

Political.

From the North American.

Great Republican Mass Meeting in Philadelphia.

SPEECH OF HON. A. BURLINGAME.

The very extensive saloon of the National Hall, Market street, below Thirteenth, was densely packed on Tuesday evening, by one of the largest gatherings that ever assembled in Philadelphia. Long before the hour announced for organization, every available space in the large hall, the gallery, aisles, and the platform was crowded, and hundreds were unable to obtain admittance to the room. The inclemency of the weather failed to interfere with or dampen the ardor of the Republican masses of Philadelphia.

About 8 o'clock the meeting was organized by calling William D. Lewis, Esq., Collector of the port of Philadelphia, under Millard Fillmore, to the chair. The President, on taking the chair thanked the meeting for the honor conferred upon him. He had never presided over so vast an assemblage. The sight of it, said he, charms his heart. (Applause) It proves that, in this city, where the cause of Freedom was pronounced to the world, in its most majestic formula, the air is still instinct with its vivifying influences. The time has come, my friends, when the sincerity of our love for it will be tested. The magnitude of the principles at stake in the pending contest cannot be overstated. It is our duty to do all in our power towards enlightening in regard to these principles, every voter in the free States, so that each man may know when he gives his vote, that he gives it either on the side of slavery or freedom; either to prolong, if not perpetuate, the galling bondage, in which we free born men have been so long held by Southern politicians, or to liberate us at once and forever from the disgraceful thralldom. [Great applause.] Such is our purpose in our assembling; and I rejoice to see around me some of those who have stemmed the torrent of Southern usurpation in our legislative halls, and who are here to give us their countenance in the good work we have undertaken.

Mr. Lewis concluded amid great applause. Speeches were then delivered by Senators Collamer of Vermont, and Trumbull of Illinois, and the Hon. Anson Burlingame of Massachusetts. The latter was received with a tremendous outburst of applause. A similar storm of cheering greeted a resolute endorsing the action of the House on the Army Appropriation bill. All together the display was very spirited.

We give the following synopsis of Mr. Burlingame's speech, which will be universally read:—

SPEECH OF MR. BURLINGAME.

The Hon. Mr. Burlingame took the stand and was received with repeated shouts of applause. "Three cheers" were proposed for Mr. Burlingame, and given with a hearty good will. "Three groans" were then proposed and given for "Bully Brooks." Order being restored, Mr. Burlingame said:—Gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart for this kind greeting. There is heart in it, and right down honest good will. I do not take it as a personal tribute, but as one gush more of enthusiasm for those good principles which shall survive, when we are in the dust. [Applause.] You will bear with me, fellow citizens, this evening, while I address you. My voice is almost gone, and I feel much exhausted; but while I am physically prostrated, my republican spirit is warmer than ever.

Why is it, fellow citizens, that in this inclement weather, you gather together in such unwonted numbers? It is because the worst tyranny that ever trod on the necks of men, has taken possession of this great government which came from the brains and was supported by the unconquerable arms of our forefathers. If we were left free in this government to work in practice up to its high theory, we should have but two great parties. One would be progressive, and one would be conservative, and men would belong to these according to age or temperament.

But there is a disturbing element which comes in to interfere with the fair play of the working of our institutions. What is that element? It is one word, it is slavery—and upon this subject I shall be brief. What is this slavery that now dominates so like a master in the land, or whence came it? Not from the distant tents of Abraham—not from Lacedaemon, where it is said slavery was invented—not from old Rome, but from modern Rome. It came like a spider from the brain of Pope Martin the Fifth, who in 1450, issued a papal bull giving authority to the Kings of Portugal to take off all Guineamen and other negroes, and by force or by barter to bear them into perpetual servitude. In that distant papal bull we find the first authority in the world for negro slavery. I will not trace its history down a mighty stream of human tears to the present time. It came to this country in the guise of humanity. It was welcomed by the Cavaliers of the South;

it was sternly rejected, thank God, by the Pilgrims of the North. [Applause.] What is it? In one word, what the great Methodist, Wesley, denominated the sum of all villainies.

[A voice, "So it is." Applause.] It is that system which denies the right of a man to himself—to his wife—to his child; which reduces a man born in the image of his God, with a soul which burns as immortal as the stars which burn above us this night, beneath the condition of the beast of the field; and while it reduces him beneath the condition of the beast of the field, it holds him as against himself to the responsibilities of a human being. The slave has nothing in the world which he can call his own; save a master, who may beat him, bruise him, blister him, burn him, do whatsoever he will with him. This is slavery, and I am sorry to say it is what is called American slavery.

What does it do? When our fathers met to form the Constitution of our country, they deemed slavery an evil. They thought it would soon expire. Could those fathers who met here to form that Constitution have foreseen what could have been the effect of the introduction of its virus into it, I believe those noble men would have fallen in their places before they would have admitted it in the remotest degree into the Constitution. You remember that Madison would not stain the Constitution with the word slave, but by the assent of cotton it became a pecuniary power, and through that clause in the Constitution giving it a voting power, it became a political power—pecuniary and political, which through our negligence, has at length passed into few hands—not more than three hundred thousand all told. But these men have had possession of this government nearly from its beginning to the present time. They have wielded all the machinery of freedom to foster slavery. Still so pernicious is the system in itself that while it has not enriched them, it has made the land where they dwell poor indeed. Freedom and slavery you remember started together on their race across the continent. Freedom taking the latitude upon which it first placed its iron feet, has gone on trampling down barbarism and planting States, raising the symbols of faith by every river, until it had passed the great father of waters, the great American desert, climbed the stony mountains, and this night with all the institutions of the pilgrims, the sons of the Puritan, stands by the far off shores of the peaceful Pacific. [Applause.] Such has been the mighty march of freedom across the continent. The cruellest slave driver on any Southern plantation, is ever a recreant, mean Yankee. [Laughter.] The North has furnished its recreant clergymen to supply Southern pulpits. It has furnished its pedlars of cloaks, and its pedlars of principle—the latter far worse than the former. It has furnished meaner than all these—it has furnished Northern doughfaces—(applause)—men who dare to stay on the soil they desecrate; and forgetting the mothers that bore them there, dare to advocate principles born of the bottomless pit. (Cheers.) Yes, the North is furnishing the brains to-day, to carry on the Satanic operations of the present Administration. While Illinois furnishes Stephen Arnold Douglas, on the one hand, on the other she furnishes such noble Senators as he whom you have heard here to-night. (Applause.) While old Massachusetts furnishes Caleb Cushing, on the one hand, who is the brains of the present Cabinet, who does the miserable work of the slave power, on the other hand she furnishes that noble champion of liberty, Charles Sumner. (Immense applause.) Slavery has reached the Rio Bravo on the south, and the groans of its victims and the clank of its chains may be heard as it slowly ascends the western tributaries of the Mississippi river. While freedom has left the land, in its bright path, espangled with free schools, and has filled the heavens with the shining towers of religion and civilization, slavery has left the blighted soil—it has left ignorance—it has left desolation and death in its trail! All the time these two systems have been running their race together, Slavery like an assassin, has been trying to stab Freedom to death. All this time Freedom has been giving its energy to foster Slavery. It has poured a rich stream of Northern blood into the shrinking veins of the South. It has furnished its men, its money, its manhood—its meanness also, in vast quantities. (Laughter and three cheers for Sumner,) and here let me turn aside from the stream of my remarks to say one word of that man. I do not like to be the bearer of ill things, because such a one ever lingers in your minds unfavorably; but the news is not of the best which comes from him. A fear has been long entertained now—that the noble mind, whose scintillations have filled the world with light, may go out in darkness under the blow of a bludgeon, (a voice—the blow of an assassin.) I say, there is great fear that the brilliant mind of that noble man may go out in darkness, because of the blow which he received on the floor of the Senate of the United States. (Sensation.)

And yet there are men who, in the face of the obvious facts—men, do I say? The language is not copious enough to furnish epigrams for such creatures as go about misrepresenting that man. Charles Sumner is above the snow that falls upon his native hills—a man whose heart breathes with kindness to everything wearing the upright form of man. The idea that Charles Sumner—who is as far above party as the heavens are above the solid earth—the idea that he should stoop to the degradation they attribute to him—that he, to use their own vulgar language, is "playing possum" and feigning a sickness which he never had, I tell you, fellow citizens, when they say that they lie, and they know it. (Enthusiastic cheers.) It is the only occasion I feel called upon to apply that stinging epithet, that intensified English. It is the only proper word that belongs to such men, and it should be stamped on their brazen brows by every honest man.

But, to return once more to what I was saying. I was speaking of the contributions made by freedom to slavery. But with them all the North has grown richer and richer, and stronger and stronger, and the South poorer and poorer, and weaker and weaker. Slavery makes a people pecuniarily weak, intellectually weak, and physically weak. I could demonstrate, if I had time, every one of these propositions. Take, for one moment, the first. The master will not work—of course he will not! [Laughter and applause.] The slave will not work, unless he is watched, and I do not blame him for that. The land is dying; for that always dies wherever the black foot of slavery comes down; and I do not blame it for dying. [Laughter.] They where is the result of the labor, which is the only wealth of any people? It is, by consequence small. I could illustrate this proposition.—Take any Southern State—take Virginia. The fences are falling down. The "first families" are as poor as half-starved rats. [Laughter.] They have nothing comparatively to rely on there, in the way of cities, railroads, villages, or free schools. The planter anticipates his single crop. They have no diversified employment—diversified labors, which are necessary to make people happy and free. The North Carolinian said of the "first families" there—and you never hear of any second families there—that they lived one half the year on oysters and the other half on past recollections. [Great laughter.] It is true that the Old Commonwealth of Virginia—I am sorry for her—is blessed with the best natural advantages of any State in the Union. But I do not speak half so harshly of her condition as did Mr. Wise, in his recent canvass of that State for Governor; but I will simply say that the wolf and raven are returning to their old haunts there; the moss is gathering around their church door steps, and the owl hoots from its deserted tower. And it is slavery that does this, nothing else. It makes people intellectually weak; this will appear to you at once. You cannot have free schools where that is. One fact will serve as an illustration. There are more books published in the District I have the honor to represent in Massachusetts, [A voice, "that's the State," and applause] over which you can fire a cannon ball, than in all the slave States together. [Applause.]—Where are their historians? Where are their poets? Slavery never had a poet—it never will. Imagine some divine genius of song singing the beauties of slavery! [Laughter.] The morning march of the poor slave going to the cotton field, or the baying blood hound as he is chasing women and children through the cane brake! What subjects of poetry are these.

It makes a people physically weak. Now I do not mean to say that the people of one section of this country are any braver than the people of another. I will not do that injustice. Every drop of American blood, whether in the North or South, beats with a pulse of fiery valor; but I say the system of slavery weakens this nation—especially does it emasculate the land where it exists. This is obvious. With men obtained to their door posts, hostile to them in a conflict of arms, how dare they leave their homes? It makes them ignorant, and that is a source of weakness. And yet it is out of that land so weakened and blasted by slavery—out of that desolate region, come all the haughty boasts about what they will do unless we obey them—knock our knees together—turn pale as cream-faced loons—turn flip flaps in the face of any circus clown. [Laughter.] They tell us what they would do ever and anon, by secession, and war—horrible war—and we are frightened (terrified, in our great commercial cities; out of our properties by these threats. Where can they get their army? How can they keep an army in the field, these disunionists and secessionists against the North, or against the Union, rather? Why, money makes up the saws of war in modern times. Where is their property upon which to raise loans? Is it that shadowy, wandering, vagrant kind of property, that may take its legs any day and run away? [Laughter.] What man in Amsterdam, or London, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or New York, or any other place, if he had a sane mind, would think of making loans on such property as that—property which

may rise up in conflict and smite its owner in the face? They talk of marching up to the line of 36 deg. 30 min. with their coffins on their backs—a very needful precaution, I think. [Laughter.] Imagine these coffin regiments going through their exercises—"Shoulder coffins," "order coffins," "ground coffins," would probably be the last manoeuvre they would be called upon to make. [Great applause.]

This talk of what they will do through secession and civil war, is the merest moonshine that was ever imposed upon men. In regard to the threat that the election of Fremont would be and ought to be the dissolution of the Union, the speaker asked, was it intended not to submit to the will of the majority. It is not for those who make these threats to say when the Union shall die. The moment they attempt to put their threat in execution, if there is hemp enough in old Kentucky, they will have to hang for it. [Applause.]

The speaker alluded to the manner in which Northern representatives were influenced by threats to support the South. He thought that the character of Northern politicians was owing in a measure to the fact that too little attention is paid to politics, that we are so much engrossed in the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," which is regarded as a suitable object for the exertions of the highest order of talents. It gave him pleasure to allude to some of the victories achieved by some of the free State men in Congress. Massachusetts, which has been denominated extremely right, was on one side, and South Carolina, which may be denominated extremely wrong, on the other.

These were the two antagonistic principles of the fight. From day to day we placed our shoulders to the wheel. You told us from your cities, your towns; from your mountain tops and forest, "Stick to Banks! stick to Banks!" We did so until we elected him. [Applause.] When we found that Banks was really elected, a shout went up from friend and foe, until the Capitol fairly shook. He has been the best speaker since the days of Henry Clay; in fact he is the best Parliamentarian in the world.

The next victory was the Kansas Commission Committee, admitting Kansas on the floor of the House with the Topeka Constitution. This was a great triumph. The last victory in the House was not to pass a bill to supply the Kansas army with the implements to distress a free and persecuted people. They may think to drive us from the positions we have taken; they don't know the men they have to deal with; they can never do it. If we can gain such victories in an enemy's country, cannot you do something here?

You never had such a chance; all the old issues have gone glimmering through the things that were. It is but a single issue—whether freedom shall be free or not. We do not wish to trouble them or their slaves. We pause at the State line. We have no wish to interfere with their property; but they must let our freemen alone. Slavery may be their peculiar institution, but freedom is ours. We have adopted a platform that is as broad as it is long; and this platform says that the Union must and shall be preserved. James Buchanan says he is no longer James Buchanan—he is a platform. The light of that ancient body, now some seventy years old, passed into this platform—his second condition is worse than his first. James Buchanan is an old blue light Federalist. Once they were celebrating the Fourth of July in Virginia, and an old revolutionary soldier turned up among the assembled crowd. After feting him all day, he was asked what battles he had fought in. "Why," said he, "I fought with the British at Yorktown." The same way with the Democrats—they find to their horror they have nominated an enemy to the war of 1812; an enemy to Democracy itself. He is too old to be President of these United States.

Now it is wise to take a great parizan from any party—and another objection, he is a confirmed old bachelor—no woman in the land will go for him—he is opposed to union of any kind.—The women of America are for union to a man.—They think there is something wrong about this man. If he has ever been rejected by a fair daughter of the land, why should the country accept him? These people want a man of pluck.

There is not a stain upon the whiteness of the soul of J. Charles Fremont. When the seditious banner of South Carolina nullification was raised, he was found among the first to buckle on his knapsack to answer to the call of the determined Jackson, to support the Constitution of this Union. I want all to go for the noble Fremont.

Maine is good for 12,000; Vermont is certain for a large majority; Massachusetts is good—God bless her—New York State is good for 76,000, and Ohio will give him 100,000. Look at Iowa, we have swept that State, one of the most doubtful north of the compromise line. I want you, friends, all to go and cast your votes like the gallant sons of Iowa. Do your duty, and there will be one wild thrill of joy from Maine to California. [Cheers and applause.]

We make the following extracts from Mr. Burlingame's speech delivered at a Fremont meeting in Harrisburg a few days since:—

FREMONT AND BUCHANAN. He then came to refer to Buchanan and Fremont, and said:—We have nothing but a platform to fight, for Mr. Buchanan has lost his identity and passed into a platform, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. What was Mr. Buchanan? First a Federalist, an old blue-light Federalist, which, according to the voters of the present day, is the very antipodes of Democracy. At one time a tariff man, then anti tariff; opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise;—then again in order to secure a chance for the presidency, is willing to be anything that the platform may choose to make him. I have other objections to Mr. Buchanan. I have nothing to say of him personally, but only politically. I do not complain of inconsistency, for I would rather a man should be right than consistent. Then again he has been a partizan too long, and he is too old. At his time of life he should be casting his eyes to that bourne whence no traveler returns. He is a bachelor—he is a sectionalist, for he has never been for union.

How strange it would seem for an old gouty, grumbling, grizzly ghost of a bachelor, to be roaming through the lofty chambers of the White House.—Would you rather not see a happy family there? For that is Democratic where you hear the prattle of loving infancy. It is in keeping with our expansive institutions. The ladies are all opposed to him as a matter of course. They ask how it is that the favorite son, the statesman of seventy years standing, has never been able to find a companion to share in his thoughts, and to crown his honors with her smiles? Can it be that his heart has been so cold and stony that the warm glance of lovely woman has never yet been able to kindle affection for the gentle sex? If so they will have none of him—he won't suit! (laughter,) or can it be that he has yielded up to the fascinating charms of one of Eve's fairest daughters, and been rejected by his innamorata? (Renewed laughter.) Oh! such a man would not suit them. They are for union, to a man. (Shouts of laughter and great applause.) Single blessedness is no part of a true woman's creed, and so wherever we go, whether abroad or at home—on the highways or in their dwellings—we find the women of America repudiating this one-idea candidate for the presidency. (Great applause.) Their eyes naturally turn to Fremont, who had the pluck to run away with "Jessie"—"Old Tom Benton's daughter,"—and to marry her. (Applause.) And it reflected honor on his manhood that she could take him with her fair white hand, and lead him back to her father's mansion and make old Tom love him as her father loved a son before. (Tremendous cheering.) Fremont's whole history is like some dream of romance. Look at his life in the fens of South Carolina. How the poor boy struggled upward—how the wealthy planter made him set afar from his table, and how he worked upward! His existence has been poetry in action. What man has ever raised the stars of his country so near the stars of heaven as he? See how the scholars of Europe praised him; not only for his scientific attainments, but because he bestowed Freedom on California. Our children study geography upon Fremont's maps. He surveyed Uncle Sam's farm, and who else ought to be put in charge of it but he who surveyed it? He described in vivid colors, the meeting of the Geographical Society of London, which bestowed the medal for the greatest attainments in geography on Colonel Fremont, at which the claims of candidates for every country in Europe were presented and urged. A few evenings after, I went to Egyptian Hall to see a Panorama of the overland route to California. One scene was a lady on horseback, and the lecturer announced it as "Jessie," the wife of Col. Fremont, crossing the Isthmus of Panama to meet her husband on the Pacific, the man who had lifted the banner of American rule over California. A shout went up from those cold "John Bull" hearts, and above all went up one Yankee cheer; and if those sturdy Englishmen were so moved, how should we of his own native land, regard the glorious exploits of Fremont?—He is a

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