naval positions, remained, truculent and defiant, to place every obstacle in the way of coercion by the Federal Government. The North sent an army of office-seekers to the metropolis, and Mr. Lincoln was forced to listen to the demands of men who had made political speeches, or who had commanded companies of "Wide-Awakes," and who now demanded lucrative offices in return.

Among other officers of the army who resigned their commissions was Colonel Robert E. Lee, who

was sent for by General Scott, and asked point-blank whether he intended to resign with those officers who proposed to take part with their respective states, or to remain in the service of the Union. Colonel Lee made no reply, whereupon "Old Chapultepec" came directly to the point, saying, "I suppose you will go with the rest. If your purpose is to resign, it is proper you should do so at once. Your present attitude is an equivocal one." "General," Colonel Lee then answered, "the property belonging to my children, all that they possess, lies in Virginia. They will be ruined if they do not go with their State. I cannot raise my hand against my children." General Scott then signified that he had nothing further to say. Colonel Lee, with a respectful bow, withdrew, and the next morning tendered his resignation, which was accepted five days afterward. Between the interview and the acceptance of Colonel Lee's resignation, General Shiras was sitting in the room of Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, when Colonel Lee came in and walked up to the side of the table opposite to that at which General Thomas was sitting, saying: "General Thomas, I am told you said I was a traitor." General Thomas arose, and looking him in the eye, replied, "I have said so; do you wish to know on what authority?" "Yes," said Colonel Lee. "Well, on the authority of General Scott." Colonel Lee muttered, "There must be some mistake," turned on his heel, and left the room.

The long expected crisis came at last. Seven thousand armed Confederates attacked the seventy Union soldiers who garrisoned Fort Sumter, and forced them to haul down the stars and stripes on the 11th of April, 1861. Four days afterward President Lincoln issued his proclamation, calling for seventy-five thousand militiamen, "to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured." This proclamation was flashed over the wires throughout the Northern States, like the fiery cross of Rhoderick Dhu, which summoned his clansmen to their rendezvous, and it was everywhere received with the beating of drums and the ringing notes of the bugle, calling the defenders of the capital to their colors. Every city and hamlet had its flag-raising, while its enthusiasm was unbounded. Here and there a newspaper ventured to apologize for the South, but the editor would soon be forced by a mob to display the stars and stripes, amid the cheers and the shouts of those assembled.

The North proved itself ready for the emergency. The arguments of Daniel Webster against the right of secession, which, when delivered by him, were regarded by many as mere topics for the display of political eloquence, had fixed the opinion of the North, and there was a general uprising for the defense of the capital and the old flag. Even the Abolitionists, who had denounced the Union, the Constitution, the national ensign, and its martial defenders, seriously entered into the military movements, as they saw in the exercise of the war power the long desired panacea for the faults of slavery. Those who had jeered at the Southern threats of disunion as empty bluster, and at the Northern conservatives as cowardly doughfaces, became zealous Union men, although it must be confessed that very few of them took their lives in their hands and actually went to the front. The raising of troops went forward with a bound, and the wildest excitement and enthusiasm attended the departure of regiments for the seat of war. The seriousness of the emergency was not overlooked, but high above that consideration rose the tide of patriotic feeling, and swept all obstacles before it.

The first troops to arrive at the National Capital were four companies of unarmed and ununiformed Pennsylvanians, who came from the mining districts, expecting to find uniforms, arms, and equipments on their arrival at Washington. Stones were thrown at them as they marched through Baltimore to take the cars for Washington, where they were received at the station by Captain McDowell, of the Adjutant-General's department, who escorted them to the Capitol, where arrangements had been made for quartering them temporarily in the hall of the House of Representatives. The sun was just setting over the Virginia hills as the little column ascended the broad steps of the eastern portico and entered the rotunda, through which they marched. With one of the companies was the customary colored attendant, whose duty it was on parade to carry the target or a pail of ice-water. He had been struck on the head in Baltimore, and had received a scalp wound, over which he had placed his handkerchief, and then drawn his cap down tight over it. When Nick Biddle (for that was his name), entered the rotunda, he appeared to think he was safe, and took off his cap, with the handkerchief saturated with blood, which dripped from it and marked his path into the hall of the House of Representatives. It was the first blood of the war.

The next day came the old Massachusetts Sixth, which had been shot at and stoned as it passed through Baltimore, and which returned the fire with fatal effect. The Sixth was quartered in the Senate wing of the Capitol. Colonel Jones occupied the Vice-President's chair in the Senate Chamber, his colors hanging over his head from the reporters' gallery. At the clerk's desk before him, Adjutant Farr and Paymaster Plaisted were busy with their evening reports, while Major Watson, with Quartermaster Munroe were seeing that the companies were distributed in the various corridors and obtaining their rations. After a four-and-twenty hours' fast the men had each one ration of bacon, bread, and coffee, which they had to prepare at the furnace fires in the basements. The moment hunger was appeased the cushioned seats in the galleries were occupied by those fortunate enough to obtain such luxurious

sleeping accommodations, while others "bunked" on the tile floors, with their knapsacks for pillows, and wrapped in their blankets. Stationery was provided from the committee-rooms, and every Senator's desk was occupied by a "bould sojer boy," inditing an epistle to his friends.

That night the censorship of the press was exercised for the first time at the telegraph office. Colonel Stone had seized the steamers which ran between Washington and Aquia Creek, and another steamer, the St. Nicholas, which had been loaded with flour and other stores, ostensibly for Norfolk, but which he believed would have gone no further down the river than Alexandria, where they would have been turned over to the Confederate quartermaster's department. Colonel Stone, believing that this seizure should be kept quiet, obtained from Secretary Cameron an order to seize the telegraph and to prevent the transmission of any messages which were not of a strictly private nature. When the correspondents wished to telegraph the lists of the dead and wounded of the Massachusetts Sixth they found a squad of the National Rifles in possession of the office, with orders to permit the transmission of no messages. Hastening to head-quarters, they found Colonel Stone, but he told them that he had no discretion in the matter.

The correspondents then drove to the house of Secretary Seward. The Secretary of State received them very cordially, and would neither admit nor deny that he had advised the censorship of the press. He said, however, in his semi-jocular way, "The affair at Baltimore to-day was only a local outbreak, for which the regimental officers, who had ridden through the city in a car, leaving some of the companies to follow on foot without a commander, were responsible. To send your accounts of the killed and wounded," said Mr. Seward, "would only influence public sentiment, and be an obstacle in the path of reconciliation." Then, having offered his visitors refreshments, which were declined, he bowed them out. They returned to the telegraph office, where their wrath was mollified by learning that the wires had all been cut in Baltimore. It was nearly a week before telegraphic communication was re-established between Washington and the loyal North, but thenceforth, until the close of the war, a censorship of press dispatches was kept up, at once exasperating and of little real use.

Meanwhile a general uprising was going on. Young Ellsworth, who had accompanied Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, in the hope of being placed at the head of a bureau of militia in the War Department, had gone to New York and raised, in an incredibly small space of time, a regiment composed almost exclusively of the members of the Volunteer Fire Department, which stimulated the organization of other commands. Rhode Island sent a regiment, under the command of Colonel Burnside, composed of skilled mechanics, gentlemen possessing independent fortunes, and active business men, all wearing plain service uniforms.

Communication with Washington was re-opened by General Butler, who, finding that the bridges between the Susquehanna River and the city of Baltimore had been burned, went on the steam ferry-boat from Havre de Grace around to Annapolis at the head of the Massachusetts Eighth. On their arrival at Annapolis it was found that the sympathizers with secession had partially destroyed the railroad leading to Washington, and had taken away every locomotive with the exception of one, which they had dismantled. It so happened that a young mechanic, who had aided in building this very engine, was in the ranks of the Massachusetts Eighth, and he soon had it in running order, while the regiment, advancing on the railroad, fished up from the ditches on either side the rails which had been thrown there, and restored them to their places. They thus rebuilt the road and provided it with an engine, so that when the New York Seventh arrived it was a comparative easy matter for it to proceed to the national metropolis.

Meanwhile, Washington City had been for several days without hearing from the loyal North. At night the camp-fires of the Confederates, who were assembling in force, could be seen on the southern bank of the Potomac, and it was not uncommon to meet on Pennsylvania Avenue a defiant Southerner openly wearing a large Virginia or South Carolina secession badge. The exodus of clerks from the department continued, and they would not say good-bye, but *au revoir*, as they confidently expected that they would be back again triumphant within a month. An eloquent clergyman, who was among those who went to Richmond, left behind him, in the cellar of his house, a favorite cat, with what he judged would be a three weeks' supply of water and provisions, so confident was he that President Davis would, within that time, occupy the White House.

One of the largest, the best equipped, and the best drilled of the volunteer regiments that came pouring into Washington when the communication was re-opened was the New York Fire Zouaves, commanded by Colonel Ellsworth. A hardy set of fellows, trained to fight fire, they professed great anxiety to meet the Confederates in hostile array, and they were very proud of their boyish commander. President Lincoln took a great interest in Colonel Ellsworth, and when Virginia formally seceded, he obtained from Secretary Cameron an order for the New York Fire Zouaves and the First Michigan Infantry to occupy Alexandria. They went on the ferry-boats, very early in the morning on Friday, May 24th, escorted by the war steamer Pawnee, and occupied the old borough without opposition.

No sooner were the troops on shore, than Colonel Ellsworth, taking half a dozen of his men, went to the Marshall House, over the roof of which floated a large Confederate flag, which had been visible with a glass from the window of Mr. Lincoln's private office. Entering the public room of the hotel, he inquired of a man there whether he was the proprietor, and being answered in the negative, he took one private with him, and ran up-stairs. Going out on the roof, Ellsworth secured the flag, and as he was descending, James William Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, came from his room, armed with a double-barreled shot-gun. "I have the first prize," said Ellsworth, to which Jackson responded, "And I the second," at the same time firing at him with fatal effect. Before he could fire the second barrel, Private Brownell shot him dead, and as he fell, pinned him to the floor with the sword-bayonet on his rifle. Colonel Ellsworth's remains were taken to Washington, where President Lincoln visited them, exclaiming, as he gazed on the lifeless features: "My boy! my boy! was it necessary this sacrifice should be made!"

[Facsimile] E. E. Ellsworth EPHRAIM ELMER ELLSWORTH, born at Mechanicsville, Saratoga County, New York, in 1837; removed to Chicago before he was of age, and studied law; in 1859, organized his Zouave corps, noted for the excellence of its discipline, and gave exhibition drills in the chief Eastern cities. On the opening of hostilities, raised a regiment, known as the New York Fire Zouaves; was sent to Alexandria on Friday morning, May 24th, 1861, when he was killed in the Marshall House. He was buried in the cemetery of his native place.

CHAPTER VII. "ON TO RICHMOND."

Mr. Lincoln having called a special session of Congress, the two Houses met on the 4th of July, 1861. There were many vacant seats, but some of those who sympathized with the South lingered that they might throw obstacles before any attempt at coercion. Meanwhile the Abolitionists, who feared a compromise and a reconciliation, echoed the shout "On to Richmond!" The "Grand Army of the Union," hastily organized into brigades and divisions, was placed under the command of General Irwin McDowell, a gallant soldier, entirely destitute in the experience of handling large bodies of men. The troops thus brigaded had never even been manoeuvred together, nor had their commander any personal knowledge of many of the officers or men. But the politicians at the Capitol insisted on an immediate advance. They saw with admiration the gallant appearance of the well-equipped regiments that were to compose the advancing column, and they believed, or professed to believe, that it could easily march "On to Richmond!"

On Sunday, July 21st, 1861, the "Grand Army of the Union" began its forward march. The sun rose in a cloudless sky, and the advancing columns of Union soldiers, with glistening bayonets and gay flags, moved with measured tread through the primeval forests of the Old Dominion, apparently as resistless as the sweep of destiny. Meanwhile there drove out from Washington to General McDowell's headquarters a crowd of Congressmen, correspondents, contractors, and camp-followers, who had come in a variety of vehicles to witness the fight, as they would have gone to see a horse-race or to witness a Fourth of July procession. The Congressmen did not hesitate to intrude themselves upon General McDowell, and to offer him their advice. Others, unpacking baskets of provisions, enjoyed their lunches after the cannonading had commenced.

There was brave fighting on both sides in the Bull Run Valley, which became like a boiling crater, from which arose dense clouds of dust and smoke. At one time General Bee, well-nigh overwhelmed, greeted General Thomas J. Jackson with the exclamation, "General, they are beating us back!" To which the latter replied promptly, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet." General Bee immediately rallied his over-tasked troops, saying "There is Jackson with his Virginians, standing like a stone wall. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer." From that day General Jackson was known by the soldiers on both sides as "Stonewall" Jackson.

The arrival of the force commanded by General Joe Johnston, which General Patterson had failed to hold in check, and the presence of President Jefferson Davis, inspired the Confederate troops with superhuman courage, while the Union regiments, badly officered, followed the example of the New York Zouaves, and fled in wild disorder. The panic became general, and disorder soon degenerated into a disgraceful retreat. The Confederates, however, found themselves in no condition to follow up the victory which they had gained, and to press on to Washington.

The rout of Bull Run, while it was a severe rebuke to the politicians who had forced it, secured the support of every loyal man in the Northern States for the Union cause, whatever his previous political convictions might have been. Practical issues were presented, and every man able to bear arms or to contribute money was animated by the sentiment uttered by Stephen A. Douglas in his last public speech, when he said: "The conspiracy is now known; armies have been raised; war is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question: every man must be for the United States or

against it. There can be no neutrals in this war—only Republicans or traitors."

The week after the Battle of Bull Run, Senator Breckinridge, who had retained his seat, made an appeal for the cessation of hostilities, speaking eloquently of the horrors of war, the cost of maintaining armies, the dangers of military despotism, and the impossibility of ever subjugating the South. He pleaded for peace with the rebels, and from the event of the great battle near Manassas he drew an augury of defeat to the cause of the Government on future battlefields.

Senator Baker was on the floor of the Senate for the first time in many days, having just come to Washington with his California Regiment, whom he had been busily engaged in organizing in Philadelphia and elsewhere, and at whose head he fell. The white-haired but vigorous and active Senator listened attentively to the sentiments and predictions of Breckinridge, pacing the Senate floor back and forth with his eyes fastened on him, and now and then chafing with visible impatience to reply. At length Breckinridge ceased, and Baker took the floor, and proceeded, with a skillful and unsparing hand, to dissect the sophistry and falsehood of the treason that had just been uttered.

"Sir," said he in conclusion, "it is not a question of men or of money. All the money, all the men, are, in our judgment, well bestowed in such a cause. Knowing their value well, we give them with the more pride and the more joy. But how could we retreat? How could we make peace? Upon what terms? Where is to be your boundary line? Where the end of the principles we shall have to give up? What will become of public liberties? What of past glories? What of future hopes? Shall we sink into the insignificance of the grave—a degraded, defeated, emasculated people, frightened by the results of one battle, and scared at the vision raised by the imagination of the Senator from Kentucky upon the floor? No, sir! a thousand times, no, sir! We will rally the people—the loyal people of the whole country. They will pour forth their treasure, their money, their men, without stint, without measure. Shall one battle determine the fate of empire, or a dozen—the loss of one thousand men or twenty thousand, or one hundred million or five hundred millions of dollars? In a year's peace—in ten years, at most, of peaceful progress—we can restore them all. There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection. There will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessaries of life. When that is said, all is said. If we have the country, the whole country, the Union, the Constitution—free government— with these there will return all the blessings of well-ordered civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and of glory, such as, in the olden time, our fathers saw in the dim visions of years yet to come, and such as would have been ours now, to-day, if it had not been for the treason for which the Senator too often seeks to apologize." The orator took his seat after this lofty and impassioned appeal, little dreaming that he would be one of the first to fulfill his own prophecy.

Preparations for the war were now made in good earnest. Regiments were recruited for three years, and, on their arrival at Washington, were carefully inspected and organized into brigades and divisions, and officered by men of ability and military experience. Other forces were organized at the West, and the Administration of President Lincoln displayed remarkable energy in equipping the armies which were to act in different sections of the country, and in raising money for their support.

General George B. McClellan, when he assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, was the beau ideal of a dragoon leader. His legs, like those of General Taylor, were short in proportion to his body, so that he appeared to be small in stature when on foot, but, when mounted on his favorite charger, he looked as tall, if not taller, than those around him. He possessed a good head, firmly planted on a sturdy neck, upon ample shoulders. He wore his hair cut short and his cheeks and massive jaw-bones shaven clean, while a well- shapen moustache gave dignity to his features. His complexion was ruddy, his eyes blue, and the lines of his mouth indicated good- humor and firmness in about equal proportions. His dress was plain, with the least possible insignia of rank, and his headquarters at the residence of Commodore Wilkes, long occupied by Mrs. Madison, was always thronged with visitors. His confidential aides were regular officers trained in many a hard campaign, and he had at his side, in his father-in-law, Colonel R. B. Marcy, of the army, an experienced military counselor.

When Lieutenant-General Scott, after having resigned his command, was about to leave Washington for West Point, his young successor called upon him to say good-bye, and they had a long conference. At its conclusion the old hero of three wars, said: "General, do not allow yourself to be entangled by men who do not comprehend this question. Carry out your own ideas, act upon your own judgment, and you will conquer, and the Government will be vindicated. God bless you!" General McClellan, who was then eulogized as a second Napoleon, soon found himself "embarrassed" by men who feared that he might become President if he conquered peace. He was also impressed with this Presidential idea by pretended friends who had fastened themselves upon him, and "between two stools he fell to the ground."

The surrender of Mason and Slidell to the English Government, after their capture by one of our war

vessels, was a sad sacrifice, and many at Washington were of the opinion that they should have been retained at every hazard. Some suggested an international arbitration, but President Lincoln, fortified by the advice of Charles Sumner and Caleb Cushing, saw plainly that the submission of the case to arbitration would be equivalent to a surrender. Secretary Seward, in his communication to Lord Lyons, the British Minister, which the President revised before it was sent, said, in the most emphatic terms, that international law, particularly the American intent of it, as recorded in all our policy that has become historic, was against us. He said: "This Government could not deny the justice of the claim presented. We are asked to do by the British nation just what we have always insisted of nations before to do to us."

Mr. Sumner came gallantly to Mr. Seward's rescue, and made a long speech in the Senate before crowded galleries, showing that the seizure of Mason and Slidell on board of a neutral ship could not be justified according to our best American precedents. "Mr. President," said he, in his deep-toned voice, "let the rebels go. Two wicked men, ungrateful to their country, are let loose with the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. Prison doors are opened, but principles are established which will help to free other men, and to open the gates of the sea. Amidst all present excitement," said Mr. Sumner, in conclusion, "amidst all present trials, it only remains for us to uphold the constant policy of the Republic, and stand fast on the ancient ways."

Meanwhile General McClellan was organizing the large forces sent for the defense of Washington, and several distinguished foreigners, who in turn visited the metropolis, expressed great surprise and admiration at the wonderful rapidity with which so many men and so much *materiel* had been collected, affording striking evidence of the martial capabilities of the American people.

The unfortunate engagement at Ball's Bluff, where Colonel Baker and many brave Union officers and soldiers were killed, while others were sent as prisoners to Richmond, had rather a dispiriting effect on the President. Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Baker had attended the same school, joined in the same boyish sports, and when they had grown to manhood their intimacy had ripened into ardent friendship. Mr. Lincoln had watched with admiration the success of his friend Baker at the Illinois bar, as a Whig Representative in Congress, as an officer in the Mexican War, and then—transplanted to the Pacific coast—as a deliverer of a panegyric over the body of the murdered Broderick, that was one of the greatest exhibitions of fervid eloquence ever seen or heard on this continent.

Coming to Washington as United States Senator from Oregon, Colonel Baker gave a powerful support to the Union cause and to the Lincoln Administration. He was one of the first Northern politicians to take the field, and he was promised by President Lincoln a high military command if he could, by winning a victory, demonstrate his ability as a general. He entered upon his new military career with his characteristic energy, but Mr. Lincoln, instead of promoting him, was soon called upon to mourn his untimely death.

[Facsimile] H Hamlin HANNIBAL HAMLIN was born at Paris, Maine, August 27th, 1809; was a Representative from Maine, 1843-1847; was United States Senator, 1848-1857, when he resigned to act as Governor; was again United States Senator, 1857-1861, when he resigned, having been elected Vice-President on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln; was Collector of the Port of Boston, 1865-1866, when he resigned; was again United States Senator, 1869-1881.

CHAPTER VIII. WASHINGTON A VAST GARRISON.

When Congress met on the first Monday in December, 1861, Washington was a vast citadel. A cordon of forts completely encircled it on the commanding heights, each one armed, provisioned, and garrisoned. On the large plain east of the Capitol and on the south side of the Potomac were encamped large bodies of troops. Regiments were constantly on the march through the city. Long wagon trains laden with provisions or ammunition were dragged through the mud of the then unpaved streets. Mounted orderlies galloped to and fro, bearing returns, requisitions, and despatches. The old flag was hoisted in every direction at sunrise, and lowered when the evening gun was fired, while the music of bands and the shrill notes of drums and fifes rang forth the "music of the Union."

An amusing sight was frequently enjoyed when newly formed regiments arrived. They usually came with the glowing colors of new equipments, and the vigorous zeal of newly organized drum and fife corps, if not, indeed, of a full band. A richly dressed drum-major generally marched at the head of these displays, and his gaudy uniform, bearskin shako with its plume, glittering baton, with its incessant twirling and rhythmical movement, excited the greatest enthusiasm and admiration among the throngs of observing negroes. To them the *tambour major* was by far the greatest soldier of the day.

For miles in every direction the country was picketed, and martial law was rigidly enforced. All persons going toward the front must be provided with passes, which were very closely scrutinized at

every picket-post. In times of special peril those moving northward underwent the same ordeal. War, with all its severities and horrors, was continually at the doors of those who dwelt in Washington.

Congress, for the first time since the seat of Government was removed to Washington from Philadelphia, occupied an entirely subordinate position, and it might well be said the "*inter arma silent leges*"—laws are silent in the midst of armies. It was not long, however, before the Senators and Representatives reasserted their authority. Simon Cameron's report as Secretary of War, as originally prepared, printed, and sent over the country for publication, took advanced ground on the slavery question. He advocated the emancipation of the slaves in the rebel States, the conversion to the use of the National Government of all property, whether slave or otherwise, belonging to the rebels, and the resort to every military means of suppressing the Rebellion, even the employment of armed negroes.

President Lincoln, at the instance of Secretary Seward and General McClellan, declined to accept these anti-slavery views from his subordinate, and ordered the return of the advance copies distributed for revision and amendment. It happened, however, that several newspapers had published the report as originally written. When they republished it, as modified, the public had the benefit of both versions. The President struck out all that Secretary Cameron had written on the slavery question, and substituted a single paragraph which was self-evidently from the Presidential pen. The speculations of the Secretary as to the propriety of arming the negroes were canceled, and we were simply told that it would be impolitic for the escaped slaves of rebels to be returned again to be used against us. Secretary Chase sustained Secretary Cameron, but Secretary Seward, the former champion of higher law and abolitionism, was so conservative at this crisis of the great struggle between freedom and slavery, as to disgruntle many ardent supporters of the principles of which he had once assumed to be the champion.

When Congress assembled there were many vacant seats at either end of the Capitol. In the Senate Chamber ten States of the thirty- six were unrepresented, and the Virginia nominally represented was that portion of the Old Dominion within the range of Union cannon. Vice-President Hamlin, who presided, was one of the Democrats who had gone into the Republican camp. Of medium height, with a massive head, dark complexion, cleanly shaven face, he was ever prompt and diligent in the transaction of business. At all seasons of the year he wore a suit of black, with a dress-coat, and could never be persuaded to wear an overcoat, even in the coldest weather. He was noted for his fidelity to political friends, and at Washington he always had their interests at heart.

William Pitt Fessenden, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, was really the leader of the Republican party in the Upper House. He was a statesman of great power and comprehensiveness, who possessed mental energies of the very highest order, and whose logic in debate was like a chain, which his hearers often hated to be confined with, yet knew not how to break. To courage and power in debate he united profound legal knowledge and a very extraordinary aptitude for public business. Originally an ardent Whig, his whole political life had been spent in earnestly opposing the men and measures of the Democratic party, nor did he possess that adaptability of opinion so characteristic of modern politicians. Born and reared in the days when the "giants of the Republic" were living, and to some extent, a contemporary actor in the leading events of the times, he had learned to think for himself, and prefer the individuality of conscientious conviction to the questionable subservience of partisan policy.

Senator Sumner regarded his position as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations as superior to all others in Congress, while he was unquestionably the leader of the Abolition wing of the Republican party. Having been abroad himself, he knew the necessity for having, especially at that time, the country represented by educated gentlemen, and Mr. Seward often found it a difficult matter to persuade him to consent to the appointment of some rural politician to a place of diplomatic importance. Objection was made to one nomination, on the ground that the person was a drunkard, and a leading Senator came one morning before the Committee to refute the charge. He made quite an argument, closing by saying: "No, gentlemen, he is not a drunkard. He may, occasionally, as I do myself, take a glass of wine, but I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, he never gets drunk." Upon this representation the appointment was favorably reported upon and confirmed by the Senate, but it was soon evident that the person was an incorrigible sot, and when it became absolutely necessary to remove him, it leaked out that he had retained and paid the Senator for vouching for his temperate habits.

Senator Wilson, who wielded enormous power as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, had been, before the war, a brigadier- general of militia in Massachusetts. He had raised a three-years' regiment, which he had brought to Washington, but not wishing to take the field, he had resigned the command, and had solicited from General McClellan a position on his staff. When he reported for duty he was ordered to appear the next morning mounted, and accompanied by two other staff officers, in a tour of inspection around the fortifications. Unaccustomed to horsemanship, the ride of thirty miles was

too much for the Senator, who kept his bed for a week, and then resigned his staff position. He performed herculean labors on his Committee, and examined personally the recommendations upon which thousands of appointments had been made. That at times he was prejudiced against those who were opposed to emancipation could not be denied, but he honestly endeavored to have the Union army well officered, well fed, and promptly paid.

The Chairman of the Naval Committee was Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, who mastered the wants and became acquainted with the welfare of that branch of the service, and who urged liberal appropriations for it in a lucid, comprehensive, and vigorous manner. An enemy of all shams, he was a tower of strength for the Administration in the Senate. Then there was bluff Ben Wade, of Ohio, whose honestly was strongly tinged by ambition, and who looked at the contest with the merciless eyes of a gladiator about to close in a death-grip. John Sherman had just been transplanted from the House, Secretary Chase having urged him to remain in the Senate, rather than resign and take the field, as he had wished to. Nye, of Nevada, who sat next to Mr. Sumner, was a native wit of "infinite jest" and most "excellent fancy," who enlivened the Senate with his *bon mots* and genial humor. Trumbull, Harlan, Pomeroy, Lot Morrill, Zach. Chandler, Daniel Clark, Ira Harris, Jacob Collamer, Solomon Foote, Lafayette S. Foster, and David Wilmot were all men of ability. Indeed, the Republican Senators, as a whole, were men of remarkable intelligence, while the fourteen or fifteen Democratic Senators, deprived of their associates who had seceded, found it difficult to make a respectable showing of legislation.

The House, where there were also many vacant seats, elected Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, Speaker. He was a thorough politician and a good presiding officer, possessing the tact, the quickness of perception, and the decision acquired by editorial experience. Thaddeus Stevens was the despotic ruler of the House. No Republican was permitted by "Old Thad" to oppose his imperious will without receiving a tongue-lashing that terrified others if it did not bring the refractory Representative back into party harness. Rising by degrees, as a telescope is pulled out, until he stood in a most ungraceful attitude, his heavy black hair falling down over his cavernous brows, and his cold little eyes twinkling with anger, he would make some ludicrous remark, and then, reaching to his full height, he would lecture the offender against party discipline, sweeping at him with his large, bony right hand, in uncouth gestures, as if he would clutch him and shake him. He would often use invectives, which he took care should never appear printed in the official reports, and John Randolph in his braggart prime was never so imperiously insulting as was Mr. Stevens toward those whose political action he controlled. He was firm believer in the old maxim ascribed to the Jesuits, "The end justifies the means," and, while he set morality at defiance, he was an early and a zealous champion of the equality of the black and the white races.

There were many able men among the Republican Representatives. Dawes, of Massachusetts, had acquired a deserved reputation for honesty, sincerity, and untiring industry. Elihu B. Washburne was an experienced politician and a practical legislator. Sam Hooper was a noble specimen of the Boston merchant, who had always preserved his reputation for exact dealings, and whose liberal charities eclipsed his generous hospitalities. Roscoe Conkling, who had just entered upon the theatre of his future fame, commanded attention by his superb choice of words in debate and by his wonderful felicity of expression and epigrammatic style. Alexander H. Rice reflected honor upon his Boston constituents. John B. Alley was a true representative of the industrial interests and anti-slavery sentiments of old Essex. William D. Kelley was on the threshold of a long career of parliamentary usefulness, and Edward McPherson, a man of facts and figures, blindly devoted to his party, was ever ready to spring some ingenious parliamentary trap for the discomfiture of its opponents.

The Democratic opposition was not strong. Among Kentucky's Representatives were the veteran John J. Crittenden, who had so long been kept under the shadow of the representation of Henry Clay, and Charles A. Wickliffe, portly in figure and florid in features, who clung to the ruffled-bosom shirt of his boyhood. Daniel Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," would occasionally launch out in a bold strain of defiance and invective against the measures for the restoration of the Union, in which he would be seconded by Clement L. Vallandingham, of Ohio, and by the facetious S. S. Cox, who then represented an Ohio district.

The Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War was a mischievous organization, which assumed dictatorial powers. Summoning generals before them, and having a phonographer to record every word uttered, they would propound very comprehensive questions. The first question put by them was generally about identical with that which the militia captain, who fell into the cellar-way after an arduous attempt to drill his company, asked a benevolent Quaker lady who rushed forward to express her sympathy, as he struggled to extricate himself: "What do you know about war?" If the general in hand was a political brigadier or major-general, who had been in the habit before the war of saving his country on the stump, he would proceed to discuss the origin and cure of the Rebellion, greatly to the satisfaction of the Committee, and they would ascertain at once that so far as his principles were concerned, the ought to have commanded the Army of the Potomac. If the general called and

questioned happened to be one of the numerous class who had formed the acquaintance of the green-eyed monster, he entertained the Committee with shocking stories of his superior officers. He scolded and carped and criticised and caviled, told half truths and solid lies, and the august and astute Committee listened with open ears, and the phonographer dotted down every word. So the meanest gossip and slang of the camp was raked into a heap and preserved in official form.

[Facsimile]
BenjWade
BENJAMIN F. WADE was born at Feeding Hills Parish, near Springfield, Massachusetts, October 17th, 1800; removed to Ohio; was United States Senator, 1851-1869, and died at Jefferson, Ohio, March 2d, 1878.

CHAPTER IX. THE METROPOLIS IN TIME OF WAR.

President Lincoln had a bright, spring-like day for his first New Year's reception, and the dignitaries who in turn paid their respects found such a crowd around the door of the White House that they experienced some little inconvenience in reaching the interior. Lord Lyons, of England, and M. Mercier, of France, were prominent among the diplomats, and General McDowell headed the army officers, General McClellan being ill. At noon the public were admitted, order being maintained by the police, who appeared for the first time in uniform. Passing on to the reception-room, the people met and shook hands with the President, near whom stood Mrs. Lincoln, who was attended by the United States Marshal of the District, Colonel Lamon, Captain Darling, chief of the Capitol police, and the President's secretaries. The visitors thence passed to the great East Room, where it was apparent they were unusually numerous, more strangers being present in Washington at the time, perhaps, than ever before. The crowd, indeed, as looked upon by old residents, appeared to present new faces almost entirely. The general scene was brilliant and animating, and the whole was enlivened, as usual, by strains of the Marine Band, which was stationed in the vestibule. By two o'clock the promenaders generally had departed by means of a platform for egress, constructed through one of the large windows at the front of the mansion.

The Abolitionists were greatly disappointed because there had not been any insurrectionary movements among the slaves at the South, which had been looked for at the Christmas holidays, and they then increased their exertions to make Mr. Lincoln issue a proclamation abolishing slavery. At the twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held at Boston, in January, 1862, Wendell Phillips, with a sneer, expressed himself thus: "Mr. Seward had predicted that the war would be over in ninety days, but he didn't believe, as things were going, it would be over in ninety years. He believed Lincoln was honest, but as a pint-pot may be full, and yet not be so full as a quart, so there is a vast difference between the honesty of a small man and the honesty of a statesman."

There was an imposing parade through the streets of a new arm of the military service, a battalion or regiment of mounted lancers. The men carried lances about twelve feet long, held upright as they rode, and having black staffs and bright spear heads, something like the sword bayonet, though only about half as long. This corps was under the command of Colonel Rush, of Pennsylvania. Each horseman bore a small red flag on the top of his lance, and the novelty of the display attracted much attention, though the spectators, not greatly impressed with the effectiveness of the weapon with which the corps was armed, gave them the sobriquet "Turkey Drivers," which stuck to them ever afterward.

President Lincoln had a pet scheme during the war for establishing a colony of contrabands at the Chiriqui Lagoon, with a new transit route across the Isthmus to the harbor of Golfito, on the Pacific. The first company of emigrants, composed of freeborn negroes and liberated slaves, was organized, under President Lincoln's personal supervision, by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, and would have started, but the diplomatic representative of Costa Rica protested. Negro settlers, he said, would be welcomed in the province of Chiriqui, but such a colony as it was proposed to establish would necessarily be under the protection of the United States, and grave difficulties might ensue. Besides, such a colony would almost invite an attack from the Confederates, then quite powerful, who would seek their slaves, and who would regard a negro colony with especial aversion.

Mr. Lincoln regretted this fiasco, as negro colonization was his favorite panacea for the national troubles. He again and again declared that the continuance of the African race in the United States could but be injurious to both blacks and whites, and that the expatriation and colonization of the negro was a political necessity. Those who had zealously opposed slavery and who had regarded the war as securing the freedom of the negroes, combated the President's scheme. They insisted that the blacks had a right to remain in the land of their birth, and declared that expatriation, as a measure of political economy, would be fatal to the prosperity of the country, for it would drive away a large amount of

productive labor. A colony was subsequently taken to one of the West India Islands, but it was a miserable failure, and the colonists, after great suffering, were brought back.

The scandals concerning army contracts enabled the Abolitionists to secure the transfer of Simon Cameron from the War Department to the Russian Mission, and the appointment of Edwin M. Stanton in his place. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Cameron is entitled to great credit for the energy and skill with which he managed the War Office from March, 1861, until February, 1862. He laid the foundation of that military organization which eventually, under the leadership of Grant and Sherman, crushed the Rebellion and restored the Union. One of the regiments which came to Washington from New York, the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, becoming wretchedly disorganized, he detailed his brother, Colonel James Cameron, to command it. This settled all differences, the Scotchmen remembering the proverb that "The Camerons of Lochiel never proved false to a friend or a foe." In a few weeks, however, Colonel Cameron was killed at the Battle of Bull Run while bravely leading his men against the enemy. The weight of this great calamity fell upon Secretary Cameron at a time when the utmost powers of his mind were being exerted to save Washington from capture. For a brief period it crushed him, but the dangers then surrounding the national cause were too numerous and too threatening to admit of anything but redoubled exertions to avert them. Summoning, therefore, all his fortitude and energy, he for the moment suppressed his intense grief and recommenced his labors. New armies were organized as if by magic, and Washington was saved.

Mr. Stanton's strong will was relied upon by the Abolitionists for the control of General McClellan, who had given some indications of his willingness to restore the Union "as it was," with slavery legalized and protected. While "Little Mac" had become the idol of the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac, which he had thoroughly organized and equipped, he had also provoked the opposition of those in his rear from whom he should have received encouragement and support. Naturally cautious, he hesitated about moving when he knew that if successful he would immediately be crippled by the withdrawal of a portion of his command. A prominent politician, more outspoken than some of them around him, is quoted by General Custer as having said: "It is not on our books that McClellan should take Richmond."

Mr. Stanton had witnessed so much treason while he was a member of Buchanan's Cabinet, that he determined to know exactly what was done by every officer of the army, and one of his first acts was to have news sent over the wires pass through the War Department. Every wire in the country was "tapped" and its contents made a matter of record. Every telegram sent by President Lincoln or the members of his Cabinet to the generals in the field, or received by them from those generals, was put on record at Washington, as were all cipher despatches, deciphered by General Eckert. On one occasion a despatch from General Rufus Ingalls to Senator Nesmith puzzled every one at the War Department except Quartermaster-General Meigs, who was positive that it was Bohemian. Finally an officer who had served on the Pacific coast recognized it as "Chinook," a compound of the English, Chinese, and Indian languages used by the whites in trading with the Chinook Indians. The despatch was a harmless request from General Ingalls to his old friend "Nes." to come and witness an impeding engagement.

A detective system of espionage had been organized by Mr. Seward for the protection of the United States Government against the adherents of the Confederate cause. The reports made by this corps of detectives to the Department of State showed the daring acts of the Southern sympathizers, several of whom were ladies of wealth and fashion. How they watched and waited at official doors till they had bagged the important secret of state they wanted; how they stole military maps from the War Department; how they took copies of official documents; how they smuggled the news of the Government's strength in the linings of honest-looking coats; and how they hid army secrets in the meshes of unsuspected crinoline—all these became familiar facts, almost ceasing to excite remark or surprise. The head of this branch of the service was General Lafayette S. Baker.

Of this band of active and useful plotters, who were constantly engaged playing into the hands of the Confederates under the very shadow of the Capitol, some of the women of Washington were the busiest. The intriguing nature of these dames appears to have found especial delight in forwarding the schemes of the leaders in the movement to overthrow the Washington Government. It mattered not that most of them owed all they possessed of fortune and position to that Federal Government, and to the patronage which, directly or indirectly, they had received from it. This very fact lent a spice of daring to the deed, while an irresistible attraction was furnished in the fact that they were plotting the ruin of a Government which had fallen into the hands of that Northern majority whom, with all the lofty scorn of "patrician" blood, they despised and detested.

Mrs. Rose O. H. Greenhow was the most adroit of the Confederate emissaries. The sister of Mrs. Cutts, mother of Mrs. Douglas, and the widow of a clerk in the State Department, who had written a valuable work on Oregon, her social position gave her remarkable facilities for obtaining information.

Just before the battle of Bull Run she contrived to convey to the enemy news obtained from a New England Senator with regard to the intended movements of the Federals. This communication, in her own opinion, decided the battle. In return she received this despatch from the Confederate Adjutant-General: "Our President and our General direct me to thank you. We rely upon you for further information. The Confederacy owes you a debt."

Mrs. Greenhow's house was finally used as a prison for female spies. The windows looking on the street were boarded up, and a special military guard occupied tents pitched in the garden. Mrs. Greenhow and her pretty daughter Rose were the presiding deities. Then there was Mrs. Phillips, daughter of J. C. Levy, of Charleston, S. C., where she married Philip Phillips, who afterward removed to Mobile and was elected thence to the Thirty-third Congress. Declining a re-election, he remained at Washington City, where he had a lucrative practice before the Supreme Court. Mrs. Phillips, although the mother of nine children, found time to obtain and transmit information to General Beauregard, and after having been closely guarded for awhile, she was permitted to go South on her parole and that of her father, that she would not give "aid or comfort to the enemy."

Mrs. Baxley, Mrs. Hasler, Miss Lilly A. Mackel, Mrs. Levy, and other lady prisoners had all been more or less prominent in Southern society at Washington, and had made trips over the underground railroad between Alexandria and Richmond. Also an English lady, Mrs. Ellena Low, who had been arrested at Boston, with her son, who had crossed the ocean bearing a commission in the Confederate army. Miss E. M. Poole, alias Stewart, had been very successful in carrying contraband information and funds between the two camps, and when arrested the last time there were found concealed on her person seven thousand five hundred dollars of unexpended funds.

Another devoted friend of the Confederates, who resided just outside of the Union lines in Virginia, managed to fascinate General Stoughton, a young West Point cavalry officer, and one evening while he was enjoying her society, during a serenade by a regimental band, he, with his band and orderlies, was surprised and captured, and they were sent as prisoners-of-war to Richmond. "I do not mind losing the brigadier," said Mr. Lincoln, in talking about the capture, "for they are easily made, but there were some twenty horses taken, and they cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece."

[Facsimile]
SimonCameron
SIMON CAMERON was born at Waynesborough, Pennsylvania, March 3d, 1799; learned the art of printing; was Secretary of War under President Lincoln, in 1861, resigning when appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, in 1862; was United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1845-1849, 1857-1861, and 1867-1877, when he resigned, and was succeeded by his son.

CHAPTER X. FASHION, LITERATURE, AND ART.

Washington "society" refused to be comforted. Those within its charmed circle would not visit the White House, or have any intercourse with the members of the Administration. This gave great annoyance to Mr. Seward, who used diplomatic and consular appointments, commissions, and contracts unsparingly for the purchase of a friendly feeling. At his urgent solicitation the President consented to an evening reception at the White House, by invitation. "I don't fancy this pass business," said the President, good- naturedly, but the metropolitan practicians could not refrain from applying for them. The evening of February 5th, 1862, found the court-yard of the White House filled with carriages and ambulances bringing "fair women and brave men."

The President and Mrs. Lincoln received their guests in the East Room, where he towered above all around him, and had a pleasant word for those he knew. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in a white satin dress with a low neck and short sleeves. It was trimmed with black lace flounces, which were looped up with knots of ribbon, and she wore a floral head-dress, which was not very becoming. Near her was her eldest son, Mr. Robert Lincoln (known as the Prince of Rails), and Mr. John Hay, the President's intellectual private secretary. In addition to the East Room, the Red, Green, and Blue Parlors (so named from the color of their paper-hangings and the furniture) were open, and were ornamented with a profusion of rare exotics, while the Marine Band, stationed in the corridor, discoursed fine music.

Mr. Seward was in his element, escorting, as in duty bound, the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps. Mr. Chase, the dignified and statesman-like Secretary of the Treasury, seemed to have forgotten for the moment that his coffers were "short." Mr. Stanton, vigorous and thoughtful, was the object of much attention, and the patriarchal locks and beard of the not over-scintillant Secretary of the Navy were, of course, a feature. The other members of the Cabinet were present, as were Justices Clifford, Wayne, and Grier, of the Supreme Court.

Senator Sumner, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, was the centre of a diplomatic circle, where all of the "great powers," and some of the smaller ones, were represented. Ladies from the rural districts were disappointed in not seeing the gorgeous court costumes, having forgotten that our court-dress is the undertaker-like suit of black broadcloth so generally worn. But they gazed with admiration upon the broad ribbons and jeweled badges worn on the breasts of the Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor, Knights of the Bath, etc., "with distinguished consideration." Vice-President Hamlin might have called the Senate to order and had more than a quorum of members present, who, like himself, had their wives here to cheer their labors. Mr. Speaker Grow could not see around him so large a proportion of the "Lower House," but there was—so a Kentucky lady said—"a right smart chance of Representatives."

General McClellan, in full uniform, looked finely. Among his staff officers were the French Princes, each wearing a captain's uniform. The Comte de Paris was tall and very handsome, while the Duc du Chartres was taller, thinner, less handsome than his brother. Both were remarkably cordial and affable, and, as they spoke English perfectly, they enjoyed the gay scene. General Fremont, in a plain undress suit, seemed rather downcast, although his devoted wife, "Jessie," more than made up for his moodiness by her animated and vivacious conversation. There were, besides Generals McDowell, Stone, Heintzelman, Blenker, Hancock, Hooker, Keyes, Doubleday, Casey, Shields, and Marcy, with Captain Dahlgren and the Prince Salm-Salm. Of those present many fought, and some fell, on the various fields of the next three dreadful years. There were others who were destined to do their duty and yet be mistaken and defrauded of their just inheritance of glory. Such was the fortune of war.

An incident of the evening was the presentation of General Fremont to General McClellan by President Lincoln. General Fremont was in the hall, evidently about to leave, as Mrs. Fremont had her shawl on, and Senator Sumner was escorting her toward the door, when the President went after them, and soon turned toward the East Room, with the Pathfinder at his side, Senator Sumner and Mrs. Fremont following. The presentation was made, and a few remarks were exchanged by the Generals, two men who were destined to exert a marked influence on the future destiny of the nation.

A magnificent supper had been provided in the state dining-room by Maillard, of New York, but when the hour of eleven came, and the door should have been opened, the flustered steward had lost the key, so that there was a hungry crowd waiting anxiously outside the unyielding portal. Then the irrepressible humor of the American people broke forth—that grim humor which carried them through the subsequent misery. "I am in favor of a forward movement!" one would exclaim. "An advance to the front is only retarded by the imbecility of commanders," said another, quoting a speech just made in Congress. To all this General McClellan, himself modestly struggling with the crowd, laughed as heartily as anybody. Finally the key was found, the door opened, and the crowd fed.

The table was decorated with large pieces of ornamental confectionery, the centre object representing the steamer "Union," armed and bearing the "Stars and Stripes." On a side table was a model of Fort Sumter, also in sugar, and provisioned with game. After supper promenading was resumed, and it was three o'clock ere the guests departed. The entertainment was pronounced a decided success, but it was compared to the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels, the night before Waterloo. People parted there never to meet again. Many a poor fellow took his leave that night of festivity forever, the band playing, as he left, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The Abolitionists throughout the country were merciless in their criticisms of the President and Mrs. Lincoln for giving this reception when the soldiers of the Union were in cheerless bivouacs or comfortless hospitals, and a Philadelphia poet wrote a scandalous ode on the occasion, entitled "The Queen Must Dance."

There was no dancing, nor was it generally known that after the invitations had been issued Mrs. Lincoln's children sickened, and she had been up the two nights previous to the reception watching with them. Both the President and Mrs. Lincoln left the gay throng several times to go up and see their darling Willie, who passed away a fortnight afterward. He was a fine-looking lad, eleven years of age, whose intelligence and vivacity made him a general favorite. Some of his exercises in literary composition had been so creditable that his father had permitted their publication. This bereavement made Mr. Lincoln and his wife very indulgent toward their youngest son, who thenceforth imperiously ruled at the White House.

Washington City profited by its encircling garrison of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and its population of civilians increased wonderfully. Previously the crowds of people who had flooded Washington at inauguration ceremonies, or during the sessions of Congress, had been of the quick-come, quick-go character almost exclusively. They had added nothing to the general business of the city, stopping altogether at hotels, and making no investments in the way of purchases. Even Congressmen had latterly very seldom brought their families to the Federal capital. But the

representatives of the military power formed another class of citizens entirely. Unlike the representatives of the legislative power, who had treated their quarters in Washington as mere "tents of a night," the army had taken all the vacant houses in Washington. The fears of a bombardment by the rebels on the Potomac had the effect of keeping up prices of provisions and everything else. The residents of Washington experienced the evils of living in a non-manufacturing and non-producing country. The single-track railway to Baltimore was over-loaded by the army, and the freight depot in the city was crammed and piled with stuff of every description that it presented the appearance of about five hundred Noah's arks suddenly tumbled into a conglomerated heap.

With the army and its camp-followers, there came a number of *literati* to accept clerical positions in the Departments. At the Treasury one could see the veteran Dr. Pierpont, George Wood, O'Connor, Piatt, Chilton, and Dr. Elder, all hopefully engaged in signing, cutting, or recording Government notes and bonds. Entering the library of the State Department, one saw J. C. Derby, so long in the front rank of New York publishers, then Mr. Seward's librarian. On Pennsylvania Avenue was Fred Cozzens' store, to which Mr. Sparrowgrass had transported his Catawbas and Cabanas. At the White House one would perhaps meet N. P. Willis in the reception- room, and in Mr. Nicolay's up-stairs sanctum was John Hay, whose *Atlantic* papers were written with such purity of style and feeling at his desk as under-secretary to the President. Then, among women writers, there were Mesdames Don Piatt, Squier, Olmstead, and Kirkland. The Vermont sculptor, Larkin Meade, had his "Green Mountain Boy" on exhibition at a popular bookstore on the Avenue.

With this importation of Northern brains came a desire to hear lectures from prominent men, and Professor Henry was reluctantly induced to grant the use of the lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institution, with a promise that it should be announced that the Institution was not to be held responsible for what might be said. When the first lecture was given, the Rev. John Pierpont, after introducing the lecturer, added: "I am requested by Professor Henry, to announce that the Smithsonian Institution is not responsible for this course of lectures. I do so with pleasure, and desire to add that the Washington Lecture Association is not responsible for the Smithsonian Institution." The satire was appreciated and received with applause. Throughout the course Mr. Pierpont repeated his announcement before each weekly lecture, and no sooner would he say, "I am requested," then the large audience would applaud.

Isaac Newton, of Philadelphia, was placed at the head of the Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office, by President Lincoln, and in due time he became the head of the newly created Department of Agriculture. He was an ignorant, credulous old gentleman, quite rotund around the waistband, with snow-white hair and a mild blue eye. Educated a Quaker, he had accumulated some property by keeping an ice-cream saloon in Philadelphia, and he then established a farm, from which he obtained his supplies of cream. At Washington he was known as "Sir Isaac," and many anecdotes were told at his expense. One year, when the expenditures of his department had been very great, and the Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture called on him to ascertain how he had used up so much money, Sir Isaac spluttered and talked learnedly, and at last concluded by saying: "Yes, sir; the expenses have been very great, exorbitant; indeed, sir, they have exceeded my most sanguine expectations." The Chairman was not satisfied. Looking over Sir Isaac's estimate for the year, it was found he had made requisition for five thousand dollars to purchase two hydraulic rams. "Them, gentlemen," said Sir Isaac, "are said to be the best sheep in Europe. I have seen a gentleman who knows all about them, and we should by all means secure the breed." Some wag had been selling Sir Isaac, and, much to his disgust, the Committee struck out the five-thousand-dollar item.

[Facsimile] S.P.Chase SALMON PORTLAND CHASE was born at Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13th, 1808; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1826; studied law at Washington with William Wirt, supporting himself by teaching school; commenced practice at Cincinnati in 1830; was United States Senator from Ohio, 1849-1853; was Governor of Ohio, 1855-1859; was again United States Senator, March 4th, 1861, and resigned the next day to become Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln, which position he held until he resigned in September, 1864; was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, December 6th, 1864; presided at the impeachment trial of President Johnson in 1866, and died at New York, May 7th, 1873.

CHAPTER XI. THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

With the war came the army correspondents. Dickens had previously introduced Martin Chuzzlewit to "our war correspondent, sir, Mr. Jefferson Brick," several years previously, but the warlike experiences of the redoubtable Mr. Brick were of a purely sedentary character, and his epistles were written at the home office. But Washington was now invaded by a corps of quick-witted, plucky young fellows, able to endure fatigue, brave enough to be under fire, and sufficiently well educated to enable them to dash off a grammatical and picturesque description of a skirmish.

Occasionally, one of them, by eulogizing a general in command, was enabled to go to the front as a gentleman, but generally they were proscribed and hunted out from camps like spies. Secretary Stanton bullied them, established a censorship at Washington, and occasionally imprisoned one, or stopped the publication of the paper with which he corresponded. Halleck denounced them as "unauthorized hangers- on," who should be compelled to work on the entrenchments if they did not leave his lines. General Meade was unnecessarily severe in his treatment of correspondents whose letters were not agreeable to him, although they contained "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The result was that the correspondents were forced to hover around the rear of the armies, gathering up such information as they could, and then ride in haste to the nearest available telegraph station to send off their news. There were honorable and talented exceptions, but the majority of those who called themselves "war correspondents" were mere news- scavengers.

The Washington press was despotically governed during the war. The established censorship was under the direction of men wholly unqualified, and on several occasions the printed editions of influential journals—Republican or Democratic—were seized by Secretary Stanton for having published intelligence which he thought should have been suppressed. Bulletins were issued by the War Department, but they were often incorrect. It was known that the Washington papers, full of military information, were forwarded through the lines daily, yet the censors would not permit paragraphs clipped from those papers to be telegraphed to Boston or Chicago, where they could not appear sooner than they did in the Richmond papers. The declaration, "I am a newspaper correspondent," which had in former years carried with it the imposing force of the famous, "I am a Roman citizen," no longer entitled one to the same proud prerogatives, and journalists were regarded as spies and sneaks.

Colonel John W. Forney, Secretary of the United States Senate and editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, established the *Sunday Chronicle* at Washington, and in time made it the *Daily Chronicle*. When in Washington, he was constantly dictating letters for the *Press* and editorials for the *Chronicle*. When in Philadelphia, he dictated editorials for the *Press* and letters for the *Chronicle*. Each paper copied his letters from the other. When in New York, he dictated editorial letters to his papers alternately, and they were signed "J. W. F." His Washington letters to the *Press* and his Philadelphia letters to the *Chronicle* were signed, "Occasional," though the most remarkable thing about them was their regularity.

The Washington *Chronicle* received editorial and other contributions from some of the ablest writers in the country. Editorials on foreign topics were supplied by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, of the Philadelphia *Press*. Robert J. Walker wrote a series of powerful articles on the desirableness of Secretary Seward's pet project, the acquisition of Alaska, and Caleb Cushing was a frequent editorial contributor. It had a large circulation, the Army of the Potomac taking ten thousand copies a day, and the lucrative advertising of the Department was given to it.

Independence Day, 1862, was not joyously celebrated at Washington. The martial pageant with which the day had been glorified in years past had been replaced by the stern realities of war, and the hospitals were crowded with the sick, the wounded, and the dying. The week previous General McClellan, after a campaign of great severity in the Peninsula, and having been in sight of Richmond, had been so crippled by the failure of Secretary Stanton to send him more troops that he had been forced to retreat from Chickahominy, and seek the shelter of the gunboats on the River James. The President, at the request of the Governors of the loyal States, promptly called into the service an additional force of three hundred thousand men. Those who had advocated the arming of the negroes availed themselves of the occasion to urge their enlistment; but the Secretary of War, in conversation with conservatives, opposed it. Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, stated on the floor of the House (and his statement was never contradicted) that, having business at the War Department, Mr. Stanton called him back, and, folding over the date and signature of a letter, showed him that an officer had asked authority to raise a regiment of blacks. The Secretary inquired what answer ought to be given, to which he (Mallory) replied, "If you allow me to dictate an answer, I would say, emphatically, No!" The Secretary rejoined that he had not only done that, but had ordered the officer's arrest.

The people responded gloriously to the demand for more troops, and by the middle of August, 1862, they were pouring into Washington at the rate of a brigade a day. The regiments, on their arrival, were marched past the White House, singing, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." And "Father Abraham" often kindled their highest enthusiasm by coming to the front entrance and in person reviewing the passing hosts. The troops then crossed the Potomac, where the hills were whitened with the tents of camps of instruction, where an army of reserves was soon produced. Mr. Greeley, however, was not satisfied with the military preparations, and he published an insolent letter to President Lincoln, in which he charged him with being "disastrously remiss in enforcing the laws." Mr. Lincoln replied, calmly but positively: "I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way, under the Constitution. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others

alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."

President Lincoln finally found that he could not sustain General McClellan any longer, and offered General Burnside the command of the Army of the Potomac, which was promptly and peremptorily declined. General McClellan was soon virtually deposed, and General Halleck placed in command, while a large portion of the Army of the Potomac was organized as the Army of Virginia, and placed under the command of Major-General John Pope, who boasted that he was fresh from a campaign in the West, where he had "seen only the backs of rebels." The result was that the new commander was not cordially supported, and the Army of Virginia was wrecked beyond compare, and driven back upon Washington, which was threatened by the victorious Confederates.

General Burnside was, for the second time, invited to take command, but he refused, urging President Lincoln to restore General McClellan. This was undoubtedly the wish of a large majority of the surviving officers and soldiers, and of many leading members of Congress and journalists. The recall of General McClellan to command, and his victory at Antietam, were like a romance. Sitting one day in his tent near Alexandria, with only his body-guard of a hundred men under his command, he was called to save the capital from the vast hosts of enemies that were pouring on it in resistless columns. To save his native State from the invasion that threatened it, and Maryland from the grasp of a soldiery that would wrest it from the Union, he was offered an army shattered by disaster, and legions of new recruits who had never handled a musket or heard the sound of a hostile cannon. The responsibility was greater than had ever been reposed on the shoulders of one man since the days of Washington. With a rapidity never equaled in history, he gathered together the army, arranged its forces, made up his corps, chose his generals, and sent them in vigorous pursuit, through Washington and on northward.

The enemy had crossed into Maryland, and were having a triumphant march through that State toward the Pennsylvania line. They issued a sounding proclamation to the people, offering them what they called liberty from oppression, and they acted out the theory of their mad invasion, which was that they were victors and had come to reap, on loyal grounds, the fruit of their victories.

On Sunday the gallant men of the Union Army were on them. They were swept over the South Mountains with the besom of destruction. On Monday, astonished to meet McClellan, when they had expected to meet those whom they less feared, they called their hosts over the Potomac and prepared for battle. McClellan had previously arranged his strategic plans, and these undoubtedly would have resulted differently but for the inexplicable surrender of Harper's Ferry, leaving our army with little hope of cutting off the retreat of the enemy.

On Tuesday and Wednesday McClellan engaged them in a long and furious contest, the night of Wednesday closing in on them defeated, dispirited, and broken; and when Thursday morning showed the disposition of our army, and the inevitable defeat that awaited them, they left the field, abandoned their wounded, and fled into Virginia, pursued and routed by the army of the Union. Having gloriously performed this great work, General McClellan's stubborn inaction returned, and President Lincoln determined to place General Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac.

General Burnside reluctantly accepted the command when it was for the third time tendered him, and lost no time in putting its divisions in motion for a rapid advance upon Fredericksburg. Had he found the pontoon train there, as he had expected, he could have thrown a heavy force across the Rappahannock before the enemy could have concentrated to resist his crossing, and he then could have commenced an active, vigorous campaign against Richmond. But before the pontoons had arrived the Confederates had strengthened their forces, and the result was two unsuccessful attacks, with a large loss of men. The country howled with wrath against the Washington officials, who had delayed sending the pontoons, but General Burnside stood up squarely and said, in his open, honest manner, "For the failure in the attack I am responsible."

Learning that Generals Hooker, Newton, Franklin, Cochrane, and others had been intriguing against him and urging his dismissal, General Burnside promptly issued an order dismissing them from the service of the Union. President Lincoln would not consent to this and permit the dismissal of these demoralized officers, whose partisan prejudices had overshadowed their loyalty to their commander. General Burnside then resigned, General Hooker was appointed his successor, and the Army of the Potomac went into winter quarters on the north bank of the Rappahannock.

[Facsimile] A.E.Burnside AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE was born at Liberty, Indiana, May 23d, 1824; graduated at West Point in 1847; served in the Mexican and Indian Wars, and in the War for the

Suppression of the Rebellion; was Governor of Rhode Island, 1866-1868; was United States Senator from March 4th, 1875, until his death at his residence in Bristol, Rhode Island, September 13th, 1881.

CHAPTER XII. SOCIAL LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

When Congress met in December, 1862, many Republicans were despondent. The Administration ticket had been defeated in the elections of the preceding month in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, while in other loyal States the majorities had fallen off—the total returns showing the election of fifty-nine Republican Representatives against forty Democratic Representatives. This encouraged the Abolitionists to urge the emancipation of the slaves, while the conservatives protested against it, but Mr. Lincoln contented himself by saying: "You must not expect me to give up the Government without playing my last card."

The Proclamation of Emancipation, issued by President Lincoln on the 1st of January, 1863, marked an era in the history, not only of the war, but of the Republic and the civilized world. Four millions of human beings, who had been kept in slavery under the protection of the Federal Government, were promised their freedom by the Commander-in-Chief of the army, as a "military necessity," and the pledge was gloriously redeemed. In commemoration of this event the colossal group entitled "Emancipation," located in Lincoln Park, was erected by contributions solely from emancipated persons, and was dedicated April 14th, 1876, Frederick Douglass being the orator of the occasion. The entire work is twenty-two feet high, and the bronze work alone cost seventeen thousand dollars.

New Year's Day was fair and the walking dry, which made it an agreeable task to keep up the Knickerbocker practice of calling on officials and lady friends. The President, members of the Cabinet, and other Government functionaries received a large number of visitors during the day. At eleven o'clock all officers of the army in the city assembled at the War Department, and, headed by Adjutant-General Thomas and General Halleck, proceeded to the White House, where they were severally introduced to the President. The officers of the navy assembled at the Navy Department at the same time, and, headed by Secretary Welles and Admiral Foote, also proceeded to the President's. The display of general officers in brilliant uniforms was an imposing sight, and attracted large crowds. The foreign Ministers, in accordance with the usual custom, also called on the President, and at twelve o'clock the doors were opened to the public, who marched through the hall and shook hands with Mr. Lincoln, to the music of the Marine Band, for two or three hours. Mrs. Lincoln also received ladies in the same parlor with the President.

With the Emancipation Proclamation Washington was treated to a volume of the published diary of Count Gurowski, who had been employed as a translator in the Department of State and as a purveyor of news for Mr. Greeley. His book was one prolonged growl from beginning to end. Even those whom its author seemed inclined to worship at the commencement found their share of abuse before they finished. Introducing the Blairs, of Missouri, with frequent complimentary allusions in his opening chapters, about the middle of his work Gurowski packed them off to Hades with the rest, and left the reader in despair at the prospects of a nation governed by such a set of imbeciles and rogues as our public men were represented to be by the amiable Pole. As he assailed everybody, those who read the book were sure to find the particular object of their individual dislike soundly rated with the rest.

The author of this production was a singular-looking old man, small in stature, stout of figure, ugly in feature, and disfigured by a pair of green goggles. Gurowski was unsparing in his criticisms. He set down Seward as writing too much; Sumner as a pompous, verbose talker; Burnside as a swaggering West Pointer, and Hooker as a casual hero. He became so offensive to Mr. Sumner that one morning, after listening to a torrent of his abuse, the Senator arose from his desk, went to the door of his library, opened it, and said to the astonished Pole, "Go!" In vain were apologies proffered. Mr. Sumner, thoroughly incensed, simply repeated the word "Go!" and at last the astute Gurowski went.

The Army of the Potomac, in comfortable quarters on the north bank of the Rappahannock, received generous contributions of holiday cheer. The marching hosts of Israel were jubilant over a supply of quails, but the Army of the Potomac had showered upon it (by express, paid) a deluge of turkeys, geese, ducks, mince-pies, pickles, and preserves. Of course, the inexorable provost marshal seized all spirituous liquors, but there were ways and means by which this Maine law was evaded. In many a tent there were cylindrical glass vessels, the contents of which would have been pronounced whisky were not that fluid "contraband," with many a quaintly shaped flask of Rhenish wines.

Nor was it forgotten that there was encircling the metropolis a score of hospitals, in which thousands and thousands who had fought the good fight were being nursed into health, or lay tossing on beds of pain, sooner or later to fall into that sleep that knows no waking. These brave patients were not forgotten. The same spirit which prompted the wise men of the East to carry at Christmas- tide present of "gold, frankincense, and myrrh" to the infant Jesus, "God's best gift to humanity," inspired the Union

men and women at Washington with a desire to gladden the hearts of the maimed and scarred and emaciated men who had periled their lives that the Republic might live. Not only did "maidens fair and matrons grave" toil that the hospital patients might enjoy holiday cheer, but Senator Sumner and other leading Republicans used to go from hospital to hospital, from ward to ward, from bedside to bedside, encouraging by kind words those who were the martyrs of the war. In the Campbell Hospital, under the charge of Surgeon J. H. Baxter, of Vermont, there was a theatre, in which performances were given every night to cheer those who were convalescent.

Henry Wikoff, having admitted before a Committee of the House of Representatives that he had filed at the telegraph office, for transmission to the New York *Herald*, portions of the President's message, he was asked how he obtained it. This he declined to state, saying that he was "under an obligation of strict secrecy." The House accordingly directed the Sergeant-at-Arms to hold Wikoff in close custody, and he was locked up in a room hastily furnished for his accommodation. It was generally believed that Mrs. Lincoln had permitted Wikoff to copy those portions of the message that he had published, and this opinion was confirmed when General Sickles appeared as his counsel. The General vibrated between Wikoff's place of imprisonment, the White House, and the residence of Mrs. Lincoln's gardener, named Watt. The Committee finally summoned the General before them, and put some home questions to him. He replied sharply, and for a few minutes a war of words raged. He narrowly escaped Wikoff's fate, but finally, after consulting numerous books of evidence, the Committee concluded not to go to extremities. While the examination was pending, the Sergeant-at- Arms appeared with Watt. He testified that he saw the message in the library, and, being of a literary turn of mind, perused it; that, however, he did not make a copy, but, having a tenacious memory, carried portions of it in his mind, and the next day repeated them word for word to Wikoff. Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln had visited the Capitol and urged the Republicans on the Committee to spare him disgrace, so Watt's improbable story was received and Wikoff was liberated.

President Lincoln, when a Congressman came to bore him for an appointment or with a grievance, had a pleasant way of telling a succession of stories, which left his visitor no chance to state his case. One day, a Representative, who had been thus silenced, stated from experience as follows: "I've been trying for the last four days to get an audience with the President. I have gone to the White House every morning and waited till dark, but could not get a chance to speak to him until to-day, when I was admitted to his presence. I told him what I wanted, and supposed I was going to get a direct answer, when, what do you think? Why, he started off with, 'Do you know, I heard a good thing yesterday about the difference between an Amsterdam Dutchman and any other "dam" Dutchman.' And then he commenced telling his stories. I was mad enough to knock the old fellow down. But the worst of the whole thing was that just as he got through with the last story in came Secretary Seward, who said he must have a private conference with him immediately. Mr. Lincoln cooly turned to me and said, 'Mr. ——, can you call again?' Bother his impudence, I say, to keep me listening to his jokes for two hours, and then ask me to call again!"

President Lincoln was quite ill that winter, and was not inclined to listen to all the bores who called at the White House. One day, just as one of these pests had seated himself for a long interview, the President's physician happened to enter the room, and Mr. Lincoln said, holding out his hands: "Doctor, what are these blotches?" "That's varioloid, or mild small-pox," said the Doctor. "They're all over me. It is contagious, I believe?" said Mr. Lincoln. "Very contagious, indeed," replied the Esculapian attendant. "Well, I can't stop, Mr. Lincoln; I just called to see how you were," said the visitor. "Oh! don't be in a hurry, sir," placidly remarked the Executive. "Thank you, sir; I'll call again," replied the visitor, executing a masterly retreat from a fearful contagion. "Do, sir," said the President. "Some people said they could not take very well to my proclamation, but now, I am happy to say, I have something that everybody can take." By this time the visitor was making a desperate break for Pennsylvania Avenue, which he reached on the double-quick and quite out of breath.

On the 2d and 3d of May, 1863, General Hooker was most disastrously defeated at Chancellorsville. Several weeks later, when General Lee had moved northward into Pennsylvania, exacting contributions from towns, and destroying manufacturing establishments, and when the Army of the Potomac had hurried across Maryland to attack him, General Hooker resigned almost on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg. General Meade was placed in command, and his gallant conduct on that occasion gave great satisfaction to President Lincoln, although he was sadly disappointed that the invaders had not been followed and annihilated.

Meanwhile General Grant was besieging Vicksburg, which had been well called "the Gibraltar of the Mississippi," and the people, who had become heart-sick of military engineering, began to lose courage. At one time President Lincoln actually determined to supersede General Grant by General Banks, but the latter, on arriving at the scene of hostilities, saw that everything had been done that could be done, and that the end was near at hand. On the 4th of July, General Pemberton asked for a proposition of terms, and General Grant replied: "Unconditional surrender."

On the 26th of November, 1863, President Lincoln, accompanied by his Cabinet, Vice-President Hamlin, the Governors of several States, and a brilliant staff of officers, attended the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. The address was delivered by Edward Everett, whose head was whitened with the snows of seventy winters, but whose form was as erect, his complexion as clear, and his voice as musical as it was when he had been a Representative in Congress years before. He had then said that he would buckle on his knapsack in defense of slavery; now he eulogized those who had laid down their lives in the work of its destruction. But his well memorized and finely rounded sentences were eclipsed by President Lincoln's few words, read in an unmusical treble voice, and concluding with the sublime assertion, "that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that governments of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

[Facsimile] Geo. G. Meade GEORGE GORDON MEADE, born December 30th, 1815, at Cadiz, Spain, where his father was located in the United States service; graduated at West Point in 1835; entered the artillery service and was engaged in the Seminole and Mexican Wars, and in August 1861, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers; Major-General, 1862; Commander-in- Chief of the Army of the Potomac, June 28th, 1863; won the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863; continued to command the Army of the Potomac until the close of the war. Died at Philadelphia, November 6th, 1872.

CHAPTER XIII. CIVIL AND MILITARY INTRIGUES.

Schuyler Colfax was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. When Congress met on the 7th of December, 1863, among the new members sworn in were Generals Garfield and Schenck, of Ohio, and Deming, of Connecticut, who had seen service; Mr. James G. Blaine, who had been the editor of the Portland *Advertiser*, and Mr. James G. Brooks, who had for many years edited the New York *Express*, with Brutus J. Clay, of Kentucky; George S. Boutwell and Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, and other prominent men. One of the first acts of Congress was to vote a medal of thanks to General Grant for the victories which he had won at Missionary Ridge and at Chattanooga. On one side of this medal was his profile, surrounded by a wreath of laurel, with his name, the date and authority of the presentation, and, on the encircling work, a star for each State. On the reverse was a figure of Fame, seated in the heavens with emblems of prosperity and power; while upon various parts of the work the names of Grant's chief victories were inscribed.

At the New Year's reception Mr. Lincoln was in excellent spirits, giving each passer-by a cordial greeting and a warm shake of the hand, while for some there was a quiet joke. Mrs. Lincoln stood at his right hand, wearing a purple silk dress trimmed with black velvet and lace, with a lace necktie fastened with a pearl pin; her head-dress was ornamented with a white plume. Secretary Seward was there, sphinx-like and impassible. Governor Chase seemed somewhat perplexed, balancing, perhaps, between the succession to the Presidency or the Chief Justiceship; Secretary Wells' patriarchal form towered above the crowd, and there were a few Senators and Representatives, a majority of either House being, *on dit*, enjoying the hospitalities of New York. But the army officers, as they came in from the War Department, headed by General Halleck, presented an imposing display, some with epaulettes and feathers, but a majority in battle attire. The naval officers, headed by Admiral Davis, also presented a fine appearance.

At twelve o'clock, the portals were thrown open, and in poured the people in a continuous stream. For two hours did they pass steadily along, a living tide, which swept in, eddied around the President and his wife, and then surged into the East Room, which was a maelstrom of humanity, uniforms, black coats, gay female attire, and citizens generally.

Vice-President Hamlin kept open house at his residence on F Street, and the Secretaries were all at their homes. At Governor Seward's, Mrs. Fred Seward did the honors, assisted by Miss Seward and a friend from Auburn, while at Governor Chase's his recently married daughter, Mrs. Senator Sprague, and Miss Chase welcomed many friends. Mayor Wallach entertained his visitors with old Virginia hospitality, and at many private residences there were the traditionary bowls of egg-nog and of apple-toddy.

The friends of General Grant in Congress urged the passage of a bill to revive the grade of Lieutenant-General of the army. It met with some opposition, especially from General Garfield, who opposed the bill mainly on the ground that it would be improper at that stage of the war to determine and award the greatest prize of the conflict in the way of military preferment to any one of the distinguished Generals of the army. It would, he thought, be far more fitting for Congress to wait until war was over, and see whose head towered above the rest in the army, and then give this crown to the one whose head had risen highest.

Notwithstanding this opposition, the bill was passed by both Houses, approved by the President on the 1st day of March, 1864, and the next day he sent to the Senate the nomination of Ulysses S. Grant,

which was confirmed immediately, and General Grant was summoned to Washington in person. He wore a plain, undress uniform and a felt hat of the regulation pattern, the sides of the top crushed together. He generally stood or walked with his left hand in his trousers pocket, and had in his mouth an unlighted cigar, the end of which he chewed restlessly. His square-cut features, when at rest, appeared as if carved from mahogany, and his firmly set under-jaw indicated the unyielding tenacity of a bulldog, while the kind glances of his gray eyes showed that he possessed the softer traits. He always appeared intensely preoccupied, and would gaze at any one who approached him with an inquiring air, followed by a glance of recollection and a grave nod of recognition. It was not long after his arrival before Secretary Stanton realized that he was no longer supreme, and the Army of the Potomac, which had virtually dictated to its successive commanders, found that the time had come when obedience was imperative, no matter what the loss of life might be.

When General Grant called on the President, he met with a hearty reception, and Mr. Lincoln, taking him into a private room, repeated to him a story from a comic article by Orpheus C. Kerr, satirically criticising the conduct of the war. It was a story about Captain Bob Shorty and the Mackerel Brigade and the Anaconda Policy— something about generals in the field being hampered by a flood of orders. When he had finished his story, he told General Grant that he did not care to know what he wanted to do, only to know what was wanted. He wished him to beat Lee. How he did it was his own lookout. He said he did not wish to know his plans or exercise any scrutiny over his operations. So long as he beat the rebel army he was satisfied. The formal presentation of the new commission as Lieutenant-General was made in the presence of Cabinet officers and other distinguished guests, and was in all respects a notable historic scene.

On the 4th of March, General Grant ordered a forward movement, and General Meade crossed the Rappahannock with the Army of the Potomac one hundred and seventeen thousand strong. It was understood that soon after the forward movement was commenced, General Meade hesitated about crossing the stream, under a heavy fire, but General Grant peremptorily ordered him to move forward. This was alluded to in a letter sent to a Philadelphia newspaper by Mr. Edward Crapsey, a native of Cincinnati, who had been reputably connected with several leading journals. He said in his correspondence: "History will record, but newspapers cannot, that on one eventful night during the present campaign Grant's presence saved the army and the nation, too. Not that General Meade was on the point of committing a great blunder, unwittingly, but his devotion to his country made him loath to lose her last army of what he deemed a last chance. Grant assumed the responsibility, and we are still 'On to Richmond!'" When the newspaper containing this paragraph reached the Army of the Potomac, General Meade issued an order that Mr. Crapsey be arrested, paraded through the lines of the army, with a placard marked "Libeler of the Press," and then be put without the lines and not be permitted to return. This humiliating punishment was carried out in the most offensive manner possible, and Mr. Crapsey, after having been escorted through the camp on horseback, bearing the offensive label, was sent back to Washington. The terrific battle of the Wilderness followed, and General Grant telegraphed for recruits, saying, "We have ended this sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result at this time is very much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

General Lee, wishing to force General Grant back to the defense of Washington, ordered a corps under General Early to attack the Union capital, which was thought to be guarded only by a few regiments of heavy artillery and by a home brigade of quartermasters' clerks, improvised by Quartermaster-General Meigs. On the 12th of July, 1864, the advance-guard of the Confederates, commanded by General Breckinridge, came within the defenses of Washington, where they were, to their great surprise, confronted by the veteran Sixth Corps, under General Wright, and after a few volleys had been exchanged they precipitously retreated, and hurriedly recrossed the Potomac. This brief engagement was witnessed from the parapet of Fort Stevens by President Lincoln, who would not retire until an officer was shot down within a few feet of him, when he reluctantly stepped below. Sheltered from the sharp-shooters' fire, Cabinet officers and a group of society ladies watched the fortunes of the fight. It was no mock-battle that they witnessed on the outskirts of the national metropolis. Stretchers soon conveyed the dying and wounded to the hospital in the rear of the fort, and the graves remain there of those who fought and fell, with the President of the United States and his competitor at the preceding election on opposite sides, interested spectators of the scene.

Meanwhile Mr. Chase, provoked because the President overruled him, had resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Fessenden had been appointed in his place. Mr. Chase desired the Presidential nomination, and an organization was formed with Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, at its head to secure the election of Chase delegates to the next National Republican Convention. Meanwhile Chief Justice Taney died in October, 1864, and Mr. Sumner immediately urged the President to appoint Mr. Chase as his successor. There was then much dissatisfaction with Mr. Lincoln's Administration, and the friends of Mr. Chase were openly and secretly urging his nomination.

When Mr. Sumner came to Washington he renewed his request that Mr. Chase be appointed, and he had several interviews with Mr. Lincoln on the subject. One day Mr. Lincoln proposed to send for Mr. Chase and frankly tell him that he wanted to nominate him as Chief Justice, that he would make the greatest and best Chief Justice the country had ever had, and that he would do so if he would only give up all idea of being elected President. Mr. Sumner replied that such a statement, however frank it might be, would never answer, as it would not only expose the President to criticism as attempting to purchase an opponent, but it would be offensive to Mr. Chase, as an attempt to extort from him a pledge that he would never be a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Lincoln, who was quick-witted, saw the force of Mr. Sumner's argument, and pleasantly said: "Well, take this card and write on it the name of the man you desire to have appointed." Mr. Sumner wrote "Salmon P. Chase," and Salmon P. Chase was promptly nominated on the 6th of December, 1864. Mr. Sumner urged the immediate confirmation of the appointment, and having carried it, hastened from the Senate Chamber to congratulate the new Chief Justice. As he came out of the room in which he conveyed the news he met Mrs. Kate Sprague, who shook her index finger at him and said: "And you, too, Mr. Sumner? Are you in the business of shelving papa? But never mind, I will defeat you all!" Mr. Sumner used to relate this incident as showing how he had been rewarded for what he regarded as one of the most praiseworthy acts of his life. Besides, Mr. Lincoln was not the only candidate for the Presidential chair who would lose a rival by the appointment of Judge Chase. Mr. Sumner had strong aspirations in that direction, but I doubt if he regarded the bench of the Supreme Court as a stepping-stone to the White House. Had the Senate found Mr. Johnson guilty on the impeachment charges, and had Ben Wade thus become President, Mr. Sumner would have been his Secretary of State, and I am not sure that this did not influence Mr. Fessenden in his vote of "Not guilty." Had General Grant offered Mr. Sumner the same position it would have been accepted with the understanding that he was to direct the foreign policy of the country untrammeled.

[Facsimile] Joseph Hooker JOSEPH HOOKER, born at Hadley, Mass., November 13th, 1813; graduated at West Point, 1837; served in the Mexican War; resigned, but re- entered the service as Brigadier-General, May, 1861; Major-General, 1862; Corps Commander, September, 1862; Division Commander, December, 1862; Commander of the Army of the Potomac, January, 1863; transferred to the West and served from Lookout Mountain to Atlanta; commanded the Northern Department, September, 1864, to July, 1865; retired October 15th, 1868; died, 1879.

CHAPTER XIV. EVENTS BOTH SAD AND JOYOUS.

To gratify Mr. Seward, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, had been placed on the Republican ticket and elected Vice-President. Mr. Lincoln's re-inauguration took place under circumstances widely different from those which attended his inauguration in 1861. Then seven States had seceded from the Union, and the President had taken the oath of office surrounded by enemies whose disposition to assassinate was stronger than their courage to execute. At the re-inauguration the Federal Government was a substance as well as a name, controlling great armies and navies, and having nearly conquered the Confederacy.

The 4th of March, 1865, was rainy and unpleasant, while the streets and sidewalks were encrusted with from two to ten inches of muddy paste, through which men and horses plodded wearily. The procession was a very creditable one, including the model of a monitor on wheels, and drawn by four white horses. It had a revolving turret containing a small cannon, which was frequently fired as the procession moved. There was a large delegation of Philadelphia firemen, the Washington City Fire Department, the colored Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, and the Typographical Society, with a press on a car from which a programme was printed and distributed. Many other civic bodies joined the demonstration, and added to its immensity and impressiveness.

In the Senate Chamber there was the usual attendance of the Diplomatic Corps, the Supreme Court, those officers of the army and navy who had received the thanks of Congress, and a number of prominent citizens. Mr. Lincoln, on his arrival at the Capitol, was shown to the President's room, where, as is customary during the closing hour of a session, he signed several bills. Mr. Johnson was escorted to the Vice-President's room opposite, where he was welcomed by Mr. Hamlin, the retiring Vice-President. There was nothing unusual in his appearance, except that he did not seem in robust health. The usual courtesies being exchanged, the conversation proceeded on ordinary topics for a few moments, when Mr. Johnson asked Mr. Hamlin if he had any liquor in his room, stating that he was sick and nervous. He was told that there was none, but it could be sent for. Brandy being indicated, a bottle was brought from the Senate restaurant by one of the pages. It was opened, a tumbler provided, and Mr. Johnson poured it about two-thirds full. Mr. Hamlin said, in telling it, that if Mr. Johnson ordinarily took such drinks as that he must be able to stand a great deal. After a few minutes the bottle was placed in one of the book-cases out of sight. When, near twelve o'clock, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Brown, came to the door and suggested that the gentlemen get ready to enter the Senate Chamber, Mr.

Hamlin arose, moved to the door, near which the Sergeant- at-Arms stood, and suggested to Mr. Johnson to come also. The latter got up and walked nearly to the door, when, turning to Mr. Hamlin, he said: "Excuse me a moment," and walked back hastily to where the bottle was deposited. Mr. Hamlin saw him take it out, pour as large a quantity as before into the glass, and drink it down like water. They then went into the Senate Chamber.

To the surprise of everybody, the Vice-President, when called on to take the oath of office, made a maudlin, drunken speech. He addressed the Diplomatic Corps and the heads of departments in the most incoherent, and in some instances offensive, manner. The Republican Senators were horror-stricken, and Colonel Forney vainly endeavored to make him conclude his harangue; but he would not be stopped; the brandy had made him crazily drunk, and the mortifying scene was prolonged until he was told that it was necessary to go with the President to the eastern front of the Capitol.

Mr. Lincoln's inaugural was delivered before the assembled multitude in front of the Capitol in a full, clear tone of voice. He went on to say: "Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came." Then there arose a deafening shout, for the people felt that the case had been well stated, and they were all disposed to *accept* war rather than let the nation perish.

As the President closed his address Chief Justice Chase arose and stood facing him. The oath of office was then administered, Mr. Lincoln exhibiting by his manner and gestures the full concurrence of mind and heart with the intent of the obligation. As he concluded the ceremony by taking from the Chief Justice the Bible upon which he had been sworn, and reverently pressing his lips to it, there was a marked sensation through the vast audience, followed by a responsive cheer. Then the cannon near by thundered forth the announcement that the President of the people's choice had been inaugurated, the bands struck up the national airs, and there were hearty rounds of cheers.

The ball on the evening of Mr. Lincoln's re-inauguration was held in a large hall of the Department of the Interior, which had just been completed. It was brilliantly lighted and dressed with flags. Mr. Lincoln and Speaker Colfax entered together, followed by Mrs. Lincoln upon the arm of Charles Sumner. Mr. Lincoln wore a full black suit, with white kid gloves, and Mrs. Lincoln was attired in white silk, with a splendid overdress of rich lace, point lace bertha and puffs of silk, white fan and gloves. Her hair was brushed back smoothly, falling in curls upon the neck, while a wreath of jasmines and violets encircled her head. Her ornaments were of pearl. Having promenaded the entire length of the room, they mounted the few steps leading to the seats placed for them upon the dais, while the crowd gathered densely in front of them.

The army and navy were well represented, adding greatly to the beauty of the scene in the bright uniforms that everywhere flashed before the eyes. Admiral Farragut, General Banks, and General Hooker shone conspicuously, as did also General Halleck, who stood, smiling and happy, to receive greetings from his friends. The members of the Cabinet assumed the seats upon the dais reserved for them, and up to twelve o'clock the crowd continued to pour into the room.

At twelve o'clock the door was opened for supper, and the crowd which had been gathered about it for half an hour rushed forward. Such a crush and scramble as there was! Little screams, broken exclamations, and hurried protestations against the rush were heard upon all sides, but no one heeded or cared for anything but to find a place at the table, at one end of which stood the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and their suite.

The supper scene was one never to be forgotten. Aside from its luxury and splendor, there was so much that was ridiculously laughable connected with it, one naturally looks back upon it in keen amusement. The tables having been instantly filled up, all the spaces between the large glass cases containing the office property were soon crowded to their utmost capacity. Many a fair creature dropped upon the benches with exclamations of delight, while their attendants sought to supply them from the table, to which they had to fight their way. Those who could not get seats stood around in groups, or sank down upon the floor in utter abandonment from fatigue.

It was curious to sit and watch the crowd, to hear the gay laugh, the busy hum of conversation, and the jingle of plates, spoons, and glasses; to see hands uplifted, bearing aloft huge dishes of salads and creams, loaves of cake and stores of candies, not infrequently losing plentiful portions on the way. Many an elegant dress received its donation of cream, many a tiny slipper bore away crushed sweets and meats, and lay among fragments of glass and plates upon the floor.

Meanwhile, it was "thundering all around the heavens," and every night General Grant, in his humble headquarters at City Point, knew exactly what had been done. In his midnight despatches to President Lincoln which were telegraphed all over the loyal States, he narrated the day's success, giving full credit, when necessary, to the original genius of Sherman, the daring pluck of Sheridan, the cool

determination of Thomas, the military ability of Terry, and the sagacious gallantry of Schofield, but never alluding to himself as having directed these subordinates on their respective paths to victory.

General Lee and his brave army saw that the end was at hand. They could no longer be deceived by the verbose platitudes of politicians about foreign intervention or strategic purposes, and they saw the stars and stripes approaching on every hand. For four long years they had fought for their hearths and homes with a bravery that had elicited the admiration of their opponents, but steady, ceaseless fighting had thinned their ranks and there were no more men to take their places. They had been out-manoeuvred, out-marched, and out- generaled, while hard knocks and repeated blows were daily diminishing their commands. At length, Richmond was captured, and General Lee formally surrendered at Appomattox Court-House, ending the greatest civil war recorded in history.

As the Union armies advanced, thousands of unemployed and impecunious colored people sought refuge in the District of Columbia. Gathering up their scanty chattels, they made their way from the houses of their masters to Washington, the Mecca of their imaginations, with a firm belief that they would there find freedom and plenty. It was a leap in the dark, but they imagined it a leap from darkness into light, and when they reached the national metropolis, with its public buildings and its busy throng, they believed that at last they had entered the promised land. Free from care at the first, they loitered and lounged and slept and laughed in sunny places. But no feast was offered them; they were invited to no hospitable homes; the men were no longer offered a few new Treasury notes of small value if they would enlist, and be counted on the quota of some Northern town, which would pay the agents five hundred or six hundred dollars for each recruit thus obtained. They were strangers in a strange land, despised by their own people who were residents, and crowded into stable lofts and rude hovels, where many of them, before they had fairly tasted the blessings of freedom, sickened and suffered and died.

On the night of Thursday, the 13th of April, 1865, Mr. Lincoln made his last address to the people who loved him so well. Richmond had fallen, Davis had fled, Lee had surrendered, and on the previous day the formal laying down of arms had taken place. The White House was illuminated, as were the other public buildings, and deafening shouts arose from the crowds assembled outside, jubilant over the glorious victories. Mr. Lincoln had written out some remarks, knowing well that great importance would be attached to whatever he said. These he read to the rejoicing throng from loose sheets, holding a candle in his hand as he read. As he finished each page he would throw it to the ground, where it was picked up by Master Thad, who was at his father's side, and who occasionally shouted, "Give me another paper!"

When Mr. Lincoln had concluded his speech, he said: "Now I am about to call upon the band for a tune that our adversaries over the way have endeavored to appropriate. But we fairly captured it yesterday and the Attorney-General gave me his legal opinion that it is now our property. So I ask the band to play 'Dixie!'"

[Facsimile] your obtservt R ELee ROBERT EDWARD LEE, born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19th, 1807; graduated with first honors at West Point in 1829; served in the Mexican War; resigned in 1861, and was, early in 1862, appointed commander of the armies about Richmond; early in 1865 was made Commander-in-Chief of all the Confederate forces; surrendered at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865; became President of Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, where he died October 12th, 1870.

CHAPTER XV. PLUNGED INTO SORROW.

Washington City was delirious with gladness when General Grant "came marching home," and the telegraph wires from every part of the country recently in rebellion vibrated with the tidings of victory and submission. Orders from the War Department went out over the loyal North proclaiming the absolute overthrow of the Rebellion, the return of peace, the stopping of recruiting, the raising of the blockade, the reduction of national expenditures, and the removal of all military restrictions upon trade and commerce, so far as might be consistent with public safety. Drafting had been one of the most grievous burdens of the war, but it had been rigorously pressed in all States which had not otherwise furnished their quotas of troops. When the surrender occurred, the dread wheel was in operation in many places, and drawn men were in custody of the proper officials preparing to go to the front. But all this was stopped, and none were happier than those who involuntarily had been held thus for military duty, but who now became free.

The 13th of April was a day of general rejoicing at the metropolis. The stars and stripes waved over the public and many of the private buildings, business was suspended, and men went about in groups indulging in libations to the return of peace. As night came on the departments and many private houses were illuminated, bonfires blazed in the streets, and fireworks lit up the sky. In the forts and

camps around the city blazed huge bonfires, while the heavy siege guns thundered their joyful approval of peace.

It was announced in the newspapers of that day that President Lincoln, accompanied by General Grant, would attend Ford's Theatre the next night. The President did extend an invitation to his victorious commander to accompany him, but General Grant, always adverse to public demonstrations, declined, that he might go at once to Burlington, New Jersey, with Mrs. Grant, to "see the children." The Presidential party consequently was only four in number—President Lincoln, his wife, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone. Only one of the two stage-boxes which had been decorated for the party was occupied. When the President appeared, about a quarter before nine o'clock, the play was stopped, the orchestra played "Hail to the Chief," and the crowded audience gave a succession of vociferous cheers.

The play proceeded. Mr. Lincoln and his party were in fine spirits, intently watching the performance, when a pistol-shot was heard, and the first impression of every one was that it was fired on the stage. So thought Major Rathbone, until, looking around, he saw smoke and a man with a drawn dagger in his hand. The truth indistinctly flashed into his mind; he arose and seized the unknown man with both hands. A momentary scuffle ensued, in which the assassin made a thrust at the Major, grazing his breast and piercing his left arm near the shoulder. Something seemed to give way about the man's coat collar, and he disappeared. The smoke prevented the Major or Miss Harris from getting a fair view of the fellow, and Mrs. Lincoln did not see him until he leaped out of the box. Her first impression was that it was her husband who leaped out.

Meantime the assassin appeared on the edge of the box, crying "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" and flourishing a dagger, he leaped to the stage. He crossed the stage rapidly, exclaiming, "Revenge!" and, again flourishing his dagger, disappeared, saying "I have done it!" Though quickly pursued, it was too late. Leaving the theatre by a back door, he mounted his horse in waiting there and was gone.

The President was seen to turn in his seat, and persons leaped upon the stage and clambered up to the box. His clothes were stripped from his shoulders but no wound was at first found. He was entirely insensible. Further search revealed the fact that he had been shot in the head, and he was carried to the nearest house, immediately opposite. Mrs. Lincoln, in a frantic condition, was assisted in crossing the street with the President, at the same time uttering heart-rending shrieks. Surgeons were soon in attendance, but it was evident that the wound was mortal.

It was a night of terror. The long roll was beaten in the distant camps, and the soldiers throughout the encircling fortifications stood to their arms; mounted men patrolled the streets in every direction; the tolling of the church-bells fell heavily on the ear and entered deep into all hearts, and it was not only President Lincoln, but it was reported that Mr. Seward and other members of the Cabinet had been assassinated. Mr. Seward was indeed murderously assaulted upon his sick-bed, but he escaped with his life. Amid these terrors the sleepless citizens fell from their heights of joy to the depths of gloom.

With the morning came the President's death at an early hour. As the bells tolled his departure, the bloom of the national colors was shrouded in black, and the weather was cheerless, cold, and damp. If ever nature sympathized with man since the time when the sun was darkened and the dead walked the streets of Jerusalem, it certainly seemed to do so on the memorable 15th of April, which ushered in the saddest news that ever fell upon the ears of the American people.

It was known, beyond a doubt, before Mr. Lincoln breathed his last, that his assassin was John Wilkes Booth, a son of the great tragedian, then twenty-seven years of age. He had played stock parts at Washington and other Southern and Western cities, where he had given unmistakable evidence of genuine dramatic talent. He had, added to his native genius, the advantage of a voice musically full and rich; a face almost classic in outline; features highly intellectual; a piercing, black eye, capable of expressing the fiercest and the tenderest passion and emotion, and a commanding figure and impressive stage address. In his transition from the quiet and reflective passages of a part to fierce and violent outbreaks of passion, his sudden and impetuous manner had in it something of that electrical force and power which made the elder Booth so celebrated, and called up afresh to the memory of men of the preceding generation the presence, voice, and manner of his father. Convivial in his habits, sprightly and genial in conversation, John Wilkes Booth made many friends among the young men of his own age, and he was a favorite among the ladies at the National Hotel, where he boarded.

The funeral honors paid to President Lincoln at Washington, on the 19th of April, were a fitting tribute to the illustrious dead. The dawn that was ushered in by the heavy booms of salutes of minute-guns from the fortifications surrounding the city never broke purer or brighter or clearer than on this morning. The day that followed was the loveliest of the season. The heavens were undimmed by even one passing cloud.

At a very early hour people began to assemble in the vicinity of the Executive Mansion, which was almost entirely draped in crape, as were also the buildings, public and private, in the neighborhood. All over the city public houses and private residences were closed. At twelve o'clock the ceremonies commenced in the East Room, whose ceilings were draped, and whose resplendent mirrors were hung on the borders with emblems of mourning and white drapery, which gave the room a dim light that was adapted to the solemnity of the mournful scene. All that remained of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, lay on the grand and gloomy catafalque, which was relieved, however, by choice flowers.

The spectators of the sorrowful scene were not merely the representatives of our people in Congress and of state, but the executive officers and Cabinet Ministers, the Chief Justice of the United States and his associates on the bench of that venerated tribunal, chieftains who protected our homes by service in the field and on the ocean, the clergy, and multitudes in various positions in the affairs of state and from private life, and an imposing array of Ambassadors, with their less elevated attachés, with gorgeous decorations. Perhaps the most touching grief, and the one which moved all present, was that of little Thaddeus Lincoln, a favorite son. He and his elder brother, Robert, were the only mourners of the family present.

During the service President Johnson stood beside the remains of his predecessor, and during the oration, General Grant sat at the head of the corpse. The Rev. Dr. L. Hall, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, rose and read portions of the service for the burial of the dead. Bishop Simpson offered a prayer, in which he fervently alluded to the emancipation and other deeds performed by President Lincoln. The Rev. Dr. Gurley then read a funeral oration. At two P. M. the funeral procession started, all of the bells in the city tolling, and minute-guns firing from all the forts. Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Treasury to the Capitol, was entirely clear from curb to curb. Preceding the hearse was the military escort, over one mile long, the arms of each officer and man being draped with black. At short intervals bands discoursed dirges and drums beat muffled sounds. After the artillery came the civic procession, headed by Marshal Lamon, the Surgeon-General, and physicians who attended the President. At this point the hearse appeared, and the thousands, as it passed, uncovered their heads.

The funeral car was large. The lower base was fourteen feet long and seven feet wide, and eight feet from the ground. The upper base, upon which the coffin rested, was eleven feet long and five feet below the top of the canopy. The canopy was surmounted by a gilt eagle, covered with crape. The hearse was entirely covered with cloth, velvet, crape, and alpaca. The seat was covered with cloth, and on each side was a splendid lamp. The car was fifteen feet high, and the coffin was so placed as to afford a full view to all spectators. It was drawn by six gray horses, each attended by a groom.

The pall-bearers were, on the part of the Senate, Foster, of Connecticut; Morgan, of New York; Johnson, of Maryland; Yates, of Illinois; Wade, of Ohio, and Conness, of California. On the part of the House, Davis, of Massachusetts; Coffroth, of Pennsylvania; Smith, of Kentucky; Colfax, of Indiana; Worthington, of Nevada, and Washburne, of Illinois. On the part of the army, Lieutenant-General Grant, Major-General Halleck, and Brigadier-General Nichols. On the part of the navy, Vice-Admiral Farragut, Rear-Admiral Shubrick, and Colonel Jacob Ziellen, of the Marine Corps. Civilians, O. H. Browning, George P. Ashmun, Thomas Corwin, and Simon Cameron.

After the hearse came the family, consisting only of Robert Lincoln and his little brother and their relatives. Mrs. Lincoln did not go out. Next was President Johnson, riding in a carriage with General Auger on the right, and General Slough on the left, mounted. Following him were the Cabinet, Chief Justice Chase and the Supreme Bench, and the Diplomatic Corps, who were then succeeded by Senators and Representatives. The procession then reached two miles more, and was composed of public officers, delegations from various cities and members of civic societies, together with another large display of military. Some five thousand colored men were a prominent feature toward the end.

The procession was two hours and ten minutes in passing a given point, and was about three miles long. The centre of it had reached the Capitol and was returning before the rear had left Willard's. In one single detachment were over six thousand civil employees of the Government. Arriving at the Capitol, the remains were placed in the centre of the rotunda, beneath the mighty dome, which had been draped in mourning inside and out. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, in the presence of hundreds, impressively pronounced the burial service.

President Lincoln's remains were taken from the rotunda at six o'clock on the morning of April 21st, and escorted to the train which was to convey them to Springfield. The remains of little Willie Lincoln, who died in February, 1862, and which had been placed in the vault at Oak Hill Cemetery, were

removed to the depot about the same time, and placed in the same car with the remains of his lamented father.

[Facsimile] Andrew Johnson ANDREW JOHNSON was born at Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29th, 1808; was a Representative in Congress from Tennessee, 1843-1853; was Governor of Tennessee, 1853-1857; was a United States Senator from Tennessee from December 7th, 1857, until he was appointed Military Governor of that State; was elected Vice-President of the United States on the Republican ticket with Abraham Lincoln and was inaugurated March 4th, 1865; became President after the assassination of President Lincoln, April 15th, 1865; was impeached and acquitted, May 26th, 1868; was again elected United States Senator from Tennessee, serving at the Special Session of 1875, and died in Carter County, Tennessee, July 31st, 1875.

CHAPTER XVI. THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL—THE GRAND REVIEWS.

Andrew Johnson took the oath of office as President of the United States, administered to him by Chief Justice Chase, at his room in the Kirkwood House. He sent word to Mrs. Lincoln to occupy the White House so long as might be agreeable to her, and he accepted the hospitality of Mr. Sam Hooper, a merchant prince, who then represented a Boston district in the House of Representatives, and occupied his own comfortable house at the corner of Fourteenth and H Streets.

Every morning President Johnson went to the Treasury Department, where he received scores of delegations, and his speeches to them foreshadowed a reconstruction policy which would deal severely with the leading Secessionists. In response to Governor Andrew, who called at the head of a delegation of citizen of Massachusetts, and assured him of the support of the Old Bay State, he made a long speech, he defined crimes, saying: "It is time the American people should be taught to understand that treason is a crime—not in revenge, not in anger—but that treason is a crime, and should be esteemed as such, and punished as such."

Mr. Johnson went on to say that he wished "to discriminate between criminals guilty of treason. There are," he said, "well educated, intelligent traitors, who concert schemes of treason and urge others to force numbers of ignorant people to carry them."

Money was lavishly expended in securing the arrest of those who had conspired with Booth to assassinate President Lincoln, Vice- President Johnson, Secretary Seward, and General Grant. In a fortnight the prisoners had been arrested (with the exception of Booth, who having been tracked to a barn, and refusing to come out, had been shot) and a military commission had been organized for their trial in the old penitentiary near the Arsenal, where they were confined. It was clearly shown before the Commission, of which General David Hunter was President and General Joseph Holt the Judge Advocate, that leading Secessionists in Canada had supplied Booth with funds for the abduction of President Lincoln, but there was no proof that they were privy to the assassination.

Booth squandered the money received by him in coal-oil speculations, and in his attention to an estimable young lady, whose photograph was found in his pocket-book after his death, but whose name was honorably kept a secret. Mrs. Surratt naturally attracted the most attention as she entered the room where the Military Commission was held every morning, the iron which connected her ankles clanking as she walked. She was rather a buxom-looking woman, dressed in deep black, with feline gray eyes, which watched the whole proceedings. The evidence showed that she had been fully aware of the plot. Her house was used by Booth, Payne, Atzerott, and Harold as a meeting place. Her son went to Richmond and then to Canada with information, and he had only returned immediately before the assassination. He was in Washington that day and night, and four days later had reached Montreal. She took the arms to Surrattsville, to the tavern which she owned, and the day of the assassination rode out with a team Booth had furnished money to hire, to say that the arms she had left and the field-glass she took would be wanted that night. Payne, after attacking Secretary Seward, and vainly attempting to escape, had called at her house in the night, and sought admittance, but an officer was in charge, and Payne, not having a plausible explanation of his unseasonable call, was arrested. Mrs. Surratt was clearly shown to have been an actor in the plot, but many doubted whether she should have been hung, and regretted that neither her confessor nor her daughter was permitted to see President Johnson and ask his clemency.

The male prisoners, heavily ironed, were seated side by side in a dock interspersed with officers. Sam Arnold was of respectable appearance, about thirty years of age, with dark hair and beard and a good countenance. Spangler, the stage-carpenter, was a chunky, light-haired, rather bloated and whisky-soaked looking man. Atzerott had a decided lager beer look, with heavy blue eyes, light hair, and sallow complexion. O'Laughlin might have been taken for native of Cuba, short and slender, with luxuriant black locks, a delicate moustache and whiskers, and vivacious black eyes. Payne was the incarnation of a Roman gladiator, tall, muscular, defiant, with a low forehead, large blue eyes, thin lips, and black,

straight hair, with much of the animal and little of the intellectual. Dave Harold was what the ladies call a pretty little man, with cherry cheeks, pouting lips, an incipient beard, dark hazel eyes, and dark, long hair. Last on the bench was Dr. Mudd, whose ankles and wrists were joined by chains instead of the unyielding bars which joined the bracelets and anklets of the others. He was about sixty years of age, with a blonde complexion, reddish face, and blue eyes.

The prisoners were allowed counsel and such witnesses as they desired to have summoned. The Commission concluded its labors on the 30th of June. On the 5th of July the President approved the finding and sentence, and ordered the hanging of Mrs. Surratt, Harold, Atzerott, and Payne to take place on the 7th. The sentence of execution was carried into effect, and Arnold, Mudd, Spangler, and O'Laughlin were sent to the Military Prison on the Dry Tortugas.

Meanwhile the victorious armies of the Union had been congregated at Washington, where they passed in review before President Johnson and General Grant, and then marched home and into history. On the 23d of May the "Army of the Potomac," and on the 24th the "Division of the Mississippi," swept through the metropolis for hours, the successive waves of humanity crested with gleaming sabres and burnished bayonets, while hundreds of bands made the air ring with patriotic music. Loyal voices cheered and loyal hands applauded as the heroic guardians of the national ark of constitutional liberty passed along. Neither did the legions of imperial Rome, returning in triumph along the Appian Way, or the conquering hosts of Napoleon the Great, when welcomed back from their Italian campaign by the Parisians, or the British Guards, when they returned from the Crimea, receive a more heartfelt ovation than was awarded to the laurel-crowned "Boys in Blue."

Great expectation concerning this review was indulged throughout the nation. This home-coming of the "Boys in Blue" was a matter interesting every hamlet of the North and almost every home. But more than the welcome was clustering about the scene. These grand armies and their famous leaders had become historic, and worthily so, for they had endured and achieved, and victory now was theirs. The newspapers proclaimed the grandeur of the coming event; the railroads extended their best accommodations to travelers, and the people responded in immense numbers. With the soldiery and the civilians, Washington was densely packed, but cheerful enthusiasm appeared on every side.

Two hundred thousand veteran troops, trained on a hundred battlefields, and commanded by the leading Generals of the service, were there to be reviewed by the Lieutenant-General who commanded them all, by the President of the United States, by his Cabinet, by the dignitaries of our own and other nations, and by the innumerable throng of private citizens whose homes had been saved, and whose hearts now beat with grateful joy.

In those proud columns were to march the Army of the Potomac, the Army of the James, the Army of Georgia, the Army of the Tennessee, and the cavalry led by the indomitable Phil. Sheridan. To behold such a spectacle men came from every portion of the North; fathers brought their sons to see this historic pageant, while historians, poets, novelists, and painters thronged to see the unparalleled sight and there to gather material and inspiration for their future works. In that great display were to march heroes whose names will live while history endures.

The night before the review of the Army of the Potomac was wet and dreary enough, but as day dawned the clouds disappeared, and the scene in Maryland Avenue, between the Long Bridge and the Capitol, and on the large plain east of that building, was warlike and interesting. Brigades marching at route step, bivouac fires, around which groups were eating their breakfast, orderly sergeants insisting in very naughty yet impressive language on the use of sand paper on muskets already bright, musicians rehearsing some new march, little boys bracing up drums half as high as themselves, important adjutants riding to and fro to hurry up the formation of their respective regiments, elegantly attired aides-de-camp galloping like mad and endeavoring to avoid mud puddles, batteries thundering along, as if eager to unlimber and fire at some enemy—in short, it was fifty acres, more or less, of uniforms, horses, flags, and bayonets, in apparently inextricable confusion. Yet one man ran the machine. A few words from him reduced confusion to order, and the apparent snarl of humanity and horses began to be unraveled in a single, unbroken line, when General Meade gave the single word, "Forward!" Exactly as the watches marked nine the head of the column moved from the Capitol toward the reviewing stand along Pennsylvania Avenue.

The reviewing stand, erected on the sidewalk in front of the White House, was a long pavilion, with a tight roof, decorated with flags and bearing the names of the principal victories won. In this pavilion were seated the assistant secretaries and heads of bureaus and Diplomatic Corps. President Johnson occupied the central chair in a projection from the centre of the front, with Lieutenant- General Grant, Major-General Sherman, and the members of the Cabinet at his right and left hand.

The reviewing pavilion was flanked by two long stands, occupied by officials, ladies, and wounded soldiers. Opposite the reviewing pavilion was another on the north sidewalk for Congressional and

State officials, and on the flanks of this pavilion were others, erected at private expense, for the families of officers on parade and for the citizens of Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

The Army of the Potomac was six hours in passing the reviewing stand. As each brigade commander saluted, President Johnson would rise and lift his hat. General Grant sat during the whole time immovable, except that he would occasionally make some commendatory comment as a gallant officer or brave regiment passed. The foreign Ministers appeared deeply impressed by the spectacle.

It was the subject of general regret in the Army of the Potomac that President Lincoln was not there to review those who idolized him. For four long years they had guarded him at the Federal metropolis, often fighting desperately under generals whose ability to command was doubtful. Meanwhile the dandies of McClellan's force had become veteran campaigners, accustomed to the exposure of the bivouac, the fatigue of the march, the poor comfort of hard- tack, the storm of battle, and the suffering of sickness and wounds. They had watched on many a picket line the movements of a wily foe; they paced their weary rounds on guard on many a wet and cheerless night; they had gone through the smoke and breasted the shock and turned the tide of many a hard-fought field.

The Division of the Mississippi, which had swept like a cyclone "from Atlanta to the sea," was reviewed the next day. General Sherman, by granting amnesty to Joe Johnson's army, had incurred the displeasure of Secretary Stanton, who had intended that he should not have headed his victorious legions; but he was not to be separated from his "boys." As he passed along Pennsylvania Avenue the multitude of spectators sent up shouts that must have made his heart leap, and the enthusiasm increased as he approached the Presidential stand. He "rode up with the light of battle in his face," holding his hat and his bridle-rein in his left hand, and saluting with the good sword in his right hand, his eyes fixed upon his Commander-in-Chief. His horse, decked with flowers, seemed to be inspired with the spirit of the occasion, and appeared anxious to "keep step to the music of the Union."

After passing the President, General Sherman wheeled to the left, dismounted, and joined the reviewing party, where he was greeted by Governor Dennison. He shook hands cordially with President Johnson and General Grant, but when Secretary Stanton advanced with outstretched hand he remarked, "I do not care to shake hands with clerks," and turned away. Never was there a more complete "cut direct" than was given by the central figure of that grand pageant, whose brain and hand had guided this vast multitude of stalwart braves, leading them to victory, glory, and final triumph.

The troops displayed a fine physique, and had apparently profited from their foraging among the fat turkeys of Georgia. Their faces were finely bronzed, and they marched with a firm, elastic step that seemed capable of carrying them straight to Canada, or by a flank movement to Mexico, in a short space of time.

Any representation of Sherman's army would have been incomplete which omitted the notorious "Bummers." At the end of each corps appeared the strangest huddle of animation, equine, canine, bovine, and human, that ever civilian beheld—mules, asses, horses, colts, cows, sheep, pigs, goats, raccoons, chickens, and dogs led by negroes blacker then Erebus. Every beast of burden was loaded to its capacity with tents, baggage, knapsacks, hampers, panniers, boxes, valises, kettles, pots, pans, dishes, demijohns, bird-cages, cradles, mirrors, fiddles, clothing, pickaninnies, and an occasional black woman.

In effect Sherman gave a sample of his army as it appeared on the march through the Carolinas. Some of the negroes appeared to have three days' rations in their ample pouches, and ten days' more on the animals they led. The fraternity was complete; the goats, dogs, mules, and horses were already veterans in the field, and trudged along as if the brute world were nothing but a vast march with a daily camp. Thus were we shown how Sherman was enabled to live upon the enemy.

[Facsimile] Yours truly John A. Logan JOHN A. LOGAN was born in Jackson County, Illinois, February 9th, 1826; studied and practiced law; was a member of the State Legislature; was a Representative from Illinois, 1859-1861; was commissioned in September, 1861, Colonel of the Thirty-first Illinois Volunteers; was promoted to Brigadier-General in 1862, and Major-General in 1863, especially distinguishing himself at Belmont, Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and as commander of the Army of the Tennessee; was Congressman-at-Large from Illinois, 1867-1871; was United States Senator from Illinois, 1871-1877, again in 1883, and was re-elected in 1885, for six years.

CHAPTER XVII. PRESIDENT JOHNSON SURRENDERS.

President Johnson was by nature and temperament squarely disposed toward justice and the right, but he could not resist the concerted appeals made to him by the dominant whites at the South. Early in

May, rules were issued governing trade with the States lately in rebellion, but in June these restrictions were removed, and there rapidly followed executive orders restoring Virginia to her federal relations, establishing provisional governments in the Southern States, and granting a general amnesty to all persons engaged in the Rebellion, except certain classes, who could receive pardon by special application. These acts speedily alienated the President from the party whose votes elected him, but he was always "sure he was right, even in his errors."

Andrew Johnson's daily life as President was a very simple one. He arose promptly at six o'clock in the morning, read the newspapers, and breakfasted with his family at eight. Going into the executive office at nine, he remained there until four in the afternoon, devoting himself to conferences with Cabinet officers, his official correspondence, and the reception of visitors when he had leisure. At four o'clock he went into his family sitting-room, dined at five, and after dinner took a walk or a carriage-drive. From nine until eleven he received visitors, and then retired for the night. He had a few favorites who went into his room without being announced.

Prominent among them was Mr. S. P. Hanscom, of Massachusetts, who had been in early life a prominent Abolitionist and temperance lecturer. During the Johnson Administration Mr. Hanscom edited the Washington *Republican*, and obtained office for applicants for a pecuniary consideration. When Mr. Buffington refused to pay the stipulated fee for his appointment, Mr. Hanscom published a handbill, in which he unblushingly related the circumstances and denounced the ex-Congressman for breach of faith. Mr. Hanscom spent the large income which he received for office brokerage very freely. He was kind to the poor and a generous friend, but he died a few years afterward in reduced circumstances.

Jefferson Davis, the leader of the conquered Confederacy, had been brought from Georgia, where he was captured, and imprisoned at Fortress Monroe. He occupied the inner apartment of a casemate, with a guard in the outer apartment and sentries posted on the outside at the porthole and at the door. He became naturally somewhat irascible, and orders having been sent to put him in irons if he gave any provocation, he one day gave it by throwing a tin plate of food which he did not fancy into the face of the soldier who had served him.

Captain Titlow, who was especially charged with the custody of Mr. Davis, and who is the authority for this statement, was accordingly ordered by the Commandant of the fort to place his prisoner in irons. Summoning a blacksmith who was in the habit of riveting irons on soldiers sentenced by court-martial to wear them, the Captain went to the casemate, accompanied by the blacksmith carrying the fetters and his tools. They found Mr. Davis seated on his cot, there being no other furniture besides but a stool and a few articles of tinware. When he glanced at the blacksmith and comprehended the situation, he exclaimed: "My God! this indignity to be put on me! Not while I have life." At first he pleaded for opportunity to inquire of Secretary Stanton. Then his excitement rose to fury as he walked the cell, venting himself in almost incoherent ravings. The Captain at length calmly reminded him that as a soldier he must be aware that however disagreeable the duty assigned, it must be performed, and that, as in duty bound, he should perform it.

"None but a dog would obey such orders," replied Mr. Davis, emphasizing his determination never to be manacled alive by grasping the stool and aiming a very vicious blow. The sentries rushed forward to disarm him, but were ordered back into their places. Captain Titlow explained that such demonstrations of self-defense were foolish and useless, and that it would be much better for Mr. Davis to submit to the inevitable necessity. But while receiving this advice, Davis took the opportunity of grasping the musket of one of the sentries, and in the furious endeavor to wrest it from him, quite a scuffle ensued.

That ended, the Captain took the precaution of clapping his hand on his sword-hilt, as he perceived Mr. Davis' eye was upon it, and at once ordered the corporal of the guard to send into the casemate four of his strongest men without side arms, as he feared they might get into the wrong possession and cause damage. They were ordered to take the prisoner as gently as possible, and, using no unnecessary force, to lay him upon the cot and there hold him down. It proved about as much as four men could do, the writhings and upheavings of the infuriated man developing the strength of a maniac, until it culminated in sheer exhaustion. When the unhappy task was done Mr. Davis, after lying still for awhile, raised himself and sat on the side of the bed.

As his feet touched the floor and the chain clanked he was utterly overcome; the tears burst out in a flood. When he became calm he apologized in a manly way to the Captain for the needless trouble he had caused him, and they afterward maintained mutual relations of personal esteem and friendliness. The indignity had, however, such an effect upon Mr. Davis that the physician called in insisted on the removal of the irons. Permission to do this was reluctantly obtained from Washington, and the same man who had put on the fetters took them off.

This act did much to restore the deposed leader of the Rebellion to the foremost place, which he had forfeited, in the hearts of those who had rebelled. The imperious manner in which Mr. Davis had dictated the military operations of the Confederacy, placing his personal favorites in command, and his inglorious flight from Richmond, which was burned and plundered by the Confederates, while the fugitive "President" carried away a large sum in gold, had increased the feeling of dissatisfaction which had always existed in "Dixie" with Mr. Davis. But when he was ironed and otherwise subjected to harsh treatment, the Southern heart was touched, and every white man, woman, and child felt that they were, through him, thus harshly dealt with. The manacling of Mr. Davis delayed the work of reconstruction for years, and did much to restore the feeling of sectional hatred which fair fighting had overcome.

John Pierpont, the veteran parson-poet, came to Washington as the chaplain to Henry Wilson's regiment, but he found himself unable to endure the hardships of camp life, and Senator Sherman obtained a clerkship in the Treasury for him. When he reached his eightieth birthday, in 1866, he was told in the evening that a few friends had called, and on entering the parlor to greet them he was entirely surprised. One presented him with a gold watch, another with a valuable cane, and another with a large photograph-album containing the portraits of old Boston friends and parishioners. But the most valuable gift was a large portfolio filled with autograph letters of congratulation in poetry and prose from Sumner, Wilson, Mr. Sigourney, Whittier, Wood, Dana, Holmes, Whipple, and other prominent authors, with other letters signed Moses Williams, Gardner Brewer, William W. Clapp, and other "solid men of Boston." All old differences of opinion were forgotten and due honor was paid to the poet, the priest, the emancipationist, and the temperance reformer of "Auld Lang Syne."

Those who were encouraging the President in his opposition to the reconstruction policy of Congress, with others who had received or who expected to obtain Federal offices, got up at Philadelphia what was known as the "Bread and Butter Convention," at which the Union "as it was" was advocated. Soon afterward, President Johnson with Secretaries Seward and Welles, with General Grant and others, set out for Chicago to attend the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the monument to Stephen A. Douglas. It was this political pilgrimage that gave rise to the well-known expression, "swinging round the circle." The President spoke very freely of his policy in the different places on the route, openly denouncing Congress and saying many things that were decidedly inconsistent with the dignity of his position, and unquestionably injurious to him.

Senator Sumner was married at Boston on the 17th of October, 1866, by Bishop Eastman, to Mrs. Alice Hooper, a daughter of Jonathan Mason and the widow of Samuel Sturges Hooper, only son of Representative Sam Hooper. Mr. Sumner was then in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and had never before been a victim to the tender passion. Almost every day through the preceding session Mrs. Hooper had occupied a seat in the gallery directly behind him, and had appeared engrossed in his words and actions. They saw a good deal of each other at Mrs. Hooper's, where Mr. Sumner became a daily visitor, and on the last day of the session he announced his engagement to his friends.

The newly married couple passed their honeymoon at Newport, accompanied by the bride's young daughter. He finished a letter there to a friend by quoting from the *Spectator*, and saying: "I shall endeavor to live hereafter suitably to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as your most sincere friend, C. SUMNER."

The bridegroom little thought that these dreams of domestic happiness would never be realized, and that in a few months his life would be embittered by his great family trouble, which the world never guessed, much less knew, but which turned his love for his wife into hatred, and his hopes for handing his name to posterity into unforgiving anger. Senator and Mrs. Sumner, when they came to Washington after their marriage, occupied a handsomely furnished house on I Street. Mrs. Sumner at once manifested a fondness for "society," often insisting on remaining at receptions until a late hour, when he had unfinished Senatorial work on his desk that would have to be completed on his return home.

President Johnson suffered by his undue kindness to pardon-brokers, prominent among whom as a good-looking young woman named Mrs. Cobb. She was a constant visitor at the White House, and boasted that she could obtain pardons in six hours for a proper pecuniary consideration. Detective Baker worked up a fictitious case for the purpose of entrapping her. She agreed, in writing, for three hundred dollars, to obtain the pardon of a Captain Hine, receiving one hundred dollars cash down, the rest to be paid when the pardon was delivered. After the pardon was signed by President Johnson, Detective Baker laid the papers before him, upon which the President grew very angry, and finally ordered Detective Baker from the White House. Mrs. Cobb and her friends insisted that it was a "put-up" job, and the Grand Jury indicted Detective Baker, but the case was never brought to trial.

When Congress met in December, 1866, Representative James M. Ashley, of the Toledo district of Ohio, commenced operations as chief impeacher of President Johnson. He had begun life at an early age as a clerk on a trading-boat on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, driving sharp bargains with the

plantation darkies on the banks, in the exchange of cheap jewelry and gay calicoes for cotton and eggs. Next he undertook to learn the art and mystery of printing, studying law meanwhile, and finally located at Toledo as the editor of a Democratic paper. He was not a success as an editor, and went from the sanctum into a drug-store, where he put up prescriptions "at all hours of the night." Joining the Republican party in its infancy, he obtained an election to Congress, but failed to create any sensation until he mounted the hobby of impeachment, which enabled him to advertise himself extensively, and without expense. He was a rather short, fat man, with a clean-shaven face, and a large shock of bushy, light hair, which he kept hanging over his forehead like a frowsy bang threatening to obstruct his vision. He passed much of his time in perambulating the aisles of the House, holding short conferences with leading Republicans, and casting frequent glances into the ladies' gallery. A man of the lightest mental calibre and most insufficient capacity, he constituted himself the chief impeacher, and assumed a position that should have been held by a strong-nerved, deep-sighted, able man.

The Supreme Court, on the last day of 1866, presented to the Radicals an unacceptable New Year's present in the shape of a decision on the legality of military commissions. The case was that of Lamden P. Milligan, who had been sentenced to death, and on whose appeal for setting aside his trial there had been a division of opinion between the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Indiana. The Supreme Court was unanimous in deciding that no authority existed in the State of Indiana for the trial of Milligan by a Military Commission, and that he was entitled to the discharge prayed for in his petition, his case coming within the strict letter of the law of Congress, passed in 1863, authorizing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*. On the question whether Congress had a right to legalize military commissions in States where the authority and action of the established courts was unimpeded for the trial of civilians, there was a disagreement. Five of the judges held the affirmative, and four the negative. This decision made the leading Radicals very angry, and Thad. Stevens undertook to prepare a bill to remodel the court. Public opinion generally rejoiced at the suppression of unjust tribunals "organized to convict."

[Facsimile] Edwin MStanton SecofWar EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON was born at Steubenville, Ohio, December 19th, 1814; was graduated at Kenyon College in 1834; practiced law at Steubenville and afterward at Pittsburg; was Attorney-General under President Buchanan, December, 1860 - March, 1861; was Secretary of War under President Lincoln and Johnson, January, 1860 - May, 1868; was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by President Grant, and the appointment was promptly confirmed by the Senate, but before the commission was issued he died, December 24th, 1869.

CHAPTER XVIII. WASHINGTON CELEBRITIES.

When President Johnson occupied the White House he was joined by the ladies of his family. Mrs. Johnson had been an invalid for twenty years, and although she could not go into society on account of her ill-health, her pride was amply gratified in the advancement of her husband, whom she had taught to read when he was a village tailor and had won her heart. Her only appearance in public at the White House was at a party given to her grand-children. She then remained seated, and as the young guests were presented to her she would say, "My dears, I am an invalid," which was fully proven by her careworn, pale face, and her sunken eyes.

Mrs. Patterson, the President's eldest daughter, was the wife of David T. Patterson, who was elected United States Senator from Tennessee soon after Mr. Johnson became President. She had been educated where so many daughters of the South have been, at the Academy of the Visitation in Georgetown, and while her father was in the Senate she had remained there, spending her weekly holidays with President Polk's family in the White House. There she met Mrs. Madison, the Blairs, Lees, and other old families of Washington, many of whom, in later years, gladly welcomed her return to Washington. She was thus early introduced into Washington social life, and the people who imagined that Andrew Johnson's family were to prove a millstone about his neck forgot that Martha Patterson was his daughter. When some of the leaders of Washington society undertook to call at the White House and tender their patronage, Mrs. Patterson quietly remarked to them: "We are a plain people from the mountains of East Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity, but we know our position and shall maintain it." Mrs. Storer was President Johnson's other daughter, and the widowed mother of young children. A son, Robert Johnson was very dear to his father, but Mrs. Patterson was his favorite child, as she possessed his mental characteristics.

In the great struggle which ensued between the President and Congress, the Senate was really under the leadership of Roscoe Conkling, although Sumner, Fessenden, and Wade, each regarded himself as the head of the Republicans in the Upper House. Mr. Conkling was at that time a type of manly beauty. Tall, well made, with broad shoulders and compact chest and an erect carriage, he was always dressed with scrupulous neatness, wearing a dark frock- coat, light-colored vest and trousers, with gaiters

buttoned over his shoes. His nose was large and prominent, his eyes of a bluish- gray hue, surmounted by heavy dark auburn eyebrows, his side whiskers curled closely, and his hair ran down with a sharp point into the middle of his broad, bald forehead, where it rose in a curl. His language was elegant, and when he spoke on the floor every word was clearly enunciated, while slow and deliberate gestures lent effect to what he said. At times, when his features would light up with animation, his deep nostrils would quiver and lengthen into the expression of scorn, which would often lash an opponent into fury. His manner toward strangers was at times dictatorial, but his personal friends worshiped him, and they have never thrown off their allegiance.

Oliver P. Morton, the "War Governor" of Indiana, entered the Senate in time to take a prominent part in resisting the arrogant claims of President Johnson. He had found it difficult to ascend from the vale of poverty, but with indomitable energy he had overcome all obstacles. The promptness, the vigor, and thorough manner with which he discussed every question upon which he took hold soon won him the respect of his associates, to which was added their sympathy, caused by his physical condition. Possessed of an extraordinary physique and an iron constitution, he gradually lost the use of his lower limbs without a murmur, and after he was hopelessly crippled he moved about on his canes with a herculean effort. He spoke with great power, his penetrating eyes flashing with patriotism as he plead the cause of the emancipated, or flashing with anger as with withering denunciation and sarcasm he denounced their oppressors. His mind was especially utilitarian and his speeches were more remarkable for common sense than for the flowers of rhetoric or the brilliancy or oratory. With indomitable perseverance and pluck he possessed a large heart, and his charities were freely given.

George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, was another Senator who took his seat in time to participate in the great contest with President Johnson, in which the fruits of the war were at stake. He was not a college graduate, yet few men have acquired a broader culture from contact with men and the study of books. Tall and spare in figure, his bald head and flowing white beard gave him a resemblance to the classic portrait of St. Jerome, but, unlike that portrait, his head is dome-shaped, symmetrical, while his temples are wide apart and full between. He debates a question in a clear, half- conversational manner, occasionally indulging in a dash of sarcasm which makes those Senators who are the objects of it wince. What he says goes into the *Congressional Record* without any revision or correction, although many other members of Congress pass a deal of time in revising, polishing, and correcting the reports of their remarks. Invaluable in opposition and almost irresistible in assault, Senator Edmunds has always been regarded by the Republicans in the Senate as their "tower of strength" when the political horizon was overcast.

Zach Chandler, the merchant-Senator from Michigan, who was attaining high rank in the Republican councils, was justly proud of his business standing as a dry-goods dealer in Detroit, and he used to narrate how, when almost every business man there failed, in 1837, he could not see his way clear to the settlement of his own liabilities. He made a statement of his affairs, and, taking what money he could raise, went to New York and proposed to his creditors there to make an assignment. His principal creditor said to him: "You are too straightforward a man and too honest and enterprising a merchant to go under. You can take your own time for payment, and we will furnish you with a new stock of goods." The young merchant accepted the extension of time, and, going home, went to work again and was soon able to pay all his debts in full.

Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, was a model Senator. Endowed by nature with a gracious presence, integrity, and good sense, what he had to say on any question was always listened to with attention on both sides of the Senate Chamber. He excelled in the felicitous eulogies which he was called upon to deliver over departed associates. "The shaft of Death, Mr. President," said he on one of these occasions, "has been buried in this Chamber of late with fearful frequency, sparing neither eminence nor usefulness nor length of service. No one can predict where it will next strike, whose seat will next be vacated. With our faces to the setting sun, we tread the declining path of life, and the shadows lengthen and darken behind us. The good, the wise, the brave fall before our eyes, but the Republic survives. The stream of events flows steadily on, and the agencies that seemed to direct and control its current, to impel or to restrain its force, sink beneath its surface, which they disturb scarcely by a ripple."

Senator Nye, of Nevada—Jim Nye—sat for years at the right hand of Charles Sumner in the United States Senate, and used to delight in making comments on what transpired in language that was not agreeable to the fastidious Senator from Massachusetts, who would listen in a stately embarrassment which was delightful to Nye to witness, not wishing to show any offense, and yet thoroughly disgusted. Nye wasn't particularly witty in debate, and the speeches of Proctor Knott, McCreery, or Sam Cox were funnier than his; neither had he any Senatorial dignity whatever. He had, in its place, a vast store of humor and genial humanity—better articles, that brought him in love all that he lost in respect. He had more humor than wit, although many of his good things possessed the sharp scintillations of the last-mentioned article, as when Horace Greeley sat down on the Senator's new hat, and Nye, picking up the

crushed stove-pipe, said, gravely, "I could have told you it wouldn't fit before trying it on." He had little or no literary culture, read few books, and never troubled others with his convictions, if he had any, which was doubtful. He was a Falstaff of the nineteenth century, and it could be said of him, as Prince Hal said of his boon companion, "We could better spare a better man."

Mr. Elihu B. Washburne was the "Father of the House," and the man who had brought forward General Grant at a time when the Republic was sorely in need of such a man. Thad Stevens ruled the weak- kneed Republicans with a rod of iron, and never hesitated about engaging in a political intrigue that would benefit the party, as he understood its mission. Benjamin F. Butler was another power in the House, who delighted to engage in a debate, with copious invective interlinings, and who was more feared on the Republican side of the House than on the Democratic. And then there was Oakes Ames, a blunt, honest man, whose perceptions of right and wrong were not cloaked, but who placed his "Credit Mobilier" shares "where they would do the most good."

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Speaker Colfax presided in rather a slap-dash-knock-'em-down-auctioneer style, greatly at variance with the decorous dignity of his predecessors, and he was ever having an eye to the nomination for Vice-President in 1869. The most popular man in the House was unquestionably James G. Blaine, who exercised a fascination over all, and whose occasional speeches were marked by their purity of style, their terseness, and the strength of their arguments. His then graceful as well as powerful figure, his strong features, glowing with health, and his hearty, honest manner, made him an attractive speaker and an esteemed friend. Whatever might be said about some of his railroad speculations, no one ever lisped a syllable against his private character, nor was there in Washington a more devoted husband, a more affectionate father, or a kinder friend.

Once, when Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, was addressing the House, Mr. Blaine rose and questioned him concerning the accuracy of his statements. Mr. Tucker's reply implied that he doubted Mr. Blaine's ability to pass correct judgment on legal subjects, as that gentleman was not a lawyer. Blaine's memory enabled him to rejoin by reminding the distinguished member from Virginia of some egregious blunder committed by Mr. Tucker when filling the Attorney-Generalship of the Old Dominion, and he concluded by saying that if the commission of such a mistake was the result of being a lawyer, he, at least, congratulated himself on not belonging to the legal fraternity. Mr. Tucker thereupon said that his honorable friend from Maine reminded him of the Pharisee in the parable, apparently thanking his Deity for having created him unlike—"You," broke in Mr. Blaine, who had seated himself in the semicircle immediately in front of Mr. Tucker's desk. This telling interruption was greeted with roars of laughter, which completely drowned further remarks from the Virginian, most noted as a constitutional lawyer and as a wit.

A high tribute to Mr. Blaine's personal ability and popularity was paid in his election as Speaker of three successive Congresses, covering a period from March 4th, 1869, to March 4th, 1875. On the latter date, when by party changes it had become evident that a Democratic Speaker would succeed him, Mr. Blaine made a neat valedictory in adjourning the session, and as he declared the adjournment and dropped his gavel, a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm ensued. The crowded assemblage, floor and galleries, rose and greeted him with repeated salvos of applause, running in waves from side to side, with almost delirious cheering, clapping of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs. Fully five minutes, it seemed, he was detained, bowing and acknowledging with emotion, this tribute to the record he had made, and for full half an hour afterward there poured toward his standing place, at the clerk's desk, a constant stream of members and citizens anxious to press his hand and express in words the admiration already shown in signs. None who were there can forget the impression made by this scene.

Fernando Wood, of New York, was the best known man on the Democratic side of the House, nor was there a bureau official in the War Department who had such a military deportment. Tall, spare, erect, with clothes of faultless fit and closely buttoned to the chin, his hair cut short and his face cleanly shaven, with the exception of a heavy white moustache, he was the beau ideal of a colonel of the Old Guard. His manners were as courtly as were those of Lord Chesterfield, while his features were as immovable and emotionless as were those of Talleyrand. In his earlier days "Fernandy Wud" was identified with the lowest element of New York politics, and his political reputation was so unsavory that his own party twice, when opportunity offered, refused to elect him Speaker, a place to which he was entitled by seniority. On several occasions he was denounced virulently in debate, but he stood up "like a little man" and faced his assailants with features as imperturbable as if they were carved from marble. Mr. Wood's ambition was to be chosen Speaker when the revolutions of Fortune's wheel would again give the Democratic party the ascendency. This prompted him to entertain very liberally, and he used to receive many promises of support, but when the caucus was held, he never received over half a dozen votes.

[Facsimile] HBAnthony HENRY BOWEN ANTHONY was born at Coventry, Rhode Island, April 1st, 1815; was editor of *The Providence Journal*; was Governor of Rhode Island, 1849-1850; was United

States Senator, 1859, until his death at Providence, Rhode Island, September 2d, 1884.

CHAPTER XIX. CEREMONIALS AT THE METROPOLIS.

The New Year's reception at the White House, at the opening of 1866, was marked by the absence of volunteer officers in uniform, who had, since the breaking out of the war, always been present in large numbers. The East Room was not thrown open, but the suite of drawing-rooms, which had been re-decorated and newly furnished, were much admired. The traditional colors of scarlet, blue, and green had been preserved, but the walls had been painted with gilt moldings, and the furniture was far more elegant than was that which it had replaced. There was also a profusion of rare flowers from the conservatory.

The President received in the Blue Drawing-room, and it was a subject of general remark that age and official perplexities were evidently leaving their traces on his features, but he had lost none of his determined, defiant looks. During the more ceremonious part of the reception his two daughters stood near him. Mrs. Stover wore a rich black silk dress, with a basque of the same material, both being embroidered with violet-colored wreaths and trimmed with bugles. Mrs. Patterson wore a similar dress and basque, embroidered in white. Both ladies wore lace collars and had natural flowers in their hair.

The privileged guests began to arrive at eleven o'clock, the Diplomatic Corps taking precedence. They wore the official costumes of their respective courts, with the exception of Mr. De Romero, the Mexican Envoy, who was attired in a plain black suit. Sir Frederick Bruce and Mr. De Berthemy, the bachelor representatives of Great Britain and of France, were naturally objects of attraction to the ladies. M. Tassara, the Spanish Minister, and Baron Von Geroldt, the Prussian Minister, were accompanied by their wives, as was young M. De Bodisco, who represented Russia as Chargè d'Affaires. The South Americans were famously bedizened with embroideries, and nearly all of the Ministers, Secretaries, and attaches wore the broad ribbons of some order of merit across their right shoulders, or crosses upon their breasts. Some of them sported at least a dozen of these honorary decorations.

The Cabinet officers with their ladies next entered, and after them came the commanding figure of Chief Justice Chase, followed by the Justices of the Supreme Court and the local Judges. Members of Congress came next in order, but there were not many present. Assistant Secretaries, heads of bureaus, and chief clerks followed; and then, the band striking up the "Red, White, and Blue," Admiral Radford entered with a large party of naval officers, among them Admirals Davis and Stribling, with Colonel Ziellen and the other officers of marines stationed in Washington, all in full uniform.

"Hail to the Chief" announced General Grant, who was attended by Adjutant-General Thomas, Quartermaster-General Meigs, Paymaster- General Brice, Surgeon-General Barnes, and some fifty or sixty officers of lower grade, all in full uniform, and many of them who only performed bureau duty were arrayed in epaulettes and embroidery of the most stunning description. This comprised the official presentations, and many of those above named were accompanied by ladies, elegantly attired in full morning costumes, some of which, worn by the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, were very elegant.

At twelve o'clock the officials took their leave, and the people were admitted. For two hours did a living tide of humanity surge through the rooms, each man, woman, and child being presented and shaking hands with the President as they passed him. There was almost every conceivable variety of dress, and every part of the country, with many foreign lands, was represented. A more promiscuous company had never yet attended a White House reception, than that which gathered on this occasion. But one colored man sought an introduction to the "Moses" of his race, and he was civilly treated by the President and those in attendance.

The reception at the house of General Grant was crowded. Among the other visitors was Hon. Sam Hooper, the merchant Representative from Boston, who handed the General a letter signed by himself and forty-nine other "solid men of Boston," presenting a library of well-selected books, which had cost five thousand dollars.

George Bancroft's eulogy on Abraham Lincoln attracted crowds to the hall of the House of Representatives. The occasion was indeed a memorable one, equaled only by the exercises in the old hall on the last day of 1834, when that "Old Man Eloquent" of Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams, occupied nearly three hours in the delivery of his grand oration on Lafayette, which covered the history of the preceding half century. Henry Clay, who was on that occasion Chairman of the Joint Committee of Arrangements on the part of the Senate, had ten years before, as Speaker of the House, welcomed Lafayette as the nation's guest. Mr. Adams, in eloquently alluding to this impressive scene, said that few of those who received Lafayette were alive to shed the tear of sorrow upon his departure from this earthly scene. Neither was there a member of Congress who joined in the memorial exercises to

Lafayette to pay a farewell to Lincoln. There were a few present who heard the orator eulogize Jackson, and a few more who were present at the impressive funeral services of John Quincy Adams, who had fallen at his post in that glorious old hall, in which his voice, like that of John the Baptist, had proclaimed

"The coming of the glory of the Lord."

An incessant rain did not detract in the least from an immense attendance at the Capitol, although no one was admitted without a ticket. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, over three hundred tickets were issued beyond the utmost capacity of the House galleries, which were literally packed long before the ceremonies commenced. The audience, seemingly, was as select as it was large, and the attendance of many ladies gave to the occasion as brilliant and fascinating an interest as did the distinguished guests on the floor of the House. The hall was appropriately draped in mourning over the Speaker's chair and at other points.

Prominent on the front seats of the ladies' gallery were Mrs. General Grant, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover (the President's daughters), Mrs. Daniel Webster, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, and others equally famed in society. The floor of the House was divided into sections for the reception of the distinguished guests. All of the dignitaries were duly announced by the Sergeant-at-Arms as they appeared in a body at the main door of the hall. The House rose in compliment as they entered, and remained standing until the guests were duly seated. The Diplomatic Corps, with the exception of the French Minister and the Mexican Minister, were present in full force. Sir Frederick Bruce, the Spanish Minister, and the Russian Minister, occupied the front row of seats of the section assigned to the Diplomatic Corps. Lieutenant-General Grant sat in company with Admiral Shubrick, in front of the large delegation from the army and navy. There was a buzz in the hall and a quiet laugh as General Butler entered and unconsciously took a seat immediately behind General Grant; neither greeted the other. In the rear of General Butler General John A. Logan was sandwiched with General Holt and John Minor Botts.

At noon Sergeant-at-Arms Ordway entered bearing the official mace, and he was followed by Mr. Speaker Colfax. A rap from the Speaker's gavel brought the assembly to order, and a solemn and very appropriate prayer was offered by Mr. Chaplain Boynton. The journal of the last day's session was then read, followed by a letter from Secretary Seward apologizing for his absence.

The hum of conversation again echoed around the galleries, with the craning of fair necks and the peering of bright, curious eyes as the ladies sought to see who were there and what was worn. At ten minutes after twelve the doorkeeper announced the Senate of the United States. Mr. Speaker Colfax repeated the announcement with the familiar raps of the gavel, which on this occasion brought all on the floor to their feet. Sergeant-at-Arms Brown led the way, then came Mr. Foster, President *pro tempore*, with Chief Clerk McDonald, and then came the Senators, two and two, who took seats on either side of the main aisle.

The inner half-circle of chairs was as yet unoccupied. President Foster, receiving the gavel from Speaker Colfax, said: "Please be seated," and a rap was again obeyed. A few moments elapsed, during which the occupants of the galleries had time to scan the countenances of the eloquent guardians of the Union and champions of freedom, whose voices had been and might again be heard as a battle-cry in the dark days of our eventful history.

The President of the United States was announced, and the audience rose to receive the Chief Magistrate. He was attired in simple black, and as he passed between the Senators down to the front seat reserved for him, escorted by Senator Foote, he reminded one of Webster and of Douglas, so immovable was the expression of his massive, resolute, determined features. The President took his seat directly opposite the Speaker, and the seats at his right hand were occupied by Secretaries McCulloch, Stanton, Welles, Harlan, Postmaster-General Dennison, and Attorney-General Speed. Secretary Seward's health was so precarious that it did not permit him to be present.

Mr. Bancroft entered with the President and was escorted to the clerk's table, on which a reading-desk had been placed for his use. Before taking his seat he shook hands with President Foster and Mr. Speaker Colfax, who sat side by side at the Speaker's table, directly behind the orator.

The Supreme Court was next announced, and all rose to pay homage to the majesties of the law. They wore their silk robes and took the front row of seats on the President's left hand in the following order: Chief Justice Chase, Justices Wayne, Nelson, Clifford, Swayne, Miller, Davis, and Fields. Justice Grier's recent family bereavement kept him away.

Just after the Supreme Court was seated the President and Justice Clifford rose, advanced toward each other, and cordially shook hands. This made it twenty minutes past twelve, and, as all were present, Major French, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, gave a signal, and the Marine Band

performed, with impressive effect, the *Miserere*, from the opera "Il Trovatore." The Chaplain of the House, Rev. Dr. Boynton, made a most orthodox and righteous introductory prayer, after with Hon. Lafayette S. Foster, in a brief but eloquent address, introduced the orator of the day.

Mr. Bancroft was received, on rising, with hearty applause, and he commenced the delivery of his address in a clear, loud, and distinct tone of voice, heard in every part of the hall. He held his printed address in his left hand, and his sincerity and ability compensated for the absence of oratorical grace. His was the simplicity of faith rather than the simplicity of art, and by easy and rapid transitions it occasionally rose to bold and manly enthusiasm. The oration occupied two hours and thirty minutes, and at certain points was most rapturously applauded. The allusions by the orator to Great Britain's harboring rebel vessels during the war, and to the insignificance of Palmerston in comparison to Lincoln, did not seem to be well received by the British Minister, and his uneasiness was very manifest when the House thundered with repeated applause at the mention of the names of John Bright and Richard Cobden. On the other hand, the Russian Minister blushed at the continued applause and the thousands of eyes bent on him as Bancroft alluded to the unwavering sympathy of Russia with the United States during the late war. Baron Stoeckel congratulated the orator after the ceremonies were over.

When Mr. Bancroft had concluded, and the President and the Senate, with other invited guests, had retired, Mr. Washburne offered a joint resolution of thanks to Mr. Bancroft, copied almost *verbatim* from that passed when John Quincy Adams delivered the oration on Lafayette. When the address was printed Mr. Bancroft insisted on having the title-page state that it had been delivered before "the Congress of America," instead of "the Congress of the United States of America."

[Facsimile] Winfd S. Hancock WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, born near Norristown, Pa., February 14th, 1824; graduated at West Point in 1844; served on the frontier, in the Mexican and Florida Wars, and in California; Brigadier-General of Volunteers, September 23d, 1861; Major-General of Volunteers, November 20th, 1862; commander of Second Corps, May, 1863; wounded at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863; returned to his command and fought to the end of the war; Major-General of the regular army, July, 1866; commanded various military divisions; candidate for Presidency of the United States, 1880; died at Governor's Island, New York, February 9th, 1886.

CHAPTER XX. THE GREAT IMPEACHMENT.

The gulf between President Johnson and Congress gradually widened after the reconstruction bill was passed over his veto, although his friends announced that while he opposed the act and had resisted its passage, it was the law of the land, and he would fairly execute it. He appointed Generals Sheridan, Sickles, and Pope to carry out its provisions, and he was regarded as an obstinate man patriotically performing an unpleasant duty. Then he began to doubt, and Attorney-General Stanbery, aided by Judge Jere Black, declared that the Reconstruction Act was not legal, and that the military commanders at the South were merely policemen. Congress met in midsummer and made the act more stringent in its provisions. The President's advisers then counseled him to change those who were executing the provisions of the act at the South. Stanton was removed from the War Department and Grant appointed in his place, Sheridan was replaced by Hancock, and Sickles and Pope were relieved from duty. When the Senate met, it overruled the deposition of Mr. Stanton, and General Grant gracefully retired that the "War Secretary" might assume the duties of his office. This made President Johnson very angry. He had wanted to use General Grant as a cat's-paw for keeping Stanton out of the War Department, and had hoped at the same time to injure Grant in the estimation of the people. He raised a question of veracity with the General commanding, but Congress and the people speedily decided between the soldier, whose reputation for veracity was untarnished, and the President, who had broken his promises and had betrayed his friends.

Sir Frederick Bruce, the British Minister to the United States, died suddenly at a hotel in Boston, on the 19th of September, 1867. He had been attacked with diphtheria at Narragansett Pier, and had gone to Boston for medical advice, but he arrived too late. He recognized Senator Sumner, who hastened to his bedside, but was unable to speak to him. Sir Frederick was the younger brother of Lord Elgin. He was born in 1814, was educated at Christ's Church College, Oxford, and subsequently was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. Educated for the diplomatic service, he began his career in Lord Ashburton's suite, when he came to Washington in 1842, on his special mission regarding the north-eastern boundary question. At this time Rufus Choate said of him that he was "the Corinthian part of the British Legation." He was then employed in the diplomatic service until he was appointed in 1865 to succeed Lord Lyons as British Minister in Washington, and was presented to President Johnson immediately after the funeral of President Lincoln. While in China his official relations with the Hon. Anson Burlingame ripened into personal intimacy, and on the visit of the latter home there were reciprocated between these gentlemen the most cordial expressions of respect and friendship. He lived in excellent

style in Washington, was very hospitable to his acquaintances and friends, whom he frequently entertained at his well-spread table, and was noted for that love of horses which has almost become a passion with Englishmen. To the public in general the deceased wore that stiff and formal appearance which characterizes the class of his countrymen to which he belonged, but in private life he is said to have been very social, conversational, and entertaining.

Mrs. Lincoln created an excitement in the autumn of 1867 by offering for sale, in a small up-stairs room on Broadway, in New York, what purported to be her wardrobe while she was at the White House. Ladies who inspected it said that the object of this exhibition could not have been to realize money from the sale of the collection. With the exception of some lace and camel's-hair shawls, and a few diamond rings, there was nothing which any lady could wear, or which would not have been a disgrace to a second-hand clothes shop; the dresses—those that had been made up and worn—were crushed, old-fashioned, and trimmed without taste. The skirts were too short for any but a very short person, and of the commonest muslins, grenadines, and bareges; all were made extremely low in the neck, and could not be available for any purpose. There were some brocaded silk skirts in large, heavy patterns, which had been made but not worn, but these were unaccompanied by any waists, while the price put upon them and the other articles was exorbitant. The opinion was that the exhibition was intended to stimulate Congress to make Mrs. Lincoln a large appropriation. Those Republicans who had subscribed to the fund of one hundred thousand dollars paid to Mrs. Lincoln after the death of her lamented husband were very angry. The general opinion was that the exhibition was an advertising dodge which some of Mrs. Lincoln's indiscreet friends had persuaded her to adopt.

Thurlow Weed created a decided sensation by taking up the cudgels in defense of his party, and published a letter stating that the Republicans, through Congress, "would have made proper arrangements for the maintenance of Mrs. Lincoln had she so deported herself as to inspire respect." He further intimated "that no President's wife ever before accumulated such valuable effects, and that those accumulations are suggestive of 'fat contracts and corrupt disposal of patronage.'" He continued, that "eleven of Mr. Lincoln's new linen shirts were sold" almost before the remains, which were shrouded in the twelfth, had started "for the bourne from whence no traveler returns." Not only was Mr. Weed censured in this country, but in England. The London *Telegraph* said: "To attack Mrs. Lincoln is to insult the illustrious memory of Abraham Lincoln, and to slander a gentle lady. Far and wide she has been known as an admirable and charitable woman, an irreproachable wife, and a devoted mother. She is entitled to more than 'respect' from the American people. They owe her reverence for her very name's sake. If fifty thousand swords were to have leapt from their scabbards to avenge the slightest insult offered to Marie Antoinette, a million of American hearts and hands would be quick to relieve the wants of the widow of the Emancipator; and if this deplorable tale could be true, which we decline to believe, the American public wants no stimulus from abroad to take such an incident at once from the evil atmosphere of electioneering, and to deal with the necessities of Abraham Lincoln's family in a manner befitting the national dignity."

The impeachment of President Johnson was loudly demanded by Wade, Butler, Thad. Stevens, and other ultra radicals when Congress met in December, 1867. "Why," said Mr. Stevens, "I'll take that man's record, his speeches, and his acts before any impartial jury you can get together, and I'll make them pronounce him either a knave or a fool, without the least trouble." He continued: "My own impression is that we had better put it on the ground of insanity or whisky or something of that kind. I don't want to hurt the man's feelings by telling him that he is a rascal. I'd rather put it mildly, and say he hasn't got off that inauguration drunk yet, and just let him retire to get sobered."

President Johnson, with an equally unfortunate want of reticence, denounced Congress, and finally again issued an order removing Mr. Stanton and appointing Adjutant-General Thomas Secretary of War. Senator Sumner at once telegraphed to Mr. Stanton, "Stick," and many believed that a scene of violence would soon be witnessed at the War Department.

What did occur, however, was simply ludicrous. General Thomas went to Mr. Stanton's office, we are told by Adjutant-General Townsend, and formally announced that he was Secretary of War, to which Mr. Stanton replied, "You will attempt to act as Secretary of War at your peril." General Thomas then went into General Shriver's room, and Mr. Stanton soon followed him there. Resuming the colloquy, Mr. Stanton said, in a laughing tone, to General Thomas: "So you claim to be here as Secretary of War, and refuse to obey my orders, do you?" General Thomas replied, seriously, "I do so claim. I shall require the mails of the War Department to be delivered to me, and shall transact all the business of the Department." Seeing that the General looked as if he had had no rest the night before, Mr. Stanton, playfully running his fingers up through the General's hair, as he wearily leaned back in his chair, said: "Well, old fellow, have you had any breakfast this morning?" "No," said Thomas, good-naturedly. "Nor anything to drink?" "No." "Then you are as badly off as I am, for I have had neither." Mr. Stanton then sent out for some refreshments, and while the two were sharing the refection they engaged in very pleasant conversation, in the course of which, however, Mr. Stanton suddenly and with seeming

carelessness inquired when General Thomas was going to give him the report of an inspection, which he had lately made, of the newly completed national cemeteries. Mr. Stanton said if it was not soon rendered it would be too late for the printers, and he was anxious to have it go forth as a credible work of the Department. The question had apparently no especial point, and General Thomas evidently saw none, for he answered, pleasantly, that he would work at the report that night and give it to the Secretary. "This struck me," said General Townsend, "as a lawyer's *ruse* to make Thomas acknowledge Stanton's authority as Secretary of War, and that Thomas was caught by it. I some time after asked Mr. Stanton if that was his design. He made no reply, but looked at me with a mock expression of surprise at my conceiving such a thing."

The Senate at once declared that the President had exceeded his authority, and the House of Representatives passed a resolution— 126 yeas to 47 nays—that he be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. The House agreed to the articles of impeachment March 3d, 1868, and the Senate received them two days later. They specified his removal of Secretary Stanton, his publicly expressed contempt for the Thirty-ninth Congress, and his hindrances to the execution of its measures, as acts calling for his impeachment. The trial began in the Senate, sitting as a high court of impeachment, on March 23d. The managers of the trial on the part of the accusation were Thaddeus Stevens, B. F. Butler, John H. Bingham, George S. Boutwell, J. F. Wilson, T. Williams, and John A. Logan, all members of the House; for the President, appeared Attorney-General Henry Stanbery, Benjamin R. Curtis, Jeremiah S. Black, William M. Evarts, and Thomas A. R. Nelson.

The formulated charges were eleven in number, but only three were voted upon, two of these concerning that one item of Secretary Stanton's attempted removal and the other concerning the President's expressed contempt of Congress. The latter charge was based on language used by Mr. Johnson in a public speech in which Congress was characterized as a Congress of only part of the States, and not a constitutional Congress, with intent, as was charged, of denying that its legislation was obligatory upon him, or that it had any power to propose amendments to the Constitution.

The trial from its very inception to a great extent assumed a party character, the Republican party having strongly condemned the action and utterances complained of, while the Democratic party approved and defended them. On the final issue, however, seven of the Republican Senators refused to vote for conviction, and an acquittal followed. A question of importance on the trial was, whether the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, who in the event of a conviction would become President, had a right to vote; but he claimed and exercised the right. Many members, however, handled the entire subject very delicately, feeling that the precedents were not very safe and sure.

Chief Justice Chase presided with great dignity, but the Senators retained their comfortable arm-chairs, instead of being ranged on a judicial bench, and were often engaged in letter-writing during the arguments. The managers occupied seats at a table on one side of the area before the table of the presiding officer, and the accused's counsel had a table on the other side. Seats were provided for the Representatives in the rear of the Senators.

The most noticeable argument on either side was that of Mr. Evarts, one of the counsel retained by the President's friends, who raised a large sum of money by subscription to secure his acquittal. Mr. Evarts was then fifty years of age, and his three days' speech was an oration rather than an argument. Tall, slender, with a high, round head, expressive eyes, and long, slender arms, he spoke without any emotion, continually indulging in fearfully long sentences.

Even his review of Mr. Manager Boutwell's astronomical proposition of a "hole in the sky," though it provoked shouts of laughter, was overdone. The subject was so good that he kept piling sentence upon sentence on it, and his phrase, "the honorable and astronomical manager," never failed to excite merriment. Boutwell bore it well, though disturbed. Like other men of logical habit of mind, when proposing to ornament his production with something imaginative, he struck upon the extravagant, and, feeling that he was doing a fantastic thing, gave rein to fancy.

An amusing feature of Mr. Evarts' argument was his illustration of "the proprieties of speech, as shown by the official report of the debates." He read from the *Congressional Globe* that Senator Sumner had called Andrew Johnson an "enemy of his country," and had been called to order. Senator Anthony, in the chair, said that it was usual and proper to call the President an enemy of his country, and Senator Sherman scouted the idea that Senator Sumner was out of order, saying that he had heard such language in the Senate fifty times. Senators were a good deal amused at this exhibition of their record. Then Mr. Evarts turned to the record of the House as to the propriety of speech, and there was a general stir and smile, as if to say, "Here's richness." The celebrated passage between Bingham and Butler, about murdering Mrs. Surratt, and Fort Fisher, and the bottle and spoons, was recited, and there was almost universal merriment. Bingham smiled and squirmed, looking, when his remarks about Butler were given, both puzzled and pleased. Butler had fixed himself in an easy position, his right

elbow upon the manager's table, and his head leaning upon his hand, and he was as still as a wooden image until Evarts was through with the matter of decorum. Members of the House who were present, seemed greatly edified, and Garfield and Colfax talked it over, laughing heartily.

At last came the verdict. The votes on the two articles were taken May 16th and 26th, standing, in each case, thirty-five guilty and nineteen not guilty, which acquitted the President, as a two-thirds vote is required to convict. Mr. Stanton at once resigned, and General Schofield was made Secretary of War. The fact that had Mr. Johnson been found guilty Mr. Wade would have been President of the United States doubtless had great weight with several Senators who voted "not guilty."

Within thirty minutes after the first vote was taken, which resulted in acquittal, a Congressional Committee of Inquiry was instituted by Republicans in regard to the conduct of the disagreeing members of the Senate. Witnesses were summoned, and volumes of testimony were taken and ingeniously exhausted in the vain endeavor to fix a stain upon a single Senator, but the Committee had to give up the matter in disgust, being quite unable to accomplish the ends they so zealously pursued.

The remainder of Mr. Johnson's Presidential career was not especially noteworthy. On the 25th of December, 1868, he issued a full pardon to everybody who had taken part in the Rebellion.

[Facsimile]
J. S. Black
JEREMIAH SULLIVAN BLACK, born in The Glades, Somerset County, Pa., June 10th, 1810; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1831; in 1851 was chosen Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and became its Chief Justice; was Attorney-General under President Buchanan, 1857-1861; resumed private practice at law; defended President Johnson in the Impeachment trial; died near York, Pa., August 19th, 1883.

CHAPTER XXI. A NEW PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

As the time approached for the selection of a candidate by the Republicans, Ohio presented four names. General Grant, the conqueror of the Rebellion, who was without experience, qualifications, or capacity as a civil ruler, was evidently the choice of the loyal people of the North. The old Abolitionists and the national banks favored Chief Justice Chase, who possessed brains, personal dignity, and ability to perform the duties of the Executive. Stanton was the martyr-candidate of the contractors, an unscrupulous man of action and decision, bold, audacious, and unshrinking; and the Western Reserve brought forward bluff Ben Wade, feigning fanaticism and stoical virtue, but a mere mouther of strong words and profane epithets. A few spoke of a fifth Ohio candidate for the nomination in General Sheridan, but, "like a little man," he promptly sat down on every demonstration in his behalf. It soon became evident that General Grant would be nominated. State Republican Conventions, Union Clubs, and newspapers of all political shades declared their preferences for him, the New York *Herald* finally coming out for the "Conqueror of the Rebellion," with these lines, by General Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), as a text. They afterward became historic:

"So, boys, a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant,
For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant.

"And if asked what State he hails from,
This our sole reply shall be,
From near Appomattox Court-House,
And its famous apple tree.

"For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight;
Now, boys, to Grant for President,
And God defend the right."

Chief Justice Chase was treated with less favor by another poet, who thus described his visit to Ohio to rally his followers:

"Says Salmon P.
Chase, says he,
'I'll fish, by Jupiter Ammon!'

He went to Ohio,
And threw in his fly—oh!
But never a sign of a Salmon."

The Chief Justice was a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, was in New York when the Democratic Convention was held there, and her parlor was the head-quarters of her father's friends. Mr. Frederick Aiken, a lawyer-journalist, who had appeared at the trial of the conspirators as the defender of Mrs. Surratt, was her master of ceremonies, and introduced the delegates from the rural districts to Mrs. Sprague, but she failed to capture a majority. The Chief Justice saw plainly that the star of Grant was in the ascendant, and that his life-cherished hope of being President was doomed to disappointment.

General Grant was very positive in demanding that all officers of the Confederate army should enjoy their liberty. Among those of them who had been imprisoned by order of the Secretary of War was General Clement C. Clay, an ex-United States Senator from Alabama. He was taken ill in prison with asthma, and his wife came to Washington to solicit his release. She went to President Johnson, and he gave her the necessary order, which she took back to Secretary Stanton. Stanton read the order, and, looking her in the face, tore it up without a word and pitched it into his waste-basket. The lady arose and retired without speaking; nor did Stanton speak to her. She was filled with despair. She saw her husband, in whom her life was wrapped up, dying in prison, and she was unable to help him.

Soon afterward she was advised to call on General Grant, who ascertained by consulting his roster of the Confederate army that her husband was a Brigadier-General, and then wrote an order directing his release, under the Appomattox parole, on giving the required bond, and added: "I shall see that this order is carried out." Having signed the order, he gave it to Mrs. Clay, who the next day presented it to the Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton read it, then touched his bell, and when an officer appeared, handed him the order, saying, "Have that man discharged."

The extensions of the Treasury Department were completed during the Administration of President Johnson under the efficient direction of Mr. A. B. Mullett, supervising architect. The entire building is four hundred and sixty feet long and two hundred and sixty-four feet wide. The new portions are constructed of granite, and the entire cost of this elegantly finished structure was about eight million dollars.

Senator Ben Wade, of Ohio, as President *pro tempore* of the Senate, enjoyed the privilege of appointing the keeper of the Senate restaurant. That establishment, elegantly fitted up in the basement story of the Senate wing of the Capitol, brilliantly lighted and supplied with coal and ice, was enjoyed rent free by the person fortunate enough to obtain it. It was customary, however, for him to send a good lunch every day to the Vice-President's room without charge.

One day the restauranteur, hearing that he was to be superseded by a caterer from Cincinnati, called on Mr. Wade and said obsequiously, "I am the keeper of the Senate restaurant, Senator." "Oh! yes," replied Mr. Wade, "you run the cook-shop down-stairs, don't you?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, with a low bow. "Well," said Mr. Wade, "what can I do for you? what do you want?" "I have called to express my wish, sir, that I may continue to keep the restaurant, and anything you want, sir, you have only to send a page down-stairs and it shall be furnished quick as a flash, without costing you a cent, sir."

Just then Mr. Wade appeared to recollect something, and looking the man directly in the eye, said: "Oh! I don't want you to feed me; when I do I will pay you for what I eat, like other people. But, listen: complaint has been made to me that you don't treat the little pages fairly or kindly. They complain that they can't get anything to eat except expensive things, for which they have to pay a large price. Now, sir, just remember that these pages are our boys, and you had better overcharge Senators, who are able to pay, than these little chaps, who want to save all of their wages that they can for their mothers. You must be civil and kind to these pages, sir, or I'll have you moved out of your cook-shop and put in some one there who will treat the boys well." The restauranteur promised that he would do so, and bowed his way out. Mr. Wade after this made inquiry of the pages from time to time, and found that they were civilly treated, and that lunches of reasonable cost were provided for them.

Mr. Sumner's enemies circulated a statement that his great speech on Alaska was prepared at the Department of State, and there published at Government expense. This was an unmitigated falsehood. Mr. Sumner obtained the materials for his speech by a careful examination of all the available works in the Congressional and other libraries at Washington in which reference is made to Alaska, and by conversing with officers of the navy and of the Smithsonian Institution who had been there. Everything supplied from the Department of State was a brief correspondence between Mr. Stoeckel and Secretary Seward, which made a quarter of a printed page. Mr. Sumner's speech, written in his own hand, made nearly one hundred foolscap pages, and the manuscript, which he gave me, is now in my collection of autographs. He had it printed at the *Congressional Globe* office at his own expense, and an expensive

job it was. Subsequently Mr. Seward asked and received permission to have a small extra edition struck off, before the type was distributed, for the use of the Department of State, and with these copies was bound a coast survey chart, for which Mr. Sumner had supplied much information.

General Grant, although at times annoyed by his relations with the President, passed the happiest period of his eventful life at Washington during the Johnson Administration. He occupied a large house which had been built by Judge Douglas, in what was known as Minnesota Row. A devoted wife, Mrs. Grant was also an affectionate mother, and the happy pair enjoyed the society of their children as they grew up. Fred, the eldest son, who had shared some of his father's later campaigns, was being prepared for admission to West Point. The General's pet was his only daughter, Nellie, who was bright and beautiful, and whose girlish prattle was far more attractive to him than the compliments of Congressmen or the praises of politicians.

General Grant used generally to walk to and from his "head-quarters," which were in a two-story house on Seventeenth Street, opposite the War Department, and he was often seen trudging along on a stormy day, his only protection from the rain being an army cloak and a slouch hat. There was nothing to indicate that he was the Commander- in-Chief of the army, and he was always alone in the morning when he went to the Department. His route was through I Street to Massachusetts and New York Avenues, to Fifteenth Street, and thence by the broad-flagged pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue to the War Department. Even the children along this route knew General Grant, and would frequently salute him as he passed, silently smoking his cigar. General Grant was very fond of walking about Washington, and even after he became President nothing was more agreeable to him than a stroll down Pennsylvania Avenue. Frequently in these walks he would meet going in an opposite direction Sir Edward Thornton, then the British Minister. Sir Edward was a good pedestrian, and took long strolls every day, and would go springing along like a boy out for a holiday. On the other hand, General Grant walked slowly and deliberately, and would invariably return every salutation, no matter how humble the person saluting might be.

General Grant's evening receptions at his house on Minnesota Row were the social feature of Washington. Cabinet officers, diplomatists, Judges, Congressmen, officers of the army and navy, residents, and the strangers within their gates made up the throng that good- humoredly jostled and crowded each other in futile attempts to move through the parlors and hall. When General Grant had issued cards of invitation to his first reception, hundreds who had received none went, all the same, so he afterward announced through the newspapers that he would be "happy to see his friends."

General Grant received all those who could get near him in his usual stoical manner, his eyes lighting up when he took an old friend or comrade by the hand. He wore his undress uniform, with the four golden stars glistening on his shoulder-straps, while Mrs. Grant, who stood at his side, wore a plain, high-necked, long- sleeved, pink silk gown, with a Honiton black lace shawl thrown over her shoulders. The wives of Senators Chandler and Morgan vied with each other in the richness of their toilets and the splendor of their diamonds, but the observed of all observers was Mrs. Charles Sumner, on the Senator's arm, wearing a becoming dress of black velvet, with a white lace shawl, and a flexible golden serpent woven among her dark tresses.

Secretary Seward hovered around the host nearly all the evening, anxious to conciliate him and to secure his support of "our Administration." Mr. Speaker Colfax was in excellent spirits, and so were the scores of Congressmen and placemen present, each one anxious to say a word to the next President. Lieutenant-General Sherman was grim and epigrammatic, while Generals Sheridan and Ord appeared delighted at their deliverance from the troublesome duties of reconstruction, and there was much soldier-talk among the many brave men present who had stood shoulder to shoulder on hard-fought fields. Receptions were given by President Johnson, Speaker Colfax, Chief Justice Chase, Governor Morgan, Admiral Dalhgren, and other dignitaries, but those at the house of General Grant eclipsed them all.

Mr. Sam Ward began to operate in the lobby at Washington toward the close of the war. He was a short, compactly built, round-headed gentleman, well educated, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and great gastronomic knowledge, which enabled him to give marvelously good dinners. Besides all this, he was a "good witness," and consequently a reliable friend. He said of himself, just after being examined by General Butler, during the Andrew Johnson impeachment investigation, that he had "been before that d——d strabismal inquisition, and that his evidence wasn't worth half his mileage." It should be known that his mileage was twenty cents, ten cents per mile each way from Willard's Hotel to the Capitol, and that, as his street-car fare only cost him twelve, he sent eight cents to the Treasury as conscience money. So powerful a legislative manipulator was Mr. Ward that he claimed for himself the title, "King of the Lobby," nor was his claim seriously disputed.

Charles Dickens again came to Washington to lecture during President Johnson's last official winter.

He had rooms at Welcker's restaurant on Fifteenth Street. He used to walk out every fine day, accompanied by his friend and adviser, Mr. Osgood, the Boston publisher, and Mr. Dolby, his financial agent. They would often tramp eight or ten miles before dinner. Simon Hanscom, the journalist, secured him an interview with President Johnson, who impressed him, as he afterward wrote, as "a man of very remarkable appearance—indeed, of tremendous firmness of purpose, not to be trifled with." The only invitation to dine that he accepted was one from Senator Sumner, on a Sunday afternoon, when Secretary Stanton was in the party.

In Washington, as elsewhere, Mr. Dickens' lectures and readings were to him a mine of pecuniary profit, and to hundreds of the most intelligent and cultured citizens of the metropolis they furnished a treat of the highest intellectual character. His audiences were such as must have highly flattered him, and his entertainments were such as greatly delighted him.

[Facsimile] Charles Sumner CHARLES SUMNER was born at Boston, Massachusetts, January 6th, 1811; received a classical education, graduating at the Cambridge Law School in 1834; practiced in Boston; traveled in Europe 1837- 1840; was United States Senator from Massachusetts from December 1st, 1851, until his death at Washington City, March 11th, 1869.

CHAPTER XXII. GENERAL GRANT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

General Grant, having been elected President by a majority of nearly one million and a-half of votes, was inaugurated on Thursday, the 4th of March, 1869. The national metropolis was crowded with those who had come to witness the historic event, many of them veterans who rejoiced in the elevation of their Old Commander to the highest civic office in the gift of the American people.

The military escort was composed of regulars and volunteers, several companies of the latter being colored men. Then came President Johnson and the President-elect in an open landau, drawn by four white horses, Mr. Johnson looking soured and sad, while General Grant, displaying no signs of elation, waved his hat in response to the cheers with which he was greeted all the way from the White House to the Capitol. Next came the Vice-President-elect, Mr. Colfax, in a carriage with a member of the Senatorial Committee of Arrangements, and the civic associations followed. There were the Tanners, the Invincibles, the Wide Awakes, the Grant and Colfax Clubs, and the Colored Republicans, each organization with its band, its banners, and its badges. The Washington Fire Department, their brightly polished engines drawn by spirited horses, brought up the rear.

On arriving at the Capitol, the President and President-elect and the Vice-President-elect were escorted to the Senate Chamber, where, four years previously, Mr. Johnson had disgraced himself by his drunken harangue. The Supreme Court was already there, with the Diplomatic Corps, gorgeously arrayed in their court costumes, and a number of prominent army and navy officers in full uniform. In the galleries were ladies gayly dressed, whose opera-glasses had been turned on the distinguished personages below as they had successively entered, and who kept up such a buzzing chat that it was almost impossible for the Senators to transact the closing business of the expiring session.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Colfax was sworn in as Vice-President, and afterward administered the oath to the new Senators. Some of those applying, however, had served in the Confederate army, and were not able to take what was known as the "iron-clad oath." A procession was then formed of those present on the floor of the Senate, which moved through the rotunda to the east front of the Capitol, where the President-elect was hailed by hearty cheers. He advanced to the front of the platform, and the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Chase, followed by an artillery salute from a light battery near by, while the whistles of the steam fire-engines joined in the clangor, the band played, and thousands of voices cheered.

When silence was restored, President Grant drew from his coat pocket six or seven pages of foolscap, adjusted his glasses, and with great deliberation read in a conversational tone his message to the citizens of the Republic and to the world, a plain, practical, common-sense document, in which he declared that he should on all subjects have a policy of his own to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people. Soon after he began to read his message his little daughter, somewhat alarmed by the clamor and the throng, ran from her mother to his side, and took hold of his hand, which she held until a chair was placed for her, when she sat down, seemingly assured that no harm could reach her. When the President had concluded he shook hands with his wife, and afterward received the congratulations of many official and unofficial persons, who crowded around and greeted him, before he could return to his carriage and start, escorted as when he came, to the White House. The interest taken in this occasion by the President's old comrades in arms was something wonderful. Every soldier hailed his election as a compliment to the army.

That night General Grant and wife attended the inauguration ball, which was held in the north wing

of the new Treasury Department, then just completed. There was a great crowd, and the single flight of stairs proved insufficient for those who wished to pass up or down, causing great dissatisfaction, especially on the part of Horace Greeley and others, who found that the best hats and coats had been taken from the improvised cloak-rooms early in the evening.

General Grant had kept the formation of his Cabinet a profound secret, and their names were not known until he sent their nominations to the Senate on the day after his inauguration. The nomination of Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, as Secretary of State, created some surprise, as it had been understood that he was to be sent to France as Minister Plenipotentiary. It was soon known, however, that Mr. Washburne only desired to preside over the Department of State for a few days, ostensibly for the prestige it would give him in diplomatic circles abroad, but really that he might appoint some of his political henchmen to profitable consulates. At the end of six days' service, Mr. Hamilton Fish was nominated and confirmed as his successor. Mr. Fish was of orthodox Knickerbocker stock, and the services of his father, Colonel Nicholas Fish, gave him a hereditary right to belong to the Society of the Cincinnati, over the central organization of which he presided as Captain- General. He had served acceptably in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and as a War Governor of the State of New York he had displayed considerable executive talent. He was rather a large, British-looking man, with leg-of-mutton side- whiskers, a stout nose, and a pleasant expression of countenance, especially when he was chuckling over his success in humbugging some verdant news-gatherer on diplomatic matters.

It was the especial social duty of Secretary Fish to entertain the foreign diplomats in Washington, to settle their little disputes on questions of etiquette, and to make them reasonably happy. Every winter he dined and wined them, and, although his dining-room in the Morgan House was of goodly size, he was forced to make a three days' job of it. So on Monday he had the Envoys Extraordinary, on Tuesday the Ministers Resident, and on Wednesday the Chargè d'Affaires, with a few personal friends to fill up the gaps. The Senate and House Foreign Committees were next entertained at dinner, and then the leading members of either House expected to put their Congressional legs under the Fish mahogany. Meanwhile Mrs. and Miss Fish had to go the grand rounds to leave their cards on the wives and daughters of Senators and Representatives, and to be "at home" every Wednesday to receive visits from them and the rest of society in turn.

The Secretary of State is considered the "Premier" of the Administration, but General Grant regarded the Secretaryship of the Treasury as the most important position in his Cabinet. The Republic was at peace with other nations, and the military and naval forces, which had grown to such enormous proportions during the war, had been economically reduced, but the Treasury was an immense, overgrown organization, with its collections of customs and of internal revenue duties, its issues of interest-bearing bonds and of national bank-notes, the coinage of money, the revenue marine service, the coast survey, and the life-saving stations, all of which had been expanded during the war until the clerks and employees were numbered by thousands. General Grant wished to place at the head of this establishment a business man who could prune off its excrescences and reform its abuses. The place was offered to the millionaire merchant, Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, who accepted it with pleasure, and at once had a suite of rooms in the Ebbitt House, with a private entrance, fitted up for his occupancy until he could go to housekeeping. A few days before the 4th of March he came to Washington and occupied these rooms, with Judge Hilton as his companion and adviser.

On the day after the inauguration Mr. Stewart was nominated by General Grant, but Senator Sumner, who had not been consulted as to the formation of the Cabinet, interposed his objection to the immediate consideration of Mr. Stewart's nomination. Late in the afternoon of that day a rumor got abroad that there was a law, understood really to have been written by Alexander Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, prohibiting an importer in active business from holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. A newspaper correspondent obtained this law and carried to General Butterfield, who conveyed it to Mr. Stewart and his legal adviser, Judge Hilton. They consulted Chief Justice Chase, and he confirmed the view which had been taken of the law by those who first brought it to Mr. Stewart's attention. Mr. Stewart then proposed to retire from business and devote the entire profits that might accrue during the time that he should hold the office of Secretary of the Treasury to charitable objects. But this was decided to be something which would not be proper either for him to carry out or for the Government to accept.

Immediately after seeing Chief Justice Chase, Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton drove to the White House, and laid the facts and the opinions before the President, who, on the next day, wrote a message to the Senate asking that the law of 1788 be set aside so as to enable the candidate to hold the office. This the Senate declined to do. It was a very natural ambition for a man of Mr. Stewart's tastes and training to desire to be at the head of the Treasury, and it is not unlikely that the disappointment was a very severe one. This was the beginning of the "unpleasantness" between President Grant and Senator Sumner, which finally resulted in open rupture.

Disappointed in not having the services of Mr. Stewart, General Grant appointed George S. Boutwell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, who had had great legislative experience, as Secretary of the Treasury; General John A. Rawlins, who had been his chief of staff and military adviser, was made Secretary of War; Adolph E. Borie, a retired Philadelphia merchant, Secretary of the Navy; J. D. Cox, an Ohio lawyer, with a good military record, Secretary of the Interior; John A. J. Creswell, an ex-Senator from Maryland, Postmaster- General, and Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, a gifted Massachusetts lawyer, endowed with keen wit, but possessed of most unpopular manners, Attorney-General.

The Cabinet was regarded as a strong one. In Congress, Vice- President Colfax presided over the Senate, and James G. Blaine was Speaker of the House. Every State was again represented, and the Republican Administration had the support of a decided majority at either end of the Capitol. It was hoped by the Republicans that their party was about to enter upon a new career of usefulness.

General Grant carried with him into the White House his army habits of regularity and two of his staff officers, Generals Porter and Babcock. He used to rise in the morning about seven o'clock, read the Washington papers, and breakfast at half-past eight with his family. He would then light a cigar and take a short stroll, walking slowly, with his left hand behind him, and sometimes holding his cigar in his right hand. Ten o'clock found him in his office, ready for the reception of visitors and the transaction of executive business. On Thursdays and Fridays the Cabinet met, and members of Congress always had precedence over other visitors. He would listen attentively to all that was said to him by those who called, but he was silent or non-committal in his replies. As the day advanced his secretaries would bring him letters which required answers, and would receive instructions as to what replies should be made.

At three o'clock the official business of the day was ended, and General Grant almost invariably visited the White House stables, for he was very fond of his horses. Among them were "Cincinnatus," his dark bay charger; "St. Louis" and "Egypt," two carriage-horses of fine action; a buggy horse named "Julia;" Master Jesse's Shetland ponies, "Billy Button" and "Reb;" "Jeff Davis," a natural pacer; "Mary," Miss Nellie's saddle-horse; "Jennie," a brood mare, and three Hambletonian colts. Five vehicles were in the carriage house —a landau, a barouche, a light road-wagon, a top-buggy, and a pony- phaeton for the children.

From the stable, if the weather was pleasant and the walking good, General Grant would often take a stroll along the north sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue, occasionally stopping to exchange a few words with an old comrade. He returned all salutations, as had been his custom before becoming Chief Magistrate, and always lifted his hat when bowing to lady acquaintances.

Dinner was served at the White House promptly at five o'clock, and every member of the family was expected to be punctual. General Grant's favorite dishes were rare roast beef, boiled hominy, and wheaten bread, but he was always a light eater. Pleasant chat enlivened the meal, with Master Jesse as the humorist, while Grandpa Dent would occasionally indulge in some conservative growls against the progress being made by the colored race. After coffee, the General would light another cigar and smoke while he glanced over the New York papers. About nine o'clock, a few chosen friends would often call, sometimes by appointment, but business matters were generally forbidden, and offices were not to be mentioned. The children retired at nine o'clock, Mrs. Grant followed them about ten, and between ten and eleven General Grant sought his pillow.

[Facsimile] U. S. Grant ULYSSES S. GRANT was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27th, 1822; graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1843, and was commissioned as a Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States Infantry; served in the Mexican war, receiving the brevets of First Lieutenant and Captain; resigned his commission in 1854; carried on a farm near St. Louis; was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, June 16th, 1861; was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, May 17th, 1861; of Major-General, February 17th, 1862; of Lieutenant-General, March 1st, 1864, and as Commander of the Armies of the United States, March 24th, 1864; received the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court-House, April 9th, 1865; was inaugurated as President of the United States, March 4th, 1869; was again inaugurated March 4th, 1873; traveled around the world with his family, May 17th, 1877 - December 16th, 1879; died at Mount McGregor, July 23d, 1885, and was buried in the city of New York.

CHAPTER XXIII. RECONSTRUCTION OF THE METROPOLIS.

General Grant, soon after his election to the Presidential chair, turned his attention to the improvement of the National Capital, which was then unworthy of the American people. The streets generally were wagon tracks, muddy in the winter and dusty in the summer, while the numerous public reservations were commons overgrown with weeds. The growth of the city had been slow and labored, the real estate being generally in the hands of a few old fogies who manifested no disposition to improve or to

sell. For many years the metropolis had been petted and spoiled by the general Government, which had doled out small annual appropriations, and the residents had been exempted from many of the ordinary burdens of municipal government and local improvement.

General Grant, with his great knowledge of men, found the right person to place at the head of the regeneration of the city. It was Alexander R. Shepherd, a native of Washington, born poor and without friends, who went from the public schools into the shop of a gas-fitter and plumber, where he learned the trade and became, in a short time, by honesty, industry, and ability, a leading business man. The Territorial Government was organized with Henry D. Cooke, the banker, as Governor, a Legislature, and Delegate to represent the District in Congress. Shepherd, as Chairman of the Board of Public Works, commenced with his immense energy and invincible determination, to transform a slovenly and comfortless sleepy old town into the great and beautiful metropolis which L'Enfant had planned and which Washington approved before it received his name. The grandest systems of municipal improvement ever conceived were carried out regardless of expense. The whole city was placed upon an even and regular grade, the low places filled up, and the elevations cut down. Some ninety miles of the three hundred miles of half-made streets and avenues were graded and paved, some with wood and others with asphaltum. The public grounds and parks were made and ornamented with grass plats, shrubbery, and fountains, the sewerage and drainage were made perfect, and health, beauty, and comfort were permanently secured.

Washington, thanks to Governor Shepherd (he having in time succeeded Governor Cooke) became a metropolis worthy of the Republic. By reducing the width of the streets a front yard was given to each house, planted with trees or flowers, and where the old canal yawned through the heart of the city, a muddy receptacle for dead dogs and filth, arose a broad avenue, while the small reservations dotted over the city were graded and ornamented with trees, fountains, and flowers.

All of this cost a great deal of money. Congress appropriated five million dollars in cash, and several millions more were raised on bonds. Much of this money was disbursed by Governor Shepherd, and he undoubtedly was disposed to give profitable contracts to his friends, and to the henchmen of those members of Congress whose votes secured him liberal appropriations. Newspaper correspondents received in several instances contracts for paving, which they disposed of to those engaged in that business, and realized handsome sums, but close investigation failed to show that Governor Shepherd had enriched himself or had added to the value of his own property as distinguished from the property of others. His ambition was more than a merely selfish one, and it was shown clearly that his ability was equaled by his honesty. A few years later he became financially embarrassed, and was forced to exile himself to Mexico, hoping to repair in its silver mines his shattered fortune. General Grant never lost confidence in him, and as his improvements became perfected, Alexander R. Shepherd was regarded as the regenerator of the National Metropolis.

Another man who did much for the ornamentation of Washington City was A. B. Mullett, the Supervising Architect of the Treasury. After having finished that magnificent structure, the extended Treasury Building, he planned and commenced the great State, War, and Navy Building, the cost of which is about twelve millions of dollars. His professional advice was followed by Governor Shepherd, and it is not altogether creditable to our institutions that after having honestly disbursed millions on the public buildings in almost every section of the country, as well as on those at Washington City, Mr. Mullett was removed from his position on political grounds, and was obliged, after having given the best years of his life to his country, to commence anew the practice of his profession for a livelihood.

General Grant was much embarrassed early in his Presidential career by the attempts of some of those around him to engage in speculations for their private benefit. Always willing to bestow offices, or to dispense profitable favors to his numerous relatives by blood and by marriage, and to advance the interests of those who had served him faithfully during the war, he could not understand the desperate intrigues which speculation had led some of them into. Among his protégés was Abel R. Corbin, who had been known at Washington as the clerk of a House committee, a correspondent, and a lobbyist, and who had afterward removed to New York, where he had added to his means by successful speculation. Marrying General Grant's sister, who was somewhat advanced in years, he conceived the idea of using his brother-in-law for a gigantic speculation in gold, and in order to obtain the requisite capital entered into a partnership with Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr. By adroit management, these operators held on the first of September, 1869, "calls" for one hundred million dollars of gold, and as there were not more than fifteen millions of the precious metal in New York outside of the Sub-Treasury, they were masters of the situation. The only obstacle in the way of their triumphant success would be the sale of gold from the Sub-Treasury at a moderate price, by direction of General Grant. Corbin assured his co-conspirators that he could prevent this interference, and wrote a letter to the President urging him not to order or permit sales from the Sub-Treasury. He ostensibly sent this letter by special messenger, but, in fact, substituted for it an ordinary letter on family matters. General Grant's suspicions were aroused by the receipt of this unimportant epistle, and at his request Mrs. Grant wrote to Mrs. Corbin,

saying that the General had learned with regret that her husband was engaged in gold speculations, and he had better give them up.

General Grant returned to Washington on the 23d of September, 1869. The next day, "Black Friday," the conspirators put up the price of gold, and a wild panic ensured. Leading men of all parties in the city of New York telegraphed the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, urging their interference as the only way of preventing a financial crash, which would have extended over the whole country. About eleven o'clock Secretary Boutwell went to the White House, and after a brief conference General Grant expressed his wish that the desired relief should be given, and Secretary Boutwell promptly telegraphed to Sub-Treasurer Butterfield, at New York, to give notice that he would sell four millions of gold. This collapsed the speculation. "I knew," said Jim Fisk, afterward, "that somebody had run a sword right into us." It was not without difficulty that Corbin, Gould, and Fisk escaped from the fury of their victims. The conspiracy was subsequently investigated by a committee of the House of Representatives, and a report was made by James A. Garfield, completely exonerating General Grant, and declaring that by laying the strong hand of Government upon the conspirators and breaking their power he had treated them as enemies of the credit and business of the Union.

General Grant was known to advocate the speediest practical return to specie payment, but the Supreme Court of the United States changed the current of financial operations by declaring that the act of Congress of 1864, making "greenback" notes a legal tender, was unconstitutional. It is a curious fact, that while the community every now and then is thrown into a condition of great excitement about political rights and duties, and about who shall be President and who member of Congress, nine elderly gentlemen, wearing silk gowns, sitting in a quiet room in the Capitol, are deciding questions of direct and immediate political concern, taking laws from the statute books, and nullifying the action of the executive and legislative departments of the Government, yet not one in a thousand of the busy, restless citizens of the country knows or cares what the decisions of this arch-tribunal are.

This high tribunal holds its sessions in the chamber of the Capitol which was originally constructed for and occupied by the Senate of the United States. The Supreme Court began its sessions here in 1860. The Court is in session from the second Monday in October to early in May of each year. It usually sits five days each week, reserving Saturday for consultations on the cases in hand. Positions on this bench are deemed eminently desirable, as they are for life, or "during good behavior." The salaries are not to be despised either, being ten thousand dollars each per annum, with an additional five hundred dollars to the Chief Justice.

The Credit Mobilier made a deal of talk, although comparatively few people knew what it really was. Under various acts of Congress granting aid to the Union Pacific Railroad, that corporation was to receive twelve thousand eight hundred acres of land to the mile, or about twelve million acres in all, and Government six per cent. bonds to the amount of twelve thousand dollars per mile for one portion of the road, thirty-two thousand dollars per mile for another portion, and forty-eight thousand dollars per mile for another. In addition to these subsidies, the company was authorized to issue its own first mortgage bonds to an amount equal to the Government bonds, and to organize with a capital stock not to exceed one hundred million dollars. All this constituted a magnificent fund, and it soon became evident that the road could be built for at least twenty million dollars less than the resources thus furnished. Of course, the honest way would have been to build the road as economically as possible, and give the Government the benefit of the saving, but this was not thought of. The directors set themselves at work to concoct a plan by which they could appropriate the whole amount, and, after building the road, divide the large surplus among themselves. The plan hit upon was for the directors to become contractors, in other words, to hire themselves to build the road. To consummate this fraud without exciting public attention, and to cover all traces of the transaction, was no easy matter, but the directors employed an eminent attorney skilled in the intricacies of railroad fraud, and with his aid and advice the machinery for the transaction was finally arranged to the satisfaction of all concerned. This attorney was Samuel J. Tilden.

In order to avoid personal liability and give their movement the semblance of legality, the directors purchased the charter of the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency," and changed its name to the "Credit Mobilier of America." At this time (1864) two million dollars of stock had been subscribed to the railroad company, and two hundred and eighteen thousand dollars paid in. Samuel J. Tilden had subscribed twenty thousand dollars. The first thing the Credit Mobilier did was to buy in all of this stock and bring the railroad company and Credit Mobilier under one management and the same set of officers. Then the directors of the railroad company, through certain middle-men, awarded the contract for building the road to the Credit Mobilier, in other words, to themselves, for from twenty thousand dollars to thirty thousand dollars per mile more than it was worth. Evidence which afterward came to light in the Congressional investigations showed that the Credit Mobilier made a cash profit in the transaction of over twenty-three million dollars, besides gobbling up the stock of the road at thirty cents on the dollar, when the law plainly provided that it should not be issued at less than par.

Oakes Ames, a sturdy Massachusetts mechanic, who had acquired a fortune by the manufacture of shovels, had been persuaded to embark in the construction of the Pacific Railroad. Finding legislation necessary, and knowing how difficult it was to secure the attention of Congressmen to schemes which did not benefit them or their constituents, he distributed shares of this Credit Mobilier, to use his own words, "where it would do the most good." Some of the recipients kept it and pocketed the profits, while others endeavored to get rid of it when public attention was called to it, and they ungratefully tried to make Mr. Ames their scapegoat.

[Facsimile] James Monroe JAMES MONROE was born in Westmoreland County, Va., April 28th, 1758; served honorably in the Revolution; entered the Virginia Legislature when twenty-three years of age; entered Congress when twenty-four; chosen United States Senator, 1789; was Minister to France, 1794-1796; was Governor of Virginia, 1799-1802; re-elected Governor in 1811; resigned and became Secretary of State under Madison, 1811-1817; was President of the United States, 1817-1825; died July 4th, 1831, in New York.

CHAPTER XXIV. RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

The Southern States had again returned to their allegiance, and in the third session of the Forty-first Congress every State in the Union was represented. Vice-President Colfax presided over sixty- one Republican and thirteen Democratic Senators, and Speaker Blaine over one hundred and seventy-two Republican and seventy-one Democratic Representatives. The Republican party had preserved the Union, conquered peace, and was at the height of its power. The "carpet- baggers" from the South were gradually being replaced by ante-bellum politicians and "Southern brigadiers." Many Northern men regretted that the North had not sent more of its heroes to Congress, feeling that men who had honorably faced each other on hard-fought battle- fields would have a mutual respect and a mutual desire to co-operate together for the national welfare.

It soon became evident, however, that the Southern Democrats were about to exercise an important influence in national politics, that they possessed in common some very clearly defined purposes, and that they were not likely to permit their allegiance to their party to interfere with their efforts to obtain what they called "justice for the South." They went in without reserve for the old flag, but they also went in for an appropriation—in fact, several appropriations. They honestly thought that they were only asking simple justice in demanding that the Government should spend nearly as much for the development of their material resources as it did for the suppression of the Rebellion. All their cherished ideas of State Rights vanished when money was to be expended at the South, and the honesty of their intentions made their influence far more to be dreaded than that of adepts in legislative corruption, who are always distrusted.

The number of Southern Representatives was greatly increased by that change in the Constitution which abolished the fractional representation of colored people and made all men equal. It soon became evident, too, that the whites were determined, by a well- disciplined legion, known as the Ku-Klux Klan, whose members pretended to be the ghosts of the Confederate dead, to intimidate the colored voters, and intimidation was often supplemented by violence and murder. The grossest outrages by this secret body went unpunished and Congress finally passed a law which enabled the President to eradicate the evil.

The "Joint High Commission," for the adjustment of all causes of difference between the United States and Great Britain, including the depredations of Rebel cruisers fitted out in British ports and the disputed fisheries in North American waters, assembled in Washington in the spring of 1871. The "High Joints," as they were familiarly termed, took the furnished house of Mr. Philp, on Franklin Square, where they gave a series of dinner-parties, with several evening entertainments. In return numerous entertainments were given to them, including a banquet by the leading Freemasons in Washington, some of them members of Congress, to the Earl De Gray (then Grand Master of Masons in England), and Lord Tenterden, who was also a prominent member of the fraternity.

There are good reasons for believing that the British were induced to gracefully make the concessions involved in the Alabama treaty by the knowledge that General Grant had taken into consideration the expediency of seizing Canada as a compensation for damages inflicted upon the United States ships by Confederate cruisers fitted out in English ports. This was a favorite idea of General John A. Rawlins, who was the brain of General Grant's staff and his Secretary of War until death removed him. General Rawlins was in full accord with the hope that Stephen A. Douglas's aspirations for an ocean-bound Republic might be realized, and it was understood that he was warmly seconded by General Pryor, of Virginia, ex- Lieutenant Governor Reynolds, of Missouri, and others.

The treaty was indirectly opposed by Monsieur de Catacazy, the Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Russia to the United States, who endeavored to prejudice Senators against its ratification,

and inspired the correspondent of a New York paper to write against it. This prompted Secretary Fish to request the Minister's recall, and there was also much scandal circulated by Madame de Catacazy, a beautiful woman, who had been at Washington—so the gossips say —fifteen years before, when she had eloped from her husband under the protection of Monsieur de Catacazy, then Secretary of the Russian Legation. The Emperor of Russia, on receiving complaint against his Envoy, directed the Minister of Foreign Affairs to ask in his name that the President "would tolerate Monsieur de Catacazy until the coming visit of his third son, the Grand Duke Alexis, was concluded." To this personal appeal General Grant assented.

The Grand Duke soon afterward arrived at Washington, and was welcomed at the Russian Legation by Madame de Catacazy, who wore a dress of gold-colored silk, with a flowing train, elaborately trimmed with gold-colored satin. On her right arm she wore a double bracelet, one band being on the wrist and the other above the elbow, the two joined together by elaborately wrought chains. Her other ornaments were of plain gold, and above them was a wealth of golden hair. As the Grand Duke entered the Legation, Madame de Catacazy carried a silver salver, on which was placed a round loaf of plain black bread, on the top of which was imbedded a golden salt-cellar. The Prince took the uninviting loaf, broke and tasted of it, in accordance with the old Russian custom.

The Grand Duke was cordially welcomed at the White House, but Monsieur de Catacazy was treated with studied coolness. It was openly intimated that there was a little Frenchwoman at Washington, young, sprightly, and accomplished, who had won the way into the Catacazy's household through the sympathies of its handsome mistress. She was made a companion of, advised with, and intrusted with whatever the house or Legation contained, confidential and otherwise. All the public or private letters, papers, and despatches passed under they eyes of this bright little woman, all that was said went into her sharp ears, and every day she made a written report of what she had heard and seen, which was privately sent to the Department of State, and for which she was handsomely remunerated from the Secret Service Fund.

Charles Sumner purchased (before it was completed) an elegant dwelling-house between the Arlington Hotel and Lafayette Square, but when he occupied it at the commencement of the next session, he was alone. The energetic reporters at once began to intimate that the Senator's marriage had not been a happy one, and from that time until the great Senator passed over the dark river this painful subject was, as it were, a base of supplies from which a great variety of theories were drawn and sustained. One was sure that the attentions of a diplomat had troubled the Senator, another declared that he was too arrogant, another that he was too exacting —in short, there was not an editorial paragraphist who did not sooner or later give a conjectural solution of Mr. Sumner's domestic infelicity. They were divorced, and he lived alone for several years in his sumptuous house, which he adorned with superb works of art. Here he hospitably entertained personal friends and distinguished strangers. Unforgiving and implacable, his smile grew sadder, the furrows on his face deepened, and he lost his former *bonhomie*. He was a Prometheus Vinctus, bound to the desolate rock of a wrecked life, but heroically refraining from revenging his great wrong by attacking a woman.

General Grant's difficulty with Mr. Sumner began when the President did not consult the Senator about the formation of his Cabinet. The breach was gradually widened, and thorough it the Senator finally became completely estranged from his old friend and associate in the Senate, Secretary Fish. When Mr. Motley was removed from the English mission, Mr. Sumner insisted upon regarding it as a personal insult, which he sought to repay by opposition to the acquisition of San Domingo. General Grant endeavored to appease the offended Senator, and on the evening of the day on which the San Domingo treaty was to be sent to the Senate he called at Mr. Sumner's house. General Grant found the Senator at his dinner- table with Colonel Forney and the writer, and was invited to take a seat with them. After some preliminary conversation, General Grant began to talk about San Domingo, but he did not have the treaty or any memorandum of it with him. He dwelt especially upon the expenditures of General Babcock at San Domingo of a large sum taken from the secret service fund for promoting intercourse with the West India Islands, which Mr. Seward, when Secretary of State, had prevailed on Representative Thad Stevens to have inserted in an appropriation bill during the war. The President impressed Mr. Sumner with the idea that he looked for an attack in Congress on the manner in which much of that money had been spent. Mr. Sumner unquestionably thought that General Grant had come to enlist his services in defending the expenditure by General Babcock of one hundred thousand dollars in cash, and fifty thousand dollars for a light battery purchased at New York. The President meant, as Colonel Forney and the writer thought, the treaty for the acquisition of the Dominican Republic. The President and the Senator misunderstood each other. After awhile General Grant promised to send General Babcock to the Senator the next day with copies of the papers, and then left. While escorting the President to the door, Mr. Sumner assured him that he was a Republican and a supporter of the Republican Administration, and that he should sustain the Administration in this case if he possibly could, after he had examined the papers. He meant the expenditure of General Babcock, but the

President meant the treaty.

The next morning General Babcock called on Senator Sumner with a copy of the treaty, which he began to read, but he had not gotten beyond the preamble, in which Babcock was styled "aid-de-camp of His Excellency General Ulysses S. Grant," before Mr. Sumner showed signs of disapprobation. When General Babcock proceeded and read the stipulation that "His Excellency General Grant, President of the United States, promises perfectly to use all his influence in order that the idea of annexing the Dominican Republic to the United States may acquire such a degree of popularity among the members of Congress as will be necessary for its accomplishment," Senator Sumner became the enemy of the whole scheme. He did not believe that the President of the United States should be made a lobbyist to bring about annexation by Congress. Some of Mr. Sumner's friends used to tell him that he should have gone at once to General Grant and have told him of his purpose to oppose the treaty, and that he had declared his hostility to it to General Babcock in unmistakable terms.

This was the time when well-meaning friends of both of these great men might have secured satisfactory mutual explanation, although no living power could have made Senator Sumner a supporter of the acquisition of the port of Samana in San Domingo. In the Senate sycophants who "carried water on both shoulders," and men who always delight in fomenting quarrels, embittered Mr. Sumner against the President. One had served his country well in the camp, while the other had performed equally valuable services in the Senate; one was a statesman, the other was a soldier. What did not appear to be wrong to the General, the Senator regarded as criminal. Conscious of the value of his services in saving the Union, General Grant accepted with gratitude the voluntary offerings of grateful citizens; but Senator Sumner, who had seen so much of political life and of politicians, knew too well that those who make gifts to public men expect favors in return, and that every public man should be inflexibly opposed to the reception of presents. Remarks by him about the President, and remarks by the President about him were carried to and fro by mischief-makers, like the shuttle of a loom, and Mr. Sumner directly found himself placed at the head of a clique of disappointed Republicans, who were determined to prevent, if possible, the re-election of General Grant to the Presidency.

Henry Wilson, when Vice-President of the United States, endeavored to restore harmony, and said, in a letter to General Grant: "Your Administration is menaced by great opposition, and it must needs possess a unity among the people and in Congress. The head of a great party, the President of the United States has much to forget and forgive, but he can afford to be magnanimous and forgiving. I want to see the President and Congress in harmony and the Republican party united and victorious. To accomplish this, we must all be just, charitable, and forgiving."

[Facsimile] SchuylerColfax SCHUYLER COLFAX was born at New York City March 23d, 1823; was a Representative from Indiana, 1855-1869, serving as Speaker of the House of Representatives six years; was elected Vice-President of the United States on the ticket with General Grant, serving 1869- 1873, and died at Mankato, Minnesota, January 13th, 1885.

CHAPTER XXV. INTRIGUES AND INTRIGUERS.

General Grant, when elected President of the United States, had endeavored to elevate his views beyond the narrow sphere of party influences, and had consolidated in his own mind a scheme of policy which he had before shadowed out for the complete reconstruction of the Union, and for the reform of abuses which had crept into the Federal Government during the war. The qualities which insured his success as a soldier had not enabled him to succeed as a statesman, but he displayed the same fortitude under apparent disaster and courage at unexpected crises when he found himself again passing "the wilderness," darkened, not with the smoke of battle, but with detraction and denunciation. Again, in the old spirit he exclaimed, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The opposition to General Grant's re-election was hydra-headed, and no less than seven candidates were in the field against him. The contest of 1824 had been called "the scrub-race for the Presidency," and to that of 1872 was given the name of "Go as you please." The watchword of the factions was "Anything to beat Grant;" their points of union were the greed of office and the thirst for revenge.

The only serious opposition to General Grant was that of the combined Liberal Republican and Democratic parties, which nominated as their candidate Horace Greeley. It was deeply to be regretted that political ambition tempted the only equal of "Benjamin Franklin, journeyman printer," to become a politician. Better informed than any other man on American politics, courageous, free from small vices, and the embodiment of common sense and justice, with a kind and charitable heart, he was a man of the people and for the people. He was made supremely ridiculous by Nast's caricatures, and by his own record as collated from the files of the great newspaper which he had founded and continued to edit.

Mr. Greeley, after his double nomination at Cincinnati and at Baltimore, showed that he was not content with being a "good printer, a respectable publisher, and an honest editor," which he had previously avowed was the height of his ambition. The unnatural political alliance with those whom he had denounced for a quarter of a century led him into all sorts of inconsistencies and contradictions, and displayed his insatiable thirst for public office. All the sympathies of the Democratic party had been his antipathies, all their hates his loves, and many of their leaders spoke of him publicly with contempt. Indeed, his campaign would have been a farce had not his untimely death made it a tragedy. Ridicule killed him politically, and his political failure was the immediate cause of his sad physical death.

Senator Sumner, endeavoring with the aid of Senator Schurz to connect General Grant or some of the officers near him with the French "arms scandal," prepared with great care, and read in the Senate on the 31st of May, 1872, a fierce philippic against the President. Ancient and modern history had been ransacked for precedents, which were quoted and then applied to General Grant, to show his unworthiness, his incompetency, his nepotism, and his ambition. The long tirade was an erudite exhibition of most intense partisanship, having as a motto from Shakespeare, "We will have rings and things and fine array." A few weeks later Mr. Sumner sailed for Europe, and did not return until after the election.

At the Republican National Convention, which was held at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, the 5th of June, 1872, General Grant was renominated by acclamation as President and Henry Wilson as Vice-President. The defeat of Mr. Colfax for renomination was attributable to the bitter hostility of some of the Washington newspaper correspondents, and to the free use of money among the delegates from the Southern States, under the pretense that it was to be used for the establishment of newspapers and for campaign expenses. Mr. Wilson had sent from Washington all the money that he could raise, and he had been liberally aided by Mr. Buffington, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Colfax was badly served by his own immediate friends and advocates. The Indiana delegation were at first quite immoderate in their mode of demanding their favorite statesman's renomination. One gentleman, himself an editor, was especially bitter at the activity of Mr. Wilson's newspaper friends, and declared he would mark them all in his paper. Such declarations made what begun in good feeling toward Mr. Wilson, and a considerable share of a fun- loving spirit, a strong and determined contest. Then in the New York and other delegations there were gentlemen who represented large employing and moneyed interests, as Mr. Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Mr. Shoemaker, of Adams Express, and Mr. Franchot, familiarly known as "Goat Island Dick," the principal attorney of the California Central Pacific for legislative favors from Congress. These and other gentlemen identified with great corporate interests were at first even bitterly hostile to Mr. Wilson's candidacy, and to the last urged that of Mr. Colfax. There was considerable fun in the conflict, which was, in the main, conducted with good-nature on both sides. Mr. Colfax was by no means without newspaper friends. Mr. Bowles, though a Greeley man, did him quiet but continuous service. Messrs. Jones and Jennings, of the New York *Times*, were present, and were understood to have exerted themselves for the Vice-President's renomination. Mr. Holloway, of the Indianapolis *Journal*, was very active. Colonel Forney pronounced for Mr. Colfax through the *Press*, though his son, the managing editor, shared in the good feeling of the Washington correspondents toward the Senator.

The campaign was a very earnest one, and every citizen had to listen to campaign speeches, attend ward meetings and conventions, subscribe for the expenses of torchlight processions, if he did not march therein, and thus fortify his intellect and strengthen his conscience for the quadrennial tilt with his friends over the relative merits of candidates and the proper elucidation of issues involved. For the first time civil-service reform was advocated by the Republicans, in accordance with the recommendations of General Grant in his message, and was opposed by those who (to paraphrase Brinsley Sheridan) believed that "there is no more conscience in politics than in gallantry."

When Congress met in December, 1872, General Grant made the gratifying announcement that the differences between the United States and Great Britain had been settled by the tribunal of arbitration, which had met at Geneva, in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Government of the United States. He also congratulated the country on the coming Centennial celebration at Philadelphia, the completion of the ninth census, the successful working of the Bureau of Education, the operations of the Department of Agriculture, and the civil-service reform which Congress had been so reluctant to consider.

The New Year's reception at the commencement of 1873 was a crowded affair. Mrs. Grant wore a dress of pearl-gray silk, flounced and trimmed with silk of a darker hue and with point lace. Mrs. Fish wore an elaborately trimmed dress of Nile-green silk, and was accompanied by her young daughter, in blue silk. Mrs. Boutwell wore a black velvet dress trimmed with white lace, and her daughter a pale-blue silk dress trimmed with black lace, and Mrs. Attorney- General Williams wore a dress of Nile-green silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace. Lady Thornton wore a dress of royal purple velvet, elegantly trimmed, and the bride of the Minister from Ecuador wore a dress of sage-green silk, with a sleeveless

velvet jacket, and a velvet hat of the same shade.

The army, the navy, the Diplomatic Corps, and the judiciary were out in full force. There were nice people, questionable people, and people who were not nice at all in the crowd. Every state, every age, every social class, both sexes, and all human colors were represented. There were wealthy bankers, and a poor, blind, black beggar led by a boy; men in broadcloth and men in homespun; men with beards and men without beards; members of the press and of the lobby; contractors and claim agents; office-holders and office-seekers; there were ladies from Paris in elegant attire, and ladies from the interior in calico; ladies whose cheeks were tinged with rouge, and others whose faces were weather-bronzed by out-door work; ladies as lovely as Eve, and others as naughty as Mary Magdalene; ladies in diamonds, and others in dollar jewelry; chambermaids elbowed countesses, and all enjoyed themselves. After the official reception at the White House the Secretaries and other dignitaries hurried to their respective homes, there in their turn to receive visits. The foreign diplomats did not receive, but with the army and navy men and the citizens "generally" went "the grand rounds." The older citizens had hospitable spreads, including hot canvas-back ducks, terrapin, and well-filled punch-bowls, and veteran callers got in the work as ususal, but at most houses intoxicating drinks were dispensed with, and there were no such exhibitions of drunkenness as had disgraced former years.

Senator Sumner, who had left the Presidential contest and gone to Europe returned to his Senatorial duties and "accepted the situation." Early in the session he introduced a bill prohibiting the future publication of names of Union victories in the Army Register or their inscription on the regimental colors of the army. This step toward an oblivion of past difficulties was highly acceptable to General Grant, who conveyed to Mr. Sumner his appreciation of the olive branch thus extended. Others were not disposed to regard his movement with a friendly eye, and the Legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution censuring him.

Mr. Sumner survived a few months only, when, after a very brief illness, he died at his house in Washington. When he was gone, men of all political parties joined heartily in eulogizing the deceased statesman. A mourning nation paid homage to his pure heart, to his sense of duty and right, to his courageous willingness to bear obloquy, to his unwearied industry—in short, to that rare union of qualities which impart such grandeur to his memory. Even the jealousies and schemes of the living were restrained, as the second-rate heroes of ancient days postponed their contest for the armor of Achilles until last honors had been paid to the memory of the illustrious departed. In Doric Hall in the State House at Boston his remains finally lay in state amid a lavish display of floral tokens, which were sent from all classes and localities, Massachusetts thus emphatically indorsing her son, whom she had so lately censured.

Senator Sumner left behind him a few printed copies of a speech which he had prepared for delivery in the Senate before the then recent Presidential election, each copy inscribed in his own handwriting, "private and confidential." He had written it when inspired with the belief that with the Administration he was a proscribed man; but his friends convinced him that it would not be best for him to throw down this gauntlet of defiance. He had, therefore, decided not to make public the indictment which he had prepared, and the few copies of it which had been given to friends was not, as was asserted, the report of a "posthumous speech." Its publication after his death by those to whom copies had been intrusted in confidence was an unpardonable breach of trust.

The great Massachusetts Senator had for years stood before the country with a strong individuality which had separated him from the machine politicians, and placed him among the statesmen of the Republic. Before the roll of the Northern drums was heard in the South, he had defiantly denounced the slave-holders in the Capitol, and when the thunder of artillery drowned the voice of oratory, he earnestly labored to have the war overthrow and eradicate slavery. Just as his hopes were realized, and as he was battling for civil rights for the enfranchised race, his life, for which his friends anticipated a long twilight, was unexpectedly brought to a close. Yet there is something so melancholy in the slow decline of great mental powers, that those who loved him the best felt a sort of relief that he had suddenly thrown off his load of domestic sorrow and passed across the dark stream into the unknown land while still in the possession of his energies.

[Facsimile]
Yours truly
H. Wilson

HENRY WILSON, born at Framington, N. H., February 16th, 1812; member Massachusetts House of Representatives, 1840, and served four years in the State Senate, being twice its presiding officer; United States Senator, 1855-1871; Vice-President, March 4th, 1873 - November 22d, 1875, when he died.

CHAPTER XXVI. A NEW TERM BEGUN.

General Grant's second inauguration on Tuesday, March 4th, 1873, was shorn of its splendor by the intense cold weather. The wind blew in a perfect gale from the southwest, sweeping away the flags and other decorations from private houses and making it very disagreeable for the, nevertheless, large crowds of spectators. When the procession started from the White House, so intense was the cold that the breath of the musicians condensed in the valves of their instruments, rendering it impossible for them to play, and many of the cadets and soldiers had to leave the ranks half frozen, while the customary crowds of civilians were completely routed by the cutting blasts. The procession was headed by the regulars, followed by a battalion of half frozen West Point cadets in their light gray parade uniforms, and another of midshipmen from the Annapolis Naval School in dark blue. A division of gayly uniformed citizen-soldiers followed, including the Boston Lancers in their scarlet coats, with pennons fluttering from their lances, and the First Troop of the Philadelphia City Cavalry, which had escorted almost every preceding President, and which carried its historic flag, which was the first bearing thirteen stripes, and which was presented to the Troop in 1775.

General Grant, with a member of the Congressional Committee, rode in his own open barouche, drawn by four bay horses. In the next carriage was Henry Wilson, Vice-President, escorted by another member of the Committee, and the President's family followed. After the military came political clubs in citizens' attire, with bands and banners, the Washington Fire Department bringing up the rear.

Meanwhile the Senate had closed the labors of the Forty-second Congress, and chairs were placed in the chamber for the dignitaries, who soon began to arrive. The members of the Diplomatic Corps wore their court dresses and were resplendent with gold lace and embroidery. Chief Justice Chase, who came in at the head of the Supreme Court, looked well, although strangely changed by his full gray beard, which concealed all the lines of his face. General Sherman had been persuaded by his staff to appear in the new uniform of his rank, but, to their disgust, he wore with it a pair of bright yellow kid gloves. There were other high officers of the army and navy, with the heads of the executive departments, on the floor of the Senate, and the members of the defunct House of Representatives, who came trooping in after their adjournment, formed a background for the scene.

At twelve o'clock, Vice-President Colfax delivered a brief valedictory address, and then Henry Wilson, Vice-President-elect, delivered his salutatory, took the prescribed oath, and swore in the Senators-elect. A procession was then formed, which slowly wended its way through the rotunda to the customary platform over the steps of the eastern portico. When General Grant appeared hearty cheers were given by the vast crowd, estimated at not less then twenty thousand in number, packed behind the military escort on the plaza before the Capitol. Chief Justice Chase again administered the oath of office, and the President advanced, uncovered, to the front of the platform, and read his re-inaugural address. The wind blew a tempest at times, nearly wrenching the manuscript from his hands. No sooner had he finished reading than the salute from a neighboring light battery was echoed by the guns in the Navy Yard, the Arsenal, and at two or three forts on the Virginia side of the Potomac, which had not yet been dismantled. Before the echoes of the salutes had fairly died away, the procession started to escort President Grant back to the White House, the bleak wind making nearly every one tremble and shiver.

The city was illuminated in the early evening, and the new wooden pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue, cleared of all vehicles by the police, was covered by the throng of shivering men, women, and children. The light in the tholus over the great dome of the Capitol shone like a beacon far above the rows of colored lanterns which were hung in festoons from the trees among the sidewalks. Calcium lights added to the brilliancy of the scene, and many private houses and stores were illuminated with gas or candles. At nine o'clock there was a display of fireworks on the park south of the White House, the rockets shooting comet-like across the clear, star-dotted sky, dropping showers of colored fire in their flight. All the while the wind blew fiercely, and the cold was intensified, but the crowd seemed oblivious to the wintry blast.

At the inauguration ball, held in an immense temporary building, which had no heating apparatus, the ladies were compelled to wear their wrappings, and the gentlemen kept on their overcoats and hats as they endeavored to keep warm by vigorous dancing. Mrs. Grant, who wore a white silk dress trimmed with black Chantilly lace, shivered as she stood by the side of her husband on the dais, and the members and the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps remained but a few moments. The supper, which had been prepared at a large expense, was emphatically a cold repast. The ornamental devices in ice-cream were frozen into solid chunks, and the champagne and punch were forsaken for hot coffee and chocolate, the only things warm in the building. The guests, each one of whom had paid twenty dollars for a ticket, were frozen out before midnight.

Chief Justice Chase never appeared in public after this inauguration, but died on the 7th of May

following. An effort was made to have Justice Miller promoted, but President Grant positively declined doing so, on the ground that to raise any Associate Justice over his brothers would be to deepen jealousies not wholly invisible there, so he tendered the important position to Roscoe Conkling, then a United States Senator from New York, whose great intellectual powers especially qualified him to be the successor of Marshall and of Taney. Some of Mr. Conkling's friends urged him to accept the place, while others, who desired to see him President of the United States, prevailed on him to remain in political life and to decline the President's offer. General Grant then nominated as Chief Justice his Attorney-General, George H. Williams, of Oregon, but this awakened the jealousies of Justice Miller, whose son-in- law, Colonel Corkhill, commenced a vigorous attack upon the nomination in the Washington *Chronicle*, which he then edited. There were also some grave scandals in Washington society about a number of anonymous letters which had been written, it was intimated, by Mrs. Williams. When the Senate met it soon became apparent that the nomination of Mr. Williams could not be confirmed, and it was withdrawn at his own request. Having come to him without his own agency, he lost nothing in letting it go except some unpleasant experiences.

The President then nominated Caleb Cushing, who was more objectionable to the Court than Mr. Williams had been. The *Chronicle* boiled with rage, and other journals admitted that even if Mr. Cushing had caught the spirit of the age and taken a long stride out of his old errors of opinion, he was not a man to be placed on the bench of the Supreme Court, when full civil rights had not been accorded to the negro and many important questions connected with the war had not been settled. On the other hand, Senators Sumner and Boutwell, of Massachusetts, vouched for Mr. Cushing's Republican record, and his loyalty and soundness on the measures of the war and reconstruction. He would have been confirmed beyond doubt had it not been for a letter written by him at the breaking out of the Rebellion, to Jefferson Davis, commending a clerk in the Attorney- General's office, who considered it his duty to join his relatives at the South, for a position in the Confederate civil service. The publication of this letter, which really contained nothing objectionable beyond the fact that Mr. Cushing had recommended a faithful clerk to an old personal friend as an honest and industrious man, was made the most of. It was published by Colonel Corkhill in large type with flaming headlines, as evidence of a secret understanding between Mr. Cushing and the leader of the Rebellion. Senator Sargent, who was hostile to Mr. Cushing, his townsman, read this letter in a Republican caucus, and it fell upon the Senators assembled like a heavy clap of thunder, while Senator Brownlow (more extensively known as Parson Brownlow) keenly said that he thought the caucus had better adjourn, convene the Senate in open session, and remove Mr. Cushing's political disabilities. Mr. Cushing, learning what had transpired, immediately wrote a letter to the President requesting him to withdraw his nomination. In this letter he reviewed his acts since the commencement of the war and declared, in conclusion, that whatever might have been said, either honestly or maliciously, to his prejudice, it was his right to reaffirm that he had "never done an act, uttered a word, or conceived a thought of disloyalty to the Constitution or the Union." The President next nominated Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, who had been connected with the Alabama Claims Conference at Geneva, and who was a men of eminent legal abilities, conscientious, and of great purity of character. No objection could be offered to the confirmation of his nomination, and it was unanimously made.

Mr. Edwin M. Stanton had previously been appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court through the exertions of Senator Wade, of Ohio. "The War Secretary" had left the department over which he had energetically presided, and was suffering from heart disease. He deemed himself a neglected man and rapidly sunk into a listless condition, with no action in it, but with occasional spells of energetic sickness. Mr. Wade came on from Ohio about this time, and went to see his friend. Just then there was considerable talk that Associate Justice Grier was about to retire from the Supreme Court. Mr. Wade deemed his friend neglected, and also thought it unintentional on the part of the President. It conversation he drew from Mr. Stanton the admission that he would like to be appointed to the Supreme Bench. Just before leaving Wade said he meant to ask Grant for the position, in the event of Grier's retirement. Mr. Stanton forbade the action, but Wade declined to be as modest as was the organizer of victorious armies and their administration. He went direct to the White House, and at the door found the President going for a drive in his phaeton. He was invited to go along, and at once availed himself of the opportunity. During the ride he spoke about Mr. Stanton. The President listened carefully and said he had promised to consider Mr. Strong's name, and had supposed Mr. Stanton would not take the position even if offered to him. Mr. Wade gave the conversation he had had with Mr. Stanton. There the matter ended. Mr. Wade went home. Mr. Stanton remained quietly at his home.

Finally Judge Grier resigned, and, to the surprise of most persons, Edwin M. Stanton was tendered and accepted the position. He qualified by taking the oath of office, but never sat in that high tribunal to try a case. One cannot help wondering what might have resulted from his presence there. But he never had the opportunity of proving that the man who was so fierce and implacable as a War Minister could have been as calm and judicially impartial on the bench as Story himself. There are many at Washington who believe that Mr. Stanton committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. Caleb

Cushing was positive that he did, and investigated the matter so far as he could, but Hon. E. D. McPherson, of Pennsylvania, for years the efficient clerk of the House of Representatives, procured from the attendant physician a statement that it was not so, but that Mr. Stanton died a natural death.

The marriage of General Grant's only and much-loved daughter, Ellen Wrenshall Grant, to Algernon Charles Frederic Sartoris, at the White House, on the 21st of May, 1874, was a social event in Washington. It was no secret that General Grant had not approved of the engagement between his daughter, not then nineteen years of age, and the young Englishman who had enlisted her affection on the steamer while she was returning from abroad. But when the fond father found that her heart was set on the match he yielded, although it was a hard struggle to have her leave home and go abroad among strangers. The ceremony was performed in the East Room by the Rev. Dr. O. H. Tiffany. There were eight bridesmaids, and Colonel Fred Grant was the bridegroom's best man.

The bride wore a white satin dress, trimmed with point lace, a bridal veil which completely enveloped her, with a wreath of white flowers and green leaves interspersed with orange blossoms. The eight bridesmaids wore dresses of white corded silk, alike in every particular, with overdresses of white illusion, sashes of white silk arranged in a succession of loops from the waist downward, forming graceful drapery. Mrs. Grant, who was in mourning, wore a mauve-colored silk dress, trimmed with a deeper shade of the same, with ruffles and puffs of black illusion, lavender-colored ribbon, and bunches of pansies. The banquet was served in the state dining-room, with the bride's cake in the centre of the elaborately decorated table.

[Facsimile] M. R. Waite Chief Justice MORRISON REMICH WAITE was born at Lynn, Connecticut, December 29th, 1816; was graduated at Yale College when twenty-two years of age; studied law; went to Ohio in 1838, and was there admitted to the bar in 1839; settled at Toledo; was a member of the State Legislature in 1843; was defeated as a Republican candidate for Congress in 1862; was counsel for the United States before the Geneva Award Commission in 1871, and was presiding over the State Constitutional Convention of Ohio when he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, in January, 1874.

CHAPTER XXVII. CORRUPTION IN OFFICIAL LIFE.

The Democrats, having secured possession of the House of Representatives, organized upward of fifty committees of investigation, which cast their drag-nets over every branch of the administration, hoping to find some evidence of corruption in which the President had shared; but he most searching investigation failed to connect the name or fame of General Grant with any of this traditional "picking and stealing." Witnesses were summoned by the score, reams of paper were covered with short-hand notes of testimony, and some of the committees traveled far and wide in search of the evidence they desired. They found nothing, but they reminded Massachusetts men of old Captain Starbuck, of Nantucket, a philosophical old sea-dog, who never permitted bad luck to dampen his faith or his good spirits. Returning home from a three years' whaling voyage, with an empty hold, he was boarded by the pilot, an old acquaintance, who asked:

"Waal, Cap'n Starbuck, how many bar'ls? Had a good v'yage?"

"Not 'zackly," responded the Captain, "I haint got a bar'l of ile aboard, but I'll tell ye, I've had a mighty good sail."

Just as they were about to give up in despair, a jealous woman revealed the fact that Caleb P. Marsh, of New York, had received the appointment of post-trader at Fort Sill through the endeavors of his wife with the wife of the Secretary of War, General Belknap. Marsh made a contract with the trader already there, permitting him to continue, in consideration of twelve thousand dollars of the annual profits, divided in quarterly installments. The money thus received was divided with the Secretary of War for two years by remittances to Mrs. Belknap, but subsequently a reduced amount of six thousand dollars a year, agreed on with the post-trader, was similarly divided by remittances direct to the Secretary.

When General Belknap was transplanted from a revenue collector's office in Iowa to the Department of War, he brought his wife with him to Washington, and they occupied the house just before vacated by Secretary Seward. Other Cabinet officers gave parties, and so did the Belknaps, but they had been too liberal with their invitations, especially to the young officers just fresh from army life, and there was a great deal of disorder, with accompanying damage to curtains, carpets, and furnishings. The result was that the Belknaps were either obliged to retire from society and inhabit a cheap boarding-house, or replenish the family coffers. Alas! the tempting Marsh appeared on the stage, and the temptation could not be resisted. Mrs. Belknap died not long afterward, but her sister, the widow of Colonel Bowers, of the Confederate service, inherited her "spoils of war," was a mother to her child, and in due time became the wife of her husband.

In the interval of time required by decorum Mrs. Bowers traveled in Europe, accompanied by Mrs. Marsh and escorted by George H. Pendleton, of Ohio. Returning home, Mrs. Bowers was married to General Belknap on the 11th of December, 1875, Mr. Pendleton giving the bride away. A handsomer or an apparently happier couple never came to Washington in their honeymoon, and they were at once recognized among the leaders of society. Her dresses and jewels were among the favorite themes of the industrious lady journalists who get up marvelous accounts of Washington entertainment, and they were worthy of comment. I well remember having seen her one night wearing one of Worth's dresses, of alternate stripes of white satin embroidered with ivy leaves, and green satin embroidered with golden ears of wheat, with a sweeping train of green satin bordered with a heavy embroidered garland of ivy and wheat. A cluster of these in gold and emerald was in her black hair, and she wore a full set of large emeralds, set in Etruscan gold. The costume was faultless, and fitted to adorn the queenlike woman.

No one who had seen Mrs. Belknap wondered at the fascination she exercised over her husband, or thought it strange that he who seemed so sternly scrupulous about the expenditure of public money, should have sacrificed his reputation that she might be known as the best- dressed woman in Washington society. Perhaps, too, it was remembered that he had brought from the camp one of its legacies. Few post commanders refused the original delicacies for the mess-table at head-quarters from the post sutler who desired to keep on the right side of those in authority. Why, then, could not the Secretary of War permit his wife to receive a *douceur* from one of those cormorants, who always grow rich, and who may without harm be made to lay down a fraction of their extortionate gains?

Mrs. Lincoln, it was well known, had accepted a shawl worth one thousand dollars from A. T. Stewart when he was supplying large amounts of clothing and blankets to the arms, and she had also been liberally remembered by those who had sold a steamer at an exorbitant price to the Government. General Grant had been the recipient of many presents, and the epoch had been styled by Charles Sumner one of "gift enterprises."

General Belknap had promptly resigned, but it became politically necessary that he should be impeached. He had as his counsel three able lawyers whose personal appearance was very dissimilar. Ex- Senator Carpenter, who was leading counsel, was a man of very elegant presence, though his short neck and high shoulders made it impossible for him to be classed as a handsome man. His fine head, with abundant iron-gray hair, tossed carelessly back from his forehead, his keen eyes and expressive mouth, shaded by a black moustache, made up a very noticeable portrait, and his voice was so musical and penetrating that it lent a charm to the merest trifle that he uttered. Judge Jeremiah S. Black was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a clean-shaven, rugged face, a bright-brown wig, and a sharp pair of eyes that flashed from under snow-white brows, which made the brown wig seem still more brown. He chewed tobacco constantly, and the restless motion of his jaws, combined with the equally restless motion of his eyes made his a remarkable countenance. Montgomery Blair was a plain-looking man, as "lean as a racer," and evidently as eager for the work before him, though his manner was very quiet, and his bearing had none of the keen intentness that characterized his associates. The trio carried General Belknap safely through his troubles. The evidence was very remarkable and gave a curious picture of "Vanity Fair." The bargain made by Marsh with the first wife; the huckstering and business matters growing out of it, talked about and discussed over her coffin; the marriage of the Secretary soon after with the sister of the then dead wife; the frequent and enormous sums paid by Marsh to him; the ominous hints whispered about the mysterious interviews at the Arlington; the hurried exposure; the frantic efforts to avoid it; the malignant gratification shown by the Marshses, "we built the foundation on which they grew; we'll hurl them from it into a quicksand from which they will never emerge;" the admissions of guilt made by the unhappy Secretary at a moment when, as it had been suggested, he was contemplating suicide; the imprisonment in his own house; their style of living; the fact of their appearance at a large dinner- party at the Freeman Mansion, adjoining the Arlington, where, the very day after the testimony of the Marshes had been taken, their haggard looks and nervous manner excited general comment, which was not entirely silenced by their early departure on the plea of indisposition; the first effort of manliness on the part of the fallen Secretary, begging that the women might be spared, and he alone be allowed to assume the responsibility; his appearance one day at a Cabinet meeting and the next day held as a prisoner in the dock of the police court, waiting for five long hours the appearance of friends to bail him out;—all these presented elements of such a character as to give the case a singular and sad peculiarity which we look for in vain in that of any other known to our records of criminal jurisprudence. Nor was all this palliated in any way by the conduct and manner of the alleged criminal. He saw the point and smiled sympathetically at every effort of his counsel to be witty and amusing, while another party at home claimed sympathy from her friends by the strange announcement that "it was such a shame that the politicians should be allowed to prosecute such a man as General B. in such a manner; the President ought to interfere and prevent it."

The "Whisky Ring" was the creation of Cornelius Wendell and other noted Washington lobbyists. It became necessary to raise money at the time of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and the revenue officers, having been called on to contribute, conceived the idea of making the distillers pay a percentage on their ill-gotten gains. Secretary Bristow's efforts to break up these fraudulent and unlawful transactions showed the immensity of the combination of capital and ingenuity employed in cheating the Government. The weekly payments to the Ring amounted to millions, and for some years some of the participants pocketed four or five hundred dollars a week as their share.

Senator Henderson, of Missouri, who had become provoked against President Grant, having been retained as counsel for the prosecution of some of the Missouri distillers, reported that General O. E. Babcock, who had served on General Grant's staff during the closing years of the war, and had since been one of the private secretaries at the White House, was deeply implicated. The result was that General Babcock was tried before the United States Court for the Eastern District of Missouri. The trial showed that General Babcock had had more intimate relations with the Whisky Ring in St. Louis than any political necessity could justify, and the correspondence revealed an almost culpable indiscretion in one occupying a high position near the President. The trial occupied fourteen days. No portion of the evidence was kept back from the jury, and the verdict of "not guilty" under such circumstances was as complete an exoneration from the charge of conspiring to defraud the Government as the most ardent friends of General Babcock could have desired.

[Facsimile]
Matt H.Carpenter
MATTHEW H. CARPENTER was born at Moretown, Vermont, in 1824; was at the Military Academy, at West Point, 1843-1845; studied law with Rufus Choate; was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1848; was a United States Senator from Wisconsin, March 4th, 1869 - March 3d, 1875, and again March 18th, 1879, until his death at Washington City, February 24th, 1881.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE CENTENNIAL GLORY.

The Centennial year of the Republic was ushered in at Washington with unusual rejoicings, although the weather was damp and foggy. There were nocturnal services in several of the Episcopal churches and watch meetings at the Methodist churches. Several of the temperance organizations continued in session until after midnight, and there was much social visiting. Just before twelve o'clock, the chime of bells of the Metropolitan Methodist church played "Pleyel's Hymn." The fire-alarm bells then stuck 1-7-7-6 a few moments later, and as the Observatory clock sounded the hour of twelve, the fire-alarm bells struck 1-8-7-6; at the same moment the brilliant light in the tholus which surmounts the dome of the Capitol was lighted by electricity, casting its beams over the entire metropolis. A battery of light artillery, stationed on the Armory lot, thundered forth a national salute of thirty-seven guns. The Metropolitan bells chimed a national centennial march, introducing the favorite tunes of this and other nations, and there was general ringing of bells, large and small, with firing of pistols and blowing of horns. There were similar demonstrations at Alexandria and at Georgetown, and the ceremonies at the White House were in accordance with time-honored usage.

The first entertainment ever given in Washington to an Emperor and Empress was at the British Legation, early in June, 1876, when Sir Edward and Lady Thornton entertained Dom Pedro and Donna Teresa, of Brazil. The spacious hall, the grand staircase, and the drawing- rooms of the Legation were profusely ornamented with flowers, a life-sized portrait of Victoria I, Empress of India and Queen of England, which faced the staircase, apparently welcoming the guests. Many of those invited had been on an excursion to Mount Vernon and did not arrive until eleven o'clock.

The ladies' dresses were very elaborate. The Empress wore a vert d'eau silk trained skirt and basque high at the back and cut V- shape in front, the sleeves long; the rarest point lace nearly covered both skirt and basque, set on in successive rows, headed with plaits of the material; a broad black velvet ribbon, from which depended a pendant thickly studded with large diamonds, encircled her throat. She wore large diamond ear-rings, and her light-brown hair was combed down on her face, parted through the middle, and covering her ears, a Grecian knot confining her hair at the back of her head.

Lady Thornton wore a white satin trained skirt and basque, trimmed with puffings of tulle, held in place by bands and bows of the darkest shade of ruby velvet, interspersed with fine white flowers. The Misses Thornton wore charming gowns of Paris muslin and Valenciennes lace, relieved with bows of pink gros grain ribbons. Mme. Borges, the wife of the Brazilian Minister, wore a mauve silk gown, trimmed with lace, and very large diamonds. Countess Hayas, the wife of the Austrian Minister, wore Paris muslin and Valenciennes lace over pale blue silk, which was very becoming to her blonde

complexion and youthful face and form, and a profusion of diamonds. The lately arrived Minister from Sweden, Count Lewenhaupt, was present with his wife, whose dress of the thickest, most lustrous satin of a peach-blossom tint, covered with deep falls of point lace, was very elegant. Mrs. Franklin Kinney wore a rich mauve satin beneath point applique lace. Mme. Berghmann wore black silk, embroidered in wreaths of invisible purple, and trimmed with Brussels lace. Mrs. Field wore a very becoming vert d'eau silk, handsomely made and trimmed. Mrs. Willis, the wife of the New York Representative, wore white muslin and Valenciennes lace. Her sister, Mrs. Godfrey, wore a similar toilet, and the two ladies attracted universal attention by their beauty and grace. Mrs. Sharpe was very becomingly dressed in white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and worn over a colored silk. Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton), over ivory-tinted silk wore the same tint of damasquine.

Supper was served at midnight, and afterward many of the guests were presented to Dom Pedro and Donna Teresa in an informal manner, for the Emperor was, according to his usual custom, wandering about talking to whom he pleased, and the Empress, not being very strong, sat upon a sofa and talked pleasantly with all who were introduced to her.

The Imperial party had rooms at the Arlington Hotel, and the Emperor proved himself to be an indefatigable sight-seer, keeping on the move from morning until night. He would not permit his dinner to be served in courses, but had everything put on the table at the same time, as he could devote only thirty minutes to his repast.

The proceedings of the National Republican Convention, at Cincinnati, had naturally been regarded with deep interest at Washington, and the excitement was intense when, on the Sunday prior to the meeting, it was announced that Mr. Blaine had been stricken by illness on his way to church. He became unconscious, and on being carried home was for some hours in an apparently critical condition, at times hardly able to breathe and unable to take the restoratives administered by his physicians. His condition was pronounced one of simple cerebral depression, produced primarily by great mental strain, and, secondarily, by the action of excessive heat. There was no apoplectic congestion or effusion, nor any symptoms of paralysis.

The news of Mr. Blaine's illness was telegraphed to Cincinnati, and undoubtedly had an unfavorable effect upon the Convention. Mr. Blaine, nevertheless, had gradually gained votes, until on the second day of the Convention he was within a few votes of the coveted prize. The shadows were settling down on the excited crowd, the tellers found it getting too dark to do their work, and gas was demanded. The Blaine men, in an ungovernable frenzy, were determined to resist every effort at adjournment, while the combined opposition were equally bent on postponement in order to kill off Blaine. Then it was that a well-known citizen of Cincinnati sprang to the platform, waved his hat at the Chairman, and during a moment's lull in the fearful suspense made the crushing statement that the building was not supplied with gas. Candles were asked for, but the anti-Blainites had received their cue, and before the Blaine lines could be reformed they carried an adjournment by stampede. Political lies in this country are presumably white lies, but they are seldom followed with such tremendous results. Delay enabled the opposition to mass its forces against the favorite, and Hayes, instead of Blaine, passed the next four years in the White House. Nothing could have been more certain in this world than the nomination of Blaine on that eventful evening, if the same gas which burned brightly enough twenty-four hours later for a Hayes' jubilee meeting had not been choked off at a more critical time.

Washington was wild with excitement immediately after the Presidential election. The returns received late on Tuesday night indicated the election of Mr. Tilden, and even the Republican newspapers announced on the following morning the result as doubtful. Senator Chandler, who was at New York, was the only confident Republican, and he telegraphed to the Capitol, "Hayes has one hundred and eighty- five votes and is elected." He also telegraphed to General Grant recommending the concentration of United States troops at the Southern capitals to insure a fair count. General Grant at once ordered General Sherman to instruct the commanding generals in Louisiana and Florida to be vigilant with the forces at their command to preserve peace and good order, and to see that the proper and legal boards of canvassers were unmolested in the performance of their duties. "Should there be," said he, "any grounds of suspicion of fraudulent count on either side, it should be reported and denounced at once. No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed by the result. The country cannot afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns."

Some were disposed to wait, with as much patience and good-humor as they could command, the news from the pivotal States, while others shouted frantically about fraud. A number of leading politicians were sent by each party to the State capitals, where the National interest was concentrated, and the telegraph wires vibrated with political despatches, many of them in cipher. Senator Morrill was requested by the Rothschilds to telegraph them who was elected President at as early a time as was convenient. He replied on Wednesday that the canvass was close, with the chances in favor of Tilden;

but on Friday he telegraphed again that Hayes was probably elected.

The political telegrams sent over the Western Union wires during the Tilden-Hayes campaign were subsequently surrendered by President Orton, of that company, to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections. It was asserted that those likely to prove prejudicial to Republicans were destroyed, and those damaging to Democrats were clandestinely conveyed to a New York paper for publication. These political telegrams showed that the intimate friends of Mr. Tilden were guilty of an attempt to secure the Presidential elections in several States by the use of money. The translation of these cryptogramic messages by a working journalist, and their publication in the New York *Tribune*, was a great success, as it made clear what had previously been unintelligible. When a Committee of the House of Representatives undertook to investigate these cipher telegrams, the principal witness was Colonel Pelton, the nephew and private secretary of Mr. Tilden. His testimony was given in an apparently frank and straightforward manner, though he occasionally seemed perplexed, pondered, and hesitated. He had a loud, hard, and rather grating voice, and delivered his answers with a quick, jerky, nervous utterance, which often jumbled his words so as to render them partially inaudible. Colonel Pelton's tone in reply to the questions propounded to him during the examination-in-chief was loud and emphatic, as though he wanted all the world to understand that he was perfectly ready to answer every question put by the Committee. He sat easily, either throwing one leg over the other, facing the Chairman, or picking his teeth, or blinking his eyes hard, which was one of his peculiar habits, as he kept examining the photo-lithographed copies of the cipher telegrams and the *Tribune* compilation before him. Sometimes Colonel Pelton's blunt confessions were of such astounding frankness as to elicit an audible whisper and commotion, what the French call a "sensation," among the listeners.

Colonel Pelton's loud voice sank very low, and his easy, nonchalant attitude changed very perceptibly, when Messrs. Reed and Hiscock, the Republican members, took him in hand and subjected him to one of the most merciless cross-examinations ever heard in a committee room. The two keen cross-questioners evidently started out with the determined purpose to tear Colonel Pelton's testimony to pieces, and to literally not leave a shred behind worthy of credibility. The respective "points" scored by the Republicans and the Democratic members of the Committee elicited such loud applause on the part of the auditors as to turn for the time the cross-examination into a regular theatrical exhibition. The cipher despatches confirmed the opinion at Washington that Mr. Tilden spent a great deal of money to secure his nomination, and much more during and after the campaign.

Disappointed politicians and place-hunters among the Democrats talked wildly about inaugurating Mr. Tilden by force, while some Republicans declared that General Grant would assume to hold over until a new election could be ordered. General Grant made no secret of his conviction that Mr. Hayes had been lawfully elected, and he would undoubtedly have put down any revolutionary movement against his assuming the Chief Magistracy on the 4th of March, but there is no evidence that he intended to hold over. Neither did the Republican leaders in the Senate and House intend that he should hold over, in any contingency. There were Republican Congressmen, however, who intended to elect Senator Morton President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and, in the event of a failure to have a formal declaration of Mr. Hayes' election in the joint Convention, to have had Senator Morton declared President of the United States.

Meanwhile, it was positively asserted, and never authoritatively denied, that a compact had been entered into between representatives of Southern Congressmen and the authorized friends of Mr. Hayes at Wormley's Hotel, in Washington, by which it was agreed that the Union troops were to be withdrawn from the South in consideration of the neutrality of the Southern vote in Congress on all questions involving the inauguration of Mr. Hayes as President of the United States.

[Facsimile] JamesGBlaine JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 31st, 1830; adopted the editorial profession; was a member of the Maine Legislature, 1859-1862; was a Representative from Maine, 1863-1876; was United States Senator from Maine, 1876-1880; was Secretary of State under Presidents Garfield and Arthur, March 5th, 1881 - December 12th, 1881; was nominated for President by the Republican Convention, at Chicago, June 3d-6th, 1884, and was defeated.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

The Electoral Commission was a cunningly devised plan for declaring Mr. Hayes legally elected President. In the then feverish condition of parties at the Capitol, with no previously arranged plan for adjusting controverted questions, it was evident that some plan should be devised for a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Republicans conceived the idea of an Electoral Commission, to be composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. No sooner had Mr. Tilden and his conservative friends agreed to the Commission, in which he would have had one

majority, than Judge David Davis, of the Supreme Court, was elected a United States Senator. This made it necessary to select Judge Bradley as the man who was to hold the balance of power.

The debate in the Senate on the bill establishing the Electoral Commission was deeply interesting, as several of those who participated were prominent candidates for the Presidency. There was an especial desire to hear Senator Conkling, who had "sulked in his tent" since the Cincinnati Convention, and the galleries were crowded with noted men and women, diplomats, politicians, soldiers and journalists from all sections of the Republic.

Mr. Conkling took the floor late in the afternoon. Tall, well proportioned, with his vest opening down to the waist and displaying his full chest and broad shoulders to the best advantage, his hair tossed back from his massive brow with studied carelessness, his white and slender hands set off by spotless linen, he looked every inch a Senator. Before him, on the desk, were his notes, daintily inscribed on gilt-edged, cream-tinted paper; but he did not refer to them, having committed his remarks so thoroughly that many believed them to have been extemporaneous. His speech was pronounced by good judges as the greatest specimen of "the art which conceals art" that has ever been delivered in this country. With apparent candor, good nature, and disinterested statesmanship, he adroitly stated his side of the case, reviewing what had been done at previous Presidential elections, and showing that he had given the subject careful study. As dinner-time approached, Senator Edmunds stated that Mr. Conkling was not physically able to finish his speech, and moved that the Senate go into the consideration of executive business.

The next day the Senator from New York was not present, and after a recess had been taken for ten minutes, in the hope that he would arrive, Senator Sargent, of California, took the floor. Mr. Conkling finally came in, and when he began to speak, appeared to be in better health than on the day previous, and he again uttered his well-rounded sentences as if without premeditation. Once he forgot himself, when, to give additional emphasis to a remark, he advanced across the aisle toward Senator Morton. The Senator from Indiana retreating, Mr. Conkling exclaimed, in the most dramatic tone, "I see that the Senator retreats before what I say!" "Yes," replied Senator Morton, in his blunt way, "I retreated as far as I could from the false doctrine taught by the gentleman from New York." "Mr. President," said Senator Conkling, evidently disconcerted, "the honorable Senator observes that he has retreated as far as he could. That is the command laid on him by the common law. He is bound to retreat to the wall before turning and rending an adversary."

When Mr. Dawes reminded the Senator that the Commission should be made as exact as it would in the State of Massachusetts, he replied that it would not be possible. "The Queen of Sheba," said Mr. Conkling, "said that she never realized the glory of Solomon until she entered the inner Temple. The idea that the Representatives of other States could breathe the upper air, or tread the milky way, never entered into the wildest and most presumptuous flight of the imagination. Oh! no, Mr. President. Whenever the thirty- seven other States attain to the stature of the grand old Commonwealth, the time will come when no problem remains to be solved, and when even contested Presidential votes will count themselves. Then, in every sphere and orbit, everything will move harmoniously, by undeviating and automatic processes."

The debate was prolonged into the night, and it was after midnight before Senator Morton spoke, pale, trembling in every limb, and with his forehead beaded with great drops of perspiration. He spoke sitting in his chair, and for upward of an hour hurled argument after argument at the bill, evidently speaking from deep conviction.

Mr. Blaine, who had been sworn in the day previous, followed Mr. Morton, and created quite a sensation by opposing the bill. The night dragged on, and it was seven o'clock ere the final vote on the passage of the bill was reached. It was passed by a vote of forty-seven ayes against seventeen nays, ten Senators being absent at the time.

The House of Representatives, after a somewhat stormy session, which lasted seven hours, passed the Electoral Commission Bill by one hundred and ninety-one ayes against eighty-six nays. Five- sixths of those voting in favor of the bill were Democrats, and four-fifths of those voting against it were Republicans.

The Electoral Commission, which commenced its sessions on Wednesday, January 31st, was a grand legal exhibition. It occupied the Supreme Court room, which had been made historic when the Senate Chamber by the great debates in which Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and other famous statesmen had participated. The fifteen Commissioners, sitting on the lengthened bench of the Supreme Court, listened in turn to the intricate propositions of constitutional law presented by Mr. Evarts, with his acuteness and dispassionate eloquence; to the partisan harangues of Charles O'Conor, who had risen like one from the grave; to the tirades of David Dudley Field; to the ponderous yet effective reasoning of Joseph McDonald; to the ingenious reasoning of Senator Howe; to the forcible style and flippant wit

of Matt. Carpenter; to the polished sentences of Mr. Stoughton; to the graceful and powerful argument of the venerable Judge Campbell, of Louisiana, who had in '61 gone South from the Bench of the Supreme Court, with a number of others.

The counting of the electoral vote on the 2d of February, 1877, attracted crowds to the House of Representatives. Even the diplomats came out in force, and for once their gallery was full. On the floor of the House were many distinguished men, including George Bancroft, Mr. Stoughton, of New York, crowned with a mass of white hair; General Sherman, William M. Evarts, Jere. Black, and Lyman Trumbull. At one o'clock the Senate came over in solemn procession, preceded by the veteran Captain Basset, who had in charge two mahogany boxes, in which were locked the votes upon which the fate of the nation depended. Next came President *pro tem.* Ferry and Secretary Gorham, followed by the paired Senators. Roscoe Conkling, tall and distinguished in appearance, was arm in arm with Aaron Sargent, the California printer; Bruce, the colored Mississippian, was with Conover, the Florida carpet-bagger; the fair Anglo-Saxon cheeks of Jones, of Nevada, contrasted strongly with the Indian features of General Logan, and finally along came Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana.

President *pro tem.* Ferry, in a theatrical bass voice, called the Convention to order, and, after stating what it was convened for, opened one of the boxes and handed an envelope to Senator Allison, with a duplicate to Mr. Stone. It was from the State of Alabama, and on being opened, ten votes were recorded for Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. State after State was thus counted until Florida was reached, when the majestic Dudley Field arose and objected to the counting thereof. A brief discussion ensued, and the vote of Florida was turned over to the Electoral Commission. The Senate then returned to its chamber, preceded by the locked boxes, then nearly empty.

It was asserted by those who should have known that Judge Bradley, who had been substituted for Judge Davis, came near, in the discussion on the Florida votes, turning the result in favor of Tilden. After the argument upon the Florida case before the Commission, Judge Bradley wrote out his opinion and read it to Judge Clifford and Judge Field, who were likewise members of the Commission. It contained, first, an argument, and, secondly, a conclusion. The argument was precisely the same as that which appears in the public document; but Judge Bradley's conclusion was that the votes of the Tilden electors in Florida were the only votes which ought to be counted as coming from the State. This was the character of the paper when Judge Bradley finished it and when he communicated it to his colleagues. During the whole of that night Judge Bradley's house in Washington was surrounded by the carriages of Republican visitors, who came to see him apparently about the decision of the Electoral Commission, which was to be announced next day. These visitors included leading Republicans, as well as persons deeply interested in the Texas Pacific Railroad scheme.

When the Commission assembled the next morning, and when the judgment was declared, Judge Bradley gave his voice in favor of counting the votes of the Hayes electors in Florida! The argument he did not deliver at the time; but when it came to be printed subsequently, it was found to be precisely the same as the argument which he had originally drawn up, and on which he had based his first conclusion in favor of the Tilden electors.

Disputed State after disputed State was disposed of, and Washington was stirred with feverish excitement. Every day or two some rumor was started, and those who heard it were elated or depressed, as they happened to hope. But the great mass listened with many grains of allowance, knowing how easy it is at all times for all sorts of stories, utterly without foundation, to get into the public mouth. The obstructionists found that they could not accomplish their purpose to defeat the final announcement, but their persistence was wonderful. They were desperate, reckless, and relentless. Fernando Wood headed, in opposition to them, the party of settlement and peace, his followers being composed in about equal parts of Republicans and of ex-Confederates who turned their backs on the Democratic filibusters. Finally the count was ended, and President *pro tem.* Ferry announced one hundred and eighty-four votes for Samuel J. Tilden and one hundred and eighty-five votes for Rutherford B. Hayes.

Few personages in Washington during this period were more sought after by visitors than Francis E. Spinner, who, under Lincoln, Johnson, and Grant, held the office of Treasurer of the United States for fourteen successive years. Whether the verdant visitors supposed that his high office enabled him to distribute greenbacks at pleasure to all who came, or whether his remarkable signature, which all the land knew, made him seem a remarkable man, matters little; the fact remains that he was flooded with callers, whom he received with genial cordiality, making all feel that they too had an interest in the money makers of the land.

General Grant, having passed eight years in the army and eight more in the White House, retired to private life without regret. His form had become more rotund while he was President, his weight had increased from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty-five pounds, his reddish-brown hair

and beard had become speckled with gray, and he had to use eye-glasses in reading. His features had softened, perhaps, in their determined expression, but his square, massive jaws always gave him a resolute look. He loved to listen better than to talk, but when with friends he would always take part in the conversation, often spicing his sententious remarks with humorous comments. His sentences, at times epigrammatic, were those of "a plain, blunt soldier," but his vigorous economy of words lent additional force to what he said, and he would not only hold his own in a discussion with Senators learned in the law, but would convince his opponents by merely saying his say, and meaning what he said. He was never known while in Washington to tell an indelicate story or to use a profane word, although when slightly excited he would sometimes say, "Dog on it!" to give emphasis to his assertion.

General Grant's Administration was not an unalloyed success. The strength of the Republican party, which might, with a careful, economical, and strictly honest administration, have been maintained for a generation, was frittered away and its voters alienated by causes that need not be recapitulated here. The once noble party, which had its genesis twenty years previous in the great principle of the restriction of human slavery, which had gone from triumph to triumph until slavery was not only restricted but utterly destroyed, the party which had added the salvation of the Union to its fame as the emancipator of a race, had sunk under the combined effects of political money making, inflated currency, whisky rings, revenue frauds, Indian supply steals, and pension swindles. General Grant, though himself honest, appeared unable to discern dishonesty in others, and suffered for the sins of henchmen who contrived to attach to the Republican party an odium which should have attached wholly to themselves.

"It was my fortune or misfortune," said General Grant in his last and eighth annual message to Congress, "to be called to the office of the Chief Executive without any previous political training." A great and successful soldier, he knew absolutely nothing of civil government. His natural diffidence was strangely mingled with the habit of authority, and he undertook all the responsibilities of civil power without any of the training which is essential to its wise exercise, as if his glory as General would more than atone for his deficiencies as President.

[Facsimile] F. E. Spinner FRANCIS E. SPINNER was born at German Flats, New York, January 21st, 1802; was cashier of the Mohawk Valley Bank for twenty years; was a Representative in Congress from New York, December 3d, 1855 - March 3d, 1861; was appointed by President Lincoln Treasurer of the United States March 16th, 1861; was successively re-appointed by Presidents Johnson and Grant; resigned July 1st, 1875, when he retired to private life, passing his winters in Florida.

CHAPTER XXX. INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT HAYES.

Governor Hayes, having been notified by friends at Washington that the electoral count would declare his election as President, left Columbus for the national capital on the afternoon of the first of March. Very early the next morning he was informed by a telegraph operator that the count had been peacefully completed, and that Senator Ferry, the President *pro tem.* of the Senate, had announced that Rutherford B. Hayes had been duly elected President, and William A. Wheeler Vice-President. This announcement was Mr. Hayes' only notification.

Arriving at Washington at ten o'clock on the morning of the second of March, in a heavy rain-storm, Governor Hayes and his wife were received by Senator Sherman and his brother, General Sherman, who escorted them under umbrellas to a carriage, in which they were driven to the residence of the Senator. After having breakfasted, the President-elect, accompanied by General Sherman and ex-Governor Dennison, went to pay their respects to the President at the Executive Mansion. They were received by General Grant in his private office, and the outgoing and incoming President held a brief conversation on general topics, without, however, alluding to anything of a political character. Subsequently, the members of General Grant's Cabinet came into the room and were introduced to the President-elect. The stay at the White House occupied less than half an hour, and from there the party drove to the Capitol and were ushered into the Vice-President's room, adjoining the Senate Chamber. Here the President-elect held quite a levee, lasting nearly two hours. All of the Republican and most of the Democratic Senators paid their respects to him, those who had no previous acquaintance being introduced by ex-Governor Dennison. The presence of the new President in the Capitol soon became known in the House of Representatives, and a stampede of members followed, thronging the Senate reception room and all the surrounding lobbies. The Georgia delegation paid their respects in a body, and among the callers were many Democrats from other Southern States.

Between this time and the next afternoon there were several important political consultations on the situation, the Cabinet, and the inaugural, with much speculation as to whether Mr. Tilden would take the oath of office as President of the United States upon the following day, March 4th, which fell this year upon Sunday. It was finally decided that the oath should be administered to Governor Hayes on

Saturday evening. He was one of a party which had been invited to dine at the Executive Mansion, and while the guests were assembling, Governor and Mrs. Hayes, with two or three friends, stepped into the Red Parlor with General Grant, where the Governor took the oath of office, by which he became *de jure* and *de facto* Chief Magistrate of the United States. The proceeding was temporarily kept secret, even from the other guests at the dinner.

Monday, March 5th, was a rainy and cloudy day. Despite the prolonged uncertainty as to the result of the Presidential election, and the short time given for arrangements, the city was crowded. It was estimated that thirty thousand persons left New York for Washington on Saturday and Sunday. Pennsylvania Avenue was gayly attired in waving bunting, the striking features being pyramids or arches composed of flags and streamers of variegated colors, suspended across the avenue by strong cords. The decorations were not so extensive as would have been the case had longer time been afforded for preparation.

The procession was under the direction of Major Whipple, of the army, as Chief Marshal. It was escorted by the United States troops, which had been concentrated at Washington, the Marines, the District Volunteer Militia, the Philadelphia State Fencibles, and the Columbus Cadets. Governor Hayes rode with General Grant in the latter's carriage, and they were followed by the Grand Army of the Republic, Veteran Associations from Philadelphia and Baltimore, local political associations, and the steam fire engines.

In the Senate Chamber there was the usual assemblage of dignitaries, with crowds of ladies in the galleries. Vice-President Wheeler was sworn in and delivered a brief address, after which he administered the oath to the new Senators. The customary procession was formed, and moved to the platform erected over the eastern entrance to the rotunda. Governor Hayes was greeted with loud cheers from the assembled multitude, and when silence had been restored he read his inaugural in a clear voice. When he had concluded the oath of office was formally administered to him by Chief Justice Waite, and the new President returned to the White House, amid cheers of the multitude and salutes of artillery.

At the White House Mrs. Grant had provided a handsome collation, which was enjoyed by the members of the retiring Administration and a few personal friends of the incoming official. President Hayes was warmly congratulated on having received, through the agency of the Electoral Commission, a title to office that no one would dare to dispute openly. Reckless friends of Mr. Tilden, who had hoped to plunge the country into the turmoil and uncertainty of another election, found that their chief had tamely accepted the situation, and they quietly submitted.

The selection of a Cabinet was not fully determined upon until after President Hayes had arrived in Washington. Before he came General Burnside and other Republicans who had served in the Union army urged the appointment of General Joseph E. Johnston as Secretary of War, but after much discussion the intention was reluctantly abandoned. When President Hayes had been inaugurated the names of several Southerners were presented to him, including ex-Senator Alcorn, Governor John C. Born, and General Walthall, a gallant soldier and an able lawyer. President Hayes finally decided to give the position of Postmaster-General to "Dave" Key.

Judge Key had just before served in the Senate for a year, by appointment of the Governor of Tennessee, as the successor of Andrew Johnson, and his known popularity in that body rendered it certain that his nomination would be confirmed. At the close of the war the Judge had found himself in North Carolina very poorly off for clothes, surrounded by his wife and six children, also poor in raiment, without a dollar of money that would buy a rasher of bacon or a pint of cornmeal. He had a few dollars of Confederate money, but that was not worth the paper it was printed upon. Nearly everybody about him was as poor as himself, and the suffering through the section in which he found himself was very great. He owned nothing in the world but a half-starved mule that had been his war-horse for many months. This was before the days of the Commune, and he didn't know that mule meat was good; besides, he did not want to kill his war-horse that had carried him through so many deadly breaches. Before Judge Key and his family had reached that point when prayers take the place of hunger, however, relief came. An old resident of North Carolina heard of Key's necessities, and helped him out. He gave him seed to sow, a shanty to live in, and some land to till, also a small supply of bacon and cornmeal.

The Judge then went to work. He beat his sword into a plowshare and his fiery charger into a plow-horse. He worked with his little family and lived scantily the whole summer long. There was no fancy farming about it. When the corn was sold the Judge had eighty dollars in despised Yankee greenbacks. He then applied to President Andrew Johnson, who was announcing that "treason is a crime and must be punished," for leave to return to Tennessee, and he awaited a reply with a good deal of apprehension. It came in due course of mail, a very kind, brotherly letter, inclosing a pardon. Judge Key

had not asked for this, and was quite overwhelmed. It was stated in the Senate in open session on the day of his confirmation that he had voted for Tilden, but he loyally sustained the Hayes Administration.

The other members of the Cabinet were well-known Republicans. William M. Evarts, who had so successfully piloted Mr. Hayes through the Electoral Commission, was very properly made Secretary of State. Tall, without the slightest tendency toward rotundity, and with an intellectual head set firmly on his shoulders, Mr. Evarts displayed great energy of character, unswerving integrity, and devotion to his clients. Great in positive intellect, he rendered it available, as an able general manoeuvres for position and arranges strategic movements, and was ready to meet his adversaries in a rhetorical struggle with volleys of arguments framed in sentences of prodigious length.

John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, was a financial tower of strength, whose honesty, patriotism, and ability had endeared him to the people, while Carl Schurz, the Secretary of the Interior, was a man of great tact, invariable good temper, and superior education, whose personal appearance was very like that of Mephistopheles, except that Schurz wore glasses.

"Uncle Dick Thompson," although he knew nothing about the navy committed to his charge, was a silver-tongued Indiana stump speaker. The gallant General Devens, of Massachusetts, was to have been Secretary of War, and ex-Representative G. W. McCrary was to have been Attorney-General. But this was not satisfactory to the agents of the New Idria Company, as Mr. McCrary had on one occasion expressed a favorable opinion on the claim of William McGarrahan to the quicksilver mine of which the New Idria had obtained possession. So a pressure was brought to bear upon the President, the result of which was the transposition of Devens and McCrary. The soldier was made Attorney-General, and the country lawyer, ignorant of military matters, was made Secretary of War.

The Cabinet met on Tuesdays and Fridays. The members dropped in one by one, but they were all on hand by "high twelve," each bringing his portfolio containing matters to be submitted. President Hayes sat at the head of the table and Secretary Schurz at the foot; on the right, next to the President, was the Secretary of State, next to him the Secretary of War, and beyond him the Postmaster-General. On the left, next to the President, was the Secretary of the Treasury, the next to him the Secretary of the Navy, and next to the Secretary of the Interior, on that side, the Attorney-General. After the Cabinet met it was ten or fifteen minutes before the members got to work. That ten minutes was taken up in greetings and off-hand talk, in which the spirit of fun and humor cropped out a good deal. When out of official harness, the members of the Cabinet were all men with a sunny, fun-loving side. Judge Key was, perhaps, the jolliest, though the Attorney-General pushed him hard for that distinction. Secretary Thompson was a proverbial lover of a pleasant joke, while Secretary Schurz was hardly equalled in telling one. Secretary McCrary was a good story-teller. Secretary Sherman did not indulge in humor often, but when he did it was, on account of its unexpected character, the more enjoyable. Secretary Evarts was a quiet humorist, and his fund of dry humor and wit was inexhaustible.

The Cabinet jokes always found their way into public circulation and provoked many hearty laughs. It was intimated that Attorney- General Devens delighted in joking the "Ancient Mariner" of the Navy Department. One day Secretary Thompson presented to the Cabinet a list of midshipmen who had passed their examinations. The Secretary called attention to them, and said he would like to have their nominations for promotion to ensigns sent to the Senate as soon as possible, "as they are worthy young men who have thoroughly earned their spurs." "Mr. Thompson," interrupted Mr. Devens, "how long since have they been wearing spurs in the navy?" After ten minutes of so of boy's play before school, the President would call the meeting to order. The Secretary of State would present his budget, and when disposed of he would be followed by the other members of the Cabinet in their order of precedence. The meetings generally occupied about two hours, and the business was conducted in a conversational way.

It was unfortunate for Mr. Hayes that he felt obliged to appoint as his private secretary Mr. Rodgers, of Minnesota. It was understood at Washington that he had been unsuccessful in several business operations, and he certainly was a failure as private secretary. Instead of smoothing down the variety of little grievances that arose between the President and the politicians, he invariably made matters worse. The consequence was that the President was often seen in an unfavorable light by Congressmen, correspondents, and others whose good opinions he merited.

[Facsimile] Sincerely R.B.Hayes RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES was born at Delaware, Ohio, October 4th, 1822; studied law, and commenced practice at Cincinnati; served in the Union Army receiving promotion from the rank of Major to that of Brigadier-General, 1862-1865; was a Representative in Congress from Ohio from December 4th, 1865, to December, 1867, when he resigned, having been elected Governor of Ohio, serving 1868-1872, and again 1876-1877; was elected President of the United States on the Republican ticket in 1876, and was inaugurated March 5th, 1877.

CHAPTER XXXI. A NEW ERA IN SOCIETY.

Rutherford B. Hayes had not entered upon his fifty-fifth year when he was inaugurated as President. He was a well-built man, of stalwart frame, with an open countenance ruddy with health, kind blue eyes, a full, sandy beard in which there were a few silver threads, a well-shaped mouth, and a smile on his lips. He had served gallantly in the army and creditably in Congress, without having contracted any bad habits or made any personal enemies. His manners were courteous; he bore himself with dignity, yet was affable to all; quick in speech, but open as the day. Politicians did not always obtain the places which they imperiously demanded for themselves or for their henchmen, and he refused to acknowledge that some who had busied themselves about the Southern electoral votes had claims on him which he was to repay by appointments to office. Impassive, non-committal, and always able to clothe his thoughts in an impenetrable garment of well-chosen words, applicants for place rarely obtained positive assurances that their prayers would be granted, but they hoped for the best, thinking that

"The King is kind, and, well we know, the King
Knowest what time to promise, when to pay."

Mrs. Hayes exercised a greater influence over public affairs than any lady had since Dolly Madison presided over the White House. Tall, robust, and with a dignified figure, the whole expression of her face, from the broad forehead, which showed below her hair, worn in the old-fashioned style, to the firm mouth and modest chin, bespoke the thoughtful, well-balanced, matronly woman. She had such a bright, animated face that nothing seemed lacking to complete the favorable impression she made upon every one who came under the influence of her radiant smile. That smile was the reflection of a sunny disposition and a nature at rest with itself. She and her husband looked like a couple who lay down at night to peaceful slumbers, undisturbed by nervous dreams of ambition, and awoke in the morning refreshed and well prepared for the duties of the new day, which never found them fretted or flurried.

Mrs. Hayes brought with her from her rural home what was known as "the Ohio idea" of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and she enforced it at the White House, somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Evarts, who, as Secretary of State, refused to permit the Diplomatic Corps to be invited to their customary annual dinner unless wine could be on the table. This Mrs. Hayes refused to allow, and all of the state dinners served while she presided over the hospitalities of the White House were ostensibly strictly temperance banquets, although the steward managed to gratify those fond of something stronger than lemonade. True, no wine glasses obtruded themselves, no popping of champagne corks was heard, no odor of liquor tainted the air fragrant with the perfume of innocent, beautiful flowers. The table groaned with delicacies; there were many devices of the confectioner which called forth admiration. Many wondered why oranges seemed to be altogether preferred, and the waiters were kept busy replenishing salvers upon which the tropical fruit lay. Glances telegraphed to one another that the missing link was found, and that, concealed within the oranges, was delicious frozen punch, a large ingredient of which was strong old Santa Croix rum. Thenceforth (without the knowledge of Mrs. Hayes, of course) Roman punch was served about the middle of the state dinners, care being taken to give the glasses containing the strongest mixture to those who were longing for some potent beverage. This phase of the dinner was named by those who enjoyed it "the Life-Saving Station."

While Mrs. Grant had always denounced the White House as not suitable for a President's residence, Mrs. Hayes was charmed with it. She once took an old friend through it, showed him the rooms, and exclaimed: "No matter what they build, they will never build any more rooms like these!" She had the lumber rooms ransacked, and old china and furniture brought out and renovated, and, when it was possible, ascertained its history. Every evening after dinner she had an informal reception, friends dropping in and leaving at their will, and enjoying her pleasant conversation. Often her rich voice would be heard leading the song of praise, while the deep, clear bass notes of Vice-President Wheeler rounded up the melody. She almost always had one or two young ladies as her guests, and she carried out the official programme of receptions to the letter.

While the President was earnestly endeavoring to restore peace at the South and to reform political abuses at the North, Mrs. Hayes was none the less active in inaugurating a new social policy. One of the evils attendant upon the "gilded era" of the war and the flush times that followed was the universal desire of every one in Washington to be in "society." The maiden from New Hampshire, who counted currency in the Treasury Department for nine hundred dollars a year; the young student from Wisconsin, who received twelve hundred dollars per annum for his services as a copyist in the General Land Office; the janitor of the Circumlocution Bureau, and the energetic correspondent of the *Cranberry Centre Gazette*, each and all thought that they should dine at the foreign legations, sup with the members of the Cabinet, and mingle in the mazes of the "German" with the families of the Senators. The discrepancy in income or education made no difference in their minds, and to admit either would

be to acknowledge a social inferiority that would have been unsupportable. But while some of them, by their persistency, wriggled into "society," the stern reality remained that their compensations did not increase, because their owners sillily diminished them in what they called, maintaining their social position. "Vanity Fair" no longer existed, and the shoddy magnates no longer furnished champagne and terrapin suppers for fashionable crowds, regardless as to who composed those crowds; the strugglers for social position retired into modest quietude, and no longer aspired to be ranked among those in "society."

The people one met at the White House and in society, after the inauguration of President Hayes, were an improvement on those who had figured there since the war. One seldom saw those shoddy and veneer men and women who had neither tradition nor mental culture from which to draw the manner and habit of politeness. They lacked the sturdy self-respect of the New England mechanic, the independent dignity of the Western farmers, or the business-like ease of the New York merchants, but they evidently felt that their investments should command them respect, and they severely looked down upon "them literary fellers," and others with small bank accounts. In the place of these upstarts there were cultivated gentlemen and ladies, who could converse sensibly upon the topics of the day, and if there were neither punch-bowls nor champagne glasses on the supper-table, there were fewer aching heads the next day.

Mrs. Hayes, while blessed with worldly abundance, showed no desire to initiate the extravagances or the follies of European aristocracy. The example she set was soon followed, and her pleasant expression and manners, retaining the ready responsiveness of youth, while adding the wide sympathies of experience, won for her the respect of even those devotees of fashion who at first laughed about her plainly arranged hair and her high-neck black silk dresses. Lofty structures of paupers' hair, elaborately frizzled, were seldom seen on sensible women's heads, nor were the party dresses cut so shamefully low in the neck as to generously display robust maturity or scraggy leanness. It cannot be denied that fear of women and not love of man makes the fair sex submit to the tyranny of the fashions, and Mrs. Hayes having emancipated herself, the emancipation soon became general. While, however, "the first lady of the land" discarded the vulgar extravagances which had become common at Washington, she by no means held herself superior to the obligation of dress, and of the pleasant little artificial graces belonging to high civilization. Some of her evening dresses were elegant, the colors harmonizing, and the style picturesque and becoming. If she had the good taste not to disfigure her classically-shaped head, or to load herself with flashy jewelry, so much the better.

Prominent among the festivities at the White House during the Hayes Administration was the silver-wedding of the President and his wife, which was the first celebration of the kind that had ever occurred there. The vestibule, the halls, and the state apartments were elaborately trimmed with bunting and running vines. In the East Room, at the doors, and in the corners and alcoves tropical plants were clustered in profusion. The mantles were banked with bright-colored cut flowers, smilax was entwined in the huge glass chandeliers, and elsewhere throughout the room were stands of potted plants. Over the main entrance was the National coat-of-arms, and just opposite two immense flags, hanging from ceiling to floor, completely covered the large window. The Green, the Red, and the Blue Parlors were similarly decorated, the flowers used being chiefly azalias, hyacinths, and roses.

The members of the Cabinet and their families were the only official personages invited to this celebration, and with them were a few old friends from Ohio connected with the President's past life and pursuits. A delegation of the regiment which he commanded, the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, brought a beautiful silver offering. Among the President's schoolmates was Mr. Deshla, of Columbus, who said: "I knew him when we called him 'Rud,' when he was called 'Mr. Hayes,' then 'Colonel Hayes,' and 'General Hayes,' then 'Governor Hayes,' and now that he is President we are equally good friends." The guests promenaded through the parlors, and engaged in conversation, the Marine Band playing at intervals.

Precisely at nine o'clock the band struck Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and President Hayes, with his wife on his arm, came down- stairs, followed by members of the family and the special guests, two by two. The procession passed through the inner vestibule into the East Room, where the President and Mrs. Hayes stationed themselves, with their backs to the flag-draped central window, and there remained until the invited guests had paid their congratulations. Mrs. Mitchell, the daughter of the President's sister, Mrs. Platt, stood next Mrs. Hayes and clasped her hand, as she did when a little child, during the marriage ceremony twenty- five years back.

Mrs. Hayes wore a white silk dress, with draperies of white brocade, each headed with two rows of tasseled fringe, and with a full plaiting at the sides and bottom of the front breadth; the heart- shaped neck was filled in with tulle, and the half-long sleeves had a deep ruching of lace. Her hair, in plain braids, was knotted at the back and fastened with a silver comb, while long white kid gloves and white slippers completed the bridal array. On the day previous, which was the actual anniversary, Mrs. Hayes

had worn her wedding dress, making no alterations save in letting out the seams. It was a flowered satin, made when ten or twelve breadths of silk were put in a skirt, and there was no semblance of a train appended thereto.

The Rev. Dr. McCabe, who had married Mr. Hayes and Miss Webb twenty- five years before, was present, with Mrs. Herron, who was at the wedding, and who was a guest at the White House. She had an infant daughter, six weeks old, with her, which was christened on the day previous Lucy Hayes. After the happy couple had been congratulated, the President and Mrs. Hayes led the way into the state dining- room, which had been elaborately decked for the occasion with cut flowers and plants. The table was adorned with pyramids of confectionery, fancy French dishes and ices in molds, the bill of fare including every delicacy in the way of eatables, but no beverage except coffee. At midnight, when the guns announced the birth of a new year, congratulations and good wishes were exchanged, and then the company dispersed.

The gossips had much to say about the petition of the venerable ex- Senator Christiancy for a divorce from a young Washington woman, who was a clerk in the Treasury Department when he married her. The irascible, jealous old man magnified trifling circumstances into startling facts, and deliberately attempted to brand his young wife with infamy. She may have been foolish, she may have said or done what was not wise, but those who knew her well asserted that she had given no cause for the terrible accusations brought against her by the man who persuaded her to become his wife, and who proved the truth of the proverb, that "There is no fool like an old fool." His resignation of his seat in the Senate to accept a diplomatic appointment, that Mr. Zach. Chandler might return to it, was said to have been anything but creditable to him, although profitable.

Washington society was also kept in hot water by the young secretaries and attaches of foreign legations, who prided themselves on their success in breaking hearts. There were two classes of these foreign lady-killers. Those of the Castilian type had closely cropped, coal-black hair, smooth faces, with the exception of a moustache, and flashing eyes that betrayed an intriguing disposition. The Saxons (including the British, the Germans, and the Russians) were tall, slender fellows, with their hair parted in the middle, soft eyes, and downy side-whiskers. Both sets were exquisitely polite, courteous in their deportment, and very deferential to those with whom they conversed. They stigmatized a residence in Washington after their sojourn at the various capitals of Europe as unendurable; they intimated that the women of America were "incomplete" and "fastidious," but their criticisms were so courteous that no one could muster heart to contradict them. Every year or two, though, some poor girl was captivated by the glitter of their small talk, and got more or less scorched before she could be extricated.

[Facsimile] W. M. Evarts WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS was born at Boston, February 6th, 1818; was graduated at Yale College in 1837; studied in the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the bar in New York in 1841; was Attorney- General of the United States, July 15th, 1868 - March 3d, 1869; was counsel for President Johnson on his trial upon his impeachment in 1868; was counsel for the United States before the Alabama Claims Tribunal at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1872; was counsel for President Hayes in behalf of the Republican party before the Electoral Commission; was Secretary of State of the United States, March 12th, 1877 - March 3d, 1881; and was a United States Senator from March 4th, 1885.

CHAPTER XXXII. LEADERS AND MEASURES.

Fourteen years after the surrender of Appomattox, the Republicans surrendered in the Capitol at Washington and passed into the minority. President Grant having failed in his severe Southern policy, President Hayes tried conciliation. Never did a President enter upon his duties with more sincere good-will for every section. There was displayed in every act of the incoming Administration a kindliness toward Southern men and Southern interests that almost aroused a jealousy in the North. It was not an affectation on the part of the President, but a true and honest sentiment. The good- will experiment was not quickly made. It took a long time to determine results, and even after the uncompromising spirit of the Southern Democrats had become apparent President Hayes was slow to pronounce the plan a failure. It had seemed to him the only hope of making the South peaceful and prosperous, and he had determined to give it a full trial.

It was evident that the Democrats would have in the Senate of the Forty-sixth Congress that majority that had passed from them in that body when many of its curule chairs were vacated by those who went into the Rebellion. The Democrats in the House of the Forty- fifth Congress, by refusing to make the necessary appropriation for the support of the army, rendered an extra session necessary. When Congress met, on the 18th of March, 1879, the Democrats had a majority of ten in the Senate, and over twenty in the House.

Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, was recognized by the Democrats in the Senate as their leader. He was a

broad-shouldered, sturdily built man, with a large square head and ruddy complexion, gray hair and beard, and a positive manner that commanded respect. Earnest, outspoken, and free in his criticisms of men and manners, he would wave his red bandana pocket handkerchief like a guidon, give his nose a trumpet-blast, take a fresh pinch of snuff, and dash into the debate, dealing rough blows, and scattering the carefully prepared arguments of his adversaries like chaff. When he sat down he would signal to a Republican friend, and they would leave the Senate Chamber by different doors and meet in a committee-room, where there was a supply of old Bourbon whisky.

Senator Bayard, of Delaware, who was also prominent in the Democratic ranks, never forgot that he was the descendant of a long line of eminent statesmen. Tall and straight, his movements were graceful, and his cleanly shaven face and iron-gray hair were classic in beauty. Broad in intellect, he was patient and courteous in debate, rarely losing his dignity or his temper.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, enjoyed the rare advantage of being ineligible to the Presidential chair, and he did not consequently feel hampered by what he might add in debate to his "record." He was a stalwart, farmer-like looking man, with that overcharged brain which made his tongue at times falter because he could not utter what his furious, fiery eloquence prompted. Entirely different in personal appearance and manner was Senator Pendleton, of Ohio, whose courteous deportment had won him the appellation of "Gentleman George," and who adorned every subject on which he spoke. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, a spare, grim, uncompromising bachelor, with a tall, slender figure like that of Thomas Jefferson, would have made a glorious Puritan leader, and Senator Pinckney Whyte, of Maryland, a gentleman by birth and education, was evidently restive at times under the political restraint of the party "bosses" in his State.

Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, was an able lawyer, who had the good sense not to parade his gallant services in the Confederate army, and who was ever on the watch for some extravagant appropriation. He, with Ransom, of North Carolina, and other Confederate brigadiers, saw opposite to them, as their equal, Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, round-faced, bright-eyed, and sepia-hued, the emancipated slave who had reached the full stature of citizenship through the flame of battle that discomfited them.

Another eloquent debater was Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, whose influence in molding public opinion at the South had been as healthy as it had been powerful. Senator Vest, youthful in appearance, was a fiery speaker, and always ready for a tilt with an opponent. The swarthy features of Senator Logan, of Illinois, with his long, coal-black hair and moustache, stood out like a charcoal sketch against the gilded wall of the Senate, and he seemed as ready to meet his political opponents as he had been at the head of his brigade to charge the enemy.

On the other side of the Senate Chamber the *pater Senatus* was Governor Anthony, of Rhode Island, a man of gracious presence and kind heart, whose eyes were dimmed, but who had not lost the fire and brilliancy which had characterized his early editorial and Senatorial life. Senator Hamlin, of Maine, was the eldest in years on the floor, and yet he did not display the first sign of the weakness of advancing age. Tall, slightly round-shouldered, always wearing a black dress coat, and never an overcoat, he was a remarkably well-preserved man. His forehead was somewhat wrinkled, his black eyes gleamed with vigorous vitality, and his large mouth, with its massive under jaw, was not concealed by a moustache or beard. He rarely spoke, but when he took the floor he always had something to say worth hearing, and he was always listened to.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was an able man and a good lawyer, remarkably well posted in the current literature of the day. Another man learned in the law was the ponderous Senator Davis, of Illinois, who had left the Supreme Court for the Senate, thinking it was the better avenue to the White House, and whose political views were bounded by his personal ambition.

Senator Conkling, of New York, was then at the height of his brilliant Congressional career. Able, high-bred, and stately, he had defeated his home rival, Fenton, and he now claimed the disposal of the New York patronage that he might use it to secure the re- election of General Grant, to be followed by his own elevation to the Presidential chair. The words, "conciliation of enemies," were not in his vocabulary, yet no Senator had so many tried and trusty friends. Another prominent lawyer was Matt. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, one side of whom as described by Charles Sumner when he called him a "jester," while Mr. Edmunds, by a ready pun, as aptly described the other side of him by declaring that the Senator from Massachusetts probably meant a "sug-gester." Retaining the dragoon swagger, which he had acquired at West Point, a jovial nature, indifferent to the decorum of public life, he seemed to have been tossed into the Senate, where other people had with difficulty found their way by hard climbing or by costly purchase.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, whose remarks were a stream of epigram, eloquence, and euphony, delicately flavored with sarcasm, often showed a keen appreciation of the ridiculous. Remarkably well informed, and able to command the information in the storehouse of his brain, he never ranted, rarely

gesticulated, and his ceremoniously polite excoriations of opponents were like dropping hot lead upon sore places. Very different was Senator Burnside, of Rhode Island, who was known as the "Kaiser William," and whose martial aspect indicated his straightforward honesty of purpose. He was at times restive under the trammels of parliamentary rule, and would speak his mind, no matter who was troubled thereby.

Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, with clean-shaven cheeks and puritanical earnestness, had been transplanted from the House of Representatives with Senator Allison, of Iowa, a man of rare financial ability, who afterward took a prominent part in the proceedings of the Senate. Then there was Senator Plumb, of Kansas, earnest and straightforward, of whom it was said that he was "Western from the hem of his short pantaloons to the comfortable slouch of his hat."

Senator Blaine, of Maine, was one of the youngest Senators, yet when he rose to speak all listened. Compactly and strongly built, with a commanding figure, prominent features, watchful, gray-hazel eyes, and a rich, manly voice, he was very ready in debate. When the army bill was up, and it was argued that the South was in danger of intimidation, he showed the absurdity of such a position by giving the exact numbers of troops then stationed in each State: "And the entire South has eleven hundred and fifty-five soldiers to intimidate, overrun, oppress, and destroy the liberties of fifteen million people! In the Southern States there are twelve hundred and three counties. If you distribute the soldiers evenly there is not quite one for each county; when I give the counties, I give them from the census of 1870. If you distribute them territorially, there is one for every seven hundred square miles of territory, so that if you make a territorial distribution, I would remind the honorable Senator from Delaware, if I saw him in his seat, that the quota of his State would be three, 'one ragged sergeant and two abreast,' as the old song has it. That is the force ready to destroy the liberties of Delaware!"

In the House of Representatives that sturdy Democratic champion, Samuel J. Randall, of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker, receiving one hundred and forty-three votes against one hundred and twenty- five votes for James A. Garfield, and thirteen votes for Hendrick B. Wright. The Democrats were ably led by Carlisle and Blackburn, of Kentucky; by Morrison and Sparks, of Illinois; by Reagan and Mills, of Texas; by the stately Fernando Wood, of New York, and by Mr. Sam. Cox, who reminded one of those jocular festivities of mediaeval times, when the Abbot of Misrule took possession of his masters and issued his merry orders superciliously to those with whose insults his ears were still tingling.

On the Republican side were Aldrich, Conger, Frye, Hawley, and Lapham, qualifying themselves for service in the Senate; the burly Robeson, ready to defend his acts as Secretary of the Navy; Judge Kelley, of Philadelphia, who had come down from a former generation; Rainey and Smalls, emancipated men and brethren; the witty Tom. Reed, of Maine, who was always happy in his sarcasms; the able and effective Frank Hiscock, of New York, the effective Ben. Butterworth, of Ohio, with others known to fame, constituting a strong House, fresh from the people, and bringing their latest will.

The Democratic Congress again attached to the bill making appropriations for the support of the army an irrelevant piece of legislation aimed directly at the purity of the ballot, thinking that the President, who had so evidently desired to conciliate the South, would not dare to offend it by refusing his official approval. To their surprise, he returned the bill to Congress with a veto message, so dispassionate, yet so entirely covering the case, that it threw the Democratic majorities in Congress into confusion, and forced them to abandon the programme they had marked out. They consoled themselves by turning out nearly all of the officers of the Senate, many of whom were old and faithful servants, and dividing the places thus made vacant among their relatives and henchmen.

President Hayes, by his succession of vetoes, restored *l'entente cordiale* between himself and the greater portion of the Republican members of Congress. His pure patriotism, his high rectitude of intention, and his personal virtues had never been doubted, and when he was again found acting in accord with the party that elected him, it was believed that he would be carried pleasantly through his embarrassing duties, and that his civil success would match his exploits in arms.

The opera of "Pinafore" became all the rage at Washington, as elsewhere. It was performed at theatres by church choirs, by amateurs, by a colored company, and finally by some juvenile vocalists belonging to the very first families at the West End. Generally speaking, vocalists, especially of the feminine persuasion, have scruples about giving their ages, but on the programmes of this company the ages of the performers were printed opposite to their names. Sir Joseph Porter was personated by Aleck McCormick, a son of Commissioner McCormick, aged twelve; Miss Betty Ordway, aged eleven, was Josephine; Miss Mary Wilson, aged ten, was charming as Little Buttercup; Willie Wilson, aged eleven, was Captain Corcoran; Dick Wallack, aged eleven, was a good Ralph Rackstraw, and Daisy Ricketts, demurely attired as Aunt Ophelia, was primly "splendid." The sisters, the cousins, and the aunts, the sailors, and especially the marine guard, were all represented. The singing was tolerable and the acting generally bad, but the performance was nevertheless enjoyed by the crowded audience. The

little people eclipsed the colored choir, and were equal to at least half of the professional combinations.

[Facsimile]
RoscoeConkling
ROSCOE CONKLING was born at Albany, New York, October 30th, 1829; studied law and commenced practice at Utica in 1846; was Mayor of Utica in 1858; was a Representative in Congress, December 5th, 1859 - March 3d, 1867; was a United States Senator from March 3d, 1867, until his resignation on the 16th of May, 1881; removed to New York City, and entered upon the practice of his profession.

CHAPTER XXXIII. TILTS IN CONGRESS.

The marriage of the King of Spain was celebrated at Washington by Senor Mantilla, the Spanish Minister, who gave a magnificent entertainment at Wormley's Hotel, where he was residing. The parlors were decorated with the Minister's own furniture and paintings, and with a profusion of rare plants and flowers. The Diplomatic Corps wore their court costumes, while the officers of our army and navy appeared in full uniform. Madame Mantilla was an Andalusian, and had the clear, creamy complexion, the large, dark eyes, the black hair, and the fine form which characterizes that section of Spain. The waist of her satin dress was cut square, before and behind, and was very low. The entire front of her long skirt of white satin was covered with a network of pearls. A vest of similar network trimmed the front of the basque. Folds of satin went across the front of the waist and over the short sleeves, and at the back fell from the waist in sash ends, edged with pearl fringe and tassels. Around her throat she wore a band of dark red velvet, studded alternately with diamonds and pearls. Below, falling loosely on the neck, were three strands of pearls with a magnificent pendant, composed of an enormous pearl and clusters of diamonds. In her hair sparkled a superb diadem, formed of sprays of diamonds, presented to the lady by her husband when they were married. Lace stockings and white satin slippers completed her toilet.

The supper-table was set along three sides of the room, forming a hollow square. In the centre was a mound composed of myrtle, in whose bright, green leaves were arranged large and beautifully colored California pears and luscious bunches of Malaga grapes and oranges. A tall silver epergne surmounted the mound, in the centre of which was a cut-glass basket, holding fruits, and on the sides vases of flowers. On the table were numerous silver candelabra holding lighted wax candles, and, alternating with plants, pyramids of bonbons, ices, and other dainties. The table linen, china, and glass all bore the crest of the hostess.

Much ill-breeding had been shown by seekers after invitations, and there was a sad exhibition of bad manners at the supper-table. The lace on ladies' dresses was torn by the trappings of the diplomats and officers, while terrapin and champagne were recklessly scattered. With this exception everything passed off very smoothly, and the hundreds of guests present heartily congratulated the host and hostess. President Hayes and his wife declined departing from their rule not to accept hospitalities, but the White House was well represented by Mr. Webb Hayes and five young ladies, who were at that time his mother's guests.

With the return of the Democrats to power in Congress came one of those great moral struggles which convulses a nation with an agitation only surpassed by a physical contest between hostile armies. The approach of the Presidential contest added to the acerbity of the debates, although some of the participants evidently adopted as their motto the Quaker apothegm, "Treat your enemy as if you thought he might some day become your friend, and your friend as though he might become your enemy."

Those who occasionally engaged in criminations and recriminations did it in a parliamentary and mild-mannered way, and a few hours afterward they might have been seen meeting as guests at the same social board, with every mark of reciprocal cordiality and success. This was doubtless owing, in many instances, to the legal training of the gentlemen who had been accustomed to bandy epithets and to bully their adversaries before juries, and having thus earned their fees, to leave the court, arm in arm, to dine harmoniously together.

One of the most interesting tilts in the Senate was between Matt. Carpenter and James G. Blaine, on the Geneva Award question. Mr. Carpenter was then approaching death's door, and his feeble voice was at times inaudible in the galleries, but his argument sustained his reputation as an advocate and as a Senator. Looking at everything from a judicial standpoint, and manifesting (if he did not express it) a profound contempt for non-professional men who discuss legal questions, he displayed great ingenuity and persuasive eloquence in the presentation of his views. He had evidently studied his case carefully, but he did not hesitate to make strong assertions take the place of authorities, and to base his

arguments on those assertions. The entire speech was peppered with cutting allusions to Blaine, who sat unmoved, occasionally joining in the laugh provoked at his expense. Carpenter concluded with an eloquent allusion to General Grant, as one first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen and of all mankind.

When Blaine finally took the floor it was soon evident that he had studied the weak points in what Carpenter had said, and was ready to let fly a volley of satire-tipped arrows with deadly aim. His sentences were terse, crisp, strong, and entirely without ornamentation, but every one told. He began by alluding to his having been often reminded in the debate that he was not a lawyer. The wit would have been brighter and the thrust would have been keener had it been stated that when he set out on the vast sea of adventure he had studied law for two years.

After elaborately reviewing the case and citing many authorities, he concluded by alluding to a proposition that the balance of the award be retained in the Treasury. "This," he said, "would disgrace us in the eyes of the civilized world, by virtually admitting that our legitimate claims did not amount to anything approaching the sum which we demanded and obtained. The excuse made for the notoriously unjust Halifax award was that we had obtained a large sum under false pretenses, and that an offset should be made. Pass around the hat, ask alms if you will, but don't acknowledge that we received this Geneva award under false pretenses."

At the commencement of Mr. Blaine's remarks his well-modulated voice assumed a conversational tone, tinged with sarcastic bitterness as he occasionally indulged in bantering allusions to his lack of legal education. As he proceeded he became more impressive in words and action, and before he had concluded he had advanced between the desks into the centre aisle, where, with head erect and sweeping gestures, he poured forth a flood of stirring eloquence, eliciting repeated applause.

Mr. Carpenter attempted to reply and to criticize humorously some of Mr. Blaine's assertions, but he was not very successful. He said that his long training at the bar had taught him never to provoke a quarrel, and never to leave one unless successful. The Senator from Maine began this, and he should follow it. The Senator will never be able to say he has piped to me and I have not danced. Mr. Blaine made a happy retort, speaking of General Grant in the highest terms, and rivaling Mr. Carpenter in his eulogiums of him. This prompted Mr. Thurman, who next took the floor to say: "The Senators have both indorsed the third term," which provoked such rounds of applause that the presiding officer threatened to have the galleries cleared.

A more serious personal altercation occurred in an executive session, between General Gordon, of Georgia, then the personal defender of President Hayes, and Senator Conkling. General Gordon felt sore because he had failed to secure the entire Democratic vote of the Senate for the confirmation of some important New York nomination, and he regarded Senator Conkling as having defeated this scheme. The Senator from New York could not brook the interference of General Gordon in what he considered a family quarrel, and the two had not regarded each other for some days with looks of love. Trouble was brewing evidently.

When the Senate was in executive session one Friday afternoon, Governor Anthony occupying the chair, there was a warm discussion over the nomination of Ward, a Georgia internal revenue collector, in which some allusions were made to the New York case. When this had been disposed of, General Gordon interrupted the calendar to call for a report on the nomination of Smith, Collector of the Customs at Mobile, and while he was speaking, Senator Conkling, looking up from his letter writing, called out loudly, "Go on with the calendar." Gordon immediately said: "Mr. President, the Senator from New York is not in the chair, but he orders the Chair to go on with the calendar." Several names had been called for action when Gordon made this remark. Conkling was busy reading at the moment, and did not hear it, but his attention was called to it by a Senator who sat near him. Springing to his feet, Conkling asked what the Senator from Georgia had said concerning him. Gordon immediately repeated the language. Conkling said: "If the Senator from Georgia says I ordered the Chair to go on with the calendar he states what is not true." Gordon replied: "Very well, we will settle that hereafter." Conkling retorted: "We will settle it here," and repeated what he said before. Mr. Gordon then again said: "We will not settle it here, but elsewhere."

It was finally agreed that Senators Hamlin and Howe, as friends of Mr. Conkling, and Senators Ransom and McDonald, as friends of General Gordon, should endeavor to adjust the difficulty. The quartette sat in deliberation until one o'clock on Friday night, and met again at ten o'clock on Saturday morning, finally agreeing in the afternoon upon the adroitly drawn up statement made public, after which "all was quiet upon the Potomac." It is not true that any communication passed between the parties, although it is known that Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, counseled General Gordon, and that Senator Jones, of Nevada, and General Phil. Sheridan were the advisers of Senator Conkling.

A more dramatic incident occurred in a debate, when Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, upbraided

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, for acting with the Republicans. When he had concluded the Virginian calmly said that this denunciation of him must stop, and asked whether the Senator from Indiana adopted the phrase, "renegade Democrat," in a document which he had caused to be read as a part of his speech. "Mr. President," retorted Mr. Voorhees, with a defiant air and a contemptuous gesture, "I indorse every sentiment and word in that article. I make it my speech. I indorse the word 'renegade' in it. I indorse every criticism on the course of the Senator from Virginia. He need waste no time in putting words into my mouth. He said this must stop. No one can stop me. That is cheap—very cheap." A profound stillness had fallen upon the chamber when Mahone first arose. The silence became painful now. Mahone had remained standing, calmly waiting for Voorhees' reply, the Indiana Senator towering over his Virginia antagonist like a giant, when Mahone, in a low voice that could be heard in the remotest corners of the chamber, said: "That is an assertion that no brave or honorable man would make. I denounce it as such. Let him take that and wear it." The preliminary conditions of the code were satisfied. The insult had been offered by Voorhees. The challenging words had been spoken by Mahone. The incident ended there, and the Senate, taking a long breath after its eight hours of strife and passion, adjourned until the following Monday.

Mrs. Hayes, instead of frittering away the liberal appropriations made by Congress for the domestic wants of the White House, expended a large share of them in the purchase of a state dinner service of nearly one thousand pieces, illustrating the fauna and flora of the United States. The designs were executed by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, who had fished in the rivers of the East and West and in the sea, hunted fowl and wild game in the forests, the swamps, and the mountains, shot the buffalo on the plains and visited the historic haunts of the Indians in the East, met the Indians in their wigwams and studied their habits on the prairies of the far West. The designs were made in water colors, and although in nearly every instance they were bold and striking, they were difficult to reproduce perfectly upon porcelain with hard mineral colors, and to accomplish this successfully it was necessary to invent new methods and to have recourse to peculiar mechanical appliances, but the effort was successful and the set was produced.

[Facsimile] John Sherman JOHN SHERMAN was born at Lancaster, Ohio, May 10th, 1823; studied law; was admitted to the bar, May 11th, 1844; was a Representative in Congress, December 3d, 1855 - March 3d, 1861; was United States Senator from Ohio, March 4th, 1861 to March 8th, 1877, when he resigned; was Secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes, March 9th, 1877 - March 4th, 1881; was again United States Senator, March 4th, 1881; and was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate after the death of Vice-President Hendricks.

CHAPTER XXXIV. STRUGGLE FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

When General Grant returned from his trip around the world, the Blaine newspapers, while they filled their columns with adulatory notices of the "Old Commander," also discovered in the "Plumed Knight" qualities which inspired them with enthusiasm and admiration. The friends of General Grant were not, however, to be placed in an attitude of antagonism toward Blaine. They remembered, however, that when Grant retired from the political contest in 1876, and his friends turned toward Blaine, they found confronting them, armed with the poisoned arrows of detraction, the same editors who had for years been opposing and vilifying Grant.

An attempt was then made by Mr. Blaine's friends to place General Grant at the head of a scheme for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus as an American enterprise. They enlisted one of Grant's most devoted friends, Read Admiral Daniel Ammen, and he attempted to organize a company, of which General Grant was to be the president. The charter to be granted by Congress was to recognize the national character of the work, and to pledge the United States to oppose any foreign interference, like that of DeLesseps and his Darien Canal. General Grant became interested in the scheme, and affixed his name a few months later to an elaborate magazine article on inter-oceanic canals, every word of which was written by Dr. George B. Loring, of Massachusetts.

Senator Blaine developed great personal popularity as the campaign progressed, even among those who regarded General Grant as a "military necessity." Henry Clay, in his palmiest days, never had a more devoted and enthusiastic following, and many of the stanchest and most stalwart Republicans in Congress were openly for Blaine, while others secretly advocated his claims.

John Sherman had also a powerful following, and while the respective friends of Grant and Blaine began to indulge in recrimination, the cause of the Ohio Senator was quietly pushed without giving offense. Mr. Sherman's unswerving persistence had, in years past, all the effective energy and the successful result of force. General Garfield was at the head of the Ohio delegation, pledged to the support of Sherman, and he was chosen to make the speech nominating him in the Convention.

General Garfield having been requested to give his views as to what should be the course of the Ohio

Republicans in reference to the Presidential nomination, wrote a letter in which he said: "I have no doubt that a decisive majority of our party in Ohio favor the nomination of John Sherman. He has earned his recognition at their hands by twenty-five years of conspicuous public service, a period which embraces nearly the whole life of the Republican party. He deserves the especial recognition of the nation for the great service he has rendered in making the resumption law a success, and placing the national finances on a better basis. I am aware of the fact that some Republicans do not indorse all his opinions, but no man who has opinions can expect the universal concurrence of his party in all his views, and no man without opinions is worthy of the support of a great party. I hope the Republicans of Ohio will make no mistake on other candidates; they should fairly and generously recognize the merits of all; but I think they ought to present the name of Mr. Sherman to the National Convention and give him their united and cordial support."

To Mr. Wharton Baker, of Philadelphia, General Garfield wrote: "It is becoming every day more apparent that the friends of the leading Presidential candidates are becoming embittered against each other to such an extent that, whichever of the three may be nominated, there would be much hostility of feeling in the conduct of the campaign. It will be most unfortunate if we go into the contest handicapped by the animosity of the leading politicians. I shall be glad to see you on your arrival in Washington."

General Garfield's influence was politically omnipotent in his own district, yet when the Convention of that district was held to elect delegates to the Chicago Convention, controlled by Garfield's friends and confidential advisers, it surprised the country by electing Blaine delegates. It was then whispered that General Garfield, while ostensibly working for Sherman, would advocate his own nomination, and also that he would have the support of the friends of Mr. Blaine.

The Convention was a remarkable one. The combined anti-Grant men, with cunning parliamentary strategy, carried their points on the unit rule and the credentials. When the names of the candidates were successively presented by their friends, a tumultuous scene of wild applause followed the nominations of James G. Blaine and Ulysses S. Grant, the rival hosts on the floor and in the galleries being animated by paroxysms of enthusiasm never before witnessed on this continent.

General Garfield rose when the State of Ohio was called, and said that he had witnessed the extraordinary scenes of the Convention with great solicitude. The assemblage had seemed to him like a human ocean in a tempest. He had seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but he remembered that it was not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the enthusiasm should have passed away, the calm level of public opinion would be found, from which the thoughts of a mighty people would be measured. Not at Chicago in the heat of June, but at the ballot-boxes in the quiet of November, would the question be settled. "And now, gentlemen of the Convention," said he, "what do we want?" "We want Garfield," said a clear voice; and from that moment it was evident who the "dark horse" was, and his cold, studied eulogium of John Sherman was really little more than a presentation of himself.

In the thirty-six ballots which ensued, three hundred and six of the delegates cast their votes for General Grant. During the first twenty-eight ballotings, James A. Garfield generally received one vote, and sometimes two. His strength was then gradually increased as the friends of Mr. Blaine and of Mr. Sherman rallied to his support, and on the thirty-eighth ballot he received three hundred and ninety-nine votes, Ulysses S. Grant, three hundred and six; James G. Blaine, twelve; Elihu B. Washburne, five, and John Sherman, three.

Chester A. Arthur was nominated on the first ballot for Vice- President, receiving four hundred and sixty-eight votes. General Grant gave the Chicago ticket his hearty support, and persuaded Senator Conkling to accompany him to Ohio, where they addressed public meetings. They also addressed large popular gatherings in the State of New York, and it was asserted that they carried that State for Garfield and Arthur.

General Grant visited Washington in December, 1880, and had a most enthusiastic welcome. He was received by the Grand Army of the Republic, and as the train entered the railroad station, the chimes of the Metropolitan Church rang out "Home Again," while the field- pieces of the artillery company thundered a salute of seventeen guns. The General was escorted to the house of his friend, Colonel Beale, by the Grand Army, headed by the Marine Band, and as the column passed up Pennsylvania Avenue the dense crowd cheered enthusiastically.

A few days afterward General Grant went to the Capitol, and for the first time an ex-President successively visited the two Houses of Congress while they were in session. In the Senate, when General Grant came in on the floor (to which he had a right, having received the thanks of Congress), Senator Edmunds moved that a recess of ten minutes be taken. The Senators then left their seats and

flocked around General Grant, the Confederate brigadiers leading the Democrats, who shook hands cordially with their old chief antagonist.

From the Senate Chamber General Grant went to the House of Representatives, where an adjournment was immediately carried. Speaker Randall then left the chair and invited General Grant to walk down to the area before the reporter's desk. The Representatives were there presented in turn, and then the pages enjoyed the privilege of shaking the General's hand, which they greatly enjoyed, and which he too seemed to enjoy as heartily as they.

General Grant had been the hero of unparalleled ovations, extending over years of time and through his tour around the world. In his own land, city after city had vied with each other in efforts to do him honor, but no receptions were ever more hearty than these in the two houses of Congress. And General Grant appreciated it highly. To be thus greeted by political advocate and antagonist, by his former subordinates on the field and by those who stood against him, was enough to awaken a nature far less sensitive to appreciation than his. He was gratified, and was in one of his most genial moods, his sunshine melting out any remaining iciness in those about him. The fact that he was now regarded as "out of politics" went far to allay suspicions and open up the channels of good-will and friendliness which all admitted were his due in view of distinguished services rendered by him in the crisis of the nation's history. It was a memorable occasion at the Capitol, where so many have occurred.

New Year's Day of 1881 was the coldest that had been known in Washington for a quarter of a century, the mercury having fallen in the morning to ten degrees below zero. As it was the last reception of President and Mrs. Hayes, the White House was the centre of attraction. The state apartments were decorated with flowers, and the Marine Band played in the large entrance hall. The long, central corridor was festooned with flags, and further decorated with flowers and potted plants. The parlors were also adorned with cut flowers and hot-house plants. At eleven A. M. the President and Mrs. Hayes entered the Blue Parlor, preceded by Major Farquhar, of the engineer corps, and followed by the Vice- President and Miss Mills, of San Francisco, who afterward became Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. They took their stations in the centre of the room. The young ladies who were visiting Mrs. Hayes stood back of her and on her right. Colonel Casey made the introductions to the President, and Mr. Webb Hayes to his mother. Mrs. Hayes' dress, of creamy white ribbed silk, very soft and fine, was trimmed very elegantly with white cream-tinted satin and pearl passamenteries. She wore a silver comb in her dark hair and no jewels. Miss Lucy Cook wore a cream-colored brocaded satin, combined with plain silk of the same shade, trimmed with pearls. Miss Dora Scott, of New Orleans, wore an elegant costume of Spanish blonde over satin, trimmed with field daisies, pond-lilies, and strands of pearls. The Attorney-General's niece, Miss Agnes Devens, a bright young school-girl, wore a heliotrope cashmere, trimmed with royal purple velvet. Little Miss Fannie Hayes' bright face and perfect complexion appeared in a child-like dress of white summer camel's hair, trimmed with white satin ribbons. Mrs. Hayes invited Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, of New York, to pass the day with her. She wore a superb black velvet trimmed with white ostrich plumes. Her ornaments were pearls. This lady had given away in charity over half a million dollars. The gentlemen of the Cabinet and ladies entered from the Red Parlor, Secretary Evarts and his family immediately preceding the Diplomatic Corps. All the gentlemen of the foreign legations, as was customary, wore court dresses, except those who represented republics. These wore citizens' dress suits.

Secretary Evarts made the presentation of the members of the Diplomatic Corps to the President. Sir Edward Thornton, as the Dean of the Corps, and the British Legation took precedence of any other Foreign Minister then in Washington. All his family were with him, including his tall, fine-looking son, the third Edward Thornton in a direct line of his family who had been attached to the British Legation in Washington. The Russian Minister and his wife were conceded to be the handsomest and most distinguished- looking couple seen in the throng of noted men and fine-looking ladies in the Blue Room.

The attendance of army and navy officers was large, including General Hazen and others recently promoted, from the President's native State, of whom, it was reported, Private Secretary Rodgers used to sing:

"He might have been a Bostonian,
Or else a Baltimorian,
Or a Chicago man;
In spite of all temptation—remained true to his nation,
And he's an Ohio man."

General Garfield's selection of Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State was known to the public soon after the Presidential election, but there was much speculation as to who else would be invited into the Cabinet. Many prominent public men went to Mentor, where they found General Garfield ready to listen, but unwilling to make any pledge. He impressed one of these visitors as evincing a desire to

bring about the fusion of all the various elements. He would make an honest attempt to give each element proper recognition, and not allow himself to be involved in any controversy with his own party. He recognized the truth of the claim that had not General Grant and Senator Conkling gone into the campaign when they did, he would probably have been defeated, and this visitor was led to believe that the President-elect would treat the Grant wing with consideration.

As to particular persons and sections, General Garfield was so guarded that he gave no impression as to the States that would be represented, except that Iowa should have a place in the Cabinet. As to whether it was to be Mr. Wilson or Mr. Allison, or some one else, the President-elect dropped no hint. The name of Robert Lincoln was talked over, and General Garfield indicated an intention to give him some fitting recognition in his Administration, not only because he considered Mr. Lincoln a bright young man, but because he should take pleasure in making so graceful a tribute to the memory of his father. He did not intimate, however, that it would be by offering the son a seat in the Cabinet, nor did he say it would not be done in that way.

[Facsimile] EBWashburne ELIHU B. WASHBURNE, one of five brothers who have occupied prominent positions under the National Government, was born at Livermore, Maine, September 23d, 1816; studied law and commenced practice at Galena, Illinois; was a Representative from Illinois, 1853-1869; was appointed by President Grant Secretary of State, and after serving a few days, Minister to France, serving 1869-1877; returned to Galena and afterward settled at Chicago.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE GARFIELD INAUGURATION.

The inauguration of James Abram Garfield as the twentieth President of the United States was a grand historical pageant, although its effect was marred by the chilly, snowy, and wet weather. All the night previous the shrill blasts of the storm-king were varied by the whistles of the locomotives and steamboats, which were bringing thousands from the North, the West, and the South. Drenched and draggled people perambulated Pennsylvania Avenue and the adjacent streets, while occasional memories of the war would be revived as a well-equipped regiment or company with its full brass band would march past to its quarters. The hotels were emphatically full, and the last comers were glad to be able to secure one of the hundreds of cots made up in the parlors. Many swarmed into the theatres, the concert halls, or the Capitol, yet there was no drunkenness or rowdyism, but every on appeared to take a Mark Tapley- like view of the storm, and be as jolly as was possible under the circumstances.

Long before the morning guns boomed from the Arsenal and the Navy Yard, thousands of noses flattened against window-glass in the anxiety of the owners to see if the heavens were propitious; but there was no sign of sunshine. As the day advanced there were some bright streaks in the dull gray of the leaden sky, and the excellence of concrete pavements was shown, as they were free from mud, and the slosh was soon trodden into water, which ran off in the gutters. The flags, which had clung to the staffs, began to dry and flutter in the breeze. Nearly every house was decked with bunting, while upon many the most artistic designs of decorative art were displayed. Upon the broad sidewalks of Pennsylvania Avenue a living tide of humanity—men, women, and children—flowed toward the Capitol, pausing now and then to gaze at some passing regiment or political association.

General Sherman, who was Chief Marshal, had made such arrangements that the procession moved with the precision of clock-work when the signal gun was fired. The escort was composed of twelve companies of regular artillery, armed and equipped as infantry, with six companies of marines. Then came President Hayes and President-elect Garfield, with Senators Bayard and Anthony of the Senate Committee, in a four-horse carriage, with the Columbia Commandery of Knights Templar, of which General Garfield was a member, as a guard of honor. General Arthur, escorted by Senator Pendleton, followed in a four-horse carriage. After them marched the well-drilled battalion of Cleveland Grays, the Utica Veterans, in their Continental uniforms; the Utica Citizens' Corps, the Maryland Fifth, the Boston Fusileers, a company of Pennsylvania volunteers, the Grand Army, the naval cadets, the local militia companies, the Signal Corps, and a colored pioneer club.

As the carriages passed down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, the occupants were greeted with continuous cheers. General Garfield looked somewhat jaded, but doffed his stovepipe hat in response to the shouts, and bowed to the right and left. The crowd all along the line was dense, and it was with difficulty that it could be kept back to make way for the procession. The house windows were all occupied, and presented a varied scene of beautiful women, staid men, fluttering handkerchiefs, uplifted hats, and bright bunting. An armed guard had been posted about the Capitol, and it gave mortal offense to some of the Representatives who tried to force their way in.

As the Senate Chamber is the scene of the swearing in of the Vice- President, and as the galleries hold only about twelve hundred persons, the tickets were in great demand. When the doors were opened at half-past ten there was a rush made for the front seats, and the entire galleries were soon

filled. A large majority of the occupants were ladies, fashionably dressed, whose moving fans gave animation to the general effect.

Mrs. Hayes escorted General Garfield's venerable mother and Mrs. Garfield to the gallery seats reserved for them. Mrs. Hayes wore a magnificent sealskin dolman and a black brocaded silk dress, with a white uncut velvet bonnet and ostrich feathers. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. "Mother Garfield," as she was familiarly called, was a white-haired, venerable-looking lady, who wore on that day a black silk bonnet, a black silk dress, and a silk cloak trimmed with a band of silver fox fur. Mrs. General Garfield wore a suit of dark green velvet trimmed with chenille fringe, and a bonnet to match. She carried a bunch of roses. Miss Mollie Garfield wore a plum-colored woolen suit trimmed with plush, and a broad-brimmed gypsy hat, tied down over her ears. Miss Fannie Hayes wore a purple plush suit striped with yellow, and a white felt hat. Officials entitled to admission on the floor of the Senate began to make their appearance and to occupy the vacant chairs, the Senators having doubled up on one side of the Chamber.

When General Hancock, the "superb soldier," entered in full uniform, escorted by Senator Blaine, he was greeted with applause, which continued as he passed around the rear of the Democratic seats to the main aisle, the Senators all being seated on the Republican side. For a few minutes he held a sort of general levee, and was then escorted to a seat in front of and left of the Vice-President, being again greeted with applause. General Sheridan, when he entered, was also applauded. The two Generals sat side by side and each was accompanied by his staff. Sir Edward Thornton headed the Diplomatic Corps, which came in a body, nearly all wearing the resplendent court dresses of their respective nations, and decked with their ribbons, stars, and other insignia of knighthood.

The President of the United States was announced, and all rose as Mr. Hayes entered, escorting General Garfield. The General wore a suit of black cloth, with a black neck-tie, over which his collar was turned down. They were shown to seats in the centre of the Chamber. Mr. Wheeler presented Mr. Arthur, who made a well-worded speech, and was then sworn in by Mr. Wheeler, who in turn made a few remarks, alluding to the good feeling that had always been shown toward him and returning his thanks therefor. His last official act was performed in declaring the Senate of the Forty- sixth Congress adjourned *sine die*.

Speaker Randall then entered, followed by the Representatives, who filled up what vacant room remained. The Chaplain invoked the blessings of Divine Providence upon the incoming Administration, and asked that prosperity, health, and happiness might attend those whose connection with the Government had ceased. While this prayer was being offered both Mr. Hayes and Mr. Garfield rose and remained standing. President Hayes' proclamation convening a special session of the Senate was read by the Secretary. The roll of the new Senate was then called, and the newly elected Senators were sworn in. Announcement was made that the Senate, the Supreme Court, and the invited spectators would proceed to the east portico of the Capitol to participate in the ceremonies of the inauguration. The greater portion of those in the Senate Chamber, however, did not wait, but started in a most undignified manner for the platform.

This was erected over the lower flight of steps leading up into the eastern portico. In the front and centre was a raised stage, on which was the chair once used by Washington. General Garfield occupied this seat of honor, with President Hayes on his right and Chief Justice Waite on his left.

It was an impressive scene. Behind, as a background, rose the Capitol in its sublime grandeur and with its many memories; all around were the dignitaries of the country, with many ladies, whose ribbons and flowers gave brilliancy to the scene; and in front was an immense sea of upturned faces with lines of bristling bayonets, flags, plumes, and bright uniforms. When silence had been secured General Garfield rose, took off his overcoat, advanced to the front of the stand, and delivered his inaugural address in clear tones and with ringing accents. His face was stronger in those traits that indicate mental power than in classical outlines, and the likeness between him and his mother was noticeable as the evidently delighted old lady sat listening to him. She was the first mother who had heard her son deliver his inaugural as President of the United States. When General Garfield had concluded and the applause had somewhat subsided, the Chief Justice advanced toward him, and the two stood facing each other. The Chief Justice then administered the prescribed oath, which was reverentially taken, and then President Garfield received the plaudits of the people. While the inaugural was being delivered the sun had shone brightly. President Garfield's first act was to kiss his mother and his wife. He then received the congratulations of those around him, and after waiting a few moments for this purpose, was escorted again to his carriage, which was driven to the reviewing stand in front of the White House.

Here General Garfield witnessed the long procession pass in review, the bands playing patriotic airs and the officers saluting. The excellent marching and well-dressed ranks of the passing military was the

theme of great praise from the prominent officers and distinguished civilians before whom they passed, and the thousands of spectators who occupied the stands and sidewalks opposite applauded often and loudly. Division after division, brigade after brigade, regiment after regiment, company after company, marched proudly past, forming the finest military display ever witnessed at Washington since the great war reviews, "when Johnny came marching home." Pennsylvania contributed the largest body of troops. The New York Ninth, although late to arrive, was much complimented, and so was the Maryland Fifth; the Boston Fusileers also attracted marked attention. General Sherman was proud of his procession, and he had reason to be. The numerous military commands and civil organizations, the excellent bands, the prancing steeds, the waving plumes and flags, the bright swords and bayonets, and the public spirit which animated the long array, all combined to render the scene a stirring one. It was five o'clock before the military had all passed the reviewing stand, and some of the political organizations which had to leave Washington did not pass in review. Going from the reviewing stand to the White House, President Garfield was welcomed by his aged mother and his family. He then lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, who soon afterward left for Secretary Sherman's, where they passed the night.

It was fortunate for those who wished to indulge in the time-honored custom of dancing at an inauguration ball that the Government had just completed an immense building for a national museum, which was fitted up for the occasion. Wooden floors were laid by the acre and carefully waxed, and the building was simply yet tastefully decorated. A heroic statue of "Liberty," which stood in the central rotunda of the building, holding aloft a beacon torch, was the first object that struck the visitors on entering. Flags were lavishly displayed, and the high, arched ceiling was almost hidden by a network of evergreens and flowers.

President and Mrs. Garfield arrived at the building about nine o'clock and were received by the Committee, Hon. George Bancroft escorting the President. Mrs. Garfield was dressed with great taste. She wore a dress of light heliotrope satin, elaborately trimmed with point lace, a cluster of pansies at her neck, and no jewelry. Mrs. Hayes, who was escorted by Hon. John Alley, wore a cream-colored satin dress trimmed with ermine.

The supper was served in a temporarily constructed "annex," where preparations were made for seating five hundred persons at a time. The caterer provided fifteen hundred pounds of turkey, one hundred gallons of oysters, fifty hams, three hundred and fifty pounds of butter, seven hundred loaves of bread, two thousand biscuits, one thousand rolls, two hundred gallons of chicken salad, fifteen thousand cakes, one hundred and fifty gallons of ice-cream, fifty gallons of jelly, fifty gallons of water ices, two hundred and fifty gallons of coffee, and other delicacies in proportion.

[Facsimile] J.A.Garfield JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD was born at Orange, Ohio, November 19th, 1831; served in the Union Army as Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major- General, 1861-1863; was a Representative from Ohio, 1863-1881; was President of the United States from March 4th, 1881, until having been assassinated on the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he, after weary weeks of torture, died at Elberton, N. J., on the seashore, September 19th, 1881.

CHAPTER XXXVI. CHANGES AND DISSENSIONS.

The Senate, which met in executive session when General Garfield was inaugurated, showed many changes. Vice-President Wheeler, who had served in Congress long and well, was replaced by General Arthur, whose war record in the State of New York had won him many friends. Senators Allen Thurman and Matt. Carpenter were missed by their legal friends, but among the new Senators was the ponderous David Davis, "learned in the law." General Hawley replaced Mr. Eaton, and with him there came from the House Messrs. Conger, Mitchell, and Hale. One of the silver kings of the Pacific slope, Mr. Fair, of Nevada, was naturally an object of attention.

As chosen, the Republicans had a majority in the Senate, but the transfer of Messrs. Blaine, Windom, and Kirkwood to the Cabinet gave the Democrats a temporary ascendency. The arrival of Mr. Frye, elected as the successor of Mr. Blaine, and of Mr. McDill, appointed as the successor of Mr. Kirkwood, secured a tie, and the casting vote of Vice-President Arthur enabled the Republicans to secure the control of the committees. The caucus of Republican Senators nominated Senator Anthony for President *pro tempore* when the Vice-President should vacate the chair; George C. Gorham for Secretary, and Harrison H. Riddleberger, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Democratic Senators refused to permit the election of Messrs. Gorham and Riddleberger, and as seven Senators could at any time prevent action by motions to adjourn, a dead-lock ensued, which lasted from March 23d until May 10th, when the Republicans gracefully surrendered, permitting the Democratic officers of the Senate to retain their places.

Meanwhile there was trouble among the Republican Senators, caused by the rival factions in the State of New York. Early in March several nominations of men who were ostensibly supporters of Mr.

Conkling were made unexpectedly to him, and a day or two later the Senate was treated to a genuine surprise in the nomination of W. H. Robertson to be Collector of the Port of New York. The astonishment could not have been greater if the name of Samuel J. Tilden had been sent in. No intimation of such an intention had leaked out. Neither Arthur, Conkling, nor Platt dreamed of such a thing. It was a square blow at Conkling, at the very time when he and his friends were congratulating themselves as being on top. When Vice- President Arthur opened the list of nominations in the Senate, his eye lit first upon the name of Robertson for Collector. He turned the paper down so as to leave that name uppermost, and sent it to Senator Conkling. The latter, upon glancing at it, walked rapidly over to Senator Platt, showed it to him, and they held a whispered conference. After the Senate adjourned, it was learned that the nomination was especially objectionable to them.

It was subsequently stated that in New York city the preceding summer, at Mentor the previous February, and at the White House on the Sunday night before the Wednesday on which Judge Robertson's nomination was sent to the Senate, General Garfield had agreed not to make any appointments for New York unless they were satisfactory to the Republican organization of that State, and that they were to be submitted to the Vice-President and the two Senators from that State. At the interview held on the Sunday night previous to the nomination of Judge Robertson, Senator Conkling had especially objected to having him in the New York Custom House, yet if the President should nominate him to a foreign mission, he would go out in the lobby and hold his nose while the Senate confirmed him.

The objectionable nomination was, however, made, and it was immediately evident that it meant war between the Garfield Administration and Senator Conkling. The next day, while the Senate was in executive session, the President's secretary appeared at the door with a communication, which was handed to the Vice-President, and by him to the Executive Clerk, and read. When it arrived Conkling was sitting at his own desk, buried in a voluminous letter. He never raised his eyes from his letter, nor moved a muscle of his face or body while the Clerk monotonously read the momentous message, withdrawing, not Robertson, but all the nominations of men for the leading New York offices who were acceptable to the Senator. The arrow went home, of course, but the wounded one betrayed no sign of pain.

The nomination was referred to the Committee on Commerce, of which Mr. Conkling was chairman, and was there pigeon-holed until issue on it was squarely made in the Senate and in the Republican party. Republican Senators, who visited the White House or the Departments in search of offices for their henchmen, were plainly told that their votes in favor of the confirmation of Judge Robertson's nomination would be expected. The Democratic Senators were also looked after, and among other means resorted to in order to disarm their opposition was a letter signed by every Democratic member of the New York Legislature, addressed to Senator Pendleton, chairman of the Senatorial caucus, urging the confirmation of Judge Robertson. It would make an Administration and an anti-Administration faction in New York Republicanism, and would secure the State to the Democrats.

Senator Conkling was not idle, and he appealed to the "Senatorial courtesy" of those around him to defeat the obnoxious nomination, but in vain. Senator Jones, of Nevada, and a half-dozen Democrats were all the strength that he could command, and the nomination of Judge Robertson was confirmed. Senator Conkling immediately left the Senate, taking his colleague, Senator Platt, with him, and they appealed to the Legislature of the State of New York, expecting that they would be triumphantly re-elected, and, thus indorsed, would return to the Senate with flying colors, conquering and to conquer.

The exodus of Senators Conkling and Platt left the Republican Senators again in a minority, and as it was evident that Senator Davis would not aid in electing Senator Anthony President *pro tem.*, Vice-President Arthur did not vacate the chair prior to the close of the session, and thus render it necessary to elect a temporary presiding officer.

The most noticeable event of the executive session was a three hours' speech by Senator Mahone, of Virginia, in reply to bitter personal attacks that had been made on him by the Democrats since he had acted with the Republicans. No speech for years had attracted a greater audience, even the diplomatic gallery being crowded. Prominent among the many ladies present were Mrs. Secretary Blaine and Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, accompanied by her three young daughters. The Supreme Court was present in a body, having adjourned on account of the funeral in the family of Justice Field. Representatives, still hunting for office, abandoned the White House for once, while each Senator seemed to have a score of secretaries, so many persons being admitted upon secretaries' cards. The Speaker was surrounded by Anthony, Morrill, Allison, Conger, and other leading Republicans. On the opposite side was Davis, of West Virginia, with a snowy white spot on his dark chin beard. Wade Hampton's military waxed moustache and haughty countenance was beside the genial face of Senator Pendleton, and next came the sagacious round head of Senator Beck, with close-cut, curling hair. Ingalls, of Kansas, a tall, slim collegian—"the bluejay of the plains"—clad in blue from head to foot, and with a bright blue ribbon

encircling his slender throat, stood somewhat back of the seats. Senator Voorhees' form towered in the shadow of the cloak-room. Senator Conkling, who had not yet left the Senate, "*Fier d'etre moi*," sat in the middle aisle, dressed in a mixed brown business suit, with a bit of red handkerchief showing above the breast pocket.

Senator Mahone was just recovering from a temporary indisposition, and his voice was faint and thin, but his bearing was defiant as he rose, with his pointed beard streaming over his breast, and adjusted his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. A mass of public documents and newspapers were piled on his desk, with an ominous display of cut lemons, showing that he expected to be compelled to strengthen his voice. His weight at that time was but ninety pounds, and those ninety pounds must have been composed of brain and voice and sinew, for, notwithstanding his evident feebleness, he spoke calmly and earnestly for three hours. As for the speech, those who came expecting to witness a renewal of the outburst of passion and invective which characterized his first appearance in the Senate, when he made his impromptu, eloquent reply to the savage assaults of Senator Ben. Hill, of Georgia, went away disappointed. There was very little that was personal in his speech, but there was enough to show that the Virginia Senator intended on all occasions to take care of himself, and that it would be wise for the Bourbons to forego personalities in their future debates with him. Those who came to hear a careful explanation of the debt question in Virginia, as it was understood by the Refunders, and to listen to an exposition of the opposition to Bourbonism, of which General Mahone was a leader, went away enlightened, if not fully satisfied. The speech was not intended as a philippic; it was designed as a careful exposition of the Virginia debt question, as an argument in support of the Readjuster party, and an arraignment of the Bourbons. It was one of the old style, solid political speeches, customary with Southern orators, which were much sought and generally read in the cross-roads counties of the Old Dominion, where the telegraph and the newspapers had usurped the ancient functions of the *Congressional Record*.

Senator Mahone indicated, possibly, a line for future aggressive debate in the Senate when he called upon the leaders of the different schools of finance and tariff in the Democratic party to stand up and tell him who was the leader of the party. He was unable to say whether it was the stalwart Greenbacker, Mr. Voorhees, the stalwart hard-money man, Mr. Bayard, or the author of the Ohio idea, Mr. Pendleton, and he called upon Mr. Voorhees, whose silver eloquence, he said, he had heard could make the water of the Wabash run backward, to answer the inquiry at his leisure. The general assaults upon him personally Senator Mahone repelled by a disclaimer and the Scotch quotation ending,

"If thou sayest I am not peer,
To any lord of Scotland here,
Highland or Lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied."

In conclusion, Senator Mahone declared to him and to those who supported him the Solid South had become a mere geographical expression, that he and they stood for the right of freemen, and that he, in the name of the brave men who stood behind him, would guarantee to the North that thereafter in Virginia there should be a full and free ballot and an honest count.

President Garfield's first appearance in public after his inauguration was at the unveiling of the statue of Farragut, which was the work of his protégé, Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie. A procession was formed at the Capitol, and was headed by Commodore Baldwin, as Grand Marshal, with the Naval School Cadets as an escort. The naval division, commanded by Captain Meade, included the battalion of marines and band, two infantry battalions of sailors and bands, and a battalion of naval light artillery, dragging their howitzers. The army division, commanded by Colonel Pennington, included the Second Artillery band, four batteries of artillery armed and equipped as infantry, and a light battery. The militia division, commanded by Colonel Webster, included the volunteer infantry companies of Washington, white and colored, with a battery of artillery.

The procession marched to the statue, where seats had been provided for invited guests. When the troops had been massed near by, Rev. Arthur Brooks offered prayer, and the canvas covering was then removed from the statue by Quartermaster Knowles, of the navy, who was ordered by the executive officer of the Hartford to follow Farragut up the shrouds during the engagement in Mobile Bay, and to lash him to the rigging, which he did. Bartholomew Diggins, who was captain of Farragut's barge, then hoisted the Admiral's flag on a mast planted near the pedestal, the drums beat four ruffles, the trumpets sounded four flourishes, the Marine Band played a march, and an Admiral's salute of seventeen guns was fired from a naval battery, the troops presenting arms at the first gun and coming to a "carry" at the last.

Brief addresses were then delivered in turn by President Garfield, Horace Maynard, and Senator Voorhees. The Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief," and was followed by an Admiral's salute of

seventeen guns, during which the troops presented arms, drums beat, trumpets sounded, and bands played, and at last gun the Admiral's flag was hauled down. The column then re-formed and marched in review before the President at the Executive Mansion.

President Garfield, later in the spring, conferred the degrees at the College for Deaf Mutes at Kendall Green, just north of Washington. The graduates delivered addresses in sign language, while one of the College professors read their remarks from manuscript, very few of the audience understanding the gestured speech. The President concluded a neat little address by saying: "During many years of political life in one way or another, I always looked upon this place as a neutral ground, where we all, no matter what the political differences were, could meet, all trying to make this institution worthy the capital, and I hope to see this unchanged by any political vicissitudes that can happen."

President Garfield showed deep practical interest in all educational measures. He had learned by his own experiences how rough the road to literary eminence may be. He had received for himself when a boy the slender aid of a winter school in a country district; he had fed his early mental cravings with the narrow store of borrowed books in a rural section; but he had studied diligently and worked hard to enter college and to graduate, and his subsequent life for many years was one of unintermitted mental toil. No wonder, therefore, that institutions of learning received his constant attention.

[Facsimile] DavidDavis DAVID DAVIS was born in Cecil County, Maryland, March 9th, 1815; was graduated from Kenyon College in 1832; studied law at the New Haven Law School; was admitted to the bar, and commenced practice at Bloomington, Illinois, in 1836; was Judge of an Illinois Circuit Court, 1848-1862; was appointed by President Lincoln a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States in October, 1862, and served until March 5th, 1877, when he resigned to take his seat as United States Senator from Illinois; when Vice-President Arthur became President he was chosen President *pro tempore* of the Senate, and served until March 3d, 1883, and died at Bloomington, Illinois, June 26th, 1886.

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE ASSASSINATION.

General Garfield was a singularly domestic man, and his life while he was a Representative, at his pleasant home on I Street was a happy one. Believing in the power of steady and sincere labor, he had mastered language, science, literature, and the fine arts. Artists found in him a zealous advocate for their employment and remuneration by Congress, and he was thoroughly acquainted with the works of the old masters. He was a great lover of scrap-books, and he had in his library a shelf full of them, containing articles and paragraphs relating to the subjects lettered on their back. In this work Mrs. Garfield rendered him valuable aid, cutting and sorting the scraps which he would mark in newspapers, and then pasting them into the scrap-books.

Freemasonry was very dear to General Garfield, who was a regular attendant on the meetings of the lodge, chapter, and encampment with which he was affiliated. He was the President of a literary association, the meetings of which he used to attend with great regularity. Occasionally he went to the theatre or to a concert, and I well remember the delight which he manifested when attending the "readings" of Charles Dickens. When the "Christmas Carol" was read, as Mr. Dickens pronounced the words, "Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig alive yet," a dog, with some double bass vocalism, stirred, perhaps, by some ghostly impulse, responded: "Bow! wow! wow!" with a repetition that not only brought down the house wildly, but threw Mr. Dickens himself into such convulsions of humor that he could not proceed with his readings. "Bow! wow! wow!" was General Garfield's favorite greeting for months afterward when he met any one whom he knew to have been at the lecture.

The White House, during the short time that General Garfield was permitted to occupy it, was a continued scene of domestic enjoyment. "Mother" Garfield had an honored place at the family table at her son's right hand, and was always waited on first, whoever else might be present. On the other side of the President sat Jamie, who was his father's pet. Harry, the oldest boy, always sat next his mother, and then Miss Mollie, who was approaching womanhood, Irwin, and little Abram, who was but nine years of age. Mrs. Garfield was a believer in good fare, and there was always an abundance of wholesome, nutritious food, with good coffee, tea, and milk. Flowers from the conservatory adorned the table at every meal. After dinner President Garfield used to indulge in a game of billiards, having promptly restored to its place the billiard- table banished by Mrs. Hayes. Occasionally he would indulge in a cigar, and he was not averse to a glass of champagne or Rhine wine or lager beer, although he drank temperately and without hypocrisy. He liked, as night came on, to take a gallop on horseback, and he was a fearless rider.

General Garfield displayed the advantage of having been regularly "trained" for his Presidential position. He heard the stories of all with a sympathetic manner that inspired confidence. He knew how to free himself from those who attempted to monopolize too much of his time, and he never gave place-

hunters reason to believe that their prayers would be granted when he knew that it would not be so. There was not, after all, such a crowd of office-seekers as might have been expected at the commencement of a new Administration. Some members of the Cabinet had scores of political mortgages out, which they were called upon to redeem, and which gave the President a great deal of trouble. Then came the rejection of a Solicitor- General by the Senate, whose appointment was not acceptable to the pragmatical Attorney-General, New York troubles, the forced exposure of the Star-route scandals, and other antagonisms, rivalries, and dissensions. The Garfield Administration was on the verge of dissolution within four months after its creation.

Mrs. Garfield, familiarly called by her husband "Crete," held four successive receptions of invited guests immediately after the inauguration, at which her deportment and dress met with the heartiest commendation of "society." Lady-like, sweet-voiced, unruffled, well informed, and always appropriately dressed, she was eminently fitted to be "the first lady in the land," and she quietly yet firmly repelled any patronizing attempts to direct her movements. She had a natural aversion to publicity, but was anxious to entertain the thousands who flocked to the White House. To a stranger she appeared reticent and rather too retiring to make him feel at home, but the second and third time he saw her he began to appreciate her sterling, womanlike qualities, and to like her.

During the Presidential campaign Mrs. Garfield had been under a mental strain, and when installed in the White House the struggle between the contending New York factions gave her great uneasiness, for she possessed a complete mastery of politics. At last she was taken ill, and called in a lady physician, a responsible middle- aged woman, homoeopathic in practice, who had sometimes attended the children. When she grew worse they summoned Dr. Pope, a homoeopath of skill and reputation, and gave the case into his hands, retaining the lady as nurse. Last of all, as the physician wished consultation, they sent for Dr. Boynton, of Cleveland, a cousin of the President and a physician of good local practice. It was decided that Mrs. Garfield should seek change of air, and she left Washington and her husband for Long Branch, little dreaming that she should never see him again in health.

Then came the fatal morning of Saturday, July 2d, when—as we are told by Mr. Blaine, who accompanied him—General Garfield was a happy man, feeling that trouble lay behind him and not before him, that he was soon to meet his beloved wife, recovered from an illness that had disquieted him, and that he was going to his Alma Mater to renew the most cherished association of his early manhood. Thus gladsome, he entered the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, strong, healthy, and happy. There was a succession of pistol-shots, and he fell helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture as he slowly descended through the martyr-gate into his grave.

The nation was inexpressibly shocked as the news of the assassination spread over the wires, and the deep anxiety which pervaded the popular mind showed the warm and intense love felt for their President, who was the incarnation of their own institutions. A special train carried Mrs. Garfield to Washington, bearing up under the weight of her sorrow with true womanly fortitude, and on her arrival she had the satisfaction of finding her husband alive and able to converse with her. There were hopes that with his heroic and cheerful courage, and his naturally strong constitution, he might struggle back to vigorous life. The bulletins issued twice a day by the physicians in attendance gave hopes, generally, of the ultimate recovery of the suffering patient, but there are good reasons for believing that these bulletins did not give a correct statement of the sufferer's condition. The President's family physician, Dr. J. H. Baxter, was not allowed to see him, and eminent surgeons, while they believed that death was inevitable, asserted that the entire diagnosis of the case was wrong from the beginning to the end. Meanwhile the patient endured pain with the calmness of a martyr, and he gazed on death with the eye of a philosopher. "I am not afraid to die," said he, "but I will try to live." He was finally taken to the seaside, and there he breathed his last.

His remains were conveyed to Washington, attended by his bereaved family, President Arthur, General Grant, and other distinguished persons, and escorted to the Capitol by the Knights Templar and the military. Twenty-nine weeks previous, when General Garfield had gone in state, in the strength of his manhood, along Pennsylvania Avenue, the *Via Sacra* of our Republic, to assume the responsible duties of Chief Magistrate, the bands had played patriotic airs, and he had received the loud acclaims of his fellow-citizens. Now, as his mortal remains passed over the same route in a hearse drawn by six white horses, the lively music was replaced by the solemn strains of funeral marches, and sorrow appeared to fill every breast.

The casket was laid in state beneath the great dome of the Capitol, within a short distance of the spot where, on the 4th of March previous, the occupant had pronounced his inaugural address. For two days thousands of citizens, of all classes, conditions, and nationalities, reverentially filed past the coffin and gazed upon the wasted form and pallid lineaments of the deceased. On Friday the afflicted widow took the last look at the face of the dead, and after she had left the impressive funeral ceremonies were performed. The remains were then escorted by the military, their arms reversed, their flags shrouded,

and their bands wailing dirges, to the depot where the assassination took place, where they were placed on a railroad train to be conveyed to Cleveland with his family and a large number of distinguished mourners.

The funeral train arrived at Cleveland on the afternoon of September 24th, and on the 26th the remains of the nation's second martyr- President were consigned to their last resting-place, amid the flashing lightning and the rolling thunder of a severe storm. The day was consecrated all over the country to manifestation of respect for the memory of the dead, and messages of condolence were flashed beneath the Atlantic from the leading foreign powers of the Old World, expressing their regard for the memory of a ruler who had endeared himself to the wide world by the heroism of humanity. As the muffled bells in fifty thousand steeples tolled the burial hour, the hearts of fifty millions of people beat in homage to the deceased President, whose remains were being entombed on the shore of Lake Erie. Public and private edifices were lavishly decorated in black, there were processions in the Northern cities, and funeral services in many congregations, eliciting the remark that the prayers of Christian people in all quarters of the globe "following the sun and keeping company with the hours," had circled the earth with an unbroken strain of mourning and sympathy. Criticism was silenced, faults were forgotten, and nothing but good was spoken of the dead.

Charles Guiteau, the cowardly wretch who assassinated General Garfield, was a native of Chicago, thirty-six years of age, short in stature, and with a well-knit, stout frame. He had led a vagabond life, and had come to Washington after the inauguration of General Garfield, seeking appointment to a foreign consulate, and when he found himself disappointed, his morbid imagination sought revenge. Attorney-General MacVeagh, who was then bent on making political mischief by the Star-route prosecutions, made himself ridiculous when General Garfield died by asserting that the United States had jurisdiction over the cottage in which the President died, and endeavoring to exclude the New Jersey authorities. He then appeared to take no interest in the prosecution of Guiteau, and although he had employed eminent legal talent in the Star-route and Howgate cases, he gave District Attorney Corkhill no aid in the trial of the assassin until President Arthur gave peremptory instructions that Messrs. Porter and Davidge should be employed. They came in to the case at a late day, and were forced to depend almost wholly upon the District-Attorney for bearings.

Colonel George A. Corkhill, the District Attorney, was a native of Ohio, then forty-four years of age. After graduating from the Iowa Wesleyan University he entered Harvard Law School, where he remained over a year, when, at the breaking out of the Rebellion, he entered the army, serving faithfully until the close of the war. After having practiced at St. Louis, he married a daughter of Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, and came to Washington in 1872 as editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. In January, 1880, President Hayes appointed him District Attorney.

From the day on which General Garfield was shot, Colonel Corkhill began industriously to "work up the case." He obtained the evidence, studied precedents, hunted up witnesses, and, unaided by any other counsel, had Guiteau indicted and arraigned. The admirable preparation of the case, the spirit of justice, the fairness so liberally extended to the prisoner and his counsel, and the judicious and effective conduct of the trial to a just and satisfactory conclusion were mainly due to him. His management of the case from the start was beyond all praise. From his opening speech he displayed great good sense, added to a perfect understanding of the facts, a marked talent for criminal practice, thorough judgment of men, and an extraordinary dignity of bearing. With admirable temper and self-control, he submitted to indignity and insult in the court-house, which the judge was unable to restrain, and to unmerited obloquy, without arousing misapprehension and misconstruction.

The trial lasted eleven weeks, but it could not be said to have been a wearying or tiresome exhibition. On the contrary, none of the sensational plays that had been in vogue for years past had been crowded with more dramatic situations and unexpected displays.

This most remarkable of criminal trials came at last to an end, and the promptitude of the jury in rendering a verdict of "guilty," conveyed a sharp rebuke to the lawyers who spent so many wearisome days in summing up the case. In due time atonement for the great crime was made on the scaffold, so far, at least, as human laws can go. The nation then rested easier and breathed freer, happy in the fact that the meanest of cowardly knaves had passed to his long account.

[Facsimile] Leut Genl P.H. Sheridan PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN was born at Somerset, Ohio, March 6th, 1831; was graduated from the Military Academy at West Point, and commissioned as Brevet Second Lieutenant July 1st, 1853; served on the Pacific coast, and at the outbreak of the War for the Suppression of the Rebellion was Chief Quartermaster of the Army of Missouri; distinguished himself as a cavalry commander; he was made Brigadier and then Major-General of Volunteers, and received the commission of Major-General in the regular army for his gallantry at Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864, when he achieved a brilliant victory for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days; was

promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General March 4th, 1869, and became Commander of the Army on the retirement of General Sherman, February 8th, 1884.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR BECOMES PRESIDENT.

When President Garfield was assassinated Vice-President Arthur was on his way from Albany to New York, on a steamboat, and received the intelligence on landing. That night he went to Washington, where he was the guest of Senator Jones, who then occupied the large granite house directly south of the Capitol, erected a few years previously by General Butler. On the evening of July 4th, when the President's death seemed imminent, Secretary Blaine visited Mr. Arthur and said: "The end is at hand; the President is dying; you must prepare to assume the responsibilities which the Constitution places upon you in such an event."

Mr. Arthur, sick with sorrow, reluctantly accepted as true the statement respecting the President's condition, and replied that when the Cabinet and Justice Field, the senior Justice of the Supreme Court, then in Washington, should call upon him, he would be ready to take the oath of office. Soon afterward, while waiting in sorrowful expectation that the next moment might bring him the sad news that the President had died, the door-bell was rung violently, and an orderly handed in a message from Secretary Blaine, which the Vice-President eagerly snatched, opened, and read. "Thank God!" he said, handing it to Senator Jones.

It announced that with the rising of the cool breeze, the President's condition had changed for the better. No apprehension of his immediate death was entertained.

The next morning a correspondent who called on the Vice-President alluded to editorials in a Democratic paper at Louisville, and a Republican paper at New York, connecting his name and that of Senator Conkling with Guiteau's crime. The Vice-President seemed deeply moved by these insinuations. "No one," he said, "deplores the calamity more than Senator Conkling and myself. These reports are so base and so unfounded that I cannot believe they will be credited. They do not affect Senator Conkling and myself as much as they do the entire country. They are a slur upon our institutions, an attack upon the integrity of republican government. Good God! if such a thing were possible, then liberty is impossible. Such a calamity as this should be treated as national, not only by every citizen, but by the entire press of the country. Party and faction should be forgotten in the general grief."

After condemning the perpetrator of the crime in the strongest terms, the Vice-President said: "If it were possible for me to be with the President, I would not only offer him my sympathy, I would ask that I might remain by his bedside. All personal considerations and political views must be merged in the national sorrow. I am an American among millions of Americans grieving for their wounded chief."

The Vice-President remained at Washington until the President was taken to Long Beach. He continued to experience great mental anguish, never even alluding to the chances of his becoming President of the United States. He went from Washington to his own home in New York, where he received news of the President's death on the evening of its occurrence. It had been determined between Vice- President Arthur and the members of the Cabinet that in the event of the President's death his successor should be sworn in without delay. Justice Brady was sent for, and the oath was administered in the presence of eight persons. At its conclusion the President, who had stood with uplifted hand, said, impressively, "So help me, God, I do!" A few moments afterward his son, Alan, approached, and laying one hand on his father's shoulder, kissed him.

President Arthur repeated the oath of office in the Vice-President's room at the Capitol on the twenty-second of September. The members of General Garfield's Cabinet, who had been requested by his successor to continue for the present in charge of their respective departments, were then present, with General Sherman in full uniform, ex-Presidents Hayes and Grant, and Chief Justice Waite, in his judicial robes, escorted by Associate Justices Harlan and Matthews. There were also present Senators Anthony, Sherman, Edmunds, Hale, Blair, Dawes, and Jones, of Nevada, and Representatives Amos Townsend, McCook, Errett, Randall, Hiscock, and Thomas. Ex-Vice- President Hamlin, of Maine, and Speaker Sharpe, of New York, were also present.

When President Arthur entered the room, escorted by General Grant and Senator Jones, he advanced to a small table, on which was a Bible, and behind which stood the Chief Justice, who raised the sacred volume, opened it, and presented it to the President, who placed his right hand upon it. Chief Justice Waite then slowly administered the oath, and at its conclusion the President kissed the book, responding "I will, so help me God!" He then read a brief but eloquent inaugural address.

As President Arthur read his inaugural address his voice trembled, but his manner was impressive, and the eyes of many present were moistened with tears. The first one to congratulate him when he

had concluded was Chief Justice Waite, and the next was Secretary Blaine. After shaking him by the hand, those present left the room, which was closed to all except the members of the Cabinet, who there held their first conference with the President. At this Cabinet meeting a proclamation was prepared and signed by President Arthur, designating the following Monday as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

President Arthur soon showed his appreciation of the responsibilities of his new office. Knowing principles rather than persons, he subordinated individual preferences and prejudices to a well-defined public policy. While he was, as he always had been, a Republican, he had no sympathy for blind devotion to party; he had "no friends to reward, no enemies to punish," and he was governed by those principles of liberty and equality which he inherited. His messages to Congress were universally commended, and even unfriendly critics pronounced them careful and well-matured documents. Their tone was more frank and direct that was customary in such papers, and their recommendations, extensive and varied as they were, showed that he had patiently reviewed the field of labor so sadly and so unexpectedly opened before him, and that he was not inclined to shirk the constitutional duty of aiding Congress by his suggestions and advice. An honest man, who believed in his own principles, who followed his own convictions, and who never hesitated to avow his sentiments, he gave his views in accordance with his deliberate ideas of right.

The foreign relations of the United States were conducted by Secretary Frelinghuysen, under the President's direction, in a friendly spirit, and, when practicable, with a view to mutual commercial advantages. He took a conservative view of the management of the public debt, approving all the important suggestions of the Secretary of the Treasury and recognizing the proper protection of American industry. He was in favor of the great interests of labor, and opposed to such tinkering with the tariff as would make vain the toil of the industrious farmer, paralyze the arm of the sturdy mechanic, strike down the hand of the hardy laborer, stop the spindle, hush the loom, extinguish the furnace fires, and degrade all independent toilers to the level of the poor in other lands. The architect of his own fortune, he had a strong and abiding sympathy for those bread-winners who struggle against poverty.

The reform of the civil service met with President Arthur's earnest support, and his messages showed that every department of the Government had received his careful administration. Following the example of Washington, he had personally visited several sections of the United States, and had especially made himself thoroughly acquainted with the great and complicated problem of Indian civilization.

President Arthur's Administration was characterized by an elevated tone at home and abroad. All important questions were carefully discussed at the council table, at which the President displayed unusual powers of analysis and comprehension. The conflicting claims of applicants for appointments to offices in his gift were carefully weighed, and no action was taken until all parties interested had a hearing. The President had a remarkable insight into men, promptly estimating character with an accuracy that made it a difficult matter to deceive him, or to win his favor either for visionary schemes, corrupt attacks upon the Treasury, or incompetent place-hunters.

Possessing moral firmness and a just self-reliance, President Arthur did not hesitate about vetoing the "Chinese Bill," and the "Bill making Appropriations for Rivers and Harbors," for reasons which he laid before Congress in his veto messages. The wisdom and sagacity which he displayed in his management of national affairs was especially acceptable to the business interests of the country. They tested his administration by business principles, and they felt that so long as he firmly grasped the helm of the ship of state, she would pursue a course of peace and prosperity.

President Arthur convened the Senate for the transaction of executive business on the 10th of October, 1881. The galleries of the Senate Chamber were filled at an early hour on that day, and those who had the privilege of the floor availed themselves of it. Roscoe Conkling's absence was, of course, noticed by those who had seen him occupying a seat in the very centre of the Senate Chamber during the past fourteen years. That seat was occupied by Angus Cameron, of Wisconsin, a gray-haired, tall, spare man, who lacked only the kilt and plaid to make him a perfect Scotchman. General Burnside's seat was occupied by Eugene Hale, a graceful and ready debater, while in the place of Mr. Blaine was Senator Frye, his successor. Senator Edmunds returned rejuvenated, and although he appeared to miss his old friend and antagonist, Senator Thurman, he gave potent evidence during the afternoon of his ability as an intellectual gladiator, strong in argument, ready in retort, and displaying great parliamentary keenness and knowledge of affairs.

Senator Anthony, the Republican nominee for the President of the Senate *pro tempore*, sat a quiet observer of the contest, and around him were Allison, Sherman, Dawes, Ingalls, Hoar, Logan, and the other Republican war-horses, with the more recent comers, including Hale, Mitchell, and Conger. With

them, if not of them, was General Mahone, with the delicate frame of a woman, a large head covered with flowing brown hair, sharp, piercing eyes, a flowing beard, and a manner which showed his revolutionary instincts.

Mr. Pendleton, portly and gentlemanly, was the central figure on the Democratic side, as their caucus Chairman. At the commencement of the session, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency—Bayard — sat by his side to give him counsel. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, who would have liked himself to be President *pro tem.*, was a better parliamentarian, to whom the rules and the manual were as familiar as "household words." Senator Jones, of Florida, the best Constitutional lawyer in the body, had some volumes of debates on his desk, and was examining the precedents. Senator Ben. Hill sat leaning back in his chair apparently rather dejected, but his countenance lighted up as he gave Edmunds a cordial greeting. Senators Lamar and Butler, and Ransom and Hampton, were all in their seats, and on the sofa behind them were ex-Senators Gordon and Withers, and a dozen or more Democratic Representatives.

After prayer had been offered and the President's proclamation had been read, Senator Pendleton offered a resolution declaring Mr. Bayard President *pro tem*. Senator Edmunds adroitly endeavored to secure the admission of Messrs. Lapham, Miller, and Aldrich, but in vain. At first, Senator Davis voted with the Republicans in a low and undecided tone, but when the final vote came he did not vote at all. This was interpreted to mean that he would not vote, after the three Senators had been admitted, to oust Mr. Bayard, and without his vote it could not be done.

The next day Senators Lapham and Miller, of New York, and Aldrich, of Rhode Island, were duly qualified, and the Republicans reversed the election of the preceding day by electing Senator David Davis President *pro tem*. He was not willing to aid in the election of Senator Anthony as presiding officer and he voted to oust Senator Bayard from the chair, but abstained from voting when his own name was presented by Senator Logan. Senator Davis, then in his sixty- seventh year, was a genial gentleman, and moved about with great activity, considering that he weighed some three hundred and fifty pounds. On that day he was more carefully dressed than usual, wearing a black broadcloth coat, light trousers and vest, a white cravat, and low-quartered shoes. He knew what was in store for him, and a placid smile showed his satisfaction. It was as good as a play to see him, his broad countenance wreathed in smiles, escorted to the President's chair by Senator Bayard, who had been deposed by his vote, and by Senator Anthony, who would have been elected if Davis would have voted for him. In a brief speech he accepted the position as a tribute to the independent ground which he claimed to have long occupied in the politics of the country.

[Facsimile] Chester A. Arthur CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR was born at Fairfield, Vt., October 5th, 1830; was graduated from Union College in 1845; studied law and commenced practice in New York city; was appointed by President Grant Collector of the Port of New York in November, 1871; was elected Vice-President on the Garfield ticket, and inaugurated, March 4th, 1881; on the death of President Garfield, September 19th, 1881, he became President, serving until March 4th, 1885; died in New York, November 18th, 1886.

CHAPTER XXXIX. THE CENTENNIAL OF YORKTOWN.

President Arthur was a man of gracious presence, of good education, of extensive reading, and of courteous manners, refined by his having mingled in New York society. He was always well dressed, usually wearing in his office a Prince Albert coat, buttoned closely in front, with a flower in the upper button-hole, and the corner of a colored silk handkerchief visible from a side pocket. Dignified, as became his exalted station, he never slapped his visitors' shoulders, or called them by their Christian names, but he treated them as entitled to his consideration without that stilted courtesy which rebuffs even when veneered with formal civility. He was a good listener and he conversed freely, although he carefully avoided committing himself upon political questions, and never indulged in criticisms of those arrayed in opposition to him. The code of etiquette first adopted by General Washington on the recommendation of General Hamilton, from which there had been departures in recent years, was re-established, except that President Arthur occasionally accepted invitations to dinner. He devotedly cherished the memory of his deceased wife, before whose picture in the White House a vase of fresh flowers was placed daily, and he was affectionately watchful over his son Alan, a tall student at Princeton College, and his daughter Nellie, who was just entering into womanhood.

Soon after the commencement of the October session of Congress, Washington was enlivened by the official reception of the French and German officers, who came as the nation's guests to witness the dedication of a national monument at Yorktown on the centennial of the victory which those nations helped the revolutionary colonists to win. The day was bright and sunny, and there was a general display of flags, those of France and Germany mingling with the stars and stripes. There were nearly forty of the guests, all wearing the uniforms of their respective positions. The Frenchmen regarded the

Germans with manifest hatred, while the latter evidently remembered that their comrades had recently triumphantly occupied the French capital.

The guests, under the escort of the French and German Ministers, were first driven to the Department of State. There, Assistant- Secretary Hitt received them at the foot of the staircase and led the way to the diplomatic reception-room. There they were cordially received by Secretary Blaine, to whom each one was presented, and he then presented them to the other members of the Cabinet. Many complimentary remarks were interchanged, but there were no set speeches; and after remaining a quarter of an hour or so the guests re-entered their carriages and were escorted to the Capitol. Pennsylvania Avenue presented an animated appearance, the gay and varied dresses of the ladies at the windows and on the sidewalks forming a kaleidoscopic framework for the column of citizen soldiers. The District militiamen never looked better nor stepped more proudly, and five companies of colored men marched with the swinging gait of veterans. The civic portion of the procession was a failure, but this was atoned for by the well-organized Fire Department with its apparatus.

Meanwhile, those fortunate in having received invitations congregated in the rotunda of the Capitol, which was still heavily draped in black in honor of the last assassinated President, whose remains had lain in state there but a few days previously. Among the gentlemen and ladies who had been asked to witness the welcome extended by the Chief Magistrate to the representatives of our ancient allies were General Sherman, wearing his showy gala uniform, a score or more of other military and naval officers, Senator Dawes and wife, Commissioner Loring and wife, nearly all of the Senators, and a few Representatives.

At last the nation's guests entered from the eastern portico, preceded by Secretary Blaine and the French Minister, and walking by twos, according to their respective ranks. Passing around the southeastern wall, the head of the column halted before the door leading to the House of Representatives. The gay uniforms worn by the greater portion of them relieved the sombreness of the black suits of their civilian associates. Monsieur Outrey, the French Minister, wore a black dress suit, while Herr von Scholzer, the diplomatic representative of Germany, appeared in a gold-embroidered court dress. The French army officers all wore red trousers, with the exception of one in white breeches and high boots, and their uniforms and equipments were very handsome. The Germans had a more soldier-like appearance, as if they meant business and not show.

President Arthur, who had not removed from "Castle Butler" to the White House, came over, and for the first time occupied the President's room adjacent to the Senate Chamber. Secretary Blaine went there for him, and advanced with him to where the French Minister stood in the rotunda. President Arthur was attired in a full suit of black, with black cravat and gloves. The French Minister introduced the President to the French guests, and then the German Minister introduced him to the German guests. Secretary Lincoln then passed along the line with the army officers, and then came Secretary Hunt with the naval officers. Pleasant little speeches were exchanged, and there was no end of bowing and hand- shaking.

As the hour of three approached, the Senators gradually returned to their desks in the Senate Chamber, and they found the galleries, which they had left empty, filled with ladies, whose bright attire was equal to the variegated hues of a bed of blooming tulips. Some routine business was transacted, and then the nation's guests, who had been accorded the privilege of the floor, came in, escorted by Mr. Blaine, and took a row of seats which encircled the chamber behind the desks. Senator Bayard then rose, and in an eloquent and graceful little speech alluded to the presence of the distinguished citizens of our sister Republic of France and the Empire of Germany, who had come here to join in celebrating the victory of Yorktown. He concluded by asserting that he spoke the sentiments of the American Senate by saying that they were most welcome, and moved a recess of half an hour, that the Senators might individually pay their respects to them. The motion was carried amid loud applause, and then the visitors were presented to President David Davis and the Senators. When the introductions were over, the guests were shown to their carriages and driven back to the Arlington.

As the evening approached and the twilight deepened crowds flocked to the White House grounds and vicinity to witness the display of fireworks. Pennsylvania Avenue was brilliant with electric and calcium lights and myriads of paper lanterns. The fireworks were very excellent, and several of the pieces were loudly applauded.

President Arthur and his Cabinet, with many Senators and Representatives, officers of the army and navy, and their ladies went with the nation's guests to Yorktown on a fleet of steamboats. There the Governors of the original States, each with a militia escort, with a military and naval force of regulars, joined in the centennial exercises. Virginia hospitality was dispensed on the Congressional steamer by Senator Johnston, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who exceeded the liberal appropriation some twenty thousand dollars, much of which was for liquors and champagne. Congress

finally voted the necessary amount without the filing of detailed vouchers.

Secretary Blaine's entertainment to the nation's guests, at Wormley's Hotel, was the most sumptuous and enjoyable evening party ever given at Washington. The doors connecting the parlors and those leading into the hall had been removed, and in their places were curtains of gray damask, bordered with cardinal red. The stars and stripes were conspicuously displayed, and there was a lavish display of rare plants, variegated foliage, and vines. From the keystones of the arches which divided the rooms were suspended floral globes, and the chandeliers were festooned with garlands. In the hall was the full Marine Band, in evening dress, with their string and reed instruments.

A few moments before ten o'clock Secretary and Mrs. Blaine arrived, and took their position in the outside parlor, near the entrance. Mr. Blaine was in excellent health and spirits, displaying that *bonhomie* for which he is so justly famed. Mrs. Blaine wore an evening dress of white brocaded satin, with a long train, trimmed with lace and pearls.

An usher, who knew every one, and who could pronounce the names and give the rank of the numerous foreigners, announced the guests as they entered. The French were the first to arrive, followed by the Germans, and after they had paid their respects they were ranged next to Mr. Blaine, and the other guests, as they arrived, were also presented to them. The French and German officers wore their respective uniforms, with their decorations of various orders of knighthood, and the civilians were in full evening dress, many wearing decorations. Madame la Marquise de Rochambeau wore an evening dress of royal purple, moire antique silk, trimmed with heliotrope plush and a profusion of rare lace.

The Diplomatic Corps was out in force, and several of the Foreign Ministers were accompanied by their wives. Madame Outrey, wife of the French Minister, wore a white brocade with a sweeping train, trimmed with lace, and a rare set of diamonds. Madame Bartholomei, wife of the Russian Minister, wore a court dress of black satin brocade, trimmed with jet, and a magnificent set of emeralds and diamonds.

The army was well represented, headed by General Sherman in his gala uniform, with its golden baldric, and there were Admirals and Commodores enough to man a vessel. The foreigners were much interested in Admiral Worden, who commanded the Monitor in the critical iron-clad fight.

A quorum of the Senate was present, with their burly President, David Davis, and there were not a few Representatives, including Messrs. Kasson and Hiscock, the rival candidates for the Speakership. Senators Cameron, Bayard, Voorhees, and Butler were accompanied by their daughters. Chief Justice Waite and nearly all of the Associate Justices were present, and also the members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Attorney-General MacVeagh, who, of course, stayed away. The journalists invited, several of them accompanied by their wives, showed that Mr. Blaine never forgot his original calling.

The supper-table extended the whole length of the dining-room, and it was laid with exquisite taste. The ware was the finest Dresden china, much of the silver was gilded, and the glass was of the newest patterns. A profusion of roses in low mounds set off these appointments to great advantage. As for the *menu*, it comprised terrapin, canvas-backs, oysters, and saddles of mutton, with all the recognized masterpieces of French culinary art. Even the young French and German officers, who had scowled at each other as they had bowed salutations with formal politeness earlier in the evening, fraternized at the supper-table. I saw a young Frenchman look approvingly on as a stalwart German Captain effected an entrance into a Strasburg pie and dealt out its toothsome contents, and the Teutons, whose favorite tipple had been beer, kept up a fusillade of champagne corks as they filled the glasses of their fair partners. After the supper, the guests returned to the spacious parlors, where, to the witching strains of the Marine Band, the merry dancers chased the hours with flying feet until long after the midnight stars had struggled through the clouds.

The next night, while the Von Steubens were at Baltimore enjoying the torchlight procession and the Fatherland songs of their countrymen, Mr. Blaine treated the French guests to a sight of the Capitol, brilliantly lighted up from dome to basement. The effect when seen from without was fairy-like, and within the noble proportions of the rotunda, the legislative halls, and the long corridors were disclosed to great advantage.

Later in the evening Monsieur Max Outrey, the Minister of France, gave a reception in honor of his visiting countrymen. It was noticeable that this *fete* had been postponed until after the departure of the Germans, but Monsieur Outrey took care to mention that they had been invited, but had sent "a very sweet letter of regret." The home guests invited were generally those who were at Secretary Blaine's reception the night previous, but the ladies of the Legations were rather more handsomely dressed. Monsieur Outrey was enthusiastic in his praises of the liberal hospitality extended to his countrymen, who had, he said, drank more champagne since they had been in Washington then they ever drank in

all their lives at home, and who were really getting fatigued with their ceaseless round of entertainments.

[Facsimile] W. T. Sherman General, 1885. WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN was born in Lancaster County, Ohio, February 8th, 1820; was graduated at the West Point Military Academy, June 30th, 1840; served in Florida and California, 1840-1851; was President of the Louisiana State Military College, 1859-1861; served in the Union Army from 1861, receiving the appointment of Lieutenant- General in July, 1866, and of General in March, 1869; went on the retired list in 1884.

CHAPTER XL. PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S ADMINISTRATION.

The first session of the Forty-seventh Congress, which was commenced on the 5th of December, 1881, and prolonged until the 8th of August, 1882, found the Republicans again in the possession of the Federal Government. In the Senate, where the elephantine David Davis presided in his pleasant way, often disregarding parliamentary rules, there was a Republican majority of two, and in the House, which had elected as its Speaker that gallant, burly, impulsive son of Ohio, General J. Warren Keifer, there was a majority of ten. These small majorities made the game of legislation the more interesting, as every move had to be carefully studied before it was made. The proposed revision of the customs tariff and the Internal Revenue Tax Bill interested every member, as each had one or more pet industries belonging to favorite constituents, on which he wanted the high war taxes or duties retained, while he boldly advocated sweeping reductions on everything else.

President Arthur's appointments of Judge Folger to the Treasury Department, of Mr. Frelinghuysen to the State Department, of Mr. Brewster to the Department of Justice, and of Mr. Howe to the Post-Office Department were all predicted and expected, but no one looked for Mr. Conkling's appointment to the vacant place on the bench of the Supreme Court, as it was well known that he had only a few years previous refused the Chief Justiceship. The appointment gave Mr. Conkling's enemies an opportunity to talk about his theatrical, overbearing manner, but his appointment met general approbation; some, doubtless, feeling a relief that his political career would thus be ended. The Senate confirmed the nomination, but Mr. Conkling declined the honor thus tendered.

One of the first acts of the Forty-seventh Congress was the appointment of a joint committee of eight Senators and a Representative for every State, to whom was referred so much of the message of President Arthur as related to the decease of General Garfield, with instructions to report by what token of respect and affection Congress could express the deep grief of the nation. The Committee reported, condoling with the widow of the deceased, and providing for an oration on his life and character, to be pronounced before the two houses of Congress and the high officials of Government, by the Hon. James G. Blaine.

The scene in the Hall of the House of Representatives on the 27th of February, when the Garfield Memorial services were held, would have kindled the spark of oratorical fire in a less gifted man than Mr. Blaine. As he stood there at the Clerk's desk, looking over the great assemblage before him, his glance must first have fallen upon the calm features and dignified presence of the President of the United States, who was seated in the chair of honor, directly in front of his late Secretary of State. Then Mr. Blaine must have met the glance of his late associates in President Arthur's Cabinet —Folger, of impressive manner; Lincoln, to whom the proceedings of the day rekindled the saddest of recollections; Brewster, noticeable by the quaintness of his dress; Kirkwood, of plain, homely ways and dress, and the Creole-like Hunt. By the side of these Mr. Blaine saw his own successor in the Cabinet, Frelinghuysen and with him Postmaster-General Howe. A little to the left, resplendent in gilt trappings and buttons, sat General Sherman, with his weather-beaten and kindly face, and by his side plucky Phil. Sheridan, now gray and demure, and Hancock, of stately bearing. There, too were Admiral Porter and Rear-Admiral Worden of the navy, men of fame.

In another direction sat the Justices of the Supreme Court, clad in their flowing robes of office. States were there represented by their Governors, and their Senators, and their Representatives, throwing aside for the nonce the strife and partisanship incidental to legislative warfare, gave testimony by their respectful silence to the esteem in which they held the memory of the man, who, prior to the Chicago Convention, enjoyed the friendship of all his colleagues.

Still further back an area of sheen and color marked the position of the Diplomatic Corps, with its variety of costumes and decorations. Yet further back were Fred. Douglass, conspicuous from his long white hair and strong features, and General Schenck, with hale, firmly set face. The orator's glance must have noted the venerable historian Bancroft, himself the orator of the day like this when Lincoln's eulogy was pronounced, and by the side of Bancroft the philanthropist, Corcoran, and next him, and to the President's left, Cyrus W. Field. As Mr. Blaine's glance was raised to the galleries he must have been struck with the uniform sombreness of the appearance of the embanked multitude of ladies,

whose dark attire was peculiarly appropriate, forming, as it did, a kind of mourning frame around the living picture which was presented on the floor. In the President's gallery the orator could see the refined lineaments of George William Curtis, or the English-like face of Henry James, Jr. Such were the salient features of the audience to whom Mr. Blaine was to speak of Garfield.

It looked to some who knew Mr. Blaine well as if he felt tempted to cast aside the pile of manuscript heavily bordered with black, which he placed before himself, and to speak as inspiration suggested, so long did he stand before that remarkable audience before beginning. To the audience the orator was second in interest only to the subject of the oration. Expectation was great respecting Mr. Blaine's treatment of the subject. He was the dead man's closest friend, and he was looked upon as the representative of one wing or division of a party within which was great bitterness. To separate his duty to the dead from due consideration for the living and balance the two was difficult, but he held the scales with such an even, steady hand, that neither the lovers of the dead President and his acts were disappointed or dissatisfied, nor the friends of the living President offended. He merely performed the duty assigned him in a simple, earnest, manly, truthful, conscientious, becoming manner.

Mr. Blaine was not the "plumed knight" of political debate, impetuous and enthusiastic, but he read page after page with patient enunciation, his resonant voice only faltering when for a moment it quivered with emotion as he described the boyish joy of General Garfield as he breathed the fresh morning air on the fatal day when he went forth to meet his doom. The personal pronoun did not once occur in the whole eulogy, and not one single allusion was made that could be thought of as referring to the speaker.

When Mr. Blaine had finished there was a reverential silence. President Arthur, who seemed to have been deeply impressed, made no movement to go. The immense audience was motionless. It was the most impressive moment of the day. At length there was a faint stir. Then President Arthur arose, and, with his Cabinet, silently left the great hall. The Supreme Court followed, and then the great assemblage quietly dissolved. The last public ceremonial over the death of Garfield was finished. It was just one year previous that he had quitted his home at Mentor to come to Washington and be inaugurated as President of the United States.

President Arthur wore mourning for his predecessor six months, dressing in black, using writing paper with a broad black border, declining all invitations to theatrical performances, and giving no state entertainments at the White House. At first he endeavored to bring about a millennium of political forces, but the "stalwart" lions refused to lie down with the "half-breed" lambs, and his honest attempts to secure a reconciliation only provoked the enmity of both factions. Before the burial of General Garfield a series of personal attacks was begun on his constitutional successor at the White House, which were industriously kept up. With a low cunning that generally concealed its malignancy, about once a fortnight some ingenious paragraph was started, ostensibly stating some fact connected with the Federal Government, but really stabbing at President Arthur. Unable to condemn his administration of national affairs, his enemies sought by innuendo and misrepresentation to render him ridiculous and neglectful of the public interest. But it so happened that President Arthur's Scotch-Irish character displayed itself in a practical utility never before known at the White House. His extensive knowledge of State politics was constantly called into requisition in making appointments, while in his messages to Congress he made statements and suggestions with a strenuous conviction of their truth, as he stood like a sturdy sentinel before the gates of the Constitution. He "made haste slowly" and he made but few blunders.

The President's daily life was very simple, although pains were taken to make him out a *bon vivant*. He usually rose about half- past nine, took a cup of coffee and a roll while dressing, and went into his office, where he read his private letters, dictated replies to official communications, and courteously received Congressional and other place-hunters. At noon he ate a light breakfast—no meat, but oatmeal, fish, and fruit—and then returned to his desk, where he remained until four o'clock in the afternoon. He then took a drive or a ride on horseback, sometimes accompanied by his daughter. His family dinner hour was six, when his favorite repast was a mutton-chop, with a glass of Bass' ale, or a slice of rare roast beef, with a glass of claret, hot baked potatoes, and the fruits of the season. After dinner he returned to his work, reading the many papers submitted to him by the heads of departments, and not leaving his desk until the "wee sma' hours."

The "Star-route" trials were inaugurated by Attorney-General MacVeagh to bring reproach upon the Administrations of Grant and Hayes. This system of "extra allowances" for carrying the United States mails dated back, however, to the days of William Taylor Barry, Postmaster-General under President Jackson. A Democratic Committee of Congress which investigated the mismanagement of the Post-Office Department, ascribed much of the rascality to "the large disbursements of money under the name of extra allowances. It is a puzzling problem to decide whether this discretionary power, throughout its whole existence, has done most mischief in the character of impostor upon the

Department, or seducer to contractors. It has, doubtless, been an evildoer in both guises."

The "Star-route" system of plunder was, however, handed down from Administration to Administration, and the contractors who were thereby enriched were called upon at each successive Presidential election to contribute to the campaign fund. This had been done in the Garfield and Hancock contest just concluded. Mr. Jay A. Hubbell, who was the custodian of the Republican campaign fund, applied to Assistant Postmaster-General Brady, who negotiated the "Star-route" contracts, for pecuniary aid, and was told that it should be forthcoming, provided he could have a letter from General Garfield to exhibit to the contractors to spur them up to make liberal contributions.

General Garfield wrote, on the 23d of August, 1880, not to Brady, but to Hubbell: "Yours of the 19th received and contents noted. Please say to Brady I hope he will give us all the assistance possible. Please tell me how the Departments are doing. As ever, yours." The letter from Hubbell, to which this was a reply, was never published, and General Garfield's friends afterward maintained that he had not alluded to the "Star-route" contractors. The letter, they maintained, was simply the expression of a hope that Brady, a citizen of Indiana, who was reputed to have made an immense fortune in "Bell Telephone stock," would respond from his ample means in aid of his party in the life-and-death struggle then going on in his own State.

The Attorney-General made a great display in his prosecution of some of those who had enriched themselves by "Star-route" contracts, retaining eminent counsel, and bringing witnesses to Washington at a great expense. There was much rascality developed, and some reputations were smirched, but the disagreement of juries prevented any punishment of the offenders. They regarded themselves as political victims and felt deeply wronged because of their prosecution by an Administration which they had certainly helped into power.

The people believed that the Star-route scandals, like the whisky frauds, the bogus quarter-master's claims, the public-land seizures, and the steamship subsidy schemes, were "ring" relics of the war, with their profligacy and corruption, on each one of which Colonel Mulberry Sellers would have remarked: "There's millions in it." Yet the lobbyists and schemers enriched by these plunder schemes, who bore the brand of "swindler" in scarlet letters of infamy upon their foreheads, did not lose their places in Washington society.

[Facsimile]
David D Porter
DAVID D. PORTER, born at Philadelphia, June, 1813; Midshipman in the navy, 1829; Lieutenant, 1841; served in the Mexican War; Commander, 1861; took active part in opening the Mississippi; Rear-Admiral, July 4th, 1863; took Fort Fisher, January, 1865; Vice-Admiral, July 25th, 1866; Admiral, August, 1870.

CHAPTER XLI. GAY AND FESTIVE SCENES.

New Year's Day has always been celebrated at the National Capital in the style which President Washington inaugurated when the Federal Government was located at New York. The foreign Ministers and the Government dignitaries go in state to pay their respects to the President, after which the old Knickerbocker custom of visiting friends generally is kept up. One is certain to see at the White House on New Year's Day all the prominent people of both sexes in Washington. Then, too, it is the only place in the metropolis where the ladies can pass in review all of the new toilets, and see what the leaders of fashion have designed since last season. It is the only place where there is room for a large crowd to move about easily and where the full effect of brilliant dressing can be displayed. The ladies invited to receive with the President, with many others, are in evening costume, although walking-costumes are not uncommon.

President Arthur's first New Year's reception was a brilliant affair. Mrs. Frelinghuysen accompanied the President into the Blue Room, and stood next to his sister, Mrs. McElroy, at his right hand, with the wives of the other ministers of the Cabinet. When his daughter and niece came in, he welcomed them with a happy smile and bent down and kissed them. Their simple white ribbon sashes were in refreshing contrast with the gorgeous costumes of the diplomats.

Brilliant as were the diamonds of Madame de Struve, the wife of the Russian Minister, and effective as was the bronze golden silk dress, trimmed with gold beads, of the wife of Attorney-General Brewster, the "observed of all observers" was Dr. Mary Walker, who came tripping in with elastic step, shook hands with President Arthur, and was profusely poetical in wishing him the compliments of the season. She wore a black broadcloth frock coat and pantaloons, and carried a high black silk hat in her left hand, while in her right she flourished a slender cane. After leaving the President, she passed along

the line of ladies who received with him, giving to each a sweeping bow, and then went into the East Room, where she was carefully scrutinized by the ladies.

Senator Hoar gave a most enjoyable dinner to a party of gentlemen invited by him to meet Mr. Justice Gray, after his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court. It was given at the hotel of Mr. Wormley, the friend of Charles Sumner, and the guests assembled in a parlor containing much of the furniture which adorned the house of the great Senator. The guests met about seven o'clock, and after an exchange of salutations, the large doors which form one side of the room were thrown open, and Senator Hoar informally invited those present to gather around the magnificently furnished table which presented itself. Covers were laid for thirty-six persons, and the china, the silver, and the glassware were all rare and of beautiful design. A belt of flowers encircled the table in front of the plates, and within this inclosure were mounds of rare exotics and quaintly constructed ornaments of confectionery. The place of each guest was marked by a card, on which his name was printed, and on this was an exquisite button-hole bouquet. The bills of fare were on large sheets of cardboard, handsomely engraved, and the succession of thirteen courses, beginning with oysters and ending with coffee, was an epicurean treat. In accordance with Washington etiquette, President Arthur sat at the host's right hand, and on his right sat Judge Gray. At the left of the host sat Chief Justice Waite; directly opposite sat Senator Dawes; at the right hand end of the long table was George Bancroft, and at the left hand end was Representative Harris. There was not, of course, any speech-making or drinking of healths, but after the dessert had been served, gentlemen left their seats and sat in little groups around the table, chatting pleasantly until after midnight. Taken as a whole, dinner and guests, it was the finest entertainment that I have ever seen in Washington—and I have seen a great many.

President Arthur's first state dinner was given in honor of General and Mrs. Grant. The parlors and the East Room were profusely decorated with flowers, and in the dining-room were palm trees and other exotics massed in the corners, while the mantels were banked with cut flowers. There were thirty-four plates on the long table, in the centre of which was a plateau mirror, on which were roses and lilies of the valley. On either side of it were tall gilt candelabra bearing eleven wax lights each, and beyond these large gilt epergnes overflowing with Marechal Niel roses. At the end of the mirror were pairs of silver candelabra bearing shaded wax lights and oval cushions of white camelias set with roses and orchids. At the extreme ends were round pieces of bon silene roses and lilies of the valley. Around this elaborate centre decoration were ranged crystal compotes and cut-glass decanters. Large, flat corsage bouquets of roses, tied with satin ribbons, were laid at each lady's plate, and small *boutonnieres* of rosebuds were provided for the gentlemen. The cards were of heavy gilt-edge board, embossed with the national coat-of-arms in gold, below which the name of each guest was written. The Marine Band performed selections from popular operatic music.

The guests were received by President Arthur in the East Room. At eight o'clock dinner was announced, and the guests repaired to the dining-room in the following order, each lady taking a seat at the right hand of the gentleman who escorted her: President Arthur, escorting Mrs. Grant, who wore a white satin dress with low neck and long train deeply flounced with lace, and a profusion of diamonds; General Grant, escorting Mrs. Frelinghuysen, who wore a black velvet dress with flowing train, opening in front, and showing a petticoat of plaited black satin; Secretary Frelinghuysen, escorting Mrs. Lincoln, who wore a black velvet dress with sweeping train and rich jet trimmings; General Sherman, escorting Miss Beale, who wore a white satin dress with a train of silver brocade, trimmed at the neck and sleeves with Valenciennes lace; Admiral Porter, escorting Miss Coleman, who wore a dress of terra-cotta satin trimmed with flowered brocade and lace; Senator Anthony, escorting Mrs. Logan, who wore a magnificent dress of wine-colored velvet trimmed with Pompadour brocade; Senator Miller, escorting Mrs. Kinsley, who wore a ball-dress of cardinal satin trimmed with brocade; Senator Jones, of Nevada, escorting Mrs. Beale, who wore a white satin dress trimmed with lace; Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, escorting Mrs. John Davis, who wore a ball-dress of white satin trimmed with lace; General Beale, escorting Miss Frelinghuysen, who wore a dress of marine-blue velvet, with a long train trimmed with iridescent bugles; Secretary Folger, escorting Miss Cutts, who wore white satin trimmed with lace; Secretary Lincoln, escorting Mrs. Secretary Chandler, who wore an exquisite dress of pale blue surah and crape; Postmaster-General Howe, escorting Mrs. Teller, who wore a dress of white satin; Attorney- General Brewster, escorting Mrs. Cameron, who wore a pink satin dress elaborately trimmed with ruffles of rare lace; Secretary Chandler, escorting Mrs. Brewster, who wore a dress of cardinal satin with a court train embroidered with gold in large figures; Secretary Teller, escorting Miss Totten, who wore white satin trimmed with white ruchings.

Dinner was served in fourteen courses, with which there were served eight varieties of wines, each variety having its appropriate wine- glass. The guests were two hours at the table, and the menu was eulogized, especially the terrapin, which was highly commended by the epicures who enjoyed it.

Mr. Blaine was a prominent figure in Washington society, both social and political, after he left the Department of State, and there was always a great desire to know his opinions on passing events. His

heath was excellent, and he never appeared to greater advantage. Tall and portly, yet graceful in movement, his wealth of white hair set off his mobile, expressive features, with their never-quiet dark eyes.

The new house built by Mr. Blaine in the northwestern part of Washington was an imposing structure, covering an area of about seventy by seventy-five feet, and it was solid and substantial from its steep roof to its roomy basement. The spacious halls and stairways were wainscoted, finished, and ceiled in oak; the drawing- room, the dining-room, and the library were furnished in solid mahogany; and the chambers were finished in poplar and pine. The great charm of the house was that each and every room, large and small, had its open fire-place, some of them surrounded by beautiful mantel-pieces, with carved wood and mirrors. It was, indeed, an English house, with its comforts set off by many Yankee contrivances.

In this house, on a bright morning of early spring, Colonel John T. Coppinger, of the United States army, was married to Miss Alice Stanwood Blaine. President Arthur adjourned the regular meeting of the Cabinet that he and his constitutional advisers might attend. The Speaker of the House, with the Maine Senators and Representatives, left their Congressional duties in order to be present. The Diplomatic Corps, doubtless remembering the courtesies which they received from Mr. Blaine when Secretary of State, was out in full force. The army and navy were largely represented, the elite of fashionable society was present, and there was a good representation of the press. All had congregated to show their good wishes toward the family of the young bride.

Colonel Coppinger, who belongs to an old Roman Catholic family in Ireland, served gallantly in the Papal Army, and coming to this country in 1861, was commissioned in the Fourteenth Infantry. He received two brevets for "gallant and meritorious services" in a score of engagements, and after having displayed great energy in command of troops operating against the Indians, he was made Acting Inspector-General on the staff of General Pope, a position only given to those thoroughly versed in the manual, the drill, the equipment, and the discipline of the army. He was forty-nine years of age, tall, erect, with clear, hazel eyes, gray hair and whiskers, and a martial deportment.

Twelve o'clock, noon, was the hour fixed for the ceremony, and soon after that time conversation was suddenly hushed, as the Rev. Dr. Chapelle, of St. Matthew's Church, took his assigned position. He wore a black robe with a cape, and carried a small prayer-book, from which he subsequently read the brief service used when a Roman Catholic is wedded to one not belonging to that Church. A moment later Mrs. Blaine came down the broad staircase on the arm of her eldest son, Mr. Walker Blaine. She wore a high-necked corsage of wine-colored velvet, with a satin dress and train of the same color, trimmed with lace.

Soon the bride came down the staircase leaning on the arm of her father, who appeared somewhat impressed by the solemnity of the occasion. She wore a dress of white satin with a sweeping train trimmed with crystal, while an ample veil partially concealed her youthful features and slight form. She carried a bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Behind her came her only attendant, her young sister, Miss Hattie Blaine, who was dressed in white. Mr. Blaine's other two sons and Miss Abigail Dodge, of Hamilton, Massachusetts, followed.

At the improvised altar, Colonel Coppinger, attended by Lieutenant Emmet, of the Ninth Cavalry, advanced to claim his bride. As the happy pair knelt before the altar, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine and Miss Hattie stood at their right, and President Arthur, George Bancroft, and Miss Dodge stood at their left. The service was quickly performed, and after the parents, President Arthur was the first to salute the bride. The guests were then presented seriatim to Colonel and Mrs. Coppinger, and if good wishes could have been regarded as an augury of their future, there could have been no doubt of their good fortunes.

After congratulations had been offered, President Arthur escorted the bride to the large dining-room. There a table was bountifully spread, while on a sideboard were boxes of wedding-cake to be sent to friends at a distance. It was not long before the bridegroom and bride left the festive scene to array themselves for their journey, and they quietly departed from the house to take the train for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Taken as a whole, the wedding surpassed any similar festal scene ever witnessed at Washington, and was a hearty manifestation of good feeling toward the happy couple and the parents of the bride.

One of the most charming houses in Washington was that occupied for some years by the British Legation, and which Admiral Porter rebuilt and refurnished with a portion of the large sum of prize-money received by him during the war. It was a model of good taste and luxury, elegant without display, and perfect in all its appointments. The square hall, with tessellated marble floor, led into a suite of three parlors, opening into each other by arched- ways, heavily draped with satin damask. The central parlor was upholstered in crimson velvet, that on the right in drab, and that on the left in blue.

The hangings and furniture were of colors to match. The marble mantels were decorated with articles of virtu, and rare painting adorned the walls. Leading from the crimson parlor was a long, wide ball-room, with waxed and polished floor, and rows of seats for the accommodation of dancers and spectators. Numberless crystal chandeliers emitted a flood of softened light, while flowers bloomed everywhere in pots, vases, and baskets in indescribable profusion.

[Facsimile] Robert T. Lincoln ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, eldest child of Abraham Lincoln, born at Springfield, Ill., August 1st, 1843; graduated at Harvard, 1864; member of General Grant's staff during the last month of the war; admitted to practice law in Chicago, 1867; Secretary of War under Presidents Garfield and Arthur, March 5th, 1881 - March 6th, 1885.

CHAPTER XLII. THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.

When the Forty-eighth Congress met on the 3d of December, 1885, Senator Edmunds occupied the chair of the Senate as President *pro tempore;* Judge Davis, not having been re-elected Senator from Illinois, had vacated the chair on the last day of the preceding session. Senator Anthony, who had been elected to a fifth term, could not be sworn in as a Senator until after the commencement of that term, and was consequently ineligible. So Senator Edmunds accepted the position with the understanding that he would vacate it as soon as his friend from Rhode Island, by qualifying as a Senator, should be eligible for election.

When the Senate met, Senator Anthony was recovering from a severe illness, and it was not until the following week that he was able to appear in the Senate Chamber. He entered leaning on the arm of his colleague, Senator Aldrich, and as he took his accustomed seat, his attention was attracted by a large bouquet of flowers, bearing the name of a lady clerk who had been retained in place by his kind offices. The Senators soon crowded around him with their congratulations on his convalescence, and among the first were General Butler, of South Carolina, maimed in the Confederate cause, and General Miller, of California, who lost his right eye in the Union army at Vicksburg.

After prayers and the reading of the journal, Senator Aldrich rose, and was recognized by the Chair as the "senior Senator from Rhode Island." He announced the presence of his colleague, the Senator-elect, whose credentials had been filed, and asked that the oath of office might be administered to him. The presiding officer invited the Senator-elect to receive the oaths, and when Governor Anthony stood before him, he administered the regular oath of 1789, first taken by the parliamentary veteran in 1859, with the "iron- clad oath" that had been adopted in 1862. As the good old man stood with uplifted hand, every other member of the Senate rose, and stood until the obligation had been administered—a merited compliment to the *Pater Senatus*. No other man, save Thomas Hart Benton, had ever been sworn in five consecutive times as Senator.

Closing the book from which he had read the oaths, Senator Edmunds was first to shake his old friend's hand. Senator Anthony then resumed his seat, and nearly every Senator came to greet him, followed by the veteran officers of the Senate, who had always found in him a true friend. A few weeks later, Senator Edmunds resigned, and Senator Anthony was elected President *pro tem.*, but the precarious state of his health forced him, in a speech prompted by a heart overflowing with gratitude, to decline the honor, and Senator Edmunds was recalled to the post of honor.

Senator Anthony had twice before been chosen President *pro tem.* of the Senate, and he had for a number of years past been the President in the caucus of Republican Senators. It is in the caucus of the dominant party that legislation is shaped, and unanimity of action in open Senate secured. Governor Anthony's tact and skill as a presiding officer had, doubtless, exercised a potent influence in harmonizing opposing views entertained by Republican Senators, and there was no Senator who could fill the chair, either in open Senate, in executive session, or in caucus, with more dignity and impartiality than he.

General McCook, an Ohio soldier, and an ex-Representative from New York city, was elected Secretary of the Senate, defeating George C. Gorham, who had been the candidate of the Republican caucus. The Republican nominee for Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Riddleberger, was also dropped, and Colonel Wm. P. Canaday, of North Carolina, was chosen. At the commencement of the next session, Mr. Riddleberger took his seat as a Senator from Virginia.

A Democratic tidal wave had swept over the country at the preceding fall elections, and the Democrats had a considerable majority in the House of Representatives. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, who was elected Speaker, was a tall, well-made man, with a studious look in his eyes, and the winning manners of Henry Clay. He had a sweet voice, and his expositions of parliamentary law in the preceding sessions had elevated him to the front rank of statesmanship in the opinion of the House. His impartiality as a presiding officer was recognized by all parties, and his firmness of purpose could not

be moved by corrupt intriguers or brawling sycophants. He was also fortunate in having a devoted wife, tall and graceful, whose attractive personal appearance was equaled by her well-balanced mind and her practical common sense. As Mrs. Edmunds was at that time absent from Washington, on the New Year's Day after her husband's election as Speaker Mrs. Carlisle was "the first lady in the land," and stood at President Arthur's right hand during the official reception.

Washington society was very gay during the closing year of President Arthur's Administration. The receptions to which invitations were given and those open to the public at the White House were largely attended, while there was a succession of balls, German masquerades, and receptions at the residences of diplomats, housekeeping Senators, officials, and citizens. Several entertainments were given "for charity's sake," which realized considerable sums, and the theatres also were unusually well attended.

The world-weary rejoiced when the matin chimes of Lent announced that the gay season was ended, but although gayety arrayed itself in sackcloth and sprinkled ashes broadcast, the sackcloth moved in the waltz as its wearer tripped over the ashes. There were successions of informal dancing parties, lunch parties, and card parties during the penitential forty days, and then came the post-Lenten festivities.

The giving of good dinners was, however, the distinguishing feature of Washington society during the Arthur Administration. The example was set at the White House, where, instead of dinners supplied by a caterer at two dollars a plate, with cheap wines of doubtful origin, a gastronomic artist served the delicacies of the season, cooked in the latest Parisian style, while the wines were of the rarest vintages, embodying the fervor of long Gascon summers, the warmth of Burgundian suns, and the delicate flavor of Xeres. Never had epicures so enjoyed themselves at Washington, and they rejoiced when they contrasted his dispensation with the barbaric repasts of former years, when "hog and hominy" was the principal dish, and tangle-foot whisky punch was the fashionable table beverage.

Washington City was greatly improved during President Arthur's Administration. The National Museum was completed and opened to visitors, the northern wing of the stupendous pile, the State, War, and Navy Department Building, was occupied, and that hideous architectural monstrosity, the Pension Office, was built. At the West End scores of elegant private houses were erected, varying in size from the palatial mansion built by Mr. Blaine to the rustic cabin of Joaquin Miller, and the small Queen Anne cottages, now so popular, and some of which are models of convenience and beauty. Many avenues and streets were repaved, others were planted with bordering lines of shade trees, and several of the large reservations were adorned with statues and fountains. The previously unfinished city, which Governor Shepherd had "lifted from out of the mud," became a national metropolis, in which the people of the country could take pride.

The dedication of the Washington National Monument, on the 22d of February, 1885, was a fit conclusion to President Arthur's official career. This work had been long in progress, as its record, engraved on its aluminum tip, shows. It is as follows: "Corner-stone laid on bed of foundation, July 4, 1848. First stone at height of 152 feet laid August 7, 1880. Capstone set December 6, 1884." The laying of the capstone was duly celebrated. The wind, at the top of the monument, was blowing at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and thousands of eye-glasses were pointed toward the little party on the scaffoldings at the summit. All on the upper platform, five hundred and fifty feet above the ground, spread a portion of the cement, and the capstone, weighing three thousand three hundred pounds, was lowered into place. The tip was then fitted and the work was done, which fact was duly announced by flying the flag at the top of the monument, and by the answering boom of cannon from various points below.

The day of final dedication was clear and cold, the ground around the base of the majestic shaft was covered with encrusted snow, and the keen wind that came sweeping down the Potomac made it rather uncomfortable for those who were assembled there. The regular troops and the citizen soldiery were massed in close columns around the base of the monument, the Freemasons occupied their allotted position, and in the pavilion which had been erected were the invited guests, the executive, legislative, and judicial officers; officers of the army, the navy, the marine corps, and the volunteers; the Diplomatic Corps, eminent divines, jurists, scientists, and journalists, and venerable citizens representing former generations, the Washington National Monument Society, and a few ladies who had braved the Arctic weather. After addresses had been delivered by Senator Sherman, W. W. Corcoran, and Colonel Casey, the chief engineer, President Arthur made a few well-chosen remarks, and concluded by declaring the monument dedicated from that time forth "to the immortal name and memory of George Washington." The cost of the structure has been nearly two millions of dollars, about half of which the Government has paid, the remainder having been secured by the Monument Association. After the exercises at the monument, a procession was formed headed by Lieutenant-General Sheridan, which marched along Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. The President's special

escort was the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, chartered in 1638, which had come to participate in the exercises of the day. Two addresses were delivered in the House of Representatives at the Capitol—one (which was read by ex-Governor Long) by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, who had delivered the address when the corner-stone was laid in 1848, and the other by Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia. In the evening the Ancient and Honorable Artillery attended a special reception at the White House, reciprocatory of courtesies extended by the corps to President Arthur, one of its honorary members.

Meanwhile there had been a Presidential campaign. The National Republican Convention met at Chicago on June 3d; on the 6th, James G. Blaine, of Maine, was nominated for President on the fourth ballot, receiving five hundred and forty-one of the eight hundred and nineteen votes cast, and General John A. Logan, of Illinois, was nominated for Vice-President without opposition. The National Democratic Convention met at Chicago on July 6th, and on the 11th Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York, was nominated for President on the second ballot, receiving six hundred and eighty-four of the eight hundred and twenty votes cast, and Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice-President without opposition. The National Prohibition Convention met at Pittsburg on July 23d, and nominated for President ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, and for Vice-President William Daniel, of Maryland. The National Greenback Convention met at Indianapolis on May 29th, and nominated for President General B. F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and for Vice- President A. M. West, of Mississippi.

The Presidential contest was disgracefully personal. The private characters of the two prominent candidates were mercilessly assailed, and political principles were apparently forgotten in the degrading desire to defame the nominees. The result turned upon the vote in the State of New York, which was very close. The shrewdest political manipulators were sent over the State to correct pretended irregularities, but it soon became evident that the Democrats had chosen the Cleveland electors by a decisive plurality. The official count showed five hundred and sixty-three thousand one hundred and fifty-four votes for Cleveland, against five hundred and sixty-two thousand and five votes for Blaine, twenty-five thousand and six votes for St. John, and seventeen thousand and four votes for Butler. The total vote in the United States was four million nine hundred and thirteen thousand two hundred and forty-seven votes for Cleveland, four million eight hundred and forty thousand eight hundred and twenty-five votes for Blaine, one hundred and fifty thousand one hundred and thirty-four votes for St. John, and one hundred and thirty-four thousand and twenty-eight votes for Butler.

[Cleveland 563,154 in New York, 4,913,247 overall
Blaine 562,005 4,840,025
St. John 25,006 150,134
Butler 17,004 134,028]

President Arthur's numerous friends contemplated his departure from the White House without regret, and were confident that his Administration would present a creditable appearance on the pages of impartial history. Utility to the country had been the rule of his official life, and he attained that high standard of official excellence which prevailed in the early days of the Republic, when honesty, firmness, and patriotism were the characteristics of public men. He saw himself deserted by influential early associates because he would not avenge their political grievances, while those whom he protected ungratefully repaid him by defeating the election of his friend, Judge Folger, as Governor of the State of New York —a treacherous demonstration of partisan bigotry, which killed the Judge as certain as the assassin's bullet killed Garfield. Under President Arthur's lead, the Republican party, disorganized and disheartened when he came into power, became gradually strengthened and united before the Presidential election, in which it was very near being victorious.

President Arthur, in his desire to administer his inherited duties impartially, made himself enemies among those who should have been his friends. Before President Garfield was interred, General Grant asked that his own personal friend, General Beale, might be appointed Secretary of the Navy, and he never forgave President Arthur for not complying with his request.

The removal of Judge Robertson from the New York Custom House would doubtless have been acceptable to Roscoe Conkling, but it was not made, and the ex-Senator, after refusing the tendered appointment of a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, turned his back on his former friend. Appointments which had been promised by Mr. Blaine, when President Garfield's Secretary of State, were invariably made, although the recipients had personally abused President Arthur, yet the "Garfield Avengers," as the officious friends of the martyr President chose to style themselves, never alluded to his successor except as the man who had profited by the assassination. Slander, calumny, and falsehood were resorted to by the press to deceive the people by giving them an untrue idea of their Chief Magistrate. His private life was invaded, his social relations were violated, his most patriotic actions were sneered at, and he was made the object of obloquy and vituperation by that faction of the Republican party opposed to his policy.

I well remember with what sadness and indignation he referred to the manner in which he had been treated when I had been selected by him to write a campaign life of him, which was to have been published by his friends had he been nominated for the Presidency in 1884. There were several matters about which he had been mercilessly abused for which I found ample explanations exonerating him. One was his going to Albany in 1881, when he was Vice-President, to labor for the re-election of Messrs. Conkling and Platt. I had ascertained that he had done this in return for a visit made to Ohio during the preceding campaign by Mr. Conkling to speak in favor of the election of General Garfield. This had been on the personal solicitation of Mr. Arthur, and it would have been ungrateful for him to have declined an appeal to aid Mr. Conkling in an hour of need by a visit to Albany. When President Arthur read what I had written on this subject he said pleasantly: "That is all true, but I must ask you not to publish it." Never have I seen a public man so determined not to criminate others, even in self-justification.

During his Presidential term Mr. Arthur did what friends and fortune can do for no man, and what neither friends nor foes could take from him. "He won a fame for which he himself fought, and from which no man's censure could detract." While he was emphatically "the first gentleman in the land," giving unequaled receptions, dinners, and evening entertainments with lavish hospitality, he was, as he used to cheerily remark, "a night-bird," and his favorite enjoyment was to have two or three personal friends eat a late supper with him, and then chat with them far into the "wee sma' hours." His thorough knowledge of prominent men and politics during the preceding quarter of a century enabled him to entertain his listeners with graphic descriptions of remarkable scenes, piquant but never indelicate anecdotes, keen sketches of men and women, and interesting statements about the workings of political machinery, especially in the State of New York.

Unfortunately, President Arthur, before he left the White House, became impressed with the idea that the people had misunderstood his official conduct, and that his sacrifices of friends and of fortune in the Administration of the General Government had not been appreciated. When he was at last relieved from executive cares his robust constitution had been undermined, the ruddy look of health left his cheeks, and his stalwart form wasted away, until (as this work is passing through the press) his sad heart found its peace, and his remains were laid, without pomp, by the side of those of his beloved wife in a rural cemetery near Albany, N. Y.

An appreciative and elegant biographer of this lamented ex-President writes thus: "*Flos Regum Arthur* the Laureate heads the noble dedication of his Arthurian legends to the manes of Albert. Not 'flower of kings' shall history call this Arthur of ours, and yet must she accord him some attributes of his mythic namesake—a high and noble courtesy to all men, small and great; an unflinching, uncomplaining loyalty to friends who turned too often ingrate; a splendid presence, a kindly heart, a silent courage, and an even mind. These things go no small way toward the making of America's first gentleman."

[Facsimile] W.W. Corcoran WILLIAM W. CORCORAN was born at Georgetown, D. C., December 27th, 1798; he engaged in mercantile pursuits, and then in banking, becoming the Government banker during the Mexican War. Since he retried from business in 1854 he has founded and endowed the Louise Home for gentlewomen in reduced circumstances, the Corcoran Art Gallery, and the Oak Hill Cemetery, on Georgetown Heights, while he has contributed liberally to the Columbian College, the University of Virginia, the William and Mary College, and the churches and orphan asylums of Washington, besides numerous private charities.

CHAPTER XLIII. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

The inauguration of Grover Cleveland as the twenty-second President of the United States, on the 4th of March, 1885, restored the executive power of the Federal Government to the Democrats, after it had been enjoyed by the Republicans for twenty years. The throng of visitors was great, the railroads leading into Washington having brought nearly half a million of passengers during the week, while several thousand more came by the Potomac River steamboats. The hotels and boarding-houses were full, yet there was always room for late arrivals, and the military were quartered in the spacious halls of the Departments.

The day was spring-like, with breeze enough to display the flags which floated from nearly every building. Pennsylvania Avenue and other thoroughfares were elaborately decorated. The procession was the largest of its kind that ever passed along Pennsylvania Avenue, and the military escort was exceeded only by the great reviews of 1865. General H. W. Slocum was Chief Marshal, efficiently aided by General Albert Ordway, his chief of staff. The United States troops, commanded by Major-General Ayres, headed the escort. President Arthur and President-elect Cleveland rode with two Senators in an open carriage drawn by four bay horses, and next came Vice- President-elect Hendricks, with a

Senator, in a carriage drawn by four white horses. As the carriages passed along the occupants were loudly cheered, especially Vice-President Hendricks, who was well known in Washington and personally popular.

The militia organizations which came next presented a fine appearance, particularly a division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, commanded by Major-General John F. Hartranft. The Southern troops were commanded by Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, a nephew of the great Confederate war-leader, who received a rousing ovation the whole length of the route. Prominent among the military organizations were the New York Sixty-ninth, "wearing the green;" the Grenadiers Rochambeau, of New York; the Jackson Corps, of Albany; the Continentals, of Schenectady; the Fifth Maryland Infantry, the Meagher Guards, of Providence; the Busch Zouaves, of St. Louis, and several companies of colored men from the South.

The feature of the procession, however, was the civic portion, which included organizations representing many States in the Union. Each one had its band, its banner, and its badges, while nearly all of them were uniformly dressed and carried canes. The Society of Tammany, of New York, one thousand strong, marched in an inaugural procession for the first time in its long history, its officers carrying Indian tomahawks. Nearly a hundred other political organizations followed; and in the ranks of one of them from the city of New York there was a body of men wearing the old Knickerbocker costume and carrying long canes, with which they beat time on the pavements as they marched along in a grotesque manner, creating much merriment.

A distinguished audience had gathered in the Senate Chamber, including the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, many prominent officials, and those officers of the army and navy who had received the thanks of Congress. Shortly after twelve o'clock President Arthur entered the Chamber, and was escorted to his seat. The deputy Sergeant-at-Arms then announced the "President-elect of the United States," and the entire assemblage rose as Mr. Cleveland passed down the aisle and took a seat at the side of President Arthur. Vice-President-elect Hendricks then entered and advanced to the desk of the presiding officer, where Senator Edmunds, President *pro tempore*, administered to him the oath of office as Vice-President of the United States. Senator Edmunds then delivered a brief valedictory address, at the conclusion of which he declared the Senate adjourned *sine die*.

Vice-President Hendricks took the chair, called the Senate to order, delivered a short address, and administered the oath to the new Senators. When the Senate had been thus organized, a procession was formed by those in the Senate Chamber, which moved through the rotunda to the platform erected before the eastern portico. On the large plaza in front of the Capitol were gathered at least two hundred thousand people, while behind them as a framework were the military and civic organizations, with waving banners, gay uniforms, and gleaming bayonets.

When Mr. Cleveland came to the front of the platform, he was received with tumultuous applause; after it had subsided, he delivered his inaugural address in such a clear voice that it was heard by nearly all of those before him. When he had finished, he turned to Chief Justice Waite, bowed, and said "I am now prepared to take the oath prescribed by law."

The Chief Justice, holding in his left hand a small open Bible, which had been given to Mr. Cleveland by his mother when he had started to seek his fortune in the world, raised his right hand and recited the oath: "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Mr. Cleveland, whose right hand had rested on the Bible, responded: "I swear," and raising the book to his lips, kissed it. His lips touched verses 5-10 inclusive, of the 112th Psalm.

Those on the platform congratulated the President; the assembled multitude cheered; over a hundred bands played "Hail to the Chief," and the cannon at the Navy Yard and the Arsenal thundered forth a Presidential salute. The procession was then re-formed, and moved up Pennsylvania Avenue. When the head of the column reached the Treasury Building, a brief halt was made, that President Cleveland might go to the reviewing stand in front of the White House. There he witnessed the procession pass in review, which occupied three hours, and it was after five o'clock when he entered the White House.

Early in the evening there was a display of fireworks, which attracted much attention; then came the inauguration ball, held in the interior court-yard of the unfinished Pension Building, which was covered by a temporary roof. The waxed dance-floor was three hundred and sixteen feet long and one hundred and sixteen feet wide, surrounded by reception-rooms, supper-rooms, and telegraph offices. The decorations were very effective, and electric lamps supplied a bright, clear light. Nearly ten thousand people were present and the receipts from the sale of tickets amounted to forty thousand dollars. President Cleveland and Vice-President Hendricks were present for an hour, and the ball was regarded as a fitting close to the ceremonies of the day.

Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet gave general satisfaction to the Democrats at Washington. The selection of Senator Bayard for Secretary of State was in deference to the national sentiment of the party that had twice asserted itself in presenting him for the Presidency, and that had made him Mr. Cleveland's chief competitor at Chicago. Senator Bayard, when first summoned to Albany and invited to become the Premier of the incoming Administration, had frankly told Mr. Cleveland that he might consider himself absolved from all obligation to bestow his chief Cabinet honor upon him, and that he would prefer to remain in the Senate. He finally consented, however, to accept the portfolio of State, to the delight of the Diplomatic Corps, who were acquainted with his accomplished wife and daughters, and who looked forward to the enjoyment of their hospitality. He took an early opportunity to publicly declare that he was heartily in favor of civil service reform, and he followed the traditions of the Department of State by retaining the experienced clerks. Mr. Bayard has no appreciation of humor or fondness for political intrigue, and department drudgery would be intolerable to him were it not for his passionate fondness for out-door exercise. A bold horseman, an untiring pedestrian, and enthusiastic angler, and a good swimmer, he preserves his health, and gives close attention to the affairs of his Department.

Mr. Daniel Manning, who was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, had been graduated in boyhood from a printing office, that best of colleges, and had gradually become a reporter, a sub-editor, and finally the sole manager and principal owner of the Albany *Argus*. Devoting all his energies to his business, he was richly rewarded pecuniarily, and under his direction the time-honored "organ" of the Democracy of the Empire State challenged admiration by the boldness and the success of its editorial management. His sagacity as a politician attracted the notice of Mr. Tilden, whose champion he became, and subsequently his untiring efforts in the columns of his paper and at the Chicago Convention did much to secure for Mr. Cleveland the Presidential nomination. His financial experience as President of a national bank was favorably regarded in Wall Street, and his views coincided with those entertained by Mr. Cleveland. Old stagers have detected in him a striking personal resemblance to that sturdy New York Democrat of a former generation, William L. Marcy, except that he wears a moustache, fiercely upturned.

Mr. William C. Endicott, a representative of the worth and intelligence of New England, was appointed Secretary of War. A lawyer by profession, he had been forced by ill health to resign his seat on the State Supreme Bench, and his defeat as the Democratic nominee for Governor of the Bay State gave him a claim on the party for its honors. Prominent in cordially welcoming those who had renounced their party allegiance to vote for Mr. Cleveland, he was the pledged advocate of civil service reform. He is a very handsome man, with long brown hair and moustache, slightly silvered by time.

The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. William C. Whitney, is the son of a famous old Massachusetts "War Horse," who entered upon the practice of law at New York city. He made his professional mark while he was City Corporation Attorney in the prosecution of "Boss Tweed," but his large fortune is the result of successful railroad operations. He is rather youthful in appearance for a man forty-five years of age, rather slenderly built, quick of movement, and with the air of courageous self-reliance that marks a successful and experienced business operator.

Mr. Lucius Quintius Curtius Lamar, the Secretary of the Interior, had taken broader views since the war on national questions than any other Southern leader. The possessor of a well-balanced and highly cultivated intellect, a thorough acquaintance with the theories of Federalism and State Rights, and a varied civil and military experience, Mr. Lamar may well be called a successful molder of public opinion. Some used to regard him as ideal rather than practical, but the business-like manner in which he directed his subordinates dispelled that mistaken idea. His studious habits are shown by his rounded shoulders, and his grizzled long hair, beard, and moustache impart a leonine character to his features.

Postmaster-General William F. Vilas is a native of Vermont, who went to Wisconsin when a lad, became a successful lawyer there, and served gallantly in the Union army during the war. He is probably better versed in the machinery of American politics than any other member of the Cabinet, and he is slowly but surely replacing the Republican incumbents of fifty thousand offices with Democrats. He is a man of showy, brilliant manners, vigorous eloquence, fascinating conversational powers, and an attractive personal appearance.

Mr. Augustus H. Garland, the Attorney-General of the new Administration, took with him from the Senate a high legal and social reputation. His Roman features are clean shaven, his jet black eyes sparkle with intelligence, and his manners are polished, although he rarely mingles in society.

Not of the Cabinet, but the President's confidential adviser, is Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, who, like the Secretary of the Treasury, received his political education in the office of the Albany *Argus*. Colonel Lamont left his editorial chair to become the private secretary of Mr. Cleveland when he became Governor of the State of New York, and has since been his devoted adherent. Slender, with intellectual features and a dark red moustache, which lights up his pale face, Colonel Lamont has the mouth of a

man who is silent and the ears of a man who listens, while the quick glances of his eyes take in what there is to be seen. The possessor of great personal urbanity, always clear-headed, and very reticent, especially concerning the President, he is emphatically "the right man in the right place." He keeps up his Albany habit of calling Mr. Cleveland "Governor," while the President familiarly calls him "Dan." There is no "Kitchen Cabinet" to act as office-brokers and to secure the Executive approval of measures "for a consideration."

At the Cabinet meeting held at the Executive Mansion, the President sits at the head of the Council table, and the members occupy positions as indicated in the accompanying diagram. The Cabinet has no legal existence. Any other official or any individual not holding official position can be called upon by the President to meet with him as a member of his Cabinet, and to consult him on the days in the week designated by him for that purpose. In some Administrations—notably those of Presidents Taylor and Pierce— the members of the Cabinet assumed a power equal to that of the Venetian oligarchy. But Mr. Cleveland has not chosen to act the part of King Log, and right autocratically has he exercised his prerogative.

This habit of personally assuming responsibility has ever characterized Mr. Cleveland. When Mayor of Buffalo and when Governor of New York, he was open to suggestions from those whose judgment he valued, but he was always ready to carry his own full share of responsibility, as he now does in his relations with his chosen advisers of the Cabinet.

[Fascimile] Grover Cleveland GROVER CLEVELAND was born at Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, March 18th, 1837; studied law at Buffalo and commenced practice there; was Mayor of Buffalo, 1882, 1883; was Governor of the State of New York, 1883-1885; was elected President of the United States on the Democratic ticket, November 4th, 1884, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1885.

CHAPTER XLIV. OFFICIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE.

President Cleveland is emphatically a working man. Possessing a strong physique, he industriously devotes his time and his energies to the duties of his office. Gentle in his strength, unobtrusive in his modesty, and unswerved by partisan clamor, he endeavors to do what he—from his personal and political standpoint—regards as right. He is above medium height, quite stout, and rather sluggish in his movement. He is of the Teutonic type—blonde, with ruddy color. His head is large, with a broad forehead, deeply set blue eyes, a large, straight nose, with vigorous nostrils, and a firm mouth, partly shaded by a drooping light mustache. He generally wears a frock coat, buttoned up so high that only an inch or so of his shirt bosom is visible, with a slight black cravat encircling a standing collar. In conversing with strangers, he generally stands with his hands clasped behind him, and when he thinks that he has heard enough from the person addressing him he brings his hands forward.

The President rises early, shaves himself, dresses without assistance, and then reads the newspapers until breakfast time. From the breakfast-table he goes to the library, an oval-shaped room in the second story of the White House, with large windows at one end commanding a fine southern view, with Alexandria and Arlington in the background. The room is partially lined with book-cases, and the furniture is upholstered with red leather, while in the centre of the room, near the windows, is the President's desk. It was presented by Queen Victoria, and was made from the oaken timbers of the Resolute, which was sent to the Arctic regions by the British Government in search of Sir John Franklin, abandoned in the ice, saved by American whalers, and restored to the British Government by the United States. On this desk the many papers before the President are methodically arranged, and he never has to waste time in hunting for mislaid letters.

The morning mail first passes through the hands of Colonel Lamont, who lays before the President such letters as require instructions as to the replies to be made. Mr. Cleveland answers many of his private letters himself, writing with great rapidity and not always very legibly. At ten o'clock visitors begin to arrive, Senators and Representatives claiming precedence over all others. A few of the Congressmen escort constituents who merely desire to pay their respects, but the greater portion of them—Republicans as well as Democrats—have some "axe to grind," some favor to ask, or some appointment to urge.

At one o'clock the President goes down-stairs to lunch, and on his way to the private dining-room passes through the East Room to see the sovereign people congregated there. There are queer mosaics of humanity at these daily impromptu receptions, generally including a few persistent place-hunters, who are invariably referred to the heads of Departments; several bridal couples in new clothes; an old Bourbon in a shiny black dress-coat, who "has voted for every Democratic President, sir, since the days of Jackson;" half a dozen commercial drummers—travelers, I mean—with their pockets full of samples, and three or four fond mothers, whose children invariably forget to speak the complimentary little piece taught them. The President wastes no time, but goes along the line like an old- fashioned beau

dancing the grand right and left figure in a cotillion, and then goes to his luncheon.

Two days in the week, when there is a Cabinet meeting, the reception in the East Room is held at noon, or omitted. After luncheon, the President returns to his desk and works there steadily until five o'clock, unless some one calls who cannot be refused an audience. None of his predecessors have ever weighed the qualifications and claims of candidates for Federal appointment with such painstaking care as has Mr. Cleveland. He has carefully read the recommendations in every case, and, after such investigation as it has been possible for him to make into the character and antecedents of the rival applicants, he has made his appointments.

At five o'clock the President takes a drive, although the carriage is often sent back to the stable that the examination of the papers in some case may be finished that day. Dinner is served at seven, and by half-past eight the President is at work again, often remaining at his desk until midnight. But then he leaves his cares behind him. When asked if he ever carried the work to bed with him, as many men of a nervous organization would do, he replied: "No! I generally fall asleep without any difficulty. I generally am asleep as soon as I am fairly in bed, and never wake until morning."

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, one of the President's sisters, presided over the domestic arrangements of the White House after the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. She is a lady of literary tastes, and under her direction the routine of receptions and dinners was carefully continued. On these occasions the floral decorations were remarkably elegant, and there was a profusion of palms, India rubber plants, roses, azalias, tulips, hyacinths, and growing orchids.

The first state dinner was given in honor of the Cabinet. At each end of the long table were ornaments of white wax. At the eastern end the figures upholding three fancy molds of jellied *pate de foie gras* were white swans, with outspread wings, under the shelter of which rested a brood of snowy young ones. At the opposite end of the table the figures were those of eagles, while the *pates de foie gras* arranged above on horseshoes were little square blocks, attached to the horseshoes by means of silver skewers, with ornamental hilts. Interspersed the length of the board were glass and silver stands of conserves, bonbons, and salted almonds. The service used at the first course was that especially decorated for the White House during the Hayes Administration. At each plate were set six Bohemian wine-glasses, a cut-glass carafe, tumbler, and champagne glass. Salt-sellers of cut-glass, with golden shovels, and silver pepper-stands were beside these. On each plate was folded a large damask napkin, on the top of which rested a bouquet of roses and ferns, tied with a broad white satin ribbon, on one end of which, running bias, were painted the colors of the Union. On the other end was an etching in black and white of the White House and surrounding shrubbery, while underneath, in gilt lettering, was "Jan. 14, 1886." Gilt bullet-headed pins, to attach the bouquet to the corsage, lay beside these, while above lay a large white card bearing the name of the guest assigned to the seat. Above the name of the guests, blazoned in gold, was the American eagle, above whose head, through a cluster of stars, was the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." At the plates laid for the gentlemen were *boutonnieres* of green, with a single Bon Silene rosebud. Miss Cleveland had a corsage bouquet of pink roses; Miss Bayard, who occupied the seat to the right of the President, Perie du Jardin roses, and Mrs. Manning, who sat to the left, lilies of the valley and ferns.

The guests assembled in the East Room, and when dinner was announced as served, passed down the corridor, the Marine Band performing selections from the "Mikado," and entered the state dining-room in the following order: President Cleveland and Miss Bayard, who wore a trained dress of pink silk, the front of which was white lace; Secretary Whitney and Mrs. Vilas, who wore a blue silk dress; Senator Edmunds and Mrs. McCullough, who wore cream satin and lace; Senator Harris and Mrs. Edward Cooper, who wore white satin, with side panels embroidered in gold and silver; General Sheridan and Mrs. Endicott, who wore a court train of black velvet over a pink satin petticoat, with point lace flounces; Secretary Bayard and Mrs. Whitney, who wore white cut velvet, trimmed with clusters of ostrich tips. Postmaster-General Vilas and Mrs. Sheridan, who wore sky-blue silk, with front brocaded in roses; Mr. Speaker Carlisle and Mrs. Edmunds, who wore black velvet; Mr. McCullough and Miss Weddell, who wore white brocaded satin; Secretary Lamar and Mrs. Carlisle, who wore gold-flowered brocade, with front of network of iridescent beading; Admiral Rogers and Mrs. D. Willis James, who wore cardinal velvet with court train, over a white satin and lace petticoat; Hon. Edward Cooper, of New York, and Miss Love, who wore white satin, with black velvet train; Mrs. D. Willis James, of New York, and Mrs. Utley, who wore white satin brocade; Secretary Manning and Miss Cleveland, who wore a gown of white satin, with court train of white plush.

Miss Cleveland had her afternoon receptions, and she also gave several luncheon parties to ladies, at which her temperance principles were exemplified. At the first of these luncheon parties Miss Cleveland graciously received her guests in a morning dress of pink surah silk, with a high-necked bodice and panels of ruby velvet, trimmed with white lace, and Miss Van Vechten, an inmate of the White House, wore a walking-dress of dark blue velvet, with a vest of light blue silk, trimmed with blue

steel beads. Nearly all of the ladies wore walking-dresses and bonnets, although a few were in the evening attire that they would have worn to a dinner-party. Mrs. Warner Miller wore a bronze-green Ottoman silk with panels of cardinal plush; Mrs. Potter (the amateur actress) wore a bright green Ottoman silk short dress, with a tight-fitting jacket of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered; Mrs. John A. Logan wore a dress of peacock-blue satin, trimmed with blue brocade; Mrs. Marshal Roberts wore a brown velvet dress, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer a black satin dress trimmed with jet. The repast was an abbreviated dinner, daintily served, but in the place of seven kinds of wine there were served iced Potomac water, Apollinaris water and lemonade.

Miss Cleveland talks very much as she writes, and those who have enjoyed her *Summer Hours* can imagine the bright staccato strain of her conversation. She seemed when in the White House to be always longing for what she used to call her "little old house on the Holland Patent, with the village on the one side and the hills on the other." She remarked one day to a lady visitor: "I wish that I could observe Washington life in its political phase; but I suppose I am too near the centre to get an accurate perspective on that. Those who live on Mount Athos do not see Mount Athos."

Society was saddened early in the fashionable season of 1886 by the sudden death of Secretary Bayard's eldest daughter, a young lady whose personal attractions, gifted intellect, and quick wit endeared her to a large circle of devoted friends. A fortnight later, the bereaved father was deprived by death of his wife, a lady of gracious presence and refined disposition, who was the mother of twelve children, eight of whom survived her. These sad events closed the pleasant home of the *Premier* on Highland Terrace, greatly to the regret of the diplomats and others, who loved to congregate there.

Prominent among the wives of the members of the Cabinet was Mrs. Whitney, the only daughter of Senator Harry B. Payne, of Ohio, whose unstinted expenditures have made her house in Washington, like her other residences, noted for their hospitality. The residence of Secretary Manning, with its drawing-room fitted up in the Louis XVI. style, is palatial, while those who visit the home of the Secretary of War admire the quiet style of its furniture and the rare old family silver on its table.

The death of Vice-President Hendricks removed an official around whom the disaffected Democrats could have crystallized into a formidable opposition. Believing as he did, that he had been defrauded of the office of Vice-President by the Electoral Commission in 1876, he regarded his election in 1884 as a triumphant vindication of his rights, and he was not disposed to have the position longer regarded as "like the fifth wheel of a coach." He made no secret of his opposition to civil service reform and to his Indiana rival, ex-Senator McDonald, against whose appointment to a place in the Cabinet he formally protested. Perhaps a social antagonism between Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Hendricks had something to do with this.

Vice-President Hendricks was slightly lame, from a singular cause. He spoke in public a great deal in the Presidential campaign of 1882, and while speaking he was in the habit of bending forward on the tip of his right foot, resting his entire weight upon it. From the pressure of his right shoe a swelling arose on one of his toes, shortly after he reached home after making a speech at Newcastle, Indiana. In twenty-four hours erysipelas developed, and it was only after an illness of six months that he recovered. But he always afterward was somewhat lame, especially when he was fatigued.

[Facsimile] T. A. Hendricks THOMAS ANDREWS HENDRICKS was born in Muskingum County, Ohio, September 7th, 1849; was taken when three years of age to Indiana, where he studied law and practiced; was a Representative in Congress from Indiana, 1851-1855; was Commissioner of the General Land Office, 1855-1859; was United States Senator from Indiana, 1863- 1869; was Governor of Indiana, 1872-1877; was nominated for Vice- President on the Democratic ticket at St. Louis in 1876, and was defeated; was again nominated for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket at Chicago in 1884, and was elected; was inaugurated March 4th, 1885, and died at Indianapolis, November 25th, 1885.

CHAPTER XLV. THE FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

The first session of the Forty-ninth Congress was commenced on the 7th of December, 1885. The Republicans had a majority in the Senate, but it was understood that they would not oppose the Administration in a factious way, but would insist upon having the reasons for the removals of Republican officials and the appointment of Democrats in their places. The President, on the other hand, intimated that he should assert all his prerogatives. A number of the Democratic Senators were not happy, and asked each other whether they had dragged their weary way out of the wilderness to the top of a civil service Mount Pisgah only to gaze upon the promised land, there to see the pleasant pastures and shady groves of official life, without being permitted to enjoy them.

John Sherman was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate. Although he had twice lost the Republican nomination for the Presidency by the treachery of Ohio politicians, he had not "sulked in his

tent," but had done all in his power to carry that State for Garfield and then for Blaine. It was understood that Senator Edmunds had resigned in his favor all claims to the Presidency of the Senate, and he was elected by the full party vote, thirty-four against twenty-nine. He stated in his brief inaugural speech that he should endeavor to enforce the rules with impartiality, ascertaining, if possible, the sense of the majority, and giving to the minority its full constitutional rights and protection.

There was a prolonged and acrimonious debate in the Senate, called the third battle of Bull Run, as it related to the conduct of Fitz John Porter in the second battle. One day Senator Plumb, of Kansas, declared that the attempt to reinstate Porter was the beginning of an attempt to re-write the history of the Union army, and to put that which was disloyal and unfaithful above that which was loyal and faithful. "This," said Mr. Plumb, "was our quarrel, if quarrel it was, and the other side ought to refrain from voting on it."

This roused Senator Butler, of South Carolina, who had served as a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, and he, in sharp tones, protested against what Mr. Plumb had said, denouncing it as "absolutely and entirely and unqualifiedly untrue. And, sir," he went on to say, "if it were in another form I would pronounce it as false and cowardly." He concluded by declaring that he did not believe Fitz John Porter was a traitor. He did not believe that he deserted his colors, and believing that, he should vote to reinstate him. "Ah!" quietly remarked Mr. Plumb, "I knew all that before the Senator arose." "Then," retorted Mr. Butler, "I hope the Senator will stop his insinuations." To this Mr. Plumb replied, "As the Senator has not restrained himself from making a somewhat lively speech here, I hope he will not feel under any restraint elsewhere."

Senator Butler was by that time thoroughly enraged, and, advancing toward the Senator from Kansas, he exclaimed: "I can say this to the Senator, that if he were to indulge in just such sentiments and expressions elsewhere as he has, he would be very likely to hear from me." "Oh! Mr. President," cooly remarked Mr. Plumb, "we hear a great many things in these days. There are signs and portents, and all that sort of thing. It is just what the Senator has said that I was commenting upon; that, while the men who served in the Union army and the Northern people were divided to some extent on this question affecting the honor, the good name, the faithfulness, and the loyalty of one of their own soldiers, no Confederate soldier had any doubt upon the subject, but voted *nem. con.* that he was not guilty."

A few moments later, Mr. Plumb said he has just been informed that the President had vetoed a bill giving a pension of fifty dollars a month to the widow of Major-General Hunter, who had been presiding officer of the court-martial that had tried Fitz John Porter. That seemed a fitting accompaniment for the passage of the Fitz John Porter Bill. But the loyal people of the country would see to it that Mrs. Hunter did not suffer. The debate then lagged, and in a few minutes the vote was reached and the bill was passed.

The champion of President Cleveland in the Senate was Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, the son of a respectable citizen of Washington and the grandson of an Irishman. Educated at the public schools in Howard County, Maryland, he was appointed, when thirteen years of age, a page in the Senate of the United States. Prompt, truthful, and attentive to whatever was entrusted to him, he was gradually promoted until he became the Senate Postmaster. Among his warmest friends was Andrew Johnson, and when he was removed from office because he always spoke well of the President, Mr. Johnson appointed him Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of Maryland, which place he held until the Grant Administration came into power. Entering into Maryland politics, and thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary law, he was elected Speaker of the House of Delegates, and afterward State Senator. When forty years of age he was elected United States Senator, defeating William Pinckney Whyte, who was the representative of the aristocratic element in Maryland. This element at once commenced a merciless warfare against Mr. Gorman, but he was in no wise daunted, and he has been re-elected by a large majority. He is rather an under-sized, squarely built man, with jet-black hair, a Roman nose, a clean-shaven face, very dark blue eyes, and a decisive manner. He is noted for his fidelity to his friends, and at the same time he often forgives those who have shamefully treated him, but who come to ask favors of him. He did much toward securing the election of Mr. Cleveland as President, and he has had the satisfaction of seeing that what he did has been fully appreciated at the White House.

Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, another stanch defender of President Cleveland, was the youngest Senator when he took his seat, but he had served three terms in the House of Representatives and was chosen for a fourth term when he was elected to the seat formerly occupied by Henry G. Davis. He is a tall, thick-set man, with a full, clean-shaven face, blue eyes, chestnut hair, rather inclined to curl. He is negligent in his dress and rather slow in the utterance of his sentences, as he speaks extemporaneously, what he says, however, is always to the point at issue.

General Charles F. Manderson is one of the ablest among the younger Senators on the Republican side of the Chamber. A native of Pennsylvania, he commenced the practice of law in Ohio, but went into the Union army, where he fought gallantly, receiving severe wounds. After peace was declared he migrated to the young State of Nebraska, whose interests he carefully looks after while he participates in general legislation, especially military affairs and printing. He is of medium height, compactly built, with bright eyes and a well-modulated voice.

Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, is the young orator of the Senate. Slender in form, and not of commanding presence, he has a well- modulated voice, and his words are always well chosen. Whatever he says is characterized by depth of reflection and purity of style, and he is fearlessly independent in the expression of his ideas.

General McCook, the Secretary of the Senate, taking a wife, it became necessary, in accordance with the traditions of that body, to make him a wedding present. The Quaker Senator, Jonathan Chace, of Rhode Island, was one of a committee appointed to collect the contributions for a gift to General McCook, and he began to solicit donations while the Senate was in session, which made it necessary for him to speak low, and, perhaps, somewhat indistinctly. No sooner had be interviewed Mr. Dolph, of Oregon, than that Senator, leaving his seat, went out into the cloak-room, where sat several of the upper house, enjoying their cigars and a chat. "Well," said Mr. Dolph, as he joined them, "I have been called upon, since I have been in public life, to contribute to all sorts of enterprises and for all sorts of purposes, but I just had a request that beats any demand I have ever had made upon my pocket-book." "What was it?" asked the Senators, in a body. "Why," replied Mr. Dolph, "Friend Chace just came to me, and in a mysterious way said that his cook was about to be married, and that he wanted to have me subscribe to a testimonial to her. What in—" but here his auditors broke out in roars of laughter, in which Mr. Dolph joined when he saw his mistake. It was not the cook of Friend Chace who was to receive a wedding testimonial, but handsome Aaron McCook, the Secretary of the Senate.

The House of Representatives, in which the Democrats had a good working majority, re-elected Mr. Speaker Carlisle, with nearly all of the old officers. The only real contest was over the Chaplainship. Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, presented as his candidate the Rev. W. H. Milburn, known as the blind preacher, who received ninety votes against eighty-two for all the other candidates, and was elected.

John Griffin Carlisle, Speaker of the House, is a thorough parliamentarian, who rises above party lines in his rulings and is the model of courtesy in the chair. The clearness and the fairness with which he states a question to the House has never been equaled, and his ready recollection of precedents is wonderfully accurate. He is the fourth Kentuckian who has wielded the Speaker's gavel, Henry Clay having been elected again and again, while Linn Boyd, a veteran Representative, occupied the Speaker's chair for four years. John White, of Kentucky, was also Speaker for one term, but when it was ascertained that an eloquent address delivered by him at the close of a session had been pirated from one delivered by Aaron Burr on vacating the chair of the Senate, he was mercilessly ridiculed and committed suicide.

Another able Kentuckian in the House is William C. P. Breckinridge, of Lexington, who has inherited the brilliant oratorical powers of his father, the Rev. Dr. Robert C. Breckinridge, and of his uncle, Vice-President John C. Breckinridge. He is a model of venerable, manly beauty, his snow-white hair and beard bringing out in strong relief his ruddy complexion, while his large blue eyes gleam with forensic fire.

In the "gift enterprise" of seats, a New York Representative, Mr. Stahlnecker, drew the first prize and selected a seat in the third row from the front. Mr. Hiscock, who is always observed by all observers, had, with Mr. Hewitt, to content themselves with seats in the outside row. The seat of the patriarchal Judge Kelley was protected by his hat, and no one appropriated it until his name was called, when he again resumed his old place. General Robert Smalls, the coal-black Representative from South Carolina, was the object of much interest as he stepped forward to select his seat, and all necks were craned to get a view of New York's Republican standard-bearer when a scholarly, refined-looking gentleman responded to the name of Ira Davenport. Of course, all strangers wanted to see the indefatigable Randall, the economical Holman, the free- trader Morrison, the Greenback Weaver and the argentive Bland, the eloquent McKinley, the sarcastic Reed, the sluggish Hiscock, and the caustic-tongued Butterworth. Old stagers who remembered the shrunken, diminutive form of Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, could but smile when they saw his successor, Major Barnes, who weighs at least three hundred pounds.

The lobby is a quiet but efficient part of Congressional machinery. Scores of bills are considered and passed during every session, each involving thousands of dollars, and those having them in charge do not feel like turning a deaf ear to any one who can promise support. An occasional investigation reveals the work of ex- Congressmen, who hover about the Capitol like birds of prey, and of correspondents so

scantily paid by the journals with which they are connected that they are forced to prostitute their pens. But the most adroit lobbyists belong to the gentler sex. Some of them are the widows of officers of the army or navy, other the daughters of Congressmen of a past generation, and others have drifted from home localities, where they have found themselves the subjects of scandalous comments. They are retained with instructions to exert their influence with designated Congressmen. Sometimes the Congressmen are induced to vote aye on a certain measure; sometimes to vote no, and it often occurs that where the lobbyist cannot make an impression on them, one way or the other, they will endeavor to keep them away from the House when the roll is called.

To enable them to do their work well, they have pleasant parlors, with works of art and bric-a-brac donated by admirers. Every evening they receive, and in the winter their blazing wood fires are often surrounded by a distinguished circle. Some treat favored guests to a game of euchre, and as midnight approaches there is always an adjournment to the dining-room, where a choice supper is served. A cold game pie, broiled oysters, charmingly mixed salad, and one or two light dishes generally constitute the repast, with iced champagne or Burgundy at blood heat. Who can blame the Congressman for leaving the bad cooking of his hotel or boarding- house, with the absence of all home comforts, to walk into the parlor web which the cunning spider-lobbyist weaves for him?

[Facsimile] Fredk T. Frelinghuysen FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN was born at Millstown, New Jersey, August 4th, 1817; graduated at Rutgers College in 1836; was Attorney- General of the State of New Jersey, 1861-1866; was United States Senator, 1866-1869, and again 1871-1877; was Secretary of State under President Arthur, December 12th, 1881 - March 4th, 1885; died at Newark, N. J., May 20th, 1885.

CHAPTER XLVI. THE PRESIDENT'S WEDDING.

President Cleveland was married at the White House at seven o'clock on the 2d of June, 1886, to Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of his former law partner. Since the historic mansion had been occupied there had been eight marriages within its walls, but for the first time a President of the United States was the bridegroom. The day had been unpleasant, but in the afternoon it cleared off, and the sunbeams flittered through the foliage of the trees. Only a few relatives of the bride and high officials were invited, but a large crowd assembled around the door of the White House, where they could only hear the music of the Marine Band when the ceremony was commenced. At the same time a Presidential salute was fired from the Arsenal, and the church-bells chimed merry peals.

The state apartments at the White House were profusely decked with flowers, nodding palms, and tropical grasses. The crystal chandeliers poured a flood of light upon the scene, and the warm and glowing colors of the masses of scarlet begonias and jacqueminot roses mingled with the bright tints of the frescoed walls and ceilings. The open fire-places were filled with colias and small pink flowers, while on the mantels were large plaques of pansies bearing appropriate mottoes.

Precisely at seven o'clock the Marine Band struck up Mendelssohn's Wedding-March, and the President came slowly down the staircase with his bride leaning on his arm. They were unaccompanied —even the bride's mother awaited her coming. The bride wore a train four yards in length. Attached to the lower side of the train on the left was a scarf of soft, white India silk, looped high, and forming an overskirt, which was bordered on the edge with orange-blossoms. Across the bodice were full folds of muslin, edged with orange- blossoms. Long gloves were worn to meet the short sleeves. The bridal veil was of white silk tulle, five yards in length, fastened on the head with orange-blossoms, and falling to the end of the beautiful train, which, as the bride stood with bowed head beside the President, lay far behind her on the floor. Her only jewelry as a superb diamond necklace, the President's wedding present, and an engagement-ring containing a sapphire and two diamonds.

President Cleveland wore an evening dress of black, with a small turned-down collar, and a white lawn necktie; a white rose was fastened to the lapel of his coat. The bridal couple turned to the right as they entered the Blue Parlor from the long hall, and faced the officiating clergyman, Rev. Dr. Sunderland, who immediately commenced the ceremony in accordance with the usages of the Presbyterian Church.

After the couple had pledged their troth the President placed a wedding-ring upon the bride's finger, and Dr. Sunderland then pronounced them man and wife, with the injunction: "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The Rev. Mr. Cleveland, a brother of the bridegroom, then stepped forward and concluded the ceremony with an invocation of blessing upon the pair.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride's mother, Mrs. Folsom, was the first to tender her congratulations. She was followed by Miss Cleveland and the other relatives and friends in turn. Then the band struck up the march from Lohengrin, and the President and his wife led the way through the

East Room to the family dining- room, where the wedding supper was served. The decorations were of an elaborate character. A mirror in the centre of the table represented a lake, on which was a full-rigged ship, made of pinks, roses, and pansies. The national colors floated over the mainmast, and small white flags, with the monogram "C. F." in golden letters, hung from the other masts. The guests were not seated, but stood up and enjoyed the croquets, game, salads, ices, and creams. The health of the bride and bridegroom was pledged in iced champagne. Each guest received a box of cardboard, containing a white satin box filled with wedding cake five inches long by two broad and two deep. On the cover the date was hand-painted in colors, and a card affixed bore the autograph signature of Grover Cleveland and Frances Folsom, which they had written the previous afternoon.

At a quarter-past eight the President and his wife left the supper- room and soon reappeared in traveling dress. He wore his usual black frock business suit, and she a traveling dress of deep gray silk, with a large gray hat lined with velvet and crowned with ostrich feathers. They left the back door of the White House amid a shower of rice and old slippers, and were driven to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where they took a special train for Deer Park.

[Facsimile] B. Sunderland BYRON SUNDERLAND was born at Shoreham, Vermont, November 22d, 1819; was graduated from Middlebury College in the class of '38; taught school for two years at Port Henry, New York; was a student at the Union Theological Seminary for two years and a half; was licensed to preach and was ordained in 1848 pastor of the Presbyterian church at Batavia, New York, where he remained for eight years; received a call to the Park Church at Syracuse, and was its pastor until the close of 1852; became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Washington in 1853, and has occupied its pulpit since, except from August, '64, to January, '86, when he was temporarily absent in charge of the American Chapel at Paris, France. From 1861 to 1864 he was Chaplain of the United States Senate, and resigned on account of failing health.

CHAPTER XLVII. A SUMMING-UP OF SIXTY YEARS.

The progress of Washington City during the past sixty years—1827- 1887—has been phenomenal. The United States of America, then twenty-four in number, now number thirty-eight, bound together by iron bands, then unknown, while the telegraph and the telephone add their usefulness to that of the railroads. Domestic rebellion showed itself, to be overthrown only after a struggle in which the courage and endurance of the North and the South were equally demonstrated. The teeming population of Europe has overflowed into every section of the Republic where wealth is to be won by enterprise and industry. The fertile prairies of the far West not only supply the inhabitants of the Eastern States with food, but they export large quantities of meat and of grain. The workshops and factories resound with the whir of wheels and the hum of well-paid labor, which, in turn, furnishes a market for agricultural and horticultural products. There has been of late a fomentation of ill-feeling and jealously between classes dependent upon each other, and both equally valuable to the nation. But, on the whole, it is impossible to deny that the United States is a free, a prosperous, and a happy country.

The national metropolis has, during these past sixty years, enjoyed peaceful progress. In 1827 the population of the entire District of Columbia was less than seventy-five thousand, of whom sixty-one thousand were inhabitants of the city of Washington; now the population of the District is two hundred and three thousand, and that of Washington is about one hundred and fifty thousand. The increase of wealth has been even greater than the increase of population. Then there was not a paved street, and it was often difficult to extract carriages from mud-holes in the principal thoroughfares; now there are many miles of stone and asphalt street pavements, shaded by thousands of forest trees. Then there were twenty-four churches, now there are over two hundred. Then there were no public schools for white children that amounted to much, and it was forbidden by law to teach colored children, now there are scores of schools, with their hundreds of teachers, and twenty- six thousand six hundred and ninety-six pupils in the white schools, and eleven thousand six hundred and forty pupils in the colored schools—thirty-eight thousand three hundred and thirty-six pupils in all. The streets, then dark at night when the moon did not shine, are now illuminated by electricity and gas. The public reservations are ornamented with shrubs and flowers, while numerous statues of the heroes and the statesmen of the country are to be seen in different parts of the city.

That the tone of society has been wonderfully improved during the past sixty years the earlier chapters of this book bear testimony. Duels and personal encounters are no longer witnessed at the national metropolis, and yet our legislators have not grown craven- hearted, nor do they lack indomitable energy and sound judgment. Neither is it true that Congress has become demoralized by railroad speculations, or degraded by the influence of shoddy, although the war subjected its members greatly to these influences, and some succumbed to them.

When the silver-toned trumpets of peace proclaimed the close of hostilities, Washington suffered

from the laxity of morals and corruption attendant upon the presence of a great army of soldiers and a more unscrupulous legion of contractors. "I have seen," said Senator Hoar, on the impeachment of Secretary Belknap before the Senate, "the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House, rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of the three Committees of Congress, two of the House and one here, that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in the highest places the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public offices that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge."

The time was when the "Rex Vestiari," as the King of the Lobby styled himself, on a silver cup which he impudently presented to a retiring Speaker, had no difficulty in assembling the leading Congressmen and prominent diplomats around his table to enjoy his exquisite repasts. But there has come a more vigorous code of morality, and society is now rarely disgraced by the presence of these scoundrels.

The tone of the political newspapers of the country has greatly changed since the Democratic organ at Philadelphia, then the seat of Government, thanked God, on the morning of Washington's retirement from the Presidential chair, that the country was now rid of the man who was the source of all its misfortunes. The Federal newspapers at Washington City denounced President Jefferson for his degraded immorality, and copied the anathemas hurled against him from the New England pulpits as an atheist and a satyr. The letters written from Washington to newspapers in other cities used often to be vehicles of indecent abuse, and once one of the caused a duel between two Representatives, which resulted in the death of Mr. Cilley, of Maine. While there is less vituperation and vulgar personal abuse by journalists of those "in authority," the pernicious habit of "interviewing" is a dangerous method of communication between our public men and the people. The daily and weekly press of Washington will compare favorably with that of any other city in the Union.

A sad feature of Washington life is the legion of Congressional claimants, who come here session after session, and too often grow old and destitute while unsuccessfully prosecuting before Congress a claim which is just, but in some respects irregular. These ruined suitors, threadbare and slipshod, begging or borrowing their daily bread, recall Charles Dickens' portraiture of the Jarndyce *vs*. Jarndyce Chancery suite, which had become so complicated that no one alive knew what it meant. The French spoilation claims that were being vigorously prosecuted in 1827 are yet undetermined in 1886. None of the original claimants survive, but they have left heirs and legatees, executors and assignees, who have perennially presented their cases, and who are now indulging in high hopes of success. Government, after more than fourscore years of unjustifiable procrastination, is at last having the claims adjudicated, and in time the heirs of the long-suffering holders will be paid.

Up to the commencement of the great Rebellion, Washington was socially a Southern city, and although there have since been immigrations from the Northeast and the Northwest, with the intermediate regions, the foundation layer sympathizes with those who have returned from "Dixie" to control society and direct American politics. Many of those known as the "old families" lost their property by the emancipation of their slaves, and are rarely seen in public, unless one of the Virginia Lees or the daughter of Jefferson Davis comes to Washington, when they receive the representatives of "the Lost Cause" with every possible honor. There are but few large cities at the South, and intelligent people from that section enjoy the metropolis, where they are more at home than in the bustling commercial centres of the North, and where their provincialisms and customs are soon replaced by the quiet conventialities and courtesies of modern civilization. There are a few of the old camp-followers here who perfected their vices while wearing "the blue" or "the gray," and they occasionally indulge in famous revels, when, to use one of their old army phrases, they "paint the town red."

Washington society does not all centre around the Capitol, or in the legal circle that clusters around the Supreme Court, on in the Bureaucracy, where vigor of brains atones for a lack of polish, or among the diplomats, worshiped by the young women and envied by the young men. Vulgar people who amass fortunes by successful gambling in stocks, pork, or grain can attain a great deal of cheap newspaper notoriety for their social expenditures here, and some men of distinction can be attracted to their houses by champagne and terrapin, but their social existence is a mere sham, like their veneered furniture and their plated spoons.

Meanwhile, Washington, from a new settlement of provincial insignificance, has become the scientific and literary, as well as the political capital of the Union. Unfitted by its situation or its surroundings for

either commerce or manufactures, the metropolis is becoming, like ancient Athens, a great school of philosophy, history, archaeology, and the fine arts. The nucleus of scientific and literary operations is the Smithsonian Institution, which, under the direction of Professor Spencer F. Baird, reflects high honor upon its generous founder, and is in fact what he intended it should be—an institution "to increase and diffuse knowledge among men."

In the National Museum there is a judicious admixture of the past and present, and still more, happily blending with these, are not only the wonders of the vegetable and floral kingdom, but of those geological, zoological, and ethnological marvels which it is the privilege of this age to have brought to light and classified. It is not only the storehouse of the results of scientific expeditions fitted out by the United States, but the depository of the contributions of foreign nations, which added so much to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. The work of the United States Fish Commission is too well known to require description, and is of itself well worth a journey to Washington. Then there are the museums of the State, the War, and the Navy Departments, with that of the Department of Agriculture and the Army Medical Museum.

The Observatory, with its magnificent instruments for astronomical purposes, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and the Naval Hydrographic Bureau, each with its stores of maps and charts; the Bureau of Education, the Indian Office, the General Land Office, and the Geological Survey are all scientific institutions of acknowledged position. The Corcoran Art Gallery, and the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Colleges, with their law and medical schools, add to the scientific and artistic attractions of the capital, while the facilities afforded by the Congressional and other libraries for study and research are of such a superior character that many men engaged in scientific pursuits have been attracted here from other sections.

There are also in Washington the Philosophical, the Anthropological, and the Biological Societies, devoted to general scientific investigation, and at the Cosmos Club the scientists develop the social side of their natures. The house long occupied by Mrs. Madison has been fitted up by the Club, the membership of which includes about all of the prominent scientific men in the city, and it is said that there are more men of distinction in science in Washington than in any other city in the country.

L'ENVOI

It is not without regret that I lay down my pen, and cease work on the Reminiscences of Sixty Years, of my life. As I remarked in the Preface, my great difficulty has been what to select from the masses of literary material concerning the national metropolis that I have accumulated during the past six decades, and put away in diaries, scrap-books, correspondence with the press, and note-books. Many important events have been passed over more lightly than their importance warranted, while others have been wholly ignored. But I trust that I have given my readers a glance at the most salient features of Life in Washington, as I have actually seen it, without indulging in sycophantic flattery of men, or glossing over the unpleasant features of events. "Paint me as I am," said Cromwell, and I have endeavored to portray the Federal Metropolis as I have seen it.

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