

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

B. R. COWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"HE WHO LOVES NOT HIS COUNTRY CAN LOVE NOTHING."

TERMS \$1.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII, NO. 12.]

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1855.

[WHOLE NO. 979]

THE CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

Office on North side of Main Street in the New Masonic Hall, a few doors East of the Court House, and a few doors West of the Norton House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
If paid within three months, \$3.00
If paid after that time, \$3.50
Foreign subscribers only at the option of the editor, the above rates are for
By mail, \$4.00
By express, \$4.50
Quarterly, \$1.00
Half yearly, \$1.75
Annual, \$3.00
If all letters addressed to the editor must be paid to the attention of the editor.
If no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid unless at the option of the editor.

POETRY.

OCTOBER.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

It is dreary October,
The happiest time
For artist to pencil
Or poets to rhyme;
The season best suited
For those who still yearn
For the beautiful days
That can never return.

How oft, like wild trants,
Our thoughts will fly back,
To muse at the mill stones
On memory's track.
To chant their regrets
In a low, mournful tone,
For the rapturous moments
That vanished too soon.
There, the echoes of words
That were breathe in the past,
Seem the accents themselves,
Like the shadow that's cast
From that promise of mercy—
That great, benedict word,
Whose arrows, bright rain drops,
Fall harmless below.

It is strange that each season
Our sorrow beguiles,
When nature's bright face
Is dimpled with smiles;
When the cold chilling north wind
Forgoing to moan,
Has changed its shrill voice
To the zephyr's soft tone?
When the birds of the forest
Seem lost in amazement
To see the return
Of these sun-sunny days;
When, with light wings extended,
They pause in their flight,
To wonder if spring time
Has burst on their sight?

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine.

THE BRIGGS' BABY.

BY ELIA RODMAN CHURCH.

[CONCLUDED.]
Let well-enough alone—OLD MAXIM.
"It's a great bother, that baby," muttered Sally, "cookin' up messelfs just to throw away—and then to hear a little varmint squeal! My sakes! why the pigs is nothin' to it!"
Timothy sat meditating by the cradle, until, to his great delight, the baby opened its eyes. It was now perfectly good-natured, and smiled at him, and sucked its thumb, as though it had quite forgotten its late wrongs. He held out his hands—the baby manifested a decided disposition to accept them—and the next moment, the delighted Timothy, with the child tightly grasped in his arms, paraded up and down the room with all the feelings of a conqueror. The baby was satisfied, and looked at him approvingly.
It seemed to be particularly fond of snatching at things, and, having cornered Timothy somewhere near the fire-place, made frantic grasp at an ancient china bowl, that had descended to Mrs. Cornwall from her great-grandmother. Every morning did the good woman dust and polish it with a reverential care; it was so thin as to be almost transparent, and an object of especial admiration to all their visitors.
Timothy gently disengaged the baby's hands, and tried to divert its attention; but the little tyrant twisted its lip in a manner that made its guardian shake in his shoes, and he felt in very much the same predicament as does a man who is perched on a fence with a tiger awaiting him on one side, and a lion on the other. The baby struck the first notes, and Timothy, coward as he was, with a nervous "ah," drew near again to the enchained spot.
The catastrophe soon followed—and Timothy awoke from his blindness, to hear his wife exclaiming—
"I wouldn't have had it broken for the world!" as she gazed sorrowfully upon the shattered fragments—and the baby screaming over the ruins. "I declare," continued she, half crying, "if I almost wish that Martha had taken the baby with her—I had no idea of its behaving in this way!"
"That's just the tricks of babies," observed Sally, who had been drawn from the kitchen by the uproar, "you never know how they air goin' to behave; sometimes, or most times, rather, a-cuttin' up like Old Scratch, himself—and then pretendin' to look so sweet, as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths! I know 'em—Miss Briggs welcome to her baby, for all me."
But Martha would have said that Sally was a soured spinster of forty, who viewed other people's happiness through a perverted medium, and was prompted entirely by malice in her unamiable reflections.

Sally banged the high chair, which had also been sent over for the baby's accommodation, as she drew it up to the table; and looked with ill-concealed scorn upon Timothy, who was shaking his wife's thumb upon a pair of scissors, for the amusement of the little responsibility.
Baby graciously recovered from his displeasure at the china bowl for being broken and requested, by signs, that the sugar-dish and preserves should be handed to it immediately. Mrs. Cornwall answered this demand by placing it carefully in the high chair, and her husband seated himself beside it with much satisfaction.
What should the baby have to eat, was the next question. Mrs. Cornwall was very much at a loss what to substitute for the arrow-root, and the child seemed in a fair way of getting no supper at all.
At length, a bright idea struck her, while regarding a dish of apple-sauce—that was soft enough, in all conscience—and Timothy immediately heaped a liberal allowance upon the young visitor's plate. The baby liked it, that was very evident—Mrs. Cornwall was famous for her apple-sauce—and it dabbled in the plate with its little, fat fingers, and conveyed the palatable compound to its mouth with astonishing rapidity.
The two old people sat gazing upon the child in a sort of delighted surprise, as though they had not expected to see it eat; and finally, Timothy placed a crust of bread in the little hand, in order to diversify its performances. Poor man! whatever he did, was done with the best intention he had, but somehow or other, it always seemed to be the thing that he should not do, for, after putting the crust into its mouth, and attacking it in a manner that delighted its exterminers, the youthful scion of the house of Briggs suddenly became grave, and exhibited symptoms of choking. Timothy's evil genius again beset him, and he lifted the cup of milk and water to the child's lips—it was swallowed the wrong way, and the baby began to grow black in the face.
"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Cornwall, as the child gasped for breath, "pat its back, quick, or it will choke to death!"
Timothy patted with heightened vigor, his wife patted, and Sally, too, lent her services with a zeal that looked very much as though she considered this a fine opportunity to revenge herself upon the baby. Having pouched upon an inch of its life, the child stopped choking in self-defence; but Timothy continued to pat, as though resolved to prevent all future accidents.

Mrs. Cornwall wiped the perspiration from her face, and sat down considerably absorbed.
"For pity's sake," said she, "give it nothing but apple-sauce—that's safe enough for I took out all the cores myself. I wish to gracious Martha'd come and take it, while it is alive!"
Another supply of apple-sauce was placed before it, and baby finished its supper without any more mishaps.
When the candles were lighted, the visitor became sleepy and cross; and, after sending Sally up and down, much to that dame's displeasure, to be sure that the room was warm and comfortable, Mrs. Cornwall wrapped the baby in its cloak and hood, and her husband conveying the cradle chair proceeded up stairs to put their charge to bed. A roaring fire, a luxury to which they were quite unaccustomed in their sleeping apartment had been made on baby's account; and Timothy declared that the room felt like an oven.
The undressing was a complicated business; first Mrs. Cornwall took things off, and then upon holding a consultation with Timothy, she put them on again, fearing that it might take cold; and baby, indignant at being thus trifled with, rubbed his eyes with its fists, and squirmed about in an uncontrollable fit of passion.
"There—there!" said Mrs. Cornwall soothingly, "hush, now—that's a darling!"
But baby wouldn't hush, and kicked and screamed; while the husband and wife sat regarding it in perfect bewilderment.
"I know what that young'un wants," observed Sally, who stood by the door with an expression of intense disgust upon her features; "a few good slaps would bring it to its senses mighty quick!"
This, however, was not to be thought of; Mrs. Cornwall rocked vigorously, with the baby on her lap—Timothy keeping up an industrious accompaniment to her constant "hush"—and, at length, the baby became too sleepy to cry, and dropped off like a lamb. It was deposited in the cradle in triumph; and, with a sigh of weariness, its nurses sank into their respective seats by the fire.
"I feel dreadful tired," said Mrs. Cornwall, "kind of aching, like the rheumatism."
"So do I," rejoined her husband, "and yet we don't seem to have done anything either—I ain't even fixed that corn-crib."
"I don't see how Martha gets along so well," continued Mrs. Cornwall, "don't all her own work, and takin' care of the baby, too?"
"She must have a kind of knack at it," observed Timothy, "or perhaps the young one knows it can cut up with us, and takes advantage."
"Well," replied his wife, with a decided yawn, "one thing is pretty certain; I shall go to bed before long, and try to get rested with a good night's sleep—it's a comfort that people can sleep."
And to bed they shortly went, nothing doubting. Baby behaved beautifully, being wrapped in the calm slumber of innocence; and except that the room was uncomfortably warm, and a light in one's eyes not the pleasantest thing in the world, all went on well.

It might have been somewhere near midnight, that Timothy Cornwall awoke to the consciousness of his wife's absence, and a sort of uproar in the apartment. Shaking

off the allurement of the dreamy god, he sat bolt upright, and again experienced the pleasant conviction of baby's existence—which small circumstance he had quite forgotten in the land of dreams. The child screamed, and then moaned, as if in pain, and twisted frantically on Mrs. Cornwall's lap, as she sat in the low rocking-chair by the fire—the light from the burning logs falling upon her pale and disturbed countenance.
"What is the matter?" exclaimed her husband, springing to her side.
"I haven't the least idea," was her despairing reply, "I'd give most anything! I have in the world if Martha'd only come back!"
"Well, I shouldn't care to see her just now," observed Timothy, after gazing upon the child's pale features, "I'd rather have the baby out of this fix, first, whatever it is. Ain't there nothin' we can give it?"
"Yes," replied his wife, brightening up, "Martha often gives it a little paregoric—Just look on the third shelf of the cupboard there, in the little, fat bottle, with the broken cork."
Timothy seized the vial, and cautiously dropped the stated number of drops. Baby reared and plunged frightfully, but down it went; and then Mrs. Cornwall tried to trot it into silence.
It was of no use, its screams became terrific; and Sally, who came rushing down from her own dormitory, declared that the child was dyin'—"Miss Crimer's baby went off just so—it had fits—and she reckoned that Martha Briggs had seen the last of her'n."

"Timothy," gasped his wife, with a prophetic vision of the officers of justice, and a gallow before her, "go for the doctor, do! Don't lose a minute!"
A heavy autumnal rain was falling—a soaking penetrating rain; but Timothy performed a hasty toilet, and hastened to saddle the old white mare. It was pitch dark, and he found himself sinking in mud and mire—the rain beat down unmercifully—and even Timothy's equal temper gave way. He halted cautiously, grasped the fence, and after tearing his hands with old nails, he leapt directly against the equilibrium; but, remembering that there was a dying baby in the house, and that the baby didn't even belong to them, he made extraordinary efforts, and succeeded, at last, in getting hold of the horse. The old lady by no means approved of having her master considerable trouble; but, once fairly on her back, he resolved to fly for his very life.
He led her carefully around to the front of the house, where he was met by Sally, who came to tell him that Mrs. Cornwall was almost in hysterics—he had given the baby poison instead of paregoric—and if it got over one trouble, it would certainly die of the other.

Even Sally was excited, and poor Timothy, half dead with terror, galloped off to the doctor's which was two miles from home. He trembled with a thousand undefined terrors, and became so weak from fright, that he fairly slipped from the old mare's back into the muddy road. Splashed from head to foot, and completely chilled, the poor man crawled up again, and urged his steed toward Drooping and exhausted he arrived at a most pitiable-looking object at Doctor Canonic's door.
Now the doctor was not at all cross of being disturbed; on the contrary, for patients were scarce; at Hornetville, it was generally avowed that he slept with one eye open, to be ready for emergencies. He received Mr. Cornwall with an appearance of subdued delight, and prepared to accompany him without delay.
"A sad case," he remarked, as he picked up his saddle-bag, "but medical skill often works wonders."
Timothy's teeth fairly chattered on his homeward route; and an unpleasant sensation in his bones seemed to say that the storm had taken a firm grip of him, this time.

As they approached the dwelling, a crowd was visible around it, lanterns flashed in all directions, and flames were pouring from one of the chimneys. "The Hornetville Engine Company," who seldom had an opportunity to display their skill, were out in full force, and fairly deluging the house with water; the neighbors were all collected, for it was whispered about that the Briggs' baby had been poisoned, and altogether there never had been such an excitement in the place within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.
Timothy dashed through the crowd, followed by the doctor; and having, very hard, found it to be the very spot whence the fire had originated. The accumulated soot in the chimney, which had long been in disrepair for a long while, caught the flames that ascended from the hearth, and bid fair, at first, to reduce the house to ashes. But the rain and the engine together soon extinguished these; although the company continued to work hard, as if to stop the amusement of work the inmates were really in more danger from the element of water than of fire.

Doctor Canonic regarded the baby at tentively for a moment, or two; it looked pale and sick, but these were no evidences of poison; and Timothy Cornwall and his wife were far more pitiable objects. He called for the vial from which Timothy had taken the dose administered; and, after examining it carefully, pronounced it to be neither poison nor paregoric, but a perfectly harmless mixture for seasoning mince pies, in which the chief ingredients were cloves and brandy. He inquired concerning its supper, and pronounced the child to be suffering from improper feedings; and, having received something from the saddle-bag, the baby went to sleep.
The neighbors crowded round the doctor,

when he appeared at the door, and received his assurance that there was nothing of any importance the matter with the child; and then, as the flames had quite disappeared, departed to their respective homes.
Timothy's wretched plight now called for much sympathy from his wife, who put forth all her remaining strength to help him on with another suit; and then they both sat down and watched Sally, who was bathing out the water that had been poured down the chimney, and grumbling as she did so.

"This carpet'll hev to come up, Miss Cornwall," she continued, "and that's just about the gist of it. The walls is ruined, and I guess we've all caught our death—'and all for that plaguey little baby!"
The next day, while yet some distance from home, Sam and Martha were electrified by exaggerated accounts of the fire at Hornetville. Mrs. Cornwall barely escaping in her night-clothes. The cars fairly seemed to crawl; and scarcely waiting for them to stop, they hurriedly rushed to the spot, and found, to their surprise, the house still standing.
The young mother burst in upon poor Mrs. Cornwall, and demanded her child in a frenzied tone; and when it was placed in her arms, she cried and laughed over it alternately, and went quite off in a fit of hysterics.

"Well," exclaimed Sam, "I'll never go and take that child with any one again, as long as I live!"
"If you do," replied Tim, bluntly, "you must find some one else to leave it with—some wunt undertake it at any price!"
A few days afterward, our friend Timothy sat in a cushioned chair, with one foot in a puddle-bag, composed of wool and flannel, the putting of said foot to the ground being a physical impossibility, and acute twinges of rheumatism flying all over him. His wife caught a violent ague in her face from the wet room; and now sat swathed in cloths, like a mummy, echoing every one of Timothy's groans with interest.

"Oh, I'm so thankful," exclaimed Mrs. Cornwall, after a severe twinge than usual, "that the baby was Martha's and not ours, after all!"
"I shouldn't live long, if it was ours," replied Timothy, "and I never want to see that or any other baby again!"
The October number of the Westminster Review contains an article, said to be of singular ability, starting with the proposition that drunkenness cannot be cured by legislation. It is written and published in view of very persistent efforts in England to obtain the enactment of a Maine law by Parliament. It traverses the whole field of discussion of the questions of prohibition and regulation of the liquor traffic. An extract or two will serve to show the strength of the article:

"The world would be a very different world if great evils were so easily cured, and if ten lines in a statute-book could crush vice and make virtue triumphant—Experience tells a different tale. It tells us that a law is in itself powerless, and that it is only strong when it is the outward and formal expression of what men really wish. Even a law, such as the Maine liquor law, were obeyed, which it might be for a time among an orderly and law-loving people, there would be no escaping, in one shape or other, the penalty of some gross abridgement of the true principles of State government. It would be an evil sword that that of drunkenness if a nation bent to lean on the rotten staff of external enactment, and this sapped the very foundations of right and destroyed the springs of all moral action."

Again, in regard to personal rights—the denial to men of their freedom of choice who live under the rule of laws which recognize the great fact of personal liberty.—"The writer remarks: 'There is Farmer's Brother, who does not trouble me—any way does not stand there looking at me!'—He would again stick into a supercilious eye."

The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke passing words; he gave a parting blessing; but as he, just four hours his family all gathered around him, and mourned it was to think that the children were not his own—his very sleeping in the little nursery, where he was used to be said; they were his step-children—the children of his favorite wife.
"These he had always loved and cherished, and they loved and honored him, for his mother had taught them. The wife sat by his pillow, and rested her hand upon his head. At his feet stood the two sons, who are now aged and Christian men, and by his side the little girl, whose little hand rested upon his withered and trembling palm. His last words were still, 'Where is the missionary?' and then he clasped the child to his bosom, while she sobbed in anguish—her ears caught hurried breathing—she arose, raised her head, and he looked up, and he was gone."

He had requested that a vial of cold water might be placed in his hand when he was prepared for the burial, but the reason of the request no one could divine. It was complied with, however, and all his wishes strictly followed. The funeral took place in the little mission church, with appropriate and the most simple ceremonies; and he was buried in the little mission burying-ground, at the gateway of what was once an old fort—around him his own people—aged men, sachems, chiefs and warriors, and little children.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his lecture on Slavery last night, said there was nothing so high or so low for it—this it grasped after a Webster and grabbed after a Douglass; and he might have added, 'got them both!'—Chicago Journal.
According to a Paris correspondent of the National Intelligence, the cost of the Eastern war was greatly exceeds one million of dollars per day. That is indeed enormous.

DEATH OF RED JACKET.

From Little's Living Age.

He was taken suddenly ill in the Council House, of cholera morbus, where he had gone that day dressed with more than ordinary care, with all his gay apparel and ornaments. When he returned he took to his wife, "I am sick; I could not stay till the Council had finished. I shall never recover." He then took off all his rich costume, and laid it carefully away; reclined himself upon his couch, and did not rise again till morning, or speak except to answer some slight question. His wife prepared him medicine, which he patiently took, but said, "It will do no good; I shall die." The next day he called her to him, and requested her, and the little girl he loved so much to sit beside him, and listen to his parting words.
"I am going to die," he said, "I shall never leave the house again alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me—You have loved me. You have always prepared my food, and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry I ever treated you unkindly. I am sorry I left you because of your new religion, and am convinced that it is a good religion, and has made you a better woman, and wish you to persevere in it. I should like to have lived a little longer for your sake. I meant to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my often told her—not to go in the streets with strangers, or associate with improper persons. She must stay with her mother, and grow up a respectable woman."
"When I am dead it will be noised abroad through all the world—they will hear of it across the great waters, and say, 'Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead.' And white men will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress—put on my leggins and hang the cross which I have worn so long around my neck, and let it lie upon my bosom. Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with pagan rites. I wish the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion if you choose. Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise among red men. Do not make a fuss according to the customs of the Indians. Whenever my friends chose, they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have never eaten with me in my cabin, to assist at my funeral feast."

When he had finished, he laid himself again upon his couch, and did not rise again. He lived several days, but was most of the time in a stupor, or else delirious. He often asked for Mr. Harris, the missionary, and afterwards would unconsciously mutter, "I do not hate him; he thinks I hate him, but I do not. I would not hurt him." The missionary was sent for repeatedly, but did not return till he was dead. When the messenger told him Mr. Harris had not come, he replied, "Very well. The Great Spirit will order it as he sees best, whether I have an opportunity to speak with him." Again he would murmur, "He accused me of being a snake, and trying to bite somebody. This was very true, and I wish to repent and make satisfaction."

Whether it was Mr. Harris he referred to all the time he was talking in this way could not be ascertained, as he did not seem to comprehend if any direct question was put to him; but from his remarks, and his known anxiety to him, this was the natural supposition. Sometimes he would think he saw some of his old companions about him, and exclaim, "There is Farmer's Brother, who does not trouble me—any way does not stand there looking at me!"—He would again stick into a supercilious eye.
The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke passing words; he gave a parting blessing; but as he, just four hours his family all gathered around him, and mourned it was to think that the children were not his own—his very sleeping in the little nursery, where he was used to be said; they were his step-children—the children of his favorite wife.

"These he had always loved and cherished, and they loved and honored him, for his mother had taught them. The wife sat by his pillow, and rested her hand upon his head. At his feet stood the two sons, who are now aged and Christian men, and by his side the little girl, whose little hand rested upon his withered and trembling palm. His last words were still, 'Where is the missionary?' and then he clasped the child to his bosom, while she sobbed in anguish—her ears caught hurried breathing—she arose, raised her head, and he looked up, and he was gone."

He had requested that a vial of cold water might be placed in his hand when he was prepared for the burial, but the reason of the request no one could divine. It was complied with, however, and all his wishes strictly followed. The funeral took place in the little mission church, with appropriate and the most simple ceremonies; and he was buried in the little mission burying-ground, at the gateway of what was once an old fort—around him his own people—aged men, sachems, chiefs and warriors, and little children.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in his lecture on Slavery last night, said there was nothing so high or so low for it—this it grasped after a Webster and grabbed after a Douglass; and he might have added, 'got them both!'—Chicago Journal.
According to a Paris correspondent of the National Intelligence, the cost of the Eastern war was greatly exceeds one million of dollars per day. That is indeed enormous.

Stand Firm.

A very strange game has been going on at Washington for ten days past.

Some eight or ten members, by no means distinguished for talent or weight of character, and in the face and eyes of the anti-Nebraska professions by virtue of which they obtained their seats in the House, have undertaken to dictate the choice of speaker. Against the sense of an overwhelming majority of that opposition of which they profess to form a part, they seek to impose upon the House a Speaker like themselves—like warm, and neither hot nor cold—a Speaker such as in times like these is fit only to be spewed out of the peoples' mouths. Such is the secret of the delay in the choice of a Speaker; such is the nauseous drama which eight or ten political quacks are striving to pour down the throats of the House and the nation.

One hundred and five members of the House have resolved not to submit to be thus thwarted. We give here their names prominently, and bid them God speed.
Albright, Kunkel,
Albion, Leiter,
Barbour, Mace,
Bennett, H. Mattoon,
Benson, McCarly,
Billinghurst, Mescham,
Bitgum, Miller, (N. Y.)
Bliss, Morgan, (N. Y.)
Bradshaw, Morrell,
Brennan, Murray,
Bullington, Nichols,
Burlingame, Norton,
Campbell, (Pa.) Oliver, A.
Campbell, (Ohio) P-ker,
Chaffee, Peiton,
Clark, (Conn.) Pennington,
Clawson, Peerce,
Colfax, Pettit,
Comins, Pringle,
Cragin, Purvisance,
Cranback, Rickard,
Dannell, Robbins,
Davis, (Mass.) Roberts,
Day, Robinson,
De Witt, Sabin,
Dick, Sage,
Dodd, Sapp,
Dixon, Sherman,
Durie, Simmons,
Eunice, Spinner,
Frazier, Stanton,
Galloway, Stranahan,
Giddings, Tappan,
Gibert, Thornton,
Granger, Thorston,
Grow, Todd,
Hall, (Mass.) Trafton,
Harlan, Tyson,
Halloway, Wade,
Horton, (N. Y.) Wakeman,
Hudson, (Ohio) Waldron,
Howard, Washburn, (Wis.)
Huganston, Washburn, (Ia.)
Keesey, Washburn, (Mo.)
King, Watson,
Knapp, Welsh,
Knight, Woodruff,
Knox, Woodworth.

All day long on Wednesday these hundred and five good men and true voted for Banks. We trust they will persevere in so doing, if need be till the 4th of March, 1857. Let it not be said, that this will be to stand in the way of the organization of the House. The unknown gentleman can make a Speaker at any time. They have their option here a Richardson and Banks. Make your choice, gentlemen, and take the responsibility. Better have Richardson for Speaker, made so by you, than a Speaker of your kith and by the votes of the Republican opposition.—N.Y. Tribune.

The struggle of Slavery & Freedom.
LETTER FROM FRAN IS P. BLAIR.
SILVER SPRING, Md., Tuesday, Dec. 21, 1855.
To Messrs. Daniel R. Goddard and Lewis C. Clark, corresponding Committee of the Republican Association of Washington City, D. C.

GENTLEMEN: Having relinquished political employment, and, to avoid controversy, again as an avowed individual, I am constrained to decline your invitation to join the Republican Association of Washington City, although tempted by the honor of becoming its presiding officer. Yet I feel it, my duty to say, that in the main I concur in the views of the Association. To exclude Slavery from the Territories of the United States, and to re-annex the question of the Compromise which were made to stand as convenient between the Slave and Free States to effect that exclusion, are, in my opinion the most important movements which have engaged the public mind since the Revolution.

The extension of Slavery over the new Territories would prove to be a permanent stain upon the honor of the nation; but the greatest calamity to apprehend from it, is the destruction of the Union, or, which is the worst of all, the whole country repays. Every conquest of this element of discord, which has so often threatened the dissolution of the Union, increases the danger. Every surrender of the Free States invites invasion.
The cause which your organization is intended to promote may well draw to its support men of all parties. Differences on questions of policy, on constitutional construction, on modes of administration, may be merged to unite men who believe that men who believe that nothing but concert of action on the part of those who would arrest the spread of Slavery, can resist the power of the combination now embodied to make it embrace the continent from ocean to ocean.

The repealing clause of the Kansas bill, predicated on the nullity of the clause in the Constitution which gives Congress the power to make regulations respecting the Territories of the United States.—Clay, Benton, and all the leading lights

Yet nothing is clearer in the history of our Government than that this phrase giving power to Congress, "to make regulations respecting the Territories," was meant to give the power to exclude Slavery from them.

Mr. Jefferson's resolutions of 1794, declaring "that there shall be neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the States" laid off in the Western Territory, was subsequently renounced in the Congress of 1795, which added "that this regulation shall be an article of compact," and it was so voted unanimously by the delegations of eight States out of twelve.

It was passed by the unanimous voice of all the States by Congress of 1797, which act contemporaneously with the Convention forming the Constitution, and that Constitution gave Congress the power "to make regulations respecting the Territories," and moreover affirmed the validity of the engagements entered into by the confederation, one of which engagements was that made by the regulation excluding Slavery from the Territories. Thus the Congress of the confederation and the constitution united in giving a double sanction to the exclusion.

The first exerted the power of enacting Mr. Jefferson's interdiction of slavery in the territories then held by the United States, to which it has previously given an impressive sanction by adding, "This regulation shall be an article of compact," and the Convention guaranteed this "engagement," entered into under the Confederation, by declaring it "valid," and employed the same terms, "regulations of the Territories," to transmit the power here exerted to future Congress. In the face of this history and the letter of the Constitution granting the power to make whatever regulations it deemed fit respecting the territories of the United States, the authors of the Kansas and Nebraska bill deny the constitutionality of all the regulations which exclude Slavery from Territories, and set at naught all the precedents that confirm them, which have followed in uninterrupted succession, from the foundation of the Government.

That other clause in the Constitution, empowering Congress to pass laws to prevent the "emigration or importation" of slaves after 1808 shows the fixed purpose of the founders of our Union to limit the increase of this evil. The consequence was an inhibition, which prevents a South Carolina planter, who has slaves in Cuba, from bringing them to his home plantation; and to remove this obstruction to the increase of slavery within the Union, and open Africa to supply the demand made by the new act, the Northern nullifiers are already called on by their Southern allies to lend their aid, and certainly that who embrace Mr. Calhoun's doctrine, as stated by Mr. Douglas, that "every citizen has an inalienable right to move into any of the Territories with his property, of whatever kind or description," the Constitution and compromised notwithstanding, can hardly refuse it. It was on the annexation of the Mexican territories that Mr. Calhoun asserted this principle; to unsettle the fixed policy of the Nation, beginning with the year of the Declaration of Independence; and he applied it alike to the compromise of 1820 and 1850. Mr. Douglas' thus moves up the position taken and the result:

Under this section, as in the case of the Mexican law in New Mexico and Utah, it is a disputed point whether Slavery is prohibited in the Nebraska country by valid enactments. The definition of this question involves the constitutional power of Congress to pass laws prescribing and regulating the domestic institutions of the various Territories of the Union. In the opinion of those eminent statesmen who hold that Congress is invested with no rightful authority to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the Territories, the eighth section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri is null and void, while the prevailing sentiment by a large portion of the Union sustains the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States is understood to give every citizen an inalienable right to move into any of the Territories with his property, of whatever kind and description, and to hold and enjoy the same under the sanction of law. Your Committee do not feel themselves called upon to enter into the discussion of these controverted questions. They have the same grave duties which produced the agitation, the sectional strife, and the fearful struggle of 1850.

From this it appears that the Compromise of 1820 and 1850 involved the question of the validity of the law of Mexico excluding Slavery from the newly-ceded Mexican Territory, and the law of our own Congress excluding it from that north of the line of 36° 30'. Mr. Douglas' Committee report recommends that as

"Congress deemed it wise and prudent to refrain from declaring the matter in controversy, then, either by affirming or repealing the Mexican laws, or by an acknowledgment of the true intent of the Constitution, or which is the worst of all, the whole country repays. Every conquest of this element of discord, which has so often threatened the dissolution of the Union, increases the danger. Every surrender of the Free States invites invasion.

The cause which your organization is intended to promote may well draw to its support men of all parties. Differences on questions of policy, on constitutional construction, on modes of administration, may be merged to unite men who believe that men who believe that nothing but concert of action on the part of those who would arrest the spread of Slavery, can resist the power of the combination now embodied to make it embrace the continent from ocean to ocean.

The repealing clause of the Kansas bill, predicated on the nullity of the clause in the Constitution which gives Congress the power to make regulations respecting the Territories of the United States.—Clay, Benton, and all the leading lights