

THE


LADIES

OF THE

WHITE HOUSE

OR IN THE
HOME OF THE
PRESIDENTS



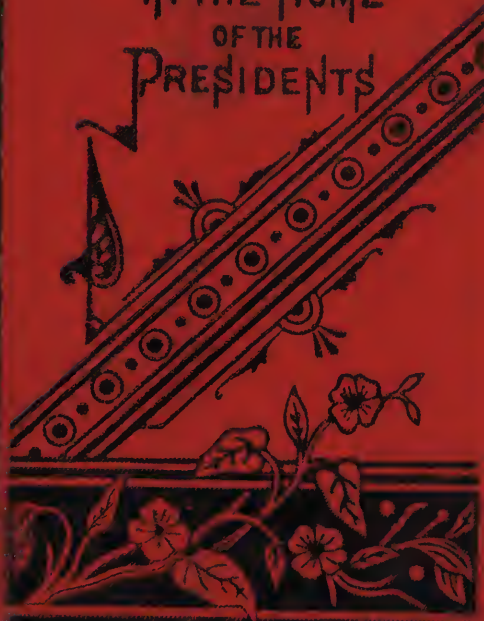


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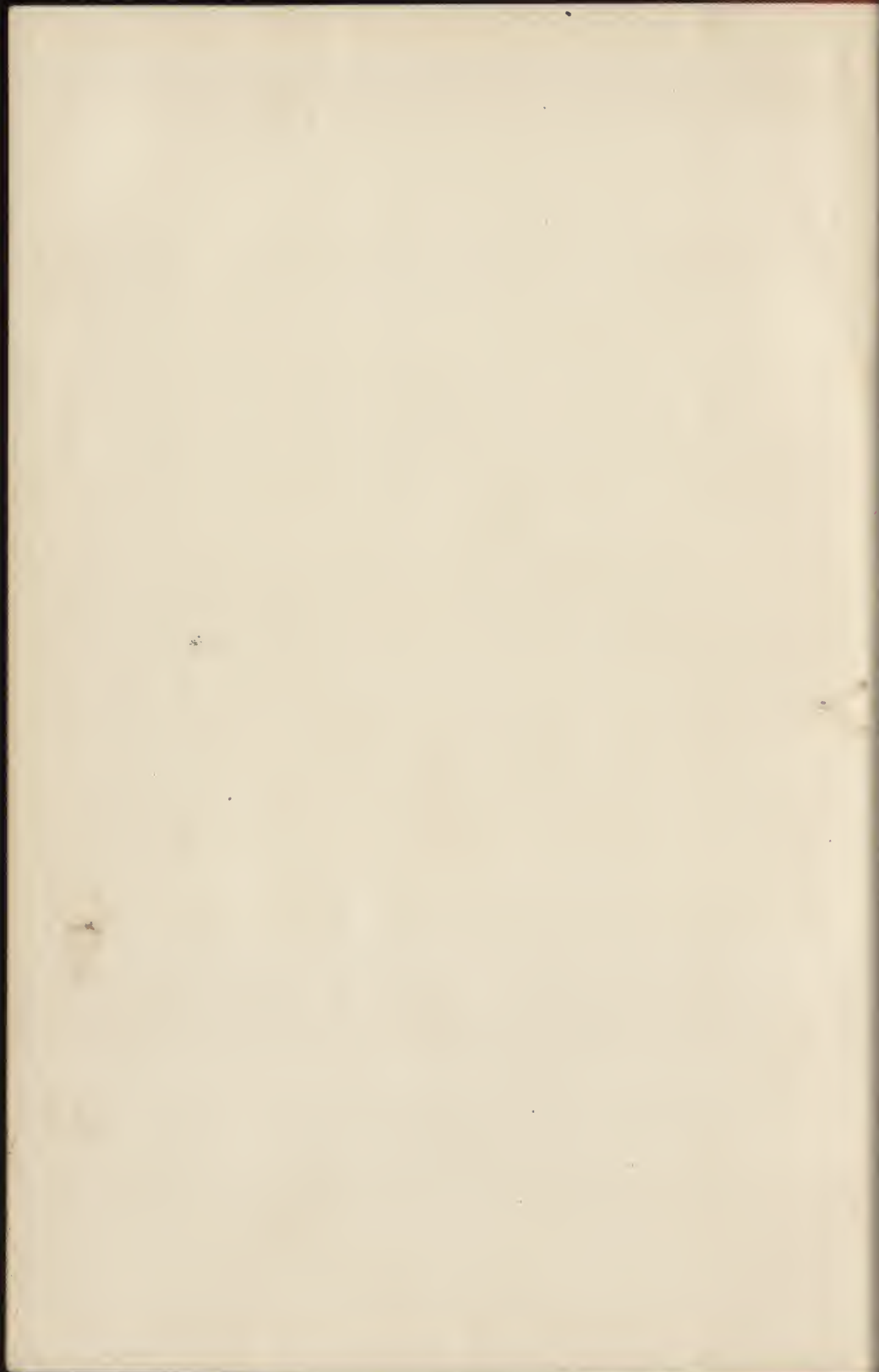


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The White House

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THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS.

*Being a Complete History of the Social and Domestic Lives of the
Presidents from Washington to the Present Time—1789-1841.*

BY
LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AND WOOD.

PHILADELPHIA:
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16 NORTH SECOND STREET.
1841.



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PREFACE.

THE Ladies of the White House have had no biographers. The custom of the Republic, which relegates back to private life those who have served it, has made it difficult to gather much of stirring interest concerning the women who have made the social history of the different administrations. From privacy they came, to privacy they were returned, and the world took little cognizance of them beyond noting the entertainments they gave, and the success that attended their dinners and receptions.

In the historical works of the age—even in the biographies of the Presidents themselves—not much has been said of women, who, for the most part, were powerful adjuncts to their popularity, and exerted great influence over their lives. The most that has been written of them heretofore were descriptions in the daily papers of the appearance of the lady of the White House on some public occasion, and with this the world has been content until now. We have had a hundred years of domestic honor in the White House—a hundred years which has added much to the glory of the country abroad, and it is but fitting that women, who have held the highest social and semi-official position in the nation, should be made historic subjects. No better time than the present could be found for filling this serious gap in general American history. The moral influence that has been exerted by the untarnished reputations and high social qualities of the women who have successively filled the position of Hostess of the Presidents' House, cannot be estimated. Without the effective and intelligent aid they rendered, no administration would have been satisfactory; and though the political historian may ignore such service, the right-thinking, honorable men or women of this country have a higher appreciation of the services rendered by these ladies, who were the power behind the throne, equal in social influence to the throne itself, and a historical work bearing upon their lives is a valuable contribution to the nation's official history.

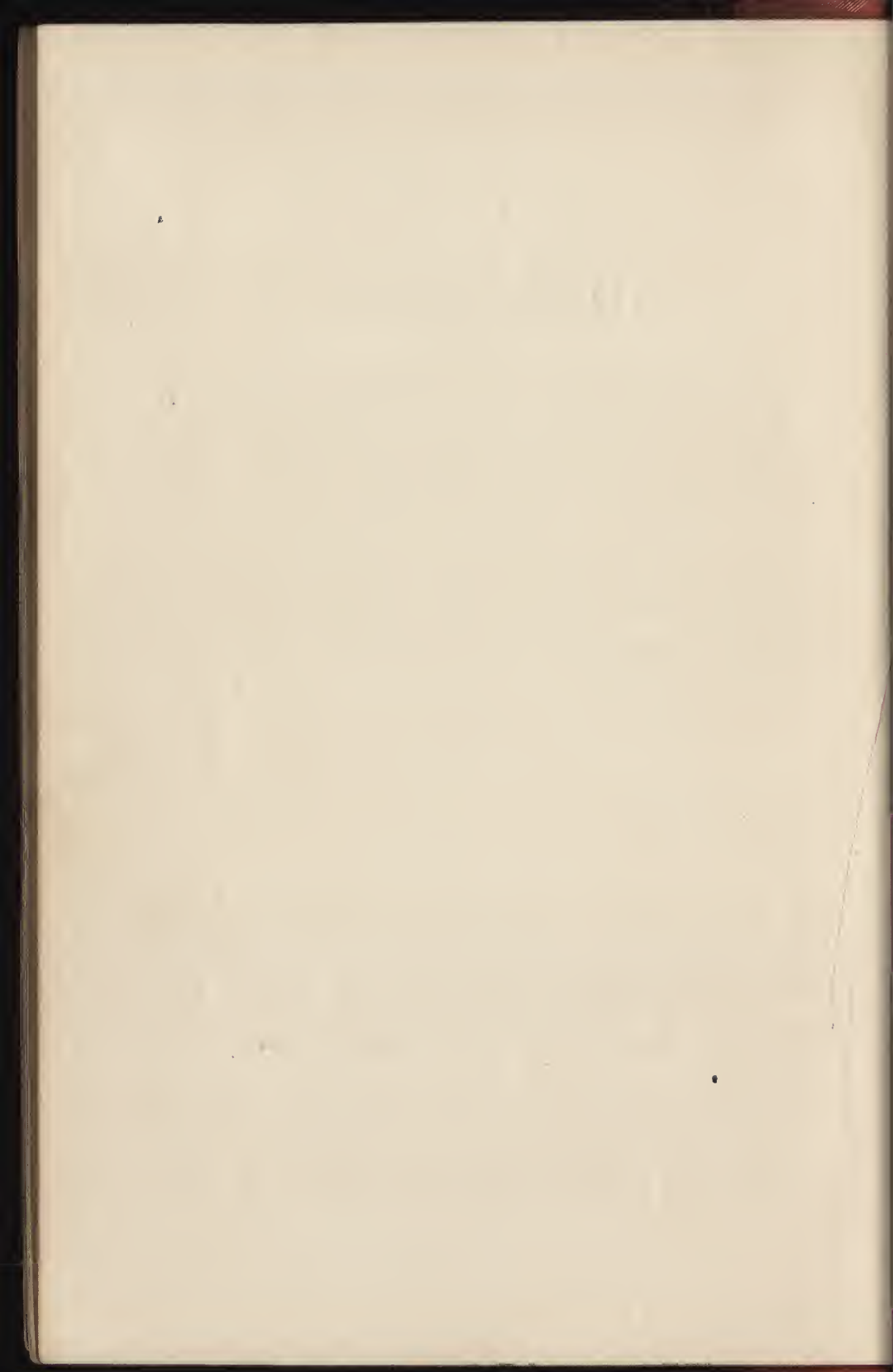
Such a one is now offered to the people of this country. It is a complete work, comprising a biographical sketch of every President's wife and hostess of the Executive Mansion from Mrs. Washington down to Mrs. Garfield.

The information contained in the volume has never been compiled in any other form, and there are many historical facts of a most interesting nature for the first time presented to the public. The book contains the portraits of the wives of the Presidents, and of the ladies who presided over the Mansion during the administrations of unmarried Presidents. At a time when the women of this country are commanding the attention of the civilized world by reason of their higher education, superior mental attributes, and exalted social status, such a book is of exceptional value.

The mechanical execution of the work will commend itself to all lovers of excellence in book-making. Nothing has been left undone that would make it worthy of the ladies whose records it contains. The unusual attractions of the theme, the style in which it is published, and the place in the country's history which such a book fills, conspire to render it a work which the public and private libraries of this country cannot afford to be without; they cannot be called complete without a copy of the "Ladies of the White House."

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Reception very flattering—A great favorite of the President's—Marriage to Major Van Buren—The eldest son and private secretary—Major Van Buren a graduate of West Point—His wife's first appearance as hostess—A New Year's Day Reception—A universally admired bride—The only South Carolina lady who has held the position—A tour in Europe—Presented at the Court of St. James—Her uncle American Minister—In London during the season—The Emperor of Russia and other foreign notables—Exceptionally pleasant visit—A three months' tour—In Paris—Attentions from General Cass, the American Minister—Presented to the King and Queen—The guest of Louis Philippe—The King's unceremonious attentions—Shows his visitors over the palace—Knocks at the room of the Comte de Paris—The Queen's amusement—Her grandchildren asleep—The return to America—In Washington when Congress met—Closing year of the administration—Mrs. Van Buren mistress of Lindenwald—Her winters spent in South Carolina—Removes to New York in 1848—Residence in that city—Three years' sojourn in Europe—Home life in New York—A long and happy career—Death of her husband and son—Her own death..... 339

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pitality—The children of the neighborhood study with her sons and daughters—Honored and loved in all relations—Loses several of her children and grandchildren—Thirty years of home life at North Bend—Her children devoted to her—An incident of the Presidential canvass—Delegation of politicians not welcome—General Harrison declines to violate the Sabbath—His respect for his wife's feelings—Nominated for the Presidency—Mrs. Harrison greatly annoyed—Three candidates in the field—Van Buren elected—A happy woman at North Bend—Harrison the Whig candidate in 1840—Idol of his party—An exciting canvass—The financial condition of the country—"Tippecanoe and Tyler too"—Stirring campaign songs—Intense interest manifested—Log-cabins and military parades—The Whigs triumphant—General Harrison elected—Mrs. Harrison grateful for her husband's success—Sorry for herself—Not fond of worldly gayeties—A domestic and retiring nature—General Harrison leaves home—Welcome at Washington—Visits his old home in Virginia—The inauguration in 1841—A gala day—General Harrison rides a white charger—Canoes and cabins in the procession—Throngs of people from distant places—Mrs. Harrison remains at North Bend to settle her husband's affairs—Preparing for her long stay in Washington—Her husband accompanied by their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane F. Harrison—Several relatives of President Harrison in the White House—The first month of Presidential life—General Harrison killed by office-seekers—The Whigs clamorous for place—Weak and aged he sinks under the pressure—Dies the 4th of April—One month in the White House—Funeral in the East Room—Temporarily buried in Washington—The Capital in mourning—Mr. Willis's poem—Mrs. Harrison apprised of her loss—Anticipating a speedy reunion when the messenger arrives—Preparations stopped—A grief-stricken woman—Return of her daughter-in-law and sons—A change of residence—Children and grandchildren pay her reverence—Resides with her son—An interested observer of events—Her views regarding slavery—The civil war—Her grandsons in the army—A cheerful, contented spirit to the end—Death at eighty-nine—Survived her husband nearly a quarter of a century—Buried beside her husband—Their graves at North Bend. 346

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"THE WHITE HOUSE."

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MISS MARY WATSON,
WIFE OF JOHN WATSON, ESQ.

THE
ADAMS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

I.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Martha, wife of our young republic, bore the honors of a husband who is described "as being rather thick in middle age, but extremely well shaped, with an excellent countenance: dark hazel eyes and air and voice good, pleasing manners so captivating to American women. She was not a beauty, but gentle and winning in her nature, and eminently congenial to her illustrious husband. During their long and happy married life, she wore her likeness on his breast."

It was in 1743 that an officer, armed in a military uniform, attended by a body-servant tall and well built, in the dress of the day, ferry over the Pamunkey, a brown-skinned Indian. On the banks touching the western side of the river, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give rise to the legend of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime: the reverse of a badlander and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier asked his business at Williamsburg; important communications to the Governor, etc. Mr.



THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

I.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

THE first who, in our young republic, bore the honors as a President's wife, is described "as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well-shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners so captivating in American women. She was not a beauty, but gentle and winning in her nature, and eminently congenial to her illustrious husband. During their long and happy married life, he ever wore her likeness on his heart."

"It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military undress, attended by a body-servant tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat's touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau-ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old régime; the very soul of kindness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg; important communications to the Governor, etc. Mr.

Chamberlayne, on whose domain the officer had just landed, would hear no excuse. Colonel Washington was a name and character so dear to all Virginians, that his passing by one of the old estates of Virginia without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host was entirely out of the question. The Colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne brought up his reserve in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow then beneath his roof. The soldier capitulated on condition that he should dine, only dine, and then, by pressing his charger, and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his Excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the Colonel's body-servant and faithful follower, who, together with a fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington on the famed and fated field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, 'Your honor's orders shall be obeyed.' The Colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests (for when was a Virginia domicil of the olden time without guests?), and, above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this their first interview, nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly

benefits; the hero, fresh from his early fields redolent of fame, and with a form on which 'every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man.' The morning passed pleasantly away; evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with the one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the Colonel appeared not, and then the old soldier wondered at his chief's delay. 'Twas strange; 'twas passing strange. Surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men. Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the Colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's sides and sped on his way to the seat of government, when, having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and at her country-seat, the White House, after which the home of the Presidents was called, the engagement took place, with arrangements for the marriage."

It is pleasant to remember that, with all the privations and hardships endured by both in after-years, they never encountered poverty. When Colonel Washington married Mrs. Custis, the ceremony was performed under

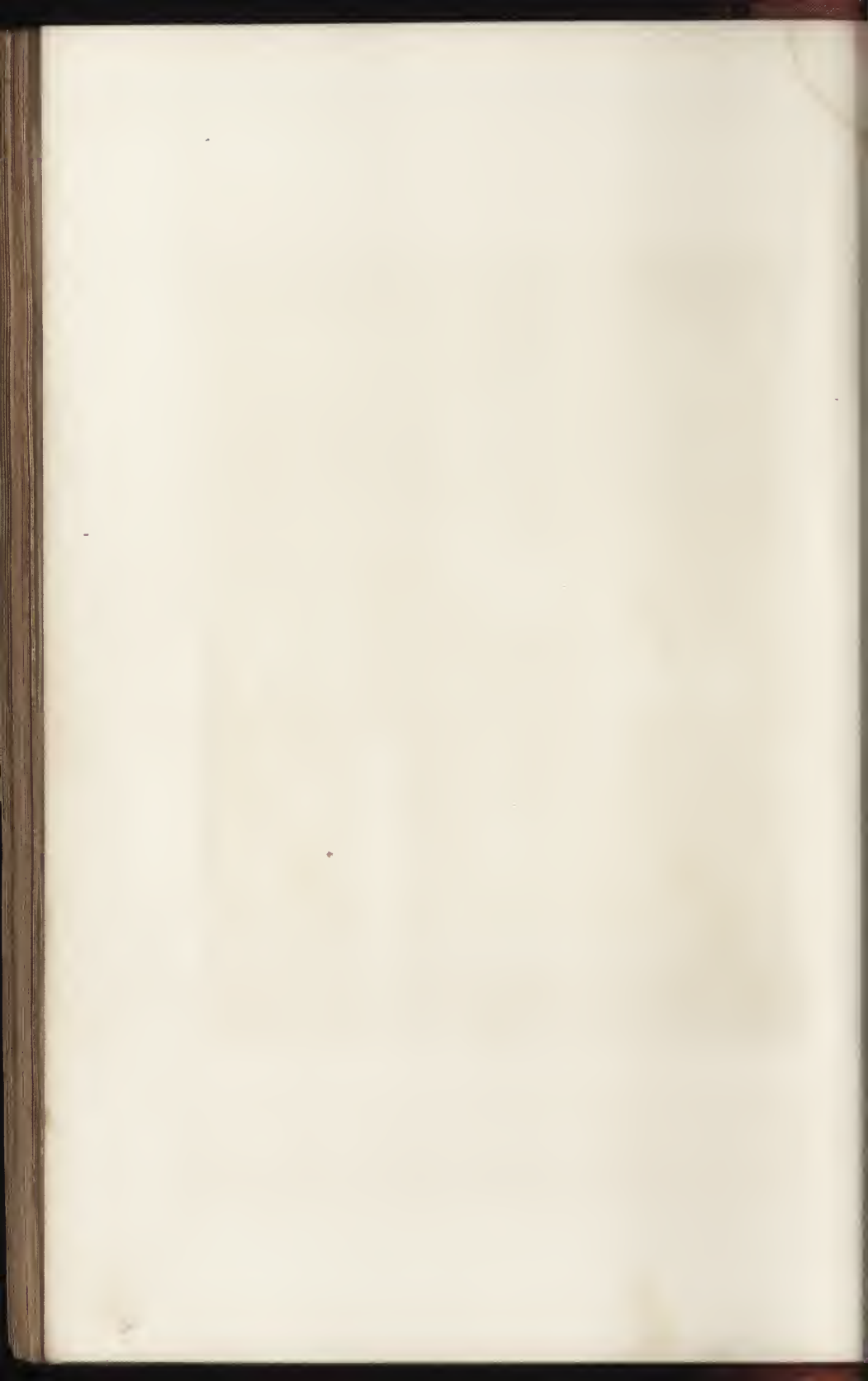
the roof of her own home, and the broad lands about it were but a part of her large estate. Immediately after their wedding, which has been described repeatedly as a most joyous and happy affair, in which every belle and beau for miles around took part, they repaired at once to Mount Vernon. Here for seventeen bright and beautiful years they enjoyed the society of relatives and friends, and the constant companionship of each other. During those years of prosperity, Mrs. Washington had ample opportunity to manifest that elegance of manner for which she was remarkable. In her girlhood, as Miss Dandridge, she had enjoyed the best society of Williamsburg, and during Governor Dinwiddie's residence there, she had been one of the most popular and admired of the many blooming girls who had rendered the court of the Governor attractive.

Nothing remains to us of her childhood save an indistinct tradition;* perhaps her infant years were spent at her father's country home, unmarked but by the gradual change of the little one into the shy young lady. That she was educated after the exigency of her time, at home, is likewise a truth gathered from the echoes of the past generation. Virginia in those early days—for she was born in May, 1732—possessed no educational facilities, and the children of the wealthy were either sent abroad for accomplishments unattainable in their native

* She was a descendant of the Rev. Orlando Jones, a clergyman of Wales.



Mr. Washington



land, or put under the care of tutor or governess at home. Such knowledge as she possessed of the world was gleaned from the few books she read, and the society of her father's friends, for she had never been farther from home than Williamsburg.

She is first mentioned as a rustic beauty and belle at the British Governor's residence, and was there married, when very young, to Colonel Custis. After her marriage her home was not far distant from her father's plantation, and these fleeting years were so fraught with every conceivable blessing that her young heart asked no other boon. Endeared to each other by the warmest affection, her time spent in dispensing that hospitality which was deemed a duty and a virtue, it seemed as if no trouble could ever mar her happiness. Colonel Custis was a gifted and refined man, of eminently polished and agreeable manners, and the possessor of a generous nature, which rendered him widely popular. The congenial couple lived in happy contentment in the enjoyment of their own and their children's society, surrounded by friends, and the possessors of all those creature comforts which add so essentially to the pleasures of existence. They had three children, the eldest of whom was a son, unusually endowed with mental gifts, and giving promise of a bright future. His health was not good, and though watched over with continuous care and forethought he died, and his untimely death hastened the disease already manifest in his father's system. Colonel Custis

died of consumption a short time afterward, and thus was the wife and mother deprived of her companion, whose affection was in keeping with his many virtues and elevated mind, and the boy whose existence had first called into being all the deathless love of a mother.

Time soothed the wounds naught else could heal, and the young widow discharged the duties that belonged to her position. The trust her husband reposed in her—in leaving their large property in her own hands to control—she amply vindicated, and her estate was one of the best managed in the county. When she met Colonel Washington she was twenty-six years of age, and was remarkably youthful in appearance and very handsome. She had ever been the object of warm and disinterested affection, and from her first entrance into the society of Williamsburg, down to the last hour of her life, it was eminently illustrated. Few had been her sorrows, and for each and every one endured she could count a twofold blessing. There was nothing in her life to foster the faults incident to human nature, for the rank weeds of poverty and lack of opportunity, which cramp and deform so many earth-lives, were un-felt and unknown to her.

Mount Vernon was the gift to Colonel Washington from his elder and bachelor brother Lawrence, and the estate was then one of the finest in Virginia. Washington had made it his occasional residence before his marriage, but it was not until he took his bride there that it became his permanent home. The life that Mrs.

Washington led there was similar in outward circumstances to her former position as Mrs. Custis, for she was again the wife of a wealthy, prosperous planter, the centre of the refined society of the county. The sameness of country life was interrupted by her frequent trips with her husband to Williamsburg, where he was for fifteen successive years a member of the Legislature.

“How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!”

Engaged in fascinating pleasures and congenial pursuits, it did not occur to Mrs. Washington how many summers of fragrantly blooming flowers and ripening fruits had sunk into the unreturning past; nor did she consider that the long term of years in which she had been so happy had meted to others measured drops of bitterness, turning all their harvest-times into chilling, dreary winter. There came to her a time when the pleasant home-life had to be abandoned, and for eight years the harmony of domestic peace was banished.

The following letter, the only one preserved of the many addressed to her, is full of interest, and is replete with that thoughtfulness which characterized Washington in his capacity as a husband. Mrs. Washington, shortly before her death, destroyed every testimonial of this kind, unwilling that any other should read these evidences of affection:

“PHILADELPHIA, 18th June, 1775.

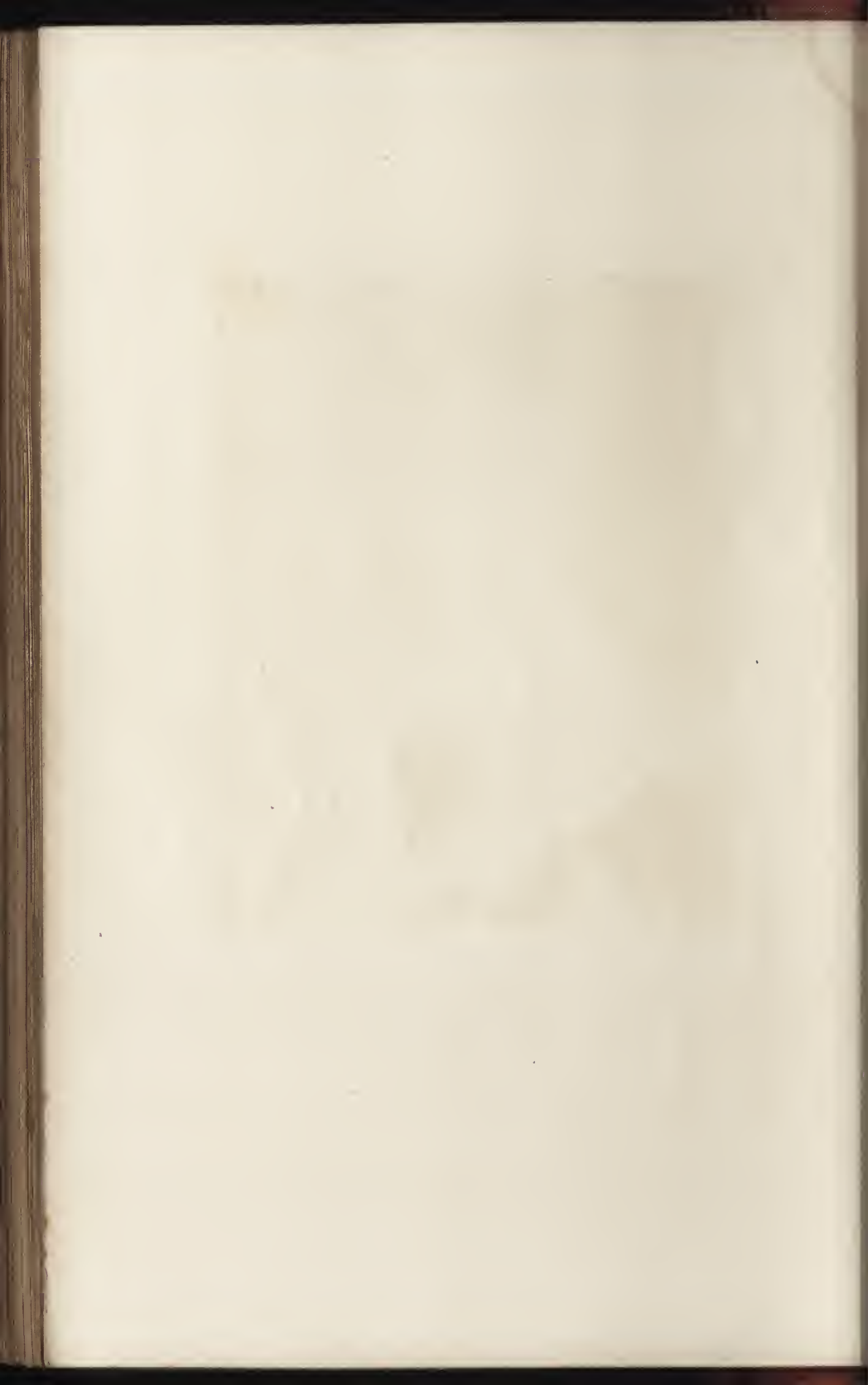
“MY DEAREST: I am now set down to write to you on

a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

“You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospects of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letter, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my



A Adams



II.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

ABIGAIL SMITH, the daughter of a New England Congregationalist minister, was born at Weymouth, in 1744. Her father was the settled pastor of that place for more than forty years, and her grandfather was also a minister of the same denomination in a neighboring town.

The younger years of her life were passed in the quiet seclusion of her grandfather's house; and under the instructions of her grandmother, she imbibed most of the lessons which were the most deeply impressed upon her mind. "I have not forgotten," she says in a letter to her own daughter, in the year 1795, "the excellent lessons which I received from my grandmother at a very early period of life; I frequently think they made a more durable impression upon my mind than those which I received from my own parents. This tribute is due to the memory of those virtues, the sweet remembrance of which will flourish, though she has long slept with her ancestors."

Separated from the young members of her own family, and never subjected to the ordinary school routine, her imaginative faculties bade fair to develop at the expense of her judgment, but the austere religion of her ancestors, and the daily example of strict compliance to forms, prevented the too great indulgence of fancy. She had

some old heir-looms in the shape of standard books, even if the number was limited to the Bible and dictionary. Many, especially ministers, could display relics of their English ancestors' intelligence in the libraries handed down to them, and the study of their contents was evident in many of the grave correspondences of that early time." To learning, in the ordinary sense of that term, she could make no claim. She did not enjoy an opportunity to acquire even such as there might have been, for the delicate state of her health forbade the idea of sending her away from home to obtain them. In speaking of her deficiencies, the year before her death, she says: "My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunity which the present day offers, and which even our common country schools now afford. *I never was sent to any school*, I was always sick." Although Massachusetts ranked then, as it does now, first in point of educational facilities, it is certainly remarkable that its women received such entire neglect. "It is not impossible," says Mr. Adams, "that the early example of Mrs. Hutchison, and the difficulties in which the public exercise of her gifts involved the colony, had established in the public mind a conviction of the danger that may attend the meddling of women with abstruse points of doctrine; and these, however they might confound the strongest intellects, were nevertheless the favorite topics of thought and discussion in that generation."

While the sons of a family received every possible advantage compatible with the means of the father, the

Reverend Mr. Peabody, of New Hampshire. This anecdote is told in connection with the marriage of Mrs. Adams. When her eldest sister was married, her father preached to his people from the text, "And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The disapprobation to his second daughter's choice was due to the prejudice entertained against the profession of the law. Mr. Adams, besides being a lawyer, was the son of a small farmer of the middle class in Braintree, and was thought scarcely good enough to match with the minister's daughter, descended from a line of ministers in the colony. Mr. Smith's parishioners were outspoken in their opposition, and he replied to them immediately, after the marriage took place, in a sermon, in which he made pointed allusion to the objection against lawyers. His text on this occasion was, "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, He *hath a devil*." Mr. Smith, it may be as well to add, was in the habit of making application of texts to events which in any manner interested himself or his congregation. In a colony founded so exclusively upon motives of religious zeal as Massachusetts was, it necessarily followed that the ordinary distinctions of society were in a great degree subverted, and that the leaders of the church, though without worldly possessions to boast of, were the most in honor everywhere. If a festive entertainment was meditated, the minister was sure to be first on the list of those invited. If any assembly of citizens

visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood; a small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals: but we cannot get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a new country.

“You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within-side, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor and one for a levee room. Up-stairs there is the oval room, which is de-

have for this house, where twelve fires are constantly required, and where, we are told, the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn. Briesler procured two hundred bushels of coal, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every person. The public officers have sent to Philadelphia for wood-cutters and wagons.

“The vessel which has my clothes and other matter is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room; I have no looking-glasses, but dwarfs, for this house; nor a twentieth part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen, many were broken, by the removal; amongst the number, my tea-china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing. My rooms are very pleasant, and warm, whilst the doors of the hall are closed.

“You can scarce believe that here in this wilderness-city, I should find myself so occupied as it is. My visitors, some of them, come three and four miles. The return of one of them is the work of one day. Most of the ladies reside in Georgetown, or in scattered parts of the city at two and three miles distance. We have all been very well as yet; if we can by any means get wood, we shall not let our fires go out, but it is at a price indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine. Some say it will fall, but there must be more industry than is to be found here to bring half enough to the market for the consumption of the inhabitants.”

The Hon. John Cotton Smith, a member of Congress

withstanding the unfavorable aspect which Washington presented on our arrival, I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of its local position. From the Capitol you have a distinct view of its fine, undulating surface, situated at the confluence of the Potomac and its Eastern Branch, the wide expanse of that majestic river to the bend at Mount Vernon, the cities of Alexandria and Georgetown, and the cultivated fields and blue hills of Maryland and Virginia on either side of the river, the whole constituting a prospect of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The city has also the inestimable advantage of delightful water, in many instances flowing from copious springs, and always attainable by digging to a moderate depth.

“Some portions of the city are forty miles from Baltimore. The situation is indeed beautiful and pleasant.

“The President’s house was built to be looked at by visitors and strangers, and will render its occupants an object of ridicule with some and of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants. There are but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other.”

The first New-Year’s reception at the White House was held by President Adams in 1801. The house was



Eng^d by J. Sears, Phil^a

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.



III.

MARTHA JEFFERSON.

MRS. JEFFERSON had been dead nineteen years when, in 1801, President Jefferson took possession of the White House, and there was, strictly speaking, no lady of the mansion during his term. His daughters were with him in Washington only twice during his eight years' stay, and he held no formal receptions as are customary now; and being of the French school of democratic politics, professed a dislike of all ceremonious visitors.

On the 1st day of January, 1772, Mr. Jefferson was married to Mrs. Martha Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles, of "the Forest," in Charles City County.

Mr. Lossing, in his very interesting book of the Revolution, gives a fac-simile of Mr. Jefferson's marriage license bond, drawn up in his own handwriting, which the former found in a bundle of old papers in Charles City Court House while searching for records of Revolution events. "Mrs. Skelton was remarkable for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her solid merit. In person she was a little above medium height, slightly but exquisitely formed. Her complexion was brilliant—her large expressive eyes of the richest tinge of auburn. She walked, rode, and danced with admir-

able grace and spirits—sang and played the spinet and harpsichord [the musical instruments of the Virginia ladies of that day] with uncommon skill. The more solid parts of her education had not been neglected." She was also well read and intelligent, conversed agreeably, possessed excellent sense and a lively play of fancy, and had a frank, warm-hearted and somewhat impulsive disposition. She was twenty-three years of age at the time of her second marriage, and had been a widow four years. Her only child she lost in infancy.

Tradition, says Randall, has preserved one anecdote of the wooers who sought her hand. It has two renderings, and the reader may choose between them. The first is that two of Mr. Jefferson's rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Skelton's door-stone. They were shown into a room from which they heard her harpsichord and voice, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice, in the passages of a touching song. They listened for a stanza or two. Whether something in the words, or in the tones of the singers appeared suggestive to them, tradition does not say, but it does aver that they took their hats and retired to return no more on the same errand! The other, and, we think, less probable version of the story is, that the three met on the door-stone, and agreed that they would "take turns" and that the interviews should be made decisive; and that by lot or otherwise Mr. Jefferson led off, and that then during his trial they heard the music that they concluded settled the point. After the bridal festivities at

mined to give up all other duties to soothe and sustain her. She had borne her fifth child in November, and when it was two months old, she had fled with it in her arms as Arnold approached Richmond. "The British General Tarleton sent troops to capture Governor Jefferson, who was occupied in securing his most important papers. While thus engaged, his wife and children were taken in a carriage, under the care of a young gentleman who was studying with him, to Colonel Coles, fourteen miles distant. Monticello was captured (if a residence occupied by unresisting servants may be said to be captured), and the house searched, though not sacked by the enemy. Many of the negroes were taken, and but five ever returned, while the greater part of those left behind sank under the epidemics raging at the time. The house was robbed of nothing save a few articles in the cellar, the farm was stripped of valuable horses, and many thousand dollars' worth of grain and tobacco. An anecdote is told of two of Mr. Jefferson's slaves—Martin and Cæsar, who were left in charge of the house and were engaged in secreting plate and other valuables under the floor of the front portico, when a party of British soldiers arrived. The floor was then of planks. One of these was raised, and Martin stood above handing down articles to Cæsar, in the cellar improvised by the faithful slaves in the emergency. While he was finishing his packing, Martin heard the tramp of horses' feet, and looking in the direction indicated saw the red coats coming. For

with President John Adams, and at the end of this administration he was elected to fill the first position in the gift of the nation. On the fourth of March, 1801, he was inaugurated President of the United States. His daughter Martha was living at her husband's country home near Monticello, the mother of several children, and Marie, who had previously married Mr. Eppes, of Eppington, was happily situated at Monticello, awaiting her father's promised visit in early summer.

Sir Augustus Foster, who was Secretary of Legation at Washington to the British Minister, Mr. Merry, has given some rather entertaining accounts of the state of society there in the time of Jefferson. "In going to assemblies, one had to drive three or four miles within the city bounds, and very often at the risk of an overturn, or of being what is termed stalled, or stuck in the mud, when one can neither go backward nor forward, and either loses one's shoes or one's patience. Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of brag, the most gambling of all games. Loo was the innocent diversion of the ladies, who when they were loosed, pronounced the word in a very mincing manner.

"The New Englanders, generally speaking, were very religious, but though there were many exceptions, I cannot say so much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians. But in spite of its inconveniences

the practical part than myself, it is with her aid and that of one of her *élèves*, that I shall subjoin a catalogue of the books for such a course of reading as we have practised."

Again, in a letter to his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, he says :

"You kindly encourage me to keep up my spirits ; but oppressed with disease, debility, age and embarrassed affairs, this is difficult. For myself, I should not regard a prostration of fortune ; but I am overwhelmed at the prospect of the situation in which I may leave my family. My dear and beloved daughter, the cherished companion of my early life, and nurse of my age, and her children, rendered as dear to me as if my own, from having lived with me from their cradle, left in a comfortless situation, hold up to me nothing but future gloom ; and I should not care were life to end with the line I am writing, were it not that in the unhappy state of mind which your father's misfortunes have brought upon him, I may yet be of some avail to the family."

Ex-President Jefferson died the 4th of July, 1826, and at nearly the same hour passed away the spirit of John Adams. He lingered a little behind Jefferson, and his last words, uttered in the failing articulation of the dying, were : "Jefferson still survives." Mrs. Randolph left no written account of the scene. On the 2d of July, Mr. Jefferson handed her a little casket. On opening it, after his death, she found a paper on which he had written the lines of Moore, commencing—

on entering the ball-room she asked Mrs. Cutts, 'Who is that beautiful girl?' Mrs. Cutts, much amused, answered, 'Why, woman, are you so unnatural a mother as not to recognize your own daughter?'

"My sister died many years ago; if she were now living, she could no doubt tell much of what happened that winter in the White House. She formed some pleasant acquaintances in Washington, and made some friends with whom she corresponded for years. I have some recollections of the house as it was before being burned by the British, and as it was rebuilt on the same plan, I have since recognized parts of it most familiar to my eyes. A lasting impression was made upon my memory by the reception in one of the drawing-rooms, of the Tunisian Ambassador and suite; the brilliantly lighted room, the odd appearance to my puzzled senses of the rich Turkish dresses, and my alarm at receiving a kiss from the Secretary of the Ambassador, whilst one of my sisters, just two years old, whose Saxon complexion and golden hair made her a beautiful picture, was honored by a kiss from the Ambassador, of which she has no recollection. I heard of the elegant presents brought by them for my mother and aunt, and which were publicly exhibited and sold. My mother wished to purchase one of the shawls intended for her, but when Mrs. Madison went to make the purchase she found that she had been anticipated by another person. The talk about these presents could not, of course, fail to greatly excite my childish curiosity, but my desire to



Painted by J. Verelst after J. Woot.

Engraved by J. P. Thompson.

D. P. Madison



IV.

DOROTHY P. MADISON.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his letters, has given an amusing account of his troubles in Washington, in preparing to attend a levee given by President Madison. After a ludicrous description of his vexations, he says, he finally emerged into the blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room: Here he was most graciously received, and found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly and old women, and beautiful young ones. Mrs. Madison, he adds, was a fine, pretty buxom dame, who had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, were also present on this occasion, and looked "like the merry wives of Windsor."

Dorothy Payne, the second child of John and Mary Coles Payne, was born the 20th of May, 1772. Her mother was a daughter of William Coles, Esq., of Coles Hill; and was a lady of pleasing social manners. The family were Virginians, and though Mrs. Madison was born in the State of North Carolina, she ever prided herself on a title so dear to all its possessors: that of being a daughter of the old commonwealth. Her parents removed to Philadelphia when she was quite young, and joined the Society of Friends at that place. Here their little daughter was reared according to the

abundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant, but more liberal fashion of Virginia." But this time of prosperity was doomed, and war insatiate was already treading upon the shores of the Atlantic. Mr. Madison, the peace-loving, humane Executive, was compelled to declare war with Great Britain; and after a time its actual presence was felt at the National Capital. June, 1812, is memorable as the second appeal of the United States to arms, to assert once more the rights of its freemen; and for three years its fierceness was felt from Canada to New Orleans, and over the blue waters of the oceans of the world.

"Generous British sentiments revolted at the destruction of the American Capital: which might not have been branded with universal infamy if confined to navy yards, warlike implements, vessels of war, and even private rope-walks, if the enormity had stopped there. But no warfare can satisfy its abominable lust with impunity on libraries, public and private, halls of legislation, residences of magistrates, buildings of civil government, objects of art, seats of peace, and embodiments of rational patriotic pride. The day before the fall of Washington was one of extreme alarm: the Secretary of State wrote to the President: 'The enemy are advanced six miles on the road to the wood-yard, and our troops are retreating, you had better remove the records.' Then commenced the panic which was destined to grow more general the coming day. Tuesday night every clerk was

dered the sufferings of the weary soldiers painful in the extreme. For the seventh time that day a retreat was commanded, and the city troops, mortified and enraged, refused to obey. Back from the city to the heights of Georgetown was the order; but how could they leave their families, their homes and property, and march by those they were sworn to protect! Down the long, broad, and solitary avenue, past the President's now deserted house, through Georgetown, and some as far as Tenlytown, the disorganized, demoralized remnant of the army strayed, and slept on the ground, lighted up by the fiery red glare from the burning buildings in Washington. All night they lay alarmed and distressed, while but few could steal a moment's repose. The bursting shells in the navy yard were heard for miles, and each boom was a knell to the agonizing hearts, who knew not where their helpless ones were in this hour of horrors. When the British marched slowly into the wilderness city, by the lurid light that shot up from the blazing capitol, the population had dwindled down to a few stragglers and the slaves of the absent residents. The houses, scattered over a large space, were shut, and no sign of life was visible. The President had crossed the Potomac early in the afternoon, and Mrs. Madison had followed in another direction. The bayonets of the British guard gleamed as they filed down the avenue, and the fulminations from the navy yard saluted them as they passed. Nothing but the prayers and entreaties of the ladies, and the expostulations of the nearest residents, deterred the British

wooden structure, connecting the two wings, readily kindled. Doors, chairs, the library and its contents, in an upper room of the Senate-wing, everything that would take fire, soon disappeared in sheets of flame, illuminating and consternating the environs for thirty miles around, whence the conflagration was visible. Through "the eternal Pennsylvania Avenue," the Admiral and General led their elated troops, where but a few hours before the flying, scattered Americans, dismayed, ashamed, and disgusted, had wended their sorrowing way. The Capitol behind them was wrapt in its winding robes of flame, and on through the darkness they passed to that other house of the nation.

An aged lady lived in the nearest residence to the Presidential Mansion, and here the ruffianly Cockburn and the quiet, sad General Ross halted and ordered supper, which they ate by the light of the burning buildings. A letter written by Mrs. Madison to her sister at Mount Vernon, gives us an insight into her feelings, at this time of trial and danger.

"TUESDAY, *August 23d*, 1814.

"DEAR SISTER:—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's House until his return, on the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the

and it was impossible that a lady could by mounting a table be enabled to reach any but the lower portion; then, too, in that moment of nervous alarm, the constant noise of cannon filling each heart with dread, it seems improbable that any hand, above all a woman's, could be steady enough to cut, without ruining the canvas.

Again, from the lips of a descendant, the assurance is given that Mrs. Madison repeatedly asserted that she did not cut it, but only lingered to see it safely removed before she stepped into her waiting carriage and was driven rapidly toward Georgetown.

First to the residence of the Secretary of the Navy, then to Belleview, and joined by the family of Mr. Jones and Mr. Carroll, she returned to town insisting that her terrified coachman should take her back toward the President's house to look for Mr. Madison, whom she unexpectedly found near the lower bridge, attended by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Rush, who had reached the White House soon after she left it and stopped for refreshments.

It has been related that the British found a sumptuous meal smoking on the table when they reached there after dark, and that they enjoyed the iced wines and cold ham, amusing themselves with the coarse assertion that "Jemmy" ran from his bacon "to save his bacon." The low pun found ears ready to credit and circulate it, but the porter, who died but a few years since, has repeatedly asserted that the occupants of the house had been in such constant fright that but little had been

of the pencil notes received from her husband by Mrs. Madison, while he was with the troops, which she had rolled up together and put in a table drawer. To all the rest of the contents: furniture, wines, provisions, groceries, and family stores, which cost Mr. Madison twelve thousand dollars, together with an excellent library, the torch was applied. Fire was procured at a small beer house opposite the Treasury to light the buildings with, and while the commanders were eating their evening meal at the house of Mrs. Suter, on the corner, the common soldiers, together with the negroes and thieves of all grades, were pillaging the rapidly burning buildings.

The White House was not so large or complete then as now; the East Room, which had served Mrs. Adams for a drying room, was unfurnished and unoccupied, and the front vestibule not then added, which so greatly enhances the interior of the present mansion. The House was plain, unfinished, and totally destitute of ornament, the grounds uninclosed, and materials for building purposes lying scattered about the woods which have since become the ornament of this portion of the city. Nothing but the lateness of the hour, and the storm coming on, saved the War Department. The squadron which was to have co-operated with them, failing to come, filled the officers with timorous fear, and they determined to evacuate the city the next day unless it should arrive in the meantime. For over a week the unhappy citizens of Washington had not slept or pur-

the dropping of a shower. The darkness was as great as if the sun had long set and the last remains of twilight had come on, occasionally relieved by flashes of vivid lightning streaming through it, which together with the noise of the wind and the thunder, the crash of falling buildings, and the tearing of roofs as they were stripped from the walls, produced the most appalling effect I shall probably ever witness. This lasted for nearly two hours without intermission; during which time many of the houses spared by us were blown down, and thirty of our men, beside several of the inhabitants, buried beneath their ruins. Our column was as completely dispersed as if it had received a total defeat; some of the men flying for shelter behind walls and buildings, and others falling flat upon the ground to prevent themselves from being carried away by the tempest; nay, such was the violence of the wind that two pieces of cannon which stood upon the eminence, were fairly lifted from the ground and borne several yards to the rear."

This second storm, which was most terrifying to the British, unaccustomed as they were to the grand forests and heavy rains of America, was, if possible, more destructive than the one of the night before. It commenced about one o'clock in the afternoon, and was so awful to the troops that they neglected to fire the post-office, and Congress was thereby saved the necessity of being driven to Georgetown or Philadelphia, when it again met in three weeks. After an occupation of

dations, was, however, the turning point of his fortunes; for while he slept, Ross hastily and clandestinely evacuated Washington, victor and vanquished alike victims of, and fugitives from, imagined perils." But the terrified citizens knew not that the British were impotent, and dismayed at the non-appearance of their fleet. Every crash of thunder was to them a source of alarm, and its rumblings in the distant clouds the imagined noise of approaching troops. Toward midnight, a courier, breathless from fatigue and excitement, warned the President that the enemy were coming, and he was compelled to pass the rest of that miserable night in a hovel in the distant woods, with the boughs sobbing and sighing their requiem around him, and the last efforts of the storm expending itself in moans, while the wind swept through the tall trees. The atmosphere was cooled by the great and prolonged storm, but all nature seemed to weep from exhaustion, and the stillness of the closing hours of the night were in marked contrast to the roar and din of the preceding twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Madison was warned by her husband to use a disguise, and leaving her carriage and companions, procure another conveyance and fly farther. Attended by a nephew of Judge Duvall, she set out accompanied by one soldier, and at the dawn of day left the inhospitable inn where the most unhappy night of her life had been passed. Her carriage and four horses were left with her friends, and a substitute obtained from a gentleman of Georgetown. Soon tidings reached her that Washington

always appearing in a turban. She was fond of bright colors and the elegances of the toilet; yet she generally wore inexpensive clothing, preserving always the neatness of a Quaker, with the elegance of a lady of taste.

Two plain ladies from the West, passing through Washington, determined to see Mrs. Madison; but as they reached there late at night, and were to leave early next day, they were much puzzled to know how the feat should be performed. Meeting in the street an old gentleman next morning, they timidly approached and asked him to show them the way to the President's House. Being an old acquaintance of Mrs. Madison, he took pleasure in conducting the strangers to the White House. The President's family were at breakfast when the party arrived, but Mrs. Madison good-naturedly went in to be seen by the curious old ladies, who were evidently much astonished to find so august a personage in a plain dark dress, with a linen handkerchief pinned about her neck. Her friendly welcome soon put them at ease, and rising to leave, after a visit never to be forgotten, one of them said, "P'rhaps you wouldn't mind if I jest kissed you, to tell my gals about." Mrs. Madison, not to be outdone by her guest's politeness, gracefully saluted each of the delighted old ladies, who adjusted their spectacles, and, with evident admiration, departed.

Mr. Madison was a silent, grave man, whose nature was relieved by a vein of quiet good-humor, which in his moments of relaxation gave an inexpressible charm to his presence. A statesman of vast mind and research,

expectations, and these were founded on what I thought a good knowledge of the ground. But of all machines, ours is the most complicated and inexplicable."

A curious coincidence connected with three of the four first Presidents is, that they married widows, and each had been at a previous time seriously interested in other ladies. It is also remarkable that neither Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or his successor, had sons, and two of them were childless.

Mrs. Madison was not a learned woman, but decidedly a talented one, and her name will ever be a synonym for all that is charming and agreeable.

A warm admirer of hers was convincing a friend that she was not vain. "But," said the other, "you tell me she used rouge and powder." "Yes, yes, she did," he replied, "but it was to please and gratify those who were thrown with her, not because she was fond of admiration."

Mrs. Trist, the daughter of Mrs. Randolph, in reply to my request for her description of Mrs. Madison, sent me the following:

"My recollections of Mrs. Madison are of the most agreeable nature, and were formed from a long, intimate acquaintance beginning in my childhood, and ending only with her life. She had a sweet, natural dignity of manner which attracted while it commanded respect; a proper degree of reserve without stiffness in company with strangers; and a stamp of frankness and sincerity which, with her intimate friends, became gayety and

V.

ELIZABETH K. MONROE.

THE era in which Mrs. Monroe lived was the most eventful in the history of nations, and her record is of interest and value, in a twofold degree. The women who stamp the influence of their virtues on a time of public excitement and wonderful changes, bear in their natures strength of character worthy of emulation; and they become the benefactors of succeeding ages, as they were the blessings of their own. The memorials of such should be familiar to the children of America, who under the genius of Republican institutions, are the inheritors of, and successors to, their fame and positions. No daughter of Columbia should be ignorant of the history and experiences of their national ancestors, whose lives were beautiful in their simplicity, and rich in varied experiences.

The rarest treasure our country possesses is the fame of her children; and her noblest legacy to posterity should be the record of those, who by their talents have adorned, and by their wisdom sustained, the pioneers of liberty in their first weak efforts. Of such a class was Mrs. Monroe, whose husband for half a century reaped the reward of his country's constancy, and filled in that period more important offices than any other man in the United States.

It is not to be wondered that Mrs. Monroe shared the feeling entertained by her husband, or that her warmest womanly feelings were stirred by the recital of Madame Lafayette's woes. The Marquis de Lafayette was adored by Americans, and the indignities heaped upon his heroic wife could scarcely be borne by the Minister and his family, when they felt that the death of a martyr would be the result of her cruel and protracted confinement. The lofty position America had just assumed among the nations of the earth, and the respect engendered by her success rendered her Ministers in foreign countries objects of special attention and regard. When Mr. Monroe decided to risk displeasure by sending his wife to see Madame Lafayette, he appreciated the decided effect it would have for good or evil. He well knew that either it would meet with signal success, and be of benefit to his unfortunate friend, or render her slight claim to clemency yet more desperate. Enlisted as his feelings were, he determined to risk the die, and Mrs. Monroe was consulted in regard to the plan. To her husband's anxious queries, she replied calmly, and assured him of her ability to control and sustain herself.

As the carriage of the American Minister, adorned with all the outward emblems of rank, halted before the entrance of the prison, the keeper advanced to know the object of the visit. Mrs. Monroe, with firm step and steady voice, alighted and made known her business, and to her surprise was conducted to the reception room, while the official retired to make known her re-

Madame Lafayette's long-delayed execution had been decided upon, and that very afternoon she was to have been beheaded, but the unexpected visit of the Minister's wife altered the minds of the officials, and to the surprise of all, she was liberated the next morning.

The prestige of the young Republic was appreciated by the French in power, and they dared not, from motives of self-interest, sacrifice a lady in whom the American Minister was so directly interested. They had not forgotten with what admiration the people of the United States looked upon her husband, the Marquis de Lafayette.

Deaf to all the entreaties of her friends, and firm in her determination to carry immediate consolation to the dungeon of her persecuted husband, Madame Lafayette left Paris accompanied by her two daughters in disguise, and under the protection of American passports.

Passing under the name of Mrs. Motier, she landed at Altona on the ninth of September, 1795, and after repeated difficulties eventually reached the prison, where she was notified that if she passed its threshold, she must remain.

The heroic woman signed her consent and determination, to share his captivity in all its details, being "fully determined never again to expose herself to the horrors of another separation."

The two most conspicuous men of their age, George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, effected by their co-operation the release of Lafayette and his deeply-

it being the usage for the wife of the President to receive company once a fortnight during the session, without distinction of persons. We reached the White House at nine. The court (or rather the grounds) was filled with carriages, and the company was arriving in great numbers. On this occasion, two or three additional drawing-rooms were opened, though the frugality of Congress has prevented them from finishing the principal reception-room of the building. I will acknowledge the same sort of surprise I felt at the Castle Garden fête, at finding the assemblage so respectable in air, dress and deportment. The evening at the White House, or drawing-room, as it is sometimes pleasantly called, is, in fact, a collection of all classes of people who choose to go to the trouble and expense of appearing in dresses suited to an ordinary evening party. I am not sure that even dress is much regarded, for I certainly saw a good many there in boots. The females were all neatly and properly attired, though few were ornamented with jewelry. Of course, the poor and laboring classes of the community would find little or no pleasure in such a scene. The infamous, if known, would not be admitted, for it is a peculiar consequence of the high tone of morals in this country, that grave and notorious offenders rarely presume to violate the public feeling by invading society.

“Squeezing through the crowd, we achieved a passage to a part of the room where Mrs. Monroe was standing, surrounded by a bevy of female friends. After making our bow here, we sought the President. The latter had

Mrs. Gouverneur presided in the place of her mother, and was formally introduced to all the guests present. The President and Mrs. Monroe mingled with the crowd, and left the bridal couple to do the duties of host and hostess. The bridal festivities were to include general receptions, and Commodore and Mrs. Decatur gave the young couple a largely attended ball shortly after the White House reception. Cards had been issued by Commodore Porter for an entertainment in their honor, when the news of the death of Commodore Decatur put an end to all gayety in Washington. The couple soon after took up their residence in New York. The eldest daughter was living at this time in Richmond, Virginia.

After Mr. Monroe retired from office, he returned to his home in Loudon county, and engaged with Messrs. Jefferson and Madison in establishing the University of Virginia. This occupation formed a pleasant pastime to him, and was of lasting benefit to his beloved State. Afterward he was chosen President of the Virginia Convention to amend the Constitution of his native State. Meanwhile Mrs. Monroe found womanly employment for hands and heart in caring for those dependent upon her bounty, and entertaining the various throngs who delighted to do honor to the three ex-Presidents of the United States, and sons of the old commonwealth.

Mrs. Monroe was now alone and becoming aged, and was pleasing herself with the delusion that after so many years of public life, her husband would spend the evening of his days with her, around the fireside. But

VI.

LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.

MRS. ADAMS was the sixth in the succession of occupants of the Executive Mansion, and with her closed the list of the ladies of the Revolution. A new generation had sprung up in the forty-nine years of Independence, and after her retirement, younger aspirants claimed the honors. Born in the city of London on the 12th of February, 1775, she received advantages superior to those enjoyed by most of the ladies of America. Her father, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, although living at the outbreak of the war, in England, was ever a patriotic American, and soon after hostilities commenced, removed with his family to Nantes, in France. "There he received from the Federal Congress an appointment as Commissioner to examine the accounts of all the American functionaries then entrusted with the public money of the United States, in Europe; in the exercise of the duties of which he continued until the peace of 1782. Our National Independence having then been recognized, he returned to London, where he continued to reside, and where he acted as consular agent for the United States, until his final return in 1797, to his native soil."

It was fortunate for Mrs. Adams that her husband was a strong, intellectual nature; he both satisfied and



Louisa Catherine Adams



Years before, a brave, strong woman had, with streaming eyes, seen the form of her eldest boy start over the same track he was now treading, and she had gone back to her lonely home to suffer. Now, through its well-known and treacherous path, that son, grown to man's estate, with children of his own left behind, wends his tedious way, to bear to the halls of remotest nations the wishes and intentions of his young country.

His wife, preferring an uncertain exile in a foreign country to a separation from her husband, suffered extremest anguish as she thought of her weeping children, for the first time separated from her. She felt the great distance and doubtful prospects of hearing from them, not less keenly than she did the length of time which might elapse before she again would tread the shores of her native land. And the bleak climate to which she was hastening in nowise tended to make her cheerful, nor did the fact that Mr. Adams was the first Minister, allay her anxious sadness. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, were such scenes being enacted as now. Europe was literally a battle-field, and Napoleon, the scourge of the continent, was ruling, by the mighty force of his great skill, the destinies of the Old World. Shut up in St. Petersburg, Mrs. Adams gathered rumors of the progress of that "man of destiny," and listened for his knock even at the gates of the imperial capital.

During the six years of her stay in Russia, what wondrous things transpired! What intense interest marked

each other. Emperor Alexander unconsciously prepared the way for their return by proposing to be mediator for England and the United States. In consequence of this offer, the commissioners repaired to St. Petersburg, accompanied by Mr. Payne Todd, the stepson of President Madison, whose simple position in America was exaggerated by European mistake to princely position. Their coming was a source of pleasure to Mrs. Adams, whose time had been spent so quietly, and it was her hope to return with them; but while the commissioners enjoyed themselves with the sights of the Russian capital, great changes were taking place on the continent, and they were unaware how radical they were. The return ship to the United States brought the news to Boston that Napoleon was banished to Elba, Louis the XVIII. propped on the throne of his ancestors by foreign armies, and England was at the zenith of her power and greatness. Never were the prospects of republican America so low since its independence, and the hearts of those patriots trembled when they thought of the future. The Russian mediation failed, but the commissioners afterward met at Ghent, where delays succeeded each other until on Christmas eve, Saturday, 24th December, 1814, the treaty was signed. It was the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Adams to have returned home this winter, but the failure of the commissioners at St. Petersburg necessitated the presence of Mr. Adams at Ghent, and it was thought best she should remain in Russia. The state of Europe, restless and revolutionary, was considered another

grim-visaged war, would have convinced her of the risk she was running. With the passports of the Russian government, and the strong recommendation of being the American minister's wife, she bade adieu to all apprehensions, and risked all to only get nearer to home and children.

Her son, in speaking of this time, said: "In such circumstances, to be fastened in a snow-drift with night coming on, and to be forced to rouse the peasants of the surrounding country to dig them out, which happened in Courland, was no slight matter. But it was of little significance compared to the complicated anxieties incident to the listening, at every stopping-place, to the tales of robbery and murder just committed on the proposed route, so perpetually repeated at that time to the traveller; and to the warnings given by apparently friendly persons of the character of her own servants, corroborated by the loss of several articles of value, and, most of all, to the observation of the restless contention between jarring political passions under which the whole continent of Europe was heaving until it burst forth at the return of Napoleon from Elba. Hardly a day passed that did not require of Mrs. Adams some presence of mind to avoid becoming implicated in the consequences of party fury. For even the slight symbol of a Polish cap on the head of her servant came near making food for popular quarrel."

On the way she heard of Napoleon's return from Elba, and knew that his coming would be disputed not

for a conflict that was to end his career, or change the fate of nations.

Mrs. Adams found, as she neared Paris, the dangers to which she was exposed, and dismissing her servant, who were afraid to go farther, hired others and continued her approach to her husband. But every cross-road and forest path was filled with soldiers wild with enthusiasm, rushing forward to join their great chief, and at one time she found herself surrounded by them. This was a very awkward position, as the troops seemed disposed to require from all around them the most unequivocal declaration of political faith. Mrs. Adams appealed to the commander of the detachment, and by his advice she was enabled to fall back, although not without the exercise of considerable prudence, until the last of the men had passed, when she diverged into another road, and by making a considerable circuit, avoided any further meeting.

Having proved, in this manner, that calmness and presence of mind render many things perfectly practicable which imagination at first invests with insuperable difficulties, she arrived in Paris safe and well, there to be greeted by her husband, on the evening of the 21st of March, 1815, immediately after that of the memorable arrival of Napoleon and the flight of the Bourbons.

The advantages thus thrown in the way of an American woman were justly appreciated by Mrs. Adams, and she, free from prejudice, studied the strange

foot, in carriages and on horseback, were hastening to the great centre of attraction. Strains of martial music and the movements of the various military corps heightened the excitement.

At 12 o'clock, the military escort, consisting of general and staff officers and several volunteer companies, received the President-elect at his residence, together with President Monroe and several officers of government. The procession, led by the cavalry, and accompanied by an immense concourse of citizens, proceeded to the capitol, where it was received with military honors by the U. S. Marine Corps, under Col. Henderson.

Meanwhile the hall of the House of Representatives presented a brilliant spectacle. The galleries and the lobbies were crowded with spectators. The sofas between the columns, the bar, the promenade in the rear of the Speaker's chair, and the three outer rows of the members' seats, were occupied by a splendid array of beauty and fashion. On the left, the Diplomatic Corps, in the costume of their respective courts, occupied the place assigned them, immediately before the steps which led to the chair. The officers of the army and navy were scattered in groups throughout the hall. In front of the clerk's table chairs were placed for the Judges of the Supreme Court.

At twenty minutes past 12 o'clock, the marshals, in blue scarfs, made their appearance in the hall, at the head of the august procession. First came the officers of both Houses of Congress. Then appeared the Pres-

gratulations. The proceedings of the day were closed by an inaugural ball in the evening. Among the guests present were the President and Vice-President, ex-President Monroe, a number of foreign ministers, with many civil, military and naval officers.*

Mrs. Adams gave up the comforts of her home, and took possession of the White House soon after the inauguration. The spring and summer wore quietly away, for even in the White House, gayety was confined to the winter season, and save the visits of friends, nothing occurred to vary the quiet of every-day life. Her children were a consolation to her in her infirm condition, for her health failed her as soon as she moved into the President's house.

It was the happy fortune of Mrs. Adams to be the occupant of the White House when Lafayette visited the United States, who at the invitation of the President spent the last weeks of his stay at the Executive Mansion, and from there, on the 7th of September, 1825, bade an affecting farewell to the land of his adoption.

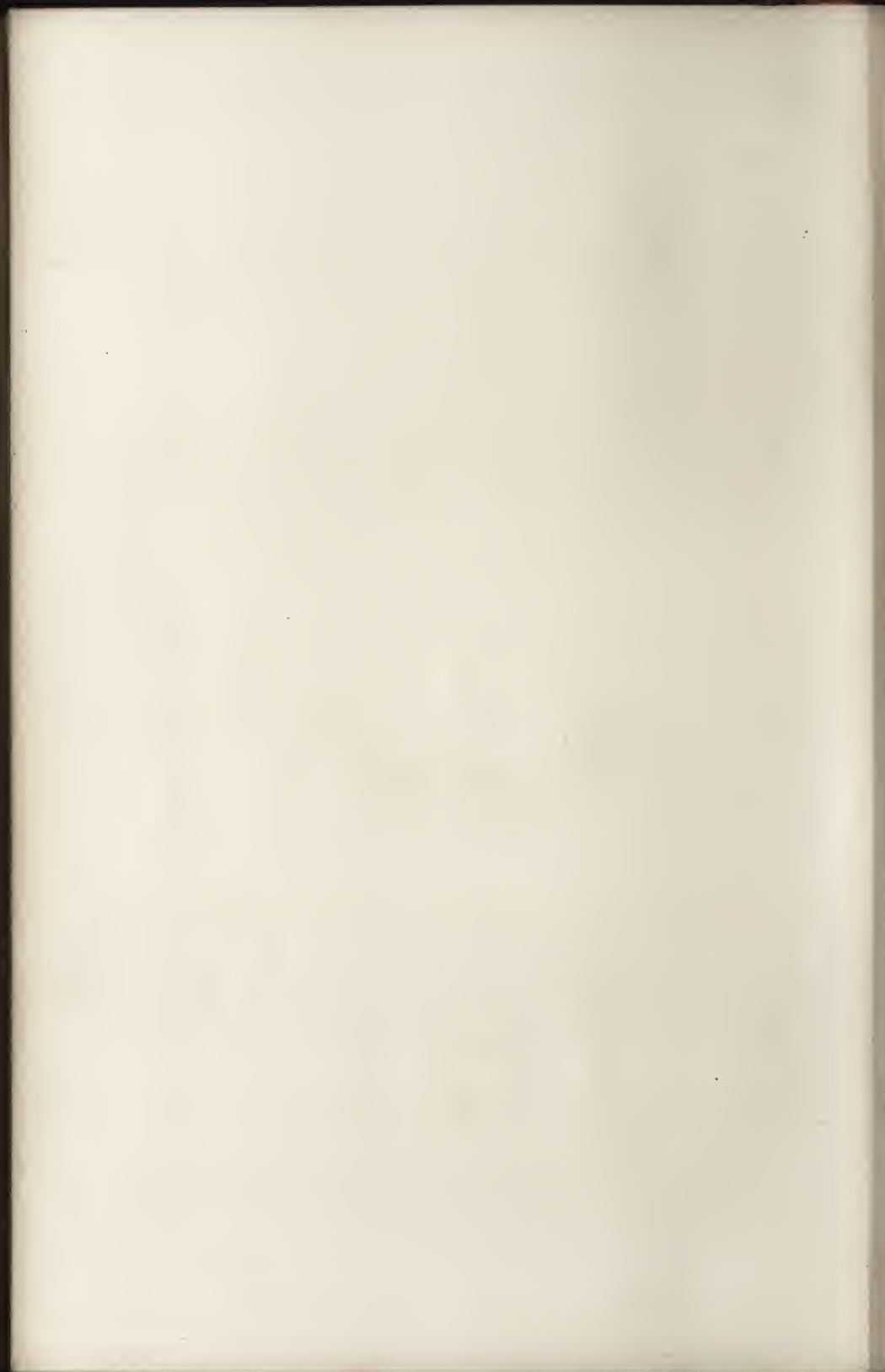
As the last sentence of this farewell address was pronounced, Lafayette advanced and took President Adams in his arms, while tears poured down his venerable cheeks. Retiring a few paces, he was overcome by his feelings, and again returned and falling on the neck of Mr. Adams, exclaimed in broken accents, "God bless you." The sighs and tears of the many

*National Intelligencer, 1825.



Fig. 4.

Mrs. ANN MARIE JACKSON FOX.



VII.

RACHEL JACKSON.

THE cruel misrepresentations of political opponents had crushed the heart of Rachel Jackson, and ended her days before her husband took possession of the Home of the Presidents. She was denied the gratification of accompanying him to Washington, and of gracing the White House, but she was even in death the President's wife, and as such is ranked. In his heart she lived there, the object of the most deathless and exalted affection, the spiritual comforter and companion of his lonely hours. The friends and visitors of the new President saw her not, nor was she mentioned by the throng; but to him she was ever present in the form of memory and eternal, undying love.

The day of party strife and bitterness toward General Jackson has passed away forever, and the nobility and refined sensibility of his nature are at last appreciated. The slanders and falsehoods which embittered his earthly life, have been eclipsed by the sunlight of truth, and over the lapse of years comes ringing the prophetic assertion of the immutability of right. He is avenged. Once it was the fashion to revile him, and multitudes in this country who had no independent judgments of their own, took up the gossip of the day

going up to the place, when the Indians, to our astonishment, appeared immediately over us on the opposite cliffs, and commenced firing down upon us, which occasioned a precipitate retreat to the boats. We immediately moved off."

One of this intrepid little band of emigrants, sharing in its hardships and dangers, was Rachel Donelson, the daughter of Col. John Donelson. She was then a bright-eyed, black-haired, sprightly, pretty child of about twelve years. On the 24th of April, 1780, they reached the little settlement of log-cabins that Captain Robertson and his band had made ready for them. But perils and privations were not past. The Indians were wily and untiring in laying their crafty ambushes, and many were the victims that fell within their deadly grasp, and were despatched by their murderous weapons. With all these troubles, however, the settlement grew in numbers and in strength; such was the intrepidity and the persevering energy which inspired these heroic men and women. As Colonel Donelson was one of the most influential, he became one of the wealthiest of the settlers. He had owned extensive iron works in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, which he had sold when he started to the West. Prior and subsequent to the revolution, he was a member of the House of Burgesses, and had repeatedly represented the counties of Campbell and Pittsylvania. Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were his personal friends; he held commissions under each of them to execute important trusts, such as the survey

the family of Mrs. Robards, where Lewis Robards and his wife were living. Judge Overton was not long in discovering that they lived very unhappily, because Captain Robards was jealous of a gentleman named Short. His disposition was extremely unfortunate, and kept the whole family in uneasiness and distress. This unpleasant state of affairs continued to increase until Captain Robards wrote to his mother-in-law, the widowed Mrs. Donelson, requesting that she would take her daughter home, as he did not intend to live with her any longer. Some time in the latter part of 1788, Samuel Donelson came and started away with his sister. Judge Overton says, "my clear and distinct recollection is, that it was said to be a final separation, at the instance of Captain Robards; for I well recollect the distress of old Mrs. Robards on account of her daughter-in-law Rachel going away, and on account of the separation that was about to take place, together with the circumstance of the old lady's embracing her affectionately. The old lady always blamed her son Lewis, and took the part of her daughter-in-law."

Judge Overton further remarks that he never heard any of the family censure young Mrs. Robards on account of the unhappy difference between her husband and herself; but that he frequently heard them express the most favorable sentiments regarding her.

As stated in his narrative, published in 1827, Judge Overton, deciding to fix his residence in Tennessee, left old Mrs. Robards, with the promise that he would use

it was safe to go to his own land, he and his wife were to live at Mrs. Donelson's." They became reunited in the year 1789.

"Not many months elapsed before Robards became jealous of Jackson, which, I felt confident, was without the least ground. Some of his irritating conversations on this subject with his wife, I heard amidst the tears of herself and her mother, who were greatly distressed. I urged to Robards the unmanliness of his conduct, after the pains I had taken to produce harmony as a mutual friend of both families, and my honest conviction that his suspicions were groundless. These remonstrances seemed not to have the desired effect. As much commotion and unhappiness prevailed in the family as in that of Mrs. Robards, in Kentucky. At length I communicated to Jackson the unpleasant situation of living in a family where there was so much disturbance, and concluded by telling him that we would endeavor to get some other place. To this he readily assented.

"Being conscious of his innocence, Jackson said he would talk to Robards. What passed between them I do not know. Mrs. Donelson related that Robards became violently angry and abusive, and said that he was determined not to live with Mrs. Robards. Jackson retired from the family and went to live at Mansker's Station. Captain Robards remained several months with his wife, and then went to Kentucky. Soon after this affair, Mrs. Robards went to live at Colonel Hays', who married her sister.

fine woman. It was not long after this before he communicated to me his intention of going to Natchez with Colonel Stark, with whom Mrs. Robards was to descend the river, saying that she had no friend or relation that would go with her, or assist in preventing Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards from being massacred by the Indians, then in a state of war and exceedingly troublesome. Accordingly, Jackson, in company with Mrs. Robards and Colonel Stark, a venerable and highly esteemed old man and friend of Mrs. Robards, went down the river from Nashville to Natchez, in the winter or early spring of 1791. It was not, however, without the urgent entreaties of Colonel Stark, who wanted protection from the Indians, that Jackson consented to accompany them.

“Previously to Jackson’s starting, he committed all his law business to me, at the same time assuring me that as soon as he should see Col. Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards situated with their friends, he would return and resume his practice. He descended the river, returned from Natchez to Nashville, and was at the Superior Court, in the latter place, in May, 1791, attending to his business as a lawyer and solicitor-general for the government. Shortly after this time, we were informed that a divorce had been granted by the Legislature of Virginia.

“The divorce was understood by the people of this country to have been granted in the winter of 1790–1791. I was in Kentucky in the summer of 1791, re-

“On our return home from Jonesborough, in January, 1794, to Nashville, a license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony again performed.

“The slowness and inaccuracy with which information was obtained in Tennessee at that time, will not be surprising when we consider its insulated and dangerous situation, surrounded on every side by the wilderness, and by hostile Indians, and that there was no mail established until about 1797.”

Subsequent events proved this marriage to be one of the very happiest that was ever formed. A romantic person would say that it was made in Heaven, and certainly it had the requisites of a heavenly union. Nothing could exceed the admiration, and love, and even deference of General Jackson for his wife. Her wish to him was law. It was a blessed ordering of Providence that this kind, good heart should find at last, after so many troubles, a tender and true friend and protector, understanding her perfectly, and loving her entirely.

Mrs. Jackson was a noble woman, and abundantly blessed with superior sense. She was a good manager, a kind mistress, always directing the servants, and taking care of the estate in her husband's frequent absences, and withal a generous and hospitable neighbor.

She had a great many nieces and nephews, some of whom were nearly all the time staying with her. She was very lively in her manners, well knowing how to tell stories, and amuse the young people of the neighborhood, who were much attached to her, all calling her

and I am determined to travel with her as early as my business and her health will permit, even if I should be compelled to come back to settle my business and turn over the government to my successor. I am determined to resign my office the moment Congress meets, and live near you the balance of my life. * * * Before this reaches you, Colonel Butler and our little son will be with you, I hope. I trust you will extend your care over him until we are where he has gone. You may be sure your sister will not remain long behind. We all enjoy tolerable health at present, but I am wearied with business and this hot weather."

Mrs. Jackson sighed for her quiet home and her little church during her stay in Florida. Pensacola was so different, and the people so entirely divided in all their tastes and pursuits from the devout Christian matron, that she could not be satisfied. "Three Sabbaths," she says, "I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. The Sabbath profanely kept, a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open, trade going on I think more than on any other day. They were so boisterous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. And must I say, the worst people here are the outcast Americans and negroes! Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day; cursing not to be heard.

with reviling him, they must needs drag before the public the long-forgotten circumstances of his marriage, and wrest them to suit their unworthy purposes. The kind heart of Mrs. Jackson, though wrung with mortification and grief, prompted no utterance of impatience. She said very little, but was often found in tears. Meanwhile, her health continued to decline. It was too hard to bear that he to whom she had devoted the affections and energies of her long life, should be taunted, for her sake; that he should, for her sake, be considered unworthy of the trust of that nation for whose defence and honor he had undergone unnumbered fatigues and conflicts and perils. This silent suffering told upon her spirits, but anxiety to know the event sustained her.

When the news arrived of General Jackson's election to the Presidency, it was received with rejoicings and hilarity in Nashville as everywhere else, but with calmness by him and her who were so highly honored. Her gratification must have been too deep and heartfelt to be expressed with noise and mirth. . Despite the calumnies which their enemies had heaped upon her and the General, the nation had bestowed upon him its highest gift; and had confided, for a time, the keeping of its honor and well-being into his hands. The sorrows through which she had passed, those clouds that had hung over her thorny way, had been dispersed by the favoring wind of truth, and the bright rays of peace shone upon her heart. But she was not

hotel, and while waiting there, she heard her name called in the adjoining room. It was impossible for her not to hear, and there she sat, pale and excited, listening to a repetition of calumnies which political strife had magnified and promulgated. The bare truthful outlines of her early unfortunate marriage were given, but so interwoven with false misrepresentations, that she could hardly believe herself the subject of remark. All she did hear was never known, but on her death-bed she told the circumstance to her husband, and then he understood the cause of her violent attack. He had tried to keep every paragraph and abusive line out of her sight, and hoped that now, after the election was decided, this unhappy subject of "her marriage before a divorce was granted," would be dropped forever. She had acted as she thought was the best, and indeed in every act of her life she discovered the fine sense she displayed in her conduct towards her first husband. But the malicious envy of people who could not bear her elevation, caught at every straw to revile her pure and blameless life. Had she lived unhappily with General Jackson, there might have been some excuse for considering her a weak woman; but her long, happy and beautiful existence as his wife, was a convincing proof of her affectionate nature, and religious, high-minded soul. The fatal error of her youth, in marrying a man her intellectual and moral inferior, was more than atoned for in the miserable years she spent as his unappreciated wife. She was sensitive and refined, and her nature revolted

“How shall I describe the agony—the heart-rending agony—of the venerable partner of her bosom? He had, in compliance with our earnest entreaties, seconded by those of his wife, left her chamber, which he could seldom be persuaded to do, and had lain down in an adjoining room, to seek repose for his harassed mind and body. A few minutes only had elapsed, when we were hastily summoned to her chamber; and the General, in a moment, followed us. But he was only in time to witness the last convulsive effort of expiring nature. Then it was that all the feelings of the devoted husband burst forth. His breast heaved, and his soul seemed to struggle with a load too oppressive for frail humanity. Nor was he the only mourner on this melancholy occasion. A numerous train of domestics crowded around the bed of their beloved mistress, and filled the room with their piercing cries. They could not bring their minds to a belief of the painful reality that their mistress and friend, for such indeed she was, lay before them a lifeless corpse. ‘Oh! is there no hope?’ was their agonizing question; and vainly would they flatter themselves with the belief, that perhaps ‘she was only fainting.’

“The distressing event spread with the rapidity of the wind; and neighbors and relatives thronged the house from midnight until late the following morning. Soon the painful tidings reached Nashville, twelve miles distant, and a fresh concourse of friends pressed forward to show their respect for the dead and to mourn with the living.”

About a fortnight before her death, she remarked to a friend, that although she had lived with Mr. Jackson nearly forty years, there had never an unkind word passed between them, and the only subject on which they ever differed, or where there was the slightest opposition, was his acceptance of appointments when conferred upon him; she being always unwilling for him to enter upon public life. Such was the woman whom General Jackson was called upon to separate from, at a moment of all others the most trying.

Although the weather was unfavorable, her friends assembled from every point, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who could befriend them no more. Every vehicle in Nashville, and there were more at that day than now, in proportion to the population, was put in requisition. The road to the Hermitage had not been macadamized, and it was, consequently, at that season of the year almost impassable; yet an immense number of persons attended the funeral.

When the hour of interment drew near, the General, who had not left the beloved remains, was informed that it was time to perform the last sad rites. The scene that then ensued is beyond description. There was no heart that did not ache, no eye that did not weep. Many of the officers present, who had shared with the General his difficulties and dangers; who had seen him in the most trying situations; who had eyed him when his gallant soldiers were suffering for food to sustain life, and he unable to relieve them; who had witnessed him

VIII.

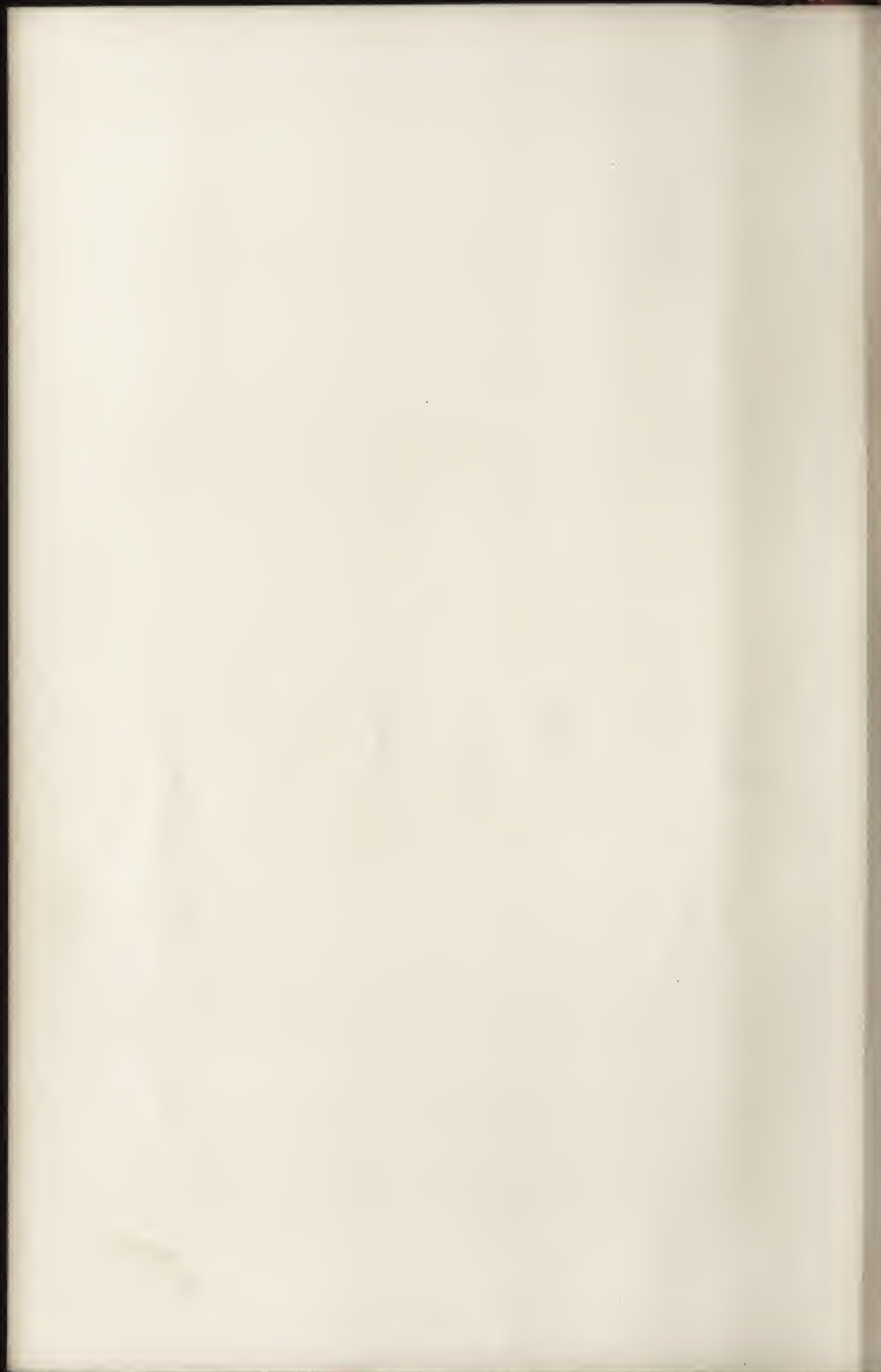
EMILY DONELSON.

MRS. EMILY DONELSON, the accomplished mistress of the White House during General Jackson's Presidential term, was the youngest child of Captain John Donelson, a man of sterling integrity and irreproachable character, perfect in all the relations of life, respected as a citizen, honored as a Christian, and beloved as a friend and neighbor. She was born in Davidson County, Tennessee, and educated at the Old Academy, in Nashville. Of rare personal loveliness and superior intellect, no expense or care was spared to fit her for the high position she was destined to fill in society. Though her childhood was spent in what was then called the "backwoods," it was not passed in obscurity, for her close relationship with Mrs. Jackson, the public prominence of her near relations, Generals Smith, Coffee, and Hayes, and the great wealth and high standing of her father, early made her familiar with camps and crowds, and developed that courtly grace and ease of manner for which she was afterwards so pre-eminent. A host of suitors contended for the beautiful maiden's hand, among whom were General Sam Houston, Col. Ephraim H. Foster, and Major Gustavus A. Henry; they always spoke of her as the "lovely Emily," and delighted in expatiating on the charms of her mind and person.



W. B. B. 1847

MRS. MARTHA VAN BUREN



X.

HANNAH VAN BUREN.

THE wife of President Van Buren was born at Kinderhook, on the Hudson, in the year 1782, a few months after the birth of her future husband, whose schoolmate and companion she was during their early years. She was of Dutch descent, and the original name Goes, but pronounced by her ancestors Hoes, and since so called by all the members of the family in this country, is familiar to those who are acquainted with the history of the Netherlands.

If the charms of nature—grand scenery, magnificent views, and the ever-varying harmony of beautiful skies—could add to the growth and development of childhood, Hannah Hoes was incomparably blest. The years of her life were spent in a happy home circle in the most beautiful section of her native State—a State remarkable for the grandeur of its mountain scenery, and the number of its romantic rivers. Chief among these, and surpassed by none in the world, is the Hudson, in sight of whose classic waters she lived and died.

Her ancestors were sturdy, enterprising Dutch, whose homes for many generations had been along the banks of the stream discovered by their renowned countryman, and not one of the rosy urchins of their households but

XI.

ANGELICA VAN BUREN.

THE era in which Hannah Van Buren lived was far removed from her husband's ascension to the Presidency, for she had been dead seventeen years, when, in 1837, that event occurred. He remained a widower, and, but for the presence of his accomplished daughter-in-law, his administration would have been socially a failure. The prestige of his high position was not complete until the honors were shared with his young relative.

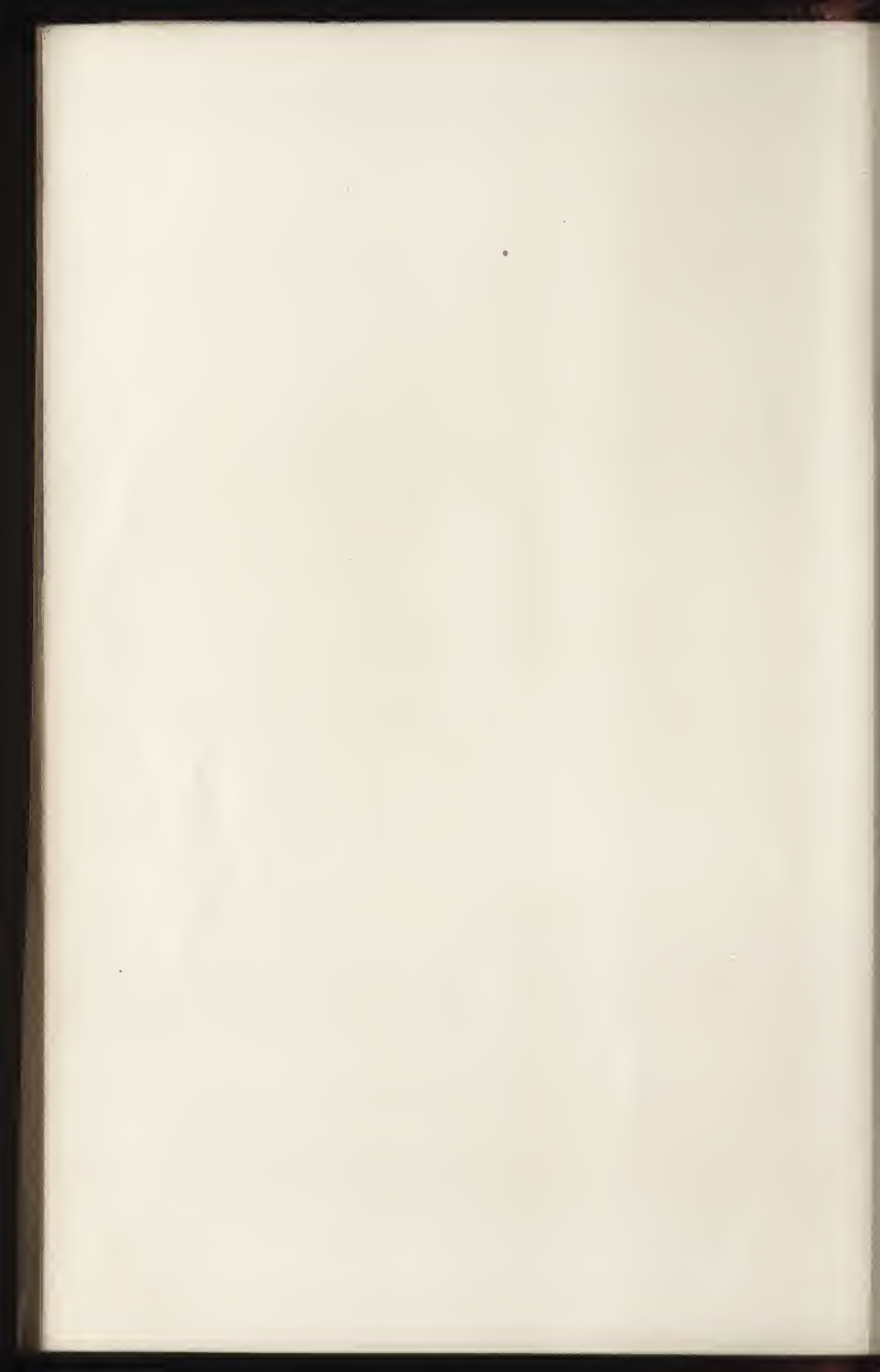
Angelica Singleton, the daughter of Richard Singleton, Esq., was born in Sumpter District, South Carolina. Her grandfather Singleton, and her great-grandfather General Richardson, served with distinction in the revolutionary war. On the maternal side, her grandfather, John Coles, Esq., of Albemarle county, Virginia, was the intimate and valued friend of Presidents Jefferson and Madison, and two of his sons were respectively their private secretaries during their Presidential terms.

Miss Singleton's early advantages were in keeping with her elevated social position. To complete an education superior to the generality of her sex at that day, she spent several years at Madame Grelaud's seminary, in Philadelphia. The winter previous to her marriage, she passed in Washington, in the family of



J. H. Johnson del.

Angelina Van Buren



XII.

ANNA SYMMES HARRISON.

ANNA SYMMES, the wife of the ninth President of the United States, was born the famous year of American Independence, and but a few months after the renowned skirmish at Lexington. Her birthplace was near Morristown, New Jersey, the scene of suffering the following year, where the tracks of the blood-stained feet of the soldiers attested their forlorn condition. Soon after her birth, which occurred the 25th of July, 1775, her mother died. Bereft of her care, she was thrown upon her father's hands for those attentions necessary for one of such a tender age, which until her fourth year he carefully bestowed. Her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tuthill, were residing at Southhold, Long Island, and thither at the age of four years she was taken by her surviving parent. The incidents of her journey from Morristown to Long Island, then in the possession of the British, she remembered through life. Her father, the Hon. John Cleves Symmes, though at the time a Colonel in the Continental army, was so anxious to place his daughter with her grandmother, that he assumed the disguise of a British officer's uniform and successfully accomplished his perilous undertaking. Leaving her in the home from which he had taken her mother years before, he joined his own troops and served with dis-

United States Army, and in command of Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati. The youthful Virginian was much attracted by the gentle, modest manners and the sweet face of Anna Symmes, and he determined on winning her hand. The effort was highly successful, for they were married at her father's house, North Bend, Ohio, November 22d, 1795.

Thus, in less than one year after her removal from her childhood's home, in the twentieth year of her age, Anna Symmes became the wife of Captain Harrison, subsequently the most popular General of his day and President of the United States.

Soon after their marriage, Captain Harrison resigned his commission in the army, and was elected the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest Territory. Mrs. Harrison accompanied him to Philadelphia, then the seat of the General Government, but spending, however, most of the session in visiting her husband's relatives in Virginia.

From those who knew Mrs. Harrison at this period of her life, is given the assurance that she was very

Hampden Sydney College, and afterward studied medicine. After his father's death, in 1791, he became the ward of Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, whose private fortune so often relieved the sufferings of the Continental Army. When about to graduate as a physician, the reports of troubles in the West decided him to join the frontier troops. The opposition of his excellent guardian was not sufficient to deter him from his purpose, and as his design was approved by Washington, who had also been a warm friend of his father, he received from that noble warrior an ensign's commission in the first regiment of United States Artillery, then stationed at Fort Washington.

rison retained this position during the administrations of Adams, Jefferson and Madison, until the inglorious surrender of Hull in 1812, when he was appointed to the command of the northwestern army. Mrs. Harrison remained in Vincennes during the fall of 1811, while her husband was marching with his small force to disband the tribes of hostile Indians gathering for battle at Prophet's Town, and was there when the news of the battle of Tippecanoe reached her. But she rejoiced that it was over, and the formidable combinations of Tecumseh and the Prophet were dissipated forever. Henceforth the settlers might work in peace, for the foot of the red man came never again across the Wabash with hostile intent.

The battle-ground of Tippecanoe, the scene of General Harrison's dearly-bought triumph, after the lapse of three-quarters of a century, is as quiet and green as a village churchyard. A low white paling fence surrounds it, and the trees are tall and carefully pruned of undergrowth. Mounds, so frequently observed in the west, and here and there a quaint wooden headboard marks the spot of some brave soldier's fall. The train as it rushes from Lafayette, Indiana, through what was formerly a wilderness, to the west, gives the traveller but a moment to look upon this historic spot, where on that fatal 7th of November morning, the Indians rushed unexpectedly upon the weary troops, sleeping after the exhaustive fatigue of travel, and met with a defeat that made the spot famous.

went from Washington to his old home in Virginia for a few days, but returned in time for the Inauguration. The morning of the 4th of March, 1841, was ushered in by a salute of twenty-six guns. The day was devoted entirely to pleasure. The city of Washington was thronged with people, many of whom were from the most distant States of the Union. The procession was in keeping with the enthusiasm and interest displayed throughout the campaign. Ladies thronged the windows, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of kind feelings, while the wild huzzas of the opposite sex filled the air with a deafening noise. General Harrison was mounted on a white charger, accompanied by several personal friends, and his immediate escort were the officers and soldiers who had fought under him. Canoes and cabins, covered with appropriate mottoes, were conspicuous, and the scene was one of universal splendor.

Mrs. Harrison's health, delicate for many years, was particularly frail in February when her husband left home for Washington, and her physicians protested against her crossing the mountains at that season of the year, and urged her remaining in Ohio until the opening of spring. General Harrison was accompanied to Washington by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, the widow of his namesake son, and her two sons. She was a very refined, accomplished person, and exceedingly popular during her short stay as mistress of ceremonies at the White House. Besides Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, there were several ladies of the President's family resid-

resumed its march to the city, and by five o'clock that evening nothing remained but empty streets, and the emblems of mourning upon the houses, and the still deeper gloom which oppressed the general mind with renewed power after all was over; and the sense of the public bereavement alone was left to fill the thoughts. The following touching lines, from the gifted pen of N. P. Willis, remarkable for their pathos and harmony, need no apology for being introduced here. The grandeur and simple beauty of the swelling poem deserve a more lasting record than transitory verses usually receive.

What soared the old eagle to die at the sun,
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he has won!
Are there spirits more blest than the planet of even
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into heaven?
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away!
Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
God-speed unto heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! ah, never before
Trode his skeleton foot on the President's floor;
He is looked for in hovel and dreaded in hall,
The king in his closet keeps hatchments and pall,
The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here,
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier:
He is here as the wave crest heaves flashing on high,
As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore,
Death finds them when swiftness and shankle are o'er;
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story:
He went with his old stride from glory to glory.

XIII.

LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER.

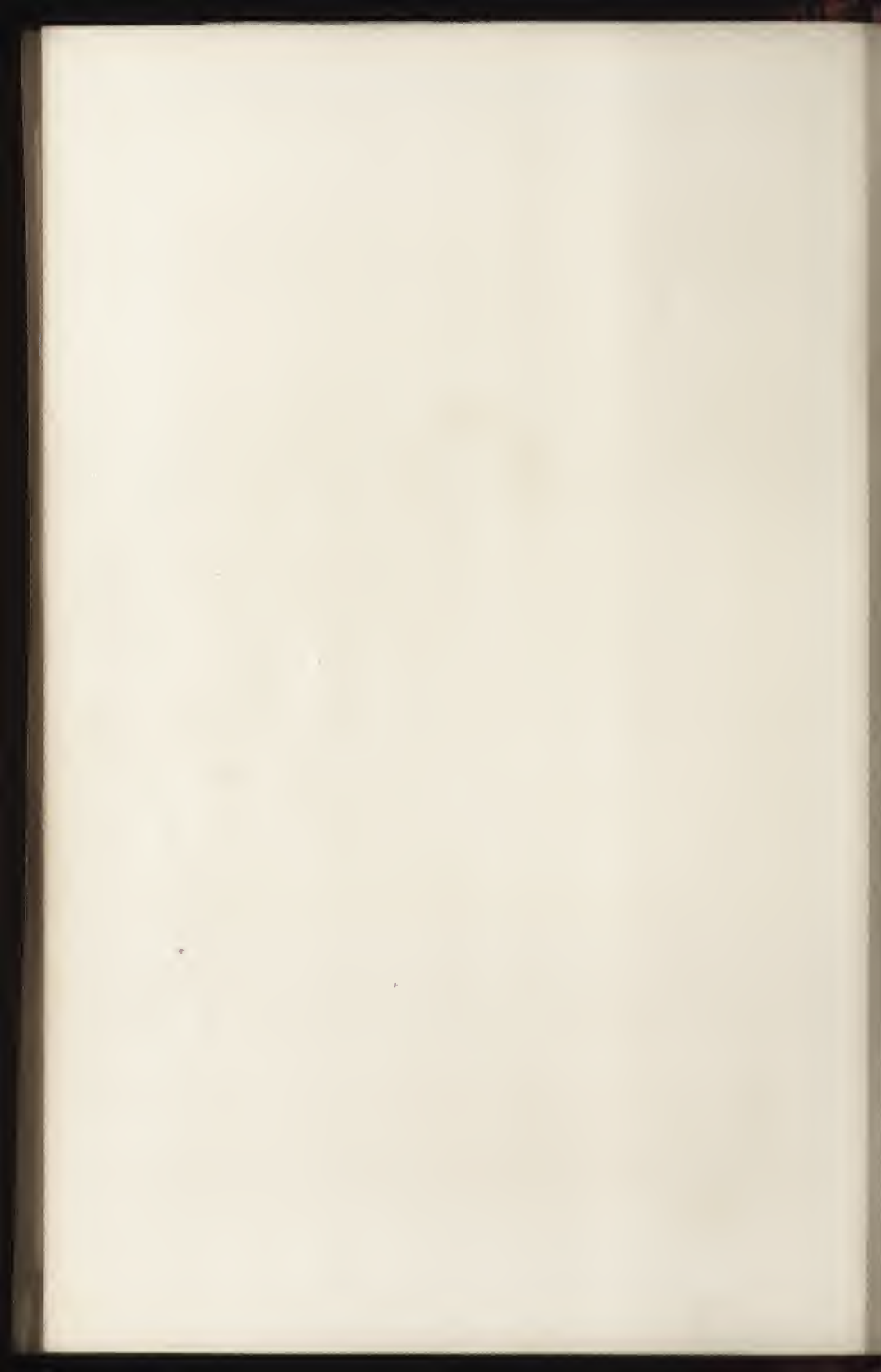
THE first wife of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was the third daughter of Robert Christian, Esq., of Cedar Grove, in New Kent county, in the State of Virginia; a gentleman of good private fortune, an earnest Federalist of that day in his political opinions, and an attached friend and adherent of George Washington. He possessed the highest social and political influence in the county of his residence, and, indeed, throughout the Peninsular District, embraced between the York and James rivers. His house was the seat of genuine Virginia hospitality, and his neighbors, trusting implicitly to his good sense and integrity, appealed to his arbitration in matters involving legal controversy, in preference to submitting their cases in the courts. For many consecutive years, he was not only the presiding magistrate of his county, but also its representative in the Legislature of the State; and his brothers, among whom was the late Major Edmond Christian, of Creighton, Marshal of Virginia, were men of mark and influence.

This worthy gentleman married in early life Mary Brown, an amiable lady of high worth and character, with whom he lived in happiness until her death, and through whom he was blessed with a large family of sons



Eng. & by J. C. Buttre

MRS LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER.



In his admitted integrity and worth as a man and citizen, in his great intellectual powers, in his constantly increasing prosperity and rising reputation, in the accounts she received of his eloquence both at the bar and in the legislature, and in the high official trusts which ultimately were literally showered upon him, one after the other, almost without intermission; and finally in his tender solicitude to restore her failing health and to minister to her slightest wish, she discovered all that her woman's heart, or her feminine ambition required, to complete and secure her wedded happiness. The following letter, the first that Mr. Tyler ever ventured to address to her before marriage, and the original of which is still preserved in the family—apart from the natural simplicity of its style and the ordinary interest that would attach to it—not only presents the most unmistakable evidence of the sound and healthy sentiments, emotions, and principles of character associated with both and impelling to their union, but it is also a remarkable illustration, in view of a long engagement prior to marriage, of the delicate tone and exalted purity of the social structure and civilization that surrounded them and under whose happy influences they were born and reared.

“RICHMOND, *December 5th, 1812.*”

“Although I could not entirely obtain your permission to write to you, yet I am well aware that you will not be displeased at my exercising a privilege so valu-

days of struggle with our father, under heavy security obligations, and she had but one idea apart from conjugal piety and affection, and that was to save him from every care and every expense in her power.

“His pecuniary independence was preserved, and much of his success was secured, through her economy, her diligence, her providence, and her admirable self-sacrificing demeanor. I have frequently heard our father say that he rarely failed to consult her judgment in the midst of difficulties and troubles, and that she invariably led him to the best conclusion, and that he had never known her to speak unkindly of any one. She was permitted to see him fill the highest office in the gift of his country, but before he was suffered to enter into his rest from political life, she had gone to that rest remaining for the people of God. She died, as you know, on the 10th September, 1842, in the Executive Mansion at Washington, where her third daughter, our sister Elizabeth Waller, had been shortly before married, and where two of her grandchildren now living,—the oldest daughter of our brother Robert, named Letitia, and the youngest son of our sister Mary, named Robert—were born.

“You remember her fondness for flowers. Her favorite flower was the monthly damask rose, and that brought in to her on the morning of the day of her death, was found clasped in her hand when the spirit was fled. From the time that she had been first stricken by paralysis, her health had been frail, but none of us antic-



MRS. JAMES K. POLK.



XV.

SARAH CHILDRESS POLK.

SARAH CHILDRESS, the daughter of Captain Joel and Elizabeth Childress, was born near Murfreesboro, in Rutherford county, Tennessee, the 4th day of September, 1803. In that beautiful portion of the South, almost a wilderness then, passed the younger years of her life, and there is little to record of it save its contentment and tranquil happiness. Her father, a farmer in easy circumstances, and considered rich for those days, allowed his children every benefit to be derived from his fortunate circumstances, and she was early placed at school. The Moravian Institute at Salem, North Carolina, was chosen by Mr. Childress as the most suitable place for his little daughter, and she was placed in that strict and most thorough establishment. There she attained discipline and culture, and her school days with their varying shadows and sunshine passed quietly away. There was nothing to mar the influence of those happy school days, and each as it came, did its appointed duty in moulding her character. The April life fled by, clouds and sunshine, little griefs and joys, the studious hour, the frank companionship of girlhood, the animating walk, hand in hand with young friends and with nature, soon rolled away, and Sarah Childress returned home. Surrounded in her father's house by all the comforts possible to ob-

world. However politicians may differ in regard to the merits of Mr. Polk's administration, there can be no difference as respects that of his lady, in her department of the Presidential Mansion. All will agree that by the exclusion of the frivolities spoken of, and her excellent deportment in other respects, she has conferred additional dignity upon the executive department of our government, and may well be considered a model worthy of imitation by the ladies who may hereafter occupy the elevated position from which she is about to retire. This excellent lady, ere long, it is presumed, will return to the society of kindred and friends, among whom, it is sincerely hoped, she may long live to receive and confer happiness upon all around, and as hitherto, continue to be an ornament to the religion and church her example has so signally honored."

In her elevated and conspicuous situation, the stateliness of Mrs. Polk's bearing was strikingly becoming and appropriate. With this an English lady was impressed, who averred that not one of the three queens whom she had seen could compare with the truly feminine yet distinguished and regal presence of Mrs. Polk. She says: "Mrs. Polk is a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion remind one of the Spanish donnas. She is well read, has much talent for conversation, and is highly popular. Her excellent taste in dress preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady."

The same feeling of admiration seemed to inspire the

voice to Mrs. Polk, "Madam, there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible." Every one ceased conversing for a moment, when Mrs. Polk inquired what he meant. "Well, the Bible says, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'" A general laugh followed, and the remark was considered very appropriate.

During President Polk's administration, the war with Mexico was inaugurated by a difficulty about the boundary line of Texas. The country is acquainted with the brilliant successes of the American troops in Mexico, and of General Scott's glorious successes, whereby he reached and revelled in the halls of the Montezumas. The war ended in 1848, the year before Mr. Polk's retirement. President Polk's easy, courteous manners, went far toward allaying the opposition which is ever apparent in times of national trouble, and the affable manners of Mrs. Polk rendered his efforts the more successful. With the exception of the summer of 1847, spent in Tennessee, Mrs. Polk remained uninterruptedly at the White House; the visits of members of her family cheering the otherwise monotonous routine of her life there.

A gentleman who called at the White House one evening in the fall of 1846, writes in the following terms of his visit: "We were met by Mr. Walker, the Private Secretary, with much politeness, the President being absent, and were received by Mrs. Polk in the kindest, and at the same time most graceful, manner. It may be said with truth, she is a lady of commanding dignity at all

and advanced the interests of the country, whether regarded as democratic or not, she admired and applauded.' The sentiment was a truly noble one."

A correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* has also given to the public a sketch of a visit to the Presidential Mansion, which is interesting. "These the musings were soon interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Polk who, with an easy smile and a graceful simplicity of manner, bid me welcome as an American citizen, and partaker of a common faith. She bears her honors meekly, and surely it is no mean elevation to be the wife of an American President; an elevation to which many fond and ambitious aspirations are doubtless secretly cherished in the bosoms of high-minded American women, but which only one, now and then, can enjoy. And this one, probably, was among the last to expect it, till the news came to disturb the quietude of her happy domestic life in Tennessee.

"Mrs. Polk may be considered a felicitous specimen of the intelligent, refined American lady, who, without artificial airs, without any assumption of stateliness of manners, without any ambitious ornaments of dress, exchanges the courtesies of social life, and demeans herself in public, with a sincerity somewhat rare in the current circles of fashion.

"I cannot but think that the basis of her style of character is laid in a true and unaffected piety. She is regular in her attendance on divine worship and on the communion of the Lord's supper. In our conversation,

XVI.

MARGARET TAYLOR.

THE importance attached to Presidential honors is not in our country the inheritance of persons born to the wearing of them. Monarchical governments, by tradition and law, designate not only who is the "chief magistrate," but also provide candidates in advance for the succession. People, therefore, born to such high estate are always, from infancy onward, objects of world-wide interest; and the minutest acts of their lives, before they achieve their inherited position as well as after, are subjects of note from a thousand pens.

In our own country the popular will selects its candidates for the highest office within its gift as often from those who have suddenly received popularity as from those who have, by antecedent history, become known to fame. It is probably true that, just before the breaking out of actual hostilities between this country and Mexico, there was no military officer—his long and faithful public service considered—who was as little known to the country at large as General Taylor.

That the future Mistress of the White House who was buried in the seclusion of his retired private life, should be little known out of her domestic circle, is therefore not surprising; and that a family, the members of which had always courted seclusion and were satisfied

well-earned commission as a Major-General to assume the highest responsibility of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, had never been out of what might be termed the severest frontier duties.

He was known as having acquired the largest experience as an Indian fighter. He was alike the hero of the "Black Hawk," as he was the most prominent officer in the Seminole war. Hence it is that Mrs. Taylor, more than any other mistress of the White House, had seen more army service, and passed through more varied frontier experiences; for she would never, under any circumstances, if she could avoid it, separate herself from her husband, no matter how severe were the trials resulting from wifely devotion.

This heroic spirit, that gives such grace and beauty to useful qualities, carried her cheerfully to Tampa Bay, that she might be near her husband when he was endeavoring to suppress the wily Seminoles in the swamps and everglades of Florida; and as the long previous years in the western country made her familiar with the attributes of savage triumphs, so the final defeats that eventually secured our settlers a peaceful home on the rich plains of Mexico, and laid the foundation of the prosperity of the great West.

In all this quarter of a century so feelingly alluded to by General Taylor, as the time when his house was a tent and his home the battle-field, it was seldom that Mrs. Taylor was not at his side, bearing her share of the hardships incidental to her husband's life, and cheerfully attending to

were loaned for its decorations by citizens, who ordinarily took no interest in these "stated occasions." The best music that could be obtained was in attendance, and to give the crowning zest, "Miss Betty" was to be present. The Lady of the Mansion for the next four years, young, handsome, and hopeful, was to be presented to the admiring public.

There was the usual crowd and the characteristic confusion; but nevertheless there pervaded the multitude an intense desire to behold the new occupant of the White House. There was a "Hero President." There was a charming young bride, a young and graceful lady to do the honors of the public receptions. "At eleven o'clock, General Taylor entered, leaning on the arms of Major Seaton and Speaker Winthrop." His fine eye was bright, his step was elastic, he was brave, he was a conqueror, he was President, and the gentlemen expressed their feelings in spontaneous cheers, while ladies waved their handkerchiefs and many wept for sympathy. A silence ensued, a movement at the head of the room indicated that a new scene was to be enacted. The throng pressed back, and Mrs. Bodisco, then the young and handsome wife of the Russian Minister, enveloped in a cloud of crimson satin and glistening with diamonds, supported by two ambassadors emblazoned in gold lace and orders, came forward—just behind were two "Louisiana beauties," a blonde and a brunette, whose brilliant charms subsequently divided the gentlemen in perplexity as to which should be acceded the palm of the belle

XVII.

ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

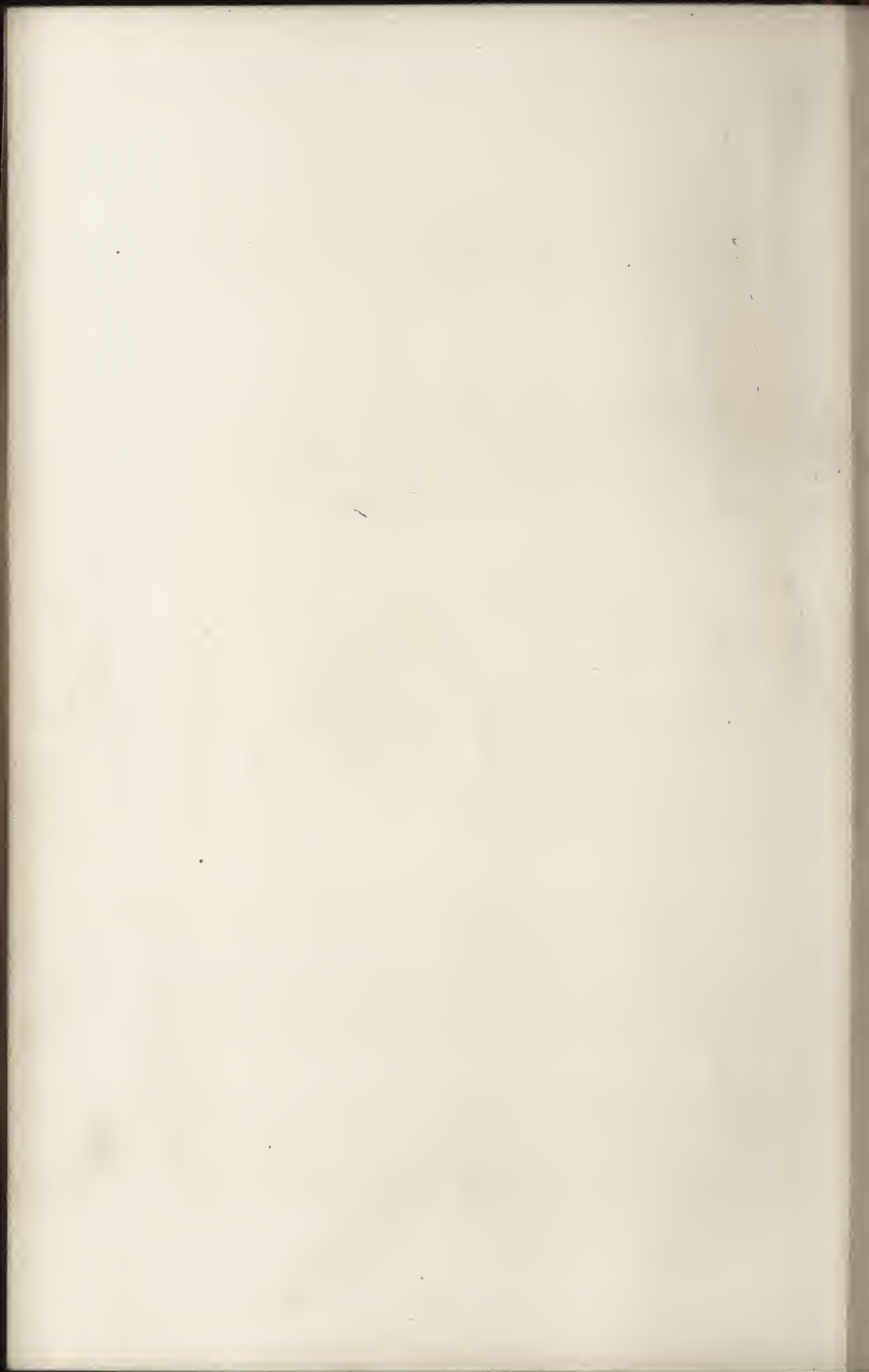
ABIGAIL POWERS, the youngest child of Lemuel Powers, a prominent Baptist clergyman of that day, was born in Stillwater, Saratoga county, New York, March, 1798.

Dr. Powers was of Massachusetts descent, being one of the nine thousand six hundred and twenty-four descendants of Henry Leland, of Sherburne, and a cousin and life-long friend of the eccentric and talented John Leland. Though not a wealthy man, he yet possessed a competence, and his profession was the most honored and respected of all pursuits.

Only a short decade from the martyr memories, of New England, and not entirely removed from the influences of that severely religious section, he was yet without the sternness and rigor usual to individuals holding his high office.

He died while yet his daughter was in her infancy, leaving to the care of a watchful mother her education and training.

Soon afterward, Mrs. Powers, finding that her income would not justify her in liberality of expenditure, determined to remove with her brother and several families of relations and friends to a frontier settlement, and



dim. True and faithful in all things, at all times, she ever was; but there was even more of ceaseless vigilance than mere faith implies, where he was concerned. To him who shielded her in her sensitiveness and overflowing affectional nature, and, by his gentleness and unremitting watchfulness, guarded every avenue of her heart from sorrow, she meted the wealth of her love and fondness—and existed in the sunshine of his presence. After her husband's accession to the Presidency, she went to the White House; but the recent death of a sister kept her from entering into the gayety of the outer world. As much 'as possible she screened herself from public observation, and left to her daughter the duties devolving upon her. Her health had become impaired, and she rather shrank from the necessity of appearing before the world in the position in which she was more than competent to acquit herself. In such a formal routine of life she did not delight; hers was a confiding nature, and to her family she always turned for the happiness the world could not give.

Mr. Fillmore's friends in New York, soon after he became President, presented her with a fine carriage and a costly pair of horses. This carriage was used by the family during their stay in the White House. After his wife's death, Mr. Fillmore sold it and invested the proceeds in a set of plate, which he preferred to the elegant equipage and horses.

But only by the most exact details, by endless particularities, breathing out her whole life and giving evi-

XIX.

JANE APPLETON PIERCE.

THERE are two classes of ladies of whom the biographer is compelled to write, and both are alike interesting. One includes those whose lives have been passed in the sunshine of prosperity and allurements of fashionable society, who have been widely known, and who have mingled with the leading characters of this country. The lives of such women include innumerable incidents of public and private interest, and are, in fact, necessary to a perfect history of their time. They are a part of the great world about them, and it as easy to gather the facts of their careers, as of the great men with whom they have been associated nearly or remotely.

The other class is composed of those of whom the world knows little; whose perfect seclusion even in a public position has given but little evidence of their abilities, and the world, with its eager curiosity, has been but imperfectly apprised of their merits. Such natures, howsoever cultivated and developed, receive but a small portion of that admiration awarded to the first-mentioned class. Their lives are known only to the inmates of their homes, and though cherished there as a beautiful harmony, and their memory as a holy, sealed book, the inquirer after facts and incidents is dismayed by the

son, a bright boy of thirteen years. The family were on their return to Concord from Boston, and it was between Andover and Lawrence that the axle of one of the passenger-cars broke, and the cars were precipitated down a steep embankment. Mr. Pierce, sitting beside his wife, felt the unsteady movements of the train and instantly divined the cause. Across the seat from them sat their son, who but a moment ago was amusing them with his conversation. A crash, a bounding motion as the cars were thrown over and over down the hill, and men began to recover from their fright and assist in aiding those injured in the fearful accident. Mr. Pierce, though much bruised, succeeded in extricating his wife from the ruins, and bearing her to a place of safety, returned to hunt his boy.

He was soon found; his young head crushed and confined under a beam, his little body still in death. Even now it is a subject too painful to dwell upon. What must have been the feelings of those grief-stricken parents, in a moment bereft of their all!

The remains were conveyed to Andover until arrangements could be made for their removal to Concord.

Under such a bereavement, in feeble health and exhausted vitality, came Mrs. Pierce to the White House.

Through the season, before her great trial was sent upon her, she had been nerving herself for the undesired duties and responsibilities of her public station at Washington; and with the burden of that crushing

XX.

HARRIET LANE.

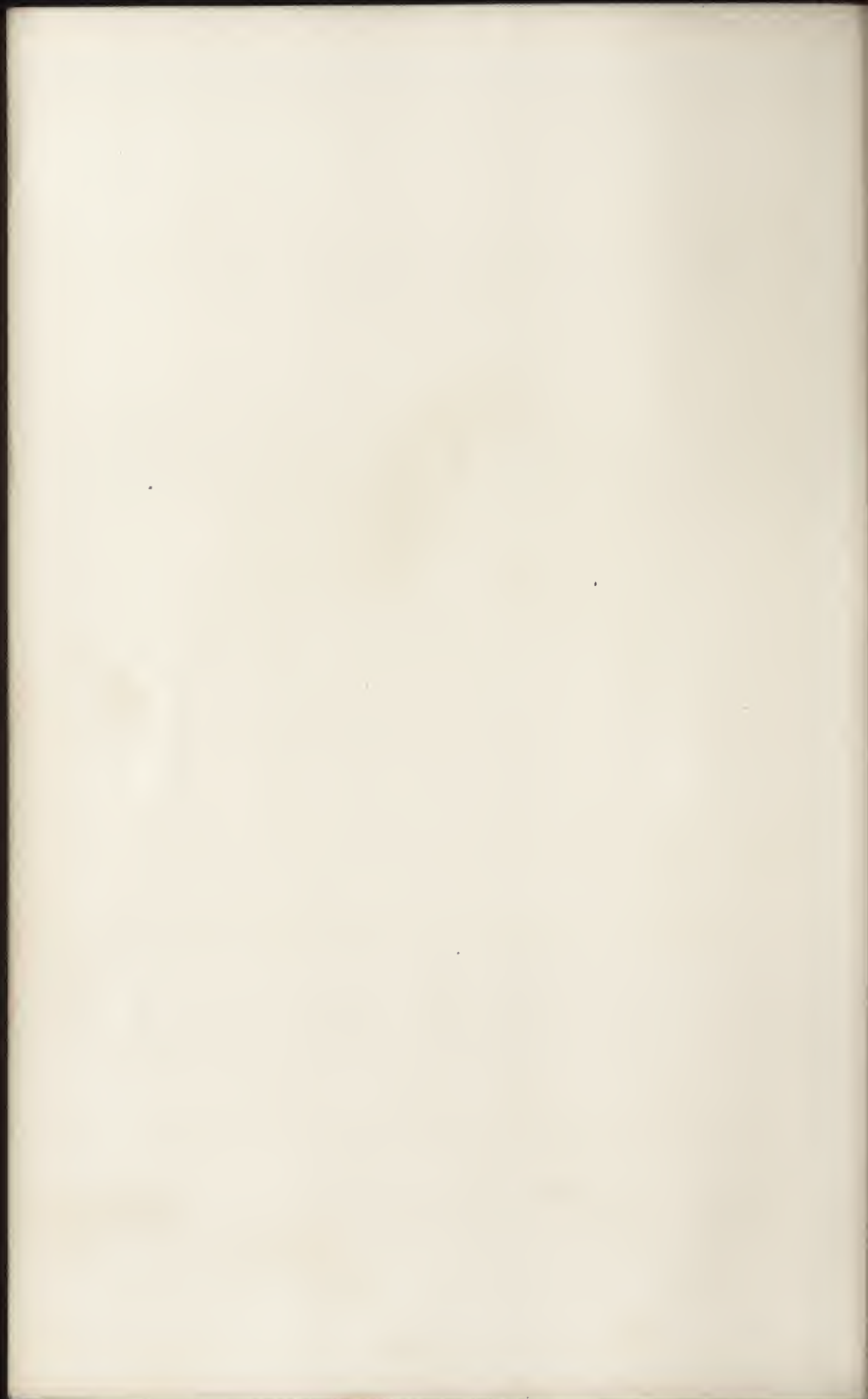
THE name of Harriet Lane is so nearly associated with the latest and most illustrious years of her uncle, James Buchanan, that it is quite impossible to write a life of the one in which the other shall not fill some space. Of all his kindred she was the closest to him. Given to his care when she was scarcely past infancy, she took the place of a child in his lonely heart, and when she reached womanhood she repaid his affection by ministering with rare tact and grace, abroad and at home, in public life and in private, over a household which would otherwise have been the cheerless abode of an old bachelor. The sketch of her history which we propose to give will, therefore, necessarily involve many recollections of the great ex-President, with whom her name is inseparably associated.

Harriet Lane is of Pennsylvania blood, of English ancestry on the side of her father, and Scotch-Irish on that of her mother. Her grandfather, James Buchanan, emigrated to America from the north of Ireland, in the year 1783, and settled near Mercersburg, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. In the year 1788, he married Elizabeth Speer, the daughter of a substantial farmer, a woman of strong intellect and deep piety. The eldest child of this marriage was James, the late ex-President.



Engraved by J. C. Buttre

Harriet Lane Johnson



been known, especially of late years, to dwell with a delight he could not conceal upon the admirable qualities displayed by Miss Lane in childhood. Said he: "She never told a lie. She had a soul above deceit or fraud. She was too proud for it."

During the earliest years of Miss Lane's residence with her uncle, in Lancaster, she attended a day-school there, and though she evinced much more than the usual aptitude for study, she was chiefly distinguished as a fun-loving, trick-playing romp, and a wilful domestic outlaw.

There was one anecdote her uncle liked to tell of her, as an evidence of her independent spirit and her kind heart. When she was about eleven years old, she was well grown and, indeed, mature looking for her age. Unlike most young ladies at that ambitious period of life, she was entirely unconscious of her budding charms, never dreaming that men must pause to wonder at and admire her, and that her actions were no longer unimportant as those of a child. One day Mr. Buchanan was shocked upon beholding from his window Miss Harriet, with flushed cheek and hat awry trundling along, in great haste, a wheelbarrow full of wood. Upon his rushing out to inquire into the cause of such an unseemly and undignified proceeding, she answered in some confusion, that she was just on her way to old black Aunt Tabitha, with a load of wood, because it was so cold.

In administering the reproof that followed, Mr.

career with an interest they seldom evince in anything outside their sphere of seclusion and quiet.

At this time, Miss Lane's proportions were of the most perfect womanliness. Tall enough to be commanding, yet not high enough to attract observation—light enough to be graceful, but so full as to indicate the perfect health with which she was blest. Indeed, this appearance of health was the first impression produced by Miss Lane upon the beholder. It made one feel stronger only to watch her firm, quick step and round, elastic form. Her clear, ringing voice spoke of life. The truthful, steady light of her eyes inspired one with confidence in humanity, and the color that came and went in her cheek, set one's own blood to a more youthful, joyous bound.

Miss Lane was a blonde, her head and features were cast in noble mould, and her form, when at rest, was replete with dignified majesty, and, in motion, was instinct alike with power and grace. Hers was a bright, good face upon which none looked with indifference. Those deep violet eyes, with the strange dark line around them, could glance cold, stern rebuke upon the evil-doer, and they could kindle, too, and pour young scorn upon what was small and mean. Yet of all her features, her mouth was the most peculiarly beautiful. Although in repose it was indicative of firmness, it was capable of expressing infinite humor and perfect sweetness. Her golden hair was arranged with simplicity, and in her dress she always avoided superfluous ornament. In toilet, speech, and manner she was a lady.

of obtaining her hand in exchange. She remained, however, "fancy free," until her heart was touched by the love-tale of Mr. Johnston, whom she met at Bedford Springs, during the annual visit made there by herself and Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Johnston was a young gentleman of Baltimore, fresh from college honors; manly, frank, and kind—full of enthusiasm, and as demonstrative as youth and Southern blood make an earnest man when deeply in love.

Geranium leaves exchanged in those golden days of youth—withered surely in the lapse of time, and, one would fancy, long since cast aside—are worn by Miss Lane and her husband in memory of a dawning affection of which neither could have foreseen the end.

Miss Lane's brothers lived in Lancaster. One of them married there. Her sister Mary, who had been married to Mr. George W. Baker, also resided in Lancaster, and was much with Harriet until her removal to California. It was during her absence, in 1852, that Mr. Buchanan went as Minister to England, taking Miss Harriet Lane with him.

No more illustrious man than James Buchanan had ever been sent to represent his country at the court of the greatest empire of the world. His fame as a statesman had preceded him. To the public men and educated classes of England his name was familiar, for he had been one of the most conspicuous figures in the United States for the third of the century. No citizen

There was, at first, some question on this point, but the Queen, upon whom the blooming beauty had made a deep impression, soon decided that, and our heroine was thenceforward one of the foremost ladies in the diplomatic corps at St. James.

Her first appearance at a Drawing-room was a memorable occasion, not only to the young republican girl herself and her uncle, but to all who witnessed her graceful and dignified bearing at the time. Notwithstanding her youthful appearance, it could scarcely be credited that she, who managed her train so beautifully, appeared so unconscious of the attention she attracted, and diffused her smiles in such sweet and courtly manner, had never before been in the presence of royalty.

That night when she and Mr. Buchanan discussed the events of the day—as they habitually did before retiring—he suddenly turned about, saying, “Well, a person would have supposed you were a great beauty, to have heard the way you were talked of to-day. I was asked if we had many such handsome ladies in America. I answered, ‘Yes, and many much handsomer. She would scarcely be remarked there for her beauty.’”

Upon every occasion Miss Lane was most graciously singled out by the Queen, and it was well known that she was not only an unusual favorite with her majesty, but that she was regarded with favor and admiration by all the royal family. She was so immediately and universally popular, that she was warmly welcomed in every circle, and added much to the social reputation

the moral sense of many good people who had assisted to put him there, would be shocked by what they regarded as profane gayety in the saloons of the State.

The visit of the English party lasted five days, and they separated from Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane leaving behind them most agreeable recollections.

On the Prince's arrival in England, the Queen acknowledged her sense of the cordiality of his reception by the President, in the following autograph letter, in which the dignity of an official communication is altogether lost in the personal language of a grateful mother thanking a friend for kindness done her first-born child. It is the Queen's English employed to express the sentiments of the woman :

" WINDSOR CASTLE, *Nov. 19th*, 1860.

" MY GOOD FRIEND :—Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing, as it does, such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanor and the feelings evinced by him, have secured to him your esteem and the general good-will of your countrymen.

" I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales' safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us,

The Prince spoke for himself in the following note :

“JAFFA, *March 29th*, 1862.

“DEAR MR. BUCHANAN:—Permit me to request that you will accept the accompanying portrait as a slight mark of my grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House on the occasion of my tour in the United States.

“Believe me, that the cordial welcome which was then vouchsafed to me by the American people, and by you as their chief, can never be effaced from my memory.

“I venture to ask you at the same time to remember me kindly to Miss Lane, and

“Believe me, dear Mr. Buchanan,

“Yours, very truly,

“ALBERT EDWARD.”

The portrait to which the Prince alludes in the preceding letter was a handsome painting of himself, done by Sir John Watson Gordon, and sent to Mr. Buchanan.

The Prince also presented Miss Lane with a set of engravings of the Royal Family, which are now in her possession. A newspaper correspondent, after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, wrote that the appearance of the Mansion was very much changed by the removal of the portraits, which had been presented for the White House.

Mr. Buchanan could not let so grave a charge re-

ston went to Cuba, where they spent a month or two most delightfully. From there, Mr. Johnston took his wife to his house in Baltimore, which, with characteristic taste, thoughtfulness, and liberality, he had elegantly and luxuriously fitted up for the lady of his dreams, to whom he forthwith presented it.

It would scarcely be fair to dwell, in print, upon the happiness of this congenial pair, but it would be unpardonable if we did not assure the reader, that Mr. Johnston is all that Miss Lane's husband ought to be. Even those who naturally disliked to see Miss Lane pass out of the house of her great kinsman into any other home, soon became charmed with Mr. Johnston, and could not but congratulate Miss Lane upon this choice, made from many lovers.

Nor can we consent to close this sketch of Mrs. Johnston's life without attracting attention to her in her last and most endearing relation. In her most glorious days, she was never more beautiful than as a mother, and the matronly grace with which she cares for her child is sweeter to her husband than the early flush or the queenly prime when he occasionally ventured on presents of fruits and flowers.

Would that we could now drop the curtain upon this fair domestic scene without noticing the cloud that darkened the prosperous life of Mrs. Johnston after her marriage. The death of Mr. Buchanan caused her the greatest grief of her life, and is its permanent bereavement.

XXI.

MARY TODD LINCOLN.

To Mrs. Lincoln more than to any other President's wife was the White House an ambition. She had ever aspired to reach it, and when it became her home, it was the fruition of a hope long entertained, the gratification of the great desire of her life. In her early youth she repeatedly asserted that she should be a President's wife, and so profoundly impressed was she with this idea, that she calculated the probabilities of such a success with all her male friends. She refused an offer of marriage from Stephen A. Douglas, then a rising young lawyer, doubting his ability to gratify her ambition, and accepted a man who at that time seemed to others the least likely to be the President of the United States.

Mary Todd was a Kentuckian by birth, and a member of the good old Todd family, of Lexington. Her younger years were spent in that homely town of beautiful surroundings, with an aunt who reared her, she being an orphan. Childhood and youth were passed in comfort and comparative luxury, nor did she ever know poverty; but her restless nature found but little happiness in the society of her elders, and she went, when just merging into womanhood, to reside with her sister in Springfield. The attraction of this, then small place,



MRS ABRAHAM LINCOLN



was greatly augmented by the society of the young people, and Mary Todd passed the pleasantest years of her life in her sister's western home. On the 4th of November, 1842, at the age of twenty-one, she was married to Abraham Lincoln, a prominent lawyer, of Illinois. A letter written the following May, to Mr. Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, by Mr. Lincoln, contains the following mention of his domestic life: "We are not keeping house," he says, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept now by a widow lady, of the name of Beck. Our rooms are the same Dr. Wallace occupied there, and boarding only costs four dollars a week. I most heartily wish you and your Fanny will not fail to come. Just let us know the time, a week in advance, and we will have a room prepared for you, and we'll all be merry together for a while." The pleasant spirits in which the husband wrote, must have argued well for the married life they had entered upon. Although much in public life, Mr. Lincoln was holding no office at the time of his marriage, but four years later he was elected to Congress, and took his seat December 6th, 1847. Mrs. Lincoln did not accompany her husband to Washington, but remained at her home. It was a season of war and general disturbance throughout the country, and while her husband attended to his duties at the Capital, she lived quietly with her children in Springfield. In August he returned to enter upon the duties of his profession, and to "devote himself to them through a series of years, less disturbed by

based on long acquaintance, in a single sentence: "All that I know ennobles both." Mrs. Lincoln was a lonely woman much of the time spent in the White House. The President had but little leisure to devote to her, and the state of the country was such that any display or gayety seemed out of keeping with the position she occupied. In the summer of 1864, the political canvas absorbed attention, and much of the season Mrs. Lincoln spent at the watering-places. In the autumn she renewed the receptions, and after the re-election of Mr. Lincoln the White House habitués saw promise of more pleasure than had been enjoyed there. The New Year reception of 1865 was the most brilliant entertainment given by the administration. Thousands of people paid their respects to the President and Mrs. Lincoln, and congratulated them on the confidence reposed in him by the people. The war was drawing to a close, and the North was inclined to look upon the Union as well-nigh restored. The inauguration was anxiously looked forward to, and when it was safely over the people breathed freer, and gave up the fear that had oppressed them.

There was general rejoicing in the land when the long anticipated peace was declared. General Lee surrendered on the 9th of April, and the White House was the scene of excitement from that time on to the close of the President's life. People thronged to congratulate him, and from all parts of the nation telegrams poured in upon him. The 14th of April was the fourth anni-

of his cheerfulness, and his answer was: "Well, I may feel happy, Mary, for I consider this day the war has come to a close;" and then added: "We must both be more cheerful in the future; between the war and the loss of our darling Willie, we have been very miserable." His household was very miserable from that awful night.

The grief manifested by little Tad, the youngest son, on learning that his father had been shot was touching to behold. For twenty-four hours he was inconsolable. He frequently said that "his father was never happy after he came here," and asked questions of those about him as to their belief in his being in heaven. He seemed resigned when this idea fastened itself strongly in his mind, and in his simplicity he imagined that his father's happiness in heaven made the sun shine brightly.

Mrs. Lincoln never recovered from the shock. After the death of the President she remained in the White House five weeks, too ill to depart. The remains of her husband were borne back to Illinois, through towns, villages and hamlets, bearing every outward token of woe, and the cortege was met at each stopping-place by thousands of mourners who paid their respects to the great dead. Impressive scenes occurred all along the route, and the funeral pageant which met the remains at Springfield was the largest ever assembled in the country. Robert Lincoln, the eldest son, accompanied the remains, and after all honor had been paid the body of the martyred father, he returned to remove his mother to their future home.

should be silently passed by. She deserved, as she received from all who were fortunate enough to know her, the highest encomiums; for by her unwearied efforts she was a stepping-stone to her husband. Patient and forbearing she was universally liked, and if she had an enemy it was from no fault of hers, nor did she number any among the acquaintances of a life-time.

Like Mr. Johnson she had very few living relatives; her children having neither aunts nor uncles, and being deprived of both grandmothers while they still were young. Mrs. Johnson's mother died in April, 1854, and his parent lived until February, 1856; each having been the object of his tenderest care, and living to see him holding the highest position his native State could bestow. There was not two years' difference in the deaths of these two mothers, and it was the unspeakable happiness of their children to know that as the wick burned low, and the lamp of time went out, all that peace and plenty could devise for their happiness they received, and their departure from earth was rendered calmly serene by the assurance that their work was well done and finished.

When the civil war, which snapped the cords of so many old persons' lives and hurried them to premature graves, sounded its dread tocsin through East Tennessee, it was a source of mournful satisfaction to know that those two aged mothers lay unconscious of the approaching conflict which was to bathe that section of the State in blood. The tall grass grew unharmed, and no impious hand desecrated the resting-place of departed virtue.



Eng^d by J. C. Buttre

MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON.



upon the proper course to meet the emergency. But the moment of danger had passed. The officers of the hotel, as requested by me, had stationed guards, who in a short time were released by Secretary Stanton. Soon many personal friends of Mr. Johnson arrived, anxiously inquiring for his safety. In the meantime, the news of the murderous assault upon Secretary Seward and his son Frederick had reached us, and justified our fears as to the general purpose of the conspirators. Mr. Johnson was desirous of knowing the real condition of the President and Mr. Seward, and requested me to go and see them personally, and not to credit any story or rumor that might be flying about the city. This was no easy task. Distrust and horror seemed to fill every mind. The very atmosphere was burdened with stories of dark conspiracies and bloody deeds. Thousands of excited citizens, soldiers, and guards, blocked up every avenue leading to Mr. Peterson's house, No. 453 Tenth Street, to which the President had been carried, and in which he was dying. None but prominent citizens, either known to the officers of the guard, or who could be generally vouched for, were allowed to pass, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in working my way through the crowd and past the guards to the house, and then into the room in which the President had been placed. The news was all too true. There he lay, evidently in the agonies of death, his medical attendants doing all that human zeal or skill could devise, and many of his friends had gathered about him, some in

XXIII.

MARTHA JOHNSON PATTERSON.

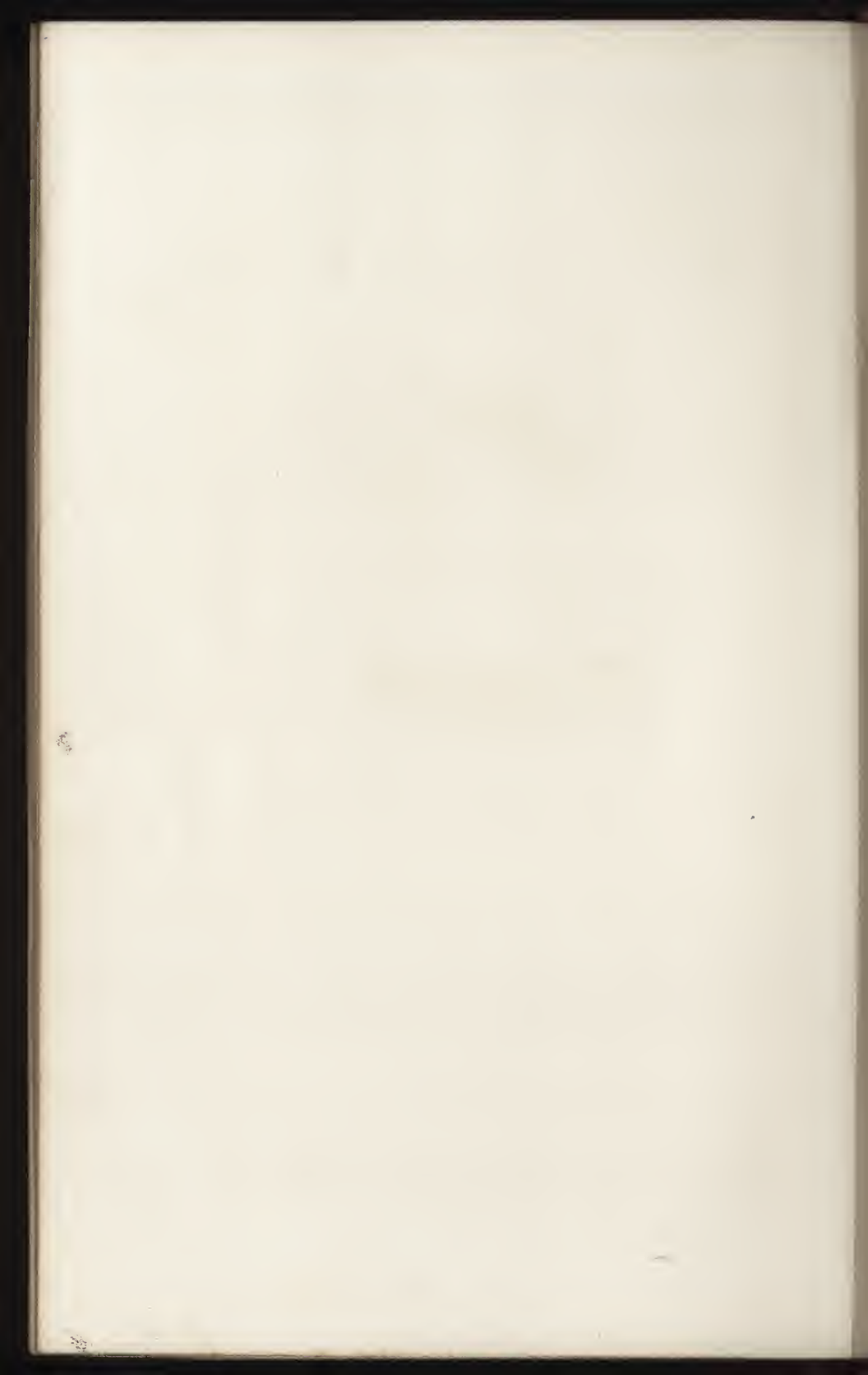
THE resemblance to her father is a marked attribute of Mrs. Patterson's face; a reproduction, though moulded in a softer cast, of his distinct and strong features and expressive eyes. She inherited his executive ability, his comprehensiveness, and many of his characteristic peculiarities. Her countenance denotes strength, and the organs of the head indicate a harmonious and perfect blending with the finer sentiments of the heart.

Eyes large and full discover her power of language, and the development of form, color, size and weight, attest her ability to judge correctly and estimate proportions unerringly. Viewed from a phrenological standpoint, hers is a remarkable organism. The head is symmetrical, tending upward from the brow, indicating spirituality, and gently sloping to the ears and neck, embracing in its outlines the faculties of firmness, generosity and benevolence.

Never led off by persuasion from what her judgment decides correct, she rarely makes a mistake in regard to persons or places, and is the firm advocate of those less fortunate than herself. Like her heart, her mouth is large, the lips partaking more of the intellectual than



Martha Patterson



ties were removed. Fond of the delicacies of the table, she valued home-made articles, and the delicious food found always upon her table gave evidence of her personal oversight and thoughtfulness.

Caring for real comforts, to the exclusion of costly expenditures, she prided herself upon gratifying the wants and tastes of her household, and rendering the domestic life of the White House a reality.

In the possession of such principles, and actuated by motives which redound to her praise, Mrs. Patterson's life cannot fail to be worthy of emulation; and the satisfaction of her conscience must be a well-spring of pleasure, sparkling like sunshine through the darkest places in her earthly career.

The last levee held by President Johnson was discussed by a Washington paper after the following manner:

"The levees at the Executive Mansion have always been occasions of especial interest to strangers who chanced to be in Washington during the session of Congress; but never before, since receptions were inaugurated, has there been such an ovation at a Presidential levee as was last night at President Johnson's closing reception. The attendance comprised not only an unusual number of our own citizens, but also a greater multitude of visitors from all parts of the world, than was ever present on a similar occasion. As early as half-past seven, and long before the doors were opened, there were numerous arrivals at the Presidential Mansion. An hour later, and the rush had commenced in

good earnest. A long line of carriages extended from the street to the portico in front of the house; every car on the F street and avenue lines added fresh accessions to the crowd; while hundreds, availing themselves of the pleasant weather, came on foot. Although an extra police force had been detailed for the evening, and every arrangement had been made in the cloak-room for the accommodation of all, so great was the rush that confusion was, in a measure, unavoidable. The dressing-rooms and corridors were closely packed with people mainly striving to reach the entrance to the Reception-room, and it was found necessary to close the outside doors, and also the door leading from the hall into the Red Parlor. The crowd here was fearful, but, fortunately, it was composed mainly of the male sex.

“Those in front were pushed on by those behind, and the position of every one was most uncomfortable, while at one time, persons were in actual danger of being crushed. However, the utmost good humor prevailed, and we heard of no accidents. In the ladies' dressing-room, the pressure was also very great, and the breaking down of a table caused some thoughtless person to raise an alarm of fire, which for a few moments created terror and consternation among the timid fair ones. At ten o'clock, the line of equipages not only filled the carriage-way from the east to the west gate, but extended for two squares on Pennsylvania Avenue.

“The space in front of the Mansion, and the sidewalk from the portico to the gate, was crowded with people,



MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT.



XXV.

JULIA DENT GRANT.

THE inauguration of General Grant as President of the United States placed his wife in the exalted social position of Mistress of the White House. Mrs. Grant's first reception on the 4th of March, 1869, marked the passing away of just fourscore years since Mrs. Washington so gracefully dispensed the ceremonious hospitality of the Executive Mansion.

Her husband being the youngest man who has occupied the Presidential office, he consequently carried with him into the White House the novelty of a family of youthful children, and a wife who was still possessed of the ambition to shine in society, and who enjoyed the blandishments and excitements of high social position.

The prestige of General Grant's military reputation added increased lustre to his new position, and, consequently, could but render any triumph of political life the more signal, since his experiences had been of a widely different character. Upon Mrs. Grant, therefore, devolved the pleasure of performing a twofold part, in the discharge of which the people of this country from the beginning have desired her entire success. Unobtrusively and quietly she entered upon her duties as hostess of the White House, and devoted her attention as in the past to her husband's interests. She enter-

match was not particularly pleasing to the parents of Miss Julia, and it was with no little satisfaction that they saw the young officer ordered to frontier duty with the army under General Taylor. Once out of sight they hoped that their daughter's feelings would undergo a change, and that she eventually would make a more brilliant match. But events occurred which endeared him to the family, and when, to crown all, young Grant saved the life of Lieutenant Dent in Mexico, the objections of the family gave way and they unconditionally surrendered. The constancy of the young people was rewarded after an engagement of five years, when, on the 22d of August, 1848, they were married. The wedding took place at Judge Dent's residence in St. Louis, and a merry one it was to all concerned. After the festivities the young bride accompanied her husband to Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, and after a stay there of six months, removed with him to Detroit, where he was stationed for more than two years. They kept house in a little vine-covered cottage near the barracks, and lived in the most unpretentious style. During their residence in Detroit, Mrs. Grant made a visit to her parents in St. Louis, and during her stay their first son, now Lieut.-Colonel Fred. D. Grant, was born. Two years later, and while the father was on the Pacific coast, Ulysses, the second son, was born at the residence of his paternal grandfather, in Bethel, Ohio. The other children born of this union are Nellie, the only daughter, and Jesse; the former in August, 1855; the latter in

In the spring of 1860 he paid a visit to his father at Covington, Kentucky, to take counsel with him concerning his future, and to plan some new way to struggle for bread. His father owned a valuable business at Galena, where two younger brothers were making money, and into this establishment went the unfortunate ex-captain on a salary of six hundred dollars a year. Moving his little family to Galena, he commenced work in the tannery which has since been made famous by his association with it. Poverty went with him to his new home, and what had been "hardscrabble" on the little farm, and in St. Louis, was hardscrabble still; he could not meet expenses. Twice his salary was increased, yet he could not afford to keep any help, and his wife was maid of all work, and nurse and teacher of her children as well.

The business did not grow more congenial to the husband, though he tried his best to do his duty in it, and worked many times as hard as would have been necessary had he loved his task. Possibly, one reason of his unpleasant position was due to the fact that his brother, who was thirteen years his junior, was his employer, and as the success of the business was due to the enterprise of this brother and another still younger, the place he held, and which he could not satisfactorily fill, grew daily more disagreeable and unpleasant.

The twelfth of April, 1860, the day of the fall of Fort Sumter, and the death-knell of slavery, was the turning

faces of her friends by saying: "Mr. Grant has great natural ability, he would fill any public position well if he once had a chance."

After the capture of Fort Donelson, while yet the country was ringing with praises of her husband's exploits, she visited him at that point, and later she paid him a visit at Jackson, Mississippi. Just after the surrender of Vicksburg she was in St. Louis, where she was serenaded by a great concourse of people, and in response to their repeated demand she appeared on the balcony of the hotel, leaning on the arm of General Strong. The moment she came in view the people greeted her with vociferous cheers. She was beginning to be made aware of the exalted place her husband had won in the admiration of the people, and for the first time she was sharing with him the dignity of the place to which he had risen.

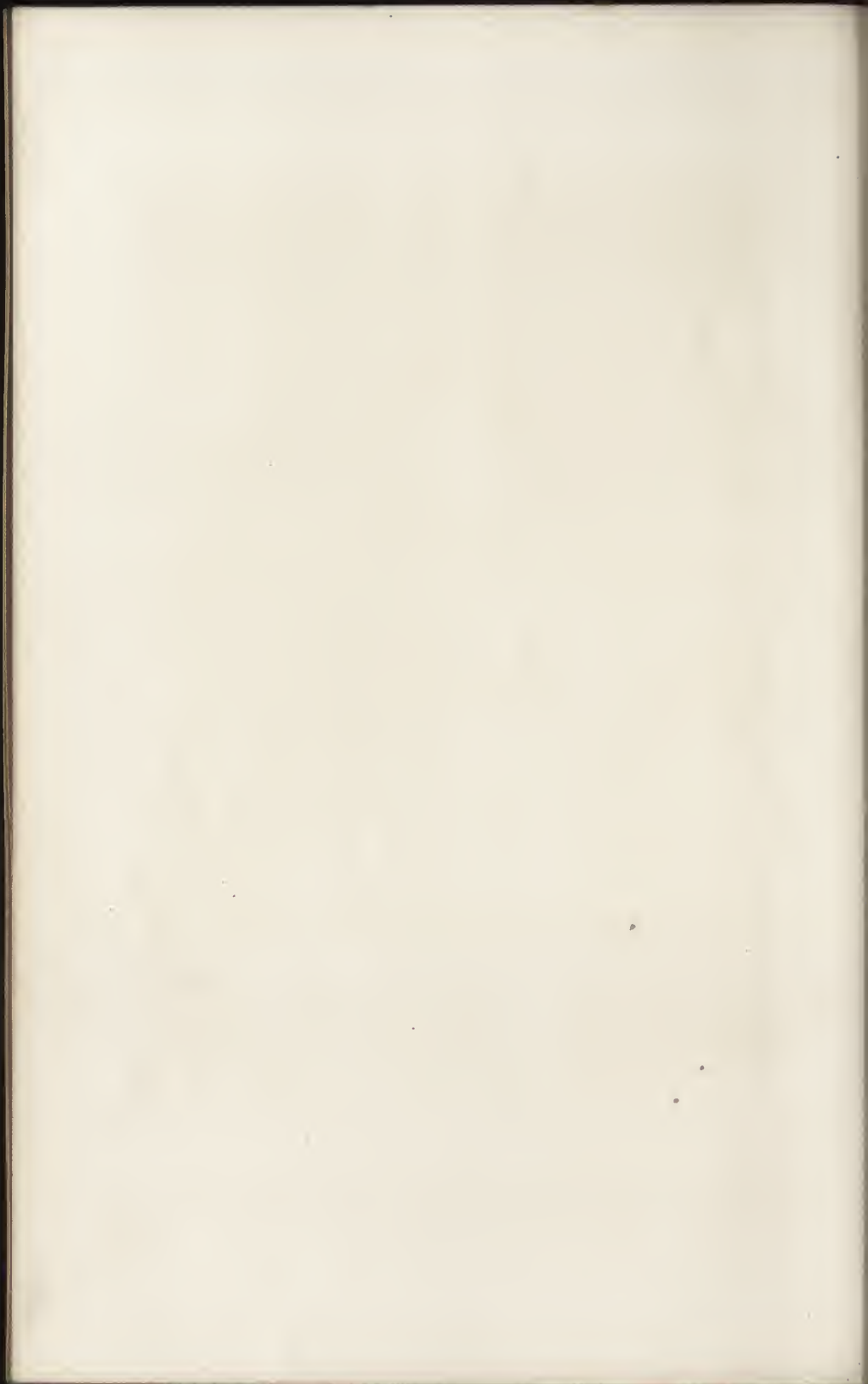
Several weeks were spent with her husband at Vicksburg, and then, when his head-quarters were established at Nashville, she removed her children there, and remained in that city until after his appointment as lieutenant-general, making during the time a visit to St. Louis.

The implicit confidence Mrs. Grant reposed in her husband has long ago been rewarded, and there is now no one to question his ability as a military officer. But there was a time when her faith in him was in marked contrast to the opinions entertained by his and her relatives. They had seen him fail at farming and in the



Portrait by [unreadable]

MRS. FREDERICK GRANT SARTON



out any very great *éclat*. The President's household was accounted an eminently happy one, and there was always in the house some one or more of his own or his wife's kindred. But the children were at school, and there was less of gayety than when, later, Miss Nellie made her *début* into society, and the young cadet son had returned from West Point, and was his sister's escort and companion.

The family travelled a great deal more perhaps than that of any other of the Presidents. Every summer they spent at the sea-shore, and now Long Branch is their permanent home in the warm season. The children travelled abroad during their father's administration, the daughter receiving the most distinguished attentions while in England and elsewhere; and when at home their young friends gathered about them, eager to enjoy the pleasure of their company and the hospitalities of their splendid home.

But the event that drew the American people to the President and his household, as nothing else could have done, was the marriage of his only daughter. Mrs. Grant and Nellie became, from the moment her engagement was announced, the most interesting persons in the nation. What will the mother do for her child that shall be befitting the occasion? was the question the young and old of the sex asked of each other all over America. And grave old men, who had long ago forgotten the excitements of their own wedding days, caught the prevailing infection and became interested in

surrounded her children with every earthly blessing. It seemed only strange that one so situated, and withal so young, should consent to marry and retire to private life. But the love affair, begun on the *Russia*, was destined to terminate auspiciously, and eighteen months afterwards the young couple were united. The wedding was the finest ever known in Washington, and was the theme of newspaper comment both in this country and Europe. All that affection, wealth and high social position could devise were combined to make it an event that should fittingly express the love and pride of the parents in their only daughter.

Not more than two hundred guests were present, but they represented the officials of the government and their families; the army, navy and marine corps and their families; the diplomatic corps and personal friends. The floral decorations of the house were superb, those of the East Room being the richest. The bridal party was accompanied by the President and Mrs. Grant, and the brothers of the bride, to New York, from which port the young couple sailed for England.

The summer was passed by the President and Mrs. Grant at Long Branch, and in the autumn the social life of the White House was resumed. Colonel Fred. Grant introduced his bride (Miss Honore) during the season, and the winter passed off pleasantly, though the daughter of the House was missed sadly.

The eight years' social administration of Mrs. Grant was characterized by great elegance and dignity. All

incidents of her journeyings over the world. The occasion was a dinner given by the wife of the Viceroy of China. In view of the fact of the exclusiveness of the Chinese as a race, and the position of woman in that country, it is one of the events of the age. Mr. John Russell Young, the historian of the travellers, gives an entertaining description of it,* from which is taken the following excerpt:

“It was a radical thing for the Viceroy to throw open the doors of his house and bring the foreign barbarian to his hearthstone. This dinner was arranged for our last night in Tientsin, and in honor of Mrs. Grant. The principal European ladies in the colony were invited. Some of these ladies have lived in Tientsin for years and had never seen the wife of the Viceroy—had never seen him except through the blinds of the window of his chair. The announcement that the Viceroy had really invited Mrs. Grant to meet his wife, and European ladies to be in the company, was even a more extraordinary event than the presence of General Grant or the arrival of the band. Society rang with a discussion of the question which, since Mother Eve introduced it to the attention of her husband, has been the absorbing theme of civilization—what shall we wear? I have heard many expositions on this theme, but in Tientsin it was new and important. Should the ladies go in simple Spartan style: in muslin and dimity, severely plain and colorless,

* “Around the World with General Grant.”

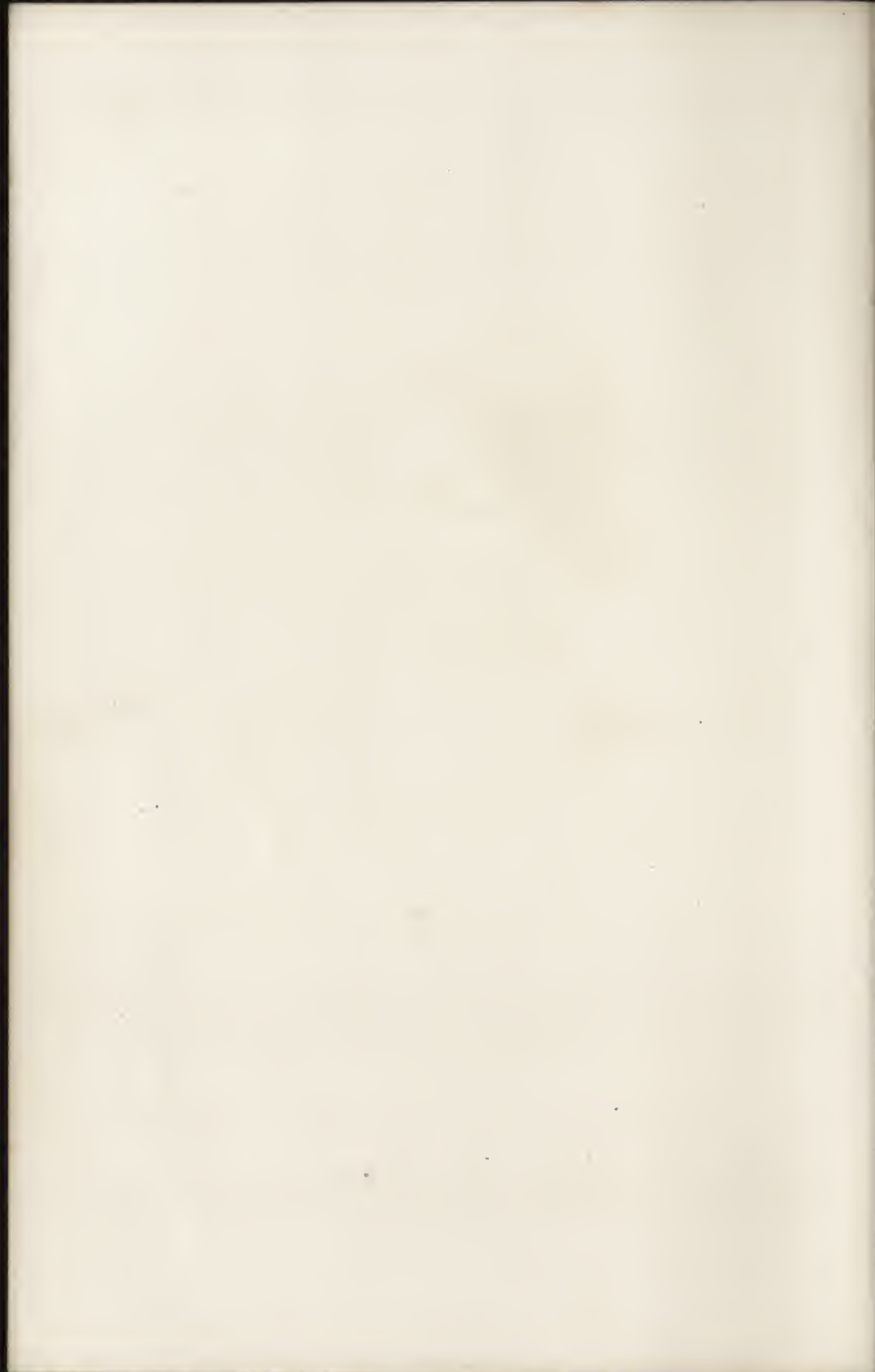
selves. When observed his Excellency withdrew. Although not appearing during the dinner, nor at the reception before, the Viceroy was now and then seen moving about among the curious gazers, evidently anxious about his feast, anxious that nothing should be wanting in honor of his guests.

“After the dinner the party went into another room. Here was a piano which had been brought from the foreign settlement. This was a new delight to the hostess, who had never seen a piano, and she expressed her pleasure and surprise. One of the pieces was a waltz, a merry German waltz, and two of the ladies went through the measures, giving variety to the dance by balancing separately with one arm akimbo, the other holding up the skirt, then twirling away to different parts of the room and coming together again. This revelation of barbarian customs created great astonishment, and when the dance stopped there was a chorus of approbation from the Chinese, as if they had discovered a new pleasure in the world, the hostess nodding and smiling with more energy of manner than she had shown during the evening. This performance was witnessed by the Viceroy, who perhaps had his own thoughts as a far-seeing statesman as to what China would become if German music ever found its way into Chinese households, and mothers and maidens gave way to the temptations of the waltz. There were snatches of singing, one of the ladies who had an expressive voice warbling some roundelay from the Tyrol. This



Engraved by John Sartan, Phila.

LUCY WEBB HAYES.



XXVI.

LUCY WEBB HAYES.

MRS. HAYES was the most widely known and universally popular President's wife the country has known. She was an element in the administration that was gladly recognized, and her influence was most potent and admirable. In her successful career as the first lady of the land was outlined the future possibilities of her sex in all other positions and conditions. She represented the new woman era, and was the first of the women of the White House of the third period. The women of the Revolutionary period of American history exhibited stronger traits of character than those who succeeded them. There was necessity for higher qualities—the display of courage, heroism and fortitude, and they were discovered in every emergency. The country was young and the people were experimenting with liberty; there were common dangers to be shared, and fewer honors than have fallen to those who came into the inheritance secured for them. With the end of the administration of John Quincy Adams a new generation of men and women claimed public notice, and the women who came to hold the highest place of honor in the land were the representatives of this second era of the country's history. They were social queens, but nothing more. They aspired to supremacy in the drawing room,

and were content to acquire it. Some were too little used to the world to care for even this, and led retired domestic lives, wholly apart from the public careers of their husbands.

Mrs. Hayes is the product of the last half of the nineteenth century, and in her strong, healthful influence gives the world assurance of what the next century women will be. Her life, for many years, was spent before the public, and she so fully identified herself with her husband's administration that it can never be remembered apart from her. She gave her every thought to the maintenance and advancement of her husband's fame and name as the Chief Magistrate of the United States; she deemed no act, however insignificant of itself, too slight to be considered unimportant if, in its results, it could add to his renown. In no one particular did she so ably display her strength of character as in commanding, by her strict adherence to her domestic duties, the recognition due her for her able performance of the responsibility devolving upon her as the counsellor and friend of the President. Mrs. Hayes went to the White House prepared through her happy married life, through her winsome, cheerful spirit; through her long experience in official circles; through her intelligence and culture, and her social rank and attributes, to fill the highest place a woman can occupy in a Republic. Through her husband the dignified place she filled was hers, and in the daily performance of the pleasant duties of hostess of the Executive Mansion she thought of his

In 1852, two years subsequent to her meeting with Mr. Hayes, the young lady, whom he had courted most assiduously while she was yet engaged with her studies, became his bride. The marriage ceremony was performed by Professor L. D. McCabe, of the Wesleyan University, December 20, 1852, and the only attendant of the young pair was a pretty child of eight years, the daughter of the bridegroom's only sister. It was a simple, unpretentious wedding, attended by loving friends, and crowned by the most absolute affection. It has proven a marriage of absolute happiness, and the successful career of Mr. Hayes is in a large measure due to the devotion of his wife, and the intelligent appreciation of his aspirations which she had, and which she inspired and encouraged. This sentiment of loyalty for and faith in her husband is one of her admirable traits, and it has been one which has greatly endeared her to others; "all the world loves a lover," runs the old saying, and if the feeling entertained for Mrs. Hayes by the public were analyzed it would be found to be due to her womanly and wifely qualities and to the healthful atmosphere of her home-life. Several incidents which aptly portray the sensitive appreciation she has of what is due the fame of her husband from her are related, the following being a prototype of many told. Soon after Mrs. Hayes reached the White House she was visited by the wife of a minister of Washington, and asked to forbid the use of wine in the mansion during her stay there. Mrs. Hayes heard the request with polite sur-

A member of the Twenty-Third Ohio, who went out with the regiment at the beginning of the war, tells the following anecdote, which occurred during the first visit of Mrs. Hayes to her husband's camp. It is a simple story, which illustrates the character of the President's wife completely.

"It was the first of our being out, when we had as yet known but little of the hardships of war. One day Mrs. Hayes arrived in camp, but the fact was not generally known. James Saunders was a member of my company. Jim, as he was called, was a tall, lean, unsuspecting, awkward country-boy—a good soldier, but not overly smart in detecting a joke. Consequently the boys used frequently to sell him quite badly; but he took it all in good part, and was entirely ready the next time a sell came along to 'bite' at it.

"For some time there had been sad need of some means of mending our clothes. This need was being discussed the next day after Mrs. Hayes' arrival, and Jim was especially strong in his expressions of need for some one to mend his blouse, which really was in a very unpresentable condition.

"'Why, Jim,' said one of the boys, 'didn't you know that there is a woman in camp whose business it is to mend the boys' clothes?'

"'No,' said Jim, in astonishment. 'Where is she?'

"'Up at the Colonel's tent,' said the other. 'I was there and had her fix my coat yesterday, and she did a smackin' good job, too.'

“‘Golly!’ said Jim. ‘I’ll go up, then, this very afternoon, and git my blouse doctored. That is very handy, indeed.’

“True to his word Jim called around at the Colonel’s tent, and, with his hat under his arm, presented himself, with his awkwardest bow, at the entrance. He was received with marked politeness by the Colonel, and the boys who were lurking about appreciating the joke awaited developments. In a few moments Jim again appeared outside in his shirt sleeves, and the radiant smile that lit up his honest features showed that he had not been rebuffed, at least. Calling him aside, where a group of the boys were gathered, the following conversation took place:

“‘Well, Jim, did you find your woman?’

“‘Of course I did. She was just a settin’ there, and she’s a mighty good-looking woman, too.’

“‘What did you say?’ all chuckling.

“‘Why, when I went in I told the Colonel that I heerd there was a woman there to do sewing for the boys, and as my blouse needed mendin’ and buttons sewed on, I had come to git it done. He kind of smiled, and turned to the woman settin’ there and asked her if she could fix the blouse for me, and she said she could as well as not, as she had nothing special on hand. So I took it off and left it, the Colonel tellin’ me to call ’round this afternoon and git it. You all seem to laugh, but I don’t see anything funny. If she is here to do the sewing, why not do mine?’

surgeon of the regiment. She was a welcome addition to the Colonel's corps of nurses, and as soon as she was established beside him his improvement began. The family in whose house the wounded Colonel lay, Captain Rudy's, said of her long afterwards: "The moment she crossed our threshold we knew she was a good woman and natural lady. She made herself easily at home, and next morning after she came she was down in the kitchen early and asked leave to cook the Colonel's favorite dish."

As soon as he was able to walk about the house she spent a portion of every day in the hospitals, visiting Union and Confederate wounded alike, and carrying them grapes and other delicacies. She read to those who were well enough to be interested, and made herself a welcome presence to the sick and the dying. Her mild manners and unaffected kindly ways won her friends everywhere, and when she left the place to return to Cincinnati with her husband, her departure was sincerely regretted. They had been well cared for by the family with whom they had stayed, and when Colonel Hayes became Governor of Ohio, Mrs. Hayes sent for one of the young ladies of the household, and entertained her most hospitably. Long afterward, when Governor Hayes had become President, he heard of the death of Captain Rudy, and wrote a letter of sympathy, in which he reverted kindly to the time when he was disabled and found a home with them. Leaving the field as a Brigadier-General to take his seat in the

taries, and through the years of her stay in the White House she succeeded in avoiding this source of annoyance. Occasionally she deviated from this rule, as in the case of the postmistress of a town in Pennsylvania, who was turned out of office because of her strong temperance proclivities. The member of Congress who represented the district in which this woman held office succeeded in getting a man appointed in her place who would not work with temperance organizations to defeat party candidates. The order for her removal had been made out at the Post Office Department, when a lady friend of Mrs. Hayes, who had passed through the town and learned the facts, telegraphed to her for a stay of proceedings till the case could be explained. The request was granted, and the next news the member of Congress received from home was that the postmistress had been reinstated by order of the President.

A Washington correspondent describes Mrs. Hayes' attention to some "poor relations" who were visiting her. The description is well worth reproducing as showing her democratic independence and her appreciation of her friends.

"Not long ago I was passing Corcoran's Art Gallery, and saw Mrs. Hayes assisting into her carriage some people of a sort that are usually described as 'countrified.' They were not finely dressed, nor were their garments fashionably made. Quite the reverse was the case. But it struck me that the horses were

with her predecessors in the position she was holding—a circumstance which was her chief regret. As to the right of a woman to take the authoritative stand she did, she did not stop to consider, for she was in her own home even if in the Executive Mansion, and the public had no more right to dictate what she should drink than what she should eat or wear. Mr. Hayes, had he set aside her wishes and trampled her authority, would have committed in so doing no act that would have condemned him in the eyes of the majority of people. But she reaped as she had sown, and was respected in the measure of her self-respect, and it was this evidence of her moral power, more than the mere fact of her being a temperance advocate, that drew the women of this country about her. And taken all in all, she is one of the finest representatives of her sex who has held the place she has filled. This is the verdict of the women of this country, who by thousands signed the testimonials sent her, and united in presenting to the nation her portrait, as a manifestation of their gratitude for worthy representation. It is the first instance of the kind in the history of any nation, and it marked the prestige of a people who are every year becoming more renowned throughout the world, and more and more an example of the advancing power of civilization.

Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes, accompanied by their children and a party of friends, left Washington on Saturday morning, the 5th of March, and hardly had they begun their journey when an accident occurred



Lucretia Rudolph Garfield



XXVI.

LUCRETIA RUDOLPH GARFIELD.

A WOMAN who had known Mrs. Garfield for a number of years previous to the election of her husband to the Presidency said of her, in reply to a question regarding her fitness for the place she was to fill:

“She will have a most beneficent influence upon society in Washington. She loves truth and despises shams. She is a woman of exceeding good sense, and will perform her entire social duty when called upon.”

“Will she be popular with what is called the fashionable world?”

“Mrs. Garfield is not what would be termed a fashionable woman in Washington, but she will command the respect of all classes. She inclines to retirement, and is very quiet and serious, naturally.”

“A home-body, then!”

“Yes, a home-body; and a lady whose refinement, attainments and fine character the people will like.”

Mrs. Garfield went to the White House under the most advantageous circumstances, but it was the common remark of her friends that she was not likely to make as much of her opportunity, as the First Lady of the Land, socially, as some of her predecessors had. “I hope I shall not disappoint you,” she said to several women who called upon her during the inauguration

appearance, she possessed great powers of endurance, and her deliberate and thoughtful utterances gave assurance of a mind and heart that could but prove a blessing to her in her new field of action. The qualities for which she was praised on every side had characterized her through life, but the full opportunity for their display came to her for the first time as the President's wife. She was found to be undemonstrative and self-contained, and showed by her words and her acts that she valued the place she occupied mainly because it reflected her husband's greatness and could be made a help to him. Beyond her duties she had no inclinations or aspirations. Her influence had never been exerted selfishly, and she was not likely to change in any respect, because she was greater in herself than she was in the place she had been called to fill for a time. Her husband's interests were her chief concern, and she lived at his side, aiding and blessing him. She was to him an inspiration—a perpetual joy and solace. He was her rock of strength—her ever-present refuge and rest. He was hers, she was his, and the two were one in their children.

The story of their two lives is well known in this country. Both were born in Ohio; he was the son of a widowed mother, she the daughter of a home full of children. Neither was well-to-do in worldly ways, and he was very poor, and with nothing but a stout heart and a mother's love to depend upon in the beginning of his career.

boys. It needs not a very extended outlook of history to be able to recall numerous instances of this truth, and among the Presidents themselves are several notable examples of the influence of widowed mothers over ambitious sons. And it is well to observe that great men who have owed their training directly to their mothers have never failed to be the strictest observers of the fifth commandment. It is not possible in the limits of this sketch to trace all the struggles of the youth to get an education. His history is one that should be studied by the young of both sexes in this country. The life-work of Mother Garfield is written in the worthy lives of all her children, and imperishably in the fame of her "baby" boy, the twentieth President of the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Garfield resided in Hiram until 1860, when he was elected to the State Senate, and went to Columbus. He had previous to this time made up his mind that he would become a lawyer, and was admitted to the bar. His intention was to settle in Cleveland and practise his profession, and he doubtless would have done so but for the breaking out of the war. In 1861 he left the Senate to become Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment. At an earlier period of his life, and while a teacher, he had become a preacher of the Church of the Disciples—a sect known as the Campbellites. His ministerial work was, however, incidental, and not at any time a regular pursuit, though his friends desired him to adopt it as such.

Mr. Garfield went to the war a poor man, not even owning a home, and it was with money saved while in the service that his wife bought a house and lot at Hiram, for which \$800 was paid. His wife and children lived in that modest little cottage, which he greatly improved, and owned no other house until, in 1870, after several years of Congressional life, he built himself a dwelling in Washington. When he went to the Senate his salary of \$5,000 a year was the largest amount of money he had ever earned, and with a feeling of lessened pecuniary cares was entertained the desire of owning a farm in Ohio, where his fast-growing boys could spend their vacations, and where he could give his wife and himself the rest they required after the busy winters in Washington. Lawnfield, a place now historic, was purchased, and Mrs. Garfield designed the house, which was erected in 1880, and into which the family moved that summer.

The long years of the war were spent by Mrs. Garfield at her home in Hiram. Her parents were living not far away, and the absence of the husband and father was as far as possible atoned for by the presence of relatives and the companionship of Mother Garfield, whose home was with her son from the time he had one to offer her. The months dragged slowly by, until after the battle of Corinth, when Mrs. Garfield was gladdened by the return of her husband, now Brigadier-General, who remained at home for six months suffering from fever and ague, contracted on the tow-path when

a boy, and from the effects of which he was never able to completely rid himself.

On his return to the front he joined General Rosecranz as Chief of Staff, and at the battle of Chickamauga he won his Major-General's stars.

It was during this absence that he lost his infant daughter, and when the news reached him he hastened home to attend the funeral. His dead child was photographed in his arms, and this picture is among the treasures cherished of him now. He was greatly attached to his children, and in speaking of his lost one and the circumstance mentioned, he said to his friend, President Hinsdale: "As I sat with that dead child in my arms my eyes rested upon my bright blue uniform, so recently bestowed upon me, and I thought: 'How small are all the honors of this life—how insignificant are all its struggles and triumphs!' I am grieved and broken in spirit at the great loss which has been inflicted upon me, but I can endure almost anything so long as this brave little woman is left me."

While at the front the people of his district elected him to Congress; and, in 1863, his career in Washington began, and for eight terms he was re-elected. Afterward he was chosen to succeed Mr. Wade in the Senate. The first years General Garfield lived in Washington, whether in boarding-houses or in rented dwellings, his wife and himself were people of no great prominence socially, because they were poor; both were busy and their children absorbed their evenings. Their circle of

in his company but felt that an unusual tie bound them. They were the ideal mother and son, and were so recognized years before he had grown into a public man. "You never see General Garfield at church without his wife and mother," was the remark of a resident of Washington who lived near the Church of the Disciples. "He goes by here almost every Sunday with his wife on one arm and his mother on the other."

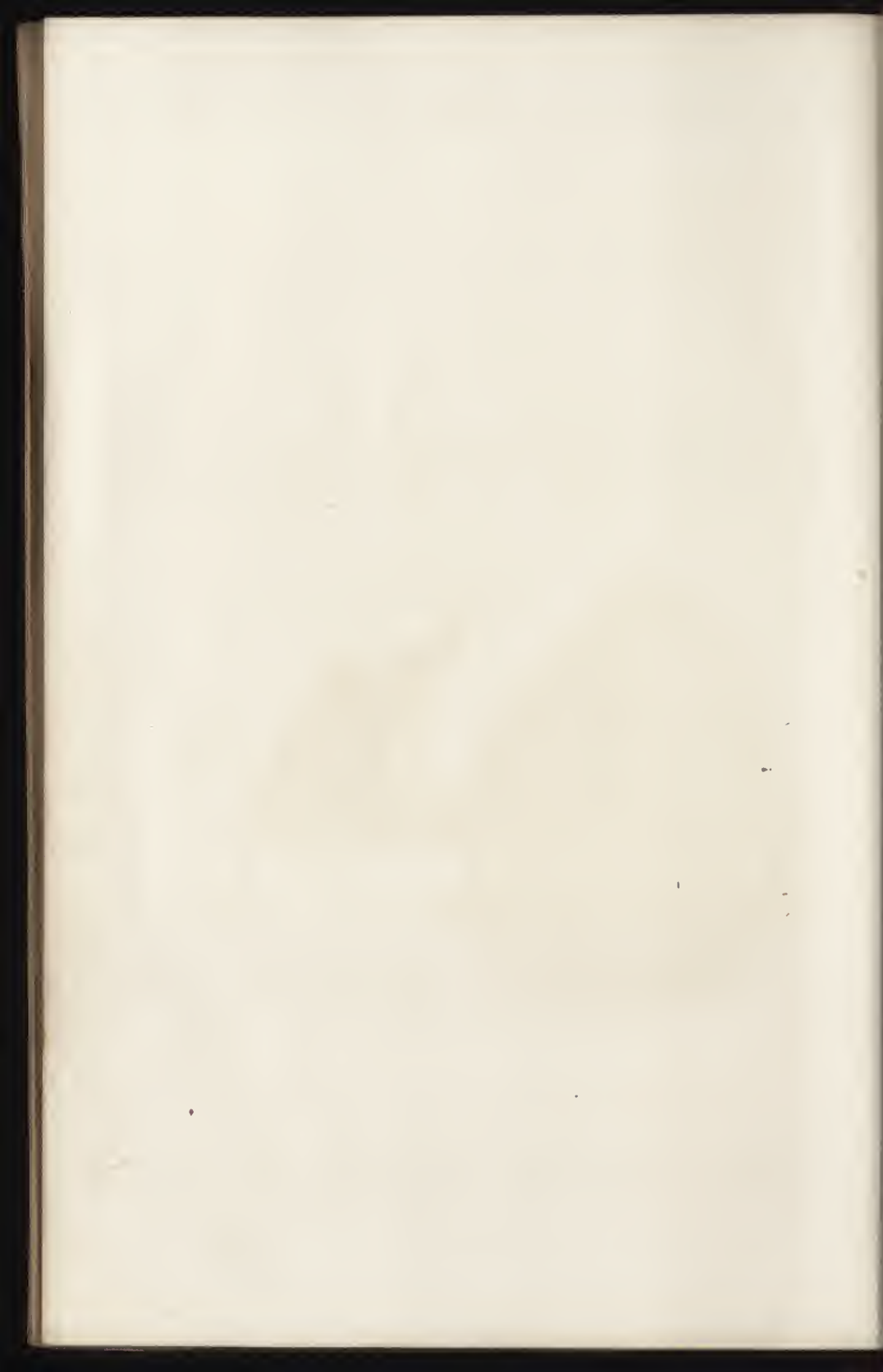
People who called at the house saw the bright old lady, who was "grandma" to so many children, and knew by her sunshiny manner that she was an honored member of the family—not a mere guest or an inmate of the house. She was "mother" to Mrs. Garfield as well as to her son, and the two women loved each other because their hearts were centred in him.

Many incidents are related of her sterling worth and integrity of character. Few women of to-day have known such rugged experiences with poverty as she had for long years after she lost her young husband. She must have been possessed of intense force of will, or she would have failed in the work she accomplished. All her children were blessings to her, and honored her absolutely. She lived for years a life of toil, and in the neighborhood of the old home are told many circumstances creditable to her. Her eldest son was a little boy when his father died, and was not able to wield an axe. She wanted fences made, and her neighbors offered to do the job for her, as they did for each other. The custom was a common one, and all that was ex-



Eng by John Sartain, Philad^a

ELIZA BALLOU GARFIELD.



pected in return was a supply of whiskey. She refused to furnish liquor to them—she the widow, with fatherless boys about her, watching her example and knowing no other guide. She wielded her maul and split her own rails, without subjecting her boys to temptation or perilling their future by any act of hers. Widow Garfield would not open her door to an enemy too strong for women to cope with in strangers and the bitterest of foes to encounter in the home circle, and wisely decided to save her young at whatever sacrifice. If people occasionally wondered at the depth of her children's love, and the jealous care they bestowed upon her, it was because she had earned such riches for herself and was wearing the crown that was of her own making.

The scene at the inauguration of her son—when he stood in the presence of the most distinguished men and women of the land, and saw a sea of human beings before him such as no man could count, and turning from them all kissed his old mother first and then his wife—will never be forgotten. The people could talk of nothing else then, and cannot now recall the event without dwelling upon it. The new President might well have overlooked his mother at such a time and been formal with his wife, but he was husband and son first, and the young men who witnessed the spectacle were benefited and blessed by it.

Such filial and husbandly devotion won President Garfield the respect of wives and mothers throughout the land—a respect which kindled into affection in the

one. A vast multitude of people gazed upon the immense platform upon which were seated General Garfield, with Chief-Justice Waite on his right and Sergeant-at-Arms Bright on his left. Immediately back of the three, who were directly in the centre of the platform, sat President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Garfield and the mother of General Garfield. Still behind them stood Mollie Garfield and Fanny Hayes, and to their right sat the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Randall. The gentlemen sat with their heads uncovered. The Chief-Justice rose from his seat, and instantly the noise and din died away, and the oath of office was administered. Then followed the inaugural address, after which Mr. Hayes shook hands with the new President, as did the Chief-Justice. Turning from them, President Garfield tenderly kissed his mother and then his wife. This being the first incident of its kind, the people noted it with great gratification, and the throng rent the air with huzzas, while the President received the congratulations of those about him as he slowly made his way back to the head of the procession. The ladies of the party returned first, and were at the White House before the procession got under way from the Capitol. The President's carriage was drawn by four horses, and the escort were the Cleveland troops, in showy uniforms. General Sherman rode at the head of the procession. The reviewing-stand in front of the White House was occupied by a distinguished company, which awaited the coming of the

McD. Meal-time is almost the only time the President has lately had with his children, and he devotes himself in great part to them at that time, after asking questions on some interesting point of Harry or James or Mollie to draw them out, and then explaining it at considerable length, instructing by the Socratic method as it were."

The eldest and the youngest of the household are dead; the latter, an infant son, having died in Washington four years before the President's election. It is related of General Garfield that he suffered intense grief at the loss of his children, and his friends frequently during his last months of life recalled the sorrow he manifested at the time of his little child's death in Washington.

In June the public was startled with the news of Mrs. Garfield's illness, and it was with great concern that the announcements from the sick-room were learned. The President gave up all public matters, and for days watched over her, giving her the medicines prescribed and remaining at her bedside day and night. Happily, her life was saved, and so soon as she could be conveyed from Washington, she was taken to Long Branch, where it was hoped the sea air would restore her. She was so weak when she got there that she had to be carried to her room, and was but beginning to grow strong when the President left her and returned to Washington, preparatory to making a trip to New England and the White Mountains. He was daily cheered by the news of his wife's steady improvement, and was anticipating a happy visit to Williams College, his *Alma Mater*. The party

were to leave Washington on the third of July, and be joined by Mrs. Garfield and her friends at New York. The trip was all arranged, and the morning of the eventful day came. Mrs. Garfield at Long Branch was anticipating a reunion with her husband, and was making final preparations to start from the hotel to the train when the news that startled the nation reached there and was in part tenderly broken to her. She was taken from Washington, at a leisurely gait, a helpless invalid, but the telegram that shocked her that July morning sent her back at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Even that seemed slow to the anxious wife and the suffering husband. The event was the never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-forgiven tragedy of the shooting of President Garfield, the particulars of which are briefly told here.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, when it was supposed that the President was on his way from Washington to New York, accompanied by all his Cabinet, their wives and several friends, this news was flashed over the wires: "President Garfield was shot before leaving on the limited express train this morning!"

The brief announcement, made in two lines, that the President of the United States had been shot by an assassin, excited great incredulity, then amazement, and finally a feeling of horror that rendered suspense almost intolerable. The second despatch followed speedily, and it conveyed the intelligence that Colonel Corbin had returned to the President with a physician. This was meagre enough, and the third was waited with intense

excitement. It said: "President Garfield was shot this morning at the Baltimore and Potomac depot by an assassin. It is reported that he is mortally wounded. The assassin was caught."

The fourth despatch, dated half an hour later, was to the effect that Dr. Bliss had said that the President's wound was not a mortal one, and that concerning the assassin nothing was known except that he was under arrest. A subsequent message announced that the physicians attending the President were holding a consultation. Soon came the particulars of the shooting:

The President and Mr. Blaine rode from the White House to the depot in the Secretary's carriage. Reaching the entrance on B street, the President and the Secretary left it and entered the ladies' waiting-room, walking arm-in-arm. Just at the moment that they were passing through the door into the main room, two shots were fired. Mr. Blaine saw a man run through the room at that instant, and started toward him, but turning to the President and seeing that he had fallen he sprang to his side, as did several others, and raised his head from the floor. One shot passed through the arm, and the other took effect in the lower part of the back. There were few people in the room when the shots were fired. The members of the President's party were on the platform beyond the waiting-room, or in the car that was ready to start the moment the President was aboard. Secretaries Windom and Hunt were promenading on the platform, Post-

to the people, and his influence did more to bring about harmony of feeling, brotherly love and the obliteration of party bitterness than any work he had done in his days of health and activity.

As he lay on his bed of sickness, he thought of his mother, whose absence from him troubled him. He hoped at first to go to her soon and to recuperate his strength at Mentor, but while waiting for the strength that never came he wrote her this letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 11th*, 1881.

DEAR MOTHER:—Don't be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through.

Give my love to all the relatives and friends and especially to sisters Hetty and Mary. Your loving son,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

MRS. ELIZA GARFIELD, HIRAM, OHIO.

Telegrams of sympathy reached his bedside from all parts of the earth, and wherever the news had gone in other lands there came back gratifying evidences of world-wide sorrow.

As the days passed the alternations of hope and despair kept the feeling of the people at its highest tension, and during this time of anxious waiting, Mrs. Garfield was the recipient of countless messages, letters and assurances of every kind of the sentiment of her countrymen and women. She appreciated all that was felt and said; and on one occasion, when some unusual

incident had received her attention, she said in a voice broken with emotion and with tears in her eyes: "If it were possible for my husband and me to go around and see all those dear people who have been so grateful in their remembrance for us here of late days, I would be so happy; and I know he would, too. I want to thank them—to tell them all how kindly I feel toward them for what they have said to me. I never could understand anything about politics, and if I liked a person it made no difference whether they were Republicans or Democrats; and now I have grown to think that there is not much difference between the two great parties, for one says just as kind words in our present affliction as the other. It makes me feel like forming an opinion as to what I would do were women permitted to vote as well as men. I believe I would get two tickets, fold them together so as to look like one, and drop both in the ballot-box."

The love and respect for her womanly attributes and fine self-government increased as time passed; and it was evident that her conduct under the most trying circumstances that could come to a woman had aroused the enthusiasm of the entire country. From the various organizations, without respect to their nature or object, were received at the White House kind wishes for the President and earnest assurances to him that his family was not forgotten in his time of helplessness and suffering. The practical spirit of the people was aroused, and the question was repeatedly asked: "What can we

do to make it easier for the President?" Presents of all descriptions, from the rich and the poor, the great and the humble, patriarchs and little children, were sent to the White House in great numbers. Everybody wanted to do something, and it was painful that so little could be offered that would be of use. Sick-room appliances reached the physicians in such quantities that the basement of the mansion was crowded, and the slightest intimation of a change in the nourishment or treatment of the distinguished sufferer sent numberless articles for trial. That he might have the richest Alderney milk, an eager owner of an imported cow quickly forwarded the animal, and he was repaid many times over with the knowledge that the patient saw from the window the fine creature that had been sent to minister to his comfort, and spoke of it. Little children sent their tributes, and the gift of a pet squirrel from two little people who had learned that the President had expressed a desire for such food, brought tears to the eyes of all who knew of the circumstance. The tender, constant and ever deepening feeling of the people for their sick President must have helped him immeasurably, for he was borne up and cheered daily by the affection that went out from all human hearts toward him. It seemed to the people that he must get well, that the prayers of a nation would be answered; that the assassin's work would fail; that love would conquer death, and that into the weary pain-worn body of the sufferer would be renewed the strong life-currents. Who

can ever forget, though long years may dim other memories, the daily and nightly watch over that sick-chamber! When the relapse came weeks after the crisis was thought to be passed, the excitement and interest grew terrible in its intensity. Those who had the dissemination of the news aged under it as the bulletins that came from their hands banished hope. The day of saddest gloom, Saturday, August 27, was given up to prayer, and when Sunday came, and word went forth that the President was better, the people called it resurrection, and said in their joy that God had given back to them in answer to their petitions him who was thought to be dead.

Through it all stood Mrs. Garfield, eager and watchful, but steady and strong in heart. When the doctors told her of their fears she did not sink down or show dismay. She bade them do their best, and never to give up, and leaving them she went back with a cheerful face to her husband and resumed her place at his bedside. Too weak and weary to give thought to others, the heroic sufferer watched her face and was understood by her when to others his wishes were unintelligible. If he held on to life with a tenacity that surprised every one, his strength in large measure was drawn from her. She was more to him than all else, and she furnished the strongest motive he felt for his recovery. The thought that was agitating many minds, that he be given assurance that his family would be taken care of in case he died, was voiced by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, who pro-

he would revive rapidly under the combined influences of a cooler atmosphere, the sight of the sea, and the change of scene. That he did not mend rapidly troubled the people, and they murmured. Then remembering Mrs. Garfield's remark, made in reply to the physician who told her at the time of the relapse in Washington that only a miracle could save her husband—"Then that miracle will be performed: he will live"—they redoubled their earnestness in prayer, and believed that the bitter cup would be taken from unwilling lips.

The gloom of the September days deepened and the reluctant warning was sent out—"Hope no more, hope is dead." Still the people hoped, relying upon the faith of Mrs. Garfield, the wonderful vitality and heroic demeanor of the invalid. They believed in the impossible, and prayed yet more fervently. Never in the world's history was any one so universally prayed for. It seemed like doubting God's goodness to despair of the President's life. Still the same anxious waiting was continued, and with each telegram that was sent came a knell to the hopes of millions. He must die, they said, and that last Monday was like the funeral day of a race. People sought their homes that night oppressed with sad forebodings, and their petitions were for strength to meet the impending calamity.

He died September 19th, 1881, the first news reaching the people in the cities through the tolling of the bells. When the strokes commenced, those who listened thought it was the striking of the hour, but soon they real-

The mournful procession that moved out of the cottage was led by Mrs. Garfield, who leaned upon the arm of her son Harry. She was clad in heavy mourning, her veil almost entirely concealing her face from view. As the train moved slowly away, a passing glimpse of her face was seen as she gazed upon the windows of the room where her husband had died. Loving hearts were all about her, but she was thinking of him: there was no panacea for her pain. Had there been, the touching demonstrations of sorrow at every point along the road to Washington would have brought it. The school-children gathered in groups at the various stations, weeping as they stood with uncovered heads; the country people gathered in groups, with bared heads; the tolling of bells and emblems of mourning everywhere moved the observers to tears. At Princeton Junction the College students scattered flowers along the track. At Washington, where the feeling was intense, and where every possible expression had been given to the grief of the people, the funeral train was received by the army and navy officials and thousands of citizens.

Mrs. Garfield and her children became the guests of Attorney-General MacVeagh, and remained there during her stay in Washington. She went to the White House the day preceding her departure to remove her husband's papers, her friends having packed her possessions for her the preceding day. Upon entering the room in which her husband so long lay ill she grew deathly pale, but maintained her self-composure, and

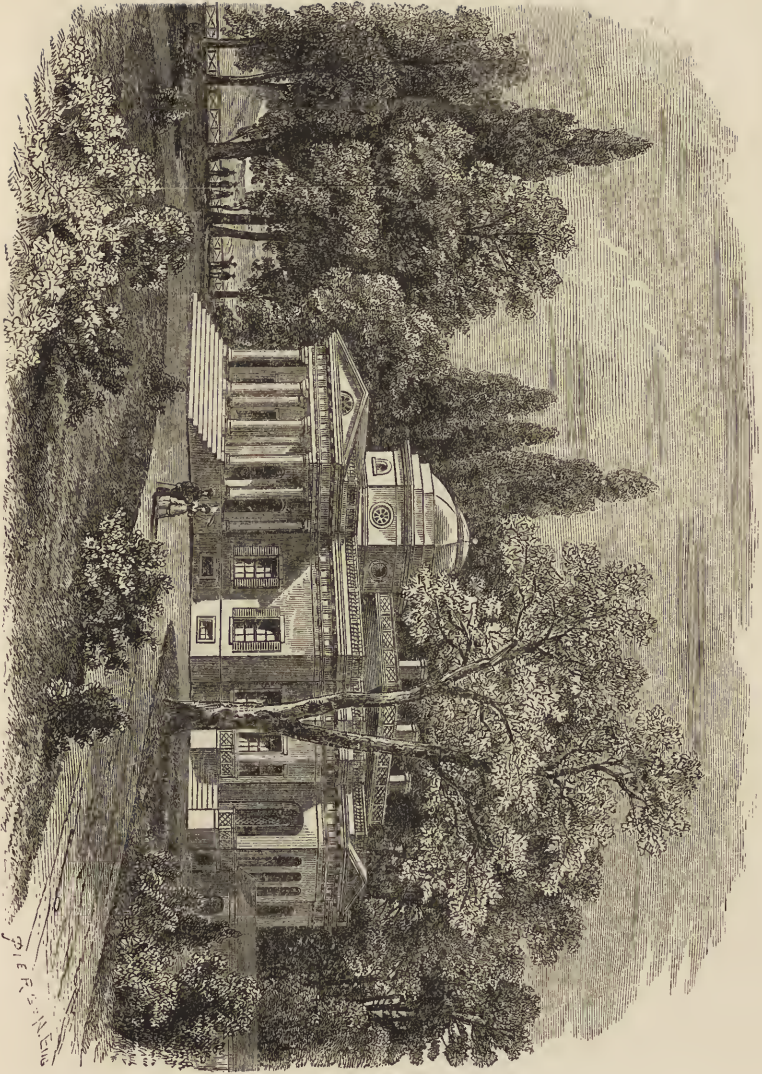
the coffin, and as they passed in front of the carriage, a stifled sob broke from Mrs. Garfield. Rev. J. H. Jones made an address; President Garfield's favorite ode, the 22d ode of Horace, was sung; a prayer was offered, and General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell escorted Harry and James into the vault to look for the last time upon the casket containing all that was earthly of their father. The door was closed and all was over.

The day succeeding the funeral, Mrs. Garfield, accompanied by Mother Garfield, her children, Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim and their wives, and Private Secretary Brown, went to Mentor in the mourning car that conveyed her from Long Branch.

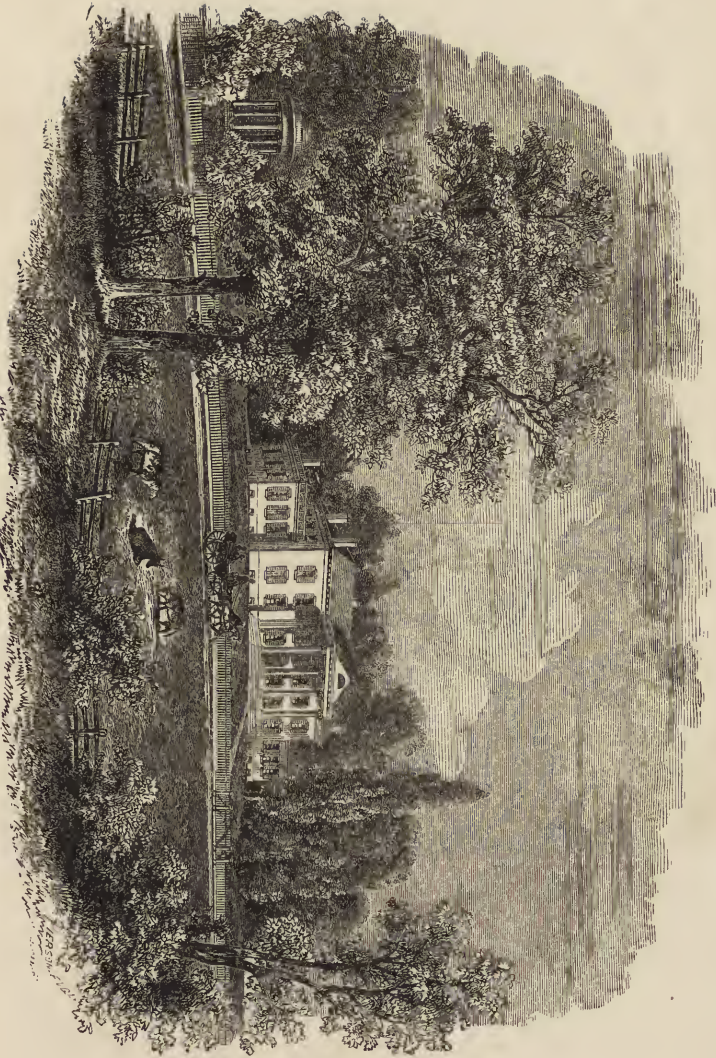
Through all the trying scenes of the drama, now closed forever, Mrs. Garfield had so conducted herself that the nation was proud of her as the wife of its President, and the grief of the people was mitigated by their admiration of her bravery and heroism under circumstances that would have crushed the majority of women. And looking back at the tragedy from the day the President was shot, through the eighty-two days of his sufferings, through the death-scene, and even to the end, the country saw no act, heard no remark of Mrs. Garfield's that was not ennobling and beautiful. On every occasion, through every crisis, and for a week after the death, while she was constantly passing from one painful interview or scene to another, she was the same quiet, self-controlled woman. Her husband had said of her that he never knew her to be stampeded; that



MONTICELLO—THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.







MONTPELIER—THE HOME OF PRESIDENT MADISON.





THE FIRST RESIDENCE OF ANDREW JACKSON.

JACKSON, N. C.

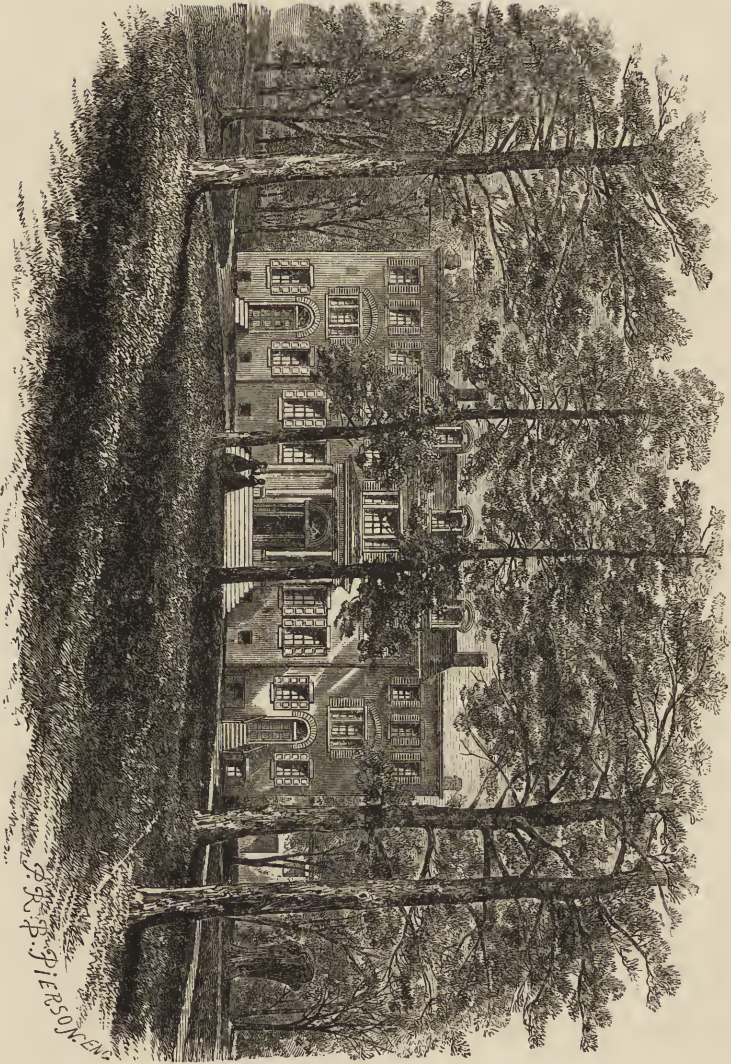


THE HERITAGE—THE HOME OF ANDREW JACKSON.



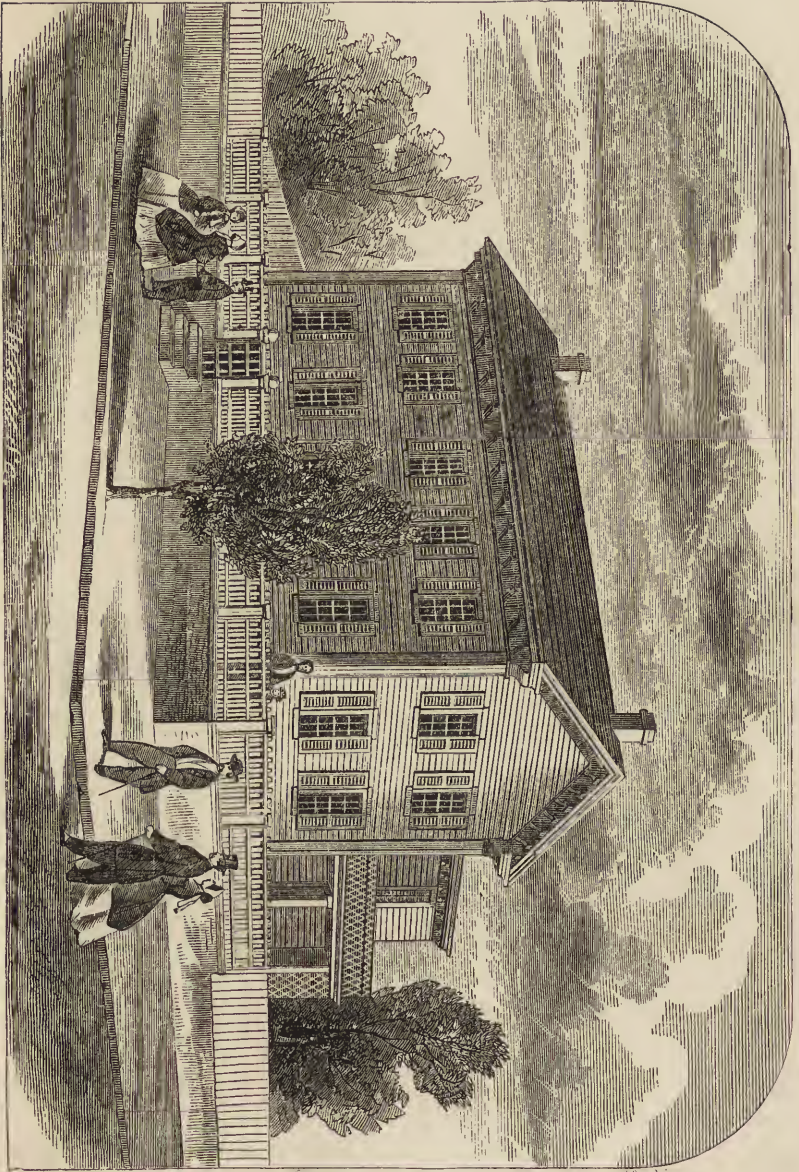


WHEATLAND—THE HOME OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.





HOME OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT SPRINGFIELD.

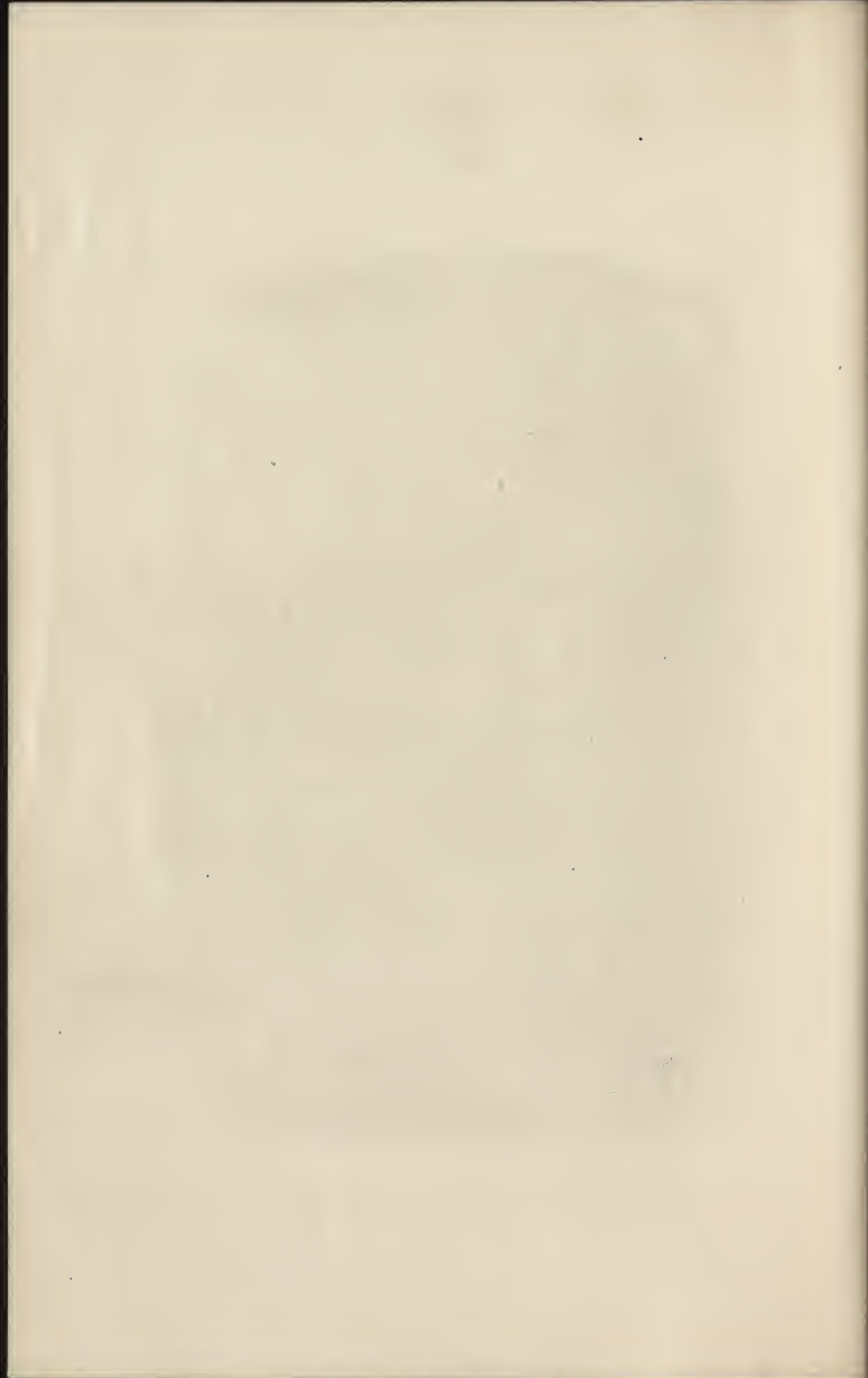




MENTOR—THE HOME OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



WELLS—NEW YORK
PHIL.



WHAT IS SAID OF THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE."

ONE of the editors of the *Brookly Daily Eagle* is a lady, Laura C. Holloway. For a number of years she has been on the daily press, and in that time has gained a foothold that is so secure she may well feel that it is permanent. Her gains are devoted to those of her family dependent upon her, and in the task she has assumed there is neither reward nor renown. In her home-life, she finds sufficient pleasure in the companionship of sisters and brothers, and stands at the head of the family, toiling herself and encouraging others.

She is, perhaps, the only lady journalist who occupies a regular editorial position, and is in her office every day. Her office hours are those of other workers on the paper, although she is the only lady there, and the only consideration extended to her is to permit her to do a man's work. She exerts herself to excel in it, and long ago she made it pay pecuniarily. Her taste for journalism is almost unpardonable in a woman, unless she can sustain all her womanly attributes in the pursuit of her chosen work. It is only just to her to say she has done this most satisfactorily to her friends, and certainly to herself, for her name is a synonym of honor wherever she is known.—*New York Star*.

MRS. HOLLOWAY is a lady who in some respects, physical and mental, resembles her literary heroine, Charlotte Bronte. She is small, well made, with fine eyes, untiring energy, and only more determined to achieve success from the very difficulties she had to overcome. Her book, "The Ladies of the White House," is an evidence of her industry and literary ability. In this work we have supplied what may be termed, the inner life of the Executive Mansion, which includes domestic and political items that were

needed to make out a perfect history of our national development. It is very evident that Mrs. Holloway has a very high appreciation of woman, or seems to be conscious that the sex have an open field for industry and success without violating sentiments and usages which are as much the effect of moral and physical laws as are the workings of remorse or the movements of the tides.—*New York Evening Mail*.

MRS. HOLLOWAY is one of the most accomplished of the lady lecturers upon all social questions which are now being so freely treated in the lyceum. She holds conservative, though decided, views; she has a clear, vigorous intellect, writes well, and talks sense.—*New York World*.

THE Brooklyn *Press*, under the heading "Paper World," thus speaks of Brooklyn's only lady journalist:

Laura C. Holloway has been for the past five years or more on the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and her articles on current topics have done very much to make that paper a household authority, and in a measure compensated for the caustic political leaders of the editor-in-chief. She is a petit lady, with a fine face and poetic eyes. Her figure is girlish and almost immature, and there is an *espièglerie* about her walk and manner that gives one the impression of a dainty little lady who has nothing to do, rather than of a hard-working woman, as she is and is proud to be. . . . As a writer, her style is clear and straightforward, her matter full of bright and original thought, and her treatment of all subjects as gentle and delicate as the writer herself.

THE name of Laura C. Holloway is a synonym for everything that is gentle and pure in literature.—*Brookly Union-Argus*.

THE character of Mrs. Holloway, being in full accord with all that is noble and best in womanhood, has enabled her to seize, as if by intuition, on all that is most worthy in the distinguished subjects of her pen pictures, and to bring, with a vividness and power that is truly refreshing, their loveliness and their virtues to the understanding of her readers.—*The Republic, Philadelphia*.

From many of the Press Notices, we
select the following:

New York Herald.

WHILE in this country the wives, daughters and neices of our public men are not regarded as holding any higher position than the women relatives of ordinary citizens, it is yet true that their associations and connections with distinguished characters place them prominently before the country. No doubt, then, the personal careers of the wives and daughters of our Presidents will possess some interest to the reading public. At any rate, this has been and is the evident impression of the fair authoress of this very handsome volume, for she has been to considerable pains to gather material for biographical sketches. On her work we can bestow praise. Beginning with Martha Washington, she gives biographical sketches of all the ladies who have at various times been residents of the White House to the present occupant. Mrs. Holloway expresses her opinions of these ladies with great freedom, and sometimes with charming piquancy and spiciness.

As a reminiscence of social life at the White House, the reunions, receptions and other things that make up what is called "society," this book will, we feel assured, be heartily welcomed by the public.

Nashville, Tennessee, Republican Banner.

WE have often wondered that, while so many eloquent pens have been devoted to the work of transmitting to posterity the performances and personal history of American Presidents, that their wives—the "powers behind the throne"—have received so little attention from the *literateurs*.

Mrs. Holloway's book fills a niche in our domestic history long vacated, and supplies to our home literature a long-felt desideratum. She has added many facts connected with the lives of our Presidents never before made public, and has produced a book which in every respect, is worthy of her own recognized merits as a lady of culture and rare attainments.

With an exquisite steel engraving of Mrs. Jackson, the biographer furnishes a vivid picture of Jackson's devotion to his noble consort during the years of her life with him. Reared herself almost within the atmosphere of the Hermitage, a more appropriate and accurate biographer could not well be found.

New York Tribune.

THERE is much that is interesting in this centre-table volume, which would not be out of place in a series of gossiping sketches, like the letters of Sevigne. It is a work women will like, as it is spiced with gossip and descriptions of society life under the different Presidents, and is impartially written.

St. Louis Republican.

A WOMAN seldom does the living members of her own sex justice; but she is liberal towards their memories, and for many reasons it is most fitting that woman should be the biographer of her sisters. This has been to a great extent the case, and they have done their work well. The "Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, is the most extensive and elaborate work of this kind extant. It covers a very large field in English history, where more flowers bloom than in any other department of British annals. Now, we have the "Ladies of the White House," by Laura C. Holloway, resembling in design the work of Miss Strickland, though not taking so wide a sweep of history, nor is it so deeply imbedded in the affairs of government. It is a bright-winged flight of the domesticity which soars above and hovers about our republican government, but is not of it, and seldom, if ever, soils its plumage with politics. The work embraces the lives of the wives of the Presidents of the United States from Washington down, and is embellished with fine steel engravings of each, together with other illustrations. It is a large octavo volume of 630 pages, presented in fine style by the publishers, and is sold only by subscription.

Brooklyn Union Argus.

THE public will rejoice to have at this time a publication bearing directly on the subject of most interest just now, the Presidents of the United States and the history of their domestic lives. No book of the kind had ever been thought of, or at least written, until Mrs. Holloway's publication was announced, and no better historian could have been found for this work.

We should think this a work which ladies particularly would desire to acquaint themselves with, since it is on a subject always interesting to them. The work is indispensable to all who would have a correct knowledge of the different administrations, from Washington to Hayes. The sketch and portrait of Mrs. Hayes, are alone worth the price of the book.

Republic, Philadelphia.

A MUCH-NEEDED volume on the wives of the Presidents of the United States has been written by Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and is published by Bradley & Co., of this city. The book is exceedingly well written, and gives a broad and comprehensive view of the characters of the women who have filled the highest stations in the nation.

Apart from the merit of the book itself, the character of the writer, being in full accord with all that is noble and best in womanhood, has enabled her to seize, as if by intuition, on all that is most worthy in the distinguished subjects of her pen pictures, and to bring with a vividness and power that is truly refreshing their loveliness and their virtues to the understanding of her readers.

The sketch of Rachel Jackson, the lovely and beloved wife of "Old Hickory," is full of beauty and pathos. Indeed, the book is, throughout, admirable, and one that should be in the possession of every woman in the land who can command the means to buy it; and almost every one can do this, as the price is low enough to place it within the reach of even those in very moderate circumstances. It is finely bound and contains excellent steel engravings, portraits of the ladies immortalized therein.

Public Ledger, Philadelphia.

ONE turns naturally, first to the illustrations in this series of biographical sketches, twenty-six in number, as such a thing as a White House picture gallery of ladies has never been attempted before. Yet many of these women, if not all, were genuine help-meets to their husbands' successes, and the different types of face and character are almost as marked and individual as were the several administrations. Delightful, shrewd old Abigail Adams looks out from her lace lappets and mob cap, with a keen survey of the new republic, while her daughter-in-law, Louisa Catharine, the sixth lady of the White House, poses like a queen. "Rachel Jackson" has a softer face than might have been supposed in the plain partner of that rugged life, and although neither she nor Mrs. Van Buren occupied the White House, their portraits properly find a place. Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Polk are strong contrasts. Mrs. Fillmore and Mrs. Andrew Johnson are of the same type of dignified, thoughtful faces. Miss Lane, engraved by J. C. Buttre, looks like a head by Sully. Mrs. Lincoln, in a ball dress, is also characteristic. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, both engraved by Samuel Sartain, are very fine portraits, as well as superb graver's work. The younger lady's is a charming likeness. Mrs. Hayes' strong face brings up the close of this unique gallery. Not all of the sketches are illustrated, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Taylor being the only ones missing, however; but the biographies are a continuous story. Daughter, daughter-in-law and niece who have done the honors of the White House, of course, take their place in the line. The book ends with a description of the House itself, although some of the tribulations of its distinguished mistresses over the furniture and housekeeping run along through it. This is an interesting and valuable work.

New York Evening Post.

THE lives of the women who have occupied a conspicuous position possess an undeniable interest, and the series of sketches which Laura C. Holloway has prepared of the wives of the Presidents is full of entertainment. In the case of Mr. Jefferson, whose wife died long before his election to the Presidency, it is the daughter of whom the sketch is given; and in the case of Mr. Buchanan, who never married, it is his niece, Miss Lane, who figures most brilliantly as the "Lady of the White House."

New York World.

IN this volume Mrs. Holloway has brought together a large amount of original material. The difficulty of ascertaining facts about such women as Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Taylor, whose whole lives were obscure, may be imagined. The fulness of the information given attests Mrs. Holloway's patience and industry. Some of the lives are full of romantic interest. Mrs. Washington, the wives of the Adamses, the daughters of Jefferson, Mrs. Madison, the two wives of Tyler, and Miss Harriet Lane, were ladies of intellectual and social culture, and would have graced any Old World court. About some of the others, Mrs. Jackson, for instance, or the wife of Andrew Johnson, are clustered many incidents of homely interest. Our readers will readily gather from these observations that the book is one of unique historical value, and contains much entertaining matter. It is illustrated with portraits of subjects of the memoirs. Typographically, the publishers have made a very handsome book.

—THE—
LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE

OR IN

THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS;

Being a Complete History of the Social and Domestic Lives of the Presidents,
from Washington to the present time.

—♦♦♦ BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY. ♦♦♦—

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD.

THE Ladies of the White House have had no biographers. They have exerted an influence in their semi-official position, second only to that of the Presidents, yet their careers have been unhonored in history; unsung in poetry. They have performed onerous duties for the country which have been appreciated by the public, but ignored by the political historian. Yet they have been the powers beside the throne without which no administration could have been complete. There has been a reason for this neglect. It has not been the result of indifference, but the difficulty of obtaining reliable data from which to compile biographies of the women who have filled the highest social position in the land has deterred chroniclers from essaying a task so herculean.

The present volume, which is now submitted to the American people, is the result of a most fortunate combination of circumstances which enabled the author through her relations with a recent administration, to

not have been obtained otherwise. The undertaking under such auspices was crowned with entire success, and we are enabled to offer a history of the social careers and personal biographies of every President's wife and hostess of the Executive Mansion from the first administration down to the present time. The information contained in the volume has never been compiled in any other form, and there are many historical facts of a most interesting nature for the first time presented to the public. The book contains the portraits of the wives of the Presidents, and of the ladies who presided over the mansion during the administrations of unmarried Presidents. By means of the exceptional facilities possessed by the author, her bright and clever manner of presenting her facts, together with the interesting details which she has been enabled to procure, combine to render the work one of exceptional importance. At a time when the women of this country are commanding the attention of the civilized world by reason of their higher education, superior mental attributes and exalted social status, such a book is of exceptional value.

The mechanical execution of the work will commend itself to all lovers of excellence in book-making. Nothing has been left undone that would make it worthy of the ladies whose records it contains. The unusual attractions of the theme, the casket in which it is contained and the place in the country's history which such a book fills, conspire to render it a work which the public and private libraries of this country cannot afford to be without; they cannot be called complete without a copy of the Ladies of the White House.

The work contains about 700 pages, printed on the finest super calendered paper, and illustrated with numerous fine steel and wood engravings, and bound in the following styles:

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BRADLEY & COMPANY, Publishers, 66 North 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A New Branch of History.

It has been made a reproach to American women, by Mr. Howells among others, that they are deplorably ignorant of the history of their country. Yet we are sure the most confirmed novel reader of them all will find many pages of *The Ladies of the White House* (Bradley & Co.) as fascinating as the favorite passages of her favorite romance.

In this volume LAURA C. HOLLOWAY has told the story of the stately widow Custis, mistress of many broad acres and dusky servitors, who, beginning life as pretty Miss Dandridge, belle of Gov. Dinwiddie's little court at Williamsburg, ended it as the beloved and revered widow of George Washington; of Abigail Adams, the Yankee pastor's daughter, who had such trouble in setting the White House to rights, and whose extant letters, simple and straightforward as they are, have more interest for American readers than those of Mme. de Sevigne or Lady Mary; of Dolly Madison, the sunny Quaker woman, in whose charming presence Federalist and Republican forgot their political differences and personal hatreds; of the gentle but courageous wife of James Monroe, best remembered as the American woman who partially repaid one of the heaviest debts of gratitude resting upon the country by saving the life of the wife of Lafayette; and of their successors, the gracious and kind-hearted women who have passed through the White House, leaving the life of the capital and of the whole nation sweeter and more wholesome for their passage.

It is no disparagement to the author to say that the most valuable part of the book is the extracts, from their correspondence. Enriched as it is with portraits and engravings, it will find its way into many American households, and wherever it goes it will be a silent preacher of the gospel of patriotism.—*The New York Sun.*

Inquirer, Philadelphia.

THE world always takes more interest in the women who stand near men in high places than in the men themselves. It is not an idle interest, either, for the women who stand behind the throne are often responsible for the acts of the ruler. It is this that gives value and importance to Mrs. Laura C. Holloway's book on "The Ladies of the White House," published by Bradley & Co., of this city. Mrs. Holloway has enjoyed unusual advantages for performing a work never fully done before, the compilation of biographical sketches of the wives of all the married Presidents and of the ladies who had charge of the White House during the terms of those Presidents who were unmarried. She has met with great success in her historical researches, and has worked up the abundant mass of materials gathered into a very entertaining volume. Her pen is a lively one, and catches many a gleam of fancy to enliven what might otherwise be a too tedious array of facts and figures. Even the often told story of the romantic love and happy marriage of Colonel George Washington to the fascinating young widow of Colonel Custis, comes fresh and interesting in her sprightly narrative. Her book is a magazine of entertaining reminiscences, stories, sketches and descriptions, many of which are now published for the first time, and all of which are interesting both to the student of history and to the merely cursory reader.

The publishers have done their part in making Mrs. Holloway's book attractive by printing it in large, clear type, on tinted paper, and dressing it in a very handsome binding.

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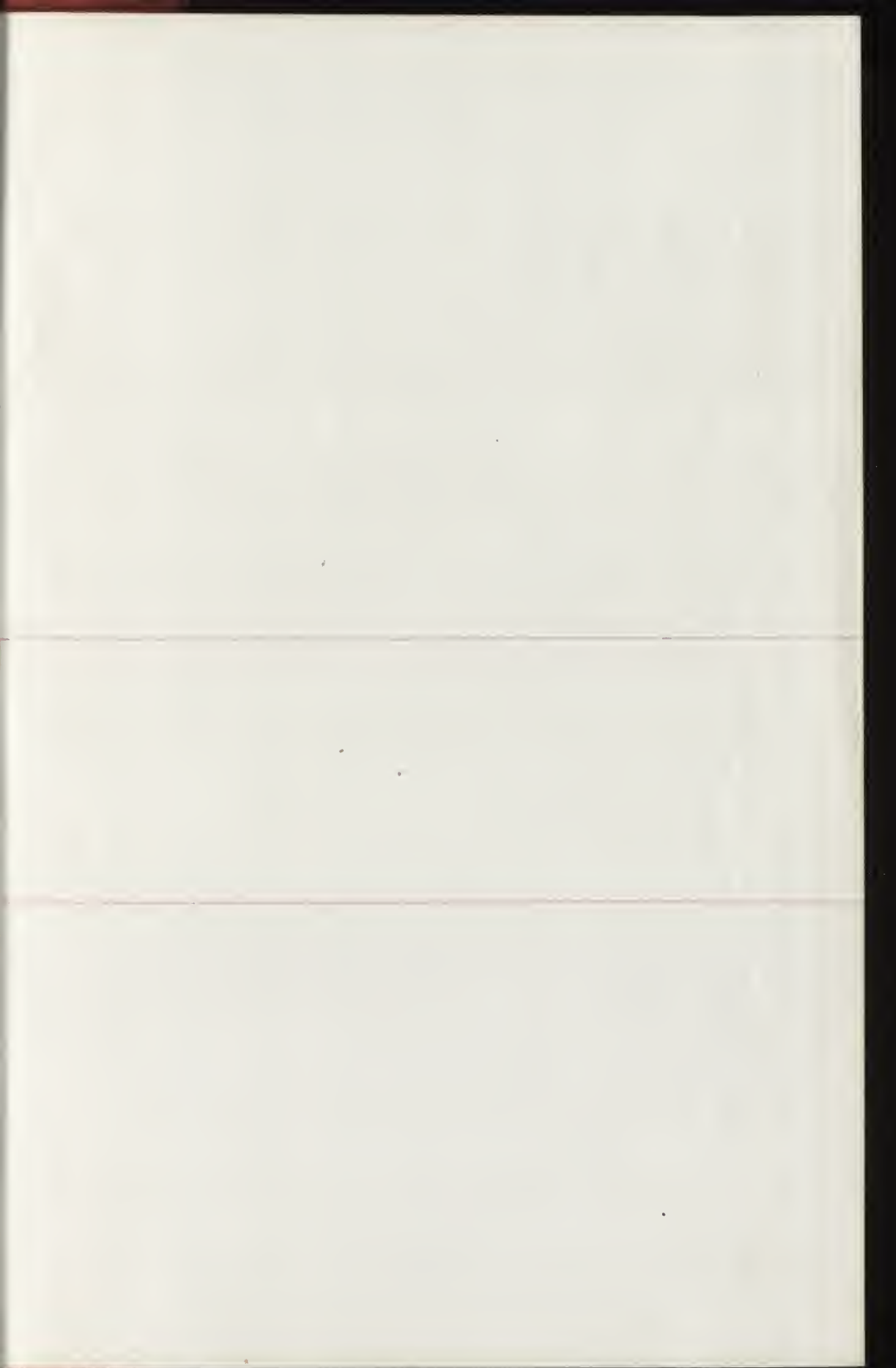
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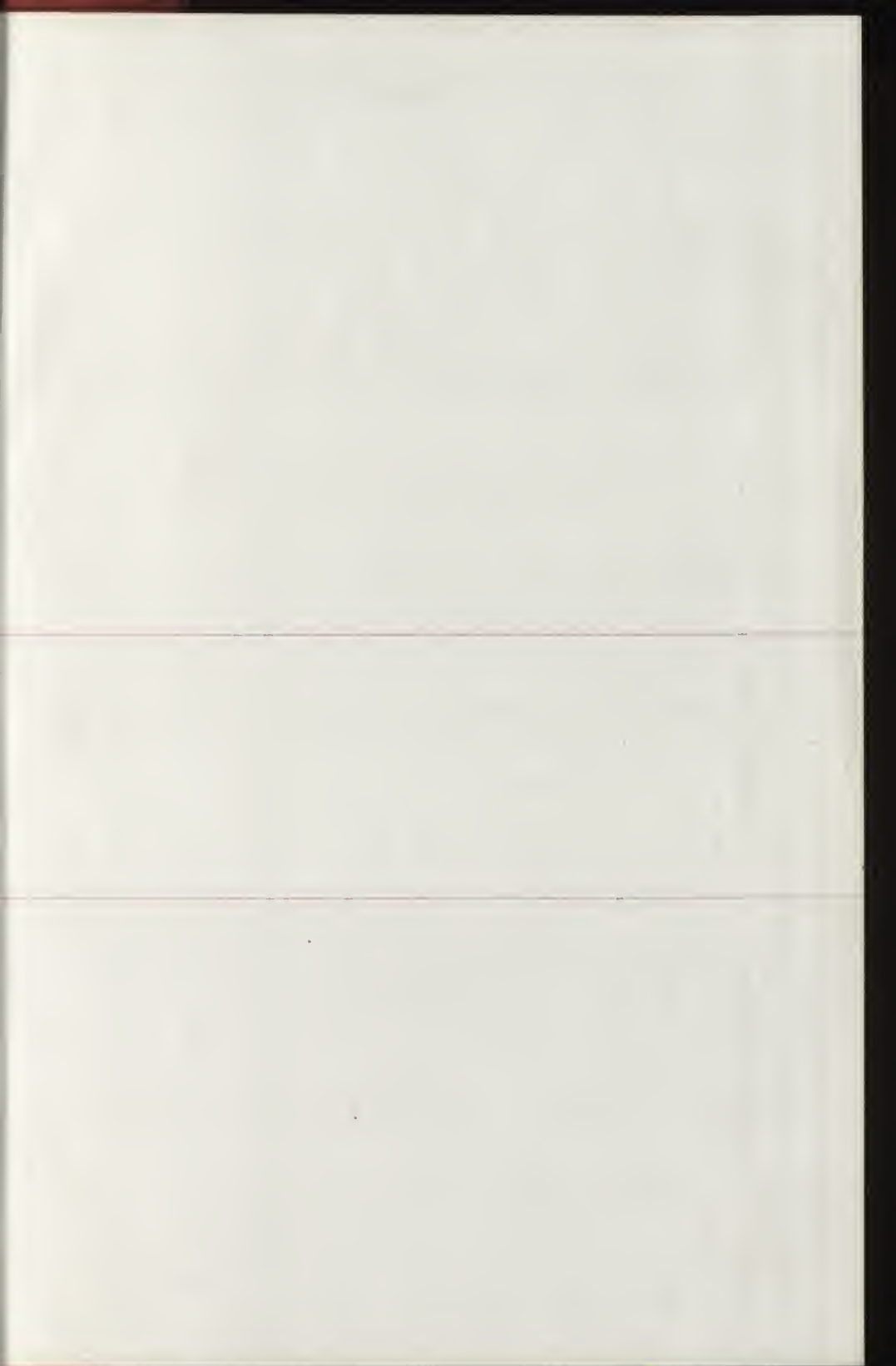
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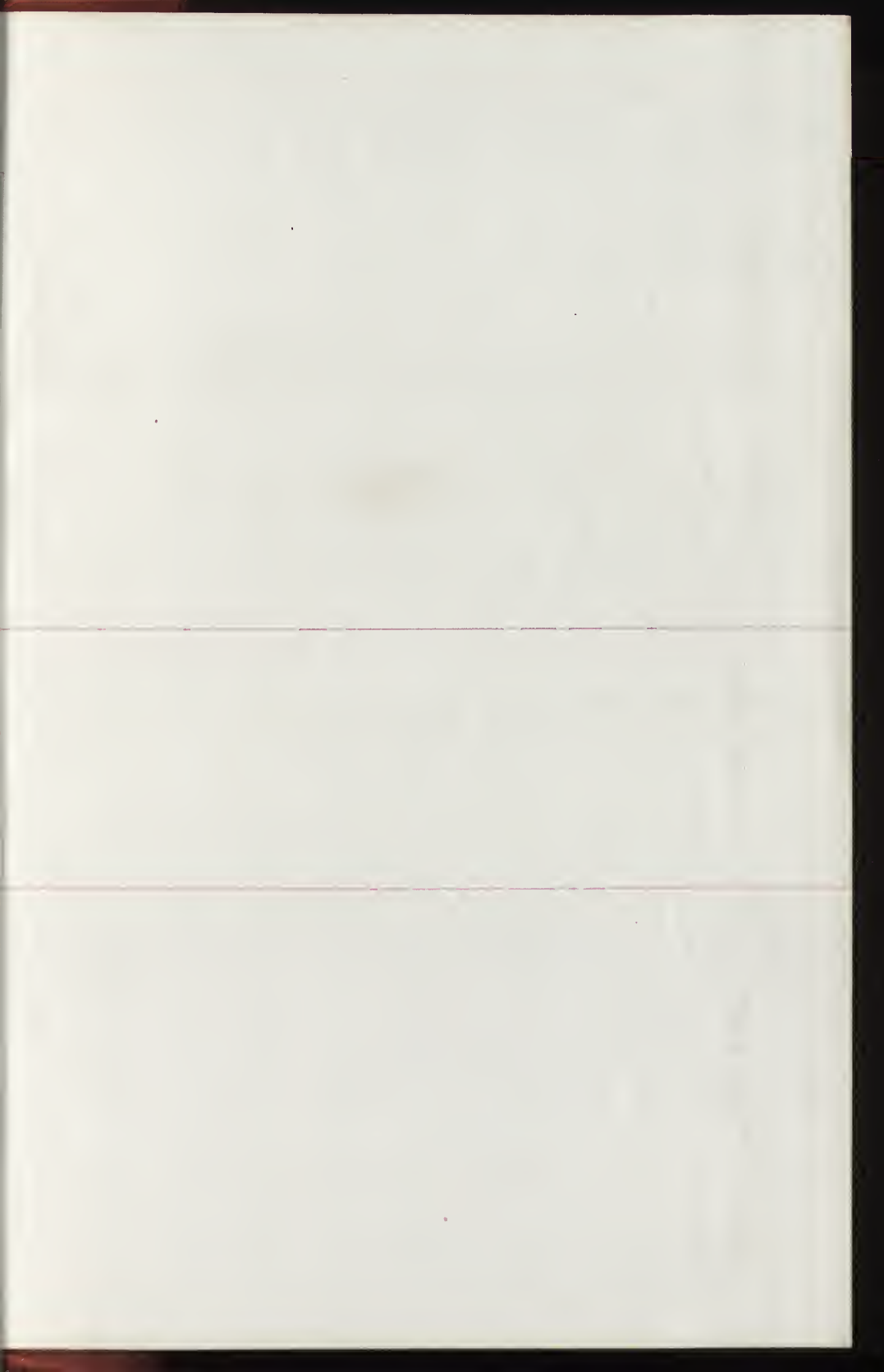
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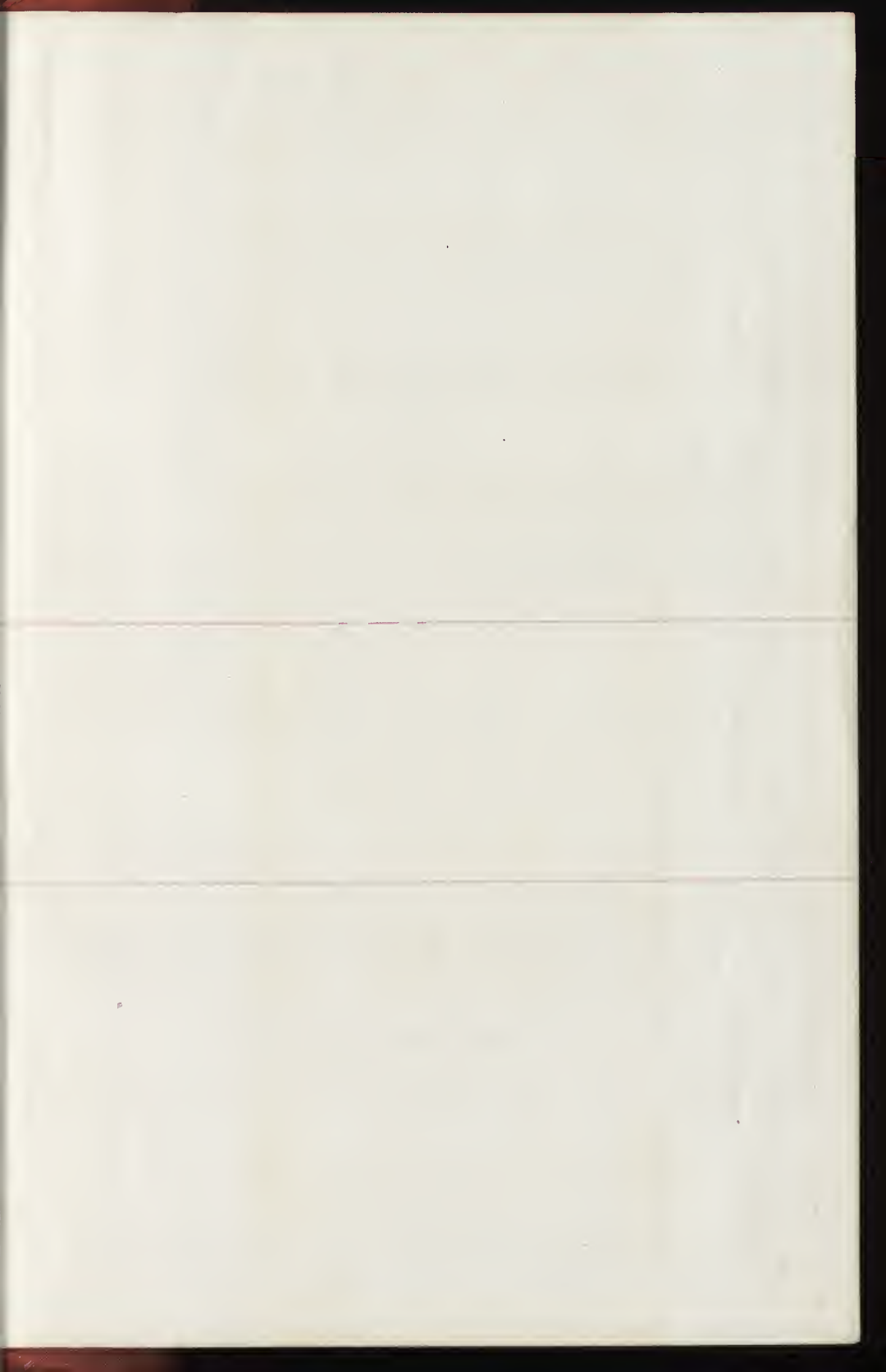
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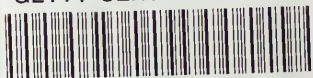
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