

a Soldier's Wife

By
Mrs. John A.
Logan...

and prejudices, of that troubled time are little understood to-day. The rush of the half-century has carried us beyond the possibility of interpreting them for ourselves. But here is a woman, notable in her own right, who knew them, who fell under the spell of Lincoln, who witnessed, knowing what they meant, the gathering of the clouds that broke in war. This is the second installment of her story of the part she bore in her distinguished husband's career, which was of national importance for more than a quarter of a century—years when a man had to be "big" to be a leader. These "Recollections" are a most important addition to the history of the period.

in furthering that of Douglas against Lincoln. The eyes of the nation were on this battle for a majority of the Illinois legislature which was to choose Mr. Douglas' successor to the United States Senate. Mr. Lincoln had opened his own campaign by his speech of challenge to Mr. Douglas, which the senator was to answer when he should return from Washington.

Mr. Logan was one of the Democratic leaders of the state invited to meet Mr. Douglas upon his arrival at Chicago on July 9th, with a view to laying out a plan of campaign. As we had lost our little son there was no reason why I should not accompany him. Heretofore my experience had been limited to association with the people of southern Illinois, among whom I felt perfectly at home, but I was afraid that the girl-wife might seem provincial among the great people with whom I should be thrown in Chicago. Mr. Douglas I already knew. But I felt some trepidation over meeting so grand a lady as Mrs. Douglas. It was quite possible that she would not consider so unsophisticated a young person as myself worthy of her attention. She had been Miss Adele Cutts, the niece of Dolly Madison, and was reputed to be as charming as her illustrious kinswoman. She, too, was much younger than her husband, being his second wife. Within a few minutes after we had met, thanks to her graciousness and simplicity, all my timidity had vanished, and she made me feel that we were fast friends.

No candidate for senator ever had a greater triumph than Mr. Douglas had upon his return to Chicago. His fame was then what that of Clay had been at its height.



The wife of a soldier who won fame, the mother of a soldier who met death in battle—
Mrs. John A. Logan, in 1898

Mr. Lincoln had become known to the country at large only through the distinction of being Mr. Douglas's opponent. On the way into Chicago his train had to stop frequently in order that he might address the crowds that gathered at the stations. Chicago was decorated and illuminated to receive him. When he spoke from the balcony of the Tremont Hotel, Mr. Lincoln was among the multitude that listened to him. In the fervor of that moment the Rail-Splitter seemed to us to have little chance of success. Mr. Douglas not only had his great prestige, but he was the most brilliant campaign speaker of the time.

My husband accompanied Mr. Douglas on his campaigning tour, and I was with my husband a great deal. So much has been written about the Lincoln-Douglas

debates that it seems that nothing new can be added. Nevertheless every observer likes to give his own impressions. There was no voter in all the state but had a chance to hear both men if he chose, so thorough was the canvass. Mr. Logan and I were always on the go from one wild political demonstration to another. To judge by the hurraing, Mr. Douglas ought to have had everything his own way. But Mr. Lincoln was persistent in his attacks, and as the campaign advanced we were aware that he was pressing us hard. Mr. Douglas could win more cheers and more frenzy from the audience; but Mr. Lincoln could win more smiles and laughter and more thought. He softened his hearers with anecdotes that appealed to their human side and then sent home an idea that they could never forget.

LINCOLN AS I SAW HIM

I always like to think of Mr. Lincoln as he was in the days when I saw him with the eyes of an opponent. His awkwardness has not been exaggerated, but it gave no effect of self-consciousness. There was something about his ungainliness and about his homely face, even in a state of tall and ungainly men, which would have made anyone who simply passed him in the street or saw him sitting on a platform remember him. "There ain't no one else and there never was anyone jest like Abe Lincoln," as an old farmer said. His very awkwardness was an asset in public life, in that it attracted attention to him; and it seemed to enhance the appeal of his personality when he spoke. Anyone who was introduced to Lincoln without ever having heard of him before, though the talk was commonplace, would be inclined to want to know more about him.

Douglas won your personal support by the magnetism of his personality. Lincoln did not seem to have any magnetism, though of course he actually had the rarest and most precious kind. He seemed able to brush away all irrelevant matters of discussion, and to be earnestly and simply logical. In fact, he had the faculty of carrying conviction. At a time when the practice of oratory as an art was the rule he was utterly without affectation. The ungainly form, the bony face, the strong sensitive mouth, the quite sad and kindly eyes, were taking you out of yourself into unselfish counsel.

Give Mr. Lincoln five minutes and Mr. Douglas five minutes before an audience who knew neither, and Mr. Douglas would make the greater impression. But give them each an hour and the contrary would be true. This does not mean that Douglas was not sincere. No man could be more patriotic or sincere than Stephen A. Douglas was. He was as earnest in his belief in the rightness of his position as Lincoln was in the rightness of his; and when he found that he had been in error no man of pride ever acted more courageously in admitting it.

When Lincoln debated with Douglas at Jonesboro in southern Illinois there was hardly a man in the audience who was not a Douglas partisan. For Douglas there were roaring cheers, and for Lincoln silence. But the audience had to laugh at some of Lincoln's stories, they were so drolly told and so pat. He set many of his listeners to thinking; and when they had done thinking they were his adherents. Loyal as my husband was in his conviction that Mr. Douglas's policy was the only one which could hold the Union together, he had gained in that campaign an impression of Abraham Lincoln that made him smile when people in the East were depressed at seeing an inexperienced "backwoods politician" at the head of the nation with civil war impending. Though Mr. Douglas gained the senatorship, Mr. Lincoln's was the real victory, for his campaign won him the Republican nomination from Mr. Seward in 1860 and gave us the great man for the great crisis.

MY HUSBAND GOES TO CONGRESS

After Mr. Logan's election to the Thirty-sixth Congress, which was to see the closing of the Buchanan administration, he began to arrange his affairs to go to Washington on March 4, 1859. We spent the Christmas holidays with my father and mother. My father was as delighted as we were at the prospect of a broader sphere of activity for my husband. But to none of us did it mean so much in satisfaction as to Mother Logan, whom we visited at her home in Murphysboro. From that time until his death my husband was serving his country either at the front or in Congress.

A little daughter having come to us, it did not seem wise for the baby and myself to make the long journey to Washington in

winter—including Wigfall, of Texas; Keitt, of South Carolina; Mason and Harris, of Virginia; Judah P. Benjamin and John Slidell, of Louisiana; Barksdale, of Mississippi, who was killed at Gettysburg; and others who afterward won distinction in the Confederacy, besides John J. Crittenden and Mrs. Crittenden, of Kentucky.

Cotton was king; the South was invincible. For the first time I heard the disruption of the Union openly talked of. Southern women appeared at table in secession cockades. They were even more extreme in their views than their husbands whose arguments they applauded. Discussions were heated and boisterous, with many boasts about what the South would and would not do. Often I was in terror lest they should culminate in violence. When I talked of these things to my husband he was sometimes very pessimistic about the future; yet he hoped that his leader, Mr. Douglas, would be able to find a solution of the crisis.

LOST AROUND THE CORNER FROM HOME

All the while I was listening and learning. If you are unsophisticated it is well to realize it. When I went down Pennsylvania Avenue to John T. Mitchell's dry-goods store to make such additions to my simple wardrobe as my limited purse would permit, I started back to the hotel feeling that I had accomplished wonders on my shopping tour.

After walking quite a distance I could observe no familiar landmarks. Then I went to the corner of Seventh and C streets to the carriage-stand that was there in ante-bellum days and asked a cabman to take me to Brown's Hotel. He calmly and methodically opened the door for me and then drove me around the corner to the ladies' entrance of Brown's. For this he charged me a dollar, which I paid all too quickly in order to escape from the embarrassment of the knowing twinkle in his eyes. It was a long time before I told the experience to Mr. Logan, who made it one of his favorite stories at my expense.

I had time to familiarize myself with the streets and the buildings and somewhat with Washington customs before I began the round of calls obligatory on the wife of a new member and before the President's New Year's reception, which nobody in official life ever missed. There I had my

first introduction to Mr. Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, the mistress of the White House. Miss Lane had a very distinct grace and charm of manner, and Mr. Buchanan, who was a handsome man, had an easy dignity and urbanity which made his character as well suited for such an occasion as it was unsuited for dealing with a national crisis.

As I saw the diplomatic corps and the officers of the army and navy in their uniforms and the women in their elaborate and costly gowns file by the President my ideas of democratic simplicity suffered a shock. It did not seem to me that anything at an imperial court could surpass the brilliant effect, but I was to learn the contrary when I visited Europe.

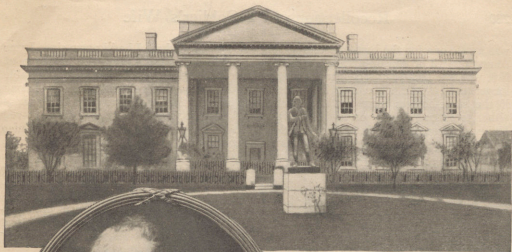
Soon I had another new social experience when Mrs. Douglas invited me to assist her in receiving at a reception. The Douglasses lived on I Street in the house subsequently occupied by the late Justice Bradley. It was one of the most pretentious in the city at that time, with a splendid picture-gallery and library and spacious drawing-rooms. Next door was the home of Vice-President Breckenridge.

All day the callers came and went, until nearly everybody in Washington official life had appeared. Mrs. Douglas received her guests with beautiful grace and cordiality and passed them on to her assistants in a way that promptly put them at their ease. Elaborate refreshments were served in the dining-room, while Senator Douglas entertained in the library the public men, who lingered as long as politeness would permit.

SECESSION TALK EVERYWHERE

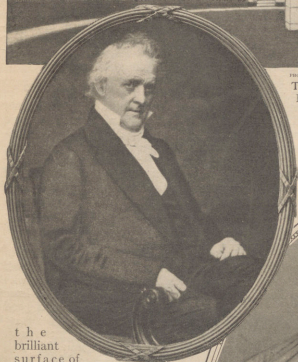
Discussion of the absorbing topics of the hour were not dropped even in the drawing-room. Men of to-day may forget the tariff or the trusts readily at a reception; but the men of that day could never let the crisis which hung over the nation out of their minds. Arguments between disputants who met in a drawing-room were commenced where they were left off in a committee-room. Hostesses were always in apprehension of an unpleasant outbreak of political passion.

It was long before Mr. Logan and I slept that night. We talked of all the people we had met, while we well knew the savage currents that were running underneath



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM WHITEHOUSE COLLECTION

The White House as it looked in 1861.—James Buchanan, under whom the secession spirit flourished. He said that a state had no right to secede, but that the nation had no power to prevent it.—Miss Harriet Lane, mistress of the White House during Buchanan's administration



the brilliant surface of the reception.

Senator Douglas, who was so suave in receiving his guests, so facile with the injection of a diplomatic phrase to save an awkward situation, was at heart sore perplexed. He had his problems at home as well as in Washington. Mr. Lincoln had actually carried the state by popular vote; and though Mr. Douglas had a majority of the Legislature his margin was so narrow that there was anxiety in the party lest it should be overturned. His followers thought that the loss of Mr. Douglas from the Senate would mean an irreparable disaster. He seemed to us the one man possessed of the states-



manship to hold his party and the Union together.

It was already evident that Mr. Lincoln had made a national reputation in the joint debates. The questions which he had put to Douglas on the subject of slavery in the territories had set many men to questioning if the policy of Mr. Douglas

was a safe one for the best interests of the country north of Mason and Dixon's line; if it was not true that a country could no longer exist "half slave and half free"; if the slave-holders were not determined either to extend slavery or to dissolve the Union. When the Legislature convened at Springfield many interested persons from all parts of the state gathered with the hope of influencing its action. Every Democratic member was watched vigilantly lest he falter and endanger party supremacy. But Mr. Douglas was safely elected; and this was very good news to us Northern Democrats.

If anything Washington was gayer than usual; the excitement of politics seemed to provoke excitement in other forms. My first state dinner at the White House was so momentous an occasion to me that the picture of the table is fresh in my mind. At each end of the VanBuren mirror which formerly adorned the table on state occasions was a tall gilt basket filled with plaster-of-Paris fruits painted in abnormally brilliant colors. This would seem pretty tawdry to us to-day, when we should want the real fruit; but it was wonderful, if artificial, then. I recall, too, the historic china with the red band and the coat-of-arms of the United States in the center. The gold-plated spoons, solid-silver service, and cut glass, though familiar to me now through frequent dinners at the White House, never appeared to me so gorgeous as on this occasion.

A STATE DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The invitation gave me the greatest delight at the same time that it worried me to distraction with many questions. What should I wear? What should I do when I arrived? How should I ever command enough ideas to carry me through a long state dinner and not be a bore to my escort? Who would be my escort? Would he have agreeable manners and try to make it easy for the young wife of a Western congressman or would he be pedantic and patronizing? If he betrayed in the slightest degree that he was bored or merely endured me because there was no escape I should suffer intensely. I was proud of my handsome husband, who I knew would be at home in any company, but for myself I had many misgivings and visions of hours of agony.

What was my delight to find that my escort was to be our leader, Senator Stephen

A. Douglas, whom I had known since I was a little girl. I felt perfectly at home at once, though I was sitting down to table with forty distinguished guests. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. John C. Breckinridge, Senator and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Senator and Mrs. Mason, of Virginia; Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California; Judah P. Benjamin, Senator and Mrs. John J. Crittenden. But there at the table of the President of the United States, I heard sentiments that sounded to me treasonable; and yet I little thought that one of the number would shortly become the President of a Confederacy of states in armed rebellion against the flag.

THE PRESIDENT IN KNEE BREECHES

The most sumptuous entertainments given in Washington at that time were those of Senator and Mrs. Gwin, of California. People were still talking of their masked ball of the previous winter, when senators, members of the diplomatic corps, and officers of the army and navy appeared as royalty, dramatic characters, famous warriors, and other historic personages. President Buchanan was in the court dress which he wore at St. James's when he was minister to England. Though we talk of Jeffersonian democracy as passing, I think that any President in the present era who appeared at a function of any kind in knee breeches would have to undergo a good deal of cartooning.

Besides those I have already mentioned, Lord Napier, Anson Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Alabama; Mrs. Greenough, wife of the sculptor; Horatio King, Daniel E. Sickles, Mr. and Mrs. Boulogney, of Louisiana, the only Southern member of Congress who finished his term; the Livingstons, Cochrane of New York; Banks, of Alabama; General Magruder, Mr. Clingman, Mr. and Mrs. Vance, Mr. Harris, of Virginia; Chief Justice Tancy, William Kellogg, of Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Dr. Garnett, Congressman and Mrs. McClelland, Miss Dunlap, sister of Mrs. McClelland, who married General McClelland after her sister's death in the early sixties; Mr. and Mrs. Foulke, of Illinois, Senator Edward Baker, who was killed at Ball's Bluff in 1862; Colonel and Mrs. Robert E. Lee, were familiar faces at social entertainments.

When we returned to southern Illinois in the summer of 1860, it was for the mem-

orable campaign which elected Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. Only one issue was before the people, and that was the question of slavery and its extension to the territories. The pro-slavery party would listen to nothing but an espousal of their cause absolutely; and the anti-slavery party would listen to nothing but the prohibition of slavery in the territories. The two wings of the Democratic party were just as much at variance as were the Republican and Democratic parties, and when the convention met the rupture came with full force.

We found southern



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. Mrs. Douglas, (who was a niece of Dolly Madison), and their Washington home during the last years of the senator's life.

Illinois, with its large proportion of Southern settlers, in favor of saving the Union by concessions, while northern and central Illinois, settled from the North and East, held the views of the Republicans. My husband was reelected to Congress on the Douglas ticket.



When we returned to Washington it was with the prospect of seeing our party go out of power and a new party come in.

Regular party workers viewed this from the point of view of patronage. They descended on Washington under the old banner of "To the Victors Belong the Spoils."

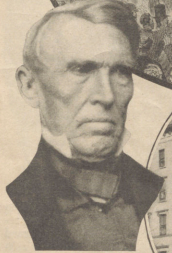
Democrats who had been long in office had the prospect of being turned out into the cold world unless they could make



The inaugural procession
passing the gate of

the Capital grounds,
March 4, 1861

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING



Senator John J. Crittenden

their peace with the new masters. There were surprising accessions to the Republican ranks among government clerks. I recollect some one asking an old gentleman who had been in a government position for twenty years what was going to happen to him now. "Why," he said, "I've been a good administration man for twenty years. I still am. Abraham Lincoln is going to make a great President."

To my husband Republican success meant that the factional feeling of the people whom he represented was being more and more embittered. Mr. Douglas, always hopeful, still thought that something might be done to avert the "Irrepressible Conflict." He was trying the impossible, but his effort was no less noble and all the more pathetic on that account.



Brown's Hotel, where the
Logans lived in 1861. From
the balcony Mrs. Logan
viewed the inaugural
procession

Mrs. John J. Crittenden, wife of the famous Kentucky
senator who continued Clay's work of trying
to keep peace through compromise

All through the winter, while he offered his reputation and career in sacrifice to his object, he pleaded with the leaders of all factions for compromise before it was too late. His anxiety no doubt hastened his death. I remember how

eagerly he joined the venerable John J. Crittenden in his compromise proposition, and how, night after night, the young men of his party, including Mr. Logan, whom he singularly trusted, met with him in counsel. I remember his likening himself to a shuttle, going from side to side between the warp of party threads, trying to weave a harmonious fabric but often entangled in the meshes of the political web.

THE LOYALTY OF DOUGLAS

His position was the more trying because of his personal affiliations with the South. His first wife had been a Southern woman, and his sons were then with their kindred in North Carolina. Once, after learning that for some time there had been secret meetings in the committee-room of the Senate Committee on Military affairs (of which Jefferson Davis was chairman), with a view to planning both secession and resistance to the peaceful inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas appeared in our rooms in a state of utter discouragement.

"It's no use!" he exclaimed hopelessly after talking to Mr. Logan for a while. "If you gave these men a blank sheet of paper and asked them to write down terms of compromise under which they would agree to remain in the Union, they would not write them."

Then, after a pause, he added determinedly, "I, for one, cannot be a party to the destruction of the government, no matter if the Democratic party wants to be."

He said he would do all in his power to give Mr. Lincoln a hearty welcome to Washington and insure his inauguration; that Mr. Lincoln was elected by the people, and should be inaugurated at all hazards. As a senator from Illinois he was most active on the committee on arrangements for the inaugural ceremonies, accompanying the Illinois delegation to pay their respects to his old opponent as soon as Mr. Lincoln arrived. He shared the deep solicitude felt by the friends of the President-elect lest some madman or unreasoning Southern partisan do him violence before his inauguration. In that crisis Mr. Douglas showed what a truly great man he was. All his own ambitions were defeated. His political power was waning; his health was miserable. Yet he had not thought of these things when it would have been only human for him to be bitter at the turn of fortune which

had brought Mr. Lincoln to the office which he himself had sought; his one object was to help Lincoln save the Union.

Matters had reached such a climax that even the keenest and most selfish politicians of the North and the gayest people in society were stirred out of the routine of their natures. Men of affairs went about with grave countenances. I remember perfectly the arrival of Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and of the relief it was to know that nothing had befallen him on his journey from Springfield and with what intense anxiety many observed every move of the most violent secessionists all Inauguration Day.

With bated breath, I stood on the balcony of Brown's Hotel (later called the Metropolitan) and watched the procession on its way down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. I can remember exactly how Mr. Lincoln looked as he sat beside Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, so calm and apparently so unaware of the imminent danger that his friends apprehended. I was deeply impressed by the change in spirit and manner of the multitudes when they saw him returning. Their faces no longer anxious, they followed Mr. Lincoln's carriage, shouting, "Long live the President!"

LINCOLN FAILS TO WIN THE SOUTH

When darkness was gathering over the city, all kinds of rumors were afloat, and timid people were worried lest some violent deed be committed under cover of darkness. But carriages sped as usual on their way to the inauguration ball, though many of the opposition and local residents had declined to go, either because of political sentiments or because they believed up to the last that there would be resistance to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

Nominations for the cabinet were sent in and were, of course, considered firebrands to the South, whose representatives one by one departed from the city and began their work all over the South for the establishment of the Confederacy. Each day some prominent member of the House or Senate failed to answer the roll-call.

Mr. Lincoln's assurance that he knew "no North, no South, no East, no West," made no impression and were considered as unreliable by the leaders of the secession movement. His most loyal adherents were untired men. He was ignorant of their abilities and doubted their discretion. The

executive departments were completely demoralized. The treasury and the arsenals were empty. The general of the army was old and decrepit. The army was at its lowest ebb in numbers, and scattered all over the vast extent of the country, with the most meager and inefficient communications or means of transportation. The Indians were numerous and savage. Our frail naval fleet, insignificant in the number of ships and the efficiency of the officers and men, was for the most part in foreign seas. The Supreme Court was supposed to be in sympathy with secession. Upon the President-elect rested the responsibility for so directing affairs as to save the Union from dismemberment; and yet he was dependent upon the legislative branch of the government for authority.

THE CRISIS WE MET AT HOME

After the inauguration, Mr. Logan and I returned to our home in southern Illinois to face a crisis of our own. Arriving at Marion, we were not prepared for the state of public mind that greeted us. Constituents hitherto full of enthusiasm and cordial greeting met us with restraint, expressing eagerness to know what was going to be done; finding fault with this, that, and the other action that had or had not been taken; insisting especially that the South had not received enough guarantees that its institutions would in no wise be interfered with, and refusing to believe that everything had been offered and spurned. Many of them had kindred in the South, and still they could not leave their homes in the North and sacrifice everything to go to their relatives. They looked to their representative in Congress to tell them what to do, and they knew instinctively that his advice would be hard to follow.

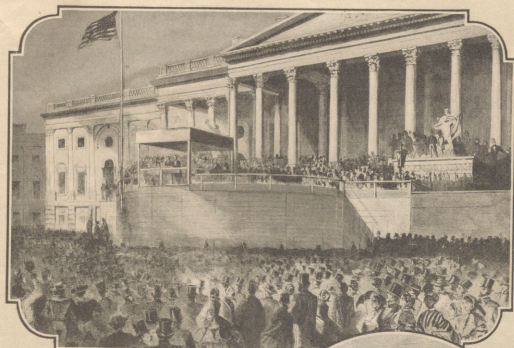
If the news of the firing on Sumter stunned the whole North, consider what it meant to southern Illinois, where so many people had kindred in the South. It inflamed the passion and prejudice of every man who held strong views. The Knights of the Golden Circle and other secessionist organizations sprang into being with the purpose of making southern Illinois secessionist. They intimidated loyal Union men. Many youths were making their way across the Ohio River into Kentucky to enlist in the Confederate regiments which were forming. Others were enlisting in the Union

regiments which northern and central Illinois were forming in answer to the President's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion. Older and more conservative heads, however, still thought that it would never come to real war. They could not conceive of kindred fighting kindred. Some way would yet be found out of the crisis before much blood was shed. Indeed, civil war was too terrible for sober-thinking minds to contemplate. Meanwhile, such was the activity of the Knights of the Golden Circle, the railroad bridges in southern Illinois had to be guarded when any Union troops passed over them.

The authorities at the capital of the state and in the office of the United States marshal were watching the movements of every man suspected of being a secessionist partisan. Their main hope of restraining the secession sympathizers from overt action was through my husband's influence. Appreciating the grave responsibility resting upon him, he had occasion for much vigilance and solicitude, lest he should fail to save the people from getting into trouble through rash acts, before their own good judgment and sense should bring them to see whither they were drifting. Many were the hours he paced the floor, revolving in his mind means to this end. He dared not tell them he would enter the army himself in case of war. They would have spurned him and accused him of treachery to his party and to them, and of selling himself to the administration. The time had not arrived for them, with their former political teachings and affiliations, to realize the consequences of a section of Illinois taking up arms against the federal government. So, without intimating what he would do, my husband, talking to them as though they were children, and arguing along the line of patriotism and duty to one's country, warned them of the horrors of civil war and the consequences of aiding and abetting revolution; then he bade them wait a while longer on the turn of events.

THE MOST CRITICAL PERIOD OF MY LIFE

As Mr. Lincoln had called a special session of Congress, it was my husband's duty to return to Washington early in July. No battle had yet been fought. Before he went he reassured his constituents of his faithful devotion to their interests with all the intelligence at his command, and tried to sow



BEING AT THE PRESIDENT
Lincoln delivering his first inaugural address. He was both firm and tender; he counseled and warned. Here was the man the hour had need of, to come from the back country to assume dictatorial powers, to call nearly three million men to do battle for the Union. And his last word was for peace

in their minds the seeds which would bear good fruit when the time came for him to announce himself. He must be wise and discreet if he were to keep these over-wrought people under his influence and save southern Illinois to the Union, which was his one guiding thought.

During his absence I was to remain at home, keeping him informed of the course of events and thought in his district and trying to direct his followers according to his wishes. This was the most critical period of my life. If ever my husband needed a wife who



Chief-Justice Taney administering the oath of office to Abraham Lincoln. Behind Taney stands Douglas, and the story goes that the magnanimous "Little Giant" is holding Lincoln's hat.—Lincoln early in 1861

was a true helpmeet, it was now. At seventy-four I look back and marvel how a woman of twenty-three was able to pass through the experience that was mine and play the part that I did. But the call of the hour brought out the strength of both men and women in the sixties.

The next instalment of "Recollections of a Soldier's Wife" will appear in the February issue.

Mrs. Logan



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Barbara bit her lips and lifted her hands with a weary gesture to resume work. But the bust of Blizzard was a live thing, and seeing anew the strength and hellish beauty of it, suddenly and as if with the eyes of a stranger, her heart leaped into her throat, her whole body relaxed once more, and she said in a small surprised voice, "Why, it's finished"

("The Penalty")

covered its control of Congress. The presiding officer of each branch was a Southerner. Out of 64 members of the Senate, 39 were Democrats, 20 Republicans, and 5 Americans. Of the 237 members of the House, 131 were Democrats, 92 Republicans, and 14 Americans. Here was a clear majority of 14 in the upper and 25 in the lower House. This was indeed no longer the formidable legislative power which repealed the Missouri Compromise, but it seemed perhaps a sufficient force to carry out the President's recommendation. His error was in forgetting that this apparent popular indorsement was secured to him and his party by means of the double construction placed upon the Nebraska bill and the Cincinnati platform, by the caucus bargain between the leaders of the South and the leaders of the North. The moment had come when this unnatural alliance needed to be exposed and in part repudiated.

The haste with which the Southern leaders advanced step by step, forced every issue, and were now pushing their allies to the wall was, to say the least, bad management, but it grew logically out of their situation. They were swimming against the stream. The leading forces of civilization, population, wealth, commerce, intelligence, were bearing them down. The balance of power was lost. Already there were 16 free States to 15 slave States. Minnesota and Oregon, inevitably destined also to become free, were applying for admission to the Union.

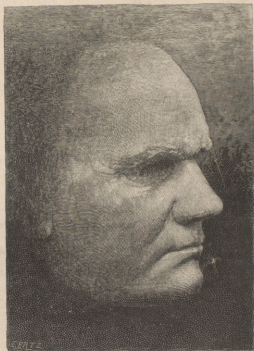
Still, the case of the South was not hopeless. Kansas was apparently within their grasp. Existing law provided for the formation and admission of four additional States to be carved out of Texas, which would certainly become slave States. Then there remained the possible division of California, and a race for the possession of New Mexico and Arizona. Behind all, or, more likely, before all except Kansas, in the order of desired events, was the darling ambition of President Buchanan, the annexation of Cuba. As United States Minister to England, he had publicly declared, that if Spain refused to sell us that coveted island, we should be justified in wresting it from her by force;* as presidential candidate he had confidentially avowed, amid the first blushes of his new honor, "If I can be instrumental in settling the slavery question upon the terms I have mentioned, and then add Cuba to the Union, I shall, if President, be willing to give up the ghost, and let Breckinridge take the government."† Thus,

* Ostend Manifesto, Oct. 9th, 1854.

† Senator Brown to Adams; June 18th, 1856. Am. Conflict, Vol. I., p. 278.

‡ Official proceedings, pamphlet.

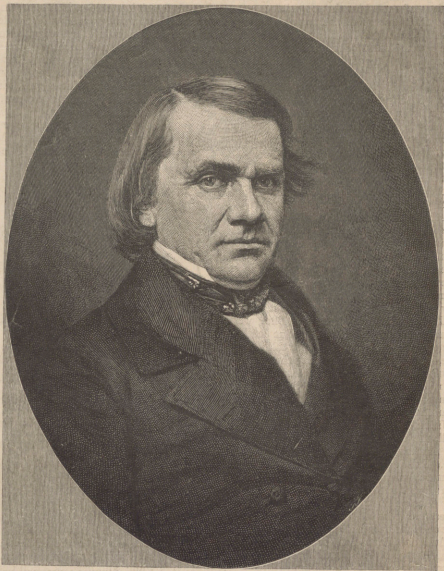
even excluding the more problematical chances which lay hidden in filibustering enterprises, there was a possibility, easily demonstrable to the sanguine, that a decade or two might change mere numerical preponderance from the free to the slave States. Nor could this possibility be waved aside by any affectation of incredulity. Not alone Mr. Buchanan, but the whole Democratic party was publicly pledged to annexation. "Resolved," said the Cincinnati platform, "that the Democratic party will expect of the next Administration that every proper effort will be made to insure our ascendancy in the Gulf of



LIFE-MASK OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, TAKEN BY LEONARD W. YORK.

Mexico"; while another resolution declaring sympathy with efforts to "regenerate" Central America was no less significant.‡

But to accomplish such marvels, they must not sit with folded hands. The price of slavery was fearless aggression. They must build on a deeper foundation than presidential elections, party majorities, or even than votes in the Senate. The theory of the government must be reversed, the philosophy of the republic interpreted anew. In this subtler effort they had made notable progress. By the Kansas-Nebraska act they had paralyzed the legislation of half a century. By the Dred Scott decision they had changed the Constitution and blighted the Declaration of Independence. By the Lecompton trick they would show that



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in conflict with their dogmas the public will was vicious, and in conflict with their intrigues the majority powerless. They had the President, the Cabinet, the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, and, by no means least in the immediate problem, John Calhoun with his technical investiture of far-reaching authority. The country had recovered from the shock of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and rewarded them with Buchanan. Would it not equally recover from the shock of the Lecompton constitution?

It was precisely at this point that the bent bow broke. The great bulk of the Democratic

party followed the President and his Southern advisers, even in this extreme step; but to a minority sufficient to turn the scale, the Lecompton scandal had become too offensive for further tolerance.

In the Senate, with its heavy Democratic majority, the Administration easily secured the passage of a bill to admit Kansas with the Lecompton constitution. Out of eleven Democratic Senators from free States, only three—Douglas of Illinois, Broderick of California, and Stuart of Michigan—took courage to speak and vote against the measure. In the House of Representatives, however, with a narrower