

SPEECH OF MR. J. W. FORNEY,
At Turrytown, Westchester County, N. Y.,
ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd.

Fellow Citizens: I feel gratified in being able to appear before you to participate in the ceremony which has been announced—the nomination as the people's candidate of one of the tribunes who stood up during the late exciting session of Congress for an undying principle. And I am gratified, further in being able to bear here in your presence, my personal tribute to the courage, the independence, and the consistency of the gentleman whom you have thus formerly placed before the people for election. Having taken some part in the controversy which is not yet closed, and having been present when various demands were made at the seat of the Federal Government, I saw Mr. Haskin tried, not only by the frowns and the threats of power, but by those blandishments which have always been so dangerous to the progress of truth. And there never was a moment, from the beginning to the end of that struggle, in which he quailed or faltered. [Cheers.] It required on his part, gentlemen, uncommon courage, sustaining a peculiar personal relation, as he did, to the Executive, to resist these combined influences. It required great independence and great self-denial to tear himself loose from those with whom he had been so closely associated; and more than all, it required that he should keep constant watch over himself, lest in that great political centre, which public virtue is constantly sapped, where the public man is constantly in danger of being betrayed, he should fall into the hands of his enemies. It required on his part that he should bear himself as to be able to resist, not only the influence of power, but to stand without suspicion. He came from a district which had not only given him a large plurality, but which had given to Mr. Buchanan a decisive vote; and to no man more, I venture to say, is Mr. Buchanan indebted than to Mr. Haskin for the manner in which the Democratic party in this vicinity rolled up the vote they gave to the Democratic candidate in 1856. His active exertions, his personal devotion to the character of the President, we feel that that candidate reciprocated [or pretended to reciprocate] all the devotion which Mr. Haskin himself manifested, rendered him of all men the man upon whom the president might rely for support in conducting the affairs of the Government at the seat of the Federal capital. He did not go to Washington to betray a principle, nor yet to desert the candidate of his choice. He saw this Administration, which he had thus toiled to elect, with four years of power and with unbounded patronage, and he was its friend, for every reason of principle and of expediency. The Cabinet was filled with men toward whom he sustained the most intimate relations. What reason, then, had he to do anything but to do right? What inducement was there on the part of Mr. Haskin to take any other than an honest course? I say, then, my fellow citizens, that you do well in placing him before his constituents for another trial. [Cheers and applause.] Yes, you not only do well, but you would not do well if you did not thus nominate and re-elect him. And I say now, when the time comes that public men in the North are not satisfied who have done what Mr. Haskin has done—when the time comes that the people of this Congressional district, or any Congressional district, refuse to do honor to such a man, then we must become in this race a race of cowards and slaves. [Cheers and applause.] My fellow citizens, I must now be a little personal, because appearing before you as I do, I am compelled to refer to a portion of political history in which I have borne a somewhat prominent part. My relations to the present Executive of the United States began with early boyhood, from the time long before I became a voter, when I was his intimate confidant and friend. From early youth down to the present hour, or rather to a period one year ago, I have sustained toward Mr. Buchanan relations not only of intimacy, but of more than intimacy. Had he been my father, if his blood ran in my veins, I could not have been more devotedly attached to him. [Applause.] I believed that that sentiment and affection was reciprocated. We had tried in our good old State of Pennsylvania, for many years to elect this gentleman to the Presidency. It fell to my lot—born in the county in which he grew to manhood; in the county where he read law; in the county where he still has his residence; in that county where he says he expects to die—it fell to my lot to do a good deal of the hard work incident to the fulfillment of the aspirations of himself and the wishes of his friends. In 1844 we went to the city of Baltimore instructed to vote for a distinguished citizen of your State, Mr. Van Buren; but owing to the publication of his celebrated Texas letter, the delegation from Pennsylvania, as is well known, concluded that Mr. Van Buren had forfeited the confidence of the Democratic party, and that it became us to present our own favored citizen for that high place. We did so, and we failed. But still, in 1845, we reappeared upon the scene with our fellow citizen, and there the friends of Mr. Van Buren in this State repaid us in kind for the good turn we had served them four years before. [Applause.]—Undaunted, we continued to organize, and in 1852 we reappeared in the same scene with our former favorite, and were again defeated. That seemed to be the last chance—the last shot in the locker, if I may use the expression. But he was appointed by President Pierce in 1853 to fill the high and important mission of Minister to England. While there he was removed from the scenes of domestic politics, and quietly and observantly watched the movements at home pending and succeeding the repeal of the Missouri line. Mr. Buchanan had been known for his attachment to that line. Though in 1849, at Lancaster, Pa., he attended a meeting in which he denounced it; subsequently, in 1847, he came out in his celebrated Berks county letter, and stated there that the only way to settle the slavery question was to run the line to the Pacific so as to secure to the North and to the South respective and equal benefits on each side of it as proposed by its original friends. There fore it was that, while at a foreign court, absent from his own country, his name became peculiarly the name of the American people, as the one that would lead the Democratic party to victory again. His old friends in Pennsylvania moved forward, and again organized. We saw the time had come at last when our candidate could be presented to the people. We repaired to Cincinnati. Rivalries—home rivalries—had been extinguished; bitterness growing out of the agitation of the Missouri line and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill had temporarily removed other candidates from the field (or so we thought); and Cass men, Dallas men, and Buchanan men in Pennsylvania made common cause, and repaired to Cincinnati for the purpose of putting Mr. Buchanan in nomination. When we reached there, the first indication that appeared was, that the extreme South had resolved upon Mr. Buchanan's annihilation. They saw him in the light of a moderate conservative sentiment. They saw in him, for the first time, a public man, who, having been absent from the country, and therefore disconnected from the exciting rivalries of the day, would be compelled from his position to do justice to Northern feelings, and extinguish sectionalism. They did not trust to him on the issue of the day. He was not a good enough Kansas and Nebraska man for them; and they fought us, as the history of that Convention will show, for five long days, with a bitterness and animosity such as political conventions can scarcely rival. But he was the only man to rescue the Democratic party from defeat. He was the only man to prevent the election of a Republican, and the only man who could carry Pennsylvania; for upon the contest of that State the entire tide of battle was to turn. From our own State a similar disposition was manifested in certain quarters. In this section, where this disease of Lecomptonism now rages the most violently, and where the affection for the Administration is indulged the most ardently, Mr. Buchanan received nothing but coldness and contempt. But we nominated him and returned to Pennsylvania, for the first time, joyous in having achieved our long-cherished wish. And when we returned there, we came with the full and confident hope that there would be no difficulty in electing a man whose nature was believed to be so conservative, whose character was believed to be so prudent, and whose entire record had been National and Constitutional. At that time, I believe, the republicans themselves abandoned the campaign. They looked upon his nomination as their death blow. They looked around in vain for a candidate; but events (and there is no necessity for spinning out this detail to a greater length) brought on a series of excitements such as we have never witnessed in our country, and by the middle of August, 1856, the campaign was more than doubtful. Why did it become doubtful? Because the public opinion of the North had been stirred to its deepest depths by the excesses of the Pro-Slavery minority, backed by Federal power, in the Territory of Kansas. That was the only question. It was not the Ostend Conference, it was not the Pacific Railroad; it was nothing but the single issue—Shall the people of Kansas be permitted to dispose of their own affairs in their own way? Shall they vote upon their domestic institutions, not slavery alone, but upon all their institutions, un molested by the bayonets of the Administration on the one hand and the onslaughts of bands of foreign marauders on the other. This was the question, the whole question, the only question. No man felt more deeply in reference to Kansas than Mr. Buchanan. No man talked more freely about it in his letter of acceptance of the nomination and in the speech he delivered to the committee upon it in his parlor at Lancaster, (at which I happened to be present.) He laid stress upon the great principle that the will of the majority should prevail. Why, he said to me a thousand times, "The South must vote for me, and the North must be secured; and the only way to secure the North is to convince our voters that when I get into the Presidential chair I will do right with the people in Kansas. I am now sixty-six years of age. I have reached that time of life when I cannot have any ambition for a re-election, and if I have, the only way to secure it is to be strong with my own people at home. I watched this struggle from my retirement in London; I have seen what I conceive to be the mistakes of others. I am not responsible for the Administration of President Pierce; therefore, I will inaugurate a new system: I will show to the country that a Pennsylvania President will stand firm to the pledges of a Pennsylvania gentleman and a Pennsylvania Democrat." Now, fellow-citizens, in that letter of acceptance, if you will refer to it—it is not necessary for me to produce it here—you will find that he stated distinctly that the people of the Territory of Kansas should be protected in the sacred right of suffrage, unawed by any influence whatever, and that the will of the majority should prevail. We went into the canvass. It fell to my lot to be at the head of the State Democratic Committee of Pennsylvania. All my affections were and are in that State; all the emotions of my nature, physical and mental, were enlisted on the side of the candidate she had presented. His whole career, his character, my personal attachment, and the sincere devotion I felt for him, his family, his cause, and all about him, made me so anxious for him to succeed, that I indulge in no vain expression of speech when I say to you that I would have forfeited my life for him. My devotion for him knew no bounds. Day and night, night and day, I toiled in that campaign. And there are those here to day from my own State who will bear witness to the fact, when I

say that all my resources, all my fortune, my every exertion, every aid that could be enlisted was evoked to produce the final result. Above all other questions in that campaign was the great principle of popular sovereignty. [Applause.] That was the standard which marshaled the way. That was the shibboleth—that was the war cry. From Lake Erie to the Delaware—from Pittsburg to Philadelphia—in every village and town in the State—everywhere that I could induce a pen to write, or a tongue to speak, that was the theme upon which those pens wrote, and those tongues spoke. Why, gentlemen, Mr. Buchanan had no confidence upon this subject. He was public, he was open, he was unreserved in his declarations to everybody. He sent to the traduced John Hickman in an adjoining county. He told him through his friends and agents: "You, Mr. Hickman, occupy a peculiar relation; you voted for the Topeka Constitution; you denounced the Kansas-Nebraska bill; you, too, were opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line; the Democratic party of your district have nominated you; the Republicans like you; they believe in you. Now, I want you to take the stump and go before your people, and pledge me, James Buchanan, that I intend standing by and, if necessary, dying by this principle of popular sovereignty." For myself, if I could descend to the baseness of republishing private letters, I might fill a volume with similar pledges from high authority. Why, gentlemen, when the distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Cobb who, from having been a superfine Union man, has been converted into a fire-eater, equal to Mr. Chabert himself; when Mr. Cobb came into Pennsylvania, and traversed our State from end to end, and from county to county, talking to delighted audiences all the time, what was the burden of his theme? Why, popular sovereignty. He said, in substance: "I would take the army and the navy, I would use every power of the Federal Government, I would surround the Territory but what the people of Kansas should vote, and by their vote the destinies of the future State should be decided." Whenever a Southern orator came into Pennsylvania and called upon me, I said to him: "Now, sir, I have but one thing to say to you: we have but a single thing before the people; every day is making the campaign more and more doubtful; every day is making the popular feeling more and more intense; Mr. Buchanan himself feels that everything depends upon the prudence, the sagacity, and the spirit of conciliation by which this campaign is conducted; and for God's sake take care what you say about Kansas; leave your violent Southern feelings at home; you must come to terms; you Governor Crozer Johnson, and you Mr. Scott, of Richmond, and you Mr. Extra Billy Smith, and you Mr. Secretary Floyd, all of you, must remember that if you lose this battle here, you lose it altogether, it will be your loss, and therefore you must allow us to manage it in our own way." And they did accede to that policy, without any protestation, and gladly. There was no deception in that fight, at least so far as I was concerned. I sowed the State with private letters and private pledges upon this question. There is not a county in Pennsylvania in which my letters may not be found, pledging Mr. Buchanan, in his name, and by his authority, to the full, complete, and practical recognition of the rights of the people of Kansas to decide upon their own affairs. [Applause.] Gentlemen, he was elected. He formed his Cabinet. He issued his Inaugural Address; and here at this point, let me say, that the public confidence created by his nomination in the Democratic party, and the apprehension of his election inspired in the Republican ranks, that public confidence was renewed and revived by the publication of his Inaugural Address. The Republicans many of them who had voted for John C. Fremont, said: "We believe in Mr. Buchanan, and if he stands by the doctrines of this Inaugural Address we will stand by him." Now, had he done so, the Republicans and the American parties, in my opinion, would have been extinguished; we would have been a great, happy, national family. After all, what the great mass of the people in this country desire is a good Government. Every man in this country is not an office-seeker. Nine out of ten are disinterested in their relations to this Government, and they are ready to vote for John B. Haskin, or John Smith, if they have confidence in the man; and Mr. Buchanan would have suited the country as well as any other man, if he had fulfilled his pledge; and therefore it was that when his inaugural address was published, they said one to the other: "We believe in Mr. Buchanan—we are sorry that we have not voted for him; but we are willing to trust him and stand by him to the end." Mr. Buchanan had before him a future which Washington, if he had been living, might have envied—a future which if he had walked resolutely in the path he had marked out—the path illuminated by his declarations and pledges—would have allowed him to go down to the grave followed by the blessings of a grateful people. Posterity would have pointed to his Administration as a model and example to all generations; Pennsylvania would have had no cause to be ashamed of her favorite son. No, my fellow-countrymen, he did not stop here. As if for the purpose of accumulating pledge upon pledge—as if for the purpose of piling up a pyramid of promises upon this question, what did he do next? He looked around to see whom he should get to go to Kansas, for the purpose of settling the vexed question which had rendered Kansas, what it had been graphically termed, "the grave-yard of Governors." He sought for an inferior man; he would not be tempted to take an ordinary man. He selected a gentleman, a statesman, who had been presented by a large portion of the leading and prominent men of the South for a seat in his Cabinet; who had for twelve years represented his State in the Congressional Senate, and had sat with Mr.

Buchanan in the Cabinet of Col. Polk. He selected Robt. J. Walker. And when he called upon Mr. Walker, and asked him to proceed to the Territory, Mr. Walker said to him, "Why, Mr. Buchanan, that would finish me forever; it has ruined every man who has gone there; it will ruin me. I have reached that time of life when I cannot afford to risk all my prospects, and probably the peace and happiness of my family." And he intimated, as if gifted with a knowledge of the future. "I cannot run the risk of being most probably betrayed and deserted by the Administration that appoints me." Mr. Buchanan said to him: "Mr. Walker, if you will go there, you will settle this question in a few weeks. Everything is ready; here are your instructions. I pledge you my word that everything you desire to smooth your way shall have." Mr. Walker, as if inspired by a sublime suspicion said: "Mr. Buchanan, I will not go to Kansas until you allow me to meet your Cabinet face to face, and ascertain from that Cabinet, in person, whether they will agree that I shall go there and carry out the pledges of the campaign of 1856, allowing the people of Kansas to decide upon their own institutions in their own way." Accordingly a meeting of the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan was called. At the meeting, every member of the Cabinet was present. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Walker were present. Mr. Buchanan in the chair. Governor Walker said: "I have desired this meeting because I have determined not to go to Kansas unless I have full instructions to carry out my own wishes, as expressed to the President. If there is any opposing voice, I will not go; I do not want to go; it is by no means an enviable position; but if I have the permission and consent of you, gentlemen, I will go." The Cabinet was polled; but one member of the Cabinet objected to the programme laid down by Gov. Walker. I need not mention his name. Gov. Walker said: "That settles the question, gentlemen; I do not wish to go; a single negative is sufficient, and I will retire from the field." But they took that member of the Cabinet into an adjoining room, and there they convinced him that Gov. Walker was right. They returned and gave Walker his instructions. He went to Kansas with his instructions in his pocket, and accompanied by a gentleman well known to the country, Mr. Stanton, another Southern statesman, and an old Buchanan man, who went out with similar pledges. Now, after this plain statement of the facts, I will come down to my own part of this campaign. My ambition to assist and build up my good old State, to push forward her great interests, and assist in the development of her industry—to do that which we must all do, at least if we desire success—induced me to look to Pennsylvania as the theatre of my future labors. Therefore it was that in the year 1857, I started the paper which now bears my name at its mast head. I did this for the purpose of advocating Mr. Buchanan's policy throughout. I had had, as I have shown abundant pledges as to his course, but before publishing that paper, I took care to write to Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet and to himself, and told them on what ground I intended to stand on this question of Kansas. They were so good as to send me sufficient written testimony strengthening me in the position I had assumed on this question. I went on with Walker and Stanton, until the Oxford and McGhee frauds took place, when there was a burst of execration throughout the country. The whole Democratic press had argued constantly the policy of the Administration up to that time as I argue it now; but when Gov. Walker rejected these frauds there was a sudden silence. A pall fell over the columns of the Washington Union. Nothing was said upon the subject of the Oxford and McGhee frauds. No voice was heard in Washington against it; but I supposed some malign influences, for the moment, had surrounded that journal; that it had had an attack of some peculiar insanity, like that which has lately become chronic with it, and I allowed it to pass by. But when the dark, damning deed of Lecompton was perpetrated, then I saw for the first time that those gallant men in the Territory, Walker and Stanton, and those who acted with them, had been most cruelly, most shamefully, deserted. I saw that Democratic principles had been carried out by them, and that they, and those who believed in them and in the faith of the President, were about to be called upon to turn our backs upon our pledges and betray our manhood. [Applause.] Gentlemen, there was something too much of this; and when the cup was presented to my lips I refused it. [Cheers.] Administrations may change, but I had been too fully committed on this subject to turn upon the pledges which I had both spoken and written to thousands of men. I did not for a moment believe that the Administration had concluded to abandon the principles which had put them into power; that they were resolved to make their policy a test; so when I went to Washington and called upon my old friend, I said to him, "Mr. Buchanan, for the first time in our lives we are at variance; I find myself standing by one great principle, having followed your lead and you have deserted it." "Well," said he, "I can afford to change, why can't you afford to change?" [Renewed laughter.] If you, and Douglas, and Walker, will unite in support of my policy, there will not be a whimper of this thing; it will pass by like a summer breeze." I told him it was very well with an Administration surrounded by office-holders and living all the time in the atmosphere of flattery, that was followed by thousands of gentlemen who expected place—that they could come to him and say, "You are right Mr. Buchanan; we are down on our bellies; please to walk over us—please to trample upon us and we will be happy and content, and hope you will believe your policy is right." "But I tell you," said I, "that there is a still, small voice in the people that instinctively reject frauds, and this is not only a fraud but a

dishonor. I cannot desert the principle. I do not claim to be more honest than any other man. I have done as all politicians have done—some things which may not square exactly with the rules of right, and if I have, I regret them; but this thing will not do. [Loud cheers.] I have reached the stature and years of manhood, and I cannot go back to Pennsylvania to eat my own words and become the slave of power. [Renewed cheers.] I cannot. But then Mr. Buchanan, you must tolerate this difference of opinion. General Jackson tolerated differences of opinion, in his friends. Col. Polk tolerated differences of opinion, and you differed with him in his views on the tariff and, yet you remained in his Cabinet. Mr. Pierce tolerated differences of opinion. But here you are—men who put you where you are—who ask nothing at your hands—who have refused your favors—have trampled all the patronage that has been offered them under foot; here they are asking to be tolerated in the indulgence of an honest opinion." The reply to that was in manner and in substance, "Sir, I intend to make my Kansas policy a test." "Well, sir," said I, "I regret it; but if you make it a test with your office, we will make it a test at the ballot-box." [Loud cheers.] Repeated efforts were made to heal the difference. But it seems to me, gentlemen, that when the Presidency is conferred upon a poor mortal, it transforms him into a god, in his own estimation, or into a lunatic. [Laughter.] Nobody is permitted to approach power to tell the truth. Power never hears the thunder voice of the people, sitting as it does in its cushioned chairs, between its marble walls. The independent man, loud and bold, and with a clear eye who comes to tell the truth, is waved from the Presidential presence as a rude intruder. Then we went home. As I said, repeated efforts were made, and made in vain, to heal the difference. This conferring of Presidential patronage—of vast millions—more than the monarch of Great Britain enjoys, and nearly as much as the French despot wields—this patronage induced Mr. Buchanan to believe that he could make his test successful. How was it made? Gentlemen, when the chapter which shall detail the manner in which the Administration has used its patronage to force this test upon the white men of the North is written, it will be a black chapter. When our children and our children's children shall come to read it they will not believe that an American citizen elevated to the Presidential chair, in the face of such a people covered with such an armor of pledges, could have gone into that chair to have used his army—his army and his treasure—your money and mine—your officers and mine—for the purpose of putting down a gallant band of men simply for standing by God's plain truth; and I could wish that when the historians comes to write he be not compelled to write that that President was born in Pennsylvania. [Applause.] There has not been an element lacking to relieve this unredeemed infamy—not one. There has not been a single circumstance lacking. They have gone on, step by step, with the remorseless tread of fate and destiny, trying to crush out the breath of the gallant spirits who have stood forth asking nothing but to be permitted to do right. Look at the spectacle in Illinois at this moment. Democrats, if there are any here, and I trust there are many, you who take the regular organizations, you who swallow this miserable dose of Lecomptonism, because the regular organization of the State supports it, look at Illinois, and blush with very shame at the spectacle there exhibited to the world. There is regular organization for you, and how does the Administration treat it? They treat it with contempt and scorn; the gallant Douglas standing at the head of the column. If you open the pages of the Washington Union of to-day, read what it says of Stephen A. Douglas. You would suppose, from what you would read there, that he was sowing pestilence and death throughout the Northwest. Ay, and he is, too—to false doctrines and to false men. [Applause and cheers.] Look at the South, in whose name this deed, Lecomptonism, has been perpetrated. After its Representatives in the Senate and the House have assisted in hounding down Stephen A. Douglas and David C. Broderick and their gallant compatriots in the House, the South begins to say as they see the Administration hell-hounds pursuing and attacking Douglas and his friends in Illinois: "This is too much. We are willing to accept Lecompton as a gilded poison which has been extended to us, and which was to help us, though the only thing it has done has been to commit our Representatives to a gross wrong toward the Democrats of the North. But we cannot bear this persecution." Read the letter published the other day in the New York papers from Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Read the statements of Alexander H. Stephens and Henry A. Wise. They are clamorous against these attacks on Mr. Douglas. Public men in this country forget, in their truckling to the South, that Southern people are Americans as we are. They have their slavery. They have their peculiar institutions. But they reject a wrong—they reject an infamy—they reject unfairness just as readily as we do. They will not submit to this tyranny of the Administration upon Mr. Douglas. And so it will be when the Administration begins by court-courting the South—by declaring that the only thing the President should do is to yield to the South—that Administration will soon see the South turning upon it.—What then? It will be Tylerized. [Laughter.] The Administration of James Buchanan Tylerized—supported by a set of office-holders and expectants only with all the great parties, and the one that put it in power inclusive, standing from it and shunning it like a contagion! "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to Clay, Must stop a hole to keep the wind away." [Laughter.] I am aware that I am talking to a mixed audience—there are here present Americans, Republicans and Democrats.

A voice—No doubt of the Democrats. Mr. Forney (continuing)—Now, gentlemen, we who act with Mr. Haskin, who follow the flag borne by those great heroes of the day—those immortal chiefs, Henry A. Wise and Stephen A. Douglas—are constantly twitted with combining with what are politely called Black Republicans. [Laughter.] But have you Americans who are present witnessed the efforts of the Administration to make a union with you? The Administration can combine with the Americans (I believe you are called Know-Nothing sometimes) and that is all right. Or if a Black Republican comes out for Lecompton, he is immediately washed clean and wiped. [Laughter.] Why, gentlemen, the principles that we fought for in 1856 are now reduced to—Lecompton. We may be as true as the North Pole upon every principle, but if we don't go for Lecompton, we are d—d indeed. [Laughter.] But if the Republican or the American becomes Lecomptonized, he is not only speedily forgiven, but he is elevated to the highest seat in the synagogue, and he is pointed at as a brand rescued from the burning. [Laughter.] The Administration is pledged, recollect, to a platform of hostility to secret political societies. He is pledged in its platform to those who speak with a rich Irish brogue or sweet German accent. But gentlemen—you Americans and you foreigners and adopted citizens are not to recollect when an American becomes Lecomptonized; only those are infamous who unite with Republicans and Americans to vindicate a principle. [Applause.] Then you are out of the party and are excluded from decent society, and henceforth and forever you are never to be forgiven unless at the last moment you come forward and say: "Praise unto thee John Calhoun and Lecompton." [Laughter.] I have been toiling in the Democratic party since I was a boy, and I am not now quite 41 years of age. I never voted any but a straight out Democratic ticket. My excellent friend Sam'l J. Randall, who was a very good American, and who was elected to the Senate of our State, Sam said to me: "I am freshly in the party, and you are freshly out of it." Thus I find myself turned out of the Democratic party if I will consent to it, and because I will not consent to leave Democratic principles. [Laughter.] This is an age of newspapers and telegrams on the land and through the sea. [Cheers.] And when these things transpire there would be no God in Heaven if the ballot-box did not damn such a party in October next. [Cheers.]—And you in New York, who think the Democratic party is sold body and breeches to this official despotism, take care lest when November comes you do not find that the Democrats think more of their principles than they do of their organization. For my part, speaking for Pennsylvania, on the 12th of October, when you open THE N. Y. TRIBUNE, Herald and Times, you will see under the telegraphic head figures something like this: "40,000 majority against the Lecompton candidate." [Cheers.] That is the way we will make our mark there—yes, we will do more, we will stand by John Hickman, we will stand by Montgomery, and whenever a Lecomptonite is trotted out, we will try to defeat him regularly nominated or not. I am not to be terrified by this Chinese thunder of organization. [Laughter.] I am willing to combine with any good man, no matter what his name who combines with me to rescue the American name from this odium, and this disgrace. Why, gentlemen, in 1856, not to go back to that but for an instant, we would never have got the Republican vote we did for Buchanan if we had not pledged ourselves over head and heels for this doctrine. Now let me say a word in conclusion on the subject of popular sovereignty. You Republicans are coming to it, and gentlemen, you will come to it. Now mark; there is but one way for it. I saw the other day a speech made by a distinguished New York journalist—and I speak of him as distinguished for many things, though we have differed for many years—I mean Mr. Greeley. [Cheers.] He pointed the way to the coming time. He has been denouncing popular sovereignty as a humbug. It would have been if all the Democrats co-operating with him had surrendered to the Administration. It is not a humbug—it is a living principle. Tell me this illusory—that a people to the number of 13,000 have been strong enough in their own will and their own way to put down the army of the United States, and beat the slaveholders' minority, with about 870,000,000 of patronage, overthrown with Federal officers, with the Senate and House against them—with the President betraying his trust by the simple, naked principle of Popular Sovereignty—that this principle is a humbug? Why, what does such wonders must be real, must be right. Come to it gentlemen, the men who are for Congressional intervention here are Lecomptonites; men whom you despise, and they are constantly telling you, day after day, that they despise you. We offer to you the principle of popular sovereignty bro't from the fair fields of Kansas, covered all over with glory. We have proved that we stand by it; we have turned our backs upon the Administration; we have rejected its patronage; we have laughed at its blandishments—no light thing to do any time, and particularly at a time like the present, when our country has been swept by such a whirlwind. Believe in us; stand by Haskin in his noble conduct; vindicate the principle involved in his election; cease your differences as to names; give us the principle, and the name will be little. That which applies to the Republican applies with significant force to the Americans, and I must say, (I would do injustice to my character if I did not say) that I am inexorably opposed to one portion of the American creed; that is due to you gentlemen, and to myself. But there is another portion of the American creed which teaches us, and we are bound to believe those who tell it to us, that it is a national creed. They have their Southern connections—they have their Humphrey Marshall, their Winter Davis, and their good men, whom I know well, and these are your leaders. They tell us that you are national, and therefore the doctrine of popular sovereignty is for you; above all, it is for the North; the South is committed to it—it will not recede. The day is gone when sectionalism can prevail in this country—the day for a sectional party has, in my humble opinion, passed away.—The South, gallant and glorious as she is, is my protect, in all her rights. I have stood by her from my early years down to the present moment. I will stand by her to the end, unless she asks me to do that which is wrong; then we must part company for a time. The South, gentlemen, is committed to this principle, and thus, with all the pledges of the

people, and thus, with all the pledges of the