

135
135
177
Pol.
know by the way

DEFENCE OF PRESIDENT FILLMORE,

BY

HON. JAMES BROOKS,

(OF NEW YORK,)

BEFORE A MEETING OF THE AMERICAN PARTY, HELD AT CINCINNATI,
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 30, 1856.

Reported by T. Shinkwin, of Cincinnati.

JOSEPH SMITH, ESQ., IN THE CHAIR.

Mr. Brooks, on being introduced by the Chairman, and warmly welcomed, addressed the meeting as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :

I thank you heartily for this kind reception, in a community where I never before have had the honor to appear in public ; and, unaffectedly, I may say, I feel oppressed by the kind announcement which my brethren of the press, sympathizing with our common profession, have made of my coming here, in inducing you to expect something from me, a plain man, untrained in public speaking, utterly beyond my power to give. I am here, from the banks of the Hudson, on this Ohio, to inquire why it is, that in some parts of your State, there is an opposition raised among men, acting with you in some things, to an eminent citizen of my own State, whom we have always delighted to honor, and whom, on all occasions whatever, that a proper opportunity offered, we have honored before all other men, and whom, as the opportunity offers, once more, I doubt not, we shall honor more than ever. (Applause.) Who he is, you know as well as I know. What he has been, is scattered all over the modern records of his country. The successor, the lineal successor, of the principles of Washington, and Madison, and Clay, and Webster, whatever their principles may have been, their acts may have been,

his have been, and his will be; and if these principles cannot be upheld, or such men be elected as Mr. Fillmore to uphold them, the time has come when our institutions and our country are in peril of wreck. It is charged, indeed, against this eminent citizen, whose honor is untainted, and against whom, as a man, nothing can be said, in public or private life, that he is connected with a party bigoted and fanatic, hostile to the rights of conscience, as pledged in the constitution of our common country, and hostile to men on the ground of their religion, and proscriptive of them because of that religion, and that, if he, and his friends, had power, they would draw around the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, a Chinese wall, which the waters of the ocean could never overleap in the tides of distant emigration, and that, if he and his had their way, this would be but an exclusive, proscriptive land, like that of the Celestial Empire, so called, shutting off all outside barbarians. It is alleged, too, though a Northern man, educated in a Northern State, among the free schools and the freemen of these our Northern States, that this eminent citizen is disloyal and unfaithful to that North, recreant to the very soil on which he treads, traitorous to the institutions of that birth-land, and with a face but made of dough or clay, to be moulded by any and every Southern potter. These are great and grave charges against any man, greater and graver when levelled against an eminent man, and I come here from his own State to protect him from them. If he cannot be protected, let him go, let him fall. I stand here to protect no bigot, no fanatic, no Northern traitor, for I scorn them all. But whence do these charges come against the American party, and against this great pilot now standing by the rudder of this American party, and sailing under the American flag? From the batteries of Europe, on the one side, charging him with bigotry and fanaticism, and from the batteries of Africa, on the other, charging him with disloyalty to his country. Millard Fillmore a bigot and fanatic, and against the rights of conscience! The American party bigoted and fanatic, and against the rights of conscience! Sir, we make no war—you, who are Americans, or we, who are friends of the American party—none of us make war upon any man's religion, no matter what may be its forms. I speak on my own responsibility, but in the spirit of those with whom I act, when I say that, so far as I am concerned, I care not what may be a man's religion, provided he is faithful to the institutions of this country. I make no war on Catholics of any kind—Lutheran Catholics, Catholics of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, or any species of Catholics whatsoever. I have my own religious opinions, and I give every man full liberty to have his own. It is not on the religion of men we make war—religion of any shape or form—but upon the politics of men whose principles are not our principles of political administration, or whose principles are alien to the institutions of our country. (Applause.) I know it is charged you are politically hostile to the Roman Catholic because of his religion. But I say before the public here, and I think I may say it in behalf of the American party of the Union, that, as political men, we care not for the religion of any person, not even for the Roman Catholic religion. We have not interfered,

and we do not wish to interfere with the rights and privileges of any sect. Let the Roman Catholic, if he pleases, entertain his own ideas of transubstantiation: he is welcome to them all. Let the priest, if he pleases, indulge in celibacy, and eschew all married life. All I can say is, that I pity him with my whole heart, if he practises what he preaches. (Laughter.) Let all who are disposed, man, woman, or child, worship and adore the Virgin Mary, or believe in the immaculate conception. It matters but little to me, as a public man. They may have been so born, so trained, and so brought up. Nay, worship of virgins is an inborn instinct of the human heart. All men worship virgins—not Virgin Marys alone, but virgins with all sorts of Christian names. (Laughter.) When I see a virgin from the pencil of a Raphael, or a Titian, or a Guido, I can scarcely help falling down and worshipping it myself—as a work of art. (Continued laughter and applause.) On none of these things do we make war, not even on the secrets of the confessional. If there be father or husband who permits his wife or daughter to pour out the secrets of his family, or the loves of their own tender hearts into the ears of the sympathizing, unmarried priest, I might only wish I was the confessor. (Renewed laughter.) All these things are nothing whatever to me—nothing whatever to the American party. Let a man be Jew, Gentile, or any thing else: all we require of him is fidelity to the principles and institutions of his country. Other Catholics than the Roman Catholics have emancipated themselves from all connection with the Romish Church and the Roman Hierarchy. The leading principle of the Revolution of 1776 was independence—free and absolute independence—from all European thralldom, in every shape or form. When, in 1783, the treaty of peace established our American Independence, the closest connection existed between the Catholics of the Church of England in the United States and the Hierarchy of England, all under the Archbishop of Canterbury; but then there was an independent movement among the United States Catholics of the Church of England to declare themselves free and independent of the English Hierarchy; and as our political fathers, in their political declaration of independence, declared themselves free and independent, so the fathers of that church, in their religious organization, declared that their forms of service, their ordinations, their rites and rituals should be made in the United States of America. Thus, too, with the large and powerful denomination of the Methodist church. John Wesley was the head, the father of that church: from him all ordination proceeded; and even after the treaty of peace, he, beloved and endeared to the hearts of all Methodists, claimed for his British church the power in America, it had hitherto exercised when connected with England. “But,” said the Methodists of America, “we are independent politically, and will be religiously. Our church organization shall no longer come from John Wesley, but proceed spontaneously, free-born, from the soil of the United States;” and as we politically broke loose from England, thus religiously the Methodists broke loose too. So, too, with the Lutherans of this country. But the Roman Catholics, notwithstanding these bright examples thus set by other religious denominations, have deemed and declared

it a part of their religion, or rather of their politics, to keep up a connection with a power and authority, spiritual and temporal, over four thousand miles from this city of Cincinnati—a power and authority on the banks of the Tiber, amid the ruins of imperial Rome—where their God is not the Almighty God of heaven, nor their heaven that blue, arched canopy, studded with stars above, but a heaven of their own, amid the pictures and statuary of the Vatican, where some man—mere man—the self-styled and self-constituted vicegerent of the God of heaven, as if the successor of the Pagan Jupiter, rolls out thunder from his Olympus, only, however, in paper—bulls and excommunications. (Loud applause.) The head of the Roman Church is thus not here in these United States of America, but afar off on the banks of the Tiber. Its power, its authority, its dignity, its representative of God on earth, to use its own impious assertion, is not here, but in that distant imperial Rome.

“But,” say the Roman Catholics, “granting all this to be true, the Pope is only the head of our church, our mere spiritual father. We look up to him only as a man, holding the keys of St. Peter; he is nothing to us in a temporal point of view, and we are bound in all temporal matters by the law and constitution of our country; we can be good citizens here, though subjects in spirit of this imperial and Papal Rome.” Now, I have to say in reply to all this, that allegiance is a tie that does not admit of this species of division. No man can thus serve two masters on earth. Loyalty is that, which cannot be thus divided and subdivided; the heart, and the whole heart, must be given to one country under God, and there can be no representative on earth whatever of that God. And, as to dividing our allegiance, our loyalty to our country,—as to this matter of two allegiances, which Roman Catholics claim and practise, temporal for their country, and spiritual for the Pope, if I were to make a choice of either, in order to govern all mankind, I would far prefer the spiritual fidelity of my subjects to any temporal fidelity whatever. What is temporal allegiance? It is at best but the devotion of this body, this skeleton of ours, this mere anatomy, this flesh and blood, food for worms, and certain to be dust, the consecration of these only to our country! But what is spiritual allegiance? The allegiance of the soul, the spirit, the inspiring, animating, vital spark of a man! *They* claim the soul for the Pope, and give the carcass to their country! But let the immortal spirit be consecrated to our flag, our country, and the miserable body go to the worms! (Cheers.)

I think, my friends, I draw no airy, incomprehensible lines in this exposition of allegiance and its obligations. I see no reason why a good Roman Catholic, faithful to the United States, should not give this country, as our Protestant citizens do, his whole allegiance. And, if any Catholic of the Church of Rome be within the sound of my voice, be he Gallican Catholic, or of the full Papal Church, I say to him, abjuring all foreign allegiance, temporal and spiritual, that I would as cheerfully vote for him as for any other citizen in like circumstances; and I will say, further, that when the Roman Catholics of this country shall establish here their hierarchy, here their church government, independent of

all allegiance to Rome, abjure all Papal power, and cease to tremble under Papal excommunications,—whenever they choose to have an American Pope, all war will cease upon them from any American party.

It is further said, that the candidate we have nominated for the Presidency, and the party who nominated him, are hostile to the foreigner as an individual: that, therefore, we are bigoted and proscriptive—because we dislike and hate the man, and that because of this we decline to share with him our common institutions. This allegation is not true, neither in spirit nor in substance: it is not true that we are hostile to the foreigner as a man. In all our veins, (we, who are of white, and not of the African race,)—in all our veins flows European blood. We are proud of our ancestry, all of us; we cling to it with love and affection, and if we would divest ourselves of it, we could not. We are linked to Europe by ten thousand ties and ten thousand affections. The names, the bones, the graves of our ancestors are there, and we have brought over those names for ourselves, for our children, for our towns and our villages; so that Europe, as it were, becomes daguerreotyped on the broad surface of the United States. We have in no degree the hostility to the foreigner that is entertained towards us and our institutions on the continent of Europe by almost all classes of people. If I approach any State on the continent of Europe, what is my treatment? The stranger near the Belize, at the mouth of the Mississippi, or off the coast of Sandy Hook, is not examined by a passport officer, to ascertain the color of his hair, the height of his form, the rotundity of his person, or general appearance; but if I should visit Berlin, Vienna, or Imperial Rome even, I should be scanned all over, and only the more minutely, for being an American citizen. The fact that the passport says, I am an American, implants the character of suspicion upon me. The police dog me, and if the description is not identical between me and my passport, I may be subject to many difficulties and troubles. If I were a mechanic, I should not be admitted, in many parts of Europe, as all foreign mechanics are here, into their workshops and manufactories without examination, the rules of their guilds and corporations imposing on me various restraints before I could enter into their mechanical arts, without extraordinary permission. But here, every foundry and manufacturing shop are thrown wide open to the foreigner. We give him a hearty welcome as a tradesman, and in the higher arts, of design, of painting, of sculpture, of drawing, in which our countrymen are little trained, we give them the superiority and lead over our own people, till we can learn these arts. All these facts disclose no hostility, and they know it; for five hundred thousand of these people annually for some years, until within the past year or two, have come over to enjoy this hospitality. But when they ask more of us,—that we give to them rights and privileges we would not give to our own wives and children, with whom we are dearly and tenderly connected, they thus demand what we cannot give, in the right to vote. *You* live here twenty-one years before you can vote—*you*, who are educated and trained in the spirit of our laws, which Washington, and Madison, and Franklin inspired—*you*, who studied them in the English language, in

your childhood, in your own school-books, and are thus better qualified to exercise the rights of suffrage at twelve years, than nine-tenths of the foreigners at thirty or forty. (Cheers.) But we, who will not let our wives and daughters vote, no matter what their ages, are told we are proscriptive, bigoted, and fanatic, because we wish to keep the foreigner here, the full length of time we have to stay, or at least some longer time than he has to stay at present, before he can vote, and thus become a partner in our Government! Our principles are laid down in the well-known motto, which reveals every thing in Know-Nothingism or Americanism,—“AMERICANS SHALL GOVERN AMERICA.” (Loud and prolonged Cheers.)

Go on the banks of the Rhine, stand on the castellated peaks of that beautiful river—visit the Seine, the Po, or the Tiber, and ask Prussian, Frenchman, Austrian, or Italian, to let you, an American, govern, and the bayonet would, I think, quickly prick your sides. The Irishman, on the banks of the Shannon, cries, “Irishmen shall govern Ireland;” the Frenchman, on the Seine, “Frenchmen shall govern France;” the Italian, if he could have his way, “Italy shall be governed by Italians;” Austria, by Austrians; and we too say, with divine permission, “Americans shall govern America.” (Loud and prolonged cheers.) I say this with no unkind spirit to the foreigner. It is difficult even for an educated foreigner to unlearn a great deal that he has learned; it is yet more difficult if he is unlearned, to learn what it is necessary he should know, to be a good American citizen. Self-government is not a lesson to be learned in an hour or a day. We have been brought up, educated, and trained for self-government; we, and our fathers from the first establishment of the colonies at Jamestown, in Virginia, and on Plymouth Rock through two hundred years of training, have been arriving at the present state of imperfection in the matter of self-government. What is self-government, sir? It is not dissension, disorder, and discord—no mad, reckless liberty, but the restraint of our passions, propulsions, wishes, thoughts. It is the absolute subjection of our own will, mind, and interests to the authorized will and interests of others in our common country; it is, in short, the elevation of man on earth almost to divinity in heaven; and he who can govern himself in all things is not only a man, but almost a demigod; and yet are we told, that men fresh from the darkest parts of Europe—from its poor-houses even—men, whom noblemen sent over here to relieve their estates—the very seethings and scum of Europe, which she has vomited forth from the inability of her own stomach to contain it, become, by some immaculate conception, the moment they place their feet on our soil, gifted with the power and genius of self-government, though all existing history and existing fact show that Europe itself, at home, is incapable of self-government! (Cheers.) No republic dots the whole continent, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, except one lean, lank, miserable village, perched on the top of a mountain in Southern Italy, the republic of San Marino. Europe has been struggling ages for liberty; but, when won, all has degenerated into licentiousness. In lieu of law there was general disorder, so that the people

themselves became sick of the liberty they fancied they had created, and rushed from it, as from the jaws of death, craving the protection of the very despotisms they had been overthrowing. Now, then, if we require foreigners to go through a salutary training here of some years, long enough to read our language, to comprehend and know something of our institutions, are we intolerant—are we bigoted and fanatic? I say further, that it is impossible for the foreigner to forget the land of his birth, and the institutions of his birth; and if he tells you he does, mark me, he is a bad man, and with a bad heart, never to be trusted. God has, for wise purposes, implanted an instinct in the bosom of every man, which, next to his family, makes him love his own country, his own home, above all other lands and countries. "Home, sweet home, there is no place like home," is the song, not only of our own language, but of all the languages of Europe.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As *home* his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand;
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well:

* * * * *

He, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung."

No German, no Irishman, can ever forget the hills and valleys where first his eyes opened on the sunlight of heaven; where first he heard the sweet music of the birds; where first he was cradled in his mother's arms. Go among the Germans: go into their lager beer saloons; among their Sængerbunde, their Mænnerchære—and the first songs you hear, are songs to the Fatherland. "Mein Herz ist am Rheine," sings the German, "On the Rhine is my heart."

"Wo ich bin, wo ich gehe, mein Herz ist am Rhein."

"Where'er I go—where'er I turn,
 For Rhenish land my heart doth burn."

O Deutschland, heil'ges Vaterland!
 O Deutsche Lieb' und Treue!
 Du hohes Land! du schönes Land!
 Dir schworen wir auf's Neue:

[O Dutchland, holy Fatherland!
 Thy faith and love how true!
 Thou noble land! Thou lovely land!
 We swear to thee anew.]

These sentiments of love and affection for the Fatherland are as old as the Bible, and written and rewritten in the Latin and Greek classics, in all forms. "Mutant animum, non cœlum qui trans mare currunt," is a maxim and a motto. Virgil draws the picture of his hero Antores,

wounded, prostrate on the earth, looking up to heaven and dying, but thus remembering the land of his birth :

** Coelumque,
Aspicit, et dulces moriens rememiscitur Argos.

These are feelings, affections, sympathies which every good man, in every condition, high and low, in all countries, has for the land of his birth; and, I repeat it, that the foreigner who swears allegiance to this country, in good faith, as many do, yet never ceases to love and cherish the land of his birth; and when his eyes are about to close in death in our own happy land, in the words of the Roman poet, "he remembers his sweet Argos." (Applause.)

I think I have shown, so far, that there is no good reason for this attack on our American ship from this European battery; and I now turn, with less pleasure, however, to answer that unnatural African battery which keeps up such a constant fire on that eminent citizen of my State. It has been said, and re-said in the State of Ohio, that Millard Fillmore is disloyal, traitorous to the land of his birth. No graver, no more wicked, vindictive charge can be made, and they who make it ought first to feel their ability to substantiate it. The principal ground on which it is founded, is his course as President of the United States, on the subject of slavery. Now slavery is a subject on which I do not, anywhere, expect any audience to agree. You are here on the right bank of the Ohio, with institutions, associations, feelings, and impulses, in almost all respects differing from those separated from you but by a river—a stream. The political relations and organizations of freedom and slavery are antagonistic, and will ever continue to be antagonistic. I hoped once, the day would come when the subject of slavery would cease to be agitated in our land; that right reason, good sense, and a thorough understanding of the Constitution and laws of our confederacy would so prevail, that all would be willing to leave State institutions just where our fathers placed them. But I have ceased to indulge in that hope. As the institutions are antagonistic, and ever must be, the constant struggle must ever be expected. No more difficulty, however, exists at the present moment, than existed in 1787; for in that year and day, the framers of the Constitution, sitting in Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, in Convention—in *secret Know-Nothing Convention*, (laughter,) had all the difficulties, all the troubles and disputes on the subject of slavery which we are having at this very hour. The North was, in the main, substantially free, or destined soon to be free, and the South slaveholding, and destined to be more and more slaveholding. We northern people claimed that the South should count their slaves only as property in the formation of the representative power of the Constitution, alleging that property in the South should no more be considered property for representation, than property in the North. This sometimes was our logic; but not always, for at times we alleged this property to be persons, to have the rights of persons, and hence, it would follow, the rights of representation. The South repelled all this,

and argued that it could not afford to form a compact in a Constitution with us, if we did not recognize the laborers of the South, either as persons or property to be represented. These were subjects of dispute, more or less, from May to September, in Independence Hall, and the Convention was in danger of breaking up on slavery and the slave institution. Tradition, indeed history to some extent, says that old Benjamin Franklin, whom some have called an infidel, and who certainly was not an over pious man, seeing this Convention about to break up, on this subject of slave representation, invoked his fellow-convention men to appeal to God to bless them, to preside over their deliberations, to direct them to peace, and concord, and concession among themselves; and report goes, that after prayers so offered, in a short time the difficulties were settled by compromise and concession, the three-fifths principle of representation, that every five slaves should be counted as three persons, prevailing. The South gave to us, having the majority in Congress, the control of navigation and the regulations of commerce, a power of vast importance to the North, for we had then, as now, about all of the navigation, and we agreed with the South, not to use that power so as to stop the importation of slaves, until 1808; and on the subject of fugitive slaves, we of the North agreed to surrender slaves whenever they came upon our territory.

Such were the compacts and agreements of the Constitution made after long and trying deliberations—and made by whom? By such North men as Rufus King and Nathaniel Gorham, of Massachusetts, the Langdons and Gilmans, of New Hampshire, the Roger Shermans and William Samuel Johnsons, of Connecticut; by Alexander Hamilton, of New York, the Benjamin Franklins and Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, and the Daytons, of New Jersey—made with such South men as Madison, and Washington, and Rutledge, and Pinckney. The result of their compact was this form of government, for a people then but three millions in number, and all then on the coasts of the Atlantic—all on the other side of the Alleghanies, but now, under the blessings of that Constitution, rolled over the Alleghanies, along the borders of the lakes, and swelling in grandeur upon the shores of the Pacific. (Cheers.) If we break this Constitution, these concessions, these compacts—if we keep not our faith, we go back to the disorders of the old confederation, we approach civil war, we exchange all these blessings our fathers secured to us, to be the prey of our own passions, and the victims of foreign insult and aggression. (Applause.)

There are some wrong impressions prevailing on this subject of concessions and compacts, and excuse me if I briefly refer to them. It is not true, as often said, that in the formation of the government, all parties agreed, that all the territory of the United States should be consecrated to freedom. It is true, the famous ordinance of 1787 was passed, that consecrated the Northwestern Territory all to freedom, but not less true that all those territories, now Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, were consecrated, or desecrated as you please, to slavery. Our fathers divided the general domain. All north of the Ohio

was given to freedom—all south of the Ohio was left to slavery. Our fathers in that division manifested the spirit in which they administered the government. It is not true, then, that this government started at first with disowning and excluding slavery, but, on the contrary, recognizing it, and dividing the territory of the States under it. Kentucky belonged to Virginia. Washington signed the act which admitted her as a slave State into the Union. Tennessee, under the name of Frankland, belonged to North Carolina, and the Father of his Country signed the act that admitted her also as a slave State into the Union. The territories, now Alabama and Mississippi, belonged to Georgia, and in the compact with Georgia (1802-3), under the administration of Mr. Jefferson, they were bought, and paid for, costing us \$1,250,000, and accepted as slave territory of the United States. In 1798, under the administration of John Adams, old John Adams, the Massachusetts Adams, the territory of Mississippi was organized—all that territory then of Georgia, that stretched from the Chattahoochie river to the Mississippi, and organized explicitly and especially as slave territory. Congress enacted—especially enacted for Mississippi—the Northwestern ordinance of organization, the Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois ordinance of 1787—the whole of it, in principle, and pledge, and compact, save and except the last section of that ordinance, that excluded slavery therefrom. Congress said, April 7th, 1798—old John Adams approving :

* * * “The President of the United States is hereby authorized to establish therein (now Alabama and Mississippi), a government in all respects similar to that now exercised in the territory northwest of the Ohio, ~~and~~ EXCEPTING AND EXCLUDING the last (anti-slavery) *articles of the ordinance of 1787.*” (See Act of Congress, April 7th, 1798.)

Congress, thus, in one sense, established slavery in all that great territory reaching from the Georgia line to the Mississippi river. And a Massachusetts President, in 1798, affirmed the act which a Virginia President, Jefferson, in 1803, perfected. And yet a mere Northern party, calling itself “Republican,” and excluding all of us who are American, Fillmore American, only because we walk in the ways of the Constitution and the laws of our country, forget all these facts, and claim exclusively to walk in the ways of Washington and Jefferson! They forget that when Jefferson was President of the United States, he made a treaty with France, buying of France all that then immense Territory of Louisiana—a Territory larger in surface and extent than the then whole United States—all of that boundless region west of the Mississippi, stretching to the Pacific Ocean, one way, and to the British possessions on the north, the other way—all then pro-slavery territory! and settled with slaves in Louisiana, and on the margin of the great Mississippi river! And yet these Republican gentlemen, who walk in the ways of Washington and Jefferson, ignoring all these, and other great facts, tell us that our faces are of dough, while theirs are of brass. (Laughter.) In about all of our treaties with Great Britain, we have claimed remuneration from her for slaves taken from us, *as property.* After the treaty of 1783, the great points of complaint against Great

Britain were, that she kept the northwestern posts in your State, and elsewhere, and that she did not carry out the treaty agreement to surrender the slaves taken from New York, Charleston, and other places, or pay for them. This demand for payment of slaves as property, was long a subject of diplomatic dispute, never adjusted, and which, afterwards, created much of that bad feeling that subsequently prepared for the war of 1812. In the treaty of Ghent, Clay and John Quincy Adams negotiators, there was a special compact on the part of Great Britain, that the slaves she took from us after the treaty of peace was signed, should be paid for by her, as property; and though she long resisted and quibbled under the treaty, yet, in 1826, John Quincy Adams, under whose flag these Republican gentlemen sometimes pretend to sail, claimed payment for these slaves, and, through the arbitration of the Emperor of Russia, Great Britain paid to our Southern countrymen \$1,200,000 for slave property.

These historical facts should be known by the people; for though the American party claims not that a man should be pro-slavery or anti-slavery—leaving these questions for all men under the Constitution to act on as they please—yet, when our candidate is attacked and denounced as a pro-slavery man, his friends feel it necessary to proclaim these historical truths, and to challenge an investigation of them, and a comparison of them with his administration. (Applause.)

But Mr. Fillmore, when President of the United States, it is specified, was unfaithful and disloyal to the North, in having signed the Fugitive Slave Law—that horrible law! It is true—true, that he signed it. There it is, on the statute book, with his name affixed to it. There it is written, and it cannot be unwritten, and I could not deny the fact, if I would. No man can tear off, nor tear out from the compact of the Constitution, the obligation to deliver up fugitive slaves, or the fact that Millard Fillmore complied with it. This compact in high quarters has been pronounced, “an atrocious bargain,” “a compact with hell”—and it may be, or it may not be, I pause not now to inquire; but it is a contract, a compact, he had sworn to fulfil. George Washington made it, Ben. Franklin made it, Rufus King put it there, and Roger Sherman, and Alexander Hamilton—men immortal in civil life, in the toga and in arms—men of God as well as men of earth. If their bargain was “atrocious,” if it was “a compact with hell,” we cannot take part of it, and repudiate the rest. There it is, a bargain, a contract, the most solemn that sovereign States ever made, and we must take all or none. (Applause.) But the bargain, I am told, may be endured, but not that law. The bargain is to deliver up fugitive slaves *on claim*. The law executes the bargain, but, it is added, “executes it too rigorously.” I shall not stop here to ask, if there is any thing in the law as rigorous as in the compact to deliver up, on claim, mere claim, as all I strive for, in these remarks, is to defend my own countryman, that eminent citizen of my own State. What we have to do here, is to inquire if, in his position as President, he did right, or did wrong. It will be recollected that Fillmore was made President

by the instrumentality of the Whig party, of which party it was a cardinal principle, that when laws were fairly enacted by the representatives of the people, it was the duty of the Whig President not to exercise the one man power of preceding administrations, but whatsoever might be his own opinions, his own feelings, after ascertaining that the law was constitutional, to sign it, and thus let the voices of the people be expressed through their representatives. This was the the course of Fillmore. The Fugitive Slave Law was passed. He consulted the Constitution. He read the history of his country. He studied (and this is within my own personal knowledge) the opinions of Judge McLean, Justice Story, and others, in the celebrated case of *Prigg vs. the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania*, and then, after consulting the Attorney General, he affixed his name to that act, as a Constitutional act, enacted by Congress, about the expediency of the details of which men might reasonably differ, though there could be no reasonable doubt of its Constitutionality. In so doing, he but followed in the footsteps of the illustrious Father of his Country. Congress in 1793, George Washington approving, provided for the delivery of fugitive slaves by a law, in principle and substance, the very law of 1850. The provisions, the penalties, the general contemplation of the act are as like, as like can well be. The act of 1793 worked well enough, and satisfactorily enough, for forty or fifty years,—and there was no outcry against it, till the North ran into Nullification under the lead of Sectionalism and Abolitionism. When Abolitionism in some of our States began to nullify the provisions of the Washington act in punishing Justices of the Peace, and State officers, who executed the Law, Congress felt bound to substitute in their stead, Federal officers, Federal Commissioners, and in this substitution, is the only difference in principle, between the Washington act of 1793, and the act of 1850. Let me call your attention to the men, the class of men, that enacted the Fugitive Act of 1793. It passed the Senate of the United States unanimously, the whole North as well as the whole South saying “aye.” There were in that Senate, Northern men of as “stiff backbone” as any in this our day. New Hampshire spoke in the voices of John Langdon and Paine Wingate; Massachusetts in George Cabot and Caleb Strong; Connecticut in her Roger Sherman and her Oliver Ellsworth, subsequently Chief Justice of the United States; Vermont, in a Bradley and a Robinson; New York, in Rufus King; Pennsylvania, in Robert Morris; New Jersey, in John Rutherford and Philemon Dickinson. The House of Representatives passed the act, ayes 48, noes 7—from the North ayes 26, and from the South ayes 22. Massachusetts was represented there in the glowing and brilliant eloquence of her Fisher Ames, in the strong practical sense of a Gerry and a Goodhue, and in the philosophic and scholastic training of a Theodore Sedgwick. For Connecticut, spoke a Larned and a Wadsworth; for New Jersey, a Dayton and Elias Boudinot. And New York, my own State, then the offspring of Holland as well as of England, in the persons of Schoonmaker, and Egbert Benson, the friend of Washington, swelled the general chorus of approval,—that, in the spirit of the

Constitution, was to be executed the Fugitive Slave compact of that Constitution. (Applause.)

Millard Fillmore went no farther. He did not even make the act, but was faithful to the pledge on which he was elected—to interpose no mere will or caprice of his own against a Constitutional act of the Representatives of the People in Congress. (Applause.) It must be remarked, too, that the Fugitive Act of 1850 was but one of a series of acts, that constituted what are known as the Compromise Bills of that year. These acts were five in number—the organization of the Territories of Utah and New Mexico, the abolition of the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, the prescribing of the boundaries of Texas, the Fugitive Slave Act, and then, the admission of California into the Union. In that great arrangement, the North lost nothing, but practically gained every thing. Utah is free from Slavery—African Slavery, to say the least; New Mexico is free, and likely to be; the Slave Trade has ceased to exist in the District of Columbia. They, who voted ten millions for the regulation of the Boundaries of Texas, and were denounced therefor, have since seen the Republican leaders in Congress add on \$2,750,000 more, even such Senators as Mr. Seward voting “aye;”—and if the execution of the Fugitive Slave compact of the Constitution was provided for, the great compensation in the practical eyes of Abolitionism, ought to be, the exclusion of Slavery from the whole vast coast of the Pacific Ocean. We gave up a few negroes under a compact, and we secured “Freedom” on the whole Pacific coast. All other annexations of Territory to the United States, under all preceding Presidents, from Jefferson with his Louisiana, on to Florida and Texas, have been slaveholding—and yet, we, who, under Fillmore, saw all California annexed to the Union as a Free State, the whole Pacific coast thus made free, and knew this under him, to be the only free foreign conquest or purchase we have ever made, are denounced by men pretending to walk in the footsteps of Washington and Jefferson, as disloyal, as unfaithful to this country, this air, in which we were born, and where we breathe! (Applause.)

The Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, however, was not only Constitutional, and so pronounced to be by all our Judges of the Supreme Court, including Judge McLean, who here in this city, in 1853, gave a most important opinion, affirming its unquestionable Constitutionality! but as one of a series of bargains, it was proper, as well as dutiful, nay, it was wise, in an economic and philosophic point of view. Not only good neighborhood demanded it, but the best interests of the laborers in the Free States. God has drawn a line, an indelible line of distinction between the Anglo-Saxon, and the African race—doubtless for some wise, I day not say, unwise, purpose. No declamation can wash out the differences in our color—no logic blind us to the different organizations. I pause not here to inquire, why God has given to us faculties and endowments he has denied to the African, or idiosyncrasies and peculiarities to that race denied to us. *They* can stand up under the Tropics by the raging sun, toiling in the cane-brake, or the rice-swamps, and amid a malaria, that would destroy us; and if they were not there to toil and work under

that sun, the land of the cane-brake and the rice-swamps, instead of being cultivated, would be as barren as when our fathers first discovered it. On the other hand, we stand up in the frozen regions of the North, amid cold and ice, and we toil without fatigue twelve or fourteen hours the day, if necessary,—where the negro, if thus worked at all, soon dies out in his race. Providence thus seems to have either designed a large portion of the earth to unproductiveness, or to cultivation by the African, while it has secured to us, the North. But be all this as it may, *their* land, it is certain, is South-land, and ours, is North-land, and the further we keep apart, the better for all concerned. True, if they come here, they cease to be chattel slaves, but we make social slaves of them. We drive them from our workshops, our offices, our jury-boxes, our graveyards even, and we doom them to all the lowest offices of servitude. Remove, however, all the obligations of law to surrender these fugitives, from whom you are separated in summer but by a narrow stream, and in winter connected by a crystal bridge. Tempt them over here by creating discontent at home, and you are bound to provide them with the means to live. You could not, you would not, tempt even the African from his home, but to come here to starve. To live, then, he must work, and he must work side by side, and on equality, with you. He must enter your workshops; he must stand by you, and toil by you in your foundries and manufacturing establishments. Here, in this warm valley of the Ohio, under this hot sun, the sooty, seething African must sweat and steam, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, with the American. There is implanted in us, I know not why, but so it is, though it may be wrong, all wrong, a disgust for all such associations. There is an instinct in the white man that revolts from any such social connection with the negro. The experiment of associating or amalgamating discordant races, works damage or death to all concerned. God never made a nobler race of men than the old Hidalgos of Castile and Aragon, who crossed the ocean with, and after Columbus, under Cortez and Pizarro, and who, overrunning even the Andes, threw up the Spanish flag from the Gulfs of California and Mexico to Cape Horn. Brave, chivalrous, devoted to God and their king, they swept all before them in Mexico, in Peru, and the La Plata—everywhere, and they established an empire in wealth and in extent beyond even the dreams of Roman ambition. But they married and intermarried with the African and the Indian—they crossed and intercrossed their breeds with other races, while we, in the strong disgust of Anglo-Saxon nature, turned from these races, and kept ourselves free from the gross intermixture. Compare now the pictures of North and South America. There, all the old races are dying out in manly vigor, in spirit, in courage—in every thing that marks and makes the man. Torn and distracted by civil war, they present a spectacle for men and angels to weep over; while the little thirteen trembling colonies of Anglo-Saxons, of pure blood, of uncontaminated race, have swollen into thirty-one confederated States, now no third, nor fourth-rate power of the earth, but foremost and first, and respected, though feared, by all. (Cheers.) The flag that in 1787 shook and shivered under even the tomahawk or arrow of the Indian in your

own then wilderness valley, has been planted in triumph on the Rocky Mountains, aye! carried beyond there, far over peaks and snows, to be reflected now from the bosom of the Pacific. (Continued applause.) The ship that then ventured forth from your harbors and coasts with dread or doubt, the prey of French and British decrees in council, now traverses every ocean and sea in safety and security, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and carries that flag in grandeur and glory before king and emperor, the emblem of Liberty and Law, the illustrious emblem of mute, but of the sublimest victories. (Renewed applause.) The day is coming, if we continue faithful to all the compacts of our Union, and trust rather to our arts of peace than to the uncertain arts of war, when it will be a prouder boast to say, "I am an American," than ever it was, "I am a Roman citizen." (Prolonged applause.) Beyond all doubt, it is our destiny to conquer the world, if we are faithful to our mission—"On earth, Peace and good-will towards men." The sword, the bayonet, the mighty parade of cavalry, the huge parks of artillery—these are not our weapons of conquest, but the noble arts of peace and prosperity, the God-like example of men self-governing, self-restraining themselves. Every little emigrant letter sent from America to the Elbe, the Weser, the Rhine or the Rhone, the Liffey or the Shannon, reciting the wages of labor here, the abundance of bread and meat, the thrift, the universal prosperity, is a propagandist of Liberty far more irresistible than all the artillery ranged in, or around a Sevastopol. (Applause.) All this, however, the whole Future, the bright beaming Future, all depend upon our fidelity to our American institutions, and to the principles and pledges of our fathers. If we cease to be faithful, our record will be the record of all Republics gone before us, and there will be but one more tombstone in the general graveyard of Republican History. I must confess, though seldom surrendering to doubt, I fear for that Future—I tremble when I feel the sectional excitement that pervades the whole political air. I could have much to say respecting it, if I did not feel it the duty of patriotism just now rather to quiet than to excite the public pulse. I trust in God to protect us from these sectional perils, from which, I fear, we are now but little likely to protect ourselves.

The speaker then resumed his seat, amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits of the meeting.

FOR PRESIDENT,
MILLARD FILLMORE, OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
ANDREW J. DONELSON, OF TENNESSEE.

A CAMPAIGN PAPER.

THE DOLLAR EXPRESS.

To meet the constantly increasing demand for a paper, which during the Presidential Campaign will keep fully informed upon the points to be discussed in the Presidential Canvass, the proprietors of the "NEW-YORK EXPRESS" publish a Campaign Paper, at a price so low as to place it in the hands of every man who desires a cheap paper.

Terms by the Month—Clubs.

Twenty Copies for	\$1.50
Thirty " "	1.75
Fifty " or over,	3.00

And a free copy to the getter up of the Club. All sent to one address.

A Single Copy to an address, FIFTY CENTS for Six Months; or One Dollar per Annum.

All letters should be addressed to J. & E. BROOKS, corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, New-York City.

The "Daily Express" is published at \$7 per annum.

The Semi-Weekly Express at . . . 4 "

The Double Sheet Weekly at . . . 2 "

Specimen Copies sent to any address free of charge.

✂ Paper sent for a Single Month on the above terms; and in the same proportion for any length of time.

DEFENCE OF MR. FILLMORE.

Single Copies, . . . 2 cents.	Per Hundred, . . .	\$1.25
Per Dozen, . . . 20 "	Per Thousand, . . .	10.00

MR. FILLMORE'S SPEECHES.

Single Copies, . . . 1 cent.	Per Hundred, . . .	62½ cts.
Per Dozen, . . . 10 cents.	Per Thousand, . . .	\$5.00

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS' SPEECHES.

Single Copies, . . . 2 cents.	Per Hundred, . . .	\$1.25
Per Dozen, . . . 20 "	Per Thousand, . . .	10.00