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JOHN JAMES INGALLS. The first-born of Elias Theodore Ingalls and his wife Eliza Chase.

Of Puritan ancestry.

Born at Middletown, Massachusetts, December 29, 1833.

Was United States Senator from Kansas eighteen years — from 1873 to 1891.

Died of bronchitis, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, August 16, 1900. Is buried at Atchison.

Statue placed in Hall of Fame, Washington, by act of the Kansas Legislature.

Ingalls was fond of walking. He loved to wander solitary and alone. About Atchison he strolled over prairies, along bluffs, through fields, under the trees of forest and orchard.

When he was made Chairman of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia, he walked about Washington constantly, and made himself familiar with its every feature and want.

Ingalls wrote the *Kansas Magazine* articles

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in his home on a small table in the living-room. The children were all about him, but seemed not to annoy him or distract his attention. He wrote slowly — that is, composed slowly. Mrs. Ingalls says he “wrote and tore up” his articles until they conformed to the requirements of his exact and discriminating taste.

One competent to speak said of Ingalls:

He knew language as the devout Moslem knows his Koran. All the deeps and shallows of the sea of words were sounded and surveyed by him and duly marked upon the chart of his great mentality. In the presence of an audience he was a magician; under the power of his magic, syllables became scorpions — an inflection became an indictment. And with words he builded temples of thought that excited at first the wonder and at all times the admiration of the world of literature and statesmanship. He was emperor in the realm of expression.

That Ingalls was an acute observer of men and events is shown by his analysis of the character of the Kansas man:

It has been sometimes obscurely intimated that the typical Kansan lacks in reserve, and occasion-

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ally exhibits a tendency to exaggeration in dwelling upon the development of the state and the benefits and burdens of its citizenship. Censorious scoffers, actuated by envy, jealousy, malignity, and other evil passions, have intimated that he unduly vaunteth himself; that he brags and becomes vainglorious; that he is given to bounce, tall talk, and magniloquence.

There have not been wanting those who affirm that he magnifies his calamities as well as his blessings, and desires nothing so much as to have the name of Kansas in any capacity in the ears and mouths of men.

Such accusations are well calculated to make the judicious grieve. They result from a misconception of the man and his environment.

The normal condition of the genuine Kansan is that of shy and sensitive diffidence. He suffers from excess of modesty. He blushes too easily. There is nothing he dislikes so much as to hear himself talk. He hides his light under a bushel. He keeps as near the tail-end of the procession as possible. He never advertises. He bloweth not his own horn, and is indifferent to the bandwagon.

Ingalls was epigrammatic. He said of Garland, Attorney-General of the United States under Cleveland: “General Garland is a great lawyer

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among Arkansaw men and a great Arkansaw man among lawyers.”

Describing his impressions of the Missouri River on his journey to settle in Kansas he said the steamboat was days and days ascending to Sumner, and that he was always in sight of tall cottonwoods and broad sandbars on one side of the river, or broad sandbars and tall cottonwoods on the other side of the river.

He could descend from the stars and manifest interest in the most trivial household affairs. He had a clever turn, and in the first years of his home-life often mended gates and the sidewalk. With hammer and saw he constructed about the house convenient shelves and corners. And he was no indifferent workman.

At home he always blacked his own boots.

He would contemplate the valley of the Missouri for hours at a time. He seemed never to tire of the view. He studied the moods of the river, and days of bluster when sand-clouds drifted over it, it had a fascination for him. His first home was on a bluff in South Atehison commanding an extensive view of river, bottoms and

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bluffs. Standing by this old house in after life, he wrote this idyl:

Was it on this planet we lived alone, and loved in youth's enchanted kingdom amid the forests and by the great lonely river, looking with mingled gaze at the eastern bluffs purpled by the autumnal sunset, or at the face of the moon climbing with sad steps the midnight sky; or was it on some remote star in some other life, recalled with rapture and longing unutterable and un-availing?

“Oh, death in life; the days that are no more!”

The crumbling excavation scarce discernible among the vines and weeds and brambles, deserted and inaccessible, ancient as Palmyra or Persepolis in seeming — was this the theatre whereon was enacted the intoxicating drama, the sweet tragedy of human passion, grief, joy, and endless separation? Since then, what devious wanderings of the soul, what darkened vistas, what trepidation, what struggle and solace, what achievements and defeat — what splendor and what gloom! The river flows, and the landscape is unchanged. Nature mocks with her permanence the mutability of man; and the steadfast presence recalling life's vanished glory and bloom and dew of morning — how worthless and empty appear all that time gives, compared with what

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it takes away! How gladly would we exchange the prizes of ambition and fame and wealth for the splendid consecration of youth and —

“Wild with all regret — the days that are no more”.

Ingalls loved red as a color in his apparel. His flaming red ties became famous in Kansas; they were frequently a brilliant scarlet. In the days of his first residence in Atchison it was fashionable for men to wear in winter very heavy shawls. Ingalls exhibited his individuality and gratified his taste by wearing a red and gleaming blanket.

He liked to be droll, even eccentric and grotesque, on occasion. In the last days of his residence at Sumner he arrayed himself in a long linen duster, reaching to his heels. He stretched his enormous straw hat upward into a long peak. He was very tall and extremely slender, anyway, and thus clad he seemed of extraordinary height.

It was, sometimes, with difficulty that Ingalls could be prevailed on to deliver his addresses and orations. Once he was to address some gathering in the East. He made excuses for remain-

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ing at home, but Mrs. Ingalls insisted that he should go. On the day he should have appeared before his audience she heard from him at St. Louis, where he said he was ill. In a few days he returned home, having cancelled his engagements. Mrs. Ingalls could not discover that he was ill, and was certain that his course resulted from reluctance to then go on with his work.

This may have been in some degree due to his horror of speaking in public. On one occasion his fright was so great that he could not proceed with an address, and he had to stop and admit his failure. I have Ware's account of it. As the hour for the meeting approached Ingalls became more and more perturbed. He requested that Ware speak first. Ware agreed to speak five minutes. Ingalls urged him to make it fifteen minutes — then an hour. Ware spoke thirty minutes. When Ingalls rose cold perspiration beaded his forehead. He stammered and halted and blundered for fifteen minutes, then quit. Years after, in a letter to Ware, he recalled the incident:

I am glad to know that I have established any claim to the good will of the people of Fort Scott. I have not hitherto been able to disguise from

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myself the fact that I had few friends in that locality. I tried to make a speech there once, but the reception I met with "froze the genial currents of my soul!" It gives me the rigors to recall that polar evening. A declamation from the apex of an iceberg in the silence of an arctic midnight, would have been hilarious midsummer bacchanalian revelry by comparison.

His frigid reception was altogether an illusion. Ware stopped talking for the reason that the audience was impatient and eager to hear Ingalls. Another illusion was manifest, for Ingalls had many friends in Fort Scott,— warm and faithful friends whose devotion has outlived the tomb. But remarkable delusions come to men of genius.

The feud between Ingalls and Cleveland was not of the President's seeking. He had, in fact, counted on a sort of alliance with Ingalls. Of this intention the Senator had no intimation, and he was vitriolic in his references to the new incumbent of the White House and his administration.

Justice Field was a Democrat. Ingalls was a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee. By that maze of formal social precedents known as official etiquette in Washington, Mrs. Ingalls sat

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beside Justice Field at White House dinners for years. Her daughter Marion was so disgusted with the failure of the Republican party to nominate Arthur for President that she avowed herself a Democrat, which avowal she steadily held to. At a dinner given soon after the inauguration of Cleveland, Mrs. Ingalls mentioned this fact to Justice Field. So remarkable did he consider it that he, later in the evening, informed the President, who went at once to Mrs. Ingalls and requested her to bring her Democratic daughter to see him at the White House.

Within a fortnight Mrs. Ingalls, in her daily drive about the city, passed the White House. Marion — then but a child — was with her, and it occurred to Mrs. Ingalls to stop and see the President.

Cleveland was beset with many difficulties in getting his administration under way. He had little knowledge of the details of executive usage. The hungry and thirsty spoilsmen besieged him. He did not know whom to trust, and he reviewed all applications for office himself. This required much time, to secure which he excluded all callers during some hours other Presidents had been ac-

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cessible to the public. When Mrs. Ingalls appeared in the reception-room she was told that she could not see the President at that hour. She, however, added "and Marion" to the inscription on her card and had it carried to the President who directed that she be admitted at once. Mr. Cleveland met her cordially and expressed pleasure at seeing someone who did not come seeking an office. He was delighted to see Marion, engaged her in conversation, gave her flowers, and inquired who had given her her beautiful name. To this question she replied by naming the Ingalls family physician at Atchison. "Why", said the President, "he is one of the fellows wanting to be postmaster there." Mrs. Ingalls was surprised at what he said, thinking it wonderful that in such short time he had so familiarized himself with affairs as to be able to recognize an applicant for postmaster in a country village upon the mere mention of his name by a child. This introduced the subject of patronage, and Mr. Cleveland mentioned the embarrassment under which he was laboring. He wished to appoint only the best men, but he knew that political endorsements did not usually fall to the best men. He spoke kindly

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of Senator Ingalls, and Mrs. Ingalls knew when she left that he would not be averse to having the judgment of her husband on the applications for office from Kansas. When she went home she learned that he had that day spoken with such bitterness of the new President and his administration that no such relation as had been suggested by Mr. Cleveland could ever be possible.

Ill-feeling between these two great men increased from that day and grew into one of the most famous and most bitter official feuds in the history of our government.

Mrs. Ingalls was in the galleries and heard the famous passage at arms between her husband and Senator Voorhees. She saw the tall Hoosier led vanquished from the Senate chamber. Later she and a party of friends went into the Senate restaurant and ordered refreshments, and sent for Ingalls but were told that the Senate had adjourned and that the Senator had gone immediately home.

The extreme bitterness between Ingalls and Chief-Justice Horton as a result of the contest of

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the second election was a feature in Kansas politics for years. But these two great Kansans were brought to a reconciliation through the efforts of Bailie P. Waggener, the friend of both. The meeting was in the office of Waggener in Atchison. It had been previously arranged, and was set for a late hour in the evening. Horton arrived promptly, but Ingalls was late by a quarter of an hour, as was his habit. He came in with an apology for his tardiness. He was faultlessly attired and perfectly composed. When he entered the room Waggener said that he supposed they would prefer to be alone and offered to withdraw, but was urged to remain by both, which he did.

Ingalls began the advances necessary to the matter by saying that he regretted the famous Atchison speech more than he could tell. Horton came forward with words of apology for his course. Amends were made and perfect harmony secured before midnight. Of this event very few people were ever informed. Horton and Ingalls had been associated a long time in the publication of the "Atchison Champion" in the absence of John A. Martin, the proprietor, in the army.

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Bailie P. Waggener is one of the foremost lawyers of the West. He is General Solicitor for the Missouri Pacific Railway, in the service of which he has been for many years. He is a Democrat, and has long been prominent in Kansas public affairs. As State Senator from Atchison County he secured the passage of a bill giving one of the places at the disposition of Kansas in Statuary Hall at Washington to Ingalls; also an appropriation to pay for the statue of the famous Kansan. This statue has been placed in the Hall, and it is by far the finest and most striking to be seen there.

Of mountains, Ingalls said:

What an immortal fascination there is about mountains! Their solemnity, their silence, the grandeur of their outlines, the unspeakable glory of their lofty crags and "snowy summits old in story", and their splendid inutility!

When you look upon the vague and troubled immensity of the ocean, you think of commerce and codfish and whales. When you contemplate the grassy waste of prairies, expanding to the skies, you think of wheat and corn and pigs and steers. But Pike's Peak and Sierra Blanca and Trenchery and Culebra and the Tetons are good

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for nothing except adoration and worship. Man does not profane their solitudes where the unheard voices of the winds in the forests, of waters falling in the abyss, and the eagle's cry have no audience nor anniversary.

And of the sea Ingalls wrote:

The ancients had a saying that those who cross the sea change their sky, but not their minds,—"*Qui trans mare current coelum non animam mutant*". No man can escape from himself. The companionship is inseparable.

But there is something more than change of locality in the isolation of a long ocean voyage. When the last dim headland disappears, and the continent vanishes in the deep, the separation from the human race is complete. All the accustomed incidents and habits of life are suspended, and those who are assembled in that casual society might be the solitary survivors of mankind.

Wars and catastrophes and bereavements may shock the world, but here they are unheard and unknown. Suns rise and set and rise again, but the great ship makes no apparent progress. She remains the centre of an unchanging circumference. The vast and sombre monotony is unbroken. Above is the infinite abyss of the sky

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with its clouds and stars. Beneath is the infinite abyss of the sea with its winds and waves. Sometimes the faint phantom of a sail appears above the vague fluctuating horizon and silently fades away, or a stain of smoke against the distant mist discloses the pathway of some remote and unknown tenant of the solitude.

The moods of the sea are endless, but it has no compassion. It glitters in the sun, but its smile is cruel and relentless. It is eager to devour. Its forces are destructive. Each instant is fraught with peril. Its agitation is incessant, and it lies in wait to engulf and destroy. Resisting every effort to subdue its obstacles, when its baffled billows are cleft, they gather in the ghastly wake, and rage at their discomfiture.

In the presence of this implacable enemy, whose smiles betray, whose voice is an imprecation, whose embrace is death, meditation becomes habitual and the mind changes like the sky.

In the famous interview on politics, Ingalls said:

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To

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defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. The Republicans and Democrats are as irreconcilably opposed to each other as were Grant and Lee in the Wilderness. They use ballots instead of guns, but the struggle is as unrelenting and desperate and the result sought for the same. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to destroy. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from tea-custard and syllabub dilettanteism and frivolous sentimentalism.