

The First Century of the White House

The Noted Men and Women Who Have Lived in it During One Hundred Years...

CHAPTER IX.—(continued). MARY CLEMMER, WITH GRACEFUL TOUCH, HAS LEFT THIS PEN PICTURE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, MARY ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

"She was the rarest and most exquisite President's daughter that ever shed sunshine in the White House. She survived her mother but one year, dying of cholera at the age of 22; yet her memory is a benison to all young American women, especially to those surrounded by the allurements of society and high station."

"She was not only the mistress of many accomplishments, but possessed a thoroughly practical education. She was trained at home, at Mrs. Sedgwick's school in Lenox, Mass., and was graduated at the State Normal School, New York, as a teacher, and taught in the public schools in Buffalo. She was a French, German and Spanish scholar, was a proficient in music, and an amateur sculptor."

"She was the rarest type of woman, in whom was blended, in perfect proportion, masculine judgment and feminine tenderness. In her was combined intellectual force, vivacity of temperament, genuine sensibility and deep tenderness of heart. Words cannot tell what such a nature and such an intelligence would be if called to preside over the social life of the Nation's house. She used her opportunities as the President's daughter to minister to others."



She clung to all her old friends without any regard to their position in life. Her time and talent were devoted to their happiness. She was constantly thinking of some little surprise, some gift, some journey, some pleasure by which she could contribute to the happiness of others.

"After the death of her mother she went to the desolate home of her father and brother, and emulating the example of that mother, relieved her father of all household care. Her domestic and social qualities equalled her intellectual powers. She gathered all her early friends about her; she consecrated herself to the happiness of her father and brother; she filled her home with sunshine. With scarcely an hour's warning the final summons came. Blessing she was, and made her so, and in her passed away one of the rarest of young American women."

The night of the 2d of March, 1853, found the Capital in an uproar with bands of music, thunder of guns, and the heavens bright with fireworks. The closing hours of Congress brought the same rush, push, and confusion were witnessed, that too often distinguished the Capital upon these occasions.

Sleepers and loungers upon the couches and in the ante-rooms were hauled in time to time when a bill was up. Through the blue toluence atmosphere, Congressmen could be discerned, here and there, who held their positions for hours in hopes of recognition. The hands of the clock pointed to 12, the gavel fell, and with it the hopes of many. The fortieth Congress was a thing of the past. The President was busy signing bills until the small hours. On the morning of the 4th, the city was alive with preparations for the inauguration of President Pierce.

CHAPTER X. GLIMPSES OF SEVERAL PRESIDENTS.

Pierce's Nomination a Surprise.—Mrs. Pierce's Great Sorrow—Shadowy Days of Buchanan's Administration—Lovely Harriet Lane.

The nomination of Franklin Pierce for the Presidency was as much a surprise to him as to the leaders of his party. In the rivalry between such political aspirants as James Buchanan, Lewis Cass, William L. Marcy and Stephen A. Douglas, the nomination of so unassuming a politician as Franklin Pierce had not been anticipated, or thought of, by either of them.

At the convention held in Baltimore June 12, 1852, on the 49th ballot, Franklin Pierce was made the nominee.

Party discipline was at its height in those days, and at the election in November he received the vote of every State but four. His life had been a busy one; entering into politics, he was elected to the Legislature when 25 years old, and elected Speaker two years afterwards. He was sent to Congress in 1833, and to the United States Senate in 1837, barely eligible to that position. The same lucky star attended him through the Mexican war, and now crowned him with the Presidency. In all these things he had discharged his duty with much credit to himself and his country; but he was not a great man, notwithstanding his phenomenal success.

His inauguration was attended with much pomp and ceremony, on account of the military glory won in the Mexican war. With marshals and music, cheers and handkerchiefs, Ministers in court glitter, Congressmen and civilians, the new President was inaugurated. The night was brilliant with balls and merry-making.

Mrs. Pierce entered the White House bearing the burden of a great sorrow. Just previous to her husband's election she had witnessed her only child, a bright boy of 12, crushed to death in a railroad accident.

Under this bereavement and in delicate health she entered the White House; but during her residence there, her grief did not interfere with her duties socially or officially. She met the demands of the White House with grace and dignity. There was innate repose and gentleness in her manner. When she left she was revered and loved by all who had ever come under the influence of her gentle and exquisite nature.

So positive and timid was President Pierce, politically, that he left the Presidential chair without having advocated a single measure or done anything to solve the vexed problems that were rapidly approaching solution, leaving to his unfortunate successor, James Buchanan, a legacy of inextricable troubles.

In going back to the shadowy days that hung over this Republic during the Administration of President Buchanan, we cannot touch upon a page of its history without bringing a pang to the heart of every true patriot. But there was a rift in the clouds even then, for Harriet Lane was the presiding genius of the White House; and never

since the days of Mrs. John Quincy Adams had the Executive Mansion been presided over with such elegance and grace.

It was a position which Miss Lane sustained with credit to herself and honor to her country. She became an orphan at an early age and was adopted by her uncle, James Buchanan. From the time she grew to womanhood her fortunes were united; all the honors bestowed upon James Buchanan were reflected upon the niece, and additional luster was given to both by the grace and virtue for which Miss Lane was pre-eminently distinguished.

When Mr. Buchanan was made Minister to the Court of St. James, by President Pierce, Miss Lane accompanied him and dispensed the hospitalities of the ministerial mansion. She was greatly admired in European court circles; and by her dignity of demeanor and surpassing loveliness won the admiration and respect of Queen Victoria and the heart of many an Englishman.

When Harriet Lane was a simple country girl in the quiet town of Lancaster, little did she dream of the future in store for her. When, as a child, she wandered at will over the hills and meadow lands of her childhood's home, she little thought and much less anticipated a day when she would be the companion of monarchs, or the presiding genius over the household of the man chosen to be the head of this great Nation. Yet all this came to pass in the course of events, and the Republican Government was not compromised when the Lancaster maiden be-



HARRIET LANE JOHNSTON. came the cyrenosist for every eye, as mistress of the White House.

A story is told of her generous nature, that when quite a lass she one day shocked the staid propriety of her uncle, who discovered her trudging through the streets of Lancaster with a wheelbarrow loaded with wood and coal, which she was taking to an old woman in the village, who, she had learned, was in want; and notwithstanding her uncle's "Alas! alas! what shall I do with that child?" he was more proud than angry that it was in her heart to do it.

She was a blonde, her eyes deep violet, her hair golden, her features classic and beautiful in expression; she had a commanding form, and every movement was graceful. The White House in all its appointments and decorations was individualized to a degree never surpassed.

To descend upon the motives of men and weigh their characters, as developed in those days, is foreign to our purpose. It is not for us to compare the course pursued by one party with that of the other. Posterity will draw the line between them.

The virtues which have ennobled our country, and the errors which have disgraced it will stand out in bold relief upon that scroll, when the pen of history traces the images of the past, in their glory and in their infamy.

PRINCE OF WALES A VISITOR.

In all the troublesome days that came into President Buchanan's Administration, when he was harassed on all sides, when his official life was beset by foes without and foes within, Miss Lane held herself aloof from all animosities and with true womanly dignity maintained her position.

When the land was filled with passion and discord, she was faithful to the Nation; and when the hour came to lay aside the honors of the White House, she left it carrying with her her country's respect and love.

During all this controversy the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan was perplexed and disturbed on the subject of reinforcing the forts in Charleston Harbor, which ended in a dismembered Cabinet, and in this confusion the Administration of James Buchanan ended.

Interest in our Veterans. Alexander Blackburn, Cambridge, Mass., writes: "Interest in the old soldiers and their battles is not confined to the G. A. R. and its auxiliaries. The men and women who went on a special train from New England to the great Baptist anniversary in Pittsburgh stopped a day at Gettysburg, and under the guidance of Capt. Minniek went over the great battlefield. On Little Round Top we gathered and sang a song prepared for the occasion, and with bowed heads united in a prayer to the God of Battles. We who are comrades rejoice that such a company could find time to acknowledge the work of the heroes of Gettysburg."

Mrs. Hudson makes a liberal offer to Invalid Ladies on page 6. Be sure and read it.

Personal Recollections of an Army Cook. The War Viewed from the Rear.

VI. Some times I used tuh git so down in de mouf dat I had wuz white. Ef I wuz gwine tuh bust ez much ez much ez a trouble ez a white man dere wuz no fun bein' a nigger.

One o' dese times wuz while Mistuh Jo wuz in de gar-yard on de side o' de watch, an' I wuz gwine tuh bust ez much ez much ez a trouble ez a white man dere wuz no fun bein' a nigger. I wuz gwine tuh bust ez much ez much ez a trouble ez a white man dere wuz no fun bein' a nigger.

I cleaned out most o' dem very beautifully, tuhll dere run in on me a young covey-bird, back from de Mattapony Ribber, who'd been a blacksmith's apprentice, an' he'd made out de life onten me. But dat's anudder story.

Ex soon's I got ober de lambastin a little, I found de regiment wuz gwine out on a scout an' de awfully flip Majid, I thought I'd git trail erlong, an' ef I cundent pick up a chicken or sumfin to tote tuh de gar-yard fo' Mistuh Jo. They didnt set a good table at de gar-yard. Hit run too much tuh bread an' watch, wid de akent on de watch.

I had good luck wile I wuz out, fo' I confabulated wid some enlud gentlemen an' ladies o' de finest quality. I gib dem some drawin's o' Yarn, an' de softest an' de best o' habersack wid aigs, ketches a couple o' de mistasses, fat pullets, an' gib me a quart flask o' corn-likker dey'd confiscated from de masteel. I wuz miltly tickled, an' started back wid de regiment, I tink I'd gwine how I'd fix up de aigs an' pullets so's tuh please Mistuh Jo best.

Bimeby, ez we wuz plunkin erlong de road de flip Majid shot his hose by me, an' sez: "Snowball, dere's a fine fat sheep ober dah w'ch yo' may bring erlong tuh camp. Jest take a piece o' cord an' throw ober his horns, an' yo' kin lead him right arter yo'."

I oughter been 'spicious o' de flip Majid, fo' he wuz too everlastinly smart tuh be 'lowed tuh run at large. He wuz forever an' a day conjurin an' contrivin sum racket on udder people, an' 'spic'ing on de cook-gentlemen. Den I oughter knowed I'd anent be on a party already, but I wuz like sum udder blimmed fools w'at nebbur knows w'en dey has enough.

I looked at de sheep, an' I ought his wuz de colouses sheep I eber see. Hit looked like a sheep, an' yit hit didnt seem tuh be exackly a sheep, an' hit smelt mitey strange. Hit's horns wuz shap'd differently from de bucks down on our ole place. They wuzent twisted, but bent right back like a sickle. An' from hit's lower jaw wuz regler long whiskers. I'd neiber seed a sheep wid whiskers afore, but I wuz seein' 'xins ebbery day dat I'd neiber seed afore, an' I didnt know tuh 'spose my greenness by axin fool queschuns.

De flip Majid had halted de regiment tuh rest, an' dey wuz a watchin me. So I jest got a piece o' stout string, made a noose on de end, took hit in my right hand, an' I went tuh my left, an' marched up tuh de sheep ez bold ez brass.

Ez I got purty nigh, de sheep stopt chawin on a blackberry briar, cocked up a sharp black eye, an' tuh a good look at me.

De next t'ing I observed, he'd made hiself round ez a ball, an' wuz cummin at me ez he'd bin shot outen one o' dem big guns in de wote. He hit me square on de habersack ab' aigs, an' de squash made my heart turn ober an' faint. I loss my grip on de pullets, an' dey run cackin across de field. Ez I wuz turnin' my fourth summerst, he ketches me agin on de back o' my summerst, an' I kep on turnin' summerstes widout end. Ater at least a milyun flip-flaps, I lighted on solid ground ergin, an' tried tuh git on my feet, but a'lo' my knee struck de ground, an' I falled tuh land fall on de back o' my likker, an' kilted anuff bref outen me to fill de hull 20-acre field, an' de smell o' whiskey wuz powerful enuff to bulge out de fence.

Wen I cum to I could heah de regiment bustin demselves laffin an' cheerin. De flip Majid wuz laffin louder'n any o' dem. I wuz mad enuff tuh split. Suddenly de 'tought popped intuh my mind, "Ef dat d'burned sheep wants tuh bust, jest gib him his full ob buttin."

Quicker'n eat I wuz on my hands'n' knees, an' wen Mistuh Sheep cum ergin I busted him sich a hiff dat he bust a minnit tuh tink ober w'at'd struck him.

De soljers begin a yellin: "Go hit, Billy Goat; go hit, Snowball." "Two tuh one on de Billy Goat. Who wants tuh bust de nigger?" "Time! Time!" "Fair play; make a ring; Markis o' Queens-bury rules."

"Gib 'em both a show 'cordin' tuh deir rank an' smell." "Pint a referee."

"Go fur him, Snowball; he's a durned rebel goat, an' sich udder d'ad-d'ad-d'ad nonsense. I wuz madder'n a hornet by dis time, an' wen Mistuh Sheep cum ergin I gib him a biff dat added his brains an' druv his head back atween his shoulders. He wuz dead game, d'ough, an' tried it two or 'ree times mo', but I see he lost his sand, so bimeby I got an up put my string around his horns an' tuck him in tuh camp. I jest 'termined tuh bust him well tuh pay up fur dem aigs, an' dese pullets, an' dat wuz de end o' de matter."

I briled de best piece ob him mitey nice an' tuck up tuh Mistuh Jo, at de gar-yard-house, erlong wid sum roast pertaters an' a cup o' strong coffee.

"W'at smells so, Snowball? Hab de rebels loaded up a tanyard intuh a shell, an' busted hit in de camp?" "Wen I dua tote him w'at had happened I 'tought he'd died a lastin' death."

"Dat Majid's too owadchusly flip tuh lib. Ez soon's I git outen heah I'll larn him tuh play any o' his pranks wid my dorky. But Snowball, dere's a jewel! I'm gladder'n ten thousand dollars yo' out-busted de Billy Goat fur an' squar. An' yo'll know a good necks time yo' see one."

Prosperity Not Far Off. President McKinley opened the sessions of the International Commercial Conference in Philadelphia June 2. At a banquet given in the evening the President said as to the tariff: "Let me tell you, my countrymen, that resuscitation will not be necessary by reimportation. The distrust of the present tariff has been removed by distrust of the future. A patriot makes a better citizen than a pessimist, and we have got to be patient, for much as we want to move out of the old house we cannot do it until the new one is finished."

"A tariff law half made is of no practical use except to indicate that in a little while a whole tariff law will be done, and it is making progress. It is reaching the end, and when the end comes we will have business confidence and industrial activity."

"Let us keep our hearts and steady heads. The country is not going backward, but forward. American energy has not been destroyed by the storms of the past. It will yet triumph through wise and beneficent legislation."

Asthma and Hay-Fever Cure.—Fro. We are glad to inform our readers that a sure specific cure for Asthma and Hay-fever is found in the Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery from the Congo River, West Africa. Many sufferers report most marvelous cures from its use. Among others, Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, Editor of the Farmer's Magazine, and Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Va., were completely cured by the Kola Plant after thirty years' suffering. Mr. Lewis could not lie down at night in Hay-fever season for fear of choking, and Mr. Combs was a life-long sufferer from Asthma. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, writes that for eighteen years he slept propped up in a chair, being much worse in Hay-fever season, and the Kola Plant cured him at once. It is truly a most wonderful remedy. If you are a sufferer we advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, N. Y., who will prove its power by sending a Large Case by mail free to every reader of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE who needs it. All they ask in return is that you cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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Then follows the name of the place where, and date when, the regiment was organized, the names of its field officers, the brigades, divisions, army corps, armies and departments in which it served, and how long it served in each organization and date of its muster-out, followed by the service of the regiment, giving battles, engagements, skirmishes, movements and stations.

This information is carefully compiled from the returns that are on file in the War Department and from other reliable sources. You can get a full record from us and from no other source.

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The record of Comrade Hartshorne, shown here, is presented merely as an example of one of the thousands already made, and to give a more perfect idea of its scope than can be conveyed by a simple description.

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