




Grand Army Souvenir

1892



Wm. B. Cutler

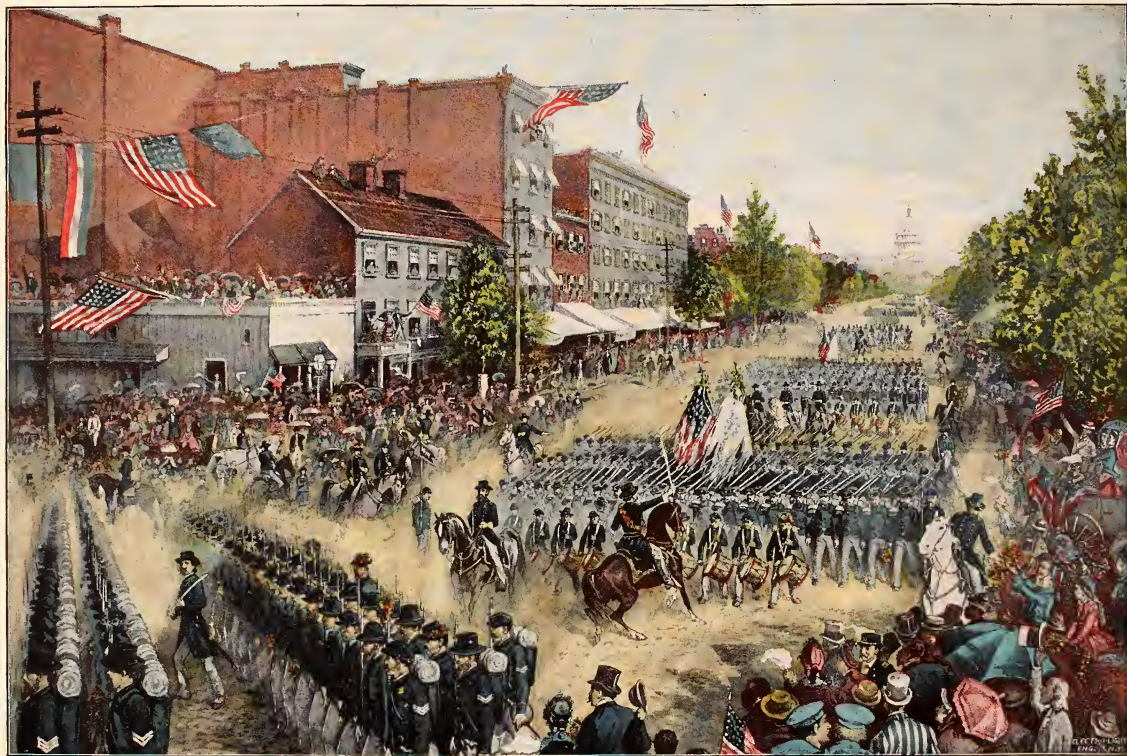




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THE GRAND REVIEW OF 1865.

A GLIMPSE
OF WASHINGTON
IN 1892

WITH
PICTORIAL RECOLLECTIONS
OF SOME OF THE BATTLES FOR ITS
PRESERVATION

· SOUVENIR · OF · THE ·
· TWENTY · SIXTH · ENCAMPMENT · OF · THE ·
· GRAND · ARMY · OF · THE · REPUBLIC ·
· BEGINNING · SEPTEMBER · 20 · 1892 ·

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THE CAPITOL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
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NEW YORK.



WELCOME!

Under victorious arches comes the sound of marching feet.

The bellowing cannon wakes the morn!

'Tis a welcome to the men whose narrowing lines, whose broken ranks, grow thinner day by day; the men whose graves increase in countless number; the men who come to the Capitol of the Nation they saved!

Welcome! thrice welcome to the Grand Army of the Republic.

Farmers from the harvest fields, delvers from the mines, lumbermen from the forests, school-boys from the primaries, men, older and younger—ah! how many are left of them? The heroes of eighteen-sixty-one and sixty-five! But their survivors are here. They are welcome!

For four long, weary years the dust and dirt and mud of our great National thoroughfare, through which every President from Washington down has ridden to our Capitoline heights to swear allegiance to our Constitution, historical Pennsylvania Avenue, was the *Via Sacra* of America, its echoes awakened only by the rumble of long trains of army-wagons, the weary tread of plodding troops, or the cruel and melancholy lines of groaning ambulances.

After that!

In the sunshine of two bright and glorious May mornings resounded the tramp! tramp! tramp!—the trained martial and elastic step of the triumphant armies of Grant and Sherman.

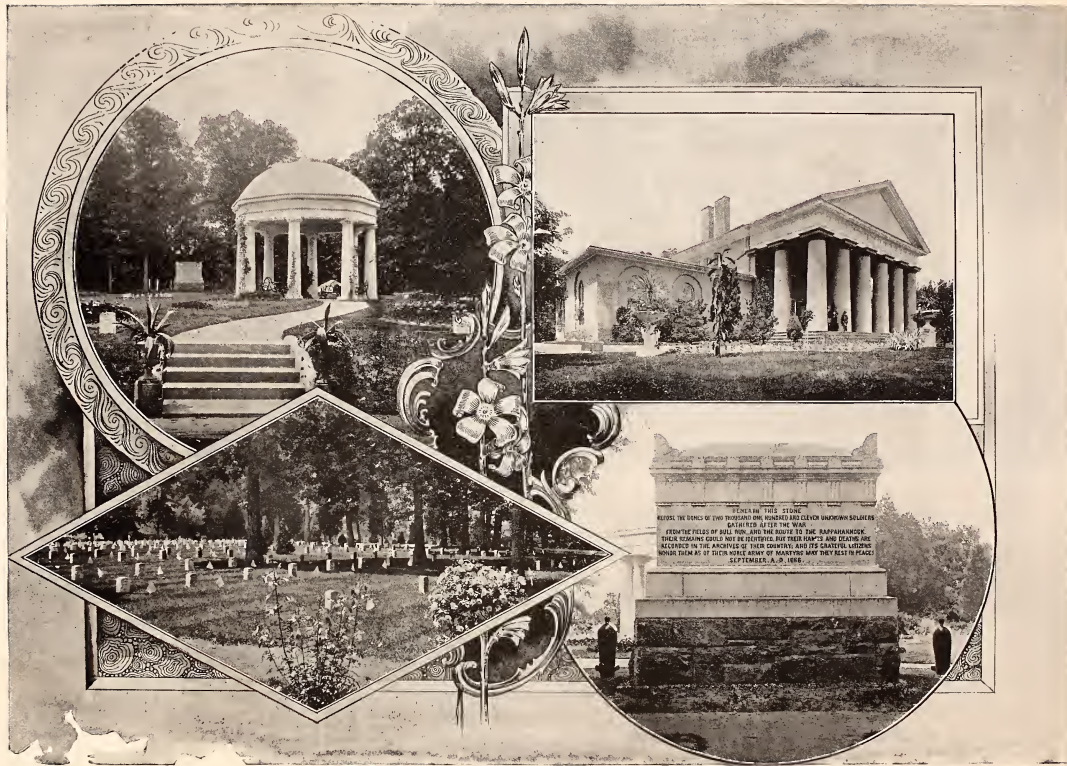
It was the Grand Review!

The men who withstood the battle-harvests, where the sheaves of life were bound with ties of blood, and who have baffled in these later days of peace and fraternity the affliction of wounds and the encroachment of advancing years, are here to march again, to keep step over the same classic way; to keep step to the music of the Union.

Welcome!! Welcome!! Welcome!!

As they march, the spirit of their departed comrades look down upon them; a symphony of the souls of patriots

The city of the Republic, the city that belongs to them above all the millions of citizens who own it, greets them in the name of the man for whom it was named:—WASHINGTON.



HEREIN THIS STONE
 BEARS THE GRAVE OF THOSE WHO DIED FOR THE UNION AND CLEVER UNKNOWN SOLDIERS
 CALLED HERE AFTER THE WAR
 FROM THE FIELDS OF BATTLE AND THE BATTLE OF THE BATTLEFIELD
 THEIR REMAINS SHOULD NOT BE IDENTIFIED BY THEIR NAMES AND DEATHS ARE
 RECORDED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THIS COUNTRY, AND ITS GRATEFUL CITIZENS
 WOULD CLAIM AS OF THEIR HOME ARMY OF MARTYRS WHAT THEY BELIEVE PLACED
 SEPTEMBER 14, 1862

ARLINGTON.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.



THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC! What a majestic name! The words ring out like the tocsin of war pealing from a stately tower of strength. Not the troops of this State or of that; not the military force of one section or another; not even the active arm of daily exercised governmental military power; but the GRAND ARMY OF AMERICAN HISTORY, the GRAND ARMY OF LOYAL CITIZENS OF THE WHOLE UNITED REPUBLIC; a veteran army with precious memories; an army founded upon the cardinal virtues of Friendship, Charity and Loyalty, and united indissolubly by ties cemented in the heat of battles fought to preserve the very existence of a nation; an army whose warfare is ended, whose footsteps lead to the tomb, but whose fame is immortal.

As an Order it is unique. As it had no progenitor, so it can have no successor; nor can it perpetuate itself as civic orders do, since there is no material from which to recruit. When the last comrade is laid to rest, the Grand Army of the Republic will have ceased to exist, but its name and its history is secure in the hearts of the Nation for all time. The Sons of Veterans will carry the colors when the staff shall have dropped from the trembling hand of the aged veteran, and the Daughters of Veterans will teach their children abiding love for the stars and stripes of "Old Glory," when their sires shall have crossed the dark river,—but the GRAND ARMY will live only as a holy memory, full of lessons of loyalty, patriotism, fidelity and charity.

It is probable that few people outside of the Order itself know what a puny little infant this lusty giant was a quarter of a century ago; or that from a gathering of a half dozen men called together by one of them who originated the idea, within this short period the Order has grown until it now bears upon its rolls the names of nearly half a million veteran soldiers.

Unlike a military order created by the fiat of a monarch, it sprang from the hearts of the soldiers themselves. Unlike a military order devised by a king after a brilliant victory as a reward for sustaining a tottering throne, it originated with an Army Surgeon, who thought it out while pursuing his beneficent labors among the wounded, and sick and suffering, as a further and enduring bond between the sons of the people in arms battling for themselves and



COMMANDERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

for all dearest to them on earth. If ever there was an order *of* the people, *from* the people, *for* the people, it is that of the Grand Army of the Republic. But then there never was such an order before; so, as has been said—it is unique. The “Victoria Medal,” the “Iron Cross,” or the “Legion d’honneur,” may glitter upon many a gallant breast, but none of these have the wide significance that attaches to the dingy little bronze star with its eagle and crossed cannon made from captured guns, and pendant from a miniature United States flag, that the G. A. R. veteran proudly wears. If Dr. Stephenson could have lived to see the mighty veteran host wearing this badge, marching up Pennsylvania Avenue to-day, he would surely have found it honor enough for one man to have been parent to the thought that made it all possible.

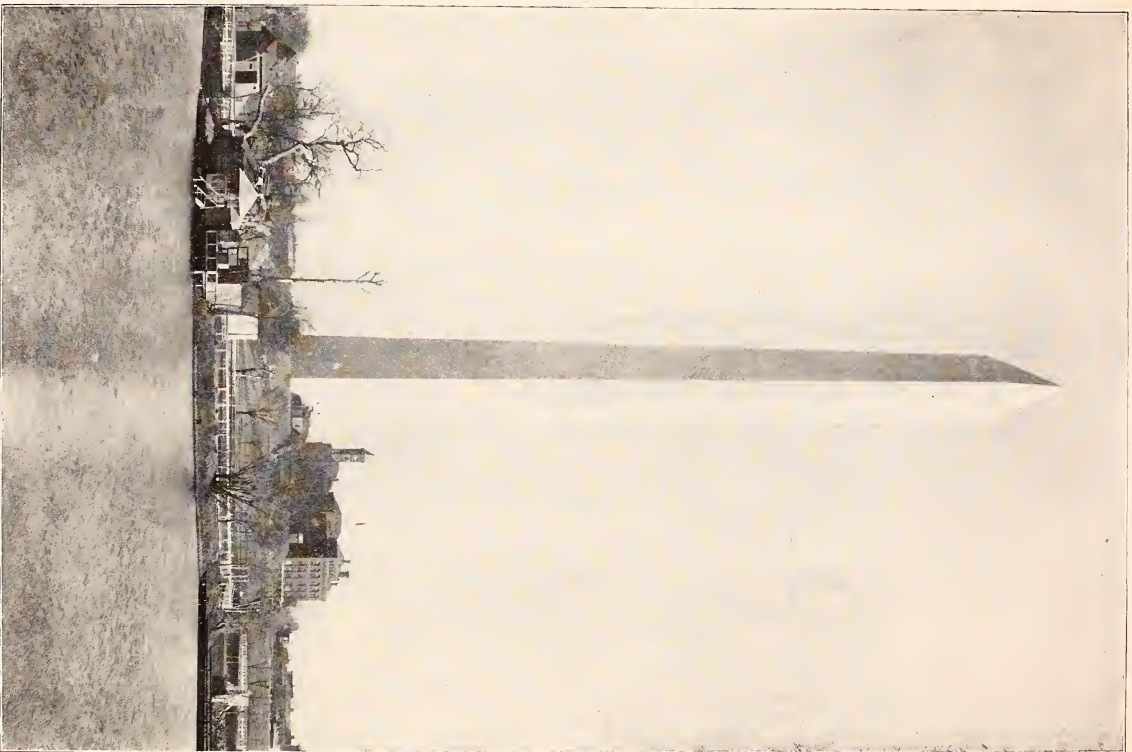
Past Commander-in-Chief Robert B. Beath, in his admirable history of the Order, published in New York in 1889, tells the story of the inception of the plan of organization. He says that Dr. B. F. Stephenson, the Surgeon, and the Rev. W. J. Rutledge, the Chaplain, of the 14th Illinois Infantry were close friends and companions during the war, and that “while on Sherman’s expedition to Meridian in February, 1864, Chaplain Rutledge suggested to Dr. Stephenson that the soldiers so closely allied in the fellowship of suffering, would, when mustered out of the service, naturally desire some form of association that would preserve the friendships and the memories of their common trials and dangers.

“As they talked together, on the march or in bivouac, this thought expanded into the widest fields of conjecture as to the capacity for good in such an organization of veterans, and they agreed that if spared they would together work out some such project.

“After the close of their army service this subject formed the basis of their correspondence until March, 1866, when Chaplain Rutledge met Dr. Stephenson, by appointment, in Springfield, Illinois, and spent some time with him in arranging a ritual for the proposed organization.

“Before this date, however, Dr. Stephenson had shown notes of a proposed ritual to persons in Springfield, and Maj. A. A. North, then a clerk in the drug store with which Dr. Stephenson was connected, was shown such drafts early in the winter of 1865-66 which frequently formed the subject of conversation.

“Comrade Fred. I. Dean (now, 1892, of the General Land Office, and a member of Lincoln Post No. 3, Department of the Potomac, at Washington, D. C.) states, that in February, 1866, Dr. Stephenson asked his co-operation in writing out the rough notes of the ritual, and that then he and the business associates of Dr. Stephenson, Drs. Allen and Hamilton, were obligated in the Grand Army work.”



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Comrade Dean is the only one of these four now living.

Commander-in-Chief Beath goes on to say that, "There are naturally some differences in the statements of those now surviving, who participated in the preliminary work of the Grand Army of the Republic, differences occasioned largely by the necessity for relying upon memory, after this lapse of time, for details of matters that did not then seem so important, and of which there are but meagre records."

The following are known to have participated in the conferences in Springfield that finally resulted in the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, viz. :—Col. John M. Snyder, Doctor James Hamilton, Maj. Robert M. Woods, Maj. Robert Allen, Chaplain William J. Rutledge, Col. Martin Flood, Col. Daniel Grass, Col. Edward Prince, Capt. John S. Phelps, Capt. John A. Lightfoot, Capt. (since Colonel) B. F. Smith, Brevet-Maj. A. A. North, Capt. Henry E. Howe and Lieut. (since Colonel) B. F. Hawkes.

Meetings were first held in the offices of Drs. Allen, Hamilton and Stephenson, and afterwards in the office of Col. John M. Snyder, then Secretary to Governor Oglesby.

One of Dr. Stephenson's active associates at that time was Capt. John S. Phelps of the 32d Illinois Infantry. His interest in the matter was strong and practical, and he urged Dr. Stephenson to at once make a beginning by effecting an organization in Springfield.

Capt. Phelps also corresponded with the Soldiers' and Sailors' League in St. Louis, and obtained a copy of their ritual, portions of which were used for the Grand Army of the Republic.

The name for the organization had not been decided upon in March, and it is probable that the "work" of an Order started in Missouri in 1865, "*The Advance Guard of America*," or "*The Grand Army of Progress*," suggested the present title.

When the ritual was finally deemed ready for printing, in order that due secrecy might be secured, Governor Oglesby, who had been consulted, suggested that it should be printed in Decatur by the proprietors of the "Decatur Tribune," I. W. Coltrin and Joseph Prior, who, with their employees, had been in the military service. After some correspondence with them on this subject, Capt. Phelps was sent to Decatur to supervise the printing of the Ritual, first obligating Messrs. Coltrin and Prior and their compositors to secrecy.

Capt. Phelps, during his stay in Decatur, also called on a number of his soldier friends, principally members of the 41st Illinois Infantry, and sought their co-operation.

While this work was under way, Dr. J. W. Routh, of Decatur, who was intimately acquainted with Dr. Stephenson, went to Springfield to make personal inquiries about the proposed organization, and he interested Capt. M. F. Kanan in his mission. Together they called upon Dr. Stephenson, and this visit resulted in their determination to at once organize a Post in Decatur.

On the return of Dr. Routh and Capt. Kanan, but a short time was required to secure signatures to an application for a charter; and, anxious to be the first to organize, they again went to Springfield to present the application in person and arrange for the muster.

Accordingly, on the 6th day of April, 1866, Dr. Stephenson, assisted by Capt. Phelps, organized at Decatur, the *first Post of the Grand Army of the Republic*. The Charter reads as follows:

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, }
DEPARTMENT OF ILLINOIS. } ss.:

To all whom it may concern, greeting:

Know ye, that the Commander of the Department of Illinois, reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism and fidelity of M. F. Kanan, G. R. Steele, George H. Dunning, I. C. Pugh, J. H. Nale, J. T. Bishop, C. Reibsame, J. W. Routh, B. F. Sibley, I. N. Coltrin, Joseph Prior, and A. Toland, does, by the authority in him vested, empower and constitute them Charter Members of an Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be known as Post No. 1, of Decatur, District of Macon, Department of Illinois, and they are hereby constituted as said Post, and authorized to perform all acts necessary to conduct and carry on said organization in accordance with the Constitution of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Done at Springfield, Illinois, this 6th day of April, 1866.

ROBERT M. WOODS,

Adjutant-General.

B. F. STEPHENSON,

Commander of Department.

This same day the gentlemen named in the charter, assembled, and an election of officers was held with the following result:

“OFFICERS OF THE DISTRICT:—Brig.-Gen. I. C. Pugh, Commandant District; Lieut.-Col. J. H. Nale, District Quartermaster; Dr. J. W. Routh, Adjutant.

“OFFICERS FOR THE POST:—M. F. Kanan, Post Commander; G. R. Steele, Post Adjutant; G. H. Dunning, Post Quartermaster; C. Reibsame, Officer of the Day; J. T. Bishop, Officer of the Guard; J. W. Routh, Post Surgeon; all of whom were duly mustered by Maj. Stephenson, who then declared the Encampment duly organized and ready for the transaction of any and all business which might come before it, and assigned to it the

Post of Honor, as

Col. Beath further states that “on April 10th, 1866, N. G. Burns, Henry Gorman, N. E. Winholtz, W. H. Andrews, and W. H. B. Rowe were mustered in due form, and thus became the first recruits after the organization of the Post.”

Prior to this, on April 1st, 1866, the Commander, Dr. Stephenson, selected his Staff to assist him in prosecuting the work of organizing Posts wherever they could be established,—and the machine was in running order. The results to-day of this small beginning are 7,613 posts, with a total membership of 451,574 men.

It is a significant fact that April has been a momentous month in the and the transaction of such other business as may come before the Convention.” Maj.-Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, of Illinois, was elected Commander-in-Chief. In the following year no National Encampment was convened, but after considerable delay, in December, 1867, Gen. Hurlbut, ordered such convocation to take place



NAVAL MONUMENT.

Decatur Encampment No. 1.

history of the Nation. The first sacrilegious shot was fired upon the flag in April; the mighty rebellion was throttled in April; the immortal Lincoln was murdered in April; and, with the dawn of peace, the day star of the Grand Army of the Republic rose in April above the horizon, the symbol of the faith of the people in the perpetuity of the Union.

Pursuant to a call from Dr. Stephenson of October 31st, 1866, the First National Convention of the Grand Army of the Republic assembled at Indianapolis, at 10 o'clock, on Tuesday, the twentieth day of November following, “for the purpose of perfecting the National organization,

at Philadelphia on the 15th of January, 1868. It was during this session that the rule was established abolishing the use of all military titles in connection with Grand Army proceedings, with the result that in the

Post room the Major-General and the private from the ranks stand on precisely the same footing; no rank nor grade being recognized except those of the Grand Army itself, and derived directly from that body. This peculiar feature is distinctively American, and for obvious reasons would be impracticable if not impossible in a monarchical country. If to-day the Major-General Commanding the United States Army, and his orderly, a veteran soldier of the war of the rebellion, meet in a Grand Army Post room, they will be absolutely upon the same footing, unless, perchance, the orderly is the Post Commander, and the General a member or comrade only,—in which case,—so far as the Grand Army is concerned,—the citizen who in another capacity is a private soldier, commands the citizen who in another capacity is a Major-General.



INTERIOR OF PENSION BUILDING.

An English Duke, or a French Marquis, or a German Baron would doubtless hold up his hands in holy horror, declaring that this was subversive of all military discipline, and a manifest military impropriety. But an experience of over twenty-five years in this great Order demonstrates that such are not the facts. Such apparent anomalies have frequently occurred,—nor have any complications arisen, or



GARFIELD STATUE.

any improprieties resulted. It only emphasizes the fact that as the Union Army was *The People in Arms*, so the Grand Army is *The Army of the People*.

At this Session Maj.-Gen. John A. Logan, of Illinois, was elected Commander-in-Chief for the ensuing year, It was during his administration that Memorial Day was established in the following General Orders :

HEAD-QUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

General Orders, No. 11.

446 FOURTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 5, 1868.*

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, hamlet, and churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but Posts and Comrades will, in their own way, arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances will permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united together to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes. Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of a rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated taste and wealth of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes grow dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts grow cold in the solemn trust, ours keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a Nation's gratitude—the soldier's and the sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance, with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

Official:—N. P. CHIPMAN,

Adjutant-General.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,

Commander-in-Chief.



A GROUP OF PAST COMMANDERS IN-CHIEF.

Past Commander-in-Chief Beath, already quoted, tells the following story of the origin of the institution of "Memorial Day." He says :

"Early in May, 1868, Adjt.-Gen. Chipman received a letter from some comrade then living, as he remembers, in Cincinnati, in which the writer referred to the fact that he had served as a private soldier in the Union Army; that in his native country, Germany, it was the custom of the people to assemble in the springtime and scatter flowers upon the graves of the dead. He suggested that the Grand Army of the Republic inaugurate such an observance in memory of the Union Dead.

"Gen. Chipman thought the suggestion most opportune, and at once made a rough draft of a General Order covering this subject, and laid it, with the letter referred to, before Gen. Logan, the Commander-in-Chief.

"Gen. Logan warmly approved the order, himself adding several paragraphs. The date selected, May 30th, was with the idea of using one of the Spring months because of their poetical associations, and also to make it late in the last Spring months, that it might be possible to find flowers in the New England and extreme Northern States.

"There were many who at first doubted the wisdom of instituting such an observance. It was claimed that it would unnecessarily keep alive memories of the war, and foster animosities that should be buried in oblivion. Other objections were made to the expense, and that the money for music and flowers could be more wisely spent on the living.

"The Grand Army has answered this latter by increasing its benefactions year by year, and no good citizen has at any time had reason to observe any force in the first objection. It is a matter of great regret that the name of the comrade who first called the attention of Gen. Chipman to this subject cannot now be recalled."

During the war there had been many instances of the decoration of soldiers' graves, and earlier than the date of this order a Decoration Day had been generally observed by ex-Confederates in the Southern States.

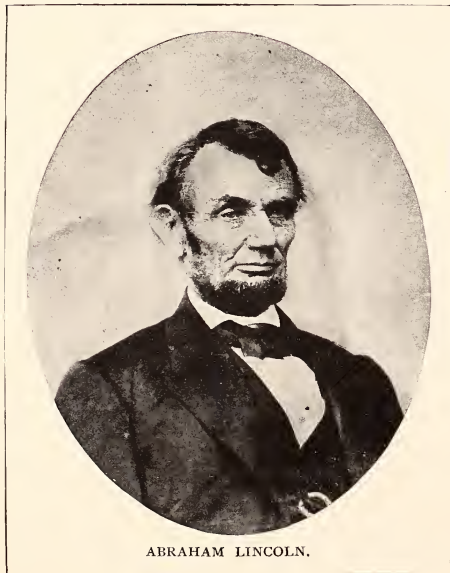
"Gen. John B. Murray, then a resident of Waterloo, N. Y., on Sunday, May 27th, 1866, marshalled a number of ex-soldiers in that village, who decorated the graves of their dead comrades amid appropriate ceremonies. Gen. Murray claimed during his life that he had spoken of this to Gen. Logan at one of the Army re-unions. It is also stated that Posts in Cincinnati upon the suggestion of T. C. Campbell, afterwards Quartermaster-General, paraded in 1867 for the purpose of decorating the graves of their dead comrades. Gen. Chipman, however, distinctly remembers the incident as already related, which directly resulted in the issue of the General Orders instituting a Memorial Day."

Undoubtedly, Commander Beath is correct in all this, but we can go further back for the true origin of the thought that is parent to the beautiful custom, and which, already thoroughly grafted upon our institutions, will undoubtedly be observed as long as grass grows and water runs. It was born, long before this, in the loving, pathetic, heart of that great central figure of those tremendous days—in the heart of **LINCOLN** himself. Listen to what he said in his immortal address at Gettysburg, and then let us hang the laural where it belongs, remembering that “Memorial Day” means far more than the mere strewing of flowers upon the graves of the dead.

Though well known to every one, it cannot be read too often. Brief, trenchant, wise, tender and pathetic, this is the address in full:—

President Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.

“Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are here to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave up their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add to or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the Nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



BURSTING OF A SHELL IN THE STAFF AT GETTYSBURG.

The Third Annual Session of the National Encampment was held in Cincinnati, May 12th, 1869, Gen. Logan presiding, and he was re-elected Commander-in-Chief for the following year, and the Fourth Annual Encampment was held in the City of Washington, on May 11th, 1870. For the third time, Gen. Logan was elected Commander-in-Chief to succeed himself, and the Fifth Annual Meeting of the National Encampment was held in Boston, on May 10th, 1871. During this session a telegram received from New York drew forth a quaint and witty reply that will bear repeating. The telegram was as follows:—

“Universal Peace Convention, in Session in Cooper Institute,
New York, May 10th, 1871.

“*To National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic:*

“We congratulate you on a peaceful Encampment. As Veterans can you not add your protest against war, that there may never more be another war Encampment.”

Whereupon, Gen. Louis Wagner, Junior Vice-Commander-in-Chief suggested the following reply, which was telegraphed:—

“Your congratulations reciprocated. The Grand Army of the Republic is determined to have peace, even if it has to fight for it.”

Within the limits of this book it is impossible to touch upon a tenth part of the important measures discussed and acted upon in any of the National Encampments, but one resolution passed at this meeting may well be quoted here, since the doctrine therein enunciated is now and has always been that of the Grand Army from that time to the present day.

“*Resolved,* That the Grand Army of the Republic is in no sense whatever a political or partisan organization; and any comrade who endeavors to use the Order as a political engine for the purpose of gratifying any selfish political ambition, is recreant to his duty to his comrades.”

It was formerly an every day thing to hear the Grand Army accused of all sorts of political participation in affairs, but the outside world have learned at last that there is no foundation whatever for the charge. Even political discussions, or political allusions are sternly forbidden by the laws of the Order, and as sternly and per-emptorily stopped in every Post room, should a comrade so far forget himself as to overstep the well-defined line. That the Order, as a body, ever has been or ever can be used to further political ends is impossible by the very nature of the Order itself.



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Obedience to law, purity in public affairs, loyalty to the Union and devotion to the flag, are principles taught in every Post, but thus far and no farther. All political faiths, all creeds, all races of men, are welcome within the ranks of the Grand Army, provided only that they were honorable soldiers of the Union upon whom there is no taint of treason. That is all.

The Sixth Annual Encampment was presided over by Maj.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, as Commander-in-Chief, meeting in Cleveland, May 8th, 1872. In one of Gen. Burnside's General Orders he made a recommendation that it would be well if it were more generally observed throughout the land. He said that in addition to strewing flowers upon the soldiers' graves, he recommended "that they be planted with flowers and shrubs, so that, when we are gone, the Seasons, in their ceaseless rounds, may, in our stead, adorn the sleeping places of our Comrades."

While we may safely trust succeeding generations to keep alive the beautiful and solemn Memorial Day customs, nevertheless, it is a tender thought thus to invoke gentle Nature to bid her choicest blossoms bloom forever in memory of the heroes who sleep in her ample bosom.

Gen. Burnside's ringing address struck the right key-note, and as truly expressed the thoughts of the Grand Army to-day as it did in 1872, twenty years ago. By vote of the Encampment it was at once published to the country as the voice of the Order, and for the information and instruction of the young, and of those who come after them and read these pages, it is quoted here:—

"We are assembled as representatives of an organization composed of men who survived the struggle which was made by the loyal people of our country for the preservation of our National Government. We do not assemble to consult with each other as to what is most conducive to our personal interests, nor as to what is most conducive to the success of any political party. We are here as the representatives of a band of brothers, who served together on the field of battle, and stood shoulder to shoulder in opposition to the rebellion which was organized to obliterate the fairest form of government that man ever devised. Whilst we should declare ourselves as loyal in the extreme, and utterly in opposition to any doctrine which would tend in the slightest degree to revive the heresy of secession, we should declare our charity toward those of our late enemies in the field who have now recognized, or may hereafter recognize, the great wrong they have done to our country. Charity is a christian virtue, but I am free to say to you here, that while I fully indorse the theory or practice, if you may call it so, of forgiving those who fought against us, and granting to them all the amnesty which the wisdom of our representatives in Congress may deem right and proper, I find it even

more difficult to forget and forgive the shortcomings of men in the North who had all the lights before them, and while our comrades were in the field, enduring all possible hardships, risking life, reputation and fortune, risked nothing, but sat in their safe quarters at home, and either croaked about the inefficiency of our armies, or shivered with fear to such an extent as to make them ask for compromise, thus failing to show the courage and sagacity necessary to realize that a great God in Heaven would crown our efforts with success, if we only used our best endeavors to maintain the integrity of our Nation. These men we necessarily hold in distrust, and they can never, for one moment, receive our sympathy or friendship. A brave, open enemy may be respected, but a halting, false friend must always be despised.

“We should never cease to remember the great aid and encouragement that we received from the brave and loyal people of our country who did everything to sustain, support and encourage us whilst we were in the field. We should ever hold them in high esteem, and be ready to reciprocate the friendship and support they gave to us, without reference to, or thought of, party or creed.

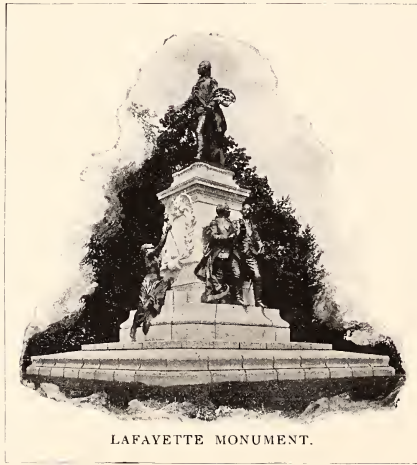
“Think, my comrades, of your great anxiety, trial and suffering; think of the anxious days and nights passed by you in the field, when it would have been much easier for you to have declared for compromise or for a cessation of hostilities, had you failed to appreciate the necessity of maintaining our national integrity. Who of you, my comrades, to win back a lost limb, to regain health expended in the public service, to have restored to you the brother or comrade left on the field of battle, or to recover the hopes and business prospects voluntarily left behind when you took up arms to defend the country, would give up the grand heritage that you have by your valor won,—the Union of States unbroken? Not one of you, I am sure.

“When our country called, you went to her assistance; when the great work was accomplished, you returned to your homes with readiness, yielding cheerfully all offices and emoluments, asking nothing for the future but the right to enter upon your old pursuits or to seek new ones as fancy might dictate. We are now civilians, and I maintain that, as a body, the soldiers of our country deserve to be recognized as intelligent, industrious, and law abiding. Let us, my comrades, when we return to our homes, to our constituents, seek to impress upon them the necessity of continuing the course which has characterized the soldiers and sailors since the war, and never grow weary in the good work we have taken upon us, of ‘FRATERNITY, CHARITY, and LOYALTY.’”

Gen. Burnside was re-elected Commander-in-Chief, and the Seventh Annual Encampment was held in New Haven, Conn., May 14th, 1873. The General declined to serve a third term, and Gen. Charles Devens, Jr., of Massa-

chusetts, was elected Commander-in-Chief,—the Eighth Annual Session being held in Harrisburg, May 13th, 1874. In his address, Comrade Devens, in unmistakable language, defined the position of the Grand Army as to politics generally. He said:— “ * * * * * Attempts have been made to secure the influence of the Grand Army of the Republic in matters purely political, and all such were in violation of the whole spirit of our Order.

“Let us, as individuals, express and maintain freely our own opinions upon politics, and all the details of politics, but let it be understood that our organization has no system of politics except that great and grand system in which all true men are agreed, whether citizens or soldiers,—those principles of devotion, to the death if need be, for Liberty and the Laws, for the Constitution, and the Union, which we once preached with our rifles in our hands, and our coun-



LAFAYETTE MONUMENT.

try's flag above our heads, amid the smoke and fire of a hundred battle-fields. Let it be known that by these principles alone we are united, that this society does not exist for any personal ends or selfish purposes, and that it is not to be used by any man or any set of men.”

Gen. Devens was re-elected Commander-in-Chief for the following year, and the Ninth Annual Session was held in Chicago, May 12th, 1875.

The Tenth Annual Meeting, Gen. John F. Hartranft, Commander-in-Chief, was in Philadelphia on June 30th, 1876, the Centennial year, and was largely attended.

On June 26th, 1877, the Eleventh Annual Meeting was in Providence, R. I., Gen. Hartranft having been re-elected. On May 16th preceding, Gen. Grant was mustered in as a comrade of the Grand Army and a member of Gen. George Meade Post No. 1, Philadelphia. Here was a spectacle for the crowned heads; the commanding General of the greatest army known to history,—the ex-President of this vast Republic,—quietly taking his place in the ranks of the Army of Citizen Veterans, among his men who carried the musket. There could be no more forcible illustration of the simplicity of our Republican forms of government than is embraced in this fact.



EARLY WAR PICTURES OF THE GREAT TRIUMVIRATE.

On June 4th, 1878, the Twelfth Annual Meeting took place in Springfield, Mass., with Maj.-Gen. John C. Robinson as Commander-in-Chief.

The Thirteenth year Gen. Robinson succeeded himself as Commander, the meeting occurring at Albany, on June 17th, 1879.

The following year Chaplain William Earnshaw of Pennsylvania was Commander-in-Chief; the Fourteenth Annual Session being held very appropriately at the Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, June 8th, 1880, where there were living over four thousand veterans.

The Fifteenth yearly meeting, with Gen. Louis Wagner as Commander-in-Chief, was held in Indianapolis, Ind., June 15th, 1881.

The Sixteenth Annual Session was held at Baltimore, Md., June 21st, 1882, with Maj. George S. Merrill in command.

On July 25th, 1883, the Seventeenth Annual Session took place at Denver, with Sergt. Paul Van Der Voort, of Ohio, as Commander-in-Chief, who was under sixteen years of age when he enlisted.

The Eighteenth Annual Session was held in Minneapolis, Minn., July 23d, 1884, Col. Robert B. Beath, Commander-in-Chief.

The Nineteenth meeting was at Portland, Maine, June 24th, 1885. The Commander-in-Chief was John S. Kountz, of Ohio. He was the youngest comrade who ever held this office, having been born March 25th, 1846, and was but fifteen and a half years old when he enlisted as a drummer in Co. "G," 37th Ohio Infantry. At the battle of Mission Ridge, November 25th, 1863, he threw away his drum, seized a musket, and joined his company as it was advancing to the assault, and was so severely wounded as to require the amputation of his leg.

During this meeting the following resolution was adopted by an unanimous vote and telegraphed to Gen. Grant, then suffering the agonies of his last illness:

Resolved, by the Nineteenth National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, assembled in the City of Portland, Maine, representing 300,000 soldiers and sailors in the United States, that in this, the first hour of our assembly, we tender to the distinguished comrade, soldier and statesman, GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, our profound sympathy in his continued illness, and extend a soldier's greeting to our beloved Commander and Comrade, who has for months endured unspeakable agony with that characteristic fortitude that has challenged the admiration of the world."

The Twentieth Annual Session was held at San Francisco, on August 4th, 1886, Capt. S. S. Burdett Commander-in-Chief. His opening remarks in salutation are so exceedingly happy and eloquent that it is impossible to refrain from quoting them.

“Threading a continent in our this year’s march, we pitch the tents of the Twentieth National Encampment on this our further shore, salute the glory of the mountains, which to our fathers were nameless shadows in a foreign land, and hear with gladness the music of waves which sing our anthem, where yesterday the starry flag was but a strange device. It has been the lot of the Grand Army to compass the land it helped to save.”

Gen. Sherman, who was present, of course, —in his remarks,—said, among other things, “Let us forget the OLD North and the OLD South and devote our lives to the development of the newer and grander Union which you, my fellow-soldiers, have had so large a share in creating. Though it was hard for us to realize the truth, we now believe the civil war was worth all it cost in precious life and treasure, and that the South received the largest share of benefit. We cherish the memories of that war and may profit by its lessons. We are a grander people than before the civil war, and far better able to cope with the mighty issues which the future may have in store for us. * * *

The Twenty-first Annual Session was held at St. Louis, Mo., on September 28th, 1887, Gen. Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, presided as the Commander-in-Chief. His eloquent address, in part, was as follows:



JACKSON STATUE.

“I heartily congratulate all who have the pleasure to attend this great re-union of old comrades, whose friendship was welded in the hot flame of battle, in the camp, on the march, and cemented by the love which all bore and still maintain for the Union. In Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty we stand, proud of the fact that there is not now nor has there ever been any bitter feeling of hate for those of our fellow-citizens who, once in arms against us but now being loyal, have long ago taken their old-time places in our hearts, never, we devoutly hope, to be removed therefrom.

“We have not now, nor have we at any time since the war closed, had any disposition to open again the bloody chasm which once unhappily divided this people. We not only will not ourselves re-open that dreadful abyss, but we will, with the loyal people, North and South, protest against all attempts which others may make to do so, by holding up, for especial honor and distinction, anything that pertains to, or in any manner glorifies, the cause of disunion.

“With the people of the South, we seek only to continue the friendly rivalry long ago entered upon in the effort to make our beloved land great and prosperous, and its people intelligent, happy and virtuous.

“We will rival them in exalting all that pertains to and honors this great Union, and in condemning everything that tends to foster a hostile sentiment thereto. We will rival them in earnest endeavors to inculcate in the minds of all the citizens of this country, and especially of our children, a heartfelt love for the United States of America, to the end that present and coming generations shall in every part of the land believe in and ‘Maintain true allegiance thereto, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to its constitutions and laws,’ which will lead them to ‘Discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions,’ and will impel them ‘To encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights, and justice to all men,’ and to defend the sentiments, which are quoted from the fundamental law of our Order, with their lives, if need be; and to the further end, that they shall so revere the emblems of the Union that under no circumstances can be coupled with them in the same honorable terms the symbols of a sentiment which is antagonistic to its perpetuity.

“The contemplation of the grand picture of a long ago preserved Union, a mighty people prospering as no people on earth ever before prospered, with a future far beyond that which opens to any other nation; a land, comrades, which to all its citizens is worth living for, and a country and government worth dying for, constitutes the greatest reward of those who have suffered, and bled, and striven, that such a spectacle might be possible.”

By this time the Order had grown strong in numbers. On the 31st of March, 1887, the report of the Adjutant-General gives the following data :

Number of Posts, - - - - -	- - - - -	6,312
Members in good standing on March 31st, 1886,	- - - - -	295,337
Gains during the year ending March 31st, 1887,	- - - - -	113,197
		<hr/>
Aggregate,	- - - - -	408,534
Total loss from all sources during the year ending March 31st, 1887,	- - - - -	87,588
		<hr/>
Members in good standing at close of the year,	- - - - -	320,946
The death rate was for the first quarter,	- - - - -	771
“ “ “ second “	- - - - -	747
“ “ “ third “	- - - - -	881
“ “ “ fourth “	- - - - -	1,007
		<hr/>
Total - - - - -	- - - - -	3,406

or at the rate of a fair regiment each quarter, and a strong brigade each year.

During this year the amount officially reported as having been expended in charity was \$253,934.43, while as much more was bestowed informally and not reported by the Posts. This charity is never confined to members of the Order and their dependents, as is popularly supposed. During this year, of the 26,606 persons receiving relief, 17,607 were members or their families, while the remaining 8,999 were either ex-soldiers, not members, or those dependent upon them.

The Twenty-second Annual Session was held at Columbus, Ohio, on September 12th, 1888, Maj. John P. Rea, of Minnesota, Commander-in-Chief. In his address he stated, on the quarter ending June 30, 1888, the aggregate membership in good standing was 361,662; that there were suspended 33,583 members, giving an aggregate on the rolls of 395,245; and he says, “Assuming that 4,755 comrades were out on transfer cards (a very moderate estimate) the *total membership* of the Grand Army of the Republic on June 30, 1888, was a round *four hundred thousand men*.”

The Adjutant-General says in his report that, “The total membership, 395,245, borne upon the rolls is, measured by the experience tables of life insurance experts, *one-half* of the survivors of the war of the rebellion.”



LOGAN'S TEMPLE.



SOLDIERS HOME.



SCOTT'S
STATUE
SOLDIERS
HOME.



NEW ADDITION,
SOLDIERS HOME

ELECTRO-LIGHT ENG. CO., N. Y.

SOLDIERS' HOME.

It will be seen, therefore, that this host did not then, as it does not now, by any means include all the survivors of those who fought for the Union.

This year \$215,975.12 was expended in charity. The Commander-in-Chief remarks that this falls short of the expenditures for the same purposes last year by about \$38,000, and is explained by the establishment of Soldiers' Homes and systems of State relief, and the extension of the pension roll, all largely due to the efforts of the Grand Army.

Charity is not in this case a mantle to cover a multitude of sins, but to relieve with fraternal care the wants of needy comrades, whose misfortunes are mainly traceable to disabilities incurred during the war. In no other organization is this noble virtue more cheerfully exercised. Poor in this world's goods, as too many of "the boys" are, they give most liberally, and no deserving comrade is neglected. The widows and the orphans are looked after with tender care and solicitude, and the motto of the fraternity finds perfect exemplification in its acts. In a quiet and unobtrusive way these things are done, and beside them there are countless deeds of private charity. Add to this, the endless care extended by the Woman's Relief Corps attached to the several posts all over the country, and one begins faintly to imagine the extent of the benefaction thus afforded. In fact, the charitable branch of the Order is the proudest portion of its record—a record unequalled in all its branches by that of any other military organization in the world. So true is this that the soldier element of several foreign countries have recently adopted plans for the organization of similar associations.

The Twenty-third Annual Encampment was held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on August 28th, 29th and 30th, 1889, Commander-in-Chief William Warner, of Missouri, presiding.

The Twenty-fourth Annual Session, with Gen. R. A. Alger as Commander-in-Chief, was held at Boston, Mass., on August 13th and 14th, 1890.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting was at Detroit, Michigan, on August 5th, 6th and 7th, 1891, with Gen. W. G. Veazey, of Vermont, Commander-in-Chief, and the

Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting is now in Session at the Capital of the Nation, Commander-in-Chief John Palmer, of New York, Presiding.

The Adjutant-General of the Grand Army of the Republic, in his latest report, supplies the following figures:—

Total number of Posts on June 30th, 1891,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7,613
Members borne on the Rolls, June 30th, 1891,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	451,574



GENERAL PALMER AND STAFF.

What a stupendous military force! And yet this is but a remnant of the mighty army against whose dauntless breast the waves of treason vainly broke. Other armies are as nothing,—other wars sink into insignificance when their records are confronted with those of the War for the Union. Accurate as the government records generally are, by reason of re-enlistments and service in two, three or more separate organizations, many individuals have undoubtedly been counted twice or more,—so that it is practically impossible to determine the exact total of those who were actually in the military and naval service of the United States. It is known that at the time of Lee's surrender there were then in the whole United States more than a million men in actual service. To these must be added a still larger number who had been previously enrolled and discharged. Add to this the roll of the dead, which, in the Spring of 1865, exceeded three hundred and fifty thousand, and we have a tremendous total. The War Department records give the number of actual enrollments during the entire war at 2,859,132,—or in round numbers, over two and three-quarter million men. But to eliminate error so far as possible, so as to exclude the otherwise inevitable duplication of names,—and reducing the number of enlistments to a standard service of three years,—and we have,—according to the best authorities who have made careful study of the subject, a total of 2,320,272 *individuals* actually in the service at one time or another in those four frightful years.

At the time of the surrender at Appomattox, the list of casualties stood thus for the whole war, from April, 1861, to April, 1865.

Killed in battle,	- - - - -	67,058
Died of wounds,	- - - - -	43,032
Died of disease,	- - - - -	224,586
Died from causes not classified,	- - - - -	24,852
Died for their Country,	- - - - -	359,528

leaving more than a million widows and orphans,—heartbroken mothers, grief-stricken fathers,—and sorrowing brothers and sisters and sweethearts.

O! Father of the Fatherless,—what a holocaust! What a price to pay for the Right! But then, “Old Glory” still floats, without a missing star. Who is he that shall dispute that those who survive “*Deserve well of their Country.*”



SHERIDAN'S TOMB.

ARLINGTON.



THE placid waters of the grand Potomac River glide past the south front of the city in tranquil course toward the Chesapeake Bay; and on its Virginia bank overlooking a panorama, embracing the entire landscape of the District of Columbia, Arlington Heights rise to view—plainly to be seen from nearly every standpoint within the urban and suburban surroundings of the Capital. Here is the mansion generally known as Arlington House, the home of G. W. Parke Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, and afterwards up to the breaking out of the late civil war, the residence of Col. Robert E. Lee. When Virginia seceded Col. Lee “went with his state,” and soon thereafter the wide fields, parks and primeval forest lands were occupied as camps by the volunteer armies called to Washington in defense of the Union. It was in these camps that, after the memorable disaster at the first Battle of Bull Run, Gen. George B. McClellan, reorganized, drilled and equipped the defeated troops of the Union, together with the added forces of the second call for volunteers by President Lincoln. Here it was they rallied; here they came singing the grandest among the earlier war songs:

“We are coming Father Abraham Three hundred thousand strong.”

Always historic, because of its Revolutionary origin, the grand old mansion and its surrounding fields and grounds, has become doubly and trebly so in these later years of peace and tranquility. The title thereto passed in due course into the possession of the General Government, and year after year hundreds of graves of dead Union soldiers, numbering now nearly 20,000, gathered from every part of the country, have been added to the “Silent Camp,” known as the National Cemetery—the Mecca of American patriots.

The portico of the mansion is sixty feet long and twenty-five feet deep. Its majestic roof is supported by eight Doric columns built of brick and plastered. Here sat, in the days long gone by, the great-grand daughter of Martha, the mother of Washington; and in those ante-bellum times, the dwelling so fittingly embellished by this grand piazza, was accounted to be one of the palatial residences of the baronial south. Now, it serves as a resting place for visitors and pilgrims from all parts of the world who may come hither to pay homage to the patriotic dead, the men whose hearts beat a little more than a quarter of a century ago with the throbbing of devotion to the Union.



RICKETTS' ADVANCE AGAINST RHODES.

The scene is a grand one. Each grave is neatly marked with a plain head-stone, on which is inscribed the name of the sleeper whose dust lies beneath. They are marshalled in lines and ranks so that the thought comes involuntary that when the next roll call is heard, that mysterious reveille of the unknown future, one may imagine them coming forth to "fall in," their serried ranks reformed and replaced, to take position before the Great Judge—the judge of the quick and the dead. The effect of such a reflection inspires the beholder with impressions that a life-time cannot efface—solemn and melancholy but withal, serving to gratify the heart and soul of every true American.

The minor buildings of this great old estate have been kept in good state of preservation and are of themselves well worth a visit, recalling as they do the days when a now emancipated race was at the beck and bidding of masters and mistresses; when the conditions of slavery enabled the fortunate people, then known as the landed gentry of the South, to live indeed like princes—as the patriarchs of old with their bondsmen around and about them, faithful and uncomplaining servitors.

But the saddest of all these awe-inspiring sights, is a granite sarcophagus south of the mansion which contains the bones of 2,111 unknown soldiers. Unknown! Unknown!! The reflection is here again involuntary that this battalion will be remarshalled and come forth from their great tent, to take on again the individuality of the soul and to again become known. Lost now to all human ken, forgotten as individuals but not forgotten by a loving Nation, the Great Day of rehabilitation will restore them to the ranks of their comrades and each shall stand on an equal footing. What recognitions will follow. What restorations will ensue; and how many sorrowful mysteries will then be cleared up. The thought after all, is a happy one.

But here is a monument deservingly towering over everything else. It stands directly in front of the mansion.

It is the tomb of Sheridan. The cavalry hero of our great civil war lies buried here. Other cavalry men there were; great cavalry leaders who ranked high, who fought gallantly, who died daringly, who led charges courageously; but none hold so high a place in the estimation of the American people as does Phil. Sheridan. Erected at her own expense by a loving widow, and cared for by loving and reverent hands, it is the most charming, while it is also the most imposing of all the sorrowfully attractive objects in this grand expanse of mournful surroundings. The environment of mourning reaches its apex here. No visitor to Arlington ever fails to pay especial tribute to this culmination of all that is commemorative of the war for the Union in this, the largest grouping of the graves of dead soldiers in the known world, the National Cemetery at Arlington.



THE CAPITOL.

THE CAPITOL.



FROM every approach, by river, rail or road-way, to the City of Washington, and for miles before the confines of the District of Columbia are reached, the graceful dome of the Capitol—the building in which the two houses of Congress meet, and in which the Supreme Court of the United States holds its terms—is to be seen; a thing of enchanting beauty, at once the pride of every American, and the greatest architectural triumph of its kind in all the civilized world. There is no empty boast in this declaration, for the fact is acknowledged by travelers from all climes and lands. It appears, indeed, to float in mid-air, like a majestic balloon; so massive, and yet, to all appearances, so light and symmetrical, that the stranger, at a first view, almost expects to see it swing away from its solid moorings into the endless space of the heavens above. Before the erection of the State, War and Navy building, the Capitol was acknowledged to be the finest public structure of modern times, far exceeding, in every conceivable way, anything of the kind devoted to such purposes in the old world; and this concession stands to-day without contradiction, so far as it may be applied to the dome. No adequate description of it has ever been or ever will be written; it must be seen and studied to be fully appreciated. Not even the towering Monument, which always strikes the beholder with awe, inspires so much veneration and involuntary praise, as does this most imposing of all the grand and beautiful sights in and about Washington. In fact, the dome is the first, as it is the last, of the great and historical views to be seen in this historic city.

When George Washington, then President, aided, as history tells us, by Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, succeeded, in 1791, after a long sectional struggle between the States, in actually forcing the selection of the site of the Capitol of the infant Republic, so that the edifice was placed on what was then known as "Capitoline Hill," he certainly "built better than he knew." No other site in this broad land could have been found so peculiarly fitted for that express purpose. The hill on which it stands commands a view of the surrounding country for miles and miles in the contiguous territory of the States of Maryland and Virginia. The grounds surrounding it, numbering nearly, if not quite, sixty acres, were laid out after plans made by Frederick Law Olmstead, of New York, who, with the eye of a true landscape artist, so arranged those plans as to retain much of the primeval growth of forest trees.

To these have been added shrubs, vines and foreign trees, the transplanted products of many different sections of the country, as well as of foreign lands. The walks and lawns, graded and well-paved roadways—always kept in excellent condition—with unique grottoes, shady nooks and unexpected or surprising developments in artistic effects, combine to command the admiration of all and never weary the eye of the visitor.

From the Executive Mansion or the Treasury Department, down Pennsylvania Avenue, to the base of the hill, a distance of one mile, the tourist goes almost invariably on the occasion of a first visit, and, naturally enough, imagines that he approaches the front of the building. But this is not the fact. The front proper faces the east, and the gigantic bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty, which surmounts the dome, faces the same way. This anomalous condition of affairs is accounted for in a rather singular way. When the city was laid out by President Washington, aided by Major L'Enfant, a French Engineer, who had served in our Revolutionary Army, it was intended that the residence or official part of the city should be located west of the Capitol; that is, that the Executive Mansion and the Government departments should be located exactly as they now are, while the business portion should be located east of it, or between it and the Navy Yard. This comprehensive scheme, separating the several departments at such great distances, gave rise to a certain real estate speculation, in which it is related that many officials most prominent in the Government, and the control of affairs generally, were more or less interested. At any rate they bought up or leased the lands east of the hill, and held them for expected sale in the intended business section. The result was their utter disappointment, for people who bought property for business purposes purchased the cheaper lands in the western section. Hence, what appears to be the front of the Capitol, since the growth of the city to its present proportions, is in reality the rear.

The center portion of the building, approached by magnificent marble stairways, presenting a most imposing facade, is built of sandstone, the original color of which was yellow, but is now kept painted white, to make it correspond with the north, or Senate wing, and the south, or House wing, both of which are built of blue-veined white marble, from the quarries near Lee, Mass. It was at first designed to build this center portion of brick, for economy was the order of the day at that time; but finally, Virginia sandstone was chosen, on the score of economy also; and, also, perhaps, the original designers had not the slightest conception of the future grandeur of the structure they were then beginning. In fact, the first advertisement for it, calling for brick, contemplated only two large assembly rooms for the accommodation of three hundred persons each, with a lobby and twelve smaller rooms, to be used for Com-



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET.

mittee purposes. That this idea certainly was primitive and inadequate is shown by the fact that the present Capitol contains one hundred and eighteen rooms, instead of fifteen; besides numberless small store rooms and vaults. It covers an area of seventy-one thousand superficial feet. It is constructed mainly of marble and iron. In and about it, sustaining terraces, galleries and loggios, are one hundred and thirty-four massive Corinthian columns, one hundred of which are monolithic. The seating capacity of the Senate and House wings, including galleries and not including corridors, is two thousand four hundred each, and, it is estimated, that standing room could be found for as many more people if occasion required. The building is seven hundred and fifty-one feet and four inches in length and three hundred and fifty-four feet from the east to the west, through the rotunda, including the west projection, wherein is now located the great Congressional Library. The total cost of the entire structure up to this writing cannot be positively stated; but the figures given in the appropriation bills up to recent date show that quite \$20,000,000 have been expended upon it since its erection was begun in 1791.

The corner-stone of the original building, which remains undisturbed where it was, laid with imposing Masonic rites by Master Mason George Washington, on the 18th September, 1793, is located under the Law Library, in the basement beneath the rotunda. No record has ever been found of the impressive ceremonies attendant upon this function; and no really authentic account can be given of the books, papers, jewels or records that may have been deposited within that stone.

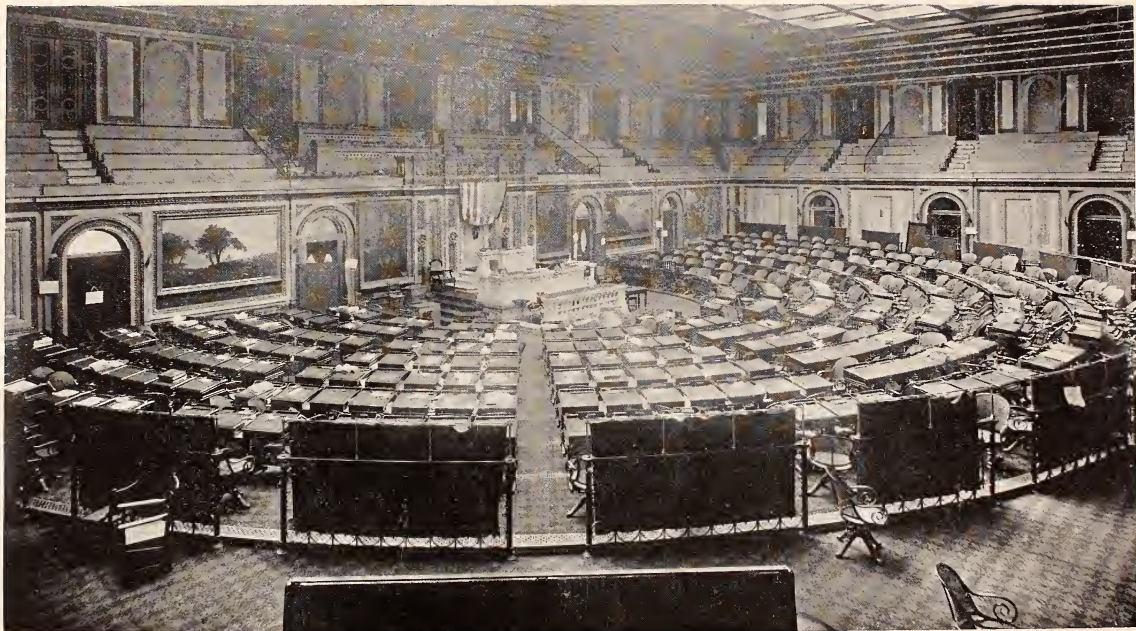
Dr. William Thornton, a native of the West Indies, and a naturalized American citizen, residing in Philadelphia, and Stephen Hallett, a French-American, also a resident of Philadelphia, were the first architects. James Hoban, an Irish-American, and a resident of Charleston, S. C., was, however, the principal supervising architect in charge of the execution of the plans prepared by Dr. Thornton and Mr. Hallett. Others were engaged subsequently in similar capacities, up to the destruction of the building during the war with Great Britain, in 1813, after which Mr. Benjamin H. Latrobe, another Philadelphian, had charge, and to him, more than to any other man, doubtless, belongs the credit of the construction of the middle section. It was not properly occupied by Congress until the Winter of 1800, nine years after the first appropriation was made for its erection, and seven after the corner-stone was laid.

So, it appears from this necessarily brief statement of its earlier architectural history, that the building, as we now see it, with its massive wings, noble dome and unequalled expanse of marble terrace, began with what might well be termed a small beginning, and has been over a century in course of construction, and yet it is not complete.

It was not, however, until 1850, that Congress made provision for the addition of the Senate and House wings as they now stand. Previous to that the House of Representatives held its sessions in the chamber now known as Statuary Hall, and the Senate met in the room now occupied by the Supreme Court. As the membership of these august bodies increased with the growth of the Nation, the necessity for more room in which they should hold their deliberations became apparent. And then it was that the comprehensive conception of to-day was born or brought into light. Changes were made in many respects, improvements and remodellings, the present cramped library room added, the new dome built, and, in short, between that date and the present, with the exception of a few months during the Civil War, the process of rebuilding—practically rebuilding—the Capitol has been going on. The corner stone of the extensions, or the “enlarged building,” as it was described at the time, was laid by President Filmore, July 4th, 1851, at which time Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, delivered a characteristically grand and appropriate oration. Mr. Thomas N. Walter, another Philadelphian, was selected to be the architect, and held the position until 1865, when Mr. Edward Clark, the present incumbent, was appointed.

Among the soldiers of the late war who will read these lines not a few will remember, in this connection, the incident of the completion of the dome. Washington was then environed with their camps, and girdled about with frowning forts and embattlements. It was at noon on the 2d day of December, 1863, when the upper section of the colossal statue of the Goddess of Liberty was placed in position—*i. e.*, the head and shoulders. The men at work at that elevation, as viewed from the earth below, looked like a small swarm of houseflies; but for all that there was seen at the hour mentioned a signal. It was the waving of a flag. The work of years was done. A battery of field pieces stationed in the park east of the Capitol fired a National salute—thirty-five guns. This was another signal. The sound of booming cannon was then heard all around; on the Virginia shore and on the forts that crowned the Maryland hills north of the City. In all there were sixty-eight forts mostly garrisoned by heavy artillerymen, large guns, small guns, and all kinds of guns, with troops, infantry, and all turned out, with flags waving, officers and men, one and all, presenting arms, and the grandest salute ever fired to the symbol of our country's principles, the guardian angel of the Nation's Capital—the Goddess of Liberty—was fired. The echoes of the Valley of the Potomac were never so awakened before, and never have been since but once—the occasion of the Grand Review.

No one has ever attempted to classify or characterize the style of the architecture of this wonderful building as to place it among any of the recognized ancient or modern types. In fact it is composite, or rather, of itself peculiar



HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

and alone. Professor Goldwin Smith described it "as a most majestic and imposing pile." Mrs. Trollope praised it warmly. Harriet Prescott Spofford wrote of it apologetically:—"It is not exactly unsuitable that a nationality so mixed as ours, so far from being settled in one type, should be represented in architecture by a mass comprehending almost everything under the sun." Others have said similar things about it; no one competent to write on the subject has yet criticised it adversely. Mr. Eugene Aaron Murray, who has made a study of it from a professional standpoint wrote:—"If the reader wishes to realize how just such praise is, and yet how far all words will fall short of the truth, let him, on some bright moonlight night, stand and gaze upon its eastern front from a distance of not less than one hundred and fifty yards. Its stupendous grandeur speaks of the national wealth; its awe-inspiring repose is a symbol of that national quiet which all good citizens pray for; reaching far to north and south it typifies the bond which now binds all sections together in a common brotherhood; and its Statue of Liberty uplifted high above all towards Heaven is a reassurance to all men that here is a soil free from tyranny. *Esto perpetua!*"

On the occasion of the laying of the second corner stone, referred to in a previous page, among other papers laid therein was a scroll of parchment upon which were written, by Daniel Webster, the following patriotic words:—

"If, therefore, it shall hereafter be the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned and this deposit brought to the eyes of men, be it known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm; that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with its original usefulness and glory growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world. And all here assembled, whether belonging to public life or to private life, with hearts devoutly thankful to Almighty God for the preservation of the Liberty and the happiness of the country, unite in fervent prayer that this deposit and the walls and arches, the domes and towers, the columns and entablatures now to be erected over it, may endure for ever. GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

The pavement of the plaza on the east front of the Capitol has become a most historic spot. Here with each recurrent four years, on the fourth day of March, stand the state troops, the militia, the regular army garrison of the city, uniformed political clubs from all parts of the Union, and thousands upon thousands of persons in private as well as in public life, to witness the simple ceremony of the inauguration of a President of the United States. The east portico, upon which the President-elect habitually stands while the oath of office is being administered to him by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is in plain view from the plaza, and the words of the solemn obligation, as well

as those of the succeeding inaugural address, can be distinctly heard by the vast multitude. Quite a quarter of a million of people were on one occasion, not many years ago, gathered there for that purpose. On the portico, during the ceremony are gathered the members of both houses of Congress, the members of the Supreme Court, all the prominent officials of the Government, with their wives and families, together with distinguished strangers and the diplomatic corps, comprising a most remarkable group, numbering nearly a thousand people. As the floor of the portico is one



COLUMBUS STATUE.

hundred and sixty feet long and eighty feet wide, it will be seen that only crowded standing room can be provided for all. But here is the spot where, in the briefest and simplest manner conceivable, a plain citizen of the United States is elevated to the position of ruler of sixty-five millions of people.

The first works of art to attract attention generally at this, the eastern entrance, are several groups of statuary, heroic, symbolizing the discovery and settlement of North America. Columbus, holding high a globe, is represented clad in armor, a reproduction, it is claimed, of a suit now in Genoa, which the great discoverer really did wear, is the most striking figure. Horatio Greenough's representation of early pioneer life, a struggle to the death between a white settler and an Indian, is the next in prominence. Both of these



CIVILIZATION STATUE.

have been subjected to severe criticism; but they are generally accepted as remarkable works of art. These groups cost \$24,000 each.

Other rather crude and somewhat amateurish works are to be seen near by, the most of them the results of the efforts of foreigners or artists of greater or less note and ability, who naturally fairly swarmed about the building during

the course of its erection. A complete description of them, good, bad and indifferent, works that are memorable and works that should be condemned, would be quite as impossible as a detailed account of the numberless artistic demonstrations at St. Peter's in Rome, the Cathedral in Milan, or Cologne, and the great embellishments of the most noted public edifices of either the Old World or the Occident. Like all of those the art critics never agree regarding them. Yet they stand the kindly examination or scrutiny of the average tourist, and receive general commendation.

But the grandest work of them all, the work that no man dares to question, and the pride of American artists, is the world-wide known Bronze Door, by Randolph Rogers, which constitutes what has been properly described as the Main Entrance to the Capitol. It is nine feet high, weighs 20,000 pounds, and cost \$28,000. It represents in bronze casting, or *basso-relievo*, all the



ROGERS BRONZE DOOR.

represented in flowing robes of the Spanish nobility, the artist reproduced the form and face of his wife; and further, that in the panel introducing Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the discoverer, he produced his own face and figure.

important and historic incidents of the life of Christopher Columbus. This door is to be removed temporarily for exhibition at the World's Columbian Fair in Chicago. It was after close research and most conscientious study that Rogers (now better known than any other American sculptor) made the combinations from which this unparalleled casting was wrought in Rome. Every line of each of the forty different panels of the door is therefore correct, albeit the allegorical latitude of the artist may have been indulged, but not to the extent of any deduction of the real truth. For instance, it is asserted that in the panel in which the figure of Lady Beatriz de Bobadilla, Marchioness of Moya, an enthusiastic advocate of his adventurous schemes, is

These assertions, however, simply lend additional interest to the casual looker-on, and are probably not sustained by the actual facts. It is nevertheless true that no other country in the world is so fortunate as to be the possessor of an equal or even a similar work. Attempts have been made to imitate it, or to produce something in the same line, by artists in Russia, France and Germany, but to-day it stands without a rival, the unique and unequalled production of the greatest sculptor of modern times—an American. When the plain words are written and comprehended that in these several *basso-relievo* groups the tale of a greater epoch in the world's history than even that of the Mosaic legends is told, the facts reveal themselves—facts that will remain as enduring and solid as the pyramids of Egypt; and more significant, too, for in our modern civilization thus perpetuated in bronze they are legible and tell the tale that “he who runs may read.” There is not an art magazine, an art gallery, or an art receptacle of any kind in all christendom that does not, in its archives in one way or another, give place to some record or comment relating to this incomparable achievement of American genius.

As the visitor passes through this door he reaches the Rotunda, a vast compartment, ninety-seven feet in diameter, three hundred feet in circumference, and one hundred and eighty feet and three inches in height, from the floor to the arch of Brumidi's celebrated decorated canopy. In this central apartment, from which the grand corridors radiate to the north and south wings of the building, and from which also ascends the stairway to the dome, with its dizzy inner galleries and outer porticoes. There are eight historical paintings, so arranged in panels as to attract and demand the attention of the observer. In this space were encamped or bivouacked, during the earlier periods of the war, the regiments that first came to Washington to protect the Nation's capital from the invading hordes of the rebellious states. It is a fact of history not generally known that when “the boys” came on in those troublous early days of April, 1861, the Southerners who were numerically dominant in Washington, had no idea of establishing a “Confederate” capital in Richmond, Va. They assumed that the country beyond or below the line of so-called border states, Maryland included, belonged to them. Their design was to hold the Capital of the United States as their head-quarters against the “Yankee vandals.” So, it followed that for the time being the earlier regiments, including the famous New York Seventh, slept, ate, drilled, and lived on and near those marble floors. How many of those heroes are left? But those who still survive will remember the eight painted panels referred to. They comprise:—

The Landing of Columbus, 1492; artist, John Vanderlyn, 1842; cost \$10,000.

The Discovery of the Mississippi River by De Soto, 1841; artist W. H. Powell, 1850; cost \$12,000.



THE SENATE CHAMBER.

The Baptism of Pocahontas, 1613; artist, J. G. Chapman, 1836; cost \$10,000.

The Embarcation of the Pilgrims, 1620; artist, Robt. W. Weir, 1840; cost \$10,000.

The Signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776; artist, John Trumbull, 1817; cost \$8,000.

The Surrender of Burgoyne, 1777; artist, John Trumbull, 1817; cost \$8,000.

The Surrender of Cornwallis, 1781; artist, John Trumbull, 1817; cost \$8,000.

Gen. Washington Resigning his Commission, 1783; artist, John Trumbull, 1817; cost \$8,000.

Besides there are *alto rilievos* illustrating equally important historical events; and above the whole, covering the inner canopy of the dome, is Brumidi's fresco, "The Apotheosis of Wasington," and in the architrave, three hundred feet long and nine feet high, a line of frescoes in *chiaroscuro*, begun by Brumidi and now nearly completed, depicting the progress of great events in American history.

Volumes might be written descriptive of these magnificent works of art, but it is sufficient for this endeavor simply to call attention to them in a casual way. Throughout the entire building, in the corridors, in the basement and in the halls adjacent to the galleries, as well as in the Committee rooms, are to be found frescoes and mural paintings, all commemorative as symbolic, none of which will escape the notice of the stranger, and all of which attract the attention even of the constant habitue.

The Crawford Bronze Door, opening into the eastern corridors of the Senate wing, like the Rogers' Door, is another work of art, worthy of especial mention. It assumes properly to be illustrative of "Revolutionary and Federal History," and is seven feet six inches by fourteen feet six inches in size, outside measurement, weighing fourteen thousand pounds; cost, \$56,000.

STATUARY HALL.

The old Hall of the House of Representatives, the chamber in which that body met before the building of the two wings already referred to, is now known as Statuary Hall; so-called, because the several States of the Union have been invited "to furnish" two statues each of "chosen sons in marble or bronze to be placed permanently here." The responses to that invitation have not been so prompt or general as was expected; but, aside from the statues sent by the States that did respond, there are others which add to the general interest of the Hall. It was in this apartment that the men assembled, the great statesmen, who made American history, away back, from 1826 to 1857, at which latter date the new Hall of the House was ready for occupancy. It was in this chamber that John Quincy Adams was



JUSTICE FIELD

Justice
Applegate

Justice
Blatch

Justice
Purcell

Justice
Blatch

Justice
Loring

Justice
Gibby

Justice
Blatch

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

stricken with paralysis, and in an adjoining Committee-room may be seen the place of his death. It was here, too, that Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Hayne and other eminent leaders of those days won prominence and the supremacy which finally graduated or promoted them into the Senate.

Fitting it is, that this hallowed spot should now be consecrated to the statutory perpetuation of the memories of the great men of the nation.

Among the most notable are statues of the two martyred Presidents, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield; also, of Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton.

An object of art, which seldom fails to elicit attention here, is the old Marble Clock of the Hall, representing what is oftentimes described as "History in the Car of Time," and, otherwise, as the "Genius of History Recording the Events of the Nation." It is the clock that ticked, ticked, ticked, the time for the grandsires of many of the leaders of to-day, and truly recorded the passage chariot exposed to view serves as the face of the clock. The basis over which the wheel apparently rolls is a semi-globe. The conception was assuredly grand, and the success of its execution is daily attested by the admiration this old-time timepiece always receives.



THE OLD MARBLE CLOCK.

of the hours when history was being made—the history up to 1857—the politics of the eventful period when the "Irrepressible Conflict," which led to the war of the rebellion, was recorded. Who designed this most extraordinary work of art is not known. Possibly the artist himself, Signor Franzoni, an Italian, who died March 12, 1819, was the man; but the present prevalent belief is that Architect Latrobe was the person to whom credit should be given. It shows, in marble, a commanding female figure, clad in classic Grecian robes, standing in a graceful attitude, with pen in hand, transcribing the events of the second, minute and hour upon a tablet, her feet resting upon a winged car, or chariot. The wheel of the



McALLISTER'S BATTERY—FORT DONELSON.

HALL OF THE HOUSE.

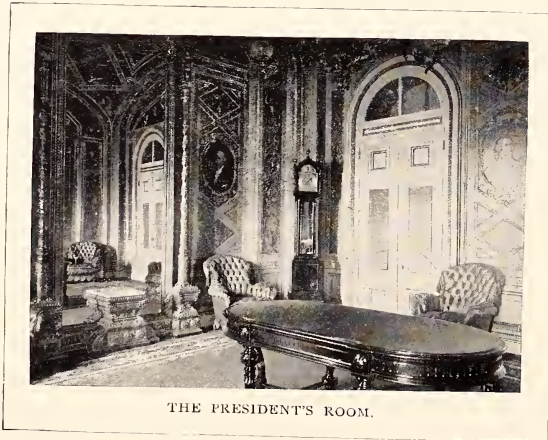
Although the Senate is constitutionally the higher body of Congress, it is a remarkable fact that people visiting the Capitol, almost invariably, go to the popular branch first. Hence, the House galleries in the south wing are nearly always well filled. These galleries are of themselves a novelty to the stranger. Fairly seated in them, one can easily imagine a scene from the amphitheatres of ancient Rome, for the seats are so arranged above the floor of the chamber, around all four sides, as to give visitors a full view of the arena below. The decorations of the corridors outside of the galleries never fail to attract attention. The really magnificent, and almost unequaled, marble stairways leading to them, are wonders, also, to the average visitor, while the paintings—mostly mural—are not only costly, but artistic. Having climbed the stairway, passed through the corridors, and entered any portion of the galleries, set apart for the public, the stranger finds himself under a glass-vaulted roof, in a room one hundred and thirty-nine feet long, ninety-three feet wide and thirty-six feet high. This vast chamber is arranged to accommodate three hundred and thirty-two Representatives and Delegates, and all the regular officers of the House. The main floor covers an area of one hundred and thirteen by sixty-seven feet. Underneath the galleries are the cloak-rooms, smoking-rooms and private quarters for members, where, not infrequently, they consult with each other regarding pending proceedings. The galleries have a seating capacity of two thousand, and certain parts of them are reserved for the Diplomatic Corps, the press, and “the ladies” exclusively. The desk of the Speaker is of white marble. The paintings on the panels include full length portraits of Washington and Lafayette, two of Bierstadt’s best efforts to reproduce the colors of nature, the “First Landing of Henry Hudson,” and “The Discovery of California,” and a fine Brumidi fresco, representing “General Washington refusing Lord Cornwallis’ Request for an Armistice at Yorktown.” Here, as in the Old Hall, the imagination may run wild in retrospection. Verily, has this arena been a political arena, trite as that phrase is, for here, since 1857, the immediate representatives of the people have enacted laws for the Government of the Nation. During this period of thirty-five years, what gigantic events have crowded rapidly one upon the heels of the other! The war was conceived in the Old Hall; but was brought to fruition here. The seceders bade farewell forever, as they then thought, to the flag of the Union, when they crossed these portals to “go South,” in 1861. Here, too, all the appropriations, and many of the great measures of and for the war, had their origin. Then followed victory for the Union arms, the period of Amnesty, of Reconstruction, and, finally, of a complete restoration; a return of the “Erring Sisters;” and not only that, but an increase of the number of Stars on The Flag.

SENATE WING.

The chamber devoted to the sessions of the Senate of the United States is a handsomely proportioned and finished apartment devoid of obtrusive ornament, and sedate in its general air, befitting the dignified body that assembles therein. It occupies the centre of the north wing of the Capitol, and is considerably smaller than the Hall of Representatives, which occupies the corresponding position in the south wing. It is one hundred and thirteen feet long, eighty-one feet wide and thirty-six feet high, the surrounding cloak rooms and lobbies under the galleries reducing the main floor-space to eighty-three by fifty-one. The desks are now arranged for eighty-eight Senators, and room will be readily found for more when other new States knock for admission into Uncle Sam's family "sitting room." In the centre of the south side, on a platform raised four steps above the floor level is the chair of the President of the Senate—the Vice-President of the United States. This dais has no kingly suggestion about it; it is so arranged only that the presiding officer may conveniently see all parts of the chamber.

Immediately in front of his desk are those of the Secretary of the Senate and other officials and clerks, whose duty it is to preserve the most accurate record possible of every word spoken.

The galleries surround all four sides of the chamber; part is reserved for the representatives of the press; part is set aside for the Diplomatic Corps of foreign ministers and their attaches; a portion is reserved for the use of the families and friends of the Senators, while the remainder is open at all times (except when the Senate goes into executive session) to the public generally, any person who is well behaved being admitted and seated without question, be he or she of whatever race, color, creed or condition in life. The ceiling is of iron and glass divided into rectangular spaces which are decorated in stained glass with the symbols of the Union—Progress, the Army and Navy, and



THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM.

the Mechanical Arts. The desks and chairs are of highly polished mahogany, the walls are richly but unobtrusively decorated; there are no pictures whatever. The floor is handsomely carpeted, and an air of solidity pervades the whole. Not a gas fixture or an electric lamp appears in sight. There are no side windows, since the chamber is in the heart of the building, far removed from the outer walls. All the light is received through the glass ceiling, which is covered and protected with a glass roof. In the intervening space is the lighting apparatus, which at night throws a flood of soft, steady light to all parts of the chamber. The heating and ventilating apparatus is elaborate and perfect of its kind. A current of fresh air from out of doors is continually being forced through the great air shaft that has its beginning in the round stone tower far down on the grounds to the northwest of the Senate wing. In its passage it is literally winnowed and strained, passed over hot steam coils in winter, and great masses of ice in summer, and uniformly distributed at an unvarying temperature to all parts of the Senate chamber and lobbies, through the polished brass gratings seen all about, while the foul air is as constantly expelled through appropriate ducts.

The new Senate chamber was completed just in time to be the arena for many fierce debates and fiery, warlike speeches, that preceded the final outbreak of civil war in 1861, for it was first occupied by the Senate of the United States on January 4, 1859. It was a bitter war of words, but its walls will never again re-echo to such sounds. And as each senator from the seceded States shouted his treasonable utterances, flung down the gauntlet and departed on his way to make war upon the flag on the dome, the little band of loyal senators bade their erring brothers farewell, closed up their ranks and devoted their best energies to upholding the power of the government in its dire extremity.



THE MARBLE ROOM.

Then came the loyal volunteers pouring in from the North to the defence of the National Capitol, and for many days the Senate Chamber was converted into a barrack for the soldier boys fresh from their comfortable homes—had not yet learned to sleep contentedly in the mud. And then for four long years the Senate Chamber was again devoted to its proper uses—where anxious hearts and powerful minds held high counsel together for the public weal. And then came the peace; the erring brothers came back again to their old seats; and the new seats are filled year by year as the new States are born; and the Senate of the Re-United, undivided, indivisible States is at last established in perpetuity in a home that nothing can disturb, for its foundation is the will of a whole people.

The Marble Room, of which a very correct picture is here presented, is indeed a marvel. It has no rival in all the world. The mirrors at either end are so arranged as to reflect again and again, in endless reproduction, a repetition of vistas, the result being an illusion which serves to convey the impression, that the visitor is in an illimitable marble palace, the like of which was never dreamed of or portrayed even in the most imaginative fairy tale. Here the Senators meet their most favored visitors and constituents, for no one can enter the Marble Room while the Senate is in session save by the especial permit of a member of that august body. Soft cushioned and richly upholstered chairs and sofas, ebony tables with marble tops, and the marble walls, marble ceiling, marble pillars, and marble floors, all combine to make this the most notable, if not the most artistic apartment in the Capitol.

The President's Room, so-called because it is devoted to the use of the Chief Magistrate on occasions of his visit to the Capitol, adjoins the Marble Room. It is seldom used, because, with the exception of extraordinary demands, the President never leaves the Executive Mansion on official business. A small chamber it is, but a hallowed spot. Here Lincoln sat, and Grant, and Garfield, and Arthur, with their great advisors, from Seward to Fish, to Evarts, to Blaine, to Frelinghuysen, to Blaine again, and so on to the present *regime*, when President Harrison, with his Cabinet, will determine the fate of acts requiring Executive approval. The frescoes are among the finest in the building, representing Columbus, "Discovery;" William Brewster, the first Plymouth Pastor, "Religion;" Americus Vesputius, "Exploration;" and Benjamin Franklin, "History." The portraits of President Washington's first Cabinet adorn the walls:—Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State; Henry Knox, Secretary of War; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; Edmund Randolph, Attorney-General, and Samuel Osgood, Postmaster-General. There is also a fine portrait of the "Father of his Country," to be seen appropriately hung upon the walls of this room. President Buchanan was the first citizen of the United States of that exalted rank who ever sat in official dignity in this apartment.



PRESIDENT AND CABINET.



THE Cabinet of President Washington—the first Cabinet—was not so large in numbers; the country did not require it; mention of the members of that body will be found in the chapter relating to the Senate Wing of the Capitol.

No explanation or description can be required of the group of portraits here presented of the President and his Cabinet. Each, and every one of them, is so well known to the general public, that to attempt to write of them or of their antecedents would, indeed, be a work of supererogation. The group presents:—

BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Indiana,	-	-	-	-	<i>President.</i>
JOHN W. FOSTER, of Indiana,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary of State.</i>
CHARLES FOSTER, of Ohio,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary of the Treasury.</i>
STEVEN B. ELKINS, of West Virginia,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary of War.</i>
BENJAMIN F. TRACY, of New York,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary of the Navy.</i>
JOHN WANAMAKER, of Pennsylvania,	-	-	-	-	<i>Postmaster-General.</i>
JOHN W. NOBLE, of Missouri,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary of the Interior.</i>
WILLIAM H. H. MILLER, of Indiana,	-	-	-	-	<i>Attorney-General.</i>
JEREMIAH M. RUSK, of Wisconsin,	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary of Agriculture.</i>

In the foregoing list the names of the Cabinet Ministers are placed in the order of their official seniority,—*i. e.*, their official, as well as social, rank. These distinctions were determined early in the history of the Republic; for, be it understood, that President Washington was a great stickler for etiquette; and that even Thomas Jefferson, of whose “simplicity” in public life so much has been said and written, never failed to assert his official priority when occasion demanded. The first office of the foregoing, created by law, was the “Department of State,” and its records, when they were brought to Washington, after the permanent location of the Capitol, barely filled one good-sized packing trunk. The other offices were created in the order given.

THE SUPREME COURT.



THE High Courts of Judicature, the House of Lords, in Great Britain, the final Appellate Courts of all the great Treaty-making Powers of the world, and the Joint Arbitrations of the Nations of the Orient, are, one and all, held in high estimation by the civilized people of the Globe. But none of them are more highly regarded, or more venerated, than the Supreme Court of the United States. Its decisions are the legal dictums, not only at home, but abroad; not only in national, but in international affairs. Yet, there is a truly democratic simplicity attendant upon the proceedings and ceremonies of this most august body, that is at strange variance with the flummery or fanfaronade of any other similar organization in either hemisphere. The only odd thing that strikes the stranger when visiting the Supreme Court Room in the Capitol is, that the Chief Justice and his associates are clad, while sitting on the bench, in the act of performing their exalted official functions, in sombre, black silken robes. Gray-haired and venerable, most of them portly in physique, with the Chief Justice in the center, they sit behind a raised "bench," very much like the Judges' seat in the ordinary court-room, to be found in any county or circuit court or court-house in any State of the Union, the main difference being numerical. But their robes are rather apt to stir the risibilities of the ordinary beholder. They do not wear the powdered wigs and do not sit upon the cushions of the Justices of the ancient times, of which we have all read in history; but they do still preserve, as an inheritance of olden English ceremony, the custom of wearing the same kind of habiliments that were supposed, centuries ago, to add dignity to the highest, as well as the last, legal resort. The roster, to use a soldier phrase, of the present Court, is as follows:

Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois; *Associate Justices*, S. J. Field, of California; John M. Harlan, of Kentucky; Samuel Blatchford, of New York; D. J. Brewer, of Kansas; Horace Gray, of Massachusetts; L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi; Henry B. Brown, of Michigan; George Shiras, Jr., of Pennsylvania.

No intelligent American can visit this court room without recalling to memory the fact, that on this bench sat the greatest legal lights of the century, as great as the world ever knew. There were, as Chief Justices: Jay, Marshall, Taney, Chase and Waite, portraits of whom can be seen in the "Robing Room."

THE GRAND REVIEW.



THIS is a trite saying that history repeats itself. Twenty-seven years ago, in May, 1865, the victorious armies of Grant and Sherman, marched for two days up Pennsylvania Avenue. The reviewing officers were President Johnson, Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. They are dead. Thousands of the marching troops have followed their old commanders to be marshalled again in the ranks of the Grand Army, whose tread and tramp is silent, whose footsteps awaken no echoes, and whose route is the flight of spirits, the trooping of angels in the realms of eternal bliss. Now, in September, the survivors of that glorious pageant their children, their friends, their reverent admirers, and representatives of all the world besides, are here to commemorate that great occasion. The city has grown. The avenue has changed. Magnificent as it was then, it is greater and grander now—the thoroughfare of thoroughfares, above and beyond comparison with the Appian Way of Ancient Rome or with the Champs Elysses of more modern Paris. The procession reforms; the march is repeated. The hearts of old and young are thrilled, and the souls of one and all are inspired with renewed reverence for the past.

Nothing could be more appropriate than this revival or renewal after more than a quarter of a century, of the most imposing celebration of restored peace and a reunion of a once divided country that the people of this or any other generation ever witnessed. Men who fought against each other thirty years ago are now here in fraternal communion. The scenes of the war are recalled, the tales of our sad and bloody civil strife are retold; but the flag without a single star obliterated—not one of the seven that almost suffered eclipse erased—but eight new ones added to its emblazon of blue, floats over all, and the Union those men of sixty-five declared to be free from sectionalism, free from the blot of slavery and free from internecine strife, is stronger, more prosperous, happier and better equipped for the preservation of its future existence than ever before. The blare of trumpet, the resonant drum beat, the shrill fife, and the strains of music, sweet, martial and melodious, are heard in every quarter. Glittering uniforms, marching corps, flying couriers, prancing steeds and dashing staff officers—all combine to make a picture never to be forgotten. The old veterans are rejuvenated, they are inspired once again with the vigor and prompted by the motives of a quarter of a century ago. They march with a quicker step and more elastic tread than they have since they doffed the blue and donned the civilian's garb.

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.



THE President's House, legally or properly described as the Executive Mansion, but popularly known as the "White House," fronts on Pennsylvania Avenue, and will be recognized by sight or picture to nearly every citizen in this broad land. But it is well worthy of personal inspection. It is two stories high but looks higher, is built of yellowish freestone, and painted white—hence its popular name, "The White House." It is 170 feet long, with a portico on the north front 86 feet wide, and is said to have been modeled after the country home of an Irish gentleman, though some writers have described it as a copy of the residence of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin. Eight pillars, semi-Doric in structure, support the roof of the portico under which carriages can drive. It is through this entrance that the thousands upon thousands of people pass on the occasion of Presidential receptions or levees. Through its portals the old soldiers and the numberless strangers will go to pay their respects to the President and Mrs. Harrison. Pages upon pages, even books, might be written of its history; its destruction by fire when the British captured Washington in 1814; its occupation by every President since John Adams in 1800; the many scenes of gayer, of hospitality, of grave diplomatic occasion, of sadness and sorrow, of buoyant hope and depression during our late war, that have occurred under its roof-tree. But the present reader will possibly be satisfied with a brief allusion to its inner structure.

As one enters on the occasion of an official function he is directed to the Blue Room, passing through a mag-



PRESIDENT HARRISON.

nificent vestibule, in which the President stands. It is oval in shape with the windows facing southward. Here the visitor is announced and presented to the Chief Executive and the First Lady of the land. Thence he goes in the regular line of march into the Green Room, another oval-shaped room, also facing the south; and after that into the grand East Room where the crowds mingle and chat, and where the dignitaries, the diplomats, the representatives of all the treaty-making powers of the world, the ambassadors, the ministers and envoys of all the nations of christendom, are to be seen, as well as the statesmen, and all the prominent men and women of our own country. The names of these apartments are taken from the color of their upholstery, except the East Room, so named because it faces the east.



MRS. HARRISON.

West of the Blue Room, however, is the Red Room and the State Dining Room, still facing south. The latter is furnished in a most elaborate style, with a long and rather wide table that will accommodate about forty guests, and is only used on State occasions.

The private apartments of the "Executive Family," with the exception of a small breakfast room, are all on the second floor, where are also located the Council Chamber in which the Cabinet meets, and the President's office; likewise the other official quarters.

The Conservatory, a grand admixture of glass and iron, is affixed to the Mansion at the west end—but not so large or so commodious as are hundreds and thousands of similar necessary luxuries attached to private dwellings in many cities and country towns, in even the newer states of the Union. Palms, ferns, flowers, rare exotics, from every zone and clime are there to be seen, to be sure; but not in such profusion as the average educated American might expect.

The pictures, or portraits, in the mansion are numerous, and include those of every President excepting Buchanan and Johnson. There are, besides, portraits of Mrs. Tyler, Polk, and Hayes, the only ones of wives of former Presidents.



THE WHITE HOUSE.

STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING.



DOUBTLESS the most imposing structure in Washington is the State, War, and Navy building, the Capitol not excepted, and perhaps it may be claimed that it is the finest architectural structure in the world. The dreams of the great architects of ancient or modern times, the realization of their fondest hopes and most artistic designs, were achieved in its construction if they ever were. And this is no extravagant statement. It is based upon the concurrent opinion of competent judges, travelers the world over, people who have seen and critically inspected the historic buildings of the entire globe. It is the one building among all the marvels of architecture here that can and must be accepted as commensurate with the dignity and the grandeur of the great American Nation.

The ground upon which it stands is historic. The War Department building in which Stanton held sway during the days of the rebellion; where the martyred Lincoln consulted with him; where death-dealing orders were formulated; where army commanders were removed or appointed, and where directions for courts-martial, for promotions, for brevets, for pardons and reprieves were issued, was torn down to make room for the north wing or front. In the rear stood the building in which Gideon Welles presided as Secretary of the Navy, and from which was issued the orders for the efficient establishment of the naval arm of the nation's defense. It was also torn down to make room for the new structure. So, it appears that the equities of tradition find full justification in the erection of a monument, if it may be so described, to the valor and achievements of both the army and the navy, the kindred services of the country. Added to these fronts, which cover the east, north and west, is the grand facade of the Department of State, fronting south, and affording a view from its stately windows across the broad Potomac unequaled even by the classic Hudson.

And the tale is not half told. The models of ships, the rare relics of the war, flags and cannon captured in and during all the wars in which the country has been engaged, besides many presents to the Government from civilized and barbarous peoples, ancient manuscripts, inscription curios, and the gatherings of American ministers and consuls abroad, are there displayed. Verily, the sight of them arouses anew and reinforces the pride of the American heart in the lasting greatness of the noblest and most exalted government yet devised by human intelligence.



STATE, WAR AND NAVY BUILDING.

The Diplomatic Room in the State Department is very like the Marble Room at the Capitol. It is located on the second floor proper of the building, and from its windows the finest view of the Potomac River is afforded. The Secretary of State here awaits on what is known as "diplomatic days"—generally Thursday of each week—the visits of the Ministers or other representatives of foreign Governments. On any other day application to the messenger at

the Secretary's door will secure admission to the ordinary visitor. A long table, curiously ornamented with inlaid wood and ebony, fills the centre of the room. Arranged on either side are heavy and richly upholstered mahogany chairs, in which the diplomats rest while awaiting an audience with the Secretary. The floor is partly covered with rugs, soft, thick and velvety. The windows are curtained or draped with gorgeous lambrequins, and the appearance of the room at large is that of Oriental magnificence. Portraits of many of the Secretaries of State, including Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, and those of more modern days, hang upon the walls. The ceiling is finely frescoed and is vaulted high, becoming the dignity of such a chamber. There is an air of courtly serenity about it, which strikes the observer at once, and it requires but very little effort of the imagination to picture the grouping of the foreign representatives as they come in duty bound either to pay their respects to the American Prime Minister or to negotiate a treaty, to arrange a settlement of some



DIPLOMATIC ROOM—STATE DEPARTMENT.

vexatious international problem, to announce the birth of some royal infant, or to transact any of the many serious, as well as frivolous, duties required of them. In effect, it is a tribute to the power and growth of a Nation that only a few years ago celebrated the centennial of its birth.



THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.



SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, salaried at five hundred dollars a year, with official headquarters located in a building that cost less than \$10,000, was the beginning, soon after the Declaration of Independence, of the department which now finds lodgment in the massive granite and marble structure at the corner of Fifteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, for which Uncle Sam has paid \$7,000,000. It is possibly the most substantial-looking building in Washington; a fitting place to be the depository of the Nation's solid and indisputable resources for the redemption of all its obligations. No one can look at its great granite columns, which grace the east front, without a sensation of veneration for the Government that has existed for so short a period as little more than one century, and is now, beyond contradiction, the foremost power in all Christendom.

The building occupies an entire square, and incloses space, by actual measurement, of 572 by 280 feet of ground. It is three stories in height, with a basement and sub-basement, and contains 195 rooms above the level of the adjoining streets. The site was chosen by President Jackson, and the construction begun under an architect named Robert Mills, in 1836. In 1855, extensions of the original design were authorized and have since been carried forward, with the present result. The general style of architecture may be described as Ionic. The granite columns referred to are thirty-one and one-half feet high, measuring four feet at the base, and have the appearance, at least, of being monolithic, but, on close inspection, do not prove to be "one solid stone."

The Secretary and Assistant-Secretaries of the Treasury, the First and Second Comptrollers, the First, Third, Fourth and Fifth Auditors, the Supervising Architect, Steamboat Inspectors, Life-Saving Service, Commissioners of Customs and Internal Revenue, the Register, Director of the Mint, Bureau of Navigation, Lighthouse Board, Secret Service Division, and Treasurer of the United States, all have offices in this building, besides the required clerical force.

In the suites of rooms occupied by the Secretary and the Assistant Secretaries are portraits of all the Secretaries of the Treasury, from Alexander Hamilton down to the present period. Aside from these pictures there is very little adornment in the building worthy of notice, except in the apartment known as the "Cash Room," which is said to be



BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

the most costly room of its kind in the world. It is seventy-two feet in length, thirty-two feet in width, and twenty-seven feet high. The best view of this magnificent chamber is to be obtained from the gallery on the second floor of the building, from which the visitor can look down and see the coming and going of hundreds and thousands of people who come hither on errands financial—the cash transactions of the Government. The wealth of the New World finds its head-quarters here. Unlike the Bank of England, or any of the similar governmental institutions of the Old World, this is free to public inspection, subject, of course, to proper safeguards and restrictions. From the gallery, as well as from the main floor, everything is open to scrutiny. The clerks are at work; the cashiers and the receiving and paying tellers are busy, and long rows of messenger boys, black and white, and citizens of all ages and both sexes, are in line, being waited upon with more grace and politeness than is to be found in the average private bank establishment. Thousands of dollars are daily given out to the merchants and business men of Washington in new crisp notes, silver certificates and subsidiary coins, as “change.” Hence it is, that ragged money—so-called—is almost unknown at the Capital. The walls of this room are decorated with panels of marble:—Black Vermont, Bardiglio Italian, Brown or Sienna Italian, Dove Vermont, Tennessee marl mixture, and what is known as the Sarrangolum, from the Pyrenees. The effect to the eye of even the casual observer is most pleasing, and the recollection of a single glance at the combination of bronze railings, marble panels and frescoed ceilings will last for a life-time.

Statisticians and politicians give figures whenever required of the coin deposit in the vaults of the Treasury, but the average visitor is satisfied ordinarily with the privilege, which is readily obtained, of handling eight or ten millions of dollars in currency, or looking at the closed vaults in the basement, wherein, in bullion and in coin, gold and silver, there are stored away \$225,000,000. In the Vault Room, as it is called, immediately adjoining the Cash Room, there is kept constantly on hand a sum in coin and notes of \$40,000,000.

The printed money certificates, greenbacks, bonds, etc., coming from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing are all received, duly checked, counterchecked and registered in the several offices of this department; the rooms devoted to these purposes, as well as to the maceration and destruction of worn-out, redeemed or cancelled Government paper being located in the basement. The Government contracts to keep the currency in good condition, and in carrying out that agreement, redeems old notes with new ones. The Assistant Treasurer at New York, for example, has sent \$100,000 per week of ragged money to the Treasury to be so redeemed. And it happens that the most of the money so sent passes through the hands, when being counted, of the women clerks of the department, a majority of whom are

the widows or relatives of ex-Union soldiers. It is claimed that they are more efficient in this peculiar work than men; at any rate, they are to be seen engaged in it day after day, and are known as "Treasury Countesses." They detect a counterfeit note with astonishing accuracy, and none of them have ever been found unfaithful to their public trusts. Even partially burnt or scorched notes are thus redeemed, and the trained eyes of these expert female clerks never fail to find the number, date and series thereof, with which data a re-issue is legally made.



CASH ROOM—TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

counterfeiters that have been captured by the Government detectives are preserved here. There is also a "Rogues' Gallery," in which photographs of criminals, men and women, are kept, and many other curious things which never fail to attract close attention.

Large, grand and imposing as this structure is, it is too small for the requirements of the department. In consequence the Government has been compelled to buy or lease other buildings, in which many important bureaus and divisions are located. The Second Auditor's office, where the money record, the pay-rolls, and all that sort of thing, the financial history of the individual soldier of the late war is kept, is in the "Winder building," on Seventeenth Street. The Coast and Geodetic Survey is quartered on New Jersey Avenue, and other subsidiary divisions, and offices are scattered about the city, all, however, readily accessible from the central or radiating point, which is the Treasury Department itself.

No visit to this building would be complete without an inspection of the Secret Service Division, which is located in an extensive suite of rooms on the third floor. All the plates, dies and instruments used by

CAPITOLINE SURROUNDINGS.

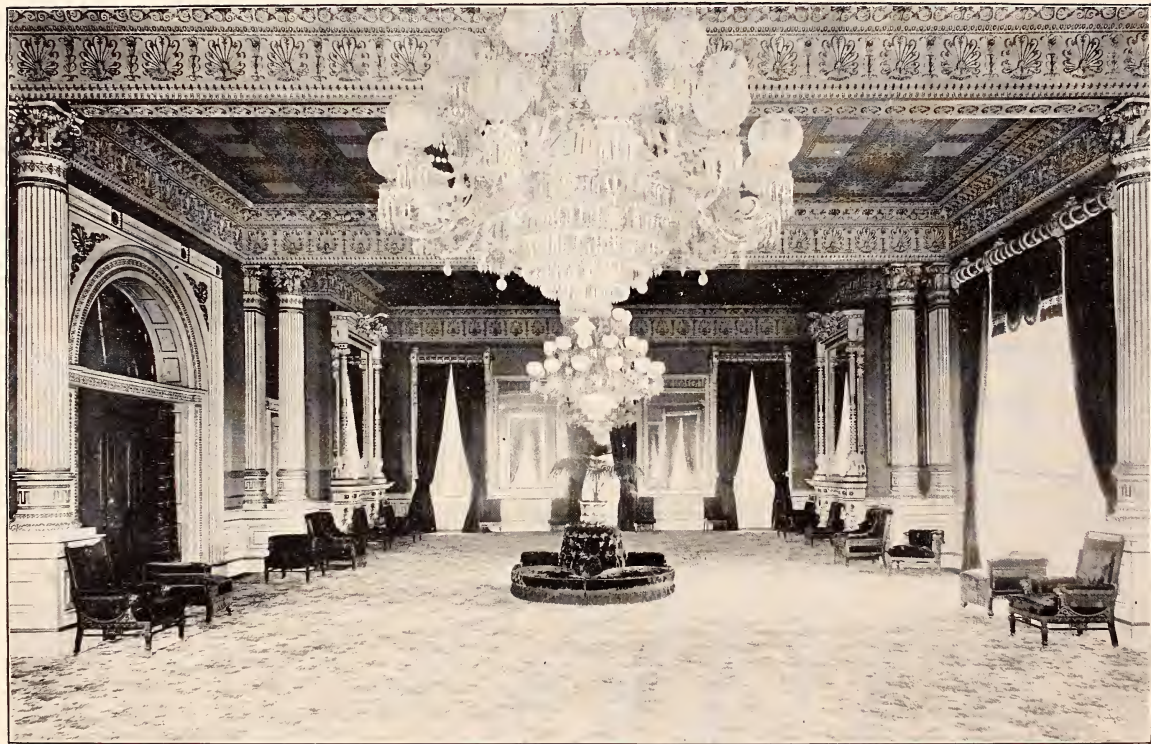
WASHINGTON MONUMENT.



MONUMENT;—a temple;—a tomb;—any structure reared by human hands, may obey the laws of symmetry and the grammar of ornament; may justly combine “the curve of grace” and “the line of beauty,”—and yet be so overloaded, as a whole, with parts that in themselves are beautiful, as to be oppressive, if not offensive; and, on the other hand, it may be so pure in its simplicity, and so grand in its purity of outline and of mass, that nothing can, possibly, be added, nor taken away.

This general proposition justly applies to the Washington Monument, as it would be now, if some of the earlier designs had been, unfortunately, carried out; and it also applies to the majestic shaft as it now stands, pointing to heaven,—a tribute to the grand and simple man whose revered memory it commemorates in unostentatious dignity.

As early as 1783, although suffering from the effects of an exhaustive war with one of the first Great Powers of Europe, the feeling of gratitude and admiration for Washington was so intense throughout the country, that Congress, on the 7th of August, of that year, authorized “An equestrian statue at the place where Congress should be established, in honor of GEORGE WASHINGTON, the illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States of America.” Considering, that even Congress itself, did not have, as yet, a permanent abiding place of its own, this act shadows the temper of the times. Washington, with characteristic modesty, shrank from deification, at least in his own life-time, and it was at his instance that, what was practically a modification of this act, was, in 1795, proposed, which was to erect a memorial, to be called the “Monument to the American Revolution;” the site chosen by Washington himself being that occupied by the present shaft. Ten days after the General’s death, Congress authorized the erection of a monument of marble, of design suitable to the memory of Washington, and the assent of Martha, his wife, was given to the proposition that a place should be prepared at its base to receive his remains. But apathy now seized upon all concerned, and for more than thirty years, the equestrian statue and the marble tomb existed only in the intentions of Congress, as heretofore expressed, that body having generously ordained the statue and the monument, at the same time economically refraining from appropriating any money to pay for either. Finally, in 1833, the continued neglect



THE FAMOUS EAST ROOM—WHITE HOUSE.

of Congress to take any steps in the matter, a neglect much more pardonable, considering the condition of the National Treasury in those days, than the also continued neglect now to provide for suitable national monuments to Washington's two immortal successors in the Presidential chair,—Lincoln and Grant,—aroused the active attention of a few citizens of the city of Washington,—then a straggling, untidy, inchoate village, alternately bathed in a sea of mud or enveloped in a cloud of dust. Meetings were held, a National Washington Monument Society was organized, with the Chief Justice of the United States,—John Marshall,—at its head, for the purpose of raising, at least, some of the necessary funds directly from the people, and making a start, trusting, that when this was done, Congress would, at last, wake up to a sense of duty and appropriate the remainder. Agents were appointed everywhere; plans, wise and otherwise, were submitted, and from the schools, the churches, the mills, shops and homes, contributions of fifty cents *per capita* poured into the treasury of the society. Many of us can vividly remember our childish delight and pride,—having saved up and contributed our half-dollar,—when we received from the agent a handsome lithographic sheet, displaying a portrait of Gen. Washington and a view of the ambitious-looking and very ornate monument, as it would appear when completed, and certifying to the fact, over very authoritative-looking signatures, that for and in consideration of the payment of the sum of fifty cents, the receipt whereof was thereby acknowledged, we have been constituted Life Members of the Washington Monument Association. In this way, in the course of years, the goodly sum of \$230,000 was collected,—nearly half-a-million persons contributing their mites.

On July 4th, 1848, the corner-stone, weighing twelve tons, was laid, with imposing Masonic ceremonies, and in the presence of twenty thousand people, the trowel, apron and other Masonic implements used on the occasion being the identical articles used by Washington himself, when, in his capacity as Master Mason of a Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, he laid the corner-stone of the Capitol itself, in 1793. Congress looked on while the work progressed, until, in 1855, the money was exhausted and the monument rested at 156 feet 4 inches above the plinth. Then came the Mormon troubles and the "Utah War," the difficulties in Kansas and Nebraska, and the "Border War;" while the foul breath of slavery poisoned the air of heaven and the minds of men, and a war cloud,—“a cloud no bigger than a man's hand,”—was slowly, but surely, gathering in the South, soon to burst and envelop the people in the garments of death, and threaten the destruction of the nation. And then the storm came and raged with bloody fury, all those years, and not until long afterward, when America had wiped away her tears, did she look up at the unfinished work and go on with her task. In the centennial year, a joint committee of Congress and the old society

was created a commission to complete the structure, Congress appropriating the necessary funds. This, including grading, and other necessary exterior work, involved an expenditure from the public purse of \$887,710,—making, with the original \$230,000, a total expenditure of about \$1,200,000, the whole being completed December 6th, 1884.

That portion of the shaft finished in 1855 is plainly observable by the marked difference in color, which, unfortunately, shows distinctly, even in the photographs. During war times, it was a melancholy object enough, and no end of cheap wit was expended against its marble sides. The grounds surrounding the monument were used for all sorts of purposes, mainly for horse corrals for the army, and people spoke of it as “a monument to the Ingratitude of Republics;” or, derisively, as the “Washington Chimney,” overlooking the fact that it was impressive *by reason* of its incompleteness, for that its builders had laid down the implements of peace and industry for the moment, and seized the weapons of war, to defend from destruction that Government whose Founder and Father they had begun to honor in marble. And then, when that task was accomplished, the re-united people jointly,—former friend and foe, side by side,—continued the interrupted work, until the noble shaft stood as firm, complete and solid as the Nation that built it, and as grand in its beauty as the man whose name it seeks to perpetuate.

There is a classic little white marble office building on the monument grounds, purposely made as unobtrusive as possible, so that no near object shall, in the least, tend to dwarf, by comparison, the magnitude of the mighty shaft. Hung upon its walls are numerous photographs, showing the work in various stages; detailed drawings, giving the mode of construction, and all data concerning dimensions, together with other drawings, showing the original plan, as adopted by the Monument Association, and numerous others, submitted for consideration. It is when, by an examination of these latter pictures, we fully realize from what fearful architectural horrors we have escaped, that we begin to comprehend the solemn grandeur of what has been created. When it was decided to abandon the original ornate design, and in its stead erect an unadorned shaft, a storm of criticism was evoked, especially from the architects. Forgetting the majesty of the countless obelisks that have cast their shadows on the sands of cloudless ancient Egypt, since before history began,—one eminent sculptor is said to have asserted that, “This sort of monument is the refuge of incompetency in architecture; when an architect has no ideas he resorts to the obelisk.” Yet, it is doubtful, if any one would like to see to-day, in place of what now exists, the florid and overloaded structure proposed by this same sculptor, with its “sham windows, crouching lions, Roman gables, and surmounting figure of Winged Fame.” For a monument of this description, one has only to take one look at what is known as the “Navy” or “Peace Monument.”

When the time came, in 1877, to go on with the work, a preliminary examination showed the superstructure to be sound, but the foundations inadequate to carry the weight of the mass when completed, which is 81,126 tons. The work was in charge until the end of Brig.-Gen. (then Colonel) Thomas Lincoln Casey, the present Chief of Engineers of the Army. Three years were employed in reinforcing the foundations with vast masses of the best hydraulic cement concrete. The original work was found to have already settled somewhat, although not one-third of the ultimate height had been reached, and was out of vertical $1\frac{4}{16}$ inches. This was also corrected, and the work proceeded to completion without further interruption. On November 18th, 1884, the key-stone, weighing 5,000 pounds, was put in place, followed by the cap-stone, of 3,300 pounds, on the 6th of December. The absolute finial is a pyramid of aluminum, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches square at the base, weighing 100 ounces, and costing \$225. Whiter than silver, susceptible of polish, and free from a tendency to corrode, this tip, as the sun-light strikes it, and it is viewed at precisely the proper angle, glistens like a huge diamond or an intense electric light.

The finished structure was completed and dedicated with imposing ceremonies in 1885, on the one hundred and fifty-third anniversary of Washington's birth.

The finished obelisk is 555 feet 4 inches in height from the surface of the pavement, which in turn is about 45 feet above mean low water. It is the highest masonry work in the world, the only structure of any kind exceeding it being the Eiffel tower, in Paris, which is a mere skeleton of steel. Its great weight,—over eighty-one thousand tons,—is sustained on an absolutely secure and immovable foundation. During the construction of the new part, the whole settled equally about four inches, but frequent observations taken during late years show that further subsidence has ceased. The outer surface of the old part is of Maryland marble, backed by rubble masonry. The new portion is mainly of the best granite faced with white marble, until, at about the 450-foot level, marble alone is used. Eight iron columns run from top to bottom, four supporting the interior stairway, and four employed as elevator guides. These are all connected with the aluminum tip, and extend below the foundation,—an excellent protection against lightning.

Theoretically, an obelisk is monolithic, and, hence, has neither windows nor doors. Strictly speaking, therefore, the Washington Monument is not a true obelisk ; but, rather, a hollow shaft, having the external form of an obelisk. By reason of its great altitude, the view from any floor near the top is necessarily extensive ; hence, four windows of small size are provided at the 530-foot level, but which can be closed at will by marble shutters of most ingenious construction, so that when so closed the outward semblance of the obelisk is preserved.

The view from these windows is as extensive as it is interesting. Looking down upon the city is like looking on a map of it, nor can a better idea be obtained of the general plan of Washington than from this point. The sensation is entirely different from that of looking down from a mountain, and must be felt to be understood. It is a long climb up the stairs; but the elevator takes up thirty persons at a time, in ten minutes; is constantly inspected, and is doubtless as safe as any such machine can be made. The interior is lighted by electricity. To walk down is comparatively an easy matter. It was part of the original patriotic and poetic plan that each State and Territory should contribute toward the structure, at least, one stone quarried within its own territory. This led to other stones being, also, sent from other sources, some of them very curious, and all bearing some form of inscription. These came not only from the States and Territories, but others were from principal cities and towns,—from Indians, from societies and schools, from foreign states; even from far-off Japan and China, from Mount Vesuvius, from the tomb of Napoleon, from Tell Chapel in Switzerland, from the ruins of ancient Carthage. At one time, countless insignificant names of equally inconsequent people were scribbled over these stones, many of them beautifully carved, and in other instances, some wretches, more depraved than the writing and cutting idiot, had actually broken off projections in the *bass-reliefs* and parts of raised letters among the inscriptions. These ravages have been repaired, so far as possible, and now condign punishment under the law awaits the mutilator.

There is something subtle in the beauty of the monument, for, with those who have it always before them, its impressive qualities grow day by day. In the brilliant sunshine, it glistens like a jewel; in the gray dull days, it is somber and sad. In the moonlight, it is silver; in the red sun-set rays, it is a shaft of gold. In the dark night, consciousness feels its sharp outlines; in the early dawn, its summit meets the sun from beyond the distant hills, while its base is still bathed in cool shadows. Sometimes it buries its head in the low flying cumuli; and once, coming up the river, just before sunset, was seen a grand picture:—a low dense bank of cloud, clinging to the earth's surface, blotted out of sight the city, and the hills, and everything, as far as the eye can reach, except the upper third of the shaft, two sides of which could be seen,—one a warm pearly gray, and the other, a rosy tint, like the blush on a young cheek; while the tip gleamed and glistened like the star of the evening. Yesterday, to-day and forever, its gigantic shadow moves over the fields with the sun, a veritable gnomon on the dial-face of Time, marking the hours that lead on to Eternity.



INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

The revered name of Washington cannot be mentioned without our thoughts turning to his beautiful home on the shore of the Potomac; that home to which he retired after resigning his commission at Annapolis at the close of the Revolutionary War;—the home which he again left to assume for eight years the burdens and honors of the high office to which he was called by the unanimous voice of his countrymen;—the home to which he again withdrew when those days were over, where, not long after, his eyes closed in the sleep of death, and where his ashes now repose in the tomb to which every American endeavors to make a pilgrimage at least once in his life-time, as the Mohammedan does to the Tomb of the Prophet at Mecca.

In Washington's day the estate comprised over seven thousand acres, much of which was primeval forest in which he was accustomed, with his friends, to hunt the wild deer. The central part of the house had been built by Lawrence Washington, the elder half-brother of the General, who had named the estate in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the British Navy, now more than one hundred and fifty years ago. General Washington added the wings to the house, and made numerous and constant improvements to the estate in all directions. As is well known he was an exceedingly methodical and careful man in all matters, public and private, as his account books, many of which are in the National Museum, plainly show. He gave careful, constant, personal attention to the cultivation of his vast estate, devoting to it all the time not otherwise employed in the public service, with the result that "Mount Vernon" was the "model farm" of the day in the United States. After the General's death in December, 1799, his widow still continued to reside there in close retirement, confining herself not only to the estate, but to her very room until her death shortly after.

General Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, had already built Arlington House and was occupying it with his young wife, and so Mt. Vernon was for years practically uninhabited. Relic hunters, name-writers, and other fiends and vandals were gradually carrying off the mansion and its belongings piecemeal, and eventually, probably, would not have left one stone upon another to mark the home of the Father of his Country, had not a number of noble and patriotic Women of America united under the name of and by the authority of Congress, "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," and having raised by their joint efforts, the goodly sum of \$200,000, purchased the mansion and about 200 acres of the estate in 1859. The house and grounds, under the care of these good and enterprising ladies, were soon restored as far as possible to the condition they were in at the time of General



WHERE WASHINGTON DIED.



STATE Dining Room.



MRS WASHINGTON'S ROOM
ELECTRO-LIGHT ENB. CO. N. Y.

MOUNT VERNON.

Washington's death. Some of the original furniture and personal belongings have been secured and put in their old time places throughout the house, or where this has been impossible, good, but distinctly acknowledged copies have been made, of furniture more especially, so that there is no cheap sham about the actual relics of Washington gathered at Mt. Vernon. Many of the articles belonging originally at Mt. Vernon are displayed in large glass cases in the National Museum, while descendants of the family, as well as a number of private individuals, possess many articles which would properly add interest to Mt. Vernon mansion, but which they naturally prefer to retain in their own possession. The fact that the Ladies' Mt. Vernon Association charge visitors a small admission fee has often been severely criticized, but the truth is, as matters now stand, it is the only way the estate can be maintained in order and repair. It rests with Congress to appropriate a suitable sum outright, to be retained in the permanent custody of the Secretary of the Treasury, or any proper officer—such sum to be invested in Government bonds—the interest on which shall be devoted annually, forever, to the care and maintenance of Mt. Vernon. The scandalous fact that an admission fee is charged an American citizen to visit the tomb of Washington, as though it were a peep show, will then cease to be a fact; and it is to be hoped this fund will be created at an early day solely for the sake of decency.

It is difficult to realize the depth of depravity to which, at times, humanity can descend. Some time in 1836 an abandoned wretch was discovered who had actually broken into the tomb of Washington, in which the remains of other members of the family had also been interred, and had carried off a skull and several bones. Fortunately, the villain had not desecrated the body of the General himself, although what were his nefarious designs it is impossible to say. A new and more secure tomb was at once constructed, to which were removed the remains of the General and of Martha Washington and others of the family. The condition of the old vault was deplorable in the extreme. Coffins and loose bones were piled about promiscuously, and it was impossible to identify and separate these in the removal. As a consequence they were placed in an inner part of the new vault, and the massive door being securely locked, the key was thrown in the river.

The lead coffin in which reposed the body of Washington was identified by its silver escutcheon on which were the simple words: "*George Washington, born February 22d, 1732; died December 14th, 1799.*" A person, who was present says, "the top of the casket was somewhat broken, disclosing to view a head and breast of large dimensions, which appeared by the dim light of a candle to have suffered but little from the effects of time."

The whole country was justly indignant at the desecration, and a patriotic citizen, Mr. John Struthers, of Phila-

delphia, not only volunteered and did defray the whole cost of a new and secure tomb, but he also secured an immense block of Pennsylvania marble, the exterior of which, at his cost also, was carved into the proper form of a sarcophagus, after artistic designs by William Strickland, and an interior space eight feet long, three feet wide and two feet deep excavated from the solid rock. Into this, the original lead casket with its sacred remains, was reverently placed, and the sarcophagus finally and permanently sealed up October 7th, 1837. The lid is a ponderous block of Italian marble on which are the arms of the United States in bold relief, and only the word, "WASHINGTON." This, and the sarcophagus of Martha Washington, are side by side, and can be plainly seen through the fast-locked iron gratings.

As one of the very many evidences that the life and character of Washington challenged the admiration and respect of the civilized world, not excepting the enemies of his country, it is an historic fact that during our last war with Great Britain, 1814, a British fleet passing Mt. Vernon on its way up the river to capture Alexandria, came up into the wind and fired minute guns, while the officers on the quarter decks stood with uncovered heads, as the band of the flag-ship played a dirge, and the marines paraded in the waist of the ships at "present arms," as they did when the "Royal George" went down. And during the Rebellion, although the bloody tide of war surged all around, and fleets and armies passed and repassed its doors, all, on both sides in the strife, religiously spared Mt. Vernon. That military necessity must needs have been extremely grave and pressing to warrant any officer of either army in using or occupying Mt. Vernon for any purpose whatever. It is a quiet, peaceful spot, and an appropriate resting place for the Father of that Country whose mission is PEACE.

FORD'S THEATRE AND HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

There are two otherwise insignificant buildings in Washington that will always be of special interest to the people. One is the old Ford's Theatre, on Tenth Street, N. W., where Mr. Lincoln was so foully murdered, and the other, a common little brick house opposite, to which he was hastily carried, and in which he died. The utilitarian spirit of the age so rules that nothing exists about these two buildings to mark that terrible event which so shocked the civilized world and diverted the stream of history, but a poor little marble slab, a few inches square, let into the face of the house where the President passed away, inscribed simply with the bare statement of the fact. The theatre itself was long since converted into a government office, where, at the imminent risk of destruction by fire, are con-

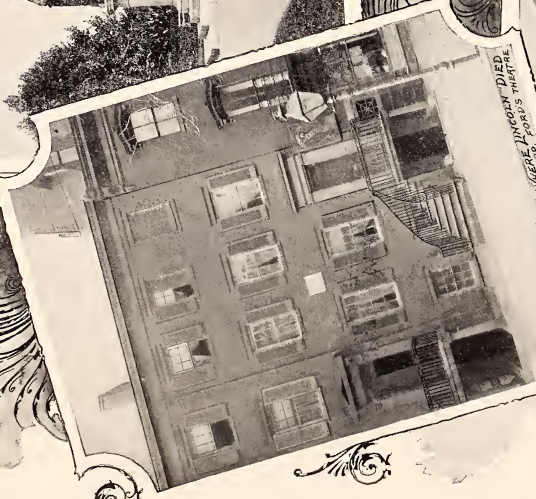
stantly exposed quantities of invaluable records of the late war, the loss of which would be irreparable. The house of death itself is, or has been, used as other houses are,—although there is a pretence that the chamber in which Mr. Lincoln died remains in the same condition in which it was left on that fatal day, more than a quarter of a century ago. At one time it was proposed to convert the old theatre into a museum of war relics ; but its flimsy character and general insecurity, proved a valid objection. But whatever use the theatre may be put to, the little house across the street should be acquired by the Government, and religiously preserved from ignoble uses or the destruction that is inevitable from the march of improvement. Whoever shall succeed in having this accomplished will deserve well of his country.

SOLDIERS' HOME, SCOTT'S STATUE THERE, THE CEMETERY ADJOINING, AND GEN. LOGAN'S TOMB.

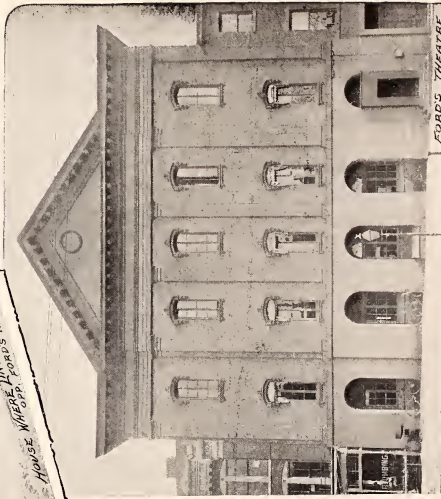
When General Scott entered the City of Mexico he exacted a tribute from that city of \$180,000, which was paid in to the officer designated, in silver, in four weekly installments. This money the General sent on to Washington and turned into the National Treasury. Later, upon the recommendation of General Scott, this sum, or a greater portion of it, was employed as the nucleus for the creation of a Home designed for the veterans, whether regulars or volunteers, who served in the United States Army in the war with Mexico, and for all other subsequent veterans of the regular army. For its further support, as an endowment, twelve cents a month (originally twenty-five cents) is deducted from the pay of each enlisted man in the United States Army, to which is added such sums as may accrue yearly from forfeitures of pay by sentences of courts-martial or other moneys derived from similar sources. Although within the suburbs of Washington, it is peaceful and quiet to a degree, and a fitting place for the old soldiers to take their ease after their years of hard service. Time, care, skill and money have made it the most beautiful place imaginable. The grounds contain over 500 acres, through which some seven miles of excellent roads wind in and out among grand old trees. The quarters are ample for both officers and men, and these, and all the appointments, are of the very best character. The quarters for the men are contained in several detached buildings, built at different periods. One, recently completed, known as "Sherman Hall," is of white marble, of imposing architecture, with a fine clock tower. Within, besides the dormitories, are the admirable kitchens and bakery, provided with all the modern appliances, and an immense dining-room. In front is the flag-staff, and a saluting battery of brass (12 pdrs.), where, on the ample sward,



LINCOLN'S
EMANCIPATION
STATUE.



HOUSE WHERE
LINCOLN DIED
OPP. FORD'S THEATRE.



FORD'S THEATRE.

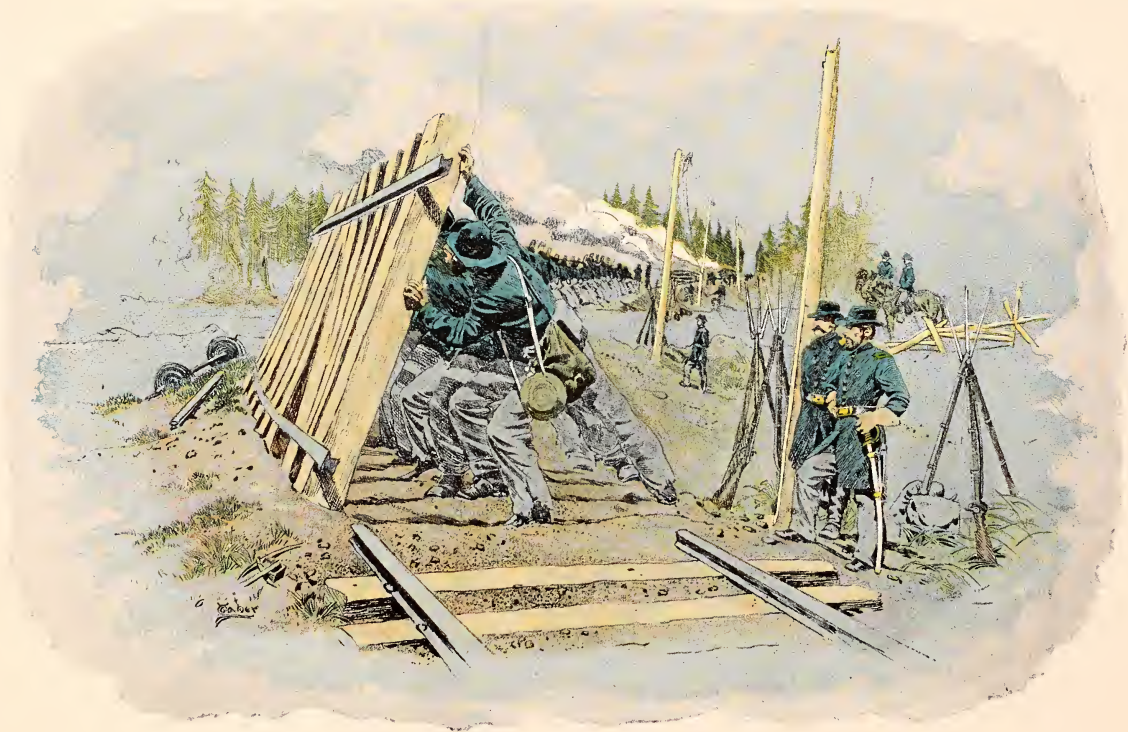
ELECTRO-LIGHT ENG. CO. N. Y.

FORD'S THEATRE AND HOUSE WHERE LINCOLN DIED.

the Home Brass Band, discourses music, on pleasant afternoons. On the left, is another, older, set of quarters for the men, and, adjoining, is the engine-house, that furnishes steam-heat for all the men's quarters. On the right of "Sherman Hall," is an old-time residence, that has always been kept in repair, known as the "President's Cottage," for the reason that several of the Presidents, and, more especially, Mr. Lincoln, occupied it occasionally in the hot Summer months. It was, doubtless, a great relief and rest to the anxious heart and overwrought brain of that wonderful man, after the heat and vexations of the day, to escape from the White House, and pass the twilight hours and the still watches of the night in the solemn quiet of the forest trees at the Soldiers' Home, surrounded by the faithful old war-worn veterans. Mr. Lincoln was accustomed to ride out and back in his unpretentious carriage, like any ordinary private gentleman; but, in those exciting times, Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton, and others, of his Cabinet, were naturally extremely solicitous for the President's personal safety, and urged, that if he would go, he should at least provide himself with a suitable armed escort *en route*, and with proper guards while there. But Mr. Lincoln, characteristically, insisted, that it would be unbecoming in an American President, in the Capital of the Nation, and well within the military lines, to ride about, accompanied by an armed guard, like an European monarch, and that, so far as assassination was concerned, he did not believe there could be found any one so base as to attempt such a thing. Nevertheless, without his consent, but without interference on his part, some one—Mr. Stanton, probably—caused a permanent detail of a trusty lieutenant of cavalry and some twenty-five or thirty picked men to be made, and ever after, when the President rode to and from the Soldiers' Home, the lieutenant rode at his carriage door, with drawn sabre, followed by his trusty troopers.

In rear of the President's House is a large two-story brick barrack, surrounded with piazzas, known as "Sheridan Hall," and, adjoining, is a cozy and well-furnished library, housed in a building originally designed for billiards and bowling. The billiard-room now occupies part of the basement of the new "Sherman Hall."

A short distance south of the quarters, among the forest trees, is a beautiful little Gothic chapel, covered with ivy, in which ministers of different denominations take turns in holding Sunday service for those who desire to attend. At still further distance, on the crest of a hill, stands the post hospital, with the necessary complement of hospital stewards and attendants; the whole under the charge of a Surgeon of the Army on the active list. The other officers of the Home are three:—the Governor, the Deputy-Governor, and the Secretary and Treasurer. These officers are selected by the President from among officers on the retired list of the regular army, and hold office during his pleasure.



DESTROYING RAILROAD TRACK.

The Governor is, usually, an officer of high rank—either a Colonel or a General Officer. During recent years this office has been held by General Samuel Sturgis, and by General Henry J. Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, who died while in office, and who rests in the Soldiers' Cemetery, close by, beside the body of his eldest son, a Lieutenant in the Navy. General Hunt was succeeded by General Orlando B. Willcox, who lately resigned; the President assigning General John C. Kelton, the recently retired Adjutant-General of the Army.

The officers' quarters—the office of the Governor and the office of the Secretary and Treasurer (whose duties are analogous to those of a Post-Adjutant)—are detached and very commodious buildings, surrounded with trees, vines and flowers, and situated, in a row, to the right and front of "Sherman Hall," facing inward.

There are ample stables, greenhouses, lavatories, baths, shops for carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, and other mechanics; gardens and extensive cultivated fields for all sorts of vegetables and crops, to supply the old soldiers' well-filled tables; and at a long distance off from the quarters is the Home farmers' house and barns, where, among other good things, are housed and cared for a large herd of good milch cows; so that the men have plenty of milk for their coffee and butter for their bread. The whole is surrounded by substantial walls and fences, with suitable entrances,—the posts of the main gateway, near head-quarters, being surmounted by two great bronze eagles, with outspread wings. Gas, steam heat, running water, good drainage and sanitary plumbing are everywhere, and nothing seems to have been omitted to make this delightful spot worthy its significant name—"The Soldiers' Home." Surely, "Uncle Sam" is good to his boys. The table is excellent and bountiful; the quarters are bright, healthy and comfortable, and as scrupulously clean as only old soldiers, accustomed for a life-time to everlasting "Sunday Morning Inspections every day in the week" (as the company grumbler complained) can make them. The men are provided with plenty of good and comfortable clothing; they are properly cared for when sick, and are buried with military honors when they die; they have an excellent library and other reasonable diversions; they have a G. A. R. Post of their own; they can come and go, in and out, of the grounds when they please. They are not compelled to work unless they choose to, and when they do, they are paid for it, in cash, by the Treasurer. But they have *earned* these privileges by faithful service, and these are their *rights*. The Soldiers' Home is in no sense a poor-house.

The only work of art at the Home (besides "Sherman Hall," which is an exquisite bit of architecture,) is a colossal bronze statue of General Scott, crowning the high ground in front of the main buildings, and looking out over the valley, down a beautiful vista, through the trees, toward the dome of the Capitol in the purple distance. Inasmuch

as he was the creator of this lovely retreat, it is singularly appropriate, and, as further evidence that Launt Thompson appreciated the general "eternal fitness of things," he modeled the figure in the verisimilitude of the old Mexican hero as he appeared in 1846, when he brought home from the war the silver bricks with which to lay this foundation. Most of the men who marched and fought with Scott in Mexico, have gone to their long home, but no old soldier of the regular army, in years to come, can look up at that grim figure in everlasting bronze without a gracious thought for the brave old general who made this Home for his soldiers.

There is another Soldiers' Home across the highway, just in rear of the barracks, where, beneath the trees, rest the remains of nearly six thousand officers and enlisted men of the regular army. A permanent rostrum is here erected, where services are held each recurring Memorial Day. Near it stands the tomb of Major-General John A. Logan—a solid granite structure, in severe classic style—within which, religiously guarded, are the mortal remains of the famous volunteer General and Statesman.

EMANCIPATION STATUE.

It is almost a hopeless task to depict in color, or marble, or bronze, the Lincoln as he lived, or express the wonderful light of his countenance, or the benediction of his smile. His tall ungainly figure does not lend itself readily to artistic treatment, and yet there was an air of native dignity and gentleness, coupled with strength and firmness, that the artist of the Emancipation statue has not failed to seize and perpetuate in bronze. There stands the great War President, with outstretched hand, proclaiming freedom to a liberated slave, kneeling at his feet among his shattered fetters. It is an exceedingly interesting group, finely executed, and it is worthy of remark that the cost,—some \$17,000,—was wholly defrayed by contributions from freedmen.

GARFIELD STATUE.

The portrait statue to the memory of the late President James A. Garfield is another admirable work of art and a real acquisition. It was erected by his comrades of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee and dedicated with imposing ceremonies in the summer of 1887, President Cleveland delivering the address. The figure, which is heroic and of bronze, represents him in an easy and natural pose, as if he were addressing his fellow citizens upon some topic of vital and general interest. The pedestal, a work of great merit and originality of design, is cylindrical, sustained by three buttresses, each surmounted by a partly recumbent life-sized bronze figure, typifying respectively, the student, the



warrior, and the statesman, the three walks in life in which General Garfield was eminent. Above these are bronze emblematic trophy shields with the book and globe, the sword and trumpet, and the scales of justice and the laurel wreath, in high relief. In looking upon this work one is struck by its harmony and balance, and that although the pedestal and sub-base are strongly emphasized and ornate, this part is perfectly subordinated to the dominant figure which gives the *motif* for the whole composition. Like the Lafayette statue, therefore, and very unlike most others, the elaborate subordinate member of the whole, while full of interest, is not aggressive, and contributes to the complete harmony of all the parts.

BOTANICAL GARDEN, ARMY MEDICAL MUSEUM, NATIONAL MUSEUM, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING, AND AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT

Standing on the coign of vantage of the dome of the Capitol or the top of the Washington Monument, or even looking upon the map it will be seen that a vast park extends from the grounds of the new Congressional Library east of the Capitol down to the shores of the Potomac; that this stretch of ground is ornamented with stately buildings and magnificent and choice trees, and, although necessarily crossed in its long extent by five or six streets it is practically one park, connecting with the grounds of the White House, and eventually, with the "Potomac Flats Improvement," slowly approaching completion, and which, when finished, will make the whole one of the finest parks in the world. After a careful study of the more recent maps showing the details of the "Potomac Flats Improvement," it is worth while, map in hand, to go up to the top of the monument and look down upon the city as it will appear when this and the "Grant and Lincoln Memorial Bridge" spans the Potomac, from the foot of New York Avenue to the entrance to the National Military Cemetery at Arlington, as has been proposed.

The subdivisions of this stretch beyond the Capitol grounds towards the west are known first as the "Botanical Gardens;" next "Armory Square," where, in a building originally an armory, and during the war a general hospital, painfully remembered by many an old veteran, is now established the head-quarters of the U. S. Fish Commission; next the "Mall;" and finally, the grounds of the Washington Monument, ultimately to be connected with the completed park on the reclaimed flats. This latter will afford miles of beautiful asphalted driveways and foot paths, amid grassy fields, blooming flowers and stately shade trees.

There is always a great deal of interest to be seen in the Botanical Garden and its conservatories. The buildings are not extensive nor the operations conducted upon as large a scale as they might be. The collection of orchids and "pitcher" plants is always interesting. The grounds are surrounded with a low masonry wall crowned with a high iron fencing, and encircled with trees, so that it is comparatively a secluded spot although surrounded by well-traveled highways. An enormous fountain that is the design of Bartholdi, the deviser of the famous statue in New York Harbor

of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and was a part of the French exhibit at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, occupies the center of the grounds. It happened to strike Congressional fancy, and at the close of the exposition was bought in by vote of that body and placed here. It cost \$6,000, and is remarkable for not being made of bronze, as was supposed at the time but of cast iron skilfully painted, and for numerous lanterns attached provided with colored lights, that of an evening, when the fountain is in action, have a beautiful although somewhat theatrical effect. Being placed in this low ground, which formerly was a swamp, and hidden from the streets by fence, wall, shrubbery and trees, it is not particularly satisfactory as an adornment, and it has been proposed to remove it to a suitable site on the hill east of the Capitol. If kept well painted it will continue to look very much like real bronze for some years to come.



The ground about the Smithsonian, the National Museum, and the Army Medical Museum, is so extensive and unbroken by crossing streets as to be an immense park by itself, irrespective of the contiguous parts of the Mall. The trees are numberless, many of them very rare; most of them venerable; all of them, as are all the 70,000 shade trees in the city belonging to "Uncle Sam," well cared for, affording grateful shade and a countrified air in the midst of the asphalt and bricks and mortar, that is restful and



THE GREEN ROOM—WHITE HOUSE

delightful to those who walk or drive through the well kept roads and paths, or rest on the seats liberally provided. The grass is purposely not kept so close-cropped and shorn as in most of the smaller parks so that the rural effect is still further enhanced.

The three great buildings already mentioned are all of absorbing interest, nor within this limited space is it possible to give aught beyond a vague notion of their purposes and contents. The oldest, the "Smithsonian," is a beautiful piece of architecture, and has a scholastic air that is grave and appropriate. It was founded many years ago by an English gentleman, James Smithson, who, having conceived great admiration and hope for the United States of America, left at his death, in 1828, his entire property to a nephew, with the condition of his dying without issue, the whole should go to the Government of the United States "*To found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution (not 'Institute,' as it is often and erroneously called), an Establishment for the Increase and Diffusion of Knowledge among Men.*" In 1836, after the death of the nephew, Congress accepted the bequest which amounted to half a million dollars (\$535,169). This sum remained unused and drawing interest until 1846. On May-day of the following year the corner-stone of this splendid pile of Norman architecture was laid in the presence of the President and Cabinet and a throng of spectators; the Vice-President delivering the oration.

The Institution is in charge of a Board of Regents, of which the Chief Justice of the United States is Chancellor, with the President of the United States as Presiding Officer, *ex-officio*. The actual work of the Institution is carried on under the immediate direction of a scientist of acknowledged standing, together with the management of the National Museum and the Bureau of Ethnology. He is known as the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and the Director of the National Museum, and is in reality the active head. Since the death of Professor Joseph Henry, whose bronze statue, mentioned elsewhere, stands under the trees near by, this chair has been filled by Professor S. P. Langley. The immense collection of material is being augmented constantly by contributions of objects from agents, paid and otherwise, in all quarters of the known world, and by exchanges of duplicates with other museums and similar institutions of learning in this country and abroad. The publication of valuable scientific monographs for gratuitous distribution, and the collection, preparation and classification of material for aiding in the study of specialists in various fields of natural science, is the chief work of the Institution in its endeavor to carry out the expressed intention of its founder in "*The Increase and Diffusion of Knowledge among Men.*" In common with the Fish Commission and the Government Printing Office (the latter must not be confounded with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing), the

Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum are not under control of any of the departments, but report directly to Congress.

The entire east wing of the building is devoted to the library, containing about 250,000 volumes and pamphlets. The lower hall contains a large collection of shells, and another of birds, well mounted and protected by glass, and numbering over eight thousand. The west rooms contain the collections of marine life and fishes, and in the south wing are a set of standard weights and measures, and a display of instruments of precision.

The walls of the main stairway are covered with casts of prehistoric Mexican picture writing; these and casts of the great Sacrificial Stone and Calendar Stone of the Aztecs before the days of Cortez, and implements and relics from the mounds and buried cities of forgotten peoples who vanished before history began, are imposing reminders that, although we think of the western hemisphere as a *New World*, long ages before Columbus sighted its shores it was inhabited throughout its vast expanse by races having a high order of civilization. The upper main hall is filled with a vast mass of material relating to prehistoric man, not only in America, but elsewhere. It is all of such absorbing interest, that many days hardly suffice for its examination, while its value to the student is incalculable. The generous Englishman who set this machine in motion deserves to be gratefully remembered by every American citizen.

Ever since the foundation of the Government, material has necessarily accumulated that needed only to be assembled and intelligently grouped and classified, to make the beginnings of a National Museum.

In the early days of the Republic it was the unwritten law that our Army and Navy and Consulate officers on frontier or foreign service should send to Washington whatever collections of curios they might make; these to become the property of the Government; the expense of package and transportation being, as a matter of course, defrayed by the United States. "All was fish that came to their nets," and, in the course of time, the departments were flooded with "poisoned arrows from the Plains," and "war-clubs from the South Sea Isles." Gradually the admirable Smithsonian Institution began to inject a little sense into this misdirected effort, and more systematic collections began to come in, which were classified in a preliminary way, and carefully stored, awaiting the dawn of that day of reason that was sure to come. In these days, also, before meteorology had been elevated to an exact science, the Smithsonian had invited voluntary reports from observers everywhere, and tons of recorded thermometric and barometric and other comparatively useless weather reports were annually received from all parts of the country, and as conscientiously published. Many of these individually intelligent "Volunteer Observers" (as the Smithsonian called them in the reports), also sent

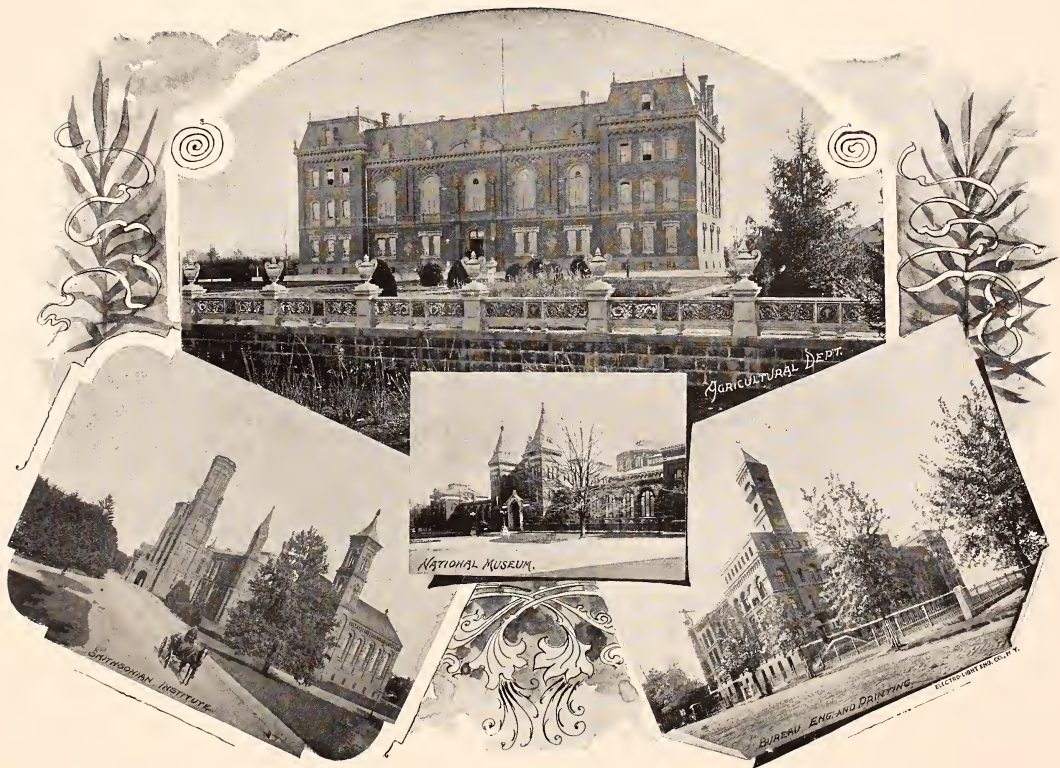
arrowheads and celts from Indian Mounds; unnamed fossils from the quarries they worked for building stone; petrifications; leaf impressions from the coal measures, intelligently laid aside while mining the coal to run the modern steam engine; queer birds, unknown fishes, odd mollusca, lichens and fungis, and unusual growths that the habit of observation had taught the people were of probable scientific value, and which the Smithsonian, or any of the departments, gratefully took into the "*Omnium gatherum*" and stored away until the time came to classify and catalogue. The outcome of all this was that each department and bureau in Washington had its own little "Curiosity Shop." A little collection here, and another little collection there, relevant or irrelevant to the department making the collection; the result was an inchoate lot of objects of great interest in themselves, but useless to the systematic investigator in the aggregate for lack of accessible assemblage and intelligent classification. To remedy this is one of the functions of the National Museum. Crowded as it now is, the curators will tell the visitor that there is stored away material of equal interest to that on view, and which cannot be exhibited until Congress supplies more floor-space by the construction of an additional building.

The National Museum was first systematically organized after the close of the Centennial Exposition of 1876. It then became apparent that the valuable exhibits donated to the United States by foreign governments and individual exhibitors required a commodious building in which to be displayed, and the present building, completed in 1879, is the result. Here, on its completion, were brought the treasures of the Patent Office Museum; those that had accumulated in the already overcrowded Smithsonian Building; many objects from the Army Ordnance Museum; those from the Centennial Exposition, valued at \$800,000, and many Revolutionary and individual relics of all sorts. Later were added the Grant relics, from his first commission in the United States Army as a Brevet Second Lieutenant to the diamond-hilted swords and the "Freedom of Cities" in gold boxes. There are bronzes from Japan that we cannot even copy, and lacquer work and ivory carvings, made by these "Yankees of the Orient," that are the despair of the artisan of the Western hemisphere. Ceramics of every age and people, engraved gems of Ptolemy's time, Babylonian cylinders, Assyrian signets, and Ben Franklin's printing press, musical instruments of all peoples, from the tom-tom of the savage, or the Pandean pipes of our Aryan ancestors to the grand piano and the perfected tuba of to-day; the lights and lamps of all ages, and the means of making fire; all manner of means of transportation everywhere; fabrics of all kinds, from the primitive matting cloth of cocoa fiber to the finest gossamer silk, of such exceeding tenuity that a robe may be passed through a finger ring: leathers of every tanning, and its application, even to a pair of boots made from tanned human

skin; the mines of the earth turned inside out, and all the glories of crystalline form and color glittering in the day-light; masses of meteoric iron flung off in space from some annihilated world, and hurled through unknown time and distance upon our little globe; specimens of building stone and raised geological maps, showing the distribution; costumes of all races, draped upon life-like figures, showing the facial characteristics of the wearers; marionette groups of communities, showing the domestic customs and economy of the human race, and miniature imitations of the forms of habitations of the more primitive peoples; weapons, hunting and fishing gear, horse furniture, idols, and accessories of all sorts from heathen temples; grim mummies from mystic Egypt, and desiccated Incas from Peru, who ruled, and loved, and fought, and died, and were forgotten ages before Moses was found in the bulrushes, or Pizarro dreamed of an *El Dorado* beyond the sea. Skeletons of the vertebrate and invertebrate, and fossils since time began; all the processes of mining and smelting ores; collections of multitudinous insects and plants; models of ships of all ages and nations; the details of all kinds of fisheries, with graphic models and real implements; detailed exhibits of the processes of the graphic arts, as applied especially to all sorts of illustrated engraving, from the crudest woodcut of early times, before the invention of printing with movable type, to the last masterly cut in the monthly magazine, or the wonderful polychromatic label on a soap box or display poster of a high art play at the Grand Opera; wonderful mounted specimens of the mammals, grouped in life-like attitudes, from a village of prairie-dogs to a family of gigantic moose, and buffalo, and gorilla, and musk ox.

In the Lecture Hall, usually occupied by the National Academy of Science, at its annual sessions, on the right of the main entrance, from floor to ceiling, is a wonderful collection of oil paintings from life, made by Mr. Robert Catin, who spent his best days among the North American Indians in the unknown West, transferring to canvas their likenesses and costumes, their manners and customs, and all the details of savage life, that will prove of inestimable value to the future student of the American aborigine when the last red Indian has become what General Sherman said all good Indians become. These pictures do not pretend to be works of art in the ordinary sense, and would hardly be "hung on the line" in the Academy, but were considered of sufficient value, nevertheless, for Uncle Sam to pay some \$30,000 for them, as matters of recorded fact.

In the center of this beautiful and interesting building, beneath a dome over one hundred feet in height, and in the midst of a fountain stands the original model in plaster of the Genius of Freedom, that, reproduced in bronze, dominates the dome of the Capitol. The wise, grave beautiful face, surmounted by the Minervan helmet with tobacco



AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT—SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION—NATIONAL MUSEUM—BUREAU ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

leaf plumes, is a benediction in its calm majesty amid all this wealth of surroundings, nor can any thoughtful citizen pass out of the portal of the National Museum without being impressed with the fact that it is far more than a mere show place.

Uncle Sam has saved up so many things for his boys to see when they come to visit him at Washington that the chief trouble is their vacation is not usually long enough for them to do the subject justice. Those who are interested in medical science in general, and military medicine and surgery in particular, will find much of absorbing interest in the great brick building next east of the National Museum proper, although the casual or non-professional visitor may find some of the exhibit somewhat gruesome. It is the Army Medical Museum created after the last war, and more especially devoted to matters relating to the wounds, the suffering, the misery and the patriotic deaths, and the beneficent means employed, so far as learning and sympathy and limitless money could go toward alleviation. There is connected with the museum, a library on medical subjects, of over 200,000 volumes, the whole being under the direction of the Surgeon General of the Army, the portraits of whose predecessors adorn the library walls.

East of this, in the old Armory, is the head-quarters of the United States Fish Commission, where, in miniature, are shown the details of the various modes of propagating and distributing fish; stocking streams with new kinds; the various forms of salmon ladders, etc., while at the door, on a side track, is often to be found one of the Fish Commissioners' cars, fitted up with all the appliances for transporting the results of the last hatching from one part of the Continent to another, so that one may catch a fish in Puget Sound whose father was a Chesapeakeian, and whose grandfather came "from way down East where they pry the sun up with a crow-bar." There is also a small aquarium on parts of three sides of the building alive with aquatic life of great interest; and quantities of large photographs on convenient standards give excellent ideas of the details of the work connected with the usual and highly scientific labors of the admirable Fish Commission.

In the Fisheries Section at the National Museum may be seen a magnificent silver vase presented at Vienna to the late eminent scientist, Professor Spencer F. Baird, who was the father of this great work.

West of the Smithsonian grounds proper is the Agricultural Department. There is the handsome mail building, the head-quarters of the Secretary himself, from whence is administered the affairs of this far-reaching bureau, that comes directly to the homes and the hearts of the great farming class. In the immediate front is a beautiful terrace, handsomely laid out in a *parterre*, and beyond, stretching to the foot of the slope, are the extensive grounds filled

with grand trees and beautiful shrubbery. In the rear is the Agricultural Museum, the green-houses, graperies and experimental plots, where so much valuable work is done, and, among other things, where most of the flowers and foliage plants are raised that are so lavishly used yearly in decorating the large number of magnificent government parks that ornament the city in every quarter. In the Agricultural Museum building the silk worm culture process may be seen in full operation, an intensely interesting and extremely curious subject. The museum itself is devoted to the

subject naturally uppermost. Here may be seen cereals from all parts of the world; woods of every sort employed in the arts and for industrial and domestic purposes; fiber and straw products; all sorts of fruit and vegetables reproduced artistically in endless and alluring wax *fac-simile*; gums, plants, pitcher; seeds, herbs and cuttings; the processes and implements of pruning, grafting, sowing, reaping, cultivating and harvesting, and countless other things, until the visitor, who thinks he 'knows all about farming,' is convinced that there is a vast deal yet to be profitably learned. The enemies of plant life are here held up to public exposure and scorn, and the student can learn that there are many other ways of getting rid of potato bugs and army worms besides choking them to death with paris green. The Agricultural Department is the public benefactor who not only teaches how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, but also how to make it the best grass, and the best hay, to be converted ultimately into the best live stock, and comes as nearly to ministering to the best interests of the community at large as it is possible. Its mission is eminently practical.



WEIGHING COIN IN THE TREASURY VAULTS.

There is a money making establishment near by that interests us all. It is the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where all the government bonds, greenbacks and internal revenue stamps are engraved and printed. The process is necessarily wonderful and complicated, and requires the highest order of expert talent in the production, and the most vigilant care and supervision to prevent obvious possible abuse and crime. The whole subject has been so thor-

oughly worked out that to-day it is practically impossible for a dishonest man or set of men, no matter how expert, or how well provided with appliances, to utter a counterfeit note, or bond, or stamp, that will deceive the ordinary observer, if he uses common sense and eyesight. The system of checks and counter-checks is so complete, the rules of the Bureau so rigid and the discipline so exacting that nothing, apparently, depends upon the individual moral rectitude of any one person, so that the bare chance of a five cent revenue stamp being missing, or unauthorizedly uttered, is reduced to a minimum if not to absolute zero.

The building is of the Romanesque order, of great solidity, and fitted with the very best machinery that can be constructed for the purpose, and the establishment usually runs day and night without intermission, except on Sunday and legal holidays, employing, of course, two sets of hands.

Much of the details can be seen by the public, under proper regulations, and is of absorbing interest.

PENSION BUILDING, CITY HALL AND CORCORAN ART GALLERY.

Perhaps no one building in the country, public or private, has been more thoroughly abused than the Pension Office Building, or all things considered, less deservedly. When General Sheridan was asked by the architect, General M. C. Meigs (who was Quartermaster General of the Army during the War of the Rebellion) what he thought of it, he wittily replied: "The only objection I see is that it is fire-proof." Perhaps the doughty little General did not mean precisely that it was a pity the thing would not burn up if it ever chanced to take fire, but he evidently did not regard it as an ornament to the City of Washington, however useful or necessary it might be as a mere building. That it is ugly in some respects, and abounds in absurd details of construction is undeniable, but that it is wholly ugly or wholly absurd, as it is the fashion to hold, is not borne out by the facts.

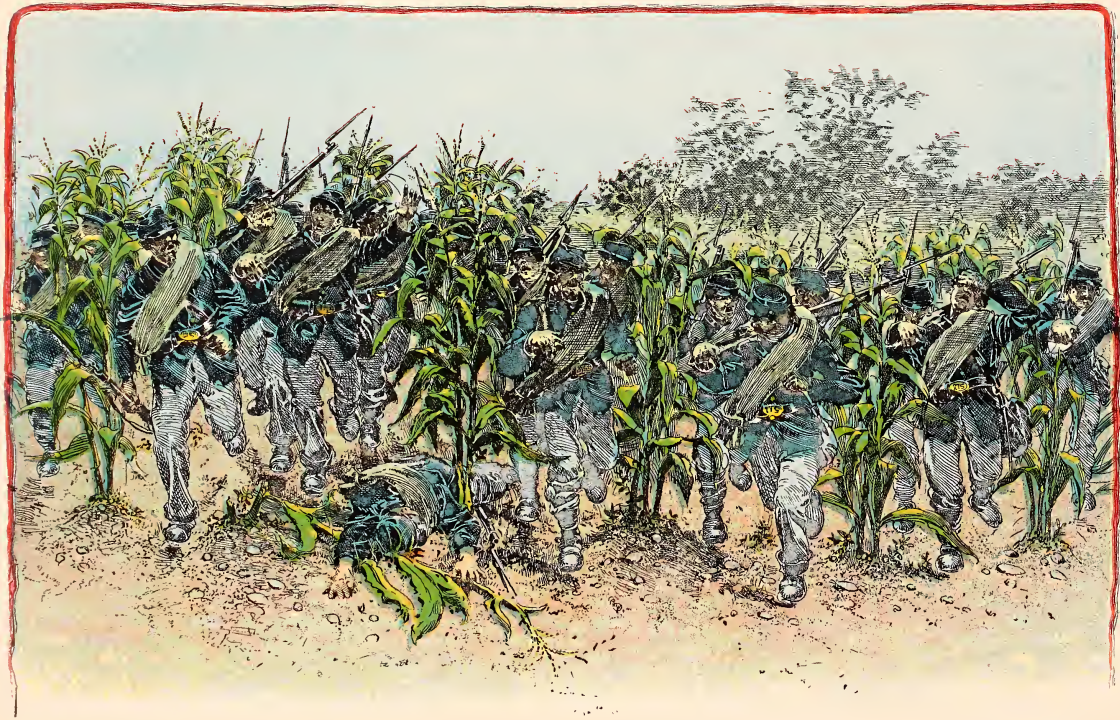
Probably no architect ever had a better opportunity offered him to build a fine thing, or made less use of that opportunity. With a site practically unlimited, with no adjacent buildings whose groupings or outlines would in any way modify or antagonize any plan that might be adopted; with open space on all four sides, giving scope for elaborate and varied treatment of each *façade*, that monotony might be avoided, and balance and harmony secured; with unlimited means at command,—the present edifice having actually cost over one million dollars,—a structure has resulted, that though convenient, light, roomy and well ventilated, and admirably fitted for its purpose as to the interior, is an example of a new order of architecture that may be appropriately denominated the *Barnesque*.



PENSION BUREAU—CORCORAN ART GALLERY—CITY HALL.

The architect took, as his preliminary model, one of the famous Roman palaces built in the early part of the 16th century, the Farnese, begun by San Gallo and completed by the immortal Michael Angelo. This palace which is in the style of the "*Renaissance*" is one of the finest in Italy. It is constructed of brick with the exception of the dressings of the doors and windows and the quoins at the corners, which are of stone. The height from the ground to the top of the main cornice, and the stories, three in number, are the same in both buildings. In the place of corner quoins, brick columns have been introduced in the Pension Office. This, with the introduction of a terra-cotta military frieze between the first and second stories, and extending around all four sides, and few other minor details, are about the only differences between the two structures, from the ground up to the main cornice. But there the parallel stops and the imagination runs riot over the extravagances of this new and astonishing specimen of a new and astonishing order of architecture. The harmony of proportion has been violated, for as compared with the Farnese Palace, the Pension Office, while it is the same height is about twice its length. This will be better understood when it is explained that the *ends* of the Pension Office are exactly the same height and length as the *front* of the Farnese, and taking the latter as a perfect example of the Italian "*Renaissance*," the ends are in the exact proportion that the fronts should be, and are, therefore, in themselves, correct *up to the cornice*, and the fronts are *twice* as long as they should be for their height, the Pension Office being 200 by 400 feet. In other words, if the Pension Office was to have had a frontage of 400 feet, then its height to the cornice should have been double what it now is, thus doubling the heights of the three stories and all the details.

The Farnese Palace, and many others like it in Rome and Florence, are all designed to suit their environment. They are invariably built close on the street line of narrow highways, and with but one, or, at most, two, sides visible. The style is not suited or intended for buildings standing alone, since the repetition becomes monotonous. All these Italian buildings have flat roofs; the very heavy cornice, with its resultant deep shadow, making what is needed to accentuate such a building,—a very well-defined sky line. But if viewed from a height,—from the Capitol, for example, it will be seen that on top of the Pension building proper, is apparently another building riding upon it. This consists of an immense transverse double gable with hip roof and three tiers of windows in each end, crossing a lower longitudinal shed-like thing, with one row of windows on the two long sides, and two rows in each end gable. All this immense, unsightly, ugly pile, is for the sole purpose of affording light to the interior court; for the interior is simply four tiers of offices built around a covered court, access to which is given by parallel galleries, approached by a stairway



THROUGH THE CORNFIELD.

on each of the four sides, and lighted by the windows in the outer walls, except the fourth tier of office rooms, almost uninhabitable in summer, which are lighted by skylights in the flat part of the roof proper, and the only roof the building should ever have had. This immense surface of glass in the windows, of what a sailor would call "upper works" or "top-hammer," is constantly breaking with every storm, the fractured glass falling in showers to the paved court below, endangering the occupants. Moreover, these windows, two hundred and six in number, are absolutely inaccessible, except from a scaffolding, or, possibly, a "boatswain's chair," and can neither be cleaned or repaired without trouble and great expense. None of the building above the main cornice (copied from the Farnese Palace), affords one additional foot of floor space, and serves no purpose but to furnish light, which could have been much better obtained by following the model which has been the delight of architects for three hundred years, than by devising something else that will horrify coming generations as it has astonished this.

The interior is as curious, in some respects, as the exterior. The office-rooms themselves, are admirable. They are all very large, and united throughout on each floor by communicating arches, access being had to each room by two sets of folding doors. The ceilings are lofty, with groined arches, and ample light is received usually from both the exterior windows—two in each room—and the light that comes through the doorways from the court. As the whole building, including the court, is uniformly heated in winter, there is rarely any occasion for closing the doors.

The stairways are peculiar and admirable, and may well be copied wherever there is sufficient run-way. The risers are five inches high and the treads are twenty-one wide, so that, ascending or descending these steps, is not unlike walking on an inclined plane, like a ramp in a fortification, a feature that many old soldiers will recall. The main floor is



STAIRCASE.—PATENT OFFICE.

— 97 —

covered with tiling, with a fountain in the centre; and at the east end of the building there is an asphalted surface at a lower level than the rest of the floor, arranged to accommodate the mail wagons that roll to and fro daily, transporting the immense correspondence between Uncle Sam and his soldier boys, relative to their pensions, and carrying peace and rest to so many desolate homes and suffering bodies. The first and second galleries are sustained on brick plastered pillars; the pillars on the lower colonnade and the dado being painted in a futile attempt to imitate Tennessee marble; the pillars of the second colonnade being painted with brass filings and shellac, to imitate (Heaven save the mark!) bronze.

The upper galleries are carried on brackets, and give access to the skylight rooms under the true Farnese roof, and which are chiefly occupied by the "Admitted Files," or the papers in claims for pensions which have been settled, unless they are redrawn under applications for increase, or re-rating, or other similar action. Several of these rooms are occupied by the carpenter and repair shop, by reason of which singularly ingenious arrangement every stick to be sawed or planed must be hoisted up with a "single whip purchase," and the completed result, and the chips and shavings lowered away in a basket or carried down three flights of stairs. This is made necessary by reason of the fact that, except the space occupied by the heating apparatus and the coal bunkers, the Pension Office has no cellar,—another instance of deliberate waste of available floor space. Immense masses of pension cases are, of necessity, constantly being moved from one part of the building to the other in curious wheeled vehicles,—little wagons, with two hind wheels and one front steering wheel attached to the tongue. When necessary to transport this matter from one level to another these wagons are run into the only elevator in the building. There is another elevator shaft, but up to the present time Uncle Sam has not been able to spare the money to fit it up.

A large portion of the floor space of the court is occupied by the "file cases," which are great cases of drawers, arranged with aisles between, containing the pension cases awaiting adjudication, by which it is meant that after the Commissioner of Pensions, by his clerks, has written to each claimant, telling him or his attorney just what is necessary to establish his claim, the papers already received are filed here, under their proper number, so that any case can be found in two minutes, and there it remains until the Commissioner's letters are answered by the claimants, when the cases go to the appropriate divisions, and the pensions are granted or refused according to the law and the evidence in each case; nor can favoritism, or influence, or anything else, divert the strict course of justice, barring, of course, human limitation.

The Commissioner of Pensions, the First and Second Deputies, and the Chief Clerk occupy the offices on the second floor, from the south-west corner to the main entrance on the south front. These rooms are very large, and the Commissioner's rooms especially are handsomely decorated and furnished. Among other things there is an immense fireplace, which is quite elaborate, and is placed there, probably, more for ornament than use, although it would be possible to build such a fire on the hearth as would "rise the cockles of your heart," and make some old veteran go hunt for a chicken to roast before the dancing flames, or some sweet potatoes to smother in the hot ashes. Fire-places usually have chimneys, and this is no exception so far as that goes; but the chimney itself has a finial that would make Michael Angelo turn over in his grave if he saw it outlined against the sky above his cornice on the Farnese Palace. There is a well-known form of classic vase; a bowl, supported by four hind-quarters of a ram, each crowned with a ram's head, with the conventional curved horns. Ancient Greece and Rome were crowded with this form of basin, but it was never intended to be placed anywhere out of hand-reach, else the water in the basin would be unavailable. At best, the utilitarian, if he bought such an antique, could only place it on his lawn and fill it with growing plants; but he who looks skyward will see a gigantic object of this sort serving as a chimney cap on the Commissioner's chimney. The best thing that can be said is that it is not out of place in the company it keeps, since nothing above Angelo's cornice has any right to be there at all. The American soldier can be safely trusted to judge matters pretty correctly. One old veteran, gazing at this object in amazement, said to his chum with the G. A. R. button in his coat:—"Comrade, what are those one-legged sheep doing up there, anyhow?"

The tile-covered iron truss roof is very ugly, viewed from the inside, but the general effect of the interior is imposing. This, however, is marred by eight immense pillars that at once excite curiosity as to what they carry. But it will be seen that they carry nothing which should be there which could not be sustained by the roof trusses, and therefore have no reason for existing; for a column which purports to sustain anything should of itself be the evident reason for its presence. To crowd them together as these are is as offensive to the architect as false heraldry is to the garter-king-at-arms; and then they are such shams. These Brobdingnagian masses are not white marble shafts with delicately carved Corinthian capitals, but are piles of brick covered with hard finish plaster, and topped with cast plaster-of-paris capitals whose volutes and acanthus leaves are wholly innocent of the chisel marks of the artist. This sort of "Brummagum" is best described by some one, speaking of imitation work generally, that it is the "art of covering one thing with another thing in imitation of a third thing, which, if genuine, would not be desirable."

When the inauguration balls are held in this great court, the file cases are moved into some of the office rooms, giving an immense floor for dancing, while from the galleries above the brilliant throng below present a picture of intense beauty. The interior, except the ceiling, readily lends itself to decoration, and at the Inaugural Ball given to President Harrison the decorators with profuse and graceful drapery of flags of all nations, trophies of arms, and shields bearing the coats of arms of the several States, converted the place into a very beautiful ball room. The colossal portraits of President Harrison and Vice-President Morton, still hanging upon the walls, were part of the decorations at this ball.

There are about two thousand employees in the Pension Office building, and it is an interesting sight to see the crowd swarm in the court at the noon lunch hour, or stream out of the door-ways at the close of the day's work. A stranger standing on a neighboring corner one afternoon watching the crowd of clerks hurrying home, finally stopped one and said: "I say, mister, what kind of a meeting have you been having over there, anyhow?"

At present the work done by the Pension Bureau is enormous. Since 1861 there have been filed nearly a million and a quarter claims. In addition there are all the other claims growing out of former wars. In the nature of things the time will come when the Pension office will again be a small affair, but for the present it is the largest bureau under the government, and disburses annually vastly more money than any other; the expenditures on account of pensions for this year alone being more than *one hundred and forty million dollars*.

Finally, this must be said of the Pension Building, viz :—that notwithstanding its faults, it is the most roomy, best lighted and ventilated, and best adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, of any public building yet owned or constructed by the Government of the United States.

As has already been said, the building known as the "City Hall" is in the same part, "Judiciary Square," with the Pension Office. Although it is a sham, being a brick covered with stucco in an attempt to imitate stone, its form is not unpleasing, especially the main or south front, which is classic in treatment. Although known as the "City Hall," it is occupied by the United States Courts of the District and by the U. S. Civil Service Commission; the affairs of the City and District pertaining to the executive branch being administered elsewhere. On the south front, on the sidewalk, stands a shabby little column surmounted by a carved figure purporting to be a portrait statue of Mr. Lincoln. The less said about it the better.

On Pennsylvania Avenue, near the White House, and directly opposite the grand and overshadowing War, State



PATENT OFFICE AND INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

and Navy building, is a monument to the wisdom and foresight, as well as to the generosity and philanthropy of one of Washington's best-known old-time citizens,—the late Mr. W. W. Corcoran. It is the Gallery of Arts, bearing the name of its founder, who, out of his abundance, set aside the princely sum of \$900,000 as an endowment fund, the interest on which is devoted to the purchase of meritorious and desirable works of art, he having first contributed painting, statuary and other valuables to the value of \$100,000, and constructed a building at a cost of \$350,000 more to house the whole. This he gave to the United States as long ago as 1874, living many years afterward to see the fruits of his wise generosity in the success the Corcoran Gallery of Fine Arts has achieved. Himself a banker and a man of affairs, he early saw the great importance to the people and to the country at large of definite knowledge of the graphic and plastic arts, and since Congress has ever neglected or refused to appreciate the importance of giving practical attention to this branch of education, by establishing at the seat of government a National Academy of Arts, it remained for this eminent private citizen to supply this deficiency out of his own purse. His beautiful home near by, fronting upon Lafayette Park, had its own picture gallery, and was enriched with works of art, and is to-day one of the ornaments of the city its owner so loved. He has gone to his long home, in his honored old age ; but opposite the head of the main staircase, in the large hall of the gallery he founded, one may almost stand in his gracious presence, so life-like is the portrait of the handsome white-haired gentleman, with the kindly eyes, who looks out at you within his golden frame from the opposite wall.

The building itself is a work of art, whose exterior is again enriched with other works of art. The house is of brick and freestone, 104 by 124 feet, of two stories and a Mansard, in the style of the Italian *renaissance*. Standing on a corner two facades are presented, whose richness of ornamentation is conspicuous among the conspicuously handsome buildings of this city of palaces. An especially striking feature is the introduction in appropriate niches on the south and west fronts of the second story, of statues in white Carrara marble, of eight immortal artists ; on the south stands Phidias, the father of sculpture ; the divine Raphael ; the immortal Michael Angelo, and Albert Dürer, the great engraver ; on the west stands Titian, the color-master ; Leonardo Da Vinci, the engineer, the sculptor, the painter and poet ; Reubens, the draughtsman ; and Rembrandt, the master of light and shades and shadows. The main entrance leads to cool and silent halls, where one may revel among pictures, and statues, and busts and bronzes, and bric-a-bric, or sit down at his easel and pursue a proper course of study under the competent tuition of the accomplished staff of the Academy.

Mr. Corcoran lived to ripe old age. His latter days were saddened by clouded eyesight, to such extent, that he was practically blind ; but he preserved his sweet temperament until the last, and himself denied the pleasure of looking upon the beautiful things with which he was surrounded, he at least had the satisfaction of knowing that others profited by the facilities he had provided for their free enjoyment and instruction.

It is not improbable that the seed thus sown by Mr. Corcoran will bear fruit in a National Academy of Fine Arts, under the fostering care of the National Government, as the fact gradually dawns upon Congress that the cultivation of the arts of painting, sculpture and design have a direct relation to the progress and intelligence of the nation, and that the influence of such an institution, properly conceived, organized and administered, is as far-reaching and important as the public school system, and is not something beyond and outside of the function of the public educator, but, in fact, a part of his plain, every-day duty.

Mr. Corcoran has not "builted better than he knew," for he knew all this. He was only ahead of his time. The times will grow up to the level that was plain sailing to his keen foresight

LAFAYETTE STATUE.

The Lafayette statue in the Park, nearly opposite the Treasury is a fine example of the modern French school of plastic art. Standing upon a pedestal of granite of rich design is a grand bronze figure of the Marquis de Lafayette. It is bold and spirited, and admirable in all respects. At a lower level, around the pedestal, are other bronze figures properly subordinated to the dominant figure of the noble Marquis. On one side, in life-like postures are the Counts D'Estaing and Degrasse, officers of the French Navy ; on the opposite side are the admirable figures of the Chevalier Duportail and the Count de Rochambeau, officers in the Continental Army, all the friends and adherents of our cause against the mother country in those revolutionary days. In the front a female figure of heroic size personifies struggling America offering to Lafayette the sword of liberty that he may wield it as her champion. The opposite side are other allegorical figures. The whole is harmonious in its proportions, poetic in its conception, and praiseworthy in all its details. In fact it is true art, and as such is a decided ornament to the city and to the historic thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Avenue, which it graces. It is the joint work of two noted French sculptors, M. M. Falquiere and Mercie, and was executed by them in Paris at the order of the United States Government.

JACKSON STATUE.

There is one equestrian statue in Washington which has a sort of fascination about it that is simply irresistible. It is that extraordinary bronze figure intended for "Old Hickory" and a horse that stands in the center of Lafayette Square, directly opposite the front and center of the White House. It is made wholly, or in part, at least, from guns captured by the stern, uncompromising old General from the British troops under Packenham at New Orleans on that momentous 8th day of January, 1815. The main claim to attention it possesses is the fact that the whole mass, horse and rider, is so perfectly balanced upon the hind feet of the horse, no other part touching the pedestal, that it requires, and in short has, no fastening whatever. This feat is accomplished by casting the tail and hind-quarters of the horse of solid metal, while the other parts of the figure are hollow with thin walls, so that the center of gravity of the weight of metal is identical with the point of impact of the hind feet.

The figure itself bears a fair resemblance to the accepted portraits of the old Warrior-President. He is in the "eternal" and graceful attitude of taking off his hat to his successors in the White House across the street. His bronze coat, to a button, is like the original in the National Museum; but if he wore such a sword he must have rejoiced when he finally received the news that peace had been declared between the United States and Great Britain some time before he thrashed the Britains from behind his cotton bale ramparts.

The four old field pieces around the base are part of the ordnance captured by General Jackson at New Orleans, and it is a poetic fact that the birds annually build their nests in the silent muzzles.

STATUES OF MARSHALL, GREENE, DUPONT AND PROF. HENRY.

Unique among the statues of the city, is the bronze sitting figure of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, clad in his robes of office, and placed at the foot of the terrace in the center of the west front of the Capitol. It is an impressive work. The great jurist sits in the chair of the Chief Justice, with hand extended, as if expounding the law. Bass-reliefs on the pedestal depict Wisdom dictating the Constitution to America, with Commerce, Education and Agriculture as supporting figures, and Victory leading America to the altar of the Union.

The surroundings of this work of art have been greatly beautified of late years by the construction of the extensive terrace along the whole west front of the Capitol, greatly adding to the usefulness of the immense building,



UNITED STATES POST OFFICE BUILDING.

and at the same time augmenting its dignity by remedying the appearance of incompleteness and abrupt finish that this front heretofore possessed.

In evidence of the gratitude of the country for his patriotic services, nearly a century ago, the Continental Congress decreed a statue to Major-General Nathaniel Greene, of the Revolutionary Army, but it was not until 1877 that the present equestrian statue to that famous patriot soldier was finally erected. It is a spirited work in every way—worthy the fighting Rhode Islander.

Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis Dupont of the Navy is commemorated in a colossal bronze statue showing the gallant sailor-chief in full uniform. The pose is exceedingly easy and natural, and the face possesses the merit of being a faithful likeness. Beyond this there is nothing to be said of it but praise. It depends for approval upon its intrinsic merit as a work of art.

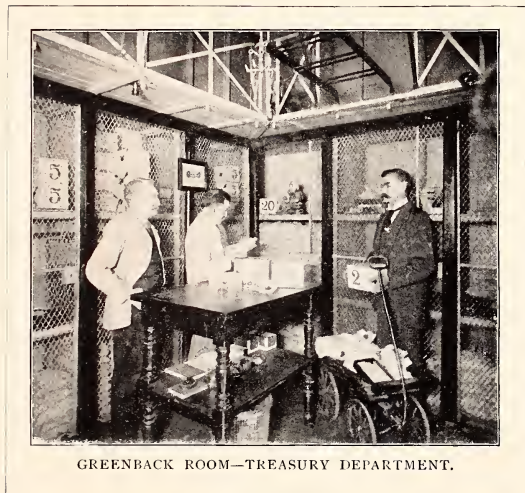
One of the most unobtrusive, and yet one of the best statues in the city in all respects (unless it be the wonderful, inspired figure of Martin Luther), is that of the modest, retiring scholar, Professor Joseph Henry, standing in the academic groves of the Smithsonian Institution, over which that eminent scientist presided with such signal ability for so many years. His was the sort of life work of which few see the deed performed, while many feel its beneficent effect. He has stamped his individuality upon Smithsonian for all time, even as the sculptor has stamped the features of the scholar in enduring bronze. There are triumphs in peace as well as in war; nor did ever a victorious general better deserve a statue than the learned Professor Joseph Henry.

GENERAL POST OFFICE AND INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

There are two magnificent public buildings, occupying adjoining squares, that play an important part in the functions of the General Government,—each the head-quarters of a Cabinet officer,—that have long ago ceased to be large enough for the accommodation of the enormously increased volume of public business within the last twenty-five years. These are the Interior Department (colloquially known as the “Patent Office”) and the General Post Office Building, in the first of which the Secretary of the Interior and his two Assistant Secretaries have their offices, and in the other of which is the office of the Postmaster-General of the United States. Both are of white marble, of imposing classic design, and thoroughly and solidly constructed. Both lack many modern conveniences; both are contracted and crowded to repletion,—not only with the army of clerks and employees generally, but with a vast accumulation of

valuable and necessary records, as well as with the complicated machinery of current work. Both overflow into numerous other buildings,—as, in fact, nearly all the other departments are compelled to do,—but these two buildings are the fountain heads of these two departments in which the people at large have such direct, daily, individual interest. When the fact is recalled that the Patent Office, the Pension Office, the General Land Office, the Office of Indian Affairs,

the Bureau of Education, the Railroad Commission, the United States Geological Survey and the Census Office are, each and all of them, merely Bureaus of the Department of the Interior, one begins to realize what a vast machine the Secretary is called upon to preside over and direct, while, at the same time, he must contend with the daily increasing volume of work, and the proportionally daily decreasing space to do that work in. In the near future, undoubtedly, many new and extensive public buildings must be erected in various parts of the city to accommodate the increase that grows directly with the growth of the country at large, and which is true, not only of the Interior, but of the other departments of government. At present, a larger number of bureaus of the various departments are scattered over the town in all sorts of hired quarters, where enormous rents are paid for accommodations that are, for the most part, inadequate, or of necessity, more or less, unsuited to the purpose.



GREENBACK ROOM—TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

The Model Room in the Patent Office building is a place of great general interest, but the model cases are, of necessity, crowded together so closely, on account of the lack of floor space, that it is difficult to see everything satisfactorily. The whole building is just about large enough for the present needs of the Patent Office alone; and doubtless, before many years, the erection of another large building elsewhere will serve to relieve the present pressure.

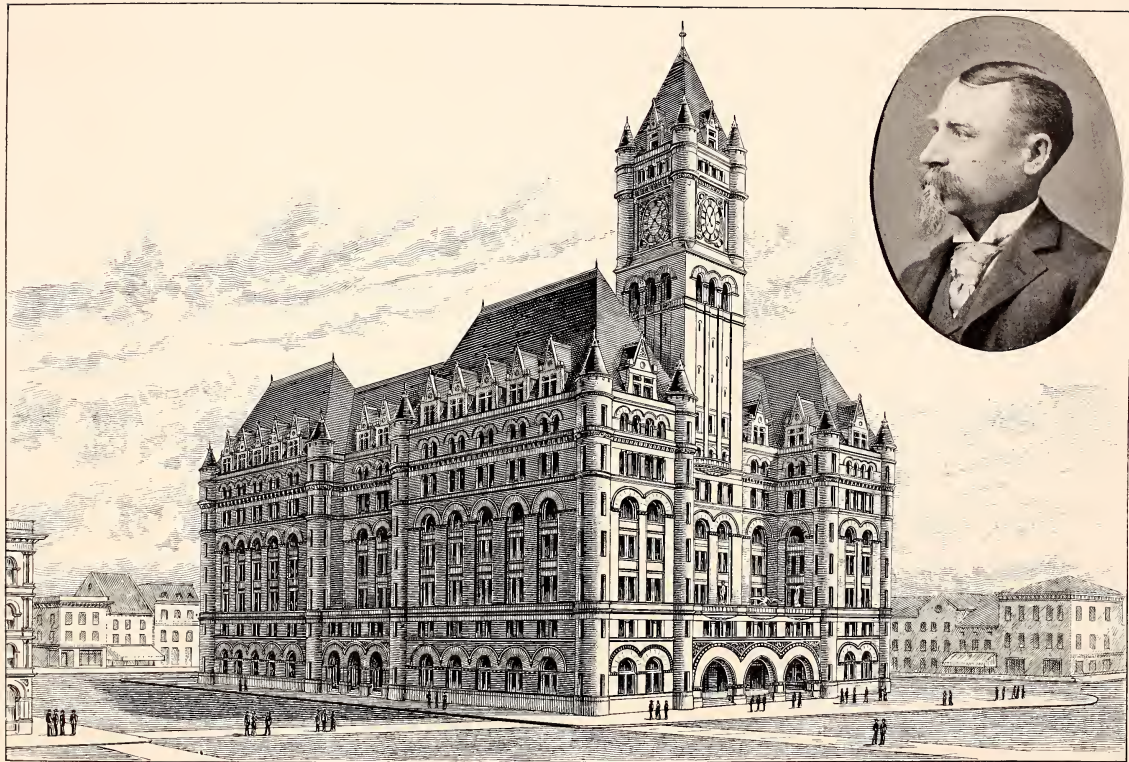
Two destructive fires have occurred in the Patent Office since its origin, but with the present arrangements for fighting fires, any further danger is probably remote.

On the upper floor of the General Post Office Building is the Dead Letter Office, one of the most curious places in all the round of government offices. The queer things people endeavor to send by mail occasionally, pass belief. All these oddities eventually bring up here, when,—unless they are snakes or scorpions, or perishable matter, that must be gotten rid of at once,—they are eventually sold at public auction, together with unclaimed mail matter of all kinds, the senders of which, as well as the persons for whom intended, cannot be found. Those sales take place at stated periods, and afford endless amusement, as the articles are not designated by name, but are sold in lots by number, to the highest bidder,—the purchaser taking his chances as to whether he bids in a flint lock shotgun, or a baby cap.

From the office of the Postmaster-General is directed the vast postal machine, that renders intercommunication so rapid, cheap and sure, with all parts of our great country, and will bring a letter from Sitka in twelve days, or one from the other end of the block, each for two cents.

COMMANDERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

How familiar these faces are to all the old veterans, indeed, familiar to every one, thanks to the wonderful advance in the countless methods of illustration and reproduction in these later days. The gallant "Little Mac," the organizer of the historic Army of the Potomac, General George B. McClellan; who can forget how the loyal North clung to him and worshipped him in the early days of the terrible strife? And Burnside, the gallant soldier, the beloved of his men, the dignified Senator; who can recall that pleasant face and commanding figure without a kind thought for Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside? Then there is "Fighting Joe Hooker," handsome as a god on high Olympus, brave as a lion, dashing as a thunderbolt, the idol of the Army of the Potomac, the true American patriot soldier. And Major-General George G. Meade, the victor of Gettysburg, whose eagle eye from that day until the end ceaselessly watched over that wonderful body of soldiery, and whose powerful, comprehensive mind wisely commanded and led it to a victorious and triumphant end, and bade it farewell as it melted away among the people from which it sprang, and passed into history forever. And last, but not least, who is he that needs to have pointed out the features of the Incarnation of War, the Organizer of Peace,—**ULYSSES S. GRANT**? We all have him in our hearts, and mere words can add nothing to the fame of his name. Although with the Army of the Potomac constantly during



PLAN FOR THE NEW CITY POST-OFFICE—W. J. EDBROOKE, *Architect.*

the latter part of the War for the Union, General Grant's high rank so overshadowed that of General Meade, its actual commander, that the numberless people, even the soldiers themselves, readily fall into the natural error that General Grant commanded the Army of the Potomac; whereas, as a matter of fact, he never commanded that army at all, except in the sense that he commanded it with *all the other armies in the field*, as the General-in-Chief of the *armies* of the United States. He saw fit to make his head-quarters with the Army of the Potomac, and all General Grant's orders to that army were given through its *actual* commander, General Meade. Had General Grant happened to have made his head-quarters with Sherman's army after the fall of Atlanta, and accompanied that grand body of troops through Georgia, that movement would have been known in history as "Grant's March to the Sea." He chose, instead, to make his head-quarters with General Meade's army, as he might have done anywhere else in the United States, whence arises the inevitable error in placing General Grant among the immediate commanders of the Army of the Potomac.

THOMAS, McPHERSON, SCOTT, WASHINGTON, RAWLINS.

Among the many equestrian statues, good, bad and indifferent, with which the public parks of the Capital City are adorned, there is one that stands out far beyond all the others in the qualities that go to make a work of high art, that shall be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." There it stands, *silhouette*, against the sky—the figure of a man, mounted upon a spirited horse—and, as the eye rests upon the unification, the thought passes that it is only bronze and granite; the horse, alert, with distended nostrils, snuffs the battle, while his mane and tail stream in the wind, blowing across the hill-top he has just ascended; his rider,—calm, cool, dignified and intent; his noble head bared,—looks earnestly across the unseen valley in front, toward the invisible hills of Hope, Victory and Glory beyond. The figure thrills with life and strength; it is no longer a mute statue! it is "The Rock of Chickamauga!" it is the great loyal Virginian! it is the idol of the Army of the Tennessee! it is "old Pap!" *it is Major-General GEORGE HENRY THOMAS himself!*

It is fitting, that in this noble counterfeit of life, there should stand near by, as he did in real life, the glorified image of the Commander of the other twin of those armies,—the Army of the Cumberland,—Major-General James B. McPherson.

When, at the outbreak of the war, he modestly took the field as a young Lieutenant of Engineers of the Regular Army, which he had but recently entered, after his graduation from the Military Academy at West Point, no one,

perhaps, dreamed—and he, least of all—of the glory awaiting him. But he soon proved his blade to be of the stuff fit only for heroes to wield, and when he was shot dead from his horse, on his very front lines before Atlanta, on that memorable 22d day of July, 1864, his soul joined the soldiers of the ages, in Valhalla, and his name was written in the hearts of the people. There he sits upon his impatient horse, his field-glass in his hand, looking earnestly, with the eye of the engineer, to detect a weak point in the enemy's works, and with the eye of the general, for the favorable moment to deliver his attacks. It is a noble art-work, in every way worthy of its grand subject.

The ponderous colossal equestrian statue of Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott has been severely criticised, and, undoubtedly, it has many serious defects, notably as regards the modeling of the horse; but the figure of the rider is undeniably a portrait of General Scott, in his full uniform of a general officer, and which, in later life, as is well known, he almost invariably wore. During the first months of the civil war, while on duty here, in Washington City, organizing order out of chaos, he even required his staff officers, on duty at his head-quarters, to sit at their desks, in those hot June days, dressed in full uniform, sword, sash, spurs and epaulettes. As a work of art, the statue is not remarkable; but as an evidence of the respect and honor in which the American people held the name of Winfield Scott, it is worthy of the utmost consideration.

The bronze equestrian statue of Gen. George Washington exists, perhaps, for similar reasons. It is unfortunate, that in this magnificent city, that not only bears the name, but was, in fact, planned and located, personally, by that eminent personage, an equestrian statue, of fitting noble design and proportions, was not long since erected to the Father of his Country. Art is no longer in its infancy in the United States; and, some day, as we wander through the beautiful streets, we may suddenly come upon a grand, thoughtful face surmounting a majestic figure, clad in Continental uniform, riding slowly toward us, under the trees, on a Virginian thoroughbred, all in bronze; and, when we doff our hats as we pass, we will know, without being told, that we have looked upon the face of Washington.

Hidden away among the trees down on Pennsylvania Avenue,—like modesty itself,—upon a granite pedestal, stands the bronze figure of a hard-worked Staff Officer,—Gen. Grant's Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff,—Brig.-Gen. John A. Rawlins. There he stands, in his "working clothes," his field glass slung over his shoulder, his legs encased in long riding boots, leaning upon his sword, as if he had just dismounted from a weary ride, and was resting, as he delivered his report to his Commander. It is unpretentious, but a work of great merit.



FAREWELL! The first word of this book, this Souvenir, is WELCOME! It is fitting that the last word should be FAREWELL! But let it not be a sad word. Let it be to those who carry the Souvenir home with them, and to their families and friends, an assurance of the lasting affection and comradeship that knows no earthly farewell; that recognizes only those ties which are inseparable, now and forever; and those bonds which, like those of the Union we fought for, are indivisible.

"History repeats itself" is one of the trite sayings with which these pages began; but here the *simile* ends. This history, or the repetition of the Grand Review of 1865, will never again be repeated. In the course of human events it is beyond possibility that such a recurrence as this demonstration of September, 1892, should at any other future time be recorded. It is or has been an event the like of which no other nation has ever seen; not even the nations of antiquity; not in the triumphal marches of Roman armies with the Royal Caesars at the head of their serried columns; nor even of more modern times when the great Napoleon led his victorious legions into Paris after having conquered the cohorts of Europe. Hence, let us say, it will never be repeated. PEACE IS HERE; LASTING PEACE.

As each comrade goes home after this most remarkable celebration he carries with him the farewell blessing of all his companions in arms, each and every one, whom he may have met here. It is a comforting thought, and therefore, it is not sad! It is not a sad or sorrowful Farewell. It marks an epoch in the expiring years of the veterans, a last epoch, the memory of which they will cherish until the muffled drums beat and the funereal salute shall be fired over their graves.

By this most remarkable and unprecedented demonstration they have set the seal to the record of their achievements which ended with the grand climax of Civil War in 1865. The affixing of that seal means no recurrence of civil strife; for here has been not only a celebration of the closing days of the rebellion, but a reunion, practically, of the Blue and the Gray.

The occasion has been symbolic of the rehabilitated condition of national affairs, and serves like the bow of promise in the skies after nature's physical storm to assure us one and all of the future of the Nation, the Union of States, increased in number, always increasing in power and progress, and forevermore indestructible.

So, the word Farewell is said with triumphant unction. It means Good Will, Peace and Prosperity, and a calm repose to all the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, coupled with an assurance that the Nation, in every representative capacity, bids them God speed, as was done in 1865, on their return to their homes. FAREWELL! FAREWELL!!



THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

“CORPORAL TANNER.”

ONE of the most conspicuous figures in public life in Washington, be it political, social or otherwise, is that of “CORPORAL TANNER.” THE HON. JAMES TANNER, *Attorney and Counsellor at Law*, LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY BUILDING, is the simple business nomenclature of this ex-soldier whose name is now an household word throughout the country and who is further known in foreign lands far and wide as a man, a citizen, a volunteer, who rose to such political prominence as to awaken the echoes of partisan and party contention that disturbed the inner circles and the very stability of the administration of the Government. A farmer's son, born in Schoharie County, New York, enlisting in the army at the early age of seventeen, in the 87th New York, and never reaching a higher rank than that bestowed upon the Great French Emperor, “La Petite Corporal,” he served through McClellan's Campaigns, and under gallant Phil. Kearny down to the great disaster at Second Bull Run, when he lost both feet, or suffered a wound which rendered necessary the amputation of both legs just below the knee joints. But with artificial limbs he walks as erect and soldierly as a citizen to-day as he ever did with a knapsack on

his back, or while in command of a corporal's squad. In politics afterwards he became a leader and a most effectual pleader in behalf of his comrades. In the New York Legislature, as well as on the stump from California to the East and to the Middle States, no man more eloquently set forth the cause of the disabled volunteers. His most creditable achievement was an effort that resulted in the establishment of the Soldiers' Home at Bath, Steuben Co., New York. When President Harrison came into office, he was nominated and confirmed to be Commissioner of Pensions, the only enlisted man or ex-soldier, less in rank than a commissioned officer, who ever held that office. His fault, if such it may be called, was his too free construction of the laws in behalf of pension claimants. Hence it came about that he was displaced; and hence it followed that he established himself in the Claim and Pension Agency business here in Washington. He makes a proclamation relating to that business which is worthy of the attention of every ex-Umion soldier, or soldier's heir, or soldier's friend, in the land—as follows:

“The Disability Bill is now a law. The soldier who is wholly incapacitated from earning a living by manual labor, will get \$12 a month under it. For a lesser degree of disability, \$10, \$8 or \$6; this without regard to soldier being rich or poor. No proof that the disability was contracted in the service is required.

“Widows whose husbands died during or since the war, and who are dependent on their labor for support, get \$8 a month, no matter whether the death of soldier was due to army service or not.

“Each child under 16 years of age gets \$2 a month, and if insane, idiotic, or otherwise helpless, the pension continues as long as it is thus afflicted.

“Dependent parents whose sons died in the army, or from effects of army service, will get \$12 a month, even though they were not dependent at the time of death of son.

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6. By the Insurance Department of Rhode Island, in 1887.
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9. By the Insurance Department of West Virginia, in 1889.
10. By the Insurance Department of North Dakota, in 1891.
11. By the late Hon. Eltzur Wright, ex-Insurance Com. of Mass., in 1883.
12. By Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., Chartered Accountants, London, E. C., 1889.

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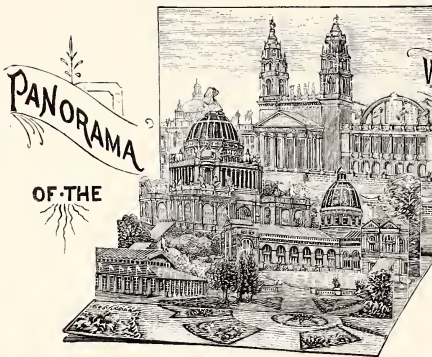
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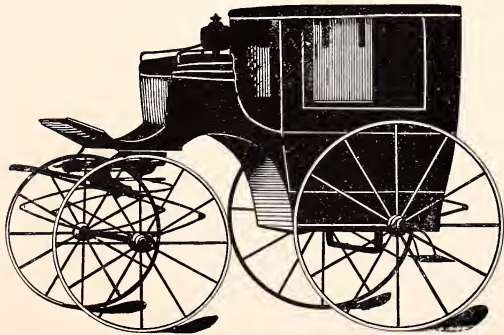
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Comrade **WM. B. DOUGLASS** is a rather notable figure and always popular character in ex-volunteer circles in Washington. He wears the button of the League which shows that he went to the front early in 1861, when the first inspiration of patriotism prompted "the boys" of those days to "rally round the flag." His enlistment dates April 18th, 1861. That is enough to prove the assertion that he did not wait for extraordinary inducements. He joined the Fourteenth N. Y. S. M., but no member of the old First Corps of the Army of the Potomac will forget that regiment or recall it by any other or better name than "The Fourteenth Brooklyn," or the "Red Legs." It was a Zouave regiment and worthily earned its widely known repute through the entire army as one of the most gallant organizations in that Corps. Comrade Douglass was wounded at First Bull Run, and a second time at South Mountain. But he came to the front each and every time through skirmish and battle, and now carries the honor of having served gallantly during the greatest battle of the War, Gettysburg. At present he is a temporary resident of Washington and is the sole owner of a Medical Remedy for Torpidity of the Liver and kindred diseases, which is described as of the greatest value "in ridding the blood of Scrofula and other similar taints, "VIS" and of the skin of Eczema." The best endorsements have been given to this remedy which is trade-marked

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Comrade ROGERS practiced Law in New York City for fifteen years and was formerly Assistant Corporation Attorney of that city, and one of the Attorneys for the D., L & W. R. R. Since 1881 Comrade ROGERS has been a resident of and Attorney in Washington, and devotes special attention to Pensions, Patents, Contested Land Claims and business in the Departments and before Congress

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Comrade T. W. Tallmadge

Was appointed Quartermaster of the Volunteer Militia of Ohio, by H. B. Carrington, the Adjutant General of the State, the next day after the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men. He was under Gen. Henry Wilson, and received the first troops at Columbus, on their way to the front, one of the first companies being from his own town. He served under Gov. Dennison, and under various officers; and had charge of supplying the troops with arms, ammunition, subsistence, etc. Under the first year of the war he took two train loads of cannon to Jefferson City, Mo., to supply the Ohio troops stationed there.

Comrade Tallmadge served under Gen. Rosecrans in West Virginia, and was counted as one of the best officers in the Ohio Quartermasters' Department, possessing the confidence of every official from the Governor down. His services were of that peculiar character requiring quick tact, unerring judgment and great executive ability.

Capt. Tallmadge joined the G. A. R. at Columbus in 1866, in the very early organization of the order. In 1884 he joined Burnside Post, No. 8, Washington, D. C., and is now serving his third term as Chaplain. He was aide-de-camp on the staffs of both National Commanders Warner and Veasey, and has always been very active in Grand Army work. He has had over a quarter of a century's successful experience in pension and other claims, and his advertisement indicates the character of his clients and endorsers.

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THE career of Mr. HENRY S. BERLIN, *Attorney at Law and General Claim Agent*, WASHINGTON, D. C., is one of remarkable interest and notes the advance of young American citizens in a manner worthy of the attention of his elders and the emulation of his juniors. He was born in York County, Pa., in 1848; was educated in the public and private schools of the town of Hanover in that county, and after a short residence in Johnstown removed to New York city. "Go West, Young Man," soon thereafter became his motto, and in 1868 he was seeking fortune on the Pacific Slope, from which locality he returned in 1870 to complete his education, which he did at the Normal School of Mt. Pleasant in 1873 as a teacher. But the humdrum life of that praiseworthy profession did not fit with his ambition. He aspired to more active if not higher walks of life, and in due course came to Washington, the Capital of the Nation. Beginning here as a clerk on a river steamboat line, and meanwhile studying law, it followed as the result of the exercise of most extraordinary pluck and industry that in 1878 he graduated from the National Law University and began the practice of his profession, in which he is now acknowledged to be one of the most prominent of its younger leaders and members. The attestation of this assertion is to be found in his constantly increasing clientage, which includes claims of every description against the Government. But he is especially well versed in what is known as "Soldier" claims—pension claims particularly. In short, it is an acknowledged fact that he has established more precedents in contesting tangled pension claims which have rounded out not only to the benefit of his clients but to that of thousands of other soldiers the country over than any other Pension attorney in Washington. The ramifications of his business are simply immense and his fire-proof vaults in his commodious offices—a fine suite of rooms—in the GUNTER BUILDING, LOUISIANA AVENUE, contain the life-history and the sad records of hundreds of widows and orphans as well as the military records of thousands of soldiers, some dead and others still living, who owe the success of their applications to his personal and persistent attention to their several cases. It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that his individual attention to cases entrusted to him in the past—and he does the same now—is unparalleled in the history of Claim Agency in Washington. A member of the bar of the highest Court of Judicature at the Capital of the Nation, an earnest, effective and most intelligent pleader, a man well read in the law and acknowledged to be good authority in all legal premises, he never neglects the cause of the soldier. It is, perhaps, fortunate for the veterans of the late war that this young man came to Washington when he did in time to establish for their benefit so many of what are known as "Berlin's Precedents."

AT THE corner of Four-and-a-Half Street and Pennsylvania Avenue is an historic building formerly occupied by the late Jos. W. Shillington, as a stationery store. It was patronized in the days long-gone-by by such statesmen in the last or ante-bellum generation, as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis, and many others of similar national prominence.

Here Charles Sumner, of Mass., and Preston S. Brooks, of S. C., met and chatted only a few days before the unfortunate and historical attack by the fiery South Carolinian upon the Massachusetts Senator in the Senate Chamber, an incident which had much to do with the evolution of the late civil war.

In the course of events, the business portion of the building passed into the control of Messrs. GEO. W. SCOTT & Co., the present proprietors, who are among the foremost dealers in the District of Columbia, in the line of Tobaccos, Cigars, and Smokers' Outfits generally.

But the main attraction of the establishment resides in the fact that Messrs. Scott & Co. are the sole owners of an original and unique Souvenir of the present Grand National Encampment of the G. A. R. It is a stick, a cane, known or described as the Grant Souvenir, made of Malachi, Mahogany or Oak. The head of this Cane presents a *bas-relief* full face figure of the Great Commander. On one side is the full length badge of the G. A. R. done in most exquisite style, also in full relief. On the other is an inscription which reads as follows :

“Annual Encampment, G. A. R., September 20th, 1892, Washington, D. C.”

The whole presents what might be appropriately termed a trophy of this grand national occasion, when the Boys in Blue will traverse once again and possibly for the last time the line of march they passed over in May, 1865. Certainly it is a most appropriate Souvenir which every Veteran can carry home as a memento of his visit to the Nation's Capital in 1892, one that can be handed down to his descendants for ages to come.



