

Poetry.

SONG FOR FREMONTERS.

O'er the country, east and west, There's something curious brewing, And folks are gathered every where, Their country's troubles viewing; They cannot keep from talking out Just what they think about 'em, And when they look so earnest like, It is dreadful hard to doubt 'em.

Political.

JUDGE KELLY'S GREAT SPEECH, IN PHILADELPHIA.

By what is called the Democratic rule it is said that the South will be injured if she can not take her slaves into all our vast territory. Who and what is the South? The South is six millions of free people, living in States which embrace over nine hundred thousand square miles of territory, and they have wit them over three millions of slaves. What is the North? They have not nine hundred thousand miles of territory; they have but 450,000 miles, on which there are dwellin, this day thirteen millions of free people. Now, I say the South has forced this issue upon us, and suppose we accept it as an issue in which one or the other must be injured, shall the injured party be the 6 millions who have 900,000 square miles of territory to dwell in, or the thirteen millions who have but 450,000 miles. Shall slavery be hemmed in, or shall the freedom of the North be crushed into the little space? That is the question, my fellow citizens, for you to decide, and as you vote at the coming Presidential election, so, perhaps, will you in Philadelphia decide it.

every other European from his land? Is there not every day a tide of emigration flowing from the cities, westward—taking up new land and settling there, opening up a field of labor and thus keeping up wages?—Now, let slavery, which now shuts us out from the South, shut us out from the North, and we are pent in, and, in a little while, our condition will be like that of Europe. Oh! my fellow citizens, what would be the condition of the South then! There is there a servile race, tyrannized over by their masters, but held in bondage by the great free North. We catch them when they attempt to run away and fetch them back; it is known we have power to crush them if they attempt to escape. But reduce the laboring masses of the North to ten cents a day, or to twenty-five cents a day, or the European Standard of wages (to quote Mr. Buchanan's precise language) and there comes an affinity between the oppressed of the North and the oppressed of the South. We would make a fearful day of reckoning to those who had done the wrong. But, say some, it is only a wrong to the negro—it does not touch the white man; it is only a wrong to the farm-laborer—it does not touch the man of the workshop, and the mechanic. Let me tell you you make a mistake there. Let me read to you an advertisement from the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch of January, 1856: 'SERVANT HIRING.—In Richmond, Va., servants, both male and female are commanding higher prices this year than the past. Farm hands bring from \$130 to \$163, and women from \$40 to \$75 per year. Factory hands have advanced about 15 per cent. on last year, and first-rate female cooks of good character, and without encumbrance, have advanced even above that rate.' 'Factory hands.' What sort of factories? Why, my friends, all the tobacco of Richmond, the great tobacco city of this country, is made by slaves. If you go into their tobacco factories, you find no white working men, or working women there—I make a mistake; I mean you find no free ones; they are all slaves, though some are as white as any of you. Go into Tennessee at the iron works there, and you shall find none but slaves laboring there; in the ore banks or the coal-operations; or in the manufacture and working of iron. I appeal to any colonizationist that is here to say whether during the last three years a prominent gentleman of Tennessee—I believe it is Hon. Mr. Bell—has not sent to Liberia 120 excellent iron-workers, men and women, from his iron works to develop the iron resources of Africa? Was not the slave labor of Virginia competing in free labor in the manufacture of tobacco? Tennessee slave labor is competing in free labor of Pennsylvania in the manufacture of iron. Go to Georgia and you find boasting that Georgia is the Massachusetts of the South. They take you to their cotton factories and through their various workshops, and you find slaves performing all the labor in every establishment; and I challenge you to study the freight-lists of the line of steamers, plying between this city and Savannah, Georgia, and you will find that they carry steadily to Philadelphia coarse cotton fabrics manufactured by slaves near the cotton fields in the neighborhood of Savannah; and they undersell the Philadelphia mechanic in his own city, because their labor is labor without wages—labor at the hands of the people who beget children and whose children are counted as cattle by their owners. Not only do they interfere with labor of this kind; but I tell you, my friends, the question is pressed upon us by the South for the establishment of white slavery. This is no idle talk. They say the institution is no longer safe if it depends upon the doctrine of African slavery. This is a necessity of the South. Let me read to you an advertisement taken from the Richmond Inquirer of May 27th, 1856. A runaway 'Phil' is advertised as belonging to the estate of Wm. Gooch and is spoken of as follows: 'The said negro is nearly white, with eyes blue, hair a little curly, is almost 6 feet 10 inches high, not more than 20 years old. It is believed he will endeavor to make his way to a free State as he can anywhere pass for a white man.' What is the law of the South upon this question? I quote it as given by the same paper, the Richmond Inquirer: 'The laws of all the Southern States, justify the holding of white men in slavery, provided, through the mother, they are descended however remotely from a negro slave.' The first cross is a 'half breed,' the second cross is a quadroon. Trace it in geometrical progression. In the next there is but one eighth of negro blood in the next only the fourth cross there is one-sixteenth of negro blood; and where the taint is so slight as that, who shall trace it? Who shall discover it? It has reached that point, for many of their slaves have less than one sixteenth—have but one thirty-eighth part African blood in their veins; but so long as the mother is a slave though she have but one thirty-sixth part of African blood and the father have none, the child is still a slave, his condition following that of his mother, one the principle, 'parius sequitur ventrem.' The doctrine of white slavery is no mere abstract theory of the South; it is becoming a necessity. They must either

emancipate their most valuable Slaves, because they are white, or they must insist upon the North surrendering all our extensive territory to their 'peculiar institution.' Look at it, my fellow citizens, am I exaggerating. (No.) Am I wandering one hair's breadth from the real state of the case? I ask you, Oh! workingmen of Pennsylvania, to go to your pillows to night and ponder as you never pondered before, upon the issue that is before you in this election. If you are the friends of freedom—if you love the constitution of your country—if you revere the names of its great patriots—if you believe in a superintending and avenging Providence—if you believe in Christianity which teaches you that 'in as much as ye have done it unto the least one of these,' (the suffering ones of earth,) 'ye have done it unto your Great Master'—Oh! think, and think that all these masters are connected with your vote in the coming presidential election—that by your vote you may either say that institution which thus degrades humanity, shall be hemmed in to the South of that line of 36 degrees, 30 minutes, or that it shall stalk with unabashed front, all over the great territories of the West. You shall say whether the laborer shall walk erect, a freeman, putting his wages in his pocket and spending them at his will, or whether in the South white or black, he shall be the mere creature of his owner, and in the north be reduced by the competition of unpaid labor to a condition scarcely more happy than that of the Slave. Is not the issue a portentous one? Is it not one demanding vigorous action? Oh! my fellow countrymen, let not party names mislead you. Be not deluded by the cry of 'Americanism,' if it would lead you from the free side of this issue. Americanism is to stand up for freedom and equality of man. (Immense applause.) Americanism is to govern—Americanism is to maintain the equality of man and the freedom of man. (Loud cheers.) Be not humbugged either by the cry of 'democracy.' There was a time when the Democracy of our country claimed to be, and I at least believed them to be, eyes to the blind and feet to the lame—when I believed they were the friends of freedom, equality and education—when I believed that they strove to give to man the freest and fullest chances to develop himself and provide for the prosperity of his posterity. But what is the so-called 'Democracy' of today? I spurn the Democratic party of today. (A perfect storm of applause, which did not subside for several minutes.) I spurn it, because it tramples and spits upon the graves of the great men who organized it, and libels their great names. (Cheering.) I spurn it, because, as I have shown you from these volumes, it has proved recreant to all the great principles that led it on to victory. (Applause.) I spurn it, because, instead of being the friend of labor and the laboring man, it is attempted to degrade the freemen of the North to a level with a slave of the South. (Cheers.) I spurn and I scorn the sham Democracy of today, because it is attempting to extend all over our country a system which makes the child of a woman deceived from a slave, a slave, be he as white as white he be—though his be Caucasian and his spirit as free as that of Jefferson or of Washington. (Loud applause.) I scorn the Democratic party, because it has silenced its own leaders, or expelled them from its ranks, and placed itself in charge of the Disunion orators of the South. I scorn it because it has in the cabinet of its President, Jeff Davis, a Disunionist of Mississippi, and it has sent through the whole North, stamping in its cause, Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, a Disunionist, Senator Toombs, of Georgia, a Disunionist, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, a Disunionist—because its columns are led on by men who are pledged to dissolve the Union and sacrifice the constitution of the country. (Applause.) I scorn the so-called Democratic party of Pennsylvania especially, because, having silenced its former leaders, or expelled them from its bosom, it has taken those as its champions and its leaders with whom I have had a life-long political battle. Why, what is this Democracy? It puts me in mind of a knife which a French gentleman of my acquaintance had, of which he used to boast a great deal. He was a good fellow, a little thick headed at times, but very kind hearted. 'There,' said he, 'Mr. K., is one very good knife rich I brought from France wix me. I values him very much, both because I brought him from France wix me, and because he met wix some accidents and I get him repaired, and he just as good as ever. First, soon after I came to this country I broke se blade, and I take him to Mr. Shively in Chestnut street, and he put in a new blade, just as good as the old one; den, a good vile after dat, I broke se handle, accidentally, and I go to Mr. Shively again, but Mr. Shively move away, and I go around in Second street, to Mr. Richardson, and I put a new handle on—so I have my same old knife just as good as new.' (Laughter.) The Democratic party have got a new blade and a new handle to their knife (great laughter) but it is, they say, just as good as new.

My friends, don't believe them—don't believe them. Look for yourselves, think for yourselves, inquire for yourselves. If you have thought of voting either for Mr. Buchanan or Mr. Fillmore, pause, ponder and study. Do not take my assertion. Do not take the assertion of any partizan leader. God knows I do not propose voluntarily to become your leader. I did not seek the position in which I stand. I was absent from my home and far distant when I first heard that I had been nominated. My ready answer was, I cannot accept—I cannot serve; and nothing but a sense of duty has brought me to the mind to serve. But I ask you while you listen to me to think—when you leave me to examine the question which I have put before you, and to look to the authorities. If I have made a misstatement I have made it unconsciously. If I have made a misstatement, I have been misled by the law books that I have studied—by the authorities which I bring here [Benjamin's Thirty Years' View,] by the various ones which my library furnishes, by which I test it. I have presented to you the doctrines of the great fathers of the country, without division of party, without division of section, and I ask you to stand by them. 'Well,' say some, 'you are a Union theory, you are right in doctrine, but the Union is in about as much danger as the Rocky mountains. (Laughter.) It would be quite as easy at this moment to dissolve the Rocky mountains, as it would be to dissolve the Union. Our party is the constitutional party. (Loud cheering.) We stand where the fathers of our country stood—we stand where the Whig party and the Democratic party agreed in standing, down till the present administration. [Applause.] And there can be no dissolution of the Union for adhering to that doctrine. 'But,' say some, 'you have taken up two candidates from the north—two from one section—and Mr. Fillmore says that the South ought not to stand that. They stood it when our distinguished townsman, Richard Rush, ran as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, with John Adams, of Massachusetts, for President. They stood it when Gen. William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, ran with Granger of New York. We stood it when Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, ran with John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina. It has been stood so often, that there is no danger of dissolution on that score. But, our position is this: if we're beaten, we acquiesce—pick our shirt, and fire again; [applause] and if we are victorious, we will dissolve the Union. [Vociferous cheers. A voice.—'That's it!'] Why, there is as much of Andrew Jackson in John C. Fremont as there could be if he were a chip of the old block,' as there is in any human being that lives. [Great applause.] 'Old Hickory' himself lived upon acorns, and Fremont had tasted a little dog's meat—just as Calob Cushing has, though Cushing did it by mistake. When on his Chinese mission, he was dining with a Chinaman of rank, and according to the rules of Chinese etiquette, had to taste of every dish. One he tasted which pleased his palate exceedingly well. Wishing to inquire what it was, and being unable to speak the language, said he supposing it to be a duck, 'Quack, quack?' 'No, no,' replied the Chinaman, very promptly; 'bow, wow, wow!' [Shouts of laughter.] But when Col. Fremont went to the Indian council, and they sat before him roast dog meat, he knew he had to show himself able to do anything and everything; so he went at it with as much alacrity as the hungriest Indian present. He says he did not like it much, but he was in the service of his country, and must not shrink; so he ate it. Again see the bearing of Colonel Fremont, in that terrible expedition which he undertook at his own expense, to explore the Rocky Mountains. His guide had misled him, and on one of the highest peaks, three thousand feet above our level, they were almost blinded by a drift of hard frozen snow, through which they had to walk waste deep. They gathered their little forces together he and his thirty-three men, and sheltered themselves for the night. It was the 24th of December. In the morning they made their way back over the peak to get its shelter against the wind. Their mules huddled together as by instinct to keep themselves warm, and fell one after another, making the nucleus of a snowbank. Their implements were lost, and such unexpected dangers and difficulties had encompassed them that despair seemed to be overtaking the men. He rallied their spirits, and he spent that Christmas in reading Blackstone, to show them that he was not disconcerted and that he did not feel disheartened by danger. When out off from all resources, misled by his guide, deceived by one in whom he trusted, and with the hearts of his men curdling in their bosoms, and the dumb brutes who could not be inspired by his bravery, sinking around him he calmly took up a volume of Blackstone; and by that decision of character, that apparent indifference to the circumstances that surrounded him, he assured his men that their detention was after all but a mere Christmas halt. When they had sufficiently rested he

dispatched a detachment on the backward track for assistance, and when they did not return in time, he himself, with knapsack on his back, sought relief, and found his poor men maddened with hunger and the effects of the cold. He hurried on, and on, and on, until he found relief and saved the great body of that company of men. We have in him a man who has exhibited the character of Napoleon for energy—the character of Jackson for firmness; for decision, for coolness—a man who has never been president, it is true, but who has never been called to perform any duty, civil or military, in which he has not shown himself 'up to the mark'—[long continued enthusiastic applause.]—A man born in the South, reared in the South, but who has served his whole country—a man familiar with all history, and especially familiar with all American history—the first enlightened man that traversed this region of Kansas—the man who gave not only to America but to the world the knowledge—the complete knowledge, I might say—of the Rocky mountains, their passes, their various scientific disclosures; he revealed them all and with wonderful rapidity: the man who gave the dam to California; and who represented that state with marked ability for a short time in the councils of the nation—the man [and mark it] whom the leaders of the Democratic party one year ago sought to make the candidate of that party for the presidency. The proof is clear, and undoubted, that rather more than a year ago, Governor Floyd, of Virginia, and other distinguished Democrats sought to make Mr. Fremont the candidate of the Democratic party. He listened to them, and when he found that they would ask him to approve of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise line, he said to them 'Never,' that he had been a Democrat; that he owed to the Democratic party all the political preferment he had ever had; that he had no political aspirations; but were the Presidency of the United States twenty times that Presidency, he never would consent to see slavery extended by the abolition or abrogation of the Missouri Compromise line. [Great applause.] He is a man fit for any and every emergency; and a man behind whom in the Vice Presidential Chair, will stand one of the youngest and ablest jurist of New Jersey—a man who has distinguished himself upon the bench, as a lawyer and a chancellor, and who has rendered himself eminent in the councils of the nation—a safe man—a cautious man—a firm man. They are both the friends of freedom; and I ask you, let your party predilections hitherto have been what they may, to unite with one common consent and vote for your own old doctrines—vote for the doctrines of Washington and Jefferson, and Polk, and Harrison and Taylor—for the freedom of the North—for the enfranchisement of labor and the preservation of its freedom—vote for man, as man—vote for Fremont and Dayton, and leave other issues to take care of themselves, hereafter. Americans cannot govern America until we have a free America to be governed. [Rapturous applause which continued some time.]

The Mariposa Claim.

So much has been said about Col. Fremont's Mariposa lands, and so many contradictory stories have been put afloat in public prints as to their extent and value and the nature of his title to them, that as a matter of curiosity for our readers we copy from a recent publication the annexed extract of a letter from Col. F. himself, authentically giving the particulars.— 'The Mariposa claim is a tract of land ten leagues in extent, lying upon a creek of the same name in the San Joaquin valley. It was purchased for me by Mr. Larkin in the beginning of 1847, and during my absence with the battalion in the South, from D. Juan B. Alvarado, to whom it had been granted in consideration of his public services. Mr. Larkin paid for it \$2,000. I had never seen the place and knew nothing of its character or value. The purchase was made before California was ceded to the United States, and long before any gold had been discovered. I visited the place in company with Dr. Corrie, Mr. Reed, and several other gentlemen, and for the first time saw the land. Two thirds only are adapted to farming; on the other third gold was discovered, and we went to work to dig it out. So soon as it was known that we were there, hundreds—soon becoming thousands—crowded to the same place, and to this day from two to three thousand persons have been regularly employed. They have worked them freely; no one has ever offered them the slightest impediment, nor have I myself ever expressed to any one or entertained an intention of interfering with the free working of the mines at that place. I regard the claim to the Mariposa in the same light as any other vested right. It was a purchase fairly made, and I have always supposed that at some future time the validity of the claim would be settled by the proper courts. I am satisfied to await that decision, whether it be favorable or otherwise, and in the mean time to leave the gold, as it is now, free to all who have the industry to collect it.