

# The First Century of the White House

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

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## CHAPTER XII.

### A SOLDIER IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant Inaugurated—Brilliant Procession—Spectacle in the Senate—Extraordinary Scenes at Inaugural Ball.

Nellie Grant's Wedding.

MARCH THE THIRD, 1869, FOUND quite as many people in Washington as on any previous day.

Eight years before the people, in almost breathless silence, waited to see what Buchanan would do and what Mr. Lincoln would do.

At the review the people had grown quiet in an enthusiasm which began with the fall of Richmond and ended with the surrender of Johnston.

But no breathless silence reigned in Washington, March the third, 1869; neither was there any lack of enthusiasm at the Capital.

The streets, the hotels, the halls of Congress, the corridors of the Capitol were alive with humanity.

The ceremonies of the Inauguration of Gen. Grant, in the main, were the same as of all the Presidents that had gone before; but the scene from the Capitol as the brilliant procession wound up the Avenue was one of the most beautiful ever witnessed in this country.

Pennsylvania avenue on either side was literally filled with people, moving up and down like a restless sea, throwing up hats and waving handkerchiefs in wildest confusion.

The advancing column was in striking contrast with its gay flags, silver trappings and bright uniforms.

Every niche, portico and window

precious garments that are lost to their owners because of it.

The scenes in those cloak and hat-rooms can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

The colored messengers, called from their posts in the Treasury to do duty in these rooms, received hats and wraps with perfect felicity, and tucked them in loop-holes as it happened.

But to give them back, each to the owner, was impossible.

UNHAPPY ENDING TO THE BALL.

Picture it! Six or more thousand people clanking for their clothes.

In the end they were all tumbled out "promiscuously" on the floor.

Then came the snow. A few seized their own, but many snatched other people's garments—anything, something to protect them from the pitiless morning wind, which came down with the bite of death.

Delicate women, too sensitive to take the property of others, crouched in corners and wept on window-sills, and there the daylight found them.

Carriages also had fled out of the scouring blast, and men and women who emerged from the marble halls with very little to wear found that they must walk to their habitations.

One gentleman walked to Capitol Hill, nearly two miles, in dancing pumps and hardsoles; another performed the same exploit wrapped in a lady's sash.

Poor Horace Greeley, after expending his wrath on the stairs, and cursing Washington anew as a place that should be immediately blotted out of the universe, strode to the hotel hatless.

What was said of the Israelites of old might be said of the unfortunate attendants

And where is the child of America who will forget the lonely man, sorrowful at heart, who bore the Nation's burdens, and in his lonely midnight walks to the War Department, with the stars for his guide and the resting leaves overhead for company, getting the latest news from the front, often returning sadder than when he went; or the Green Room, where he last gazed upon the beautiful form and features of his fair boy, Willie, the pride of his heart—here the body, covered with flowers, rested for burial—and, saddest of all, this grand, noble soul going out of these portals and not returning? All of this we remember.

### SOCIAL LIFE A SUCCESS.

President and Mrs. Grant were no exception to the rule.

Their was an individualism whose atmosphere was purely domestic.

In the social life of the White House we find a home.

Mrs. Grant's morning receptions were very popular.

Perhaps the pleasantest feature of these receptions was the presence of the President.

The informality and entire ease with which they were carried on was their charm.

Gen. Babcock, with that graceful suavity so much his own, gave your name to the President; he, in turn, passed it to Mrs. Grant, and she to the next lady receiving, and so on down the line.

There was no awkward suspense in finding out whom you had the honor of addressing.

If it were Mrs. Hamilton Fish, or Mrs. Sherman, or Mrs. Belknap, you knew it, and were at once at your ease.

But according to the present custom, at times, you pass a line half the length of the room, as if it were a line of sentinels passing judgment for a competitive drill.

The halcyon days of peace brought into the White House the ineffable charm of genuine sociability.

Even the Nation's parlor, the grand old East Room, put on a home look, as such as to say: "The latest fashion is out to all my children.

The fatted calf has been killed; return, thou prodigal son."

A soft Turkish carpet, a present from the Sultan of Turkey, covered the floor.

Heavy lace curtains draped the windows, over which hung heavy brocade, surmounted by gilt cornices.

The walls and ceilings were frescoed; chairs and sofas were cushioned in keeping with the draperies.

The three large crystal chandeliers shed the radiance of myriads of miniature suns.

Eight large mirrors decorated the room, and the portraits of Washington, Lincoln, John Adams, Martin Van Buren, Polk, and Tyler hung on the walls.

Clocks and bronzes made up the ornaments.

And into this room Uncle Sam's children were welcomed.

Four years pass by and the Second Inaugural of the hero of Appomattox returns.

It is a repetition of the first, with some extras thrown in.

There is the same moving mass of people, the same glitter of metal, flash of bayonets, waving plumes, playing of bands, gaudy firemen, burnished engines, soldiers, sailors and everybody else, full of enthusiasm, ready to celebrate the second Inaugural of their great Captain.

Despite the bitter cold that stung and paralyzed the young bloods of the Point, or tingled the veins of the Midshipmen from Annapolis, and the sweep and howl of old Boreas, dancing with this man's hat, and running off with that woman's veil, rendering the gorgeous banners into tatters, filling the air with blinding dust, the Inauguration went on, and Ulysses S. Grant became President for another four years.

NELLIE GRANT WEDDED.

The most notable occasion during the Administration was the wedding of Nellie Grant.

Other weddings have been celebrated in the White House—Marie Monroe, daughter of President and Mrs. Monroe, and Elizabeth, daughter of President Tyler.

But Nellie Grant was an only daughter, and nothing was left undone by her parents to make this one of the most brilliant marriage ceremonies ever celebrated in the home of the Presidents.

She was married May 21, 1874, to Algernon Sartoris, the son of Edward Sartoris of Hampshire, England.

His mother was Adelaide Kemble, daughter of Charles Kemble, and sister of Fanny Kemble.

Mr. Sartoris was 23 years old and Nellie Grant 19.

Two hundred guests were invited to the wedding; officials and their families, the Army, and Navy and Highways of West.

Gen. Grant reluctantly gave consent to his daughter's marriage with a foreigner, and he requested that they would live in this country.

The sudden death of Mr. Sartoris's brother changed all these plans.

His becoming heir apparent to his father's estate made it inevitable that Nellie should live abroad.

The General never became reconciled to her living out of the country.

[To be continued.]

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To prepare the Record, all we require is the name, company, regiment, battery or ship, and when and where enlisted and mustered out. If wounded or captured, state when and where. Less information than this will do, if not at hand, as we can supply the deficiency.

LIMITS: First as to Time: This very liberal offer is made to stimulate Summer club raising, and applies only to subscriptions received after this date. We cannot continue it longer than a few weeks.

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On this panel is engraved in an artistic manner, in aluminum, the record of service of the soldier and of his regiment, beginning with the date of entering the service; next the promotions, if any occurred; if wounded, the date and place of receiving the wound or wounds; if captured, the date and place of capture, the names of prisons confined in, also date of parole, exchange or escape, and the date of discharge or muster-out.

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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Your home is not complete without it. There is no telling how valuable it may be to you and those who will care for your memory when dead.

Surrounding this Record are all the Corps Badges, forming a very appropriate border. It is in perfect taste, and has the indorsement of the best class of soldiers.

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The record of Comrade McKinley, 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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William McKinley

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

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It is not all there. There are also maps of Central America, South Africa, Abyssinia, Persia, Afghanistan, Alaska, and a map of the solar system.

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Mrs. Julia D. Grant.

was filled; and not an architectural projection on the east front of the Capitol but held a larger or smaller specimen of humanity.

Even the monuments, trees and fountains were black with anxious lookers-on.

The soft landscape, the city spread out in the valley below, the winding Potomac beyond, the sea of upturned faces, the glitter of muskets and the red decorations of the artillery, formed a picture beautiful to look upon and one never to be forgotten.

The galleries in the Senate Chamber presented a most brilliant spectacle.

Seats had been reserved on the right of the Diplomatic gallery for the wives of the President-elect and of the Vice-President-elect and their friends.

Mrs. Colfax made her appearance in a toilet of cur-colored silk, white bonnet and green gloves.

Beside her sat Mrs. and Miss Matthews, Mr. Colfax's mother and sister, and Mrs. Wade, who watched the proceedings below.

Mrs. Grant, modestly attired in black, entered and took the seat assigned her, accompanied by her son in each uniform.

With intense interest they witnessed the Vice-President take the oath.

The hours of the 40th Congress drew to a close, and when the hands pointed to 12 the door opened, and the hero of the day, clad in a neatly-fitting black dress suit, entered unaccompanied and took the seat quietly pointed out to him, seemingly utterly oblivious of the prying gaze of the thousands around him.

He sustained himself with dignity, sinking the individual in the statesman. He knew the requirements of the hour and fulfilled them.

INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

The eastern portico of the Capitol was occupied by the high officials.

Gen. Grant read his inaugural address and took the oath of office making him President of the United States.

His Cabinet was as follows: Hamilton Fish, of New York, Secretary of State; George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury; John A. Rawlins, of Illinois, Secretary of War; George M. Boleston, of New Jersey, Secretary of the Navy; Jacob D. Cox, Secretary of the Interior; J. A. J. Creswell, of Maryland, Postmaster-General; Elen K. Hoar, of Massachusetts, Attorney-General; all men of culture, energetic action and extended influence.

The inauguration of a new President must, to be quite complete, be ushered in with the pomp and parade of a ball.

The memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not back to the day when a new Administration was begun without this time-hallowed custom, yet they say there is always something the matter with every inaugural ball.

The newly-completed north wing of the Treasury was procured for this one. Its broad corridors and spacious rooms gave promise of space beyond need.

The fluted granite pillars that had lain in their wooden coffins along Pennsylvania avenue for years were in their places, with their heads pointing toward heaven.

On this occasion the Fifteenth street entrance was the one used for the guests.

From one of the leading journals of the day we quote this description of the brilliant scene presented within and without the building:

"Radiant with color, glowing with light, brilliant like tropical flowers or the plumage of humming-birds, and ever shifting and varying like a many-hued and constantly-changing kaleidoscope. Fair faces, lovely forms, penetrant perfumes, distinguished men, renowned in war, statesmanship, letters, and the other activities of life, some clothed in martial uniforms, others wearing the orders and insignia of the Diplomatic Corps. Great waves of music pulsed along the corridors, and all went merry as a marriage bell."

This is what the ball might have been, but, alas! "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley." Had the reporter waited until anticipation had come to full fruition, his story would have been something like this, taken from the pen of an artist on the spot:

"The agonies of that ball can never be written. There are mortals dead in their graves because of it. There are mortals who still curse and swear and sigh at the thought of it. There are diamonds and pearls and

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