

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX, BLOCK THIRD STORY.

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## Poetical.

The following beautiful song was composed by the author for the occasion, and sung at a recent Masonic gathering held in Cleveland. Its peculiarly symbolic allusions are of course dark to the general reader, yet we think he will like to see it.

The Level and the Square.

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## The Oaken Chest.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In a room, in the vicinity of Regensburg, the prodigious pile of an old castle, attracts the eye of every stranger. If he walks through the magnificent portal, and the sumptuous state rooms, where the eye is dazzled, and the senses bewildered, he thinks he retains a recollection of all the splendor he has beheld; but he wanders on, passes out of the house that he entered with amazement, and he will certainly feel a slight shudder of dread as he casts back his glance, and his mind will alone be occupied by an old oaken chest which he saw in the palace. It stands in a large spacious room, against one of the bare walls that have no other ornament than a woman's portrait, which hangs over this dark chest, with carpenter's richly supplied. If the glance of the visitor falls on this picture, which beams forth a fullness of beauty, splendor and youth, he will deem the room which before seemed so bare and empty sufficiently ornamented; he thinks they did right not to bring any other picture into this room, as none would be worthy to hang by the side of this one. As the searching eye of the visitor sinks deeper and deeper into the blue depths of an expression betraying an inexhaustible source of love and resignation, he feels, by continued gazing on a face beaming with happiness and beauty, a sense of satisfaction stealing through his heart, that there is something on earth, that has the power to transport us to heaven; he does not feel a presentiment that he is standing at the grave of all that is looking down on him with a look of almost superterrestrial splendor. That young maiden whose smile Simplicio gave with such wonderful fidelity in the picture, smiled even more happily in that hour when the painter, with masterly hand, at the request of her lover, fastened her features upon the canvass, on which they are preserved, after hundreds of years, in magical grace and beauty.

It was on her wedding day. She was one of the loveliest daughters of the noble house of Ornelis—was betrothed to one of the handsomest and most knightly pieces of the old and powerful race of Cologne. Through the love of these young hearts, the deadly hate which had existed between two families for years was not only ended, but changed into feelings of warmest friendship. Loud shouts of laughter and rejoicing ran through every room, and half of the proud, magnificent palace on the wedding day; and if here and there a remnant of the former animosity still brooded, it would vanish before the smiles that beamed from the charming countenance of the young and lovely bride, reminding one of sunshine and spring; it would disappear at the sight of the overjoyed bridegroom, over whose face flitted the rays of parental bliss.

The joy and rapture of the united, entered the hearts of all that witnessed their happiness, and all rejoiced with them. No one could resist the serene and cheerful atmosphere that pervaded the beautiful festival and each one in overflowing joy sought the pleasure that best suited their tastes.

Towards evening the varied crowds of guests rushed forth from the sumptuous parlors of the house, into the gardens, brilliantly illuminated with a thousand variegated colored lanterns, into which above all the moon poured its soft and mellow light. Suddenly the face of the groom, wearing a serious expression, appeared among the many happy groups, and in astonishment he asked him what had caused a shadow on his countenance, which but a few minutes before beamed forth joy and happiness. "I cannot find any bride," he cried, "and in tones betraying the anguish of his soul, he added, "She told me a while ago that she would hide herself, and in a place that I never would think of looking for her to find her. She seems to have disappeared completely, not a vestige of her remaining."

They laughed at the prince for his apprehension, and jokingly aided him in searching the orange grove—but in the hours of the most cheerful there was an uneasiness as the night advanced, the festivities drew to a close, and in spite of the most diligent searches, no trace of the bride was visible. Greater and greater grew the anxiety, and more eagerly were the house and garden searched at the night shades descended; but of all the hours spent in breathless suspense, not one of these slow, and to every guest painfully gliding seconds brought back the lost one.

Words of distrust were uttered by the lamenting Ornelis, and approved with outcries of sedition by the offended Cologne; daggers were drawn on the ground, where only a few hours before pledges of everlasting friendship were made, and the glittering blades of sword flashed through the dewy foliage, where before brilliant eyes beamed with love and happiness. It was a frightful, a terrible change! The more affecting, as during the preceding pleasures no one had the least apprehension of a rupture! But though they blamed and accused, though they defended themselves and relied on God and all the saints to witness their innocence; and they endeavored to wash out injuries with blood, and carried away with passion many a heart was pierced with dark suspicion, neither an impression, a murmur nor a cry of despair—nothing—nothing brought back the lost bride.

The palace of Ornelis was closed, after the marriages which ended so tragically; despair remained the hell, where pleasure and happiness were changed, as it were, with lightning speed, into grief and despair.

Only after hundreds of years was the long closed portal opened by one of the descendants of the noble race of the Ornelis, and light and air once more allowed to circulate through the rooms that had been veiled in night and darkness so long.

The closed house was restored to pleasure and mirth, when one day the eye of the lady of the house, while walking through the rooms on the arm of her husband, fell on the old oaken chest, standing solitary in a large room.

This old chest pleased the young woman. When she heard that it descended from a Venetian lady of nobility who allied herself with the house of Ornelis several centuries ago, and that since brought it to Modena, and which ever since the costly wedding robes of the Duchess Ornelis were retained—the curiosity seized her to know whether or not so long a lapse of time any traces remained of the rich costumes of past ages.

She opened the chest, and the lock was rust bound, and its ingenious mechanism long withstood all efforts; but at last the object was accomplished. But who will describe the horror of the young Duchess, her husband, and that of the servants, who opened the retreating lock of the chest, when they all on raising the lid, beheld a skeleton reclining in the dust of old decayed brocade garments.

With the string of pearls Count Collona once bequeathed the lovely head of his young bride, when Simplicio painted her portrait, and with these rows of pearls the fair being on her wedding day fastened the orange blossoms with her golden curls were entwined. This necklace was the first terrible vestige of the overhappy bride, who once in the Ornelis palace disappeared mysteriously! This dreadful discovery was followed up, which was made after so long a period of time, and soon there remained no doubt that this fresh and blooming life found death in the oaken chest.

The skeleton and the pearls were again lowered into the awful depths of this terrible grave, and over the same was hung the picture of the young bride.

So the room in the Ornelis palace into a certain degree, a churchyard or vault for the dead. There has, 'tis true, but one spirit found rest here; but what may this heart have suffered, this one mind endured, ere death released both, and broke the bright eyes which even now sparkle through the gloomy space, and once so happy and full of hope, looked fondly on the world and into the seeming golden future!

## The Western Reserve.

These are household words with us all, yet many persons have rather a confused idea of their meaning and how they came into use. Those persons and all new citizens will doubtless thank us for making the following extract from the admirable address of Gen. L. V. Bierce, of Akron, delivered to the pioneers of Lorain county on the 4th of July last:

The territory now embraced in the State of Connecticut was originally granted to two companies, Connecticut and New Haven. The old patent of Connecticut was granted March 19, 1636, by the Earl of Warwick to Lords Say and Seal. The New Haven Company was composed of Lord Brook, and others, and from the union of the names of one of each company, Say and Brook, was formed the name of Saybrook; one of the first towns settled by these companies. The New Haven company arrived in Boston in July, 1637, and in the following April removed to New Haven. In 1638 Charles the second, of England, granted a charter for the union of two colonies, and defined their boundaries as follows: "From the South line of Massachusetts on the North, to Long Island Sound on the South, and from the Narragansett River on the East, to the Pacific on the West."

It will be seen, by reference to a map, that these boundaries would enclose not only what is now the State of Connecticut, but portions of the State of New York, New Jersey, nearly one half of Pennsylvania, and all the northern portions of Ohio and Indiana; and portions of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, California and Oregon. There was a clause in the charter, however, which excepts from the grant such portions as were then occupied by prior settlers.

The Duke of York procured a patent for what is now New York, conflicting with this patent, to the Connecticut company. Pennsylvania and Virginia also had their paper titles to portions of this same territory.

A dispute soon arose between New York and Connecticut, as to their boundaries and jurisdiction, which, in 1684 was referred to a committee appointed by the King, who decided that the Western boundary of Connecticut should be a line beginning on the east side of Mamaroneck river, (now called Mill river), a place where the said water meets the fresh of High water, and thence north, northwest to the line of Massachusetts. By this decision Connecticut lost all of the territory claimed by her within the limits of the patent of the Duke of York. A charter was granted to William Penn in 1681 embracing all that part of the territory now of New York, which lies within the present limits of Pennsylvania. A dispute then arose between these colonies as to boundary and jurisdiction. Both colonies sold the same land, and each guaranteed to the purchaser undisturbed possession.

This excited bitter quarrels among the settlers, and resort was often had to force to settle them in possession. In 1753, a company was formed in Connecticut to plant a colony on what they claimed as included in her charter, on the Susquehanna river. A purchase was made of the Sachems of the Iroquois, or six nations, by this company, in 1754, at Wyoming, now called Wilkesbarre, and in 1776, a township was organized there called Westmoreland, with a representative to the legislature of Connecticut.

Relying on their great, and the legislature of Connecticut, in 1780, transmitted to England certain questions, to be proposed to the most able lawyers respecting her title to the land in dispute. The answers were favorable to her claim, and determined the colony to defend them. The Revolutionary war approaching soon after, suspended further proceedings until after its close. In 1783 the two States agreed to appoint commissioners to determine the dispute, and an act of Congress was passed appointing two commissioners from each to act in the final settlement of this long pending controversy.

The commissioners met at Trenton, New Jersey, in November, 1785, and after a full hearing of the parties, they decided that Connecticut had no right to the lands in dispute. This settled the matter so far as Pennsylvania was concerned. Connecticut, notwithstanding these adverse decisions on her claims, still claimed all the lands west of Pennsylvania; but, to save all future trouble, the legislature proposed to cede all of these lands to Congress with a reserve of one hundred and twenty miles in length immediately west of the west line of Pennsylvania, and north of latitude 41 degrees.

This proposition was accepted by Congress, and on the 13th of September, 1785, the State of Connecticut, by deed, released all claim to western lands, included in her patent, reserving the tract aforesaid, then called "New Connecticut," but now known as the "Western Reserve."

In 1783 Connecticut granted half a million acres on the west end of the Reserve to citizens of New London, Fairfield and other towns in Connecticut for losses sustained by them in the Revolutionary war, by the burning of their property, by the British. From this circumstance they are called fire lands. The remainder of the tract, being a little over three million acres, was sold by the State of Connecticut to the Connecticut land company on the 5th of September 1795, and the purchase \$1,200,000 was funded, by the State of Connecticut, the interest constituting a perpetual fund for the support of common schools for that State called the Connecticut school fund.

This brief narrative brings up the history of "the Reserve" to 1795, when the Connecticut land company was organized, and made the purchase of the "Western Reserve." The company was composed of fifty-six individuals. In the year 1798 they set out the first exploring and surveying party, who, sixty four years ago to-day, landed on "the Reserve" and celebrated our National Independence.

We see it stated in our exchange papers that, among the late graduates at West Point, is a son of Commodore Vanderbilt, and that he received from his father, on graduating, the sum of \$50,000. Mr. Vanderbilt, it is stated, offered him this sum, if he should pass his final examination, and \$100,000, if he should be one of the five distinguished cadets.

We can well believe it. If young men knew the anxiety of their fathers for them, if they believed in its depth and extent, more of them would turn out well. The wealth of a father is but a poor consolation to him if his sons are worthless, and most men would make any sacrifice to secure mainly, virtuous and successful boys. Mr. V. is a man of great wealth. Rather than have his son dismissed in disgrace for bad conduct, or inattention to his studies, he was wise to offer fifty or a hundred thousand dollars, if it would secure a favorable result.

For the beginning in such a case is often everything. Carelessness, waste of time, dissipation at college, is the beginning of ruin, while the habit of self-control in conduct and study, once begun, is likely to continue. Here, then, is one prodigious argument to young men to pursue a manly and industrious course. It is one that appeals to whatever in them is most generous. The "biting of the gray hairs" of a father to the grave—in the pathetic language of the old patriarch Jacob—is not a fiction or an exaggeration. It is too often realized. The young man may laugh and sneer. But he is not a father, and does not know how the heart of a father is bound up in his children. Let it be, as he says among his boon companions, that he does not care what becomes of him, his nature, already beginning to be worthless, is bound up with the life blood of another nature, from which it can no more be separated without agony than his right arm could be harmlessly torn from his body. Yet, to-night there will be hundreds of young men, we fear, making their way to scenes of debauch over the palpitating hearts of men far better than themselves. These, indeed, conceal the sorrow which is quivering in their breasts.

They address themselves, with many courages, to the duties of life, but their flesh trembles over the possibilities which they see in the future, the dread pictures which their imagination paints upon the distance.

It is wise to secure, at every hour, good beginnings in a boy. We must make marks in the direction in connection with the subject of a choice of schools. There are, no doubt, examples of bright scholars and studious collegians turning out badly. But, in general, habit holds when it is fixed. It is a gigantic power, more gigantic than any one understands. The magnificent consequences of fixing good habits, giving gradually to a virtuous and able man the power of a hundred or a thousand undisciplined men, is the compensation for the tremendous ruin wrought by bad habits in men of the opposite character. Human nature is created on a fearful scale; it is formed for a permanence and a power at which we may well tremble. How feeble it would be, if every thing, once done, passed off, leaving no trace when it comes to be done again, we may all see; but when a faculty is acquired, it is increasing with every age, and with this facility a disposition to act as well, we have the explanation of the Titanic force of great men. But the very same principle explains the fierce madness of the opium eater, the drunkard, the talented debauchee, the successful forger, the Monroe Edwards, the Jack Sheppards. A "fatal facility" in wrong generates that terrible disposition to do it, which is the meaning of the old fables as to the fascination of vice. But the courage and resolution of a man can break these seven fold cords, and there are some fine examples—the Rochester, the King Henrys and the Colonel Gardiners of the world—to show that it can be done. How grand a work it is, and what an opportunity such a young man has to pour light and music and sunshine into a desolate family circle!

The pleasure of a life of outwary is greatly exaggerated. Many young men are somewhat wild in their youth, but as they begin to feel their responsibilities, they give up these follies and become sensible and useful men. Those who pass this season, who allow the bad habits of a wild youth to enmesh upon middle age, bid fair to be useless, and it may be laid down as a universal proposition that a man over thirty who is useless is unhappy. There is great force sometimes in etymology, because it contains the embodied and condensed wisdom of ages of average men. The use of recreation is that it is re-creation for useful work; but the man who attempts to force nature, to get out more than there is in it, will fail. To make a business of pleasure, is proverbially a miserable thing; to live by debauch is a still wilder attempt.

Public sentiment always distinguishes between those stages of vice; that which pursues an irregular course for a brief period, for the piquancy or eccentricity of it, and that which settles into more wickedness or vagabondage. But the one stage if continued, passes over, almost inevitably into the other, and then the case rapidly becomes hopeless. With its hopelessness, its capacity for enjoyment decreases, until presently there is not much left but brutal habits and reckless propensities. Heart is gone, the capacity and the disposition for industry, self-respect perishes, and the power of enjoyment is on a level with that of the brute that wallows in the mire. And this was once the chirruping child, the bright, manly school boy, the ingenious and jovial college class-mate.

But in the first deflections from the path that leads straight forward in the right, the father sees the danger. As the flash of lightning which, at night, illumines the entire horizon, so one trait of recklessness warns him of the dismal future, and so, with pain which is beyond all words, he watches one successive sign of ruin appearing after another. The young man at first supposes himself wiser than his father; but, step by step he ceases to care. The end of him is an early grave, or a festering living pollution, which makes his death at last a relief to the earth.

A neat and charming maiden in Indiana, the fortunate possessor of a considerable property, became engaged for marriage to a green, unattractive, clumsy boy of eighteen years. The day for the wedding was fixed, and the course of rustic love was running smoothly enough. One day the groom expectantly appeared before his mistress with a wrinkled brow, quivering chin, eyes filled with tears. "My father says I shan't marry unless I first pay him for my time." This was all he said. The woman at once sent him to the sharp parent with instructions to learn the lowest rate of exchange at which the time could be changed into money. "I will sell you," said the father—"for \$200, and not a cent less." "And I will buy you," returned the damsel, when the offer was communicated to her. She paid the money, married the property, and has since so sedulously cultivated it, that a great improvement, personally, morally and intellectually, has taken place.

A fellow was doubting whether or not he should venture to fight the Mexicans. One of the sagest sayings before his eyes, bearing the inscription "Victory or Death," somewhat troubled and discouraged him. "Victory is a good thing," said he, "but why 'Victory or Death'?" Just put it "Victory or Cripped," and I'll go that.

A bed is generally a more elegant and complimentary offering than a full-blown or over-blown flower. If you wish your idea to expand, do not let the whole process of expansion take place in your own writing or conversation; leave part of it for the hand of your hearer or reader.

## The Portage Sentinel.

Wednesday, September 5, 1860.

### Douglas's Reception in the South.

Senator Douglas on his way to North Carolina, stopped at Norfolk, Va., by special invitation. He was expected on Friday last, but the boat did not reach the city until Saturday. A telegraphic dispatch to the New York Herald says:

"He had arrived on Friday, as expected, he would have had a tremendous reception, for on that day a large body of electors had formed in procession, who, with a band of music and a cannon whose roar would have been heard to the remotest character of the welcome, awaited his arrival. He did not make his appearance, but the people cheered, however, the music played, and the cannon awakened the echoes of the still region all the same.

When the boat arrived on Saturday, there was still a considerable crowd to receive him, and, hastily, the music and the big gun black men and white men, assembled to welcome him and escort him to his hotel. On landing, he expressed his thanks for the unexpected warmth of his welcome, and for a couple of hours afterwards was occupied in receiving his friends at the hotel. During the day he visited Portsmouth, by invitation, and was escorted to the Ocean House there, and underwent the inevitable ceremony of a reception.

In the evening an immense crowd gathered on the streets of Norfolk, bonfires were lighted, bands played, and a good time of it altogether was had, fermenting an enthusiasm foreign to the Norfolkites. A committee of arrangements was formed, and under their direction the whole body of people proceeded to the Court House yard. Judge Douglas soon appeared, and taking his stand on the topmost step of the stone flight leading to the entrance of the building, he proceeded at once to address the assembly, computed at six thousand people. He spoke for nearly two hours, and made one of the most forcible of his popular sovereignty speeches.

In the middle of his address a slip of paper was handed to him. It was cut from the Norfolk Daily Argus, a Breckinridge Disunion paper, and contained two polite questions for Judge Douglas. Having ascertained the questions thus propounded, he said to the crowd, "I am not in the habit of answering questions propounded to me in the course of an address, but on this occasion I will comply with the request and respond very frankly and unequivocally to these two questions.

The first question is, if Abraham Lincoln be elected President of the United States will the Southern States be justified in seceding from the Union? To this I emphatically answer no. (Great applause.) The election of a man to the Presidency by the American people, in conformity with the Constitution of the United States, would not justify any attempt at dissolving this glorious confederacy. (Applause.) Now I will read to you the next question, and then answer it.

Question—If they, the Southern States, secede from the Union upon the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, before he commits an overt act against their constitutional rights, will you advise the Breckinridge Disunion party to resist by force to their secession? Mr. Douglas—I answer emphatically that it is the duty of the President of the United States, and all others in authority under him, to enforce the laws of the United States as passed by Congress and as the courts expounded them. (Cheers.) And I, as in duty bound by my oath of fidelity to the Constitution, would do all in my power to aid the government of the United States in maintaining the supremacy of the laws against all resistance to them, come from what quarter it might. (Good.) In other words, I think the President of the United States, wherever he may be, should treat all attempts to break up the Union, by resistance to its laws, as Old Hickory treated the nullifiers in 1833. (Applause.) The laws must be enforced, but at the same time, it is the duty of every citizen of every State, and every public functionary, to preserve, maintain and vindicate the rights of every citizen and the rights of every State in the Union. I hold that the Constitution has a remedy for every grievance that may arise within the limits of the Union. I am very frank in answering these questions. I am not in favor of any policy which would tend to give rise to complaints or murmurs, much less to such as would call for resistance from any quarter. I acknowledge the inherent and inalienable right of revolution whenever a grievance becomes too burdensome to be borne. I acknowledge the right of every man to rebel and change the form of government under which he lives whenever it proves destructive to the ends for which it was established. That is a right, however, never to be exercised until the operations of the government become more grievous than the consequences of revolution.

And therefore I say that the mere inauguration of a President of the United States whose political opinions were in my judgment hostile to the constitution and safety of the Union, without an overt act on his part, without striking a blow at our constitution or our rights, is not such a grievance as would justify revolution or secession. (Cheers.) Hence I say whoever may be elected President of the United States, he must be sustained in the exercise of all his just constitutional prerogatives and powers. If he transcends them, we will punish him with all the rigor of the law, as you punish John Brown when he violated your laws. (A storm of applause.) I for one will sustain with all my energy the President whenever he may be in the exercise of all the powers conferred upon him by the constitution; but I would be just as much pleased in punishing him if he transcended those powers, as I feel pleasure in showing that you punished John Brown when he was guilty of murder and treason against the State of Virginia. (Renewal of storm.) I am a law-abiding man, and I believe the Union can be maintained by a faithful observance of the constitution. I have in sending the insufficient to good faith of every provision of that constitution; I insist on a limit of policy which will place all the people of all the States in an equal equality, and maintain and protect them in their just rights, which will be a more permanent and a more solid basis for the Union than the constitution and the consolidated armies of the country. Now, these questions put to me last day I based on Virginia only, having emanated from the friends of the

receptionist committee. I see that these conditions may be also put to those conditions, and that you might gain such frank and unequivocal answers as I have given.

Mr. Douglas—Remember that Mr. Breckinridge was nominated on the theory that the election of Lincoln was preferable to that of Douglas. Now, my question is that if Breckinridge's friends had voted at Baltimore, but had acquiesced in the legitimate action of the Convention, I would have in this contest beaten Lincoln by the popular vote.

A Voice—"That's so."

Mr. Douglas—Less than one-third of the Convention seceded from the two-thirds on the ground that Southern honor and Southern rights were not safe in his hands, and that hence it was necessary to divide the party in every State of the Union so that Lincoln might have a chance of winning in between the Democratic forces of the Democratic party and get elected by a minority vote.

A Voice—"That's so."

Mr. Douglas—The only ostensible and true object sought in making a Breckinridge ticket in the Northern States was to divide the Democratic party so as to give Lincoln every vote of those States, and if Breckinridge is elected President, it will be the accessionists whom you will have to blame for it.

A Voice—"That's so."

Mr. Douglas—Lincoln has no hope of being elected except through the efforts of the accessionists, who have divided the Democratic party—supposing that Breckinridge could carry every Southern State, though it now seems he is not going to carry a single one by the people. Still, by dividing the North, he gives every one of the States to Lincoln, thus allowing him to be elected by the popular vote. Why, what was the true object of the contest before the accession? Lincoln had no show whatever for more than two States till the Breckinridge division took place, and I would have beaten him in every State but Vermont and Massachusetts. As it is, I think I will beat him in almost all of them yet. (Cheers.) But should Lincoln be elected, how do the accessionists, who nominated and now support Breckinridge, be entitled to the credit of it, and upon them will rest the responsibility of having adopted the fatal policy, and dreading the result of their own rash and unparliamentary acts which give to Lincoln a chance of success, they come forward and ask me if I will help them to dissolve the Union in the event of Lincoln being raised to the Presidential chair. I tell them never on earth. (Cheers and cries of "Good.") I am for putting down Northern Abolitionism, but am also for putting down Southern secessionists, and that, too, by the exercise of the same constitutional power. ("Good.")

I believe that the peace, the harmony and the safety of this country depend upon destroying both factions. (Cheers.) Both parties, if parties they can be called, are allies in a common cause for however hostile they may be to each other, they are united in purpose and objects, yet their course of action tends to the same deplorable result; and without meaning any disrespect or personal unkindness, I believe that, in the event of the success of either party, the success of Northern abolitionists or that of Southern secessionists, are alike put in peril and danger. Northern abolitionism could not exist for any length of time except there was a counterpoise demanding the intervention of the South. The Republicans demand Congressional interference against slavery, while the secessionists demand that Congress shall interfere to protect and extend slavery. This is the pivot upon which both parties turn; this, my friends, is the whole state of the case; those are the dangers upon you rely to the rescue, and by voting the national Democratic ticket placed before the country by the Breckinridge Convention, to preserve this glorious Union. (Cheers and cries of "And we will do it.")

His speech has made a most favorable impression here in Norfolk. Numbers of Breckinridge men publicly proclaim their defection from that party and their adherence to Douglas. The Bell and Everett men stand true to their colors, and are sanguine of the success of their men. They will certainly carry this State.

On Monday Mr. Douglas will visit Old Point Comfort, and thence proceed to Petersburg. He will address the people there on Tuesday, and proceed to Raleigh to attend a convention to be held on Thursday next. He will speak there and then proceed to Richmond. He holds there, and addresses a public meeting on Friday.

Here is a Letter from Old Abe's Keeper.

A gentleman named B. G. Wright, of Rural, Illinois, being a little anxious to know how old Abe stood on the slavery question, wrote him a letter propounding certain questions which might very well have received prompt and direct answers. But, instead of receiving the desired information, the following reply came by return mail:

FRANKFORD, Ill., June 6, 1860.

Your letter to Hon. A. Lincoln, of May 23, and by which you seek to obtain his opinion on certain political points, has been received. He has received others of a similar character, but also a great number of the exactly opposite character. The latter class beseech him to write nothing whatever upon any point of political doctrine. They are nominated, and that he must not answer the queries by undertaking to shut or modify them. He regrets that he cannot oblige all, but you perceive that it is impossible for him to do so.

JOHN G. NICHOLS.

"HONEST ABE."—How did Lincoln win the appellation of "Honest"? When he was a law student and apprentice in the Springfield Convention, to urge the sacrifice of the gallant Henry Clay, he said:

"The Whig party has fought long enough for principle, and should change its motto to success."

Was it then he acquired the reputation of "honest"? It was it when he was a law student and apprentice in the Springfield Convention, to urge the sacrifice of the gallant Henry Clay, he said:

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