

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS OF PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATIONS

EACH GREAT NATIONAL EVENT HAS BEEN MARKED BY SOME HAPPENING THAT WAS NOT IN THE PROGRAMME

BY JOHN S. HANWOOD.

WHAT will be the dramatic incident of the quadrennial occurring event on which the eyes of the entire civilized world will be fixed next Thursday—the inauguration of a President of the United States?

Every Presidential inauguration has been marked in the public mind of the time and in history as well, as a general rule, by at least one connecting dramatic incident. Sometimes the incident of itself has been trivial; again, it has occupied a prominent part in the business of formally conducting a new administration into office. But whether insignificant or bounding it has served to break the level of the inauguration routine to the popular eye, and given to it the "human interest" coloring for which the great mass of onlookers at all its intensity. Therefore, whatever may turn out to be the dramatic incident of the impending inauguration, we may rest sure of this, that it will continue to be talked of many a day after everybody has forgotten in what voice Mr. Taft delivered his inaugural address, or what he had to say in it.

Of course, the Presidential inauguration that was one long and historical dramatic incident from beginning to end—or rather, an unbroken series of such incidents—was that which made General George Washington the first President of the new transatlantic Republic. Quiet and orderly though the inauguration was, and void of much of the glamor and ostentation of present-day inaugurations, nevertheless the inaugural of Washington has taken its place in history as one of the most dramatic events in mankind's centuries-old fight for national and individual freedom.

Bayonets and Cannon Ready for Business.

Lincoln's two inaugurations remain the country's only ones where the soldiery was present not to make an inaugural holiday for the multitude, but to insure the safety of the President-elect. At his first inauguration, whenever the populace glanced upward they beheld the Army's best sharpshooters stationed in upper windows and upon roofs all along the line of the parade. They had to peer between solid lines of infantry to get their much-desired glimpse of the tall Westerner as he rode to the Capitol in the traditional open carriage—a dramatic incident in itself, due to the fact that Lincoln had refused to heed Buchanan's advice to go to his inaugural in a closed carriage, even though he knew full well of the threats to kill him. And at the cross streets, guarding them sedulously, stood squads of cavalry; and even as Lincoln took the oath of office and spoke the words of his inaugural address a forest of bayonets shot up at his feet and cannon mouths yawned on every approach to the platform from which he delivered his now historic paper.

What could have been more dramatic than the sight of Lincoln as he rode down this lane of national dimension and discord, gloomily prophetic of the war at hand, coolly telling his best jokes to the retreating President, Buchanan, and laughing-outwardly, at least as heartily as ever he did when he was the obscure but popular postmaster of the now vanished little town of New Salem, Ill.? Or what more dramatic than the sight of well-known Southerners—men known to be strongly opposed to Lincoln and his political principles—forgetting themselves under the power of this plain President's eloquence and cheering him as lustily as the old friends from Illinois? Then, too, the short, squat figure of the man whom Lincoln had defeated in November—the "little giant," Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois; and it fell to the lot of the Northern Democracy's candidate to hold Lincoln's hat while he went through the ceremony of inauguration and otherwise to wait on his political conqueror.

Thus, dramatic incident after incident, some trivial, some significant of coming things, followed at the inaugural; and ever all hung the sinister cloud of war, which was not dispelled by the business-like attitude of the soldiery, primed to spring to the President's aid at the first untoward move made in his direction. Since then the soldier and the gun have continued to play an especially spectacular role at inaugurations, but solely as adjuncts to the pageant that has followed the inauguration of the new President. It was a thrilling sight to the great crowd that witnessed Lincoln's second inauguration to behold the great parade, made up in large part of veterans of the war—some of them crippled in the service of their country—and numerous civil organizations, as much elated with the prospect of the close of the war as the cheering spectators themselves. But to the onlooking host, the dramatic incident of the day was the failure of President Lincoln to ride to the Capitol at the head of all this splendor and rejoicing, and the heading of the procession by Mrs. Lincoln, the only time in the history of this country that a woman has led an inaugural parade. But to the smaller group of notable men and women who witnessed the administration of the oath of office to Andrew Johnson, the dramatic—the painfully dramatic incident of the day—was the strange conduct of the new President, a thing that will be remembered against the unfortunate successor of Lincoln as long as his name is recalled by his countrymen.

Defeated Candidate Who Divided Honors.

At a matter of course, the "big" man at a national inauguration is the President-elect. But it so happened at one inauguration that the President-elect was not the "big" man, but one of two "big" men, the other being the defeated candidate for President, and, up to this day, the worst beaten candidate for that office in its history.

The President-elect in question was James A. Garfield, the man who shared the honors of the day with him was that same old soldierly giant, Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, and the dramatic situation peculiar to the incoming of the 20th President of the United States was due primarily to that rugged old soldier then in command of the Army, General William Tecumseh Sherman.



JAMES S. SHERMAN, THE NEW VICE PRESIDENT, AND HIS FIRST GRAND CHILD, ELLEN MARGERY SHERMAN (AGE 2 YEARS). Copyright 1909 by WALDON EMMETT.

a suitable representative of the Army in the inaugural parade, hit upon the defeated Democratic candidate, then stationed at Governor's Island, New York. This hero of Gettysburg and Spotsylvania had taken the news of his defeat for the Presidency with great calmness. But the order to proceed to Washington and there help to make things merry for the inaugural of his political conqueror plainly irritated him. Nevertheless, he put his soldier's duty above his personal preference and pride, and accepted his entire willingness to obey the order of his superior. "Yes," he wrote to a friend several days before he started on this disagreeable duty, "I am going to Washington on the 2d of March for a few days. General Sherman, my commanding officer, has asked me to be present. I have no right to any personal feeling in the matter. It is clearly my duty as a soldier to obey."

"What I can do in Washington with dignity I will do. I do not expect to be in advance of, or follow, the triumphal car, either on foot or on horseback. I only expect to do my level best. I wonder how they did these things in Rome? When I return from Washington I can tell you how the American people do it under the new census. Fifty million of people have a way of their own, you know."

It is not on written record that Hancock told this friend of his how the American people "did these things." But if he did tell him it was a story of how Hancock, when he landed in Washington the night before the inaugural, was received with wild acclamations by his folk and little, with one another to burden him with evidences of their affectionate regard for him—of how the thousands lining the route of the parade turned to him even before they glanced at the President-elect and cheered him as heartily and sometimes even more heartily than they did Garfield himself—of how he had to summon the police to keep excited admirers from unblighting the horses of his carriage and drawing it themselves—of how, everywhere he went, at least half the honors of the day were clearly and unmistakably his.

A truly dramatic and unique inauguration, with the "dead" would-be "king" acclaimed as victor and sincerely as the "live" one—a situation that must have given some little secret personal satisfaction and joy to General Hancock. But outwardly, and with a polished tact that made the crowd cheer for him more vociferously than ever, he quietly endeavored at all times to efface himself as much as circumstances would permit in the interest of General Garfield. His behavior on that day affords a striking contrast to the inauguration of humor of other well-known historical characters, appreciably less skilled in the rare and precious art of self mastery.

Ill Humor Often Displayed.

This lack of self mastery and the resultant ill humor has been the underlying cause of dramatic incidents marking at least three inaugurations; and in each case party feeling and personal differences were so intense that the outgoing President refused to show the time-honored courtesies to his successor.

After the election of Grant in 1869, Washington gossip fell to speculating as to "what Johnson would do about it" on the coming 4th of March. Since the impeachment days Johnson and Grant had not spoken to each other. Yet the belief still prevailed that Johnson would overcome his personal feelings in order to observe time-honored custom.

Until almost the last moment neither Grant nor Johnson intimated their intentions. Finally, this message was brought to the President-elect: "Johnson says he won't ride with you."

"I'm glad of it," responded the outgoing war chief. And two hours before Grant returned from the Capitol to the White House Johnson departed from its portals forever.

The political arrangement between John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, as the result of two campaigns in which they had been pitted against each other, might have been bridged over sufficiently to have brought both to the inauguration of 1829, had not the breach been still fur-



NEW PRESIDENT WHO WILL BE INAUGURATED NEXT THURSDAY, AND BOTH OF HIS SONS. Copyright 1909 by WALDON EMMETT.

ther widened by domestic grief. In the Presidential canvass of the preceding year Jackson's wife had been made the victim of many newspaper attacks, some of which Jackson thought had been made with the knowledge of Adams. This belief had been strengthened in Jackson's mind by the fact that even the organ of the Administration had joined in the journalistic assault. Mrs. Jackson died the following winter as the result, her husband felt, of the newspaper's violence. Therefore, when Jackson reached the capital he ignored the time-honored custom of calling on the President. Accordingly, Adams declined to take part in the inauguration exercises.

Of course, history credits an even still

more dramatic—and a unique—incident to the first incoming of the hero of New Orleans, such an incident that is impossible of recurrence, no matter how far into the future Presidential inaugurations may carry. This was the utter demoralization of the inaugural reception, not by the weather, as has frequently been the case, but by a far more potent confusing force—John Barleycorn.

As Jackson regarded himself as a man of the people, he believed that a hand-shaking affair would be more democratic

than the stately minuet of an inaugural dance. Accordingly, he invited everybody "up" to the White House, and told them to enjoy themselves. They did, as every schoolboy knows.

"I never saw such a mixture," said Judge Story, one of Washington's lights of those days. "The reign of Queen Mob seemed triumphant."

"At least one explanation of the crowd's offensively spirits was a large consignment of orange punch, wine and brandied tea, which was doled out liberally to the White House guests. So

thirty were the men that the women, amid the confusion, were pushed into the background. As a decoy several tubs of punch were carried into the garden. This thinned out the crowd in the White House somewhat; and it might have saved the day had not those who remained climbed upon the upholstered chairs and divans, wiping off the mud of their boots on the costly velvets in order to get a better view of the President. Through it all Jackson looked on with a smile.

"Let the boys have a good time," he said. "It's only once in a year."

The Drama of Dwindled Glory.

The overshadowing dramatic incident of the inauguration held to let Grant succeed himself was the manner in which the weather set at naught all the elaborate plans to outdo and outshine every previous inaugural. Many inaugurations have been marked by what an Englishman terms beastly weather, but none by such truly enthusiasm-killing weather as Grant's second.

In the face of a blinding wind the big procession dwindled away as half frozen men dropped out of the line of march. Only a thin ribbon of spectators along the sidewalks had the hardihood to withstand the midwinter storm. Grant himself suffered. At that time in his life he was possessed of robust health, and as if proud of the fact, rode the whole length of Pennsylvania avenue with his hat in his hand. But after he had begun his address, apparently with as much comfort as if the weather was pleasant, his voice became so hoarse and was so nearly drowned in the roar of the storm that it could hardly be heard a dozen feet away.

When night came the cold increased. Elaborate preparations had been made for the ball, which was held in a temporary building in Judiciary square, where the Pension building now stands. Yet no thought had been taken to heat the building, for no one had foreseen such calamitous weather. Despite the beautiful decorations, the huge chamber more resembled a refrigerator than a ball room.

The crowd came, marveled at the lavest embellishments and then shivered. In the frosty air no one thought of dancing or dining. Men and women stood in huddled groups still wrapped in their furs. The men who took off their hats seemed so alarmingly that the women



MRS. TAFT, THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER, MISS HELEN TAFT. Copyright 1909 by WALDON EMMETT.

VERY LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. SHERMAN, WIFE OF THE NEW VICE PRESIDENT. Copyright 1909 by WALDON EMMETT.

hated them cover their heads again. When some one suggested that, anyway, the cadets from West Point and Annapolis ought to be able to dance, one of the prospective warriors replied: "Most of us haven't any toes to dance on. They were all frozen off on the march this afternoon."

Nothing frosty or formal characterized the first real inaugural ball, which will be an inaugural custom of a hundred years' standing next Thursday and which was the imposing dramatic incident of the Madison inaugural, a subject for conversation in the then newly founded national capital for many and many a day.

The dancing began at 7 o'clock sharp. President McKinley was present at the function for a time, but his personality seemed to be a damper on the spirits of the crowd. He cared little for dancing, and seemed as bored by the spectacle that he almost went to sleep. But after he had left the revelry obtained full swing. The crowd of 400 had been packed into a comparatively small room, and as a result the atmosphere became unutterably close. Some of the gallants tried to open the windows, and not being able to budge them, smashed holes in the glass. Perfect ventilation was thus afforded, and the gaiety was a continual crescendo until the party broke up at 12.

Contrasting dramatically with the mirth and gaiety which are traditionally associated with an inauguration was the almost funeral service at which Andrew Johnson took the oath of office. It occurred in the parlors of the Kirkwood House. Johnson stood beneath a huge brass chandelier and was surrounded by an array of small, marble-topped tables. He was dressed in deep black, and throughout the ceremony he appeared sad and taciturn. Having taken the oath, he decided on an early Cabinet session and a few other details, and then, still sombre and moody, he went upstairs to the humble room which had hitherto been his Washington home.

Who Will Be President?

As the time for the inauguration of 1877 approached the entire country was on the qui vive as to the name of the man to be inaugurated—would it be Hayes or would it be Tilden? Hayes himself was in doubt even as he took the train for Washington, and not until after he had traveled some distance thence did he receive word that he was the man beyond the peradventure of a doubt—a dramatic situation never before or since duplicated in the country's history. Therefore, General Hayes may be said to have entered Washington and his high office under peculiarly dramatic circumstances.

A minor dramatic incident of the day was the practical absence of the new President at the White House reception, the crowd bearing down upon him so suddenly that the police had to be called in to restore order and shut the gates leading into the White House grounds—of itself an unusual inaugural proceeding. But no one—least of all the President himself—could blame the people for their anxiety to get a glimpse of and shake hands with the man who, but a few hours before, knew not his Presidential fate, and who did not begin work on his inaugural address until two days before he received his Presidential oath from the lips of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

A dramatic thing was due to Cleveland's first inauguration by widespread knowledge of the fact that he never had set foot in Washington until he came there to be made President; and that time he was on public view the populace eagerly watched him to see what effect the strange city was having on him. But when he began delivering his inaugural address there came the real dramatic event of the day—for Cleveland, departing from fixed custom, and with a courage consistent with his comparative youth and inexperience, delivered his address from memory. As he started on this task, and the men and women present, who were looked upon as dried-insects, gazed at the President's hands, they held their breath and waited, with every nerve intense, for what they considered the inevitable blunder—some disastrous slip from the printed context that would be taken up and exploited by the new administration's enemies. But they waited in vain. Cleveland, from the open sentence to the close, had his memory and himself under perfect control.

Unquestionably the most beautiful and touching inaugural dramatic incident was that attending the first swearing in of William McKinley. At no inauguration has a wife maintained a hold upon the mind of the President as did Mrs. McKinley at that time. The public had learned in part of the deep love of its President-elect for his wife—of his ever-vigilant and tender solicitude for her—but it was scarcely prepared to behold Mr. McKinley, as soon as he entered the Senate chamber, glance anxiously toward the gallery and show his usually pleasant features with unmistakable signs of worry until his eyes found his wife. Then his face became suffused with smiles and he was radiantly happy.

Counting his experience when he became Vice-President, the intensely dramatic manner in which he became McKinley's successor and his very own inauguration four years ago, President Roosevelt, after next Thursday, will have played important roles at four inaugurations. At McKinley's second inaugural he was clearly the hero of the day—the figure around which the public had revolved—a dramatic personification of young America, as it were. His cowboy reception was one of the more striking dramatic incidents of his own elective inaugural. What will be his part in the practically inevitable dramatic incident or incidents of the Taft inauguration, the country will know fully on the morning of the 4th of March.



PARISIER PLATZ, THE FASHIONABLE PARADE OF BERLIN. This is the "Parisier Platz," which lies at one end of the Avenue Unter den Linden in Berlin. This avenue is the fashionable parade of Berlin. At one end is the palace and surrounding it are other palaces, museums and the cathedral. At the other end is the Brandenburg gate and the Paris Place, on which most of the embassies are built. Very near the Paris Place is the Wilhelm Strasse, where is located the Foreign Office; so the Paris Place is really the center of things diplomatic. When a foreign sovereign visits Berlin, he is received at the Brandenburg gate and any ceremonies of a public character connected with the reception usually occur in the Paris Place.