Text of

THE HISTORY OF THE HARRIET LANE HOME

Presented by Dr. Edwards A. Park, May 14, 1964

Dr. Edwards A. Park has been associated with Johns Hopkins for more than half his lifetime. A graduate of Yale and Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, he accepted newly-appointed director John Howland's invitation in 1912 to come to the Harriet Lane Home. Except for six years (1921-1927) he spent as the first chairman of the department of pediatrics at Yale, Johns Hopkins has been his home.

In 1927, Dr. Park succeeded Dr. Howland as director of Harriet Lane. He held that post until his retirement from administrative duties in 1946. After Dr. Park came Dr. Francis F. Schwentker, who in 1952 recalled of the Park days:

> . . . many important changes came about. The noon conferences were thrown open to and were popular with practicing pediatricians. The residency system was strengthened, under which all children in the wards were the patients of the resident who was responsible only to the professor. An extensive social service program was inaugurated to make sure that the temporary advantages of Harriet Lane were made permanent in the home. Other departments were lured into the pediatric circle, not as consultants but as collaborators. . . . Special clinics were inaugurated so that the patients would receive expert care but more important so that the information obtained would be worked out and presented. . . .
>
> These were advancements within his own department. But his influence and guidance beyond that area are also substantial.

Few men have won the respect and esteem of their colleagues that Dr. Park has. Moreover, he is regarded by friends and associates as a delightful individual, one person they shall never forget. Dr. James L. Gamble, in presenting the Kober medal to Dr. Park in 1950 on behalf of the Association of American Physicians, remarked that there is "behind a quiet demeanor, the gaiety of thought, sustained by whimsical fancy and a humorous use of allusions, which makes a letter from Ned a treasure which one tucks away for future chuckles."

Dr. Park's laboratory battle against rickets is widely known. In describing this and other achievements, and in stressing

Dr. Park's characteristic inquisitiveness, Dr. Gamble also pointed out:

His versatility as an investigator is illustrated by achievement in an ancient field of experimentation, the design of lures for fishes. The challenge came from the sophisticated salmon of the Margaree. There appeared on his desk beside the box of rickets slides another box containing a strange assortment of fur and feathers and, I am told, colorful items of enticement taken surreptitiously from Mrs. Park's hats. And again he reached eminence. There are various forms of fame. There is the Kober medal and in L. L. Bean's Catalogue there is a salmon fly listed as the Dr. Park.

Robert Collins spent two years at Johns Hopkins, beginning in 1927, the year Dr. Park became director of the Harriet Lane Home. Recalling the first time he met Dr. Park, he wrote from Dublin, Ireland:*

. . . I looked at a bronzed face and into two of the kindest and most comprehending eyes I had ever seen, and realized with sudden prevision that I was in the presence of a nobleman of his country, a man of Lincoln-like greatness who wore no mask and whose only protection from the world was a shield of absolute honesty through which the darts of malice could hardly pierce. . . .

And, in closing:*

I learned more from my association with him than from any other teacher I have ever known, and I am forever grateful for his generosity to me.

On my last day he drove me to the station. I said good-bye with such pain as I have seldom known, and seeing him tall and solitary amidst the crowd of ordinary people I realized that I had parted, from what my old mother would have called, *a very great gentleman.*

That "very great gentleman" is the only surviving member of the original Harriet Lane staff. At 87, as professor emeritus of pediatrics and pediatrician-in-chief emeritus, he is writing the history of the Harriet Lane Home. Indeed, who else could have so fitting a background for that task? As Dr. Park himself suggests, he is to the Harriet Lane Home as Adam was to the Garden.

On the morning of May 14th of this year, Dr. Park opened the "The Child," the symposium held in connection with the dedication of the new Children's Medical and Surgical Center at Johns Hopkins and the Hospital's 75th Anniversary, with a memorable hour-long presentation entitled THE HISTORY OF THE HARRIET LANE HOME. This record was cut from an on-the-spot tape recording of that presentation.

D. B. F.

Baltimore, Maryland
September, 1964

Parts which have been deleted from this recording because of time are included in the printed text in italics.

The Text

SIDE ONE

DR. COOKE: *Members of the Hopkins family and guests:*

Yesterday, my message was a long declaration of my sincere belief that great accomplishments can be expected for pediatrics and pediatric surgery, working with other disciplines through the next generation. I have no intention of burdening you with that statement again. Today, my message is short and sweet—I am very delighted you are with us; The Johns Hopkins University and Hospital welcome you with much enthusiasm to this symposium on "The Child"; I hope each of you thoroughly enjoys his visit for the next three days; and it's our job to try to make this as enjoyable and profitable a time as possible.

All of you are awaiting the many distinguished speakers who have come to Baltimore to participate. Before opening the program, I should like to express my thanks to Dr. Barton Childs, who so effectively arranged the program with Dr. David Sabiston. And now, without further ado, I would like to call on Dr. Helen Taussig to introduce our most illustrious participant. Dr. Taussig. (Applause)

DR. TAUSSIG: *Thank you, and welcome you all back to Harriet Lane, to The Johns Hopkins Hospital, the old Harriet Laners and all those from the surgical staff and the former members of the Hopkins family.*

It is my unique privilege and great pleasure to introduce to you today Dr. Park, who, I believe, is known to all of you as a colleague, as a teacher, or as a friend, and to most of you as all three. I have given him a copy of what I am saying, because I know he is hard of hearing, and it seems to me an important message. At least, I hope you will agree with me.

It seemed to me equally folly that I should try to recite to you all his achievements. I could probably dig out something—each one of us could find something that the other one didn't know—which showed his greatness, but it wouldn't change your opinion of him one iota. You know full well that he has been the guiding light; that he has an extraordinary capacity to see the true essence of things; that he can analyze the work that we are doing, men themselves, the right and wrong in medicine, in life, and in society. And, indeed, there is just one thing that he has failed to do, and it is part of his greatness, and one reason that we love him, that he has failed—but it frustrates all of us—and that is that he has no real appreciation of how much we love and admire him.

And, therefore, I thought that it was much better that I should try to say, in your behalf, how much he means to all of us. Indeed, I do not believe, and I do not think it is exaggeration to say, that there is any living doctor who has affected so many men so greatly in the right direction. He has guided and influenced us in our lives. He has helped us repeatedly. We all turn to him for all sorts of things. We turn to him for advice in our work, for analysis and correction of our papers, for help and guidance in our lives, for comfort in our difficulties and strength in our difficulties, and for comfort in our sorrows. And he always turns and helps us. He is always glad and willing to help us. And all we can really hope is that we can learn from him to help others as he has helped us. We can never do it as wonderfully or as fully as you have done it, Ned. And I am sure that I speak for everyone in this audience when I say that, though we admire you for your accomplishments, your contribution to medicine has been far greater than that. You have been a beacon of light to all of us to guide us in our ways. We know that you are one of the truly great in medicine. We all love you with all our hearts and souls, and we just rejoice that you will tell us the history of Harriet Lane. Thank you. *(Applause)*

DR. PARK: Dr. Taussig, Dr. Cooke, my friends:

I naturally am very much affected by what Dr. Taussig has said. I can't believe any of it. *(Laughter)* Nevertheless, it's very pleasant to hear.

Am I speaking so that you can all hear?

The only one capable of writing the history of the Garden of Eden would have been Adam. Adam, unfortunately, re-

* From "Festschrift in Honor of Dr. Edwards A. Park on the Occasion of His Seventy-Fifth Birthday, December 28, 1952," published by *The Journal of Pediatrics.*

mained inarticulate. This is tragic, for the account of the Garden and exactly what happened there would have been on the whole a most interesting and most important book in the history of the world. The reason that I have been assigned the task of writing the history of the Harriet Lane Home is that I am its Adam. If Dr. Howland had lived, he would now be ninety-one years old. Unfortunately, I am the only survivor of the original staff who witnessed the opening of the Harriet Lane and has participated in its development over the years. *According to Genesis, Adam lived to be nine hundred and thirty years old. I'd like to assure Dr. Cooke that, if I were given eight hundred and forty-four years more, I really and truly believe that I might succeed in finishing the history of the Harriet Lane.*

The History of the Harriet Lane is divisible into several parts. It has its genesis, springing out of a romance and ending in tragedy. The period of bricks and mortar was when Dr. von Pirquet of Vienna, Austria, was called to a professorship at Johns Hopkins. It was, however, under the leadership of Dr. John Howland, who succeeded Dr. von Pirquet in 1912, that the Harriet Lane began to live and have its being.

What can I say in half an hour on so large a subject? I can only touch here and there.

This is Dr. von Pirquet. He was an extraordinarily handsome man—six-foot-two, six-foot-three tall—one of the most handsome men that I have ever known. He was called here in 1909. I think he was thirty-five years old. I've always thought that his work on immunity, which resulted in the whole conception of allergy, was the most important work which any pediatrician had ever contributed toward the progress of medicine. He was an extraordinary man. He was an Austrian, but he was above nationality. He—like Einstein, like Thomas Mann—he could go anywhere in the world, and he received the same status that he was, the same level that he was, in his own country. He occupied the chair of pediatrics from 1909 to 1910. There was no building at the time. He functioned in a two-room dispensary. I think Dr. Barker gave him two or three beds in the medical wards. He was immensely popular with the students. They loved him. The faculty were devoted to him.

At the end of the year, he asked for a leave of absence and went to Breslau, where he had been called to the chair of pediatrics, with the understanding that if he didn't like it he would come back at the end of the year. And while he was there, he was called to the foremost pediatric clinic in the world at the time—that of Escherich, in Vienna. Escherich had just died. And it's a most extraordinary thing that happened. He expressed his willingness, immediately after he had accepted the chair of pediatrics at Vienna, to come back again to Johns Hopkins, provided he could come back on a full-time basis. It was before full-time existed, of course. He said he had no interest in medical practice, if they could furnish him a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. And the most that Hopkins could scrape up was eight thousand dollars a year, and so Dr. von Pirquet didn't come. *(Laughter)*

His subsequent career was a most distinguished one. In the First World War, he was the head of the Children's Relief Commission in Austria, under Hoover. He lectured for the Harvard Society. He gave Silliman lectures at Yale. He was president of the L'Union internationale au secours des enfants. He was a nominee for the Presidency of Austria and, I think, very narrowly escaped being elected the President of Austria. He finally committed suicide at the age of fifty-three. In talking with Dr. Meyer, Dr. Meyer said he wasn't in the least surprised, because he knew that he was subject to depressions. He was terribly depressed over the world situation, and particularly the state of Austria.

I now come to Dr. Howland. Dr. Howland came at the age of thirty-six. He was altogether the foremost pediatrician in the United States. There was no one to compare with him. He stood out alone.

In 1911, he had been called to the professorship at Washington University, St. Louis, but he didn't like it at all, and he came back and, almost immediately afterwards, was invited to come here.

He was a famous athlete at Yale. He was on the crew and on the baseball team and was a tennis champion. As a matter of fact, he was the fifth-ranking tennis player in the United States, according to the estimates at the time, and he was on the United States doubles team.

He had been trained in New York by Dr. Holt. By the time he was called to the Washington University, he had published some twenty papers, almost all of them laboratory studies, which was very unusual in pediatrics. He had gone immediately, in that period when he was supporting himself with active practice, to the laboratory for investigation.

He was an extraordinarily able clinician. He had no superiors. He was a wonderful teacher. His clinics were Socratic. He would ask questions, and the students were just terribly afraid of him. Actually, he was very kindly disposed toward them, and they needn't have been afraid. He was an excellent investigator, an excellent administrator. In fact, he was a perfectly extraordinary example, I think, of intelligence in every quarter in which he applied his mind. And he was a most delightful companion. He had something in common with Winston Churchill and Theodore Roosevelt. He never quite grew up, and there was always that delight of the boyishness about him.

There's a picture of the first Harriet Lane staff at its very beginning in 1912: Dr. Howland in the middle—that's an excellent picture of him; Blackfan on the right; I'm on the left. Above is Dr. McClure, a very brilliant man, who died relatively young. Next to him was Eleanor Wolf. Eleanor Wolf was the sister of Anna Wolf, who was head of the Training School for a long time. She was very feminine, as I recollect it, and when she found that an ear had to be opened, she never opened it herself but got either Dr. McClure or Dr. Walters to open it. On the left is Dr. Walters. Blackfan had charge of the wards, and I had charge of the dispensary.

DR. WALTERS — ELEANOR WOLF — DR. MCCLURE
DR. PARK — DR. HOWLAND — DR. BLACKFAN

There is the next year, and I show it particularly because above Dr. Howland is Dr. Powers. Dr. Powers was one of the most important of Dr. Howland's pupils; and I point him out in this picture, because I shall show pictures of some of the other ones, but I will not show another one of Dr. Powers.

That is a plaque of Dr. Howland in the amphitheatre of the Harriet Lane, and I show it because of its inscription: "Lux Extincta Lucet." I think that's a wonderful inscription. Dr. Howland died in 1926, at the age of fifty-three years. It means, of course, to those of you who don't understand the Latin, "The light which is extinguished still shines." Dr. Thayer was responsible for it. He found it in the Paris Le Temps and suggested it to Mrs. Howland, and I have never been able to find out what its origin was. Dr. Tempkin was unable to unearth its origin. Dr. Thayer himself couldn't remember. Someone told me that they thought it was on a tomb of Saint Francis of Assisi, but I asked a Catholic prelate, a friend of Mary Goodwin, who replied to my question that he had asked people who had visited the tomb of Saint Francis and that it was not the inscription on the tomb. If any of you discover its origin, I wish very much indeed that you'd let me know. I never liked the plaque very much. It was by Dr. Manship, the most distinguished sculptor of the time, and I never liked it because of the two figures on either side. They are infant Hercules. They look as though they could easily have dealt with the snakes that were sent to devour that hero.

That is Dr. Blackfan, who was one of Dr. Howland's greatest, most important pupils. He was resident for seven years. He had never had any education, so to speak. He went from high school into the Albany Medical School. His father was half-doctor, half-farmer in Cambridge, New York. He rose by virtue of his abilities. He was a man whom we not only admired but all of us loved him. He was an expert clinician. I think he was probably as able a clinician at the end of his seven years as Dr. Howland was himself. He understood Dr. Howland perfectly, and when he would present a case to Dr. Howland, knowing perfectly well what the diagnosis was, he would present it in such a way that Dr. Howland would have the pleasure of making the diagnosis himself. *(Laughter)* How often I have heard Dr. Howland say, "Why, Blackfan, that child has meningococcus meningitis." And Dr. Blackfan never said, "I know it Dr. Howland." *(Laughter)*

Dr. Howland never thought he was university material. It was most extraordinary. But the rest of the world did, and he was called to Cincinnati in, I think, 1921—I can't quite remember—1920—and was there three years and made a great success of it. And then he was called to the chair of pediatrics at Harvard. Dr. Howland advised Harvard for all he was worth not to accept him, but Harvard never made a better choice.

THE HARRIET LANE HOME

Now there is a cartoon of Blackfan making rounds. (Laughter) Blackfan carries the stethoscope. In front of him is James Wilson, who, I think, was Blackfan's resident about as long as Blackfan was resident to Jack Howland.

But—I think it was very amusing—the staff at Harvard were very much in awe of him. He was a born teacher. He loved to teach, and sometimes in my contacts with him it was rather tiring, because he had the teaching impulse so engraved in him that I couldn't escape. *(Laughter)*

There is McKim Marriott.

When Dr. Howland carried on investigations, he almost invariably joined with someone else who had some very special knowledge. As an investigator, Dr. Howland was an opportunist. He didn't follow any single subject. He, like most clinicians, took up a problem in which he could make a kill.

And Marriott was by training a bio-chemist; and he came to Baltimore, because he wanted to go into clinical medicine, and this was the gateway into clinical medicine. And Dr. Howland made a contract with him that he [Marriott] would organize and take charge of the biological chemistry laboratory, and Dr. Howland would teach him pediatrics. *Dr. Howland found it very difficult to discharge his part of the bargain, and Marriott was so useful to Dr. Howland in the laboratory that he had great difficulty in asserting his rights, so to speak. Marriott was an extraordinary man, a perfectly lovely character—a very large and florid face, and speaking in a high falsetto voice. He was most imaginative. His grandfather had been an inventor, and he was extraordinarily interested in gadgets and able to contrive gadgets on a moment's notice.*

Dr. Howland and he established that in the acute diarrheas of children suffering from dehydration there was an acidosis and showed that it was not due to organic acid. That was important in its time. They showed that in the tetany of infants the calcium in the blood was reduced exactly as in parathyroid tetany, as had been shown by McCollum.

Marriott was with Dr. Howland for only three years. He came in 1914. He left in 1917 to become professor of pediatrics at Washington University, and he did his finest work at Washington University when he showed that intestinal intoxication was, in reality, nothing but the group of symptoms produced by dehydration in the infant. He had an enormous influence, particularly in the Middle West and extreme West, and, more than anyone else in the country, he broke down the fetishism that had to do with infant feeding.

His only previous experience, when he came to Baltimore, was as a doctor in Yellowstone Park. And I asked him one time what the most common ailments he was called upon to treat in Yellowstone Park were, and the reply was bear bites and geyser burns. (Laughter) He loved to be a prestidigitateur. He had twins, and, when he traveled by rail, he and Mrs. Marriott carried the twins in baskets; and they would put the baskets on the baggage rack—which was somewhat terrifying to the other passengers.

That is Dr. Gamble. He was Dr. Howland's favorite. He was Dr. Howland's white-haired boy, and I think he was the most distinguished of Dr. Howland's pupils. Gamble, in his turn, worshiped Dr. Howland and Lawrence Henderson. I think Lawrence Henderson was Jim's intellectual mentor. I think Dr. Howland appealed to him enormously, not only intellectually, of course, but in other respects. He was the great artist of pediatrics, and his work was known everywhere, and it had a great deal of influence outside of pediatrics in internal medicine—on Dr. Peters, for instance.

That is Dr. Benjamin Kramer. Dr. Benjamin Kramer followed Dr. Marriott. Dr. Kramer was a far abler chemist than Marriott was. Marriott might have been compared to Kramer as an amateur. Kramer also came with a preparation to enter clinical medicine. The importance of Dr. Kramer's work has never been generally appreciated, and it has annoyed me very much that it hasn't been. He developed, very shortly after he had been here, micro methods which opened up new fields in the metabolic studies of children. And one of the immediate results from it was the discovery that rickets was characterized in the rat—they performed their original studies on the rachitic rats of McCollum, Shipley, and myself and then showed that the same was true in the human being. Coincidentally, two Danes, Iversen and Lenstrup, made the same discovery, which had an immense importance insofar as the understanding of rickets was concerned. Previously, everybody's attention had been concentrated on the disturbances in calcium metabolism. No one had thought that the phosphorus metabolism might be disturbed at the same time and that the anatomical changes, the morphological changes, in the bone might be dependent on the phosphorus concentration in the tissue fluids.

It was quite tragic, in my opinion, that Dr. Kramer, who is present here, I suppose, in the audience today, ever left academic medicine. He did. Dr. Howland did everything that the law allowed to keep him, but the law didn't allow enough to satisfy Dr. Kramer. And I must tell this anecdote, which I hope Dr. Kramer won't rise up and deny. *(Laughter)* He was visited by a committee from the Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn, and he laid down the conditions on which he'd come, and he was suddenly interrupted by a member of the group who said, "Doctor! Doctor! This isn't utopia. This is Brooklyn." *(Laughter)*

There's Dr. Thomas Rivers. Dr. Thomas Rivers was a graduate of Johns Hopkins. He took the service of Dr. Longcope and he deserted Dr. Longcope for Dr. Howland, not because he was interested primarily in pediatrics, but because he perceived that Dr. Howland represented the new and coming generation. He was Dr. Howland's resident, and Dr. Howland regarded him as the ablest—abler than Blackfan, I think. He regarded him as even an abler clinician than Blackfan.

I now turn to Harriet Lane. I want to try to tell you how the Harriet Lane got its name, and what she was like, and so forth.

Harriet Lane was the niece of Mr. James Buchanan, who later became President of the United States, in the period of turmoil preceding the Civil War. She was the youngest of four children. Her mother died when she was seven years old, and her father when she was nine. She was then taken to live with her uncle, Mr. Buchanan—he was an old bachelor—at his house in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

It's impossible to understand Harriet Lane's career without knowing something about her uncle, for the lives of the two were intertwined. President Buchanan was born in 1791. He was forty-nine years Harriet's senior. He entered politics in 1814, at the age of twenty-three and, in an almost unbroken succession, served in the Pennsylvania legislature, in the lower house in Congress—interrupted a year when he was appointed Ambassador to Russia—from nine years in the United States Senate, becoming Secretary of State in the administration of Dr. Polk, then Ambassador to England, and finally President of the United States.

SIDE TWO

I don't think that Harriet would ever have been known at all except for her uncle. Her period of grandeur was when she was mistress of the White House. She had an ordinary finishing school education at the Convent School in Washington; but her education from the very beginning was political, because she moved in the environment of Mr. Buchanan. The relation between Harriet and her uncle might have come out of a novel. At first, the attitude of the uncle was a solicitude of an elderly gentleman at not being at all certain of his ability to bring up a young girl. Later on, it changed to one of pride and complete confidence. Harriet, in her turn, worshiped her uncle, never questioning his wisdom, responding to his every need, expressed or imagined, with an unsurpassed devotion. I think if there ever was a case of Pygmalion and the statue, it was here. And President Buchanan certainly fell in love with his statue—when she became animated. *(Laughter)*

Now, you get the best idea of Harriet Lane and the relationship between the two from their correspondence. This is Buchanan to Harriet when she was thirteen years old:

"It affords me sincere pleasure to receive your letter. It is one of the first desires of my heart that you should become an amiable and a good girl. Education and accomplishments are very important; but they sink in insignificance when compared to the proper government of the heart and temper. How happy I should be to acknowledge and cherish you as an object of deep affection, could I say, she is kind in heart, amiable in temper, and behaves in such a manner as to secure the attention and esteem of all around her."

And in a postscript he said, "Your letter is without date and does not purport to come from any particular place." *(Laughter)*

In a postscript in another letter—Harriet had become older —he wrote:

"If I believed it necessary, I would advise you to be constant in your devotions to your God. He is a friend who will never desert you. Men are short-sighted and know not the consequences of their own actions. The most brilliant prospects are often overcast, and those who commence life under the fairest auspices are often unfortunate. Ask wisdom and discretion from above. Blank and Blank and Blank married unfortunately. I should like nothing better than to see you well settled in life, but never think of marrying any man unless his moral habits are good and his business or his fortune will enable him to support you comfortably. So now my postscript is like a woman's; the best is the last."

It's rather interesting that the last was advice to marry a well-to-do man, and the first was designed to make her acceptable to the Deity. *(Laughter)*

There is only one letter available, to me at least, from Harriet to her uncle, and that was written, I think, when she was twenty-three years old. It is an excellent letter from the statue to Pygmalion:

"Should you have changed your mind or have any advice to give, let me know at once, for rest assured I am always happier and better satisfied with myself when my actions are sanctioned by your wishes."

What did Harriet look like? She is described when a small girl as being "a hoyden with too much energy to be easily managed." At the age of seventeen, she was said to have been a very beautiful blonde, with golden hair arranged simply, deep violet eyes, and a peculiarly beautiful mouth. In several descriptions of her, her peculiarly beautiful mouth is mentioned. *Now, unfortunately, I haven't any picture of her, can't get any picture of her, in the bloom of her youth. That was in her fifties. That was when she was seventy—let me see, she died when she was seventy-three—that was when she was sixty-seven. That probably, I am told, was painted from a miniature. But it pleases me very much indeed. I think no one could look at that painting of Harriet Lane without realizing that she was a very unusual woman.*

When Mr. Buchanan was called to be Ambassador in the Court of St. James, in London, he had great hesitation in taking Harriet with him, apparently fearing that the life to which she would be subjected would have a bad influence. She was terribly anxious to go. She had written to her uncle that going with him in England would be, it's quoted, "the future realization of a beautiful dream." And her uncle replied, "Like all other dreams, you will be disappointed in reality." He went without her, but soon after his arrival he realized that emotionally he could not get along without her and sent for her.

Again I resort to passages from correspondence:

"Almost immediately on her arrival, Harriet became a perfectly extraordinary social success. She took charge of all the social events of the embassy, arranging dinners and all the details, had numerous British beaux, and became a great favorite of Queen Victoria herself."

She met almost everybody in public life at that particular time: The Emperor Napoleon, Prince Eugénie and his wife, Eugénie, and so forth.

Again I resort to samples from letters written to her sister Mary—Mary was her favorite sister:

"We have dined with the Queen since I wrote. The Queen was most gracious and talked a great deal to me. Uncle sat on her right hand, and Prince Albert was talkative, and altogether we passed a charming evening. The Princess-Royal came in after dinner, and is simple, unaffected, and very childlike—her perfect simplicity and sweet manners are charming. Everything, of course, was magnificent at the table—gold in profusion, twelve candelabra with four candles each; but you know I never can describe things of such sort—with mirrors and candles all around the room, a band of delicious music playing all the time, it was a little like fairyland in its magnificence. We had another band after dinner, while we took our tea."

Now, I've brought these in particularly for the benefit of Dr. Guild.

Again:

"Everything is worn standing out. Skirts cannot be too full and stiff; sleeves are still open and basques, either open in front or closed; flounces are very much worn. I had some dresses made in Paris, which I wish you could see."

And again:

"It was a very full and brilliant one." She was speaking of the drawing room, of the season at the Court. "I wore a pink silk petticoat, overskirt of pink tulle, puffed and trimmed, with wreaths of apple blossoms, lace lappits, and feathers. Her Majesty was very gracious to me yesterday, as was the Prince."

She also had her love affairs:

"I have made another conquest, who came in true American style, every day. He is rich and keeps a yacht, which costs him two thousand pounds a year. Beaux are pleasant but dreadfully troublesome." *(Laughter)*

Again:

"I have now a man of high position, clever, talented, and very rich; and the only fault to find is his age, which is certainly great *(Laughter)*, as he will be sixty next year. *(Laughter)* He has a daughter who is a widow, and I might pass for her daughter, but I really like him very much and know how devoted he would be. I should have everything to my heart's content and go home as often as I liked. But I will write more about it."

Another excerpt:

"I have seen Blank, and he ordered his gardener to send me from the country all the roses he had in bloom for the drawing room. Preceding the box came a sweet little note, which, of course, I answered in a tender way. Mr. Blank, the man of the yacht, is getting quite desperate, as he is ordered to join his residence in a month. He is constantly sending me flowers."

It is very interesting that this girl from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was able to go to the Court of Saint James and move without apparently any feeling of inadequacy at all. She must have been a remarkable person.

Again:

"I have now a man of high position, clever, talented, and very rich." Oh, excuse me. I don't doubt she had another one. (Laughter)

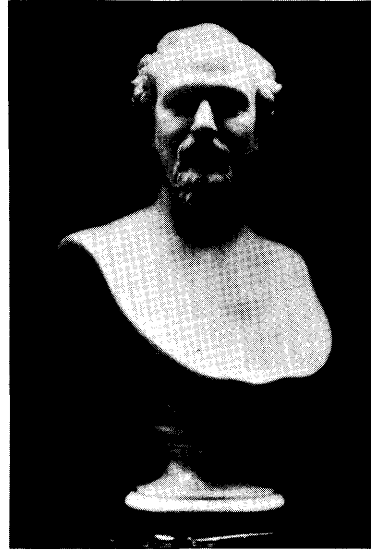
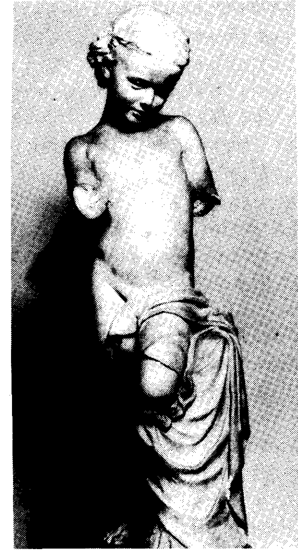
Harriet returned in the fall of 1855, several months before her uncle. Her uncle wrote her in America:

"I forgot to tell you that I have seen the good Duchess, who said many extravagant things about you. Lord Clarendon told me yesterday that the Queen expressed her regrets not to have seen you before your departure. She said she had heard you were to marry Sir Blank and expressed how much she would have been gratified had you been detained in England. We had some talk about the disparity of your ages. I said it was supposed Sir Blank was very rich. 'Yes, Yes,' she said, 'enormously.' The Marquis of Lansdowne at parting from me said, 'If Miss Lane should have the kindness to remember me, do me the honor to lay me at her feet.'"

As Lady of the White House—and this experience she had in England was a magnificent preparation as mistress of the White House—as Lady of the White House, Harriet was fully as great a social success as at the Court of Saint James. Unfortunately, we have no more correspondence. We depended on notices in the press.

Jefferson Davis once said, "The White House under the administration of Buchanan approached more to my idea of the Republican Court in the President's House than any before since the days of Washington." At the White House, apparently, she set the fashions exactly as royalty had done in England.

In the memoirs of Mrs. Virginia Clay:

Sculptures of Harriet Lane Johnston; Henry Johnston, her husband; and their two sons, Henry Eliot Jr. (left), and James Buchanan Johnston (right), both of whom died of rheumatic heart disease, which influenced the founding of the Harriet Lane Home.

"Low necks and lace berthas, made fashionable because of their adoption by Miss Lane, were worn almost universally, either with open sleeves revealing inner ones of filmy lace, or sleeves of the shortest possible form, allowing the rounded length of her pretty arm to be seen to perfection."

The event to which the papers made much was a visit of the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, to this country in 1859. The newspapers at that time implied that the Prince was attracted to Harriet. Perhaps this is true, but he was eighteen years old, and she was twenty-nine. The Prince remarked that the most beautiful girl he had seen in the United States was Emily von Schaumberg.

The newspaper account is quite amusing. During his visit, he was taken to Mount Vernon on an excursion to see the tomb of Washington. They went by boat, traveling on the revenue cutter Harriet Lane, named for the President's niece by the Secretary of the Treasury. The President and Harriet were of the party. There was some disappointment, because President Buchanan would not allow dancing in the White House, not so much a personal objection as from the fear it might be resented in the country. However, dancing was allowed on the deck of the Harriet Lane. The Prince planted a tree, at the insistence of the ladies, in honor of the occasion.

The account in the Ladies Home Journal says: "But while he (the Prince) was with Miss Lane and the White House beauties, it was noted for the first time since he had been in this country he seemed to show the manners of a gallant young gentleman, desirous of pleasing. One of the merriest mornings she had with him was at a gymnasium in Washington attached to a female cemetery—seminary. *(Laughter)* On the brass rings extended from the ceiling, he swung himself one by one across the room, and the whole party laughed heartily. Then he fell to playing ten pins. Miss Lane and the Prince together succeeded in conquering Mrs. Thompson and the Duke of New Castle; it was next the turn of the victors to play against each other, and Harriet, who was one of the most robust girls of the day, speedily out-bowled the Prince and put his muscle to shame."

At the White House, Harriet Lane had several suitors, but I think she was impervious as long as her uncle required her. When her uncle retired from the Presidency to "Wheatland" a defeated man in 1861, Harriet went with him, and in 1844 [sic]—that's six years afterwards—she became engaged to Mr. Henry Johnston, a banker in Baltimore.

It's too bad they talk so much about Harriet Lane and talk so little about Mr. Johnston, but not a great deal is known about him. He came from a well-known Baltimore family. He was a man of means. I think he wasn't enormously rich. He was a graduate of Princeton, and apparently Harriet had met him once when he was still at Princeton. He must have been a wonderfully generous man, because the bequest which resulted in the founding of the Harriet Lane Home did not come from Harriet Lane; it came from him. He died at the age of fifty-one, and, in his will, he left his money to found the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children. And he left it at the discretion of his wife. She could have diverted it or used it otherwise, but he specified it was not to be named the Harriet Lane Johnston Home but the Harriet Lane Home. He was obviously a very generous man and extraordinarily proud of his wife. He was one year his wife's junior.

Oh dear me. I'm sorry. That was the reception of the Prince of Wales at the White House. There is President Buchanan. There is the Prince of Wales, and Harriet Lane is number four, I think. Is that it? At any rate, Harriet Lane is number four.

This is Mr. Johnston. He's a wonderfully fine-looking man. Harriet was thirty-six when she married, and he was thirty-five. There he is, a bust of him. That must have been toward the end of his life. There's a bust of Harriet Lane.

Now then, comes the tragedy. They had two boys. One was James Buchanan Johnston, and the other was Henry Eliot Johnston; and they both died of rheumatic heart disease, rheumatic fever, one at the age of fifteen, and the other at thirteen. The younger boy they took to Nice, on the Riviera, in the hope, I think, that he might be saved either by the climate or French medical skill, but he died. And the reason that the Harriet Lane is named the Harriet Lane Home for Invalid Children was because of this tragedy. The parents felt the need of some kind of an institution which could take in chronically ill children.

When Harriet Lane died—she died in 1903, at the age of seventy-three—her will became available. Now, most of her money she contributed to other causes than that of the Harriet Lane Home. For instance, three hundred thousand dollars went to the Cathedral School, in Washington, and a very large sum of money went for the erection of an appropriate monument to her uncle. Again, I remark that what the Harriet Lane received came via her from her husband, and I can't make

out how much the corpus was. But, in any event, it was not enough to make an independent institution.

Mr. Buckler, who was a trustee of The Johns Hopkins University and also one of the trustees who were placed in charge of the Harriet Lane Home, made a calculation and stated to the Harriet Lane trustees:

"If your hospital should be conducted on an entirely independent footing, its capacity could not be more than twenty-five or thirty beds, since, when the cost of the lands and buildings have been deducted, your income would not exceed twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year. By making, however, some such alliance as the one suggested,"—that was the one with The Johns Hopkins Hospital—"this income might be economized, and the capacity of the Children's Hospital could then be increased."

Well, the Harriet Lane trustees needed some kind of assistance, and The Johns Hopkins Medical School was more than eager to have a pediatric department. And, finally, there was an agreement reached by which the Hospital furnished the ground and the Harriet Lane trustees erected the building. And they [the Harriet Lane trustees] undertook to maintain the upkeep of the building, and the Johns Hopkins to maintain the staff and the support of the children in the institution.

It's only natural that a misunderstanding arose in such a loose arrangement; and the trustees of The Johns Hopkins Hospital became furious against the trustees of the Harriet Lane, because the Harriet Lane was putting the Hospital in the red; and the trustees of the Harriet Lane became furious at the Hospital, because they maintained that this immense expense was due to the expansion on the part of the Hospital and was not their own doing. All that has fortunately disappeared, but I can recollect when Mr. Cator, who was a Johns Hopkins Hospital trustee, proposed to the Board that the contract with the Harriet Lane Home be severed; and the Harriet Lane, as Dr. Smith had estimated, was costing the Hospital about eighty thousand dollars a year. It then became incumbent upon Dr. Winford Smith to determine how much actually the Hospital did cost, and he discovered that the net cost was eight thousand dollars.

Now I turn to something which I—oh, that is the boy—that's the youngest of the boys who died of rheumatic fever.

Now then, this is perhaps irrelevant, but it's interesting. Harriet Lane's name was given to a revenue cutter, built in the Buchanan administration. And the Secretary of the Treasury insisted that it be a sailing ship, but he was overruled; and there is a model of it, which has been given to Dr. Cooke. It's interesting, because, when the war was declared, the Harriet Lane was one of the fleet dispatched to protect Fort Sumter; and the gun from the Harriet Lane was the first to be fired at sea on the Union side, in the Civil War. Later on, the Harriet Lane figured in the attack on the Fort Hatteras, and the Fort Hatteras, in company with other vessels, was taken.

The next was in the campaign for the capture of New Orleans, and the Harriet Lane, with a fleet of boats and mortars under the command of Commodore Porter, was detailed to capture Fort Jackson. And that is the bombardment of Fort Jackson, and there is the Harriet Lane. The garrison at Fort Jackson surrendered, and Admiral Porter received the Confederate officers on the Harriet Lane. This is the Harriet Lane, and these are the Confederate officers that have come up to surrender.

Now then, this is a very sad picture, because at the end of the Civil War the Harriet Lane was captured. It was lying off the blockading of Galveston, Texas, and Magruder organized an attack on the fort and also on the vessels, and the Harriet Lane was boarded and captured. There is the Harriet Lane, and there is the Confederate gunboat which is about to board the Harriet Lane. It was covered with bales of cotton, and I think there were some sixty Texas sharpshooters on board. It looks very pacific there.

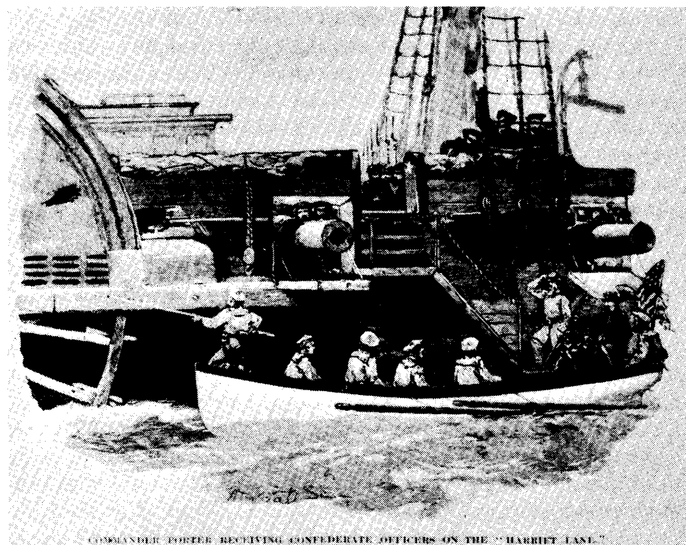
This is the Westfield, which was blown up by the Harriet Lane crew.

This is the picture of the boarding of the Harriet Lane and its capture, so that the Harriet Lane has been memorialized on both land and on sea. But I think that the memorial to Harriet Lane on land is the much more important of the two.

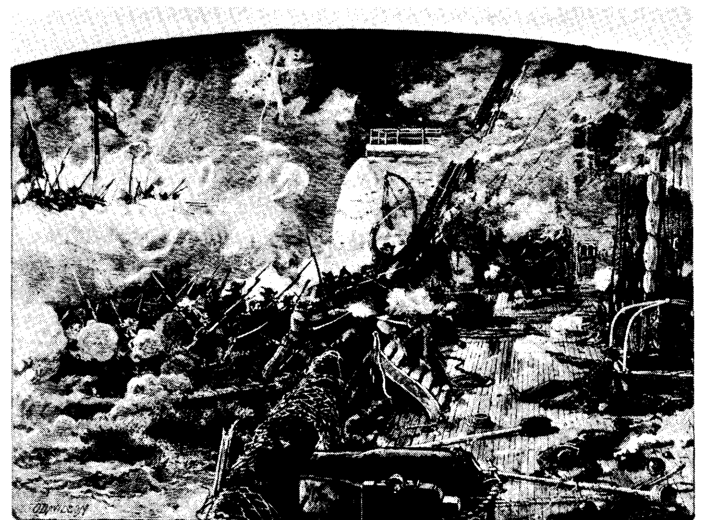
Now I am very sorry I have gone long over my time, and I apologize to Dr. Cooke. *(Applause)*

DR. COOKE: *I think all of you would agree with me that the symposium could end right now, and we could all go home very satisfied. I think this was a remarkable contribution.*

The little model, which is in front of you, is of some interest; and I'm afraid the history there will be as obscure as certain parts of Harriet Lane's husband, in a way. It was given to me by a prisoner at the Baltimore Jail. He had put this together, and the parole people, who felt that I might in some way want to check up on this man later, have never given me his name; so he remains anonymous.



COMMANDER PORTER RECEIVING CONFEDERATE OFFICERS ON THE "HARRIET LANE."



[illegible] MEN BOARDING THE "HARRIET LANE" AT GALVESTON. SEE FOOTNOTE BELOW.