THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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

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Poetical.

Autumn.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Oh! with what glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and the earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golded fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellowed richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light, the summer bird
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash, deep crimsoned
And silver beach, and maple, yellow leaved—
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside aweary. Through the trees,
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
A water bird—comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch hazel; whilst aloud,
From cottage roofs, the warbling blue bird sings;
And merrily with oft repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing floor the flail.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on,
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent;
For him the wind, ay! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his last resting place without a tear.

Miscellaneous.

Death of a Child.

The following extract from a letter written on the death of a child is full of consolation to the living, and is as beautifully written as it is true:

"It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning; many went yesterday, more to-day, and there are dews to be shed for the departures of to-morrow. And can it be wondered that pleasant summer mornings should beguile them into going? Is it a marvel that they do not wait for the burden and the noon, but follow the lark and hear her song over the ruin of the rainbow?—That these words so beautiful, they should make so true, 'and joy cometh in the morning.'

"Yes, in the morning! A glorious morning—when the sky is all in beauty, and the world is all bliss; ere the dews have gone to heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing, and the flowers are out that will be shut at noon, and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows infold with crimson lie away to the west.

"We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown—and we have thought, not so, should we accompany those a little way, who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently upon their laps, the sleeper there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered that there was for tears in such a going—in the early morning from home, to come—like fair white doves with down wings emerging from neither night and hurtling for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never there been a hand wanting to take the darling in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

"Upon these little faces it never seemed to us that death could place his great seal; there is no thought of the charnel house in those young listeners to life's invitation whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs and not sighs; no tears nor clouds, but the bright dews and bright daylight together.

"Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the garment, of the harp and song, and of the fair brow with its diadem of light; smile as you think no years can make that memory old. An eternal, guiltless child, waiting about the threshold of Paradise for the coming friends from home. Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright curls grow grizzle and gray; the young heart weary and old; but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning."

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 with cries of grief fluttering beside it, for her nest and nestlings were there. Ah! better to be wafted away from the earth than thus that they should drift around the world in a storm."

☞ One John W. Jones, who has been sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two, they fought each other.

☞ An Arkansas traveler says that he knew a young fellow down south, who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shdow on the wall.

☞ Don't be in too great a hurry, girls, to fall in love with the young men. It often happens that your hearts are no sooner theirs than theirs are no longer yours.

☞ A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did afterward to get the furniture.

THE WIDOW,

OR

The Old Jew Broker's Secret.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker—a broker with a bad character, and what that must have been, when it was bad for a broker, we leave to imagination and Johnson to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade; and, as men of that trade are popularly supposed to be mere electrical machines, worked by flints, not hearts, a supremacy of flintness must have left him a fearful conglomerate. He was a withered old man now, almost double with age and rheumatism, with a hooked nose, and light brown eyes, red round the lids, and a strange mixture of surliness and suspicion in his face. He looked a cross between a mastiff and a weasel, which he was, in character as well as countenance. No one had a good word to say for him. The publican at the corner was sure there was something queer in a man who did not take an honest glass like the rest, and the baker looked down on him because he ate 'seconds' on principle. If a distress was to be put on miles round the neighborhood, they prayed that it might not be by old Joe Mappin, of Holborn Buildings. One woman said she'd as leave have the Emperor of Roosha as him, her daughter said she'd liefer. The very children were afraid of him, and screamed if he came near them, unless they were impudent and mocked him. But to the little ones he was the District Bogle; and 'Old Joe Mappin' stood in Holborn Buildings, scaring the riotous small fry of the gutters, for 'the black man' of more civilized nurseries.

Every body said the man had a secret.—Some thought he was a coroner, and others that he had committed murder, and went to look at the body or grave. Others again said he had a mad wife locked up in the garret, on straw; but none knew exactly what they thought, excepting the broad fact that there was a secret somehow; and of course, if belonging to him, a disgraceful one; 'he could have nothing but villany to conceal,' said the inspector to Policeman X. 82.

Why the report arose of his having a secret in his life was, because evening after evening, he was seen stealing in the dusk from his garden alone Holborne towards the West End. No one knew where he went to, though more than one lounger had set out to follow him; but somehow the old man always contrived to escape, doubling through the streets in such a quick and unexpected manner, that however it was done, he invariably got away. All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they all failed, every one of them; and the broker's secret was a secret still. Little Teddy, his landlord's boy, came the nearest to the discovery, but he lost him at last somewhere up in the New Road, near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to have taken, too. Moreover he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his shabby old cloak—a thing no one else would wear; and from that time the report had got about that it was a love affair, with some mysterious celebrity, and that Joe was buying a wife with his money, for 'he had a California-worth,' said his landlord's little boy Teddy.

One evening Joe set out, as usual, with his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, but well enough beneath. He walked cautiously at first, hobbling, as was natural to him now, with his rheumatics so bad, but after he had passed through his particular quarter, turning round constantly, as if to cough, but in reality to see if any one were following, he walked briskly on, cutting through all sorts of queer alleys and bye-places, winding and doubling like a fox; the best topographer in London could not have followed him. At last he came to a very pretty house in Regent's Park—a house evidently inhabited by a gentlewoman of fortune, as well as of taste; for all the appointments were in such perfect keeping, and there was such a wealth of costly simplicity about it as could only belong to both of these conditions. The broker looked up at the window as he came beneath it, and a little girl of fourteen or fifteen—but slight of her age—leaning out from among the geraniums, cried an answer to his look, "why Joe, how late you are to-night!"

That sweet voice! The old man used to say himself, that he would not exchange it for 'Joe!' for a good fippun' note! He nodded to her affectionately, and carefully wiping his shoes, went in with the air of a man who knows that he will be welcome. He took off his hat and cloak and put them away in a dark corner, and then clean and respectable looking, he went up stairs to the drawing room.

A lady, still beautiful and still young—young at least for the mother of a child of fifteen—was sitting there embroidering.—Surrounded with every beauty and every luxury—nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage—how strange the chance which had thrown together anything so graceful as that lady and the old Jew broker. Yet they were well acquainted; that they were even friends; for she arose when he entered, and advanced towards him kindly and shook hands with him, and drew forward the best easy chair for him, and patted him only as a woman can pat with out any visible overt action, all the while seemed to wish for was to sit a little, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and to hear again that she was contented and happy.

"Are you certain, sure, that you want for nothing?" inquired Joe; "nor Margaret neither?"

"Nothing, Joe, nothing," and the sweet lady looked up affectionately, as if she had spoken to a father.

"That's enough, that is all I want," muttered Joe, and then he went back into the depths of his quiet meditation, watching the lady's face, and every now and then glancing round the room, as if to see that all was right, and to find out where he could alter and improve. After this had gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin asked for Margaret in an uncouth way, strangely softened, like a mastiff partly mesmerised.

The lady rang the bell and Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual way in which she was summoned when the broker was there, for she came at once, without giving the servant time to call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running up to him and taking his hand calling him "Dear Joe" as if she meant it.

"And is there nothing that the little lady wants?" said Joe, patting her head and rubbing down her curls. "Has she gowns and bonnets enough, lady? for you know she has but to ask and have."

"Why Joe, I don't wear out such a frock in a week!" said Margaret, laughing; "and it was only last Tuesday that you gave me that beauty, though I hadn't yet half worn my blue silk."

Joe Mappin drew her between his knees, and held her face in his hands. "Silver and gold isn't good enough for you both! he said with almost a passion of fervor in his voice; never stint yourself for fear of me."

But they both said again that they had all they could require, "even if they were princesses in a fairy tower." Margaret added; and when this assurance had been repeated to almost a wearisome number of times, Joe Mappin was content, and so relapsed into silence again. And there he sat till the last rays of the sun had gone, and candles had been brought—they were of the finest wax, you may be sure—a peculiar expression of tenderness on his mastiff face, as he was reading a sweet chapter lovingly—listening to a noble song admiringly. And then when he was quite muffled up in his greasy old cloak, as he had come, and hobbled rheumatically when he came near his own quarters.

This then, was the broker's secret, and this was its history.

About fifteen years ago Joe was almost an old man even then, was called to seize the goods of a certain Captain Thornton living at the West End. The Captain was one of those gay, reckless, loveable men, who, by dint of sheer animal magnetism, lived for years on credit, and are only brought to account when it becomes a matter of life and death to some of the poorer creditors; these creditors are sorry for their debtor as if it were themselves going to the Queen's Bench, and accusing themselves bitterly—the tender hearted at least—for the trouble they are bringing on him. Joe Mappin, the hardest of his profession, the iron hearted, grasping broker, who was believed not to have a single human feeling, even he was touched by the gallant frankness and gracious manner of his victim, and as for his wife, that noble, patient, glorious woman, with her little one in her arms—something rose up to his heart for her which he had never felt in the life before.

It was an infinite yearning worship, such as he had read of in the novels of the libraries he had seized, but which he always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of author fools. He felt now for the first time, that there was such a thing in the human heart as Love—the love of beauty, the love of virtue, for pity's sake.

Captain Thornton was carried off to the Queen's Bench, and after a short term of imprisonment died suddenly of apoplexy.—He had lived too freely and taken too little exercise; and being one of those fair haired men of sanguine temperament, who require abstinence and exercise, who give freeness and luxury, he had met the fate any medical man would have predicted. His wife and child were thus left alone in the world and penniless. The broker had never lost sight of them. Gifts from an unknown hand, money, clothing, and even food, had kept Mrs. Thornton from want—all the more welcome, as by her marriage she had displeased her relatives, who were perhaps not sorry now of this excuse to avoid maintaining her.—When the Captain died, then Joe Mappin came forward openly. He told her he had lived an Ishmaelite life, without pity and without love; he told her how she had roused feelings in him—feelings of reverence for humanity, such as he had never known before; and the old man bowed himself before her as to a superior being, and besought of her the privilege of maintaining her and her child.

He wanted nothing, he said, but to know that they were happy, and sometimes to hear them say so. He had not a relation in the world to whom he could leave his money—not one that he would wrong by taking it; he had hoarded because it was his nature to hoard; but he never knew for what end he saved. Now he should have saved for Heaven, if she would accept her life on these easy terms. They were not hard! and if she objected to his going to see her, he would not. Indeed, indeed, it was her happiness, and that sweet baby's—not his own—he cared for, in the offers!

What could she do, that gentlewoman without friends or fortune, or the means of earning her own subsistence? What could she do but look at her child, fold out both her hands to that strange man, and burst into tears of gratitude and shame, and sorrow, all mixed up together, as she faltered out, "Yes," and took her fate from his hands. She understood the truth of his feelings, and was herself too noble to assume a false dignity which would have been less dignified than the acceptance of his generosity. She thanked him by her tears, and she kissed his withered hand; and that touch bound old Joe Mappin as her slave for life; the first, last, and only time that a woman's lips had ever touched him; and in this manner their lives had passed for the last fifteen years.

He took a besutiful little house for the widow and her child, and furnished it with every luxury and beauty possible. All that came in his way—dress, jewelry, furniture, ornaments—whatever it was, so that it was rare and expensive, he bought them. He lavished his money like water, and thought nothing dear that would call forth a smile from the woman or a joyous expression from the child. Their pleasure repaid him everything; it was his heaven in life.

But the time was coming, but now when poor old Joe Mappin, the broker, must leave the boundary lines between time and eternity, and learn the great secret. When the winter had killed Margaret's flowers, had stripped her geraniums of their leaves and had frozen the songs of the birds, the old man and death stood face to face. His rheumatism and asthma had been very bad for a long while; and living in his niggard and neglected way had not given him the best chance of recovery. He knew he was dying, but he could not leave in peace without looking once more on those two faces he loved so much—the only two he ever loved through the whole of his long life. They could not come to him, for they did not know his address nor even his surname.

He was only "Joe" in the beautiful house in Regent's Park, and the servants thought he was "Alissus's queer old uncle—perhaps from Jingy or furren parts." But if they could not come to him he would go to them—and must—whatever the risk. He could not die happily—he believed he would not pass away at all—without seeing them once more.

Though the seal of death was indelibly set on his face, the old man resolved to make this long and perilous journey. He knew he should hasten the disease somewhat, but it would be better even so, he did, he said, sadly. He had [illegible] death would not deprive them now of a farthing, or a single comfort. He had saved enough; let him die! He sent for a neighbor to dress him for the last time, in his decent clothes; and when this was done—between fainting and long fits of pain—he told her to go for a cab, and bargain with the man for his fare up to Regent's Park. Because he was old and weak, he wouldn't be alone even by the biggest ruffian among them, he growled out. When the woman left the room, old Joe dragged himself as best he could to a small iron safe he had let into the wall with his own hand. No one knew it was there, not even the landlord, nor those prying eyes of little Teddy. He unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank notes, railway scrip, and mortgage bonds, and tied them all in a cotton handkerchief, together with a parchment tied with red tape, sealed with a big seal, and endorsed "Joe Mappin's will," in his own hand writing. He hid the bundle under his greasy old cloak; and then the woman came back, and found him panting and pale, and she screamed out that he was dying. But he swore at her between each gasp, and told her to hold her noise and to help him down stairs at last, and so he was put into the cab.

He gave the man his directions in an undertone, jealously guarding the name from the crowd standing curiously about, and then he drove out of Holborne for ever. As he left his old neighborhood, with all its associations of the pitilessness and sorrow of which he had been the instrument, and the heartless cause, a change seemed to come over him. The mastiff face gradually grew more softened and humanized. He was passing from the world of men and mammon, into that of love, and death, and the evil influences of his material life faded before the purification of this great baptism.

The journey—it was a long one for a dying man—tired him sadly. He did not care though for the pain it caused him; his only fear was that he should die before he reached his home—the home of his spirit, of his better and purer life, but he survived it—in a sad state of suffering and prostration; and only just survived it; for when carried by the coachman in his arms as if he had been a child, he was brought to the presence of those loved ones, all that his failing life left him power to do, was to place the package in the widow's lap, and murmur faintly, "It is all yours," and to die with her tears falling softly on his face.

☞ "May it please your honor," said a lawyer addressing one of the city judges, "I have brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus." "Well," said a fellow in an undertone, who stood in the rear of the court, "these lawyers will say anything; I saw the man get out of a cab at the house door."

☞ An old soaker in Boston being found in the gutter on a rainy day, the water making a clear breach over him, was asked by a passer-by what he was doing there?—"Oh," said he, "I agreed to meet a man here."

☞ The lady who [illegible] every-body's eye must have a lot of [illegible]

The Portage Sentinel.

Wednesday, October 24, 1860.

Douglas and the Lecompton Constitution—An Atrocious Charge Repelled.

Douglas addressed a monster meeting at Milwaukee on Saturday last, and in the course of his speech answered as follows an infamous lie which the Breckinridge and Black Republican papers are now circulating concerning him:

An Abolition newspaper has just been placed in my hands, containing what purports to be a correspondence between a Breckinridge committee in Kansas and certain citizens of that Territory. I have no means of knowing whether this correspondence is genuine or fictitious. [A voice, "Fictitious undoubtedly."] I have looked over the names attached to it, and recognize no one as a personal acquaintance. In this correspondence I am distinctly charged with being the author of the Lecompton Constitution. [Great Laughter.] I do not blame you for laughing at that statement. [Renewed laughter.] If there is any statement on earth that ought to seem ludicrous and laughable, it is a charge of that kind. But nevertheless the charge is distinctly made that I not only devised the Lecompton Constitution, but that it was submitted to me, and that I approved it, together with the plan of submitting the slavery clause.—[Laughter.] I desire to say to you emphatically that it is false in every particular.—[Immense applause.] I never saw the Lecompton Constitution until after it had been adopted in Kansas by the Convention, and sent to the President of the United States for acceptance. I never saw the schedule by which the slavery clause was submitted until after it was forwarded to the States for publication. I never heard, nor conceived, nor dreamed that any man on earth ever thought of such a scheme. I make these statements distinctly, without equivocation or mental reservation. I appeal to God, in the presence of high heaven and this audience, that the charge is false, I care not who made it. [Tremendous applause.] It seems as if the disunionists of the South and the Abolitionists of the North are determined to hunt me down by all the means that malice can invent. ["That's so." "They can't do it," "Never, never," "You are too much of a giant," and applause.]

Now, I intend to submit to you a simple statement of facts on this subject. Before I left Washington, in the spring of 1857, after Mr. Buchanan's inauguration, the President sent for Robert J. Walker, the office he declined to accept. Mr. Buchanan subsequently appealed to me to go and see Mr. Walker and urge him to accept the appointment, upon the ground that he (Mr. Buchanan) believed the peace of Kansas, the peace of the country, and the Union itself, was in danger, and that Mr. Walker was the only suitable man in America to administer that office in such a juncture of affairs.

I visited him accordingly, and urged him as a patriot to make the sacrifice and go to Kansas. Mr. Walker replied that if the President put it upon the ground that the Union was in danger, and that he was the man to perform the high trust, under these circumstances he would not decline; but that he would never go to Kansas unless the administration stood pledged to the principle that the Constitution, whatever it might be, when formed in Kansas, should be submitted to the people for acceptance or rejection. He also said that before he would go he must know distinctly from the President that every Federal office holder in Kansas was pledged to carrying out that principle. As he mentioned Mr. Calhoun, the Surveyor General of Kansas, as the man having the greatest power, by his patronage in surveying the public lands.

I reported these facts to Mr. Buchanan, and he declared that the programme marked out by Gov. Walker was the one under which his administration would sink or swim. Mr. Buchanan then requested me to see Mr. Calhoun, who was then in Washington, and say to him that he must act in concert with Gov. Walker. I told him he had better give his own orders to Gen. Calhoun. I was informed afterwards by Gen. Calhoun that the President sent for him, explained to him the programme agreed upon between Gov. Walker and himself, and told him (Calhoun) that he was expected to carry it out in good faith. At that stage of the proceedings I left Washington and returned to my home in Chicago. A few weeks after, a messenger brought me the card of Robert J. Walker, asking me to call and see him at the Revere House, in Chicago. I did so, and as soon as I entered his room he produced a roll of papers, and said that he there held in his hand his inaugural address to the people of Kansas, which he was going to publish as soon as he arrived in the Territory. He further said that it had been agreed to by the President and his Cabinet, and that they had instructed him to come by the way of Chicago and stop one day in that city in order to get the assent of Senator Douglas to it. [Applause.] Gov. Walker then proceeded to read that inaugural address, and when he got to that part of it in which he stated that he was authorized by the President and by every member of his Cabinet to say that, if the Constitution was not submitted to the people, it would not be accepted by Congress, I asked him whether he had that distinct understanding with the President and with the Cabinet.—He replied "Yes," and then turned over his manuscript and said that he had read every word of it to President Buchanan, that the President had approved of every word and syllable of it, but wanted to make one or two verbal alterations, which he permitted him to do, and allowed me to examine the document in Mr. Buchanan's own hand writing. [Tremendous applause.] Thus I had before my own eyes the unerring evidence that the President had indorsed the document. I asked Gov. Walker if he had read it to the Cabinet, and he answered, not the whole of it; but that he had attended a Cabinet meeting, and discussed it all over, and stated all of its propositions; and that every member of the Cabinet, except one, cordially approved of it.

He also said that, when that one member of the Cabinet disapproved of it, he told the President he would not go to Kansas; that he would not enter that Territory with any one member of the administration against him; that thereupon the dissenting member of the Cabinet withdrew his objection, and they all pledged themselves to stand by him on the principle of submitting the Constitution to the people. [Cheers.]

I then informed Gov. Walker that, as a Senator, I had no hesitation in assuring him that I should require the best evidence the nature of the case would admit of that the Constitution to be adopted in Kansas was the act and deed of that people, and I believed that the submission of that Constitution to a vote of the people was the best means of ascertaining that fact. [Cries of "Good," and cheers.] I also told him I was not prepared to endorse the proposition that the President and Cabinet had anything to do with the matter; that I did not know what the Executive department of the Government had to do with the Constitution of Kansas; and that in my opinion the people were to make it as they pleased in the first instance, and, when it came to Congress, I, as a Senator, must demand the best evidence that it was the act and deed of those people. [Cheers.] Thereupon, I gave him the assurance that, according to my judgment, the Constitution ought to be submitted to the people; and I intended, as a Senator and Chairman of the Committee on Territories, to demand evidence that it had been properly done.

Gov. Walker and myself talked over the existing condition of Kansas, and it was conceded by us both, as it had been by everybody at Washington, of all parties, that Kansas would inevitably be a free State.—It was acknowledged that five out of six, if not nine out of ten, of the people of Kansas were opposed to making it a Slave State; and it was conceded by us both that they had a right to make it a free State if they chose, or slave State if they preferred it.—[Cheers.]

But, inasmuch as we conceived that there was so large a majority of the people in favor of a free State, we discussed the proposition on the supposition that Kansas would be a free State. I expressed the hope that upon making it a free State they would insert such clauses in their Constitution as would guarantee the fulfillment on the part of their people of every provision of the Constitution of the United States, and that they would put into their Constitution a clause requiring every officer of that State, and every citizen to lend his aid in the enforcement of all constitutional provisions, the fugitive slave law included. [Cries of "Good!" and cheers.] I declared then, as I do to you to-day, that no man ought to be permitted to vote at any election who is not willing to obey the Constitution of the United States in all its parts. [Applause.]—And I therefore trusted that they would so frame their Constitution as to make it obligatory on every citizen of Kansas to perform his obligations under the Constitution.—But, while I expressed this opinion to Gov. Walker, it was distinctly understood that this was a question for the people of Kansas to decide for themselves, and, whichever way they decided, it was to be final and conclusive. I cannot recollect whether I communicated to Mr. Calhoun or not, the results of this interview with Gov. Walker. It is well known to my friends that I am not in the habit of writing political letters. It is true that I gave many letters of introduction to Mr. Calhoun to persons applying for surveying contracts, or having business with the Land Office in Kansas, and I may possibly have written him, narrating this interview. But I am very sure that I wrote him no letter upon the subject of politics, or the Lecompton Constitution, pending the session of the convention.

Gov. Walker proceeded to Kansas, and published his inaugural address, containing the statement that he was authorized by the President and his Cabinet to say that the Constitution would be rejected unless it was submitted to a vote of the people. When the convention adopted the Constitution and declared it in force, without submitting it to the people, I denounced it the very instant I heard of it. [Tremendous shouts of applause.] The very night the news arrived in Chicago, bringing the form of submission of the slavery clause, I denounced it in unmeasured terms. I denounced it before I knew what the course of any other man in America in relation to it would be. [Cries of "Bravo," "That's the man," and applause.] I did not wait one hour, or one minute, when I discovered the trick by which the people were to be cheated.—[Cheers.]

If you will look into the Lecompton Constitution, you find that the original document made Kansas a slave State, and then the schedule submitted another slavery clause to the people to vote for or against; if they voted for it Kansas was a slave State.—When I reached Washington, three days before the meeting of Congress, I went directly to the President, and had a talk with him upon this subject, in which I informed him, as a friend, not to send the Constitution into Congress for acceptance. I told him it was a violation of every pledge we had made to the people, a violation of the fundamental principles of the Democratic party, and a violation of the principles of all parties, in all Republican governments; because it was an attempt to force a Constitution upon an unwilling people. He begged me not to say anything upon the subject, until we should hear the news as to how the vote stood on the slavery clause. The vote you remember, was to be taken on the slavery clause on the 21st of December, three or four weeks subsequent to this Convention. I told the President that if he would withhold his recommendation until the vote was taken on that clause I would withhold my speech against the measure.—He said he must recommend it in his message, and I replied that if he did I would denounce it the moment his message was read. [Great applause. A voice, "We like you for it."] At last the President became somewhat excited upon the subject.—[Laughter.] And he arose and said to me: "Mr. Douglas, I desire you to remember that no Democrat ever yet differed from an administration of his own choice without being crushed." ["Ah!" and laughter.]—Then he added: "Beware of the fate of Tallmadge and Rives." I arose and said: "Mr. President, I wish you to remember that General Jackson is dead, sir." [Tumultuous cheering.] From that day to this he and I have been trying the question whether or not General Jackson is dead. [Great laughter and applause.] And one thing is certain—the people of Illinois decided, in 1858, that James Buchanan was not General Jackson. [Renewed laughter and applause.] I have a few words more to say on this subject.

Soon after I made my speech against the Lecompton Constitution, in December of that year, General Calhoun and a large number of the members of the Lecompton Convention—all of his particular and confidential friends—visited Washington city. Now, if it be true, as they charge on me, that I had advised Calhoun to pursue this course, how does it happen that these gentlemen, while in Washington, did not charge me with that fact. [A voice—"That's the point."] They were present in the galleries of the Senate, day after day, week after week, and month after month, hearing me denounce the Lecompton Constitution and the scheme of submission as a fraud, and not a man of them whispered that I had even been satisfied with it. [Cries of "Never, they could not do it.] My enemies say until the controversy has passed away, until John Calhoun is dead, and until we arrive upon the eve of a Presidential election, and then they trump up this miserable and base charge, which they never would have dared to insinuate, that I had sanctioned a scheme from which now even they shrink with horror. [A voice—"Just like them."] I will read over these pretended letters, and do not know whether they are genuine or forged, you will find in them the evidence that this charge is basely false. And now let me call your attention to them. My enemies found the charge upon the hypothesis that Mr. Calhoun was under my influence and did just what I directed, and, because Mr. Calhoun finally submitted to this form of submission of the Constitution, they infer that I must have agreed to it. If you will read all of these letters, you will find that every man who spoke on the subject to Mr. Calhoun was, from the beginning to the end, in favor of submitting the whole Constitution to the people. I rejoice that this fact has been brought before the country, for it will relieve Mr. Calhoun's name of much of the censure that has been cast upon it, under the supposition that he was opposed to the submission of the whole constitution. They all bear witness that he stood by the proposition to submit the whole constitution until he was defeated, and, when he failed to carry it, they say he called a caucus at his office, at which he counseled with the friends of submission as to what they should then do. That caucus, according to their statement, sat three nights and during the first night Calhoun absolutely refused to yield or be satisfied with anything less than a submission of the whole constitution. The second night they say he demanded the same thing; but the third night, finding he could not secure the submission of the entire constitution, he agreed to a partial submission.

Now if it be true, as my enemies aver, that Calhoun was acting under my advice, that fact proves that I was for submitting the Constitution, for Calhoun insisted upon that up to the last hour. (Cheers.) So these men have not been sufficiently guarded in getting up this testimony, for, while they show the design to assail me, they furnish facts which acquit me entirely. (Cheers.) Read the testimony of Mr. Doniphan, in which he says he was present at each one of these night caucuses; that he never heard my name mentioned, or any pretence of a letter having been received from me, or any advice whatever, and that he is certain that, if my name had been connected with it, that fact would have been stated. No such thing occurred when he was present. He is their own witness, and they have published his statement to the world. But I am not going into a defence against these charges, got up loosely upon the recollection of men three years after the events have transpired and when they are so much interested in throwing the responsibility of their own disreputable conduct upon others. I appeal to my record—the record I have before the world in a three years' fight—and I defy any honest man on earth to say I have wavered a hair's breadth. (Cheers.) I do not believe there is a man on earth who doubts my fidelity to principle. I will here state another fact. During the Lecompton struggle, when the war in Congress was raging furiously, I had one interview with Gen. Calhoun, and but one. It took place in the presence of a gentleman whose name I will give without consulting him. Mr. Calhoun being dead, I can only refer to one witness, and although he is not [illegible] I have not enquired of him as [illegible] stions of the interview, I wi[illegible] state to you substantially wh[illegible] this point. Mr. Weir, then United [illegible] District Attorney in Kansas, holding [illegible] Buchanan, came to my [illegible] with Gen. Calhoun, Presi[illegible] Lecompton Convention. I received Mr. Calhoun courteously and kindly, as we had been old fr[illegible] expressed his regrets at the dif[illegible] grown up between us on [illegible] assured me upon his honor [illegible] everything in his power to [illegible] of the whole constitution [illegible] that it was my de[illegible] all his friends, and because he [illegible] as fair and just.—Having failed [illegible] polishing it, the question rose as [illegible] was the next best thing, and that he had agreed to the schedule in the form in which it was adopted, believing it to be so. I told him I thought it was the worst thing. [A voice—"That's so."] He said he regretted it, and that he had hoped I would deem that better than nothing. [Laughter.] I told him never—that a fraudulent submission was a mockery, and that I could not sanction it without repudiating all the acts of my life, and doing a political act that I did not believe was moral and just. [Cheers.]

I appeal to Mr. Weir, of Kansas, or, rather, I refer you to him as to his recollection of that interview, if you choose to call him. In that conversation with [illegible] he never intimated that he had authority from me, that I approved that scheme; he never intimated that he had received a letter from me on that subject, or any authority, directly or indirectly, but admitted that he knew that I wanted the whole constitution submitted; that he tried to have it submitted, and, when he failed, on his own responsibility, went for the other proposition as the best he could get, and hoped I would not be dissatisfied with it; thereupon Gen. Calhoun and myself parted,—I never saw him afterwards. He is dead, and far be it from me to utter one word against his memory. I think he made a great and fearful mistake in his Kansas movements, and I so said in his presence and to his face, and in the Senate of the United States in his lifetime; since he is dead, peace to his ashes,—it is not to my taste to indulge in criminations. The abolition paper in which I find this pretended correspondence, contains an editorial article which charges that I had offered Mrs. Calhoun two thousand dollar to suppress my correspondence with her husband while he was Surveyor General of Kansas. [Laughter.] In this pretended correspondence, the charge is made that Mrs. Calhoun had hawked these letters about in the market for sale, and that two thousand dollars had been offered for them, and on that statement the abolition paper bases its charge that I or my friends had made her that offer. I shall notice this only to vindicate the character of that widowed