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## The Next Presidency.

Extract from a letter in the Pottsville Register and Emporium, one of the Leocoe papers of Schuylkill County, which flies at its mast head the name of Franklin Pierce. There's fun ahead.

Dear Sir:—Much interest has been manifested for years to see a public sketch of the life of James Buchanan, which has been involved in the whirlpool of so many political inconsistencies. At last, a long history of him has appeared in the *Pennsylvania*, consuming ten columns of that paper in its publication, which some contend was written by some insincere friends, but what I contend was a grasping at straws, to sustain him upon any platform. In former life, he was a federalist, an abolitionist, opposed to the Missouri Compromise, then for extending it to the Pacific, and now, according to an extract of a letter to Mr. Slidell, he is in favor of its entire overthrow. If anything should give confidence to an American Statesman, it is a life of political purity and consistency.—Where has stood Mr. Buchanan upon every important measure that has come before the country? A life of political inconsistency has been his, above all the American statesmen we have ever known.

In this singular biographical sketch of the life of Mr. Buchanan, heavy claims are impressed upon the illustrious fame of Pennsylvania. But what gives her greatness? Her industry and unpretending frugality of her substantial citizens. The illustrious statesmen of other days who assisted in giving her political renown, have passed away, and it is certain, neither Mr. Buchanan, nor any of his family, had any participation in the stirring scenes of the Revolution, or took any part with the Democratic party in its early struggles for supremacy. In a word, sir, no single man has any claim to ask anything on account of the geographical position of Pennsylvania. Her democratic sons, who are well educated in the school of principle, contend for to East, no West, no North, no South, but from the circumference to the centre, everything National is deemed to be National. And why should this long biography of Mr. Buchanan call into question Virginia, for having furnished several illustrious Presidents, when Mr. Buchanan never voted for one of them, but violently opposed the best of them. What matters it where the President comes from, if he be a well qualified man, faithful to the Constitution. National and just in all his views, and unsurrounded in all his views by cliques and factions.

There are errors in this biography which should be corrected. We admit that Mr. Buchanan has been sixteen years before the public as a candidate for President, and even longer than that. It is also true that he was nominated on the 8th January 1843, for President at Harrisburg. But that Convention was constituted by self appointment of delegates who came in to swell a convention, which had little effect upon public opinion, it being considered a personal matter. There was an opposing candidate to Mr. Van Buren, who was looking for a renomination. But, in the meantime, Gen'l Cass, who was popular with the people, was brought forward for the Presidency, which so alarmed Mr. Buchanan, that he feigned to retire from the field, sought shelter in pretended friendship for Mr. Van Buren, joined his forces, and in the selection of delegates to the Baltimore convention, the friends of Mr. Buchanan were principally chosen instead of those of Mr. Van Buren, and when the convention assembled, Mr. Buchanan turned up a candidate again, and his friends exerted themselves to secure the overthrow of Mr. Van Buren.

And, what of the recent State convention at Harrisburg? That convention was constituted of favorite delegates in the several counties, chosen by small meetings, and when they assembled in convention, to remove everything as far from the people as possible, the President was called upon to appoint a committee, which was so packed, that it had no difficulty in packing a delegation to Cincinnati. The masses of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, with whom Mr. Buchanan is not popular, cared nothing about Mr. Buchanan receiving the vote of the State, were satisfied that in a convention of the people, a candidate must have other, and paramount claims, than the Representative of a State, be that State ever so illustrious. But, the action of this convention has created dissatisfaction. It acted without reference to the wishes of the people; it paid no attention to the wishes of districts, and avoided all reference to the proceedings of former Democratic conventions that desired to harmonize public sentiment. Say what may be, before the meeting, there was a smouldering opposition to Mr. Buchanan all over the State, but when the convention had overlooked

right, justice and fairness to the whole Democratic party, the people gave vent to their feelings of displeasure, and there is now no less feeling of opposition to Mr. Buchanan, than there has ever been.

Great credit is claimed for Mr. Buchanan by his biographer, for his extraordinary efforts in favor of the election of General Pierce. And what were they? He attended a convention at Reading, was the presiding officer at it and made a speech; afterwards he attended a meeting in Westmoreland; but when asked to attend one at Bradford he declines doing so, on the ground that he was too old! This and this only embraced all his zeal. Gen'l Cass at once embraced the nomination of Gen'l Pierce, spoke at Washington in its favor, at various places on his return home to Detroit, and during the campaign in many places in the Western States, but who has heard that the statesman and patriot has claimed this as a stepping stone to the Presidency? But where are all the brilliant orators over the Union that appeared on the stump in favor of General Pierce? If they should all send in their claims to the Baltimore convention, the list of candidates from which to choose, will be a long one. It is true there was another election in which Mr. Buchanan did not make himself very effective. Gen'l Cass was the candidate of the Democratic party. In the North he was opposed by the abolitionists, free soilers, and all she isms opposed to slavery, whilst in the South, Gen'l Taylor, as a Southern man and a slave holder, fresh from the brilliant battle fields of Mexico, was urged as a preference to Gen'l Cass, because he was a Southerner, with Southern interests. What did Mr. Buchanan do in this embarrassing and awkward campaign, that would have borne down Gen'l Jackson himself, if he had been the Northern candidate opposed by the free soilers? He wrote a single letter in favor of that gallant and able man, the soldier and statesman, who knew no part of the country but when the constitution covered it, who has all his life devoted himself to the cause of his country, in sunshine and in storm—and that letter so cold that if it had been steeped in ice, it could have been no colder.

It is a great mistake in a client to withhold the weak points of his case from his advocate, to avoid surprise and defeat.—The ten column biographer alluded to made out a very good character for Pennsylvania, which it is presumed her citizens have some idea of; but none of the weak points of the candidates intended to be bolstered by the character of a State have been referred to. Mr. Buchanan has weak points, weak in his political antecedents, weak in his successive inconsistencies, and exceedingly weak in his claims upon the industrial portion of the whole North, without whose support, all the cliques and personal factions in christendom could not save him. What is called his low wages speech is fresh in the minds of the people everywhere in his own State, and no Democrat could run a lower vote than he. But the other day an old Democrat was asked how he liked the nomination of Mr. Buchanan at Harrisburg.—He replied that such a nomination sounded strangely in his ears. He had known him to be a federalist, had voted against him as such, and had an utter aversion to that ten cents a day speech of his. But ah, said his interrogator, that speech only meant, if you can buy a bushel of wheat for ten cents and get ten cents a day for wages, you are as well off as if each commanded a dollar. True, so far as that is the case it is correct, provided ten cents a bushel would pay the farmer for raising his wheat. In other respects, it would not hold good. If I owe my neighbor twenty dollars for a cow, it would take me two hundred days to pay for her at ten cents a day, and I am sure I could not buy as much butter, as many eggs, or groceries, with ten cents, as I could with a dollar. Besides, in this free country where the government makes no distinction between the industrious laboring citizen and the non-laborer, a reference to the low grinding wages of pauper labor in European governments, was an extreme error for an American Representative to make.

In another instance, an old Democrat was accused with—well friends—you see Mr. Buchanan has nominated you for President at Harrisburg, I hope you are in favor of him, as some of our Democratic friends do not seem to relish the matter very much. Oh, yes, says the farmer, I am in favor of his remaining on his farm at Wheatland to experiment on the profit of raising wheat at ten cents a day. These are home arguments, honestly expressed, against which politicians in their harangues would contend in vain.

The biographer asserts that Gen'l Jackson reposed great confidence in Mr. Buchanan. This is much doubted, and many of Gen'l Jackson's warm friends do not rely

upon the correctness of the statement. That *go between*, Gen'l Jackson and Mr. Clay, is a spot which should not sully the skirts of a pure man. Gen'l Jackson at once put his foot upon the base proposition, and because Mr. Clay accepted office under Mr. Adams, his future political life was made unhappy and disastrous. Among the old federalists who repudiated Mr. Adams, for his apostasy from old federal principles, was Mr. Buchanan, who, at this period, knew nothing of Democratic purity in politics. The writer of this at one time heard Gen'l Jackson say, that old federalists were not to be trusted, when great National principles were at issue. This declaration was made during the war of the United States Bank against him, when many federalists who supported him had left him and joined the forces of the bank; for, said he, that which is "bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh." Besides, there was an unsettled case of veracity between them, and the fidelity of Gen'l Jackson to truth was never doubted. It is true Mr. Buchanan was appointed Minister to Russia, and it is equally true that many Pennsylvania politicians of that day thought it was important to keep him in the harness. We might go on and enumerate many inconsistencies and many weak points in the life of Mr. Buchanan, which his biographer has neglected, but we shall desist for the present.

## SPEECH OF HON. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, OF OHIO, At the American Mass meeting in Washington City, Feb. 26th, 1856.

Mr Campbell entered the hall, and was received with enthusiastic cheers by the assembly.

He appeared upon the stand, and said: "Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: I have this moment entered the hall, and do not know exactly what you are doing, or what you intend to do. In fact, sir, I have been almost forced from my quiet apartments, a few steps up the hill, by your committee, after I had once declined the invitation in the early part of the evening. I feel, therefore, that I am placed under embarrassing circumstances. If it be your purpose to perpetuate the great principles of American Liberty and the Union of the States in that spirit in which our Revolutionary fathers secured them for us, then I am with you with all my soul." [Cheers.]

Before I proceed to make a speech, it is best proper that I should say, that I came here with no intention to commit myself to the support of men, or to identify myself with your proceedings further than to speak my views upon American principles.

I have always been a Whig. Enlisting under the great banner of that great party in 1832, when it was gallantly borne onward by the lamented American statesman, "Harry of the West," I did not desert it so long as the organization continued. But it is now conceded that the Whig party is dead—that it is "defunct in the abstract" [Laughter and applause.] It was a glorious old party, and my eminent friend from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden, who sat on the stand) and I will long cherish our pleasant recollections of it in the stirring times of 1840 and 1844, when, shoulder to shoulder without reference to geographical lines, we battled for its principles. [Applause.]

Mr. President, all the old parties have been knocked to pieces. [Cheers.] To use the favorite expression of a western friend, they are now in a state of "confusion confuted." [Laughter and cheers.] Why, sir, where is the Democratic party, the party as it existed in the days of General Jackson? It has been reduced to a mere association of men whose only aim appears to be the spoils of victory! [Applause.] It no longer exists as a party of fixed principles. Were President Pierce to send out all his force of marshals and deputy marshals, to find such a party, each one provided with a national search warrant, they would fail to discover the fugitive. [Applause.] It too, has departed! His marshals would have to make returns upon their writs similar to that of the Kentucky constable. A *Kentucky fight* once occurred at a tavern on "bar grass!" One of the combatants broke a whiskey bottle over the head of his antagonist. The result was a State's warrant. The defendant fled through a cornfield, over the creek, into a swamp, and there climbed a stump. Seating himself in the fork, he drew his "Bowie," and as the constable approached in pursuit he addressed him:

"Now, Mr. Constable, you want to take me, and I give you fair warning that if you attempt to climb this stump, 'I'll take you!' [Laughter and applause.] The constable who had been about the court house enough to learn some of the technical terms used in returning writs, went back to the squire,

office and endorsed upon the warrant: "non est inventus, through fields, across creek, in swamp, up stump, no comatus!" [Laughter and cheers.] "So it is with the old Jackson Democratic party—'non comatus!' [Cheers.]

At this point a disturbance and rencounter took place in a distant part of the hall.—Cries of "put him out!" "Sag 'Nigh!" "put him out!" Mr. Campbell cried at the top of his voice. "No don't put him out." Bring him here and give him a seat on the stand." This created much laughter and restored order, when Mr. Campbell again proceeded.

It is an interesting point to observe what has caused this disruption of these great parties. It is due to truth and frankness to say that it was that "vexed question" of slavery—a question which has, from the foundation of the government, given us, as a nation very great trouble. That question has destroyed the Whig party, it has split into fragments the Democratic party, and now threatens to divide and render powerless the American party. Yes, gentlemen it is the "distinguished gentleman from Africa"—[laughter]—who was at an early period dragged to this favored land of ours, (to which he didn't belong,) by the cupidities of Northern as well as Southern men—he has done this thing. It is the "colored gentleman in the fuel," or (if I may be allowed to express it in vulgar parlance) the "nigger in the wood pile," who has given us all this trouble.—[Cheers and laughter.] He ought never to have been put in our fuel, and if I could have my way, I would take him out and send him back to his native home in Africa where he belongs.— [Renewed cheering.] My opinions on this mischievous question of slavery are well known here, and everywhere, where I am known. I always have maintained, maintain now, and expect to contend hereafter, that all the powers of the constitution ought to be exercised to prevent its extension, and that the North freely accord to the slave States, in good faith, all that is guaranteed to them by that American bond of union which makes us one people, and binds us all to a common destiny. [Cheers and applause.] On this subject I intend hereafter, as heretofore to think for myself, act for myself, and on the proper occasions speak for myself, as an American may do on all proper occasions, independent of party drill and party platforms. [Cheers.]

But, sir, when this American party was first formed, slavery was regarded as an *outside issue*, having no legitimate connexion with the reforms which it intended to accomplish. I regret that circumstances afterwards occurred which have prevented its continuing to be an *outside issue*. That mischievous act which repealed the long-queeried in Missouri Compromise, and started the whole country, has forced into the American party this disturbing element. Yet, sir, (said Mr. Campbell; turning to Mr. Crittenden of the Senate, and Mr. Puryear of North Carolina, of the House, who sat immediately on his left,) such is my confidence in the honor and patriotism of the two distinguished gentlemen from the South on my left, that I believe we could retire to an ante-room, and although it would be two to one as between North and South, fix up a platform in reference to the merits of that act, upon just and conciliatory terms, in ten minutes. [Cheers.] But the trouble is, it would not stay fixed, [laughter], because unfortunately there are extremists in both sections, who seem determined to defy the Constitution and jeopardize the Union, and to disregard plighted faith.

But, Mr. President, I pass from this melancholy theme, which it may not be proper to discuss on an occasion like this, to a brief consideration of some of the more legitimate topics—to the principles for which your organization was originally formed.

It is not always profitable to declare "I am an American," but I venture to-night. Whilst I make this avowal to-night, I hold in my hand no dark lantern. Born upon the soil, and sharing in the blessings, the honors, and comforts which the valor of our ancestors has secured to us, may I not say of my country, in the language of the poet:

"I love thee for these hero souls  
Who answered Freedom's call;  
I love thee for the Liberty  
Thou claim'st and giv'st to all.  
I love thee for the stalwart arms  
And braver hearts that stand,  
A stronger guard than castle wall,  
For thee—my native land!"

It is American Liberty and American Institutions we seek to perpetuate. This can be done only through the purification of the elective franchise and a ballot box which shall not be controlled either by foreign influence or the power of any church. [Prolonged cheering.] We are charged

with making war upon the Catholic religion—a war which is said to spring from prejudice. That is untrue. I certainly have no prejudice, (never having been a member of any church.) My partialities run with the Protestants, because in youth I was trained in that faith, and in manhood learned, from the history of the past, that the Protestant has always been the church of freedom! [Cheers.] No, sir, we stand by the constitution. The fathers who made it intended, as we do, to secure to all men the right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences. To do this effectually, we intend there shall be no union of Church and State. [Cheers.]

We will let the Catholic and Protestant each have unlimited freedom of religion, and the unrestrained right to adopt and practice any form of worship; but we say to all, you must not bring the combined power of your Church, especially if it be governed by a head in a foreign land, holding no sympathy with our institutions to control the American ballot box.— [Cheers.]

If there be any Catholic in this country, who is not satisfied with this sort of religious liberty, I tell him the sooner he "packs up his duds" and goes back, the better for him; because Sam is after all such persons. [Cheers.] But our Catholic friends complain that they are particularly marked in this movement. If they are, who is to blame? If they are specially looked after by the Americans, it is because in those countries where Papal power prevails there is no genuine liberty either civil or religious. [Applause.]

In shaping our political action on this point we must be governed by the lights of the experience of the past. If we do not find in our own political history, facts enough to justify the most vigilant scrutiny into the movements of the Jesuits, we need but cast the eye over the pages of history or over old ocean into Southern Europe; for warnings to us that "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and that it can do no harm to guard against an abuse of the political power of the Pope of Rome in America. [Applause.]

Intimately blended with this question is the question of freedom to the Bible.—How stands that point? We find in many States, cities and towns, an open war on the part of our Catholic fellow-citizens against the use of the Bible—that profoundest teacher of wisdom to all men—in our schools of learning. They fight these battles with a zeal that can originate only in a fanaticism that strikes down the genius of religious liberty. Again: You go to Italy. You take your passports, under the great seal of the Government of the United States of America. You take your trunk containing your wearing apparel and a Protestant Bible—perhaps an old family relic—the last present of a dying mother. When you cross your line to Papal power your passport with the broad seal will admit your person, and your shirts, your old boots, &c.; but they will not pass that good old book you love, if not for its contents, on account of the associations that entwine it with your hearts! Oh, no! the officer of government under the power of the Pope will not tolerate its introduction, and under no circumstances can you ever acquire political power there; yet at the same time under the liberality of American law, we allow the Church of Rome to send here and circulate without restraint its form of the Bible by ship loads, accompanied by thousands of members of that Church, with whom we divide the sovereign powers of our government!

Now, Mr. President, I do not know that this plank is in your platform, (for I have not examined it and am sick of platforms;) but it is in mine: I would have "Sam," when he gets strong enough, (and he will grow and strengthen daily,) exact of all the nations of the earth with whom we are in friendly intercourse, equality in all things—[cheers]—especially equality in all that pertains to religious liberty—[cheers]—and the right of Young America, or Old America, to take with him, wherever he may rightfully go, any form of the Word of God which suits his religion, whether it be Catholic or Protestant. [Prolonged cheering.]

And again sir, "All men must die." In this great land of ours, the spirit of American citizens coalesce to the wayfarer who is smitten by the fell destroyer, without regard to the place of his birth or the peculiarities of his religion, the freedom of funeral obsequies. How is it in Papal lands with the fallen Protestant American? Sir, you are not allowed to consign his mortal remains to their resting place in mother earth, with as much decent respect as a foreign Catholic in America is allowed to bestow on the burial of his Newfoundland dog. [Cheers.] Here-

is another plank which my Americanism would stick into your platform. I would have our government demand—aye, secure—the right of respectful funeral ceremonies to the American when he dies, from every nation on the face of the footstool of Almighty God with whom we have amicable relations. [Cheers.]

Is there any Catholic or any foreigner in America who will dare say this is an unjust demand. Sir, our movement, embarrassed as it is by internal difficulties, must establish, and will establish, sooner or later, that which we have never had, because we have never boldly asserted our right to it—an independent nationality! [Cheers.] Yes, to use the expression of Kossovitz, we must be recognized everywhere as one of "the peoples" of the earth—as an independent power acting upon the principle of "equal and exact justice," in our intercourse with other nations—asking nothing more than that which we give—accepting nothing less?— [Cheers.]

We are charged with a proscription of foreigners in proposing a reform in our naturalization laws. A few words, briefly, on that point. With the right of suffrage which the foreigner who has immigrated, or with his privilege to be naturalized under our present system, we do not propose to interfere. To those who are yet in foreign lands we give notice of a new rule of law which is to be established. That is all.—Who can justly complain of this? Certainly not the man of foreign birth now with us. That there is a necessity for a reform in this regard no man can deny. I will not go into statistics on an occasion like this, but I have authentic documents to prove that foreign governments, who profess to be on terms of friendly intercourse with us, have long been discharging from their penitentiaries and their pest houses, their felons and paupers, and shipping them to the shores of America. In some countries—particularly in Belgium—the Legislature has seriously considered, as a question of economy to the government, whether it would not be better to abolish their prison and poor-house system, and transport their felons and paupers to America! That Belgium has often perpetrated this great international wrong there is no doubt. England, too has sent her felons from Botany bay! Sir, "Young America"—that is to say, Samuel and his family, have determined to put an end to these transactions, even though the remedy be that most dire of all sorts—the word of "three little letters"—W-A-N! [Cheers.]

What do we, in our States, provide in reference to paupers who are *nature born Americans*? By statute, which regulates the intercourse in the family of counties in either of our States, it is provided that paupers sent from one county to another may be sent back at the expense of the county sending them. That is simply all we propose in our intercourse with the family of nations. When they send them to America, we will ship them back again at the expense of the nation that sends them, and we will exact "indemnity for the past and security for the future." [Cheers.]

Why, sir, these paupers and felons become *sovereigns* here under our laws. In Indiana, the fundamental law gives them suffrages in one year after they are sent here. Under the Kansas-Nebraska act, each cut-throat from a foreign penitentiary, and each loathsome disease pauper from the pest house of Belgium, may be clothed in an hour after his arrival there, with as much power to regulate "domestic institutions" and shape the destinies of those great territories, filled by the God of nature with all the elements necessary for the increase of American power, as either Washington or Jefferson could have, were they to arise from their graves at Mount Vernon and Monticello and appear at the ballot box!— This is no fiction. It is a stern reality, and the thought makes one's American blood course quickly through his veins.—[Cheers.]

Whilst you make such laws and submit to such wrongs, what do we provide in reference to our *native-born felons*? Let us draw picture in illustration. One of these old bullet-riddled soldiers of the American Revolution, or one of the veterans of the war of 1812, is in the lobbies of Congress endeavoring to get a bill passed to pay him for supplies he furnished an army in the days that tried men's souls. He is poverty-stricken, because the government has withheld from him that which it owes! He has, perchance, a starving family, and is too proud to beg. He passes your market space at twilight, wending his way to his desolate home, and tempted, or rather driven, by necessity—that law of human nature which overrides the provisions of all other laws—he steals a horse in order that he may buy bread. He steals one of those old Virginia nags which we see there on market days—blind in both eyes, string-halt and spavin—a horse that would not bring two

dollars and a quarter under the hammer!—What does your law do with that old soldier? It sends him to your penitentiary, and disfranchises him forever. Should he ever afterward appear at the ballot-box, your imported sovereign-felon from Botany Bay, with hands stained in the blood of his wife or child, having voted, would challenge successfully his vote, on the ground of infamy!

Now, sir, I appeal to men of all parties—I appeal to the man of foreign birth who has adopted this as the land of his future destiny and the home of his children—I appeal to all men whose political action is in any wise governed by the principles of moral right—is not the American party correct in its opposition to the influx of foreign paupers and felons? If Americans, native and adopted, now here, cannot rule America, who shall rule it? Shall we degrade ourselves by submitting tamely our heritage of freedom to influences such as these?—Never. Isay never. [Applause.] It may suit the purposes of a venal party to cut off the head of Americans in office and thus deprive them of bread, to make room for the adopted fellow-citizens. This system of importations from foreign prison-cells and lazar houses may give a party power. But mark it! Power thus secured will be short lived. [Applause.] If we must have the aid of such a foreign influence to carry on our government, let us at once have provision of law to send the American ballot box into all foreign lands. Let it be taken from penitentiary to penitentiary, from prison to prison, from cell to cell, from lazar house to lazar house, from pest house to pest house! Let the inmates decide who shall rule America! Let them deposit their tickets to neutralize and overcome ours in deciding who shall govern the land of our birth, if it must be so. But let us, I ask, with a view to the safety and well-being of our own people, and for the protection of our fire-sides, our families, and our homes, resist this influx of paupers and felons who bring to us disease, poverty, and death.— [Applause.]

God knows we have our own internal troubles; but these are our business—not the business of other nations; and we can settle them ourselves without their interference. We certainly do not seek the council of those who do not come to our shores voluntarily from love of liberty, determined to maintain our institutions and abide by our laws. We wage no war against the adopted citizen of foreign birth, if he be truly American in heart. But if he comes to inculcate *foreignisms* and subvert our system or engraft upon it principles which he imports from other lands adverse to American policy, then we say to him, We are against you, and we can get along without you whether your name be John Bull, Patrick O'Rafferty, or Hans Heitenspokenberger! [Laughter and applause.]

Mr. President some people threaten to dissolve our Union. Now, sir, I regard that as simply ridiculous. The truth is, "That thing can't be did!" [Laughter.] At least, sir, I know that my native State regard all talk about dissolution as the fruit of imaginations bewildered by fanaticism. Why, sir, how would you make the division? It has been said that the Ohio river is to be the dividing line. The honorable Senator (Mr. Crittenden) and I will both object to that, for many reasons. The gallant buck-eye lads have crossed over that river: they have wooed, won, wedded, and carried back Kentucky's fairest daughters. [Applause.] They have reared hosts of young Americans, (applause,) and do you suppose they are ready to split, and make a division? [Laughter and applause.] No! It's not worth while to talk about that. Kentucky and Ohio, whatever may be their troubles as neighbors, will never consent to belong to separate confederacies, and thus render their people, linked together by the stronger ties of consanguinity, *aliens and foreigners* to each other! No, never [Cheers and applause.]

If I live to see my destiny, I trust I shall never r lue to witness the harder stripes which must ensue. I never want to see the pure waters of the beautiful Ohio reddened by American blood shed by American hands! [Applause.] I have strong feelings on this point. When an infant on the Ohio river without protection from the scalping-knife of those savages hired by British gold to massacre indiscriminately the pioneers mother and her children, in the war of 1812 joy and gladness were brought to the heart of the mother who watched over my cradle, by the express who returned from the scene of hostility with the news, "The Kentucky regiment has arrived!" Yes, sir, when Ohio in her infancy was about to be overcome, Kentucky's noblest spirits rallied to the rescue of the younger sister, and, under the lead of the gallant Harrison, drove

the lead of the gallant Harrison, drove