

of the fifty-one Republican majority. If I recall the figures aright, Mr. Trumbull the other two. But these refused in any contingency to vote for Mr. Lincoln. "After balloting for some time, I learned from a trustworthy source," said Mr. Lincoln, "that on a certain future ballot these two men would cast their votes for the Democratic candidate, and elect him. I called a meeting of my friends, explained the situation to them, and requested them on the next ballot, after these two men had voted for Mr. Trumbull, to change their votes and elect him. At this there was a murmur of disapprobation and declarations never to do it. I resumed and said: 'Gentlemen, I am not here to play a part; you can not elect me; you can elect Mr. Trumbull, who is a good Republican. You put me in a false position if you use my name to the injury of the Republican party, and whoever does it is not my friend.' They then reluctantly acquiesced, and Mr. Trumbull was elected."

This is the most significant act in the merely personal history of Mr. Lincoln. It exhibited the self-control and equilibrium of his character, as well as his party fidelity. There is now before me a letter of his in which he announces his motto in political affairs, "Bear and forbear." This self-poise, self-abnegation, and forbearance enabled him to bring the ship of state safely through the stormy seas before him. He never labored for effect; there was nothing theatrical in him; he was not concerned about his personal relations to affairs; smiled when he was told that Seward was using him and getting all the glory. He sought nothing fantastical; but felt it to be his supreme duty to bring peace with honor to his distracted country.

A picturesque administration may please the unskillful, but it makes the judicious grieve. The machinery of government, like that of the human body, is usually working best when it is attracting no attention.

The bread thus thrown upon the waters by Mr. Lincoln in securing the election of Trumbull returned, and not after many days. But when he had these conversations it was unknown to him. To the suggestion he would certainly be selected as the next Senator, he quietly replied, "I don't know." But when the time came the Republican Convention unanimously nominated him for Senator—an act without precedent in our Senatorial history.

The debate followed. At that time, under the influence of a strong partisan enthusiasm, I felt that Lincoln had greatly the advantage. But upon reading the debate now, its moral bearings aside, as a mere intellectual feat, the advantage of either is not apparent. The argument of slavery is put with all the telling force of Douglas's vigorous mind and intense nature. He was a veritable "little giant."

Mr. Lincoln, as we have seen, remained in Cincinnati about a week, moving freely around. Yet not twenty men in the city knew him personally, or knew that he was here; not a hundred would have known who he was had his name been given them.

He came with the fond hope of making fame in a forensic contest with Reverdy Johnson. He was pushed aside, humiliated, and mortified. He attached to the innocent city the displeasure that filled his bosom, shook its dust from his feet, and departed never to return. How dark and impenetrable to him then was the thin veil soon to rise, revealing to him a resplendent future! He did return to the city, two years thereafter, with a fame wide as the continent, with the laurels of the Douglas contest on his brow, and the Presidency in his grasp. He returned, greeted with the thunder of cannon, the strains of martial music, and the joyous plaudits of thousands of citizens thronging the streets. He addressed a vast concourse on Fifth Street Market; was entertained in princely style at the Burnet House; and there received with courtesy the foremost citizens, come to greet this rising star.

The manner of the man was changed. The free conversation of unrestraint had given place to the vague phrase of the wary politician, the repose of ease to the agitation of unaccustomed elevation.

Two men have I known on the eve of a Presidential nomination, each expecting it—Chase and Lincoln. With each, but in different degrees, there was an all-absorbing egotism. To hear, every waking moment, one's hopes and prospects canvassed, develops in one the feeling that he is the most important thing in the universe. Accompanying this is a lofty exaltation of spirits; the blood mounts to the brain, and the mind reels in delirium. Pity the Presidential aspirant.

With high hope and happy heart Mr. Lincoln left Cincinnati after a three days'