THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY.

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 7, NO. 7. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 795

Poetical.

Saint Jonathan!

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There's many an excellent Saint;
St. George, with his dragoon and lance,
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Dennis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But JONATHAN, the youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

He wears the most serious face,
Well worthy a martyr's possessing;
But it isn't all owing to grace,
But partly in thinking and guessing;
In sooth, our American Saint
Has rather a secular bias,
And I never have heard a complaint
Of his being excessively pious!

He's fond of financial improvement,
And is always extremely inclined
To be starting some practical movement
For mending the morals and mind.
Do you ask me what wonderful labors
ST. JONATHAN over has done
To rank with his Calendar neighbors?
Just listen, a moment, to one:

One day when a flash in the air
Split his meeting-house fairly asunder,
Quoth JONATHAN, "Now—I declare—
They're dreadfully careless with thunder!"
So he fastened a rod to the steeple,
And now, when the lightning comes round,
He keeps it from building and people,
By running it into the ground!

Reflecting, with pleasant emotion,
On the capital job he had done—
Quoth JONATHAN, "I have a notion
Improvements have fairly begun;
If nothing's created in vain—
As ministers often inform us—
The lightning that's wasted, 'tis plain,
Is really something enormous!

While cyphering over the thing,
At length he discovered a plan
To catch the Electric King,
And make him the servant of man!
And now, in an orderly way,
He flies on the fleetest of pinions,
And carries the news of the day
All over his master's dominions!

One morning, while taking a stroll,
He heard a lugubrious cry—
Like the shriek of a suffering soul—
In a hospital standing near by;
Anon such a terrible groan
Saluted ST JONATHAN'S ear,
That his bosom—which wasn't of stone—
Was melted with pity to hear.

That night he invented a charm
So potent that folks who employ it,
In losing a leg or an arm,
Don't suffer—but rather enjoy it?
A miracle, you must allow,
As good as the best of his brothers—
And blessed ST. JONATHAN now
Is patron of cripples and mothers.

There's many an excellent Saint;
St. George with his dragoon and lance,
St. Patrick, so jolly and quaint;
St. Vitus, the saint of the dance;
St. Dennis, the saint of the Gaul;
St. Andrew, the saint of the Scot;
But JONATHAN, youngest of all,
Is the mightiest saint of the lot!

Miscellaneous.

A Lover Finds Happiness in His Disappointment.

A correspondent at a Northern watering place thus reveals how he once passionately suffered and was cured:

"Down in an inner pocket of that valise; there lies a perfumed little glove; years have fled since it was worn, yet the scent of the rose leaves it once pressed clings to it still; you might turn each of its fingers wrong side out and discover nothing therein—yet that little glove contains the history of a life—a two volume romance set in nonpareil solid. It is a memento of a watering place; it tells where I met my fate; and a postscript in the thumb lining tells where our paths diverge. She was passionately fond of music, and your correspondent—though he hadn't thought of it before—suddently discovered that he "had an ear but no voice." Subsequent events led him to believe that his ears were much longer proportionately than his voice was loud.—Well, from long meter to short meter the transition to meet her by moonlight was quite natural. In the course of one of these meetings—it was in June, I remember the month perfectly, and could tell you the day were it necessary—I gave her my heart's affections and a ruby ring and a red rose, and she—gave me that glove you see there, and said she'd always be my friend. She is married now to a small lawyer in the Southern part of Illinois, and has two children and the fever and ague.

Beautiful.

Why is it that the rain-bow and the cloud comes over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars that hold their nightly throne are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty presented to our views are then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in almighty torrents on the human heart? We are born of a larger destiny than that of earth. There is a land where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean, where the beautiful beings that pass before us like a meteor will stay in our presence forever.

☞An old soaker in Boston being found in the gutter on a rainy night, the water making a clear breach over him from head to heels was asked by a passer by what he was doing there?

"Oh," said he, "I agreed to meet a man here."

"Sich a Cross Critter."

Did our readers ever know of any good in being cross? The following incident gives a cause where being cross seems to have a benefit. This "Sister Nance" must have been a comfort to live with. We should think one such would be enough, even in a family of "eleven brothers and sisters.

A man traveler not long since, in Illinois, called at a house near the roadside to solicit drink of water, when the following conversation occurred:

"Well, my boy how long have you lived here?"

"I dont know sir; but mother says ever since I was born."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes a few."

"How many?"

"Ten or 'leven, I reckon."

"Pretty healthy here isn't it?"

"Yes a few on us goin to have the shakes this afternoon."

"How many?"

"Why, all on us, 'cept sister Nance, and she's sich a cross critter that the ager won't take on her; and if it did, she is so contrary she wouldn't shake no how you could fix it."

Which is the Best.

Gen. Shelley, on passing a review of a calvary corps, had this dialogue with one of the sergeants:

"Which is the best horse in the squadron?" said the General.

"The horse No 40."

"What qualities has he which makes him best?"

"He runs and leaps well, has no defects in his limbs or health, is fat, carries his head high, has good blood, and is in the prime of his age."

"And who is the best soldier in the squadron?"

"The best soldier is Francois I——."

"And why is he the best?"

"Because he is an honorable man, is obedient, clean, takes care of his equipment, his arms and his horse, and is exact in the performance of his duties."

"And to whome does the best horse belong."

"It is mine, General."

"And who is the best soldier?"

"Your humble servant, General."

The General laughed, and gave the man a present of money, which he received with imperturable gravity."

Ripening Tomatoes in Winter.

At a meeting of the Rockford (Illinois) Horticultural Society last winter, Mr. Ordway brought a specimen of tomatoes, red and yellow, small and large, but all perfect, which has been ripened in his celler, according to the following method:

If any one wishes to know how to keep them fre h and good all winter, read the following receipe:

Plant late in the season, and pull up the vines in the fall before they are injured by the frost; fasten a bag about the stock, two inches above the root, then hang them up in the cellar by a cord, tied around the vine above the bag with moist dirt. when the bag is tied over the root, leave a small hole at the top for the admision of water, which should be used occasionally to prevent the roots becoming dry. The more light in the cellar, the better. They should be hung clear from the wall on every side, and where the sun will strike them from a window, if possible, and swing the vines up with the roots uppermost.

A Bad Night.

A gentleman was once dining with a friend, when a most dreadful storm arose.—In hopes of abatement, the entertainment was prolonged to the latest possible hour; but at length it was over, and the storm showed no signs of ceasing, but on the contrary, grew worse and worse. The host insisted upon his guest's acceptance of a lodging for the night, in view of the impossibility of reaching his home.

The guest complied, but in a few minutes was missed from the parlor. In half an hour he re appeared, drenched with rain.

"Where in Heaven's name have you been?" asked the host; viewing the singular object, which looked like a dog around the paws and a weeping willow about the head.

"I," said he quietly shaking off the water, "I have been at home to tell my wife, that, as it was such a night, I should not return."

☞The poet tells of a green bough rent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rudely along the breast of an angry river, and a mother bird with cries of grief fluttering beside it, for her neat and nestlings were there. Ah! better to be wafted away from earth, than thus that they should drift around the world in a storm."

☞The briefest charge to a jury in an action trial was given by one of the courts.—It was as follows: "Gentlemen, if you believe all the testimony in the case, your verdict should be for the plaintiff."

☞Solitude bears the same relation to the mind, that sleep does to the body. It affords the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery.

☞The effect of character is always to command consideration. We sport, and toy, and laugh, with men, or woman who have none; but never confide in them.

The Portage Sentinel.

Wednesday, September 26, 1860.

Speech of Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, at Augusta.

We have received a copy of the eloquent speech which the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, lately delivered at Augusta, in that State. It is a glorious production, and is worthy of the fame of the finest intellect in the South. We have only room for the following eloquent extract relative to Mr. Douglas:

"And in the vindication of these great fundamental truths, relating to negro inequality and his natural subordinate position, which lie at the foundation of our social fabric, no man, in the North or South, or in the world, has displayed more boldness and power than this same much abused and grossly misrepresented Stephen A. Douglas.

No man has ever uttered these, or any other truths, in this country, with more peril or hazard to himself. Whether in the Senate or on the hustings, whether at the South or the North—whether before party friends or Abolition mobs, he has never shrunk from their utterance from fear, favor or affection. When duty required him to speak, he has never been silent. See him breasting the anathemas of the three thousand New England clergymen, hurled against him for the defense of your rights under the Constitution. See him at Chicago, imperiling even life itself, in vindication of the same cause—your rights under the Constitution—and say if it comes with a good grace, from a Southern man, to denounce him as an enemy to us or ours. Was there ever blacker ingratitude, since Adam's first great fall, than such demonstrations against such a man? Were I to remain silent while I hear them, and see him so unjustly slain by those who know not what they do, I should feel myself to be as guilty of innocent blood as those who stood by and held Stephen's clothes while he was stoned to death.

Whatever may be his opinions on popular sovereignty, or squatter sovereignty, or the right of self-government on the part of all organized communities—call it what you will—they are the same now that they have always been, the same that they were in 1856, when he was the favorite of the Georgia Democracy for the Presidency. I thought of his doctrine then just as I do now. If others have changed their opinions since, he has not. It is one of the qualities about him that increases my admiration, that he is no time-server; he does not change with the popular current; he bends to no storms; he maintains his fidelity and integrity to principle through woe as well as through weal. The most manly exhibition of moral courage and nerve this country ever witnessed was his contest in Illinois in 1858.—With the Abolition hosts in front, and all the forces of the Administration so unnaturally and unjustly brought in the rear, he fought the battle single handed and alone, achieving a victory unparalleled in the history of politics in this country. Why should not such a man receive our support? Not only Democratic, but Whig and American, a united Southern as well as national support? Are his principles not national, equal and just to all? Of his associate on the ticket I need not speak here. Herschel V. Johnson needs no indorsement from any man in Georgia. No son of hers was ever more sensitively alive to all your great and most vital interests. He has been tried in the Senate and the Executive chair, in the highest and most responsible offices, proving himself to be equal to any and every occasion.

Fellow-citizens, there is much more I wish to say—much upon the protection platform of those who call themselves the true Democracy, but my strength has failed—I am completely exhausted. I can only add: Look at the questions in all their bearings to your past records, to your present and future security, and as patriots do your duty—trusting the rest with God.

[Here Mr. S., being unable longer to stand, took his seat. The audience remaining quiet, calls were made for Cumming, Wright and others; but no one of the gentlemen called for appearing, Mr. George W. Lamar arose on the steps, and announced that Mr. S. would be able to proceed in a few minutes. After some enlivening airs from the brass band, Mr. S. arose, with great physical weakness, and proceeded:]

I do not feel, fellow citizens, as if, in justice to myself, I ought to attempt to say more to-night; but there is no cause in which I would more willingly die than in the cause of my country; and I would just as soon fall here, at this time, in the advocacy of those principles upon which its past glory has been achieved, its present prosperity and its future hopes depend, as anywhere else, or on any other occasion. I told you at the outset that the signs of the times portend evil. I gave you this as my deliberate judgement; the future must make its own disclosures. But you need not be surprised to see these States, now so peaceful, contented, prosperous, and happy, imbroiled in civil war in less than twelve months. There are occasions too grave for excitement, or any appeal to the passions. Believe me, I mean all I say—the most terrific tornados—those which demolish cities, destroy whole fleets, and sweep everything before them—come most unexpectedly. So do the most violent revolutions among men. The human passions are the same every where. They are dangerous elements for public men, politicians and party leaders to deal with.

The condition of the country threatens the most violent conflict of sectional feeling, antipathy and animosity at no distant day. Should an outbreak occur, where is the power that can control it? A ball may be put in motion by one who can not stop it—a fire may be kindled by hands that can not quench it—those who begin revolutions seldom end them. * * * * * *

What I affirm is, that the position of the South, for twenty years and more—since the celebrated Atherton resolutions—has been a denial of the jurisdiction of Congress over the subject of slavery in the States and Territories. It was upon this denial of jurisdiction that the South resisted the reception of Abolition petitions. This position is directly reversed at Charleston and Baltimore. If we go to Congress with a request, a petition, or demand, to pass a law to protect slavery in the Territories, why may not, on the same principle, so far as jurisdiction of the question is concerned, the anti slavery men of the North go before the same body with their request, petition, or demand, and ask that such law shall not be passed, or that one of a contrary character shall be passed? The door of jurisdiction which has been closed so long, will be clearly and fully opened by this secession movement, if it is sustained by the people. And I fear it will be like the opening of that great door on the confines of hell, "grating harsh thunder" on its turning hinges, which permitted the escape from the bottomless pit of all the foul fiends with which this once heaven-like earth of ours has been cursed!

Gov. Johnson on Non Intervention.

Gov. Herschel V. Johnson made a brilliant speech in Philadelphia, on Saturday evening. The audience was immense, and the most unbounded enthusiasm prevailed. The following is what he said about Non-Intervention:

Now, fellow-citizens, what is this doctrine of Non Intervention? Let us examine it, and see whether it is so odious that anybody North or South can reasonably protest against it. What is it? Simply that the people of an organized Territory shall exercise the right of self-government within the limitation of the Constitution of the United States. That is the sum and substance of Douglas' doctrine of popular sovereignty, [Applause.] You have heard that he was in favor of squatter sovereignty. It is untrue. There is no man in this Republic with sense enough to be the leader of a flock of geese, who is in favor of squatter sovereignty. It is an absurdity; but the principle of popular sovereignty, that the people of a Territory have the right to exercise the power of self government within the limitation of the Constitution of the United States, is built upon a rock, and the winds of heaven cannot shake it. [Applause.]

Does any body here object to it? [No!] Does any Breckinridge man object to it?—[There are none here.] Is there any Republican who objects to it? I want to see that white man, claiming to be an American citizen, native born or foreign, who will stand up in the face of a free people and say that free-white men have not the right of self-government. [Applause.] Yet the Secession party holds that the moment a man reaches the boundary of a Territory, and passess the limit of a State, this principle of self-government is stripped from him, as the black snake casts his skin in the spring of the year. [Laughter and applause.] We contend that he cannot shed it; that it is not an outside garment, but something that is within him, and part of the essence of his soul. It was purchased for us by the blood of our Revolutionary ancestors, and there is no man so high, though he be as rich as Cœsus and surrounded with every luxury, who can rise above it; and no man so humble, though he be clothed in rags, and, like the Son of Man, have not the wherewithal to shelter himself, who can sink below it. [Tremendous applause.]

It follows him like his shadow. It throbs in his heart and pulsates in every artery of his body. It flashes in his kindling eye and swells his heart as he looks up in the face of Heaven and exclaims, "Thank God, I am a free man!" [Renewed applause.] Who refuses the right of self government? Who wants to refuse it to any American citizen who chooses to go out from his native State to seek his fortune in our Territories? Observe, however, that this is a principle that is subordinate to the Constitution. Douglas does not hold that it is superior to the Constitution, but that it is a right that must be exercised in subordination to the Constitution. He places it where it must challenge the approval and sanction of everybody but the Republicans. [Applause] Even the Republicans, if they were entitled to the name they assume, would sanction it. They claim, before all others, to be *the Republican* party of the United States. Now, if I understand anything of republicanism, the principle of self-government underlies the whole thing. [Applause.]

He who denies that principle utterly fails to be a republican. The Republican party, however, is grieved by the misfortunes and wrongs of the poor, down trodden Ethiopian. Oh, what floods of tears they weep over him, and how they beseech that the Lord, in the fulness of His mercy, will strike from him the shackles of slavery! Yet, fellow citizens, at the very same moment that they thus exercise themselves, they avow and hold on to the doctrine that the instant a free white man goes into a Territory, his wrists are fettered, and he has no longer the right of self-government. [Great applause.] I appeal to every sound, conservative man, whether he be National Democrat, Yancey Democrat, Lincoln Republican, or Bell and Everett American—I appeal to every man who loves his country better than its destruction, who reveres the Constitution more than anarchy and discord, to come forward and stand upon the peaceful and conservative doctrine of non-intervention. [Applause.]

I think, sometimes, that non-intervention can never be popular, for the simple reason that it demands that we shall attend to our own business, and not that of other people. [Laughter.] There are thousands all over the country who are exceedingly officious and obliging, and who always neglect their own to attend to the business of their neighbors. Non intervention is their enemy. It allows no intermeddling. It is the doctrine of peace. It will harmonize conflicting sections upon a great agitating and delicate sectional interest. If we are to have peace again, and to preserve the free institutions of this country, after all the reflection I have given to the subject, I can see no other plan than this of non-intervention. Let Congress attend to its affairs, the States to theirs, and the Territories to theirs. [Applause.] I have said I sometimes fear this doctrine of non intervention will never be popular and satisfactory to the American people, because I see evidences of restlessness and a disposition to try to introduce new experiments and innovations upon the established order of things.

A few words, now, upon the practical operation of the principle of non-intervention, and I shall cease further to tax your patience. What is the operation of the principle? Simply this: if the people of a Territory want slavery, they can have it; and if they do not want it, they can refuse it. The Republican party say to the people of a Territory that, if they want slavery, they shall not have it—that it must be excluded by Congressional interference. The Breckinridge party say to the people of a Territory that, if they do not want slavery, they shall have it, or in other words, that there shall be a Congressional slave code for its protection in the Territories, whether it exists there or not. The true doctrine of non-intervention is just the reverse. Upon that doctrine I stand. I appeal to the people of Pennsylvania, and of the North, to stand upon it. When the people of a Territory do not desire slavery, because it is not suitable to their climate, habits, and opinions, then, so far as I am able to prevent it, it shall not directly or indirectly be forced upon them by Congressional enactment. [Immense cheering.]

On the other hand, if the people inhabiting a Territory adapted to slavery entertain sentiments favorable to the institution, and desire to have it, then, so far as I can prevent it, Congress shall not interpose to preclude them from having it. [Applause.]—The effect will be this: If a people do not want slavery, they will not have it; and if they do, they will; and that is the sum and substance of the doctrine of popular sovereignty. We have no Territories now belonging to the United States which are favorable to the introduction of slavery, with the exception of the Territory of New Mexico. All our Territories are situated in a far northern latitude, where the soil and climate are unpropitious to the production of slave labor—and slavery will never go into such Territories under the operation of the doctrine of non intervention; and where slavery will not go, I think it a safe thing to say that it does not need protection. [Applause.] Where the soil and climate are adapted to the productions of slave labor, on the other hand, slavery will go; and where slavery will go, the slave owners, prompted by self interest, will protect their slave property. In neither case, then, is Congressional intervention worth a dime.—[Applause.]

From the Pittsburgh Post.

To the Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President of the United States, Senator Elect from the State of Kentucky and Candidate for President of the United States.

SIR: I propose to address to you a few remarks relative to your present attitude before your country and your party, in which I shall, in a plain and humble way, endeavor to present a brief review of your course during and preceding this campaign.

I have no apology to offer, save that you are a seeker of Democratic suffrages, and that I am a Democrat of unchanging quality, who believe that the wit of man never devised and set up an organization equal to the Democratic party for the earthly good of the human race—a Democrat who has not sought or shared such exalted favors as have been lavished upon you,—but one who will yield to no man in his singleness of devotion to one great party, and its broad and elevated purposes.

It is a foregone conclusion that you accept, as sound, the Democratic doctrine of "non-intervention" on the slavery question. It is idle for any national man, much less a national statesman as you claim to be, to stand on any other ground. The vitality of the Democratic party and its principles, in regard to State rights, is involved in the idea of non intervention by the powers at Washington in the internal affairs of any State or Territory, except under express warrant of the Federal Constitution.

If proof were wanting of the correctness of this conclusion, I would recall to your memory the fact that you stood on the Cincinnati platform, and advocated it—that you wrote a letter of encouragement for Mr. Douglas when he was engaged in his great campaign against Lincoln, in Illinois, with "non-intervention" on his banner—that the cabal (it was nothing else) which give you the doubtful honor of a nomination at Baltimore, passed resolutions, which, compared with those of the regular Convention, which nominated Douglas, showed no more essential difference than there is between hay and dried grass—and that your late painful effort at Lexington was nothing more nor less than an attempt to show that *your* plan of non intervention was as good effectual as that of Mr. Douglas.

We are, then, all non-interventionists—because, if we are not, we must want Congress to interfere for or against slavery in the territories. If *against* slavery, we are to join hands with Giddings, Lincoln, Gerritt Smith and John Sherman—if *in favor* of slavery, then our compeers are Yancey, Keitt, Rhett, &c., &c., But you and me, Mr. Breckinridge, are national men; we despise Abolitionists, and we like fire-eaters very little better. We can coalesce with neither, and thus, agreeing on the main question, I proceed to sketch the events that have marked the tortuous path by which you have been led into your present unhappy position.

It has been asserted, and I have no doubt with truth, that you (like many petty Postmasters, who have whispered their preference for Douglas, are now) a long time after the election of 1856, were under the ban of executive displeasure—that the great and good Buchanan frowned on your plausible approaches, often bending upon you an eye of stern displeasure. This report gains credence from the fact that you wrote a letter in favor of Douglas, in 1858, conceived in your usual bold (but guarded) style. You did not then think of being a candidate for President in 1860! You thought '64 would be early enough, when (Douglas having his term,) you could come in nicely as a candidate from the South.

Well, sir, under this impression it is said that you arranged with the friends of Mr. Guthrie that you should go to the Senate, and that he should be presented by Kentucky for the Presidency. [And here let me pay a brief tribute to that staunch and constant Democrat, James Guthrie. I resided in Kentucky, in 1831, and I well remember him, even then, as a devoted and prominent leader of the Democracy. He is not a recent convert, and was *not* one of those who participated in the political speculation of bringing out Gen. Taylor for the Presidency.] And you, sir, in faithful pursuance of that arrangement, was elected U. S. Senator, and Mr. Guthrie was presented by Kentucky for the Presidency.—You had clearly the best of the bargain. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." And do you think, sir, that you could have been chosen Senator if it had not been for the aid of Mr. Guthrie's friends? You well know that you could not—and how have you requited the loyalty of Mr. Guthrie's friends?

Did you act in good faith to them by withdrawing your name from the list of candidates for President at Charleston, and absolutely forbidding its use in the Convention? The friends of Mr. G. say no! You may have written a sort of hollow declination, but did this prevent you from secretly conferring with those who supported you and managed for you, and while declaring you "would ne'er consent, consented," to run for the nomination?

Ah, fortunate Mr. Breckinridge did you not fondly hope that the pretty stratagem you used at Cincinnati, when you sacrificed honest old Lynn Boyd, could be played off at Charleston? It would not do to say that your friends would not let you decline. That won't be credited. You could have positively declined. You did not do it; and what is your reward? You have deeply embittered the friends of Douglas and of Guthrie by your bad policy and your worse faith. See the effect in the late election in Kentucky, where your friends were shamefully beaten.

Trusting to the admixture of management and of accident by which you got the Vice Presidential nomination at Cincinnati, you were, after the adjournment of the Convention, in Charleston to manœuvre, and be placed in nomination. Though, at the outset, in a pitiful minority, you still permitted your name to be used. Whoever else might have been vexed by the failure to get a nomination, you had a right to feel spiteful. Your own State, by your own consent had presented another candidate and that candidate far exceeded you in national strength, as the vote of the united Convention will show.

The lamentable result of the Baltimore Convention is not a pleasant theme to dwell upon, but I must remind you, sir, of other points in its history. The rules of the Convention, submitted to by all, required two-thirds of the votes given to nominate. It is believed by thousands of Democrats that Douglas had an honest two-thirds of the votes, but I shall not discuss that point. A powerless minority, unable to nominate you or any one else in a full Convention, seceded and nominated you. You, sir, who had always said (faintly, it is true,) you were not a candidate at all, were fixed upon as the dangerous preference of those fiery bolters. What was your plain duty, sir, to the Democratic party which had so honored, advocated, and, I may say, spoiled you?—Was it to weaken the force of the delegate system of nominations? Was it to give sanction to the factious minority that had flattered you with its favor and precedent to all future factious minorities? A confident negative can be returned to these questions.

Forgetting that it was force of discipline, as maintained by nominating Conventions, and not any surpassing merit or services of, your own, that prevented a split in the Convention in 1856, and made you the Vice President—forgetting that it was a solemn compact, and the binding strength of a caucus nomination, that made you Senator; you welcomed the nomination of the mad minority of the Baltimore Convention—thereby giving a parricidal stab at the very heart of that party to whom you owe so much—and ungratefully sought to degrade and demoralize that strong organization and that party drill which have made you what you are?

It is not pretended by Mr. Buchanan, who is your most powerful supporter, and in whose poisonous embrace you now repose, that your nomination is regular. The whole nation beside knows that it is utterly irregular and unjustifiable.

Why, sir, what was it to you more than to any other Democrat, whether Mr. Douglas was nominated or not, even if it produced the defeat of the party? They could not say you did it. You could not have prevented it, and were not answerable for it at the polls. You had opposed him, you had done your honest duty. There, within the party organization, you should have paused. But, no,—your weak and wayward longing for "higher honors" impelled you to seize the miserable bait so madly offered. You had secretly hoped to be nominated by the full Convention, and your chagrin and your vanity carried away your limited judgment. In an evil hour you yielded to temptation, and fell into the awkwardest snare that was ever set for a fortunate gentleman with fair prospects!

Of all the candidates for the Presidency (Houston and Line excepted) none but you would have been weak enough to grasp at that shadow of nomination. And now you begin to see where you are and what you have done. Now you see that however you may deny the responibility, if Lincoln is elected the fault rests with you more than on any other living man. It is in vain you make speeches like that at Lexington, to define your position and repel slander.

A man who has acted as unwisely, not to say as badly, as you have done, must expect to have his misdeeds exposed, and even exaggerated. You cannot escape the torrent of indignation which presses towards you. The farce of secession at Baltimore would have had a more fitting conclusion if Houston had been where you are. But you, sir, with all your smooth eloquence, and your talent for rapid ascent to political distinction, cannot save the bad cause you have espoused. The late result in Kentucky, taught you, if you did not know before, where you are destined to land. Every day accumulates the warnings, and shows you how sadly you have erred, how surely you will be punished.

Your supporters in the Northern States comprise few but the office holders and their friends. In the South there is no State you can surely count upon but South Carolina and Mississippi. And what have you in the future? You have six years in the Senate in a place that *James Guthrie* deserved and could have filled better. And then retirement and seclusion will be your fate, saddened by the thought that you acted towards the party which so firmly upheld you with ingratitude and perfidy.

I have said that on you, more than on any other living man, will rest the blame of Lincoln's election, if that calamity should occur. Yet, though you are daily pressed with the question, you will not tell the Southern States whether they should submit to his election or not. I trust, sir, you will meet this question. Do you believe the sovereign States are the sovereign Judges as to how long they will stay in the Union? Who is to decide for each of them whether the union is profitable or tolerable? I have no doubt that those of them who have most reason to complain, considering the benefits of union, will "rather bear the ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of."

But you, Mr. Breckinridge, who have been a shining light in our party—you who are Vice President—who will surely be Senator and who might have been President—owe to the people your advice and counsel in this emergency. You should answer the questions put to Douglas. I do not say you should answer them as he did, for many people think his answer was not the true one. But let us have light on the subject. How shall the Southern people behave if the calamity of Lincoln's election should befall? It will not do to say that the doctrines of Douglas and his supporters are dangerous to the South or to the peace of the Union.—Throughout the Slave States leaders like Reverdy Johnson, and Stephens, and Wickliffe, and Morehead, and thousands more, as well informed and as sincere as you can be, declare the contrary. They do not, they dare not betray the South. And if they were not sustained there we should not hear of their efforts. No it is not in superior devotion to the interests of your section, Mr. Breckinridge, but in overweening devotion to your own elevation that we are to look for the cause of your stupendous mistake.

I now take respectful leave of you. I seriously apprehend that there are no more Presidential nominations in store for you. You are not strong enough for a congregation of bolters, and, of course, no regular Convention of Democrats will have anything to do with a man who has sought to destroy the authority of similar bodies. After your six years' Senatorship are over, you will be powerless to damage the Democratic organization, and will then become as unimportant as your correspondant.

Yours, respectfully,

A DEMOCRAT.

Isaac I. Stevens.

This gentleman is the Chairman of the Breckinridge National Executive Committee. He lives in Washington Territory, although he claims to be from Oregon, and represented that State in the Democratic National Convention, and was a seceder.—He is now the Delegate in Congress from Washington Territory, and was formerly its Governor and by virtue of that office, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. An official document is just printed, which discloses some facts about this young man, which we have frequently been inclined to refer to, but have neglected to do so. The document referred to is the official report of Comptroller Medill, and is as follows:

TREASURER'S DEPARTMENT COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, Feb. 9th, 1860.

Sir: I have the honor to transmit herewith a list of the balances due the United States remaining unsettled for more than three years; and also a list of said balances unsettled for more than one year, as required of me by the 2d section of the act approved March 31, 1809, and the 13th section of the act approved March 3d, 1817.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. MEDILL, Comptroller.

Hon. WM PENNINGTON, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

On page 23d of this document the following items appear.

We find on page 23.	
I. I. Stevens, Gov. Wash. Ter	$10,148 27
Page 55.	
I. I. Stevens, late Gov.	20,940 22
Total,	$31 088 49

As Commissioner of Indian Affairs, it was the duty of the editor of the Statesman to examine the accounts and vouchers of the Indian officers, and we disallowed and suspended large sums in the accounts of this Mr. Stevens, which form, we presume, a considerable portion of the above. The idea of such a man being at the head of a National political organization is ridiculous. He has brass enough for forty men, but he lacks the qualities desirable in a man for official trust or political position, and is unworthy of consideration as a political teacher or party leader.—*Statesman.*

Two Faces of Lincoln.

Some enterprising publishers recently issued a life size lithographic portrait of Mr. Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and it is so ugly that it gives great offense to the political friends of Mr. L. We have examined the picture *at a distance*, for we had not the temerity to go too near, and must confess that if Mr. Lincoln looks "like that," he must have won his title of "rail spliter" by merely smiling at the butt-end of the straight-grained logs, using horse-collar to grin through in case the knots were more than usually tought and plentiful. In fact, the old adage of "handsome is who handsome does," will not apply to old Abe, for he never could be handsome any way you can fix it. Prentice of the Louisville *Journal*, is a beauty beside him, and Hooper, of Alabama, a perfect Apollo.

This picture of old Abe makes him appear as if his features were composed of the sweepings of a Western gouging match, where no eye, or cheek, or lip were of the same size, yet all huddled together higgledy-piggledy, making up a physlognomy that is fearful to behold. As an offset to this "genuine resemblance," some of the hopeful young men of this party have got up a *pretty face* of old Abe, which, in our opinion, is just as much out of drawing as the other, but not so picturesque. If old Abe is ever elected President he will never *adorn* the White House, that's certain. We would respectfully suggest, if it is his fate to be Chief Magistrate, that at the West room levees the guests be provided with cut-glass prisms, which might, by their distortion bring old Abe's features into something not altogether repulsive. If this is impossible, then he must adopt the Japanese Tycoon style, and give audience *behind a screen.*—*New York Spirit.*

The First Vote—Young Men, Start Right.

It is a great thing to start right in voting, as in anything else. The young man who gives his first vote right, has the gratification to refer to it in after years with pride and pleasure. The present is an era in our political history much like those of 1800 and 1828. The venerable men of this day, though they be few, who voted for Jefferson in 1800, and the numerous body of men who in 1828 cast their first vote for Andrew Jackson, look upon the event as the proudest of their lives. So it will be in after years with the young men who in 1860 cast their first vote for the man of the people, Stephen A. Douglas.

Hence all young men who will vote for the first time for President in the year 1860, should be careful to start right and vote right in after years, to them it will be an incident of which they can speak with pride. Twenty years hence the young men of this day who thus vote will be enabled to say, "I cast my first vote in 1860, for Stephen A. Douglas, the great champion of Popular Sovereignty." Then, young men, start right, and work heartily for the election of those champions of the people, Stephen A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson.—*Buffalo Republic.*