labor of Virginia competing with free labor in the manufacture of tobacco. In Tennessee slave labor is competing with the free labor of Pennsylvania in the manufacture of iron: Go to Georgia, and you find them boasting that Georgia is "the Massachusetts of the South." They take you to their cotton factories and through their various workshops, and you find slaves performing all the labor in every establishment; and I challenge you to study the freight-lists of the line of steamers plying between this city and Savannah, Georgia, and you will find that they carry steadily to Philadelphia coarse cotton fabrics, manufactured by slaves near the cotton fields in the neighborhood of Savannah; and they undersell the Philadelphia mechanic in his own city, because their labor is labor without wages—labor at the hands of people who beget children and whose children are counted as cattle by their owners.

Not only do they interfere with labor of this kind; but I tell you, my friends, the question is pressed upon us by the South for the establishment of *white slavery*. This is no idle talk. They say their institution is no longer safe if it depends upon the doctrine of *African* slavery. This is a necessity of the South. Let me read to you an advertisement taken from the Richmond *Inquirer* of Feb. 27th inst. A runaway "Pass," is advertised as belonging to the estate of Wm. Goech, and is spoken of as follows:

"*The said negro is nearly white, with eyes blue, has a little curley, is almost 5 feet* 10 *inches high, and more than* 20 *years old. It is believed he will endeavor to make his way to a free State, as he can empudence pass for a white man.*"

What is the law of the South upon this question? I quote it as given by the same paper, the Richmond *Inquirer*:

"The laws of the Southern States justify the holding of white men in slavery, provided through the mother, they are descended, *however remotely*, from a negro slave." The first cross is a "half-breed;" the second cross is a quadroon. Trace it in geometrical progression. In the next there is but one-sixteenth of negro blood in the veins; and there it is said to be so slight as that, who shall trace it? Who will discover it? It has reached that point, for many of their slaves have less than one-sixteenth—have but one thirty-second part of African blood in their veins: but so long as the mother is a slave (though she have but one thirty-second part of African blood and the father have none,) the child is still a slave, his condition following that of his mother, on the principle, "*partus sequitur ventrem*." The doctrine of white slavery is no mere abstract theory of the South; it is becoming a necessity. They must either emancipate their most valuable slaves, because they are white, or they must insist upon the North surrendering all our extensive territory to their "peculiar institution."

Look at it, my fellow citizens, am I exaggerating?—("No."). Am I wandering one hair's-breadth from the real state of the case? Ask you this: workingmen of Pennsylvania, to go to your pillows to-night and ponder, as you have never pondered before, upon the issue that is before you in this election. If you are the friends of freedom—if you love the constitution of your country—if you revere the names of its great patriots—if you believe in a superintending and avenging Providence—if you believe in Christianity (which teaches you that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," (the suffering ones of earth,) "ye have done it unto your Great Master"—Oh! think, and think that these matters are connected with your vote in the coming Presidential election—that by your vote you may either say that the institution which thus degrades humanity, shall be hemmed in to the South of that line of 36 degrees, 30 minutes, or that it shall stalk with unabashed front all over the Territories of the West. You can thus say whether the laborer shall walk erect, a freeman, putting his wages in his pocket and spending them at his will—or whether, in the South, white or black, he shall be the mere creature of his owner, and in the North be reduced by the competition of unpaid labor to a condition scarcely more happy than that of the slave.

Is not the issue a portentious one? Is it not one demanding reflection? Is it not one demanding vigorous action? Then, my fellow-workingmen, let not party names delight you. Be not deluded by the cry of "American-ism." If it would lead you from the free side of this issue, Americanism is to stand up for the freedom and equality of man. (Immense applause.) Americanism is to govern America by a sound American spirit which will maintain the equality of human rights, the freedom of man. (Loud cheers.) Be not humbugged, either, by the cry of "Democracy." There was a time when the Democracy of our country claimed to be "the party" that believed them to be, "eyes to the blind and feet to the lame"—when I believed they were the friends of freedom, equality and education—when I believed that they strove to unite to man the freest and fullest chance to develop himself and provide for the prosperity of his posterity.

But what is the so-called "Democracy" of to-day? *A sham* the Democratic party of to-day. (A perfect storm of applause, which did not subside for several minutes.) I spurn it. I scorn it. I trample on it as the vilest of the vile. (Applause.) I denounce it as the basest political trickery of the age, because it is attempting to ingraft the freemen of the North to submit with the grace of the South. (Cheers.) I spurn and I scorn the sham Democracy of to-day, because it is attempting to spread all over our country a system which makes the child of a woman descended from a slave, a slave, be he as white as white can be—though his blood be Christian blood—a spirit as free as that of Jefferson or of Washington.—(Loud applause). I scorn the Democratic party, because it has silenced its own leaders, or expelled them from its ranks, and placed itself in charge of the Disunionists of the South. *I scorn* it because it has in the Cabinet of its President, Jeff Davis, a Disunionist from Mississippi, and it has sent through the whole North stumping its cause, Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, a Disunionist, Senator Toombs, of Georgia, a Disunionist, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, a Disunionist, to cause the columns are led on by men who are pledged to dissolve the Union and sacrifice the Constitution of my country. (Applause.) I scorn the so-called Democratic party of Pennsylvania especially, because, having silenced its former leaders, or expelled them from its bosom, it has taken these as its champions and its leaders with it whom I have had a life long political battle.

Why, what is this Democracy? It puts me in mind of a knife with a French *gentilhomme* to whom it belonged, had, of which he used to boast of great steel. He was a good fellow—a little thick-headed at times, but very kind-hearted. "There," said he, "is my knife; it is one very good while I belonged to France with me. I always him very much, both because I brought him from France with me, and because he met with some accidents and I got him repaired, and he just as good as ever. First, soon after I came to this country I broke the blade, and I got him repaired, and he just as good as the old one: then, a good while after that, I broke the handle accidently, and I got him repaired, and he just as good as ever. Finally, the lock-spring, but Mr. Schleyer mended it, and he just as good as new." (Laughter.) The Democratic party I have got a new blade and a new handle, new principles and new leaders (great laughter,) but it is, they say, the same old party, just as good as new.

"My friends, don't believe them—don't believe them. Look for yourselves, think for yourselves, inquire for your own eyes. If you have thought of voting either for Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Fillmore, pause, ponder and study. Do not take my assertion. Do not take the assertion of any partisan leader. God knows I do not propose to my self to become your leader. I did not seek the position in which I stand. I was absent from my home, and far distant when I first had it laid upon me. My ready answer was, I cannot accept—I cannot serve; and nothing but a sense of duty has brought me to the mind to serve. But in the name of my God, I repeat to you, before you leave me to examine the question which I have put before you, and to look to the authorities. If I have made a misstatement, I have made it unchallenged; if I have made a misstatement, I have been misled by the law books that I have studied—by the authority which I bring here. [Beauty Thirty Years' View,] by the various opinions which my library furnishes, by which I test it. I have presented to you the doctrines of the great fathers of the country, without variation of party, without the shadow of selection, and I ask you to stand by them.

"Well," say some, "you are right in theory, you are right in doctrine—but the Union! the Union! save the Union!" Why the Union is in just about as much danger as the Rocky Mountains. (Laughter.) It would, to-night, be as easy to dissolve the Rocky Mountains as the Union, as it would be to dissolve this Union. Our party is the Constitutional party. (Loud cheering.) We stand where the fathers of our country stood—we stand where the Whig party and the Democratic party agreed in standing, down till the present Administration.—(Applause.) And there can be no dissolution of the Union for adhering to that doctrine.

"But," say some, "you have taken up two candidates from the North—two from the south—and Mr. Fillmore says that the South ought not to stand that. They stood it when our distinguished townsman, Richard Rush, ran as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, with John Adams, of Massachusetts, for President. They stood it when Gen. William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, ran with Granger, of New York. We stood it when Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, ran with John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. It has been stood so often, that there is no danger of dissolution to-day.

But, our position is this: if we do loose, we acquiesce—pick our flint, and fire again! (applause) and if we are victorious, we *will see who will dictate the Union*.—(Vociferous cheers. "A voice—That's it!") Why, when Colonel Fremont went to the Indian council, and they set before him roasting meat; he knew he had to show himself able to do anything and everything; so he went at it with as much alacrity as the hungriest Indian present. He says he did not like it much, but he was in the service of his country, and must not shrink; so he ate it.

Again, see the boarding of Col. Fremont, in that terrible expedition which he undertook at his own expense, to explore the Rocky Mountains. His guide and misled him, and on one of the highest peaks, thirteen thousand feet above our level, their feet were almost bleded by a drift of hard frozen snow, through which they had to walk waste-deep. They gathered their little forces together—he and his thirty-three men, and sheltered themselves for the night. It was the 24th of December. In the morning they made their way back over the peak to get its shelter against the wind. Their mules had died together as by instinct to keep themselves warm, and fell, one after another, making the nucleus of a snow-bank. Their implements were lost, and such unexpected degrees and difficulties had encompassed them that despair seemed to be overtaking the men. He rallied their spirits, and he spent that Christmas *reading Montaigne*, to show them that he was undismayed, and that he did not feel disheartened by danger. When cut off from all resources, misled by his guide, deceived by one in whom he trusted, with the hearts of his men curdling in their bosoms, and the dumb brutes, who could not be inspired by his bravery, sinking around him, he calmly, took up a volume of Blackstone, and by that decision of character, that apparent indifference to the circumstances that surrounded him, he assured his men that their destruction was after all but a mere Christmas hall. When they had sufficiently rested, he despatched a detachment in the backward track for assistance, and when they did not return in time, he himself, with knapsack on his back, sought relief and found his poor men maddened with hunger and the effects of the cold. He hurried on, and on and on, until he found relief, and saved the great body of that company of men. We have in him a man who has exhibited the character of Napoleon for energy, the character of Jackson for firmness, for decision, for coolness—a man who has never been President, it is true, but who has never been called to perform any duty civil or military, in which he has not shown himself "up to the mark"—(long-continued, enthusiastic applause)—a man *born* in the South, reared in the South, but who has served his whole country—a man familiar with all history, and especially familiar with all American history—the first enlightened man that traversed the region of Kansas—the man who says not only to America, but to the world, the knowledge—the complete knowledge I might say—of the Rocky Mountains, their passes, their various scientific distinctions, which time does not allow me, library furnishes, by which I test it. I have presented to you the doctrines of the great fathers of the country, without variation of party, without the shadow of selection, and I ask you to stand by them.

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