

THE SIGNAL OF LIBERTY.

THE INVIOIABILITY OF INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS IS THE ONLY SECURITY TO PUBLIC LIBERTY.

T. FOSTER, Editor.

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SPEECH

Of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio,
IN SENATE, FEB. 11, 1847.

(Concluded.)

The President has said he does not expect to hold Mexican territory by conquest. Why then conquer it? Why waste thousands of lives and millions of money fortifying towns and creating governments, if at the end of the war you retire from the graves of your soldier, and the desolated country of your foes only to get money from Mexico for the expense of all your toil and sacrifice?—Who ever heard, since Christianity was propagated amongst men, of a nation taxing its people, enlisting its young men and marching off two thousand miles to fight a people merely to be paid for it in money? What is this but hunting a market for blood, selling the lives of your young men, marching them in regiments to be slaughtered and paid for, like oxen and brute beasts? Sir, this is, when stripped naked, that atrocious idea first promulgated in the President's message, and now advocated here, of fighting on till we can get our indemnity for the past as well as the present slaughter. We have chastized Mexico, and if it were worth while to do so, we have, I dare say, satisfied the world that we can fight. What now? Why, the mothers of America are asked to send others of their sons to blow out the brains of Mexicans because they refuse to pay the price of the first who fell there fighting for glory. And what if the second fall too? The Executive, the parental reply is, "we shall have him paid for—we shall get full indemnity." Sir, I have no patience with the flagitious notion of fighting for indemnity, and this under the equally absurd and hypocritical pretence of securing an honorable peace! If you have accomplished the objects of the war, (if indeed you had an object which you dare avow) cease to fight, and you will have peace. Conquer your insane love of false glory, and you will have conquered a peace. "Sir, if your commander-in-chief will not do this, I will endeavor to compel him, and, as I find no other means, I shall refuse supplies—without the money of the people, he cannot go further. He asks me for that money; I wish to bring your armies home, to cease shedding blood for money. If he refuses, I will refuse supplies, and then I know he must, he will cease his further sale of the lives of my countrymen. May we not, ought we not now to do this? I can hear no reason why we should not, except this, it is said that we are in war, wrongfully it may be, but being in, the President is responsible, and we must give him the means he requires. He responsible! Sir, we are responsible, if having the power to stop this plague we refuse to do so. When it shall be so—when the American Senate and the American House of Representatives can stoop from their high position, and yield a dumb compliance with the behest of a President, who is for the time being commander of your army; when they will open the treasury with one hand, and the veins of all the soldiers in the land with the other, merely because the President commands, then, sir, it matters little how soon Cromwell should come into this hall and say, "the Lord hath no further need of you here." When we fail to do the work, "whereunto we were sent," we shall be, we ought to be removed, and give place others who will. The fate of the barren fig tree will be ours—Christ cursed it and it withered.

Mr. President, I dismiss this branch of the subject, and beg the indulgence of the Senate to some reflections on the particular bill now under consideration. I voted for a bill somewhat like the present at the last session, our army was then in the neighborhood of our line. I then hoped that the President did sincerely desire a peace. Our army had not then penetrated far into Mexico, and I did hope that, with the two millions then proposed we might get peace and avoid the slaugh-

ter, the shame, the crime of an aggressive, unprovoked war. But now you have overrun half of Mexico, you have exterminated and irritated her people, you claim indemnity for all expenses incurred in doing this mischief, and boldly ask her to give up New Mexico and California; and, as a bribe to her patriotism, seizing on her property, you offer three millions to pay the soldiers she has called out to repel your invasion, on condition that she will give up to you at least one third of her whole territory. This is the modest, I should say the monstrous proposition now before us, as explained by the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, (Mr. Sevier,) who reported the bill. I cannot now give my assent to this.

But, sir, I do not believe you will succeed. I am not informed of your prospects of success with this measure of peace. The chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations tells us that he has every reason to believe that peace can be obtained if we grant this appropriation. What reason have you, Mr. Chairman, for that opinion? "Facts which I cannot disclose to you—correspondence which it would be improper to name here—facts which I know, but which you are not permitted to know, have satisfied the committee that peace may be purchased if you will grant these three millions of dollars." Now, Mr. President, I wish to know if I am required to act upon such opinions of the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, formed upon facts which he refuses to disclose to me? No, I must know the facts before I can form my judgment. But I am to take it for granted that there must be some prospect of an end to this dreadful war—for it is a dreadful war, being, as I believe in my conscience it is, an unjust war. Is it possible that for three millions you can purchase a peace with Mexico? How? By the purchase of California? Mr. President, I know not what facts the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs may have had access to. I know not what secret agents have been whispering into the ears of the authorities of Mexico; but of one thing I am certain, that by a cession of California and New Mexico you never can purchase a peace with her.

You may rest provinces from Mexico by war—you may hold them by the right of the strongest—you may hold them by the right of the strongest—you may rob her, but a treaty of peace to that effect with the people of Mexico, legitimately and freely made, you never will have! I thank God that it is so, as well for the sake of the Mexican peoples ourselves, for, unlike the Senator from Alabama, (Mr. Bagby,) I do not value the life of a citizen of the United States above the lives of an hundred thousand Mexican women and children—a cold sort of philanthropy in my judgment. For the sake of Mexico then, as well as our own country, I rejoice that it is an impossibility that you can obtain by treaty from her those territories under the existing state of things.

I am somewhat at a loss to know on what plan of operations gentlemen having charge of this war intend to proceed. We hear much said of the terror of your arms. The affrighted Mexican, it is said, when you have drenched his country in blood, will sue for peace, and thus you will indeed "conquer peace." This is the heroic and savage tone in which we have heretofore been lectured by our friends on the other side of the chamber, and especially by the Senator from Michigan, (Mr. Cass.) But suddenly the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations comes to us with the smooth phrase of diplomacy, made potent by the gentle susion of gold. The chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs calls for thirty millions of money and ten thousand regular troops; these we are assured shall "conquer peace," if the obstinate Celt refuses to treat till we shall whip him in another field of blood. What a delightful scene in the 19th century of the Christian era! What an interesting sight to see these two representatives of war and peace moving in grand procession through the halls of the Montezumas! The Senator from Michigan, (Mr. Cass.) red with the blood of recent slaughter, the gory spear of Achilles in his hand, and the hoarse clarion of war in his mouth, blowing a blast "so loud and deep" that the sleeping echoes of the lofty Cordilleras start from their caverns and return the sound, till every ear from Panama to Santa Fe is deafened with the roar. By his side, with "modest mien and downcast look," comes the Senator from Arkansas, (Mr. Sevier,) covered from head to foot with a gorgeous robe, glittering and embossed with three millions of shining gold, putting to shame "the wealth of Ormus or of Ind." The olive of Minerva graces his brow, in his

right hand is the delicate rebeck, from which are breathed, in Lydian measure, notes "that tell of naught but love and peace." I fear very much you will scarcely be able to explain to the simple savage minds of the half-civilized Mexicans the puzzling dualism of this scene, at once gorgeous and grotesque. Sir, I scarcely understand the meaning of all this myself. If we are to vindicate our rights by battles—in bloody fields of war—let us do it. If that is not the plan, why then let us call back our armies to our own territory, and propose a treaty with Mexico, based upon the proposition that money is better for her and land is better for us. Thus we can treat Mexico like an equal, and do honor to ourselves. But what is it you ask? You have taken from Mexico one-fourth of her territory, and you now propose to run a line comprehending about another third, and for what? I ask, Mr. President, for what? What has Mexico got from you for parting with two-thirds of her domain? She has given you ample redress for every injury of which you have complained.—She has submitted to the award of your commissioners, and up to the time of the rupture with Texas faithfully paid it.—And for all that she has lost, (not through or by you, but which loss has been your gain,) what requital do we, her strong, rich, robust neighbor, make? Do we send our missionaries there "to point the way to Heaven"? Or do we send the schoolmasters to pour daylight into her dark places, to aid her infant strength to conquer freedom, and reap the fruit of the independence herself alone had won? No, no, none of these do we. But we send regiments, storm towns, and our colonels prate of liberty in the midst of the solitudes their ravages have made.—They proclaim the empty forms of social compact to a people bleeding and maimed with wounds received in defending their hearthstones against the invasion of these very men who shoot them down, and then exhort them to be free. Your chaplains of the navy throw aside the New Testament and seize a bill of rights. The Rev. Don Walter Colton, I see abandons the sermon on the mount, and takes himself to Blackstone and Kent; and is elected a justice of the peace! He takes military possession of some town in California, and instead of teaching the plan of the atonement and the way of salvation to the poor Celt, he presents Colt's pistol to his ear, and calls on him to take "trial by jury and habeas corpus," or nine bullets in the head. Oh! Mr. President, are you not the lights of the earth, if not its salt? You who are indeed opening the eyes of the blind in Mexico with a most emphatic and exoteric power. Sir, if all this were not a sad, mournful truth, it would be the very "ne plus ultra" of the ridiculous.

But, sir, let us see what, as the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations explains it, we are to get by the combined process of conquest and treaty. What is the territory, Mr. President, which you propose to wrest from Mexico? It is consecrated to the heart of the Mexican by many a well-fought battle with his old Castilian master. His Bunker Hills, and Saratogas, and Yorktowns are there. The Mexican can say, "There I bled for liberty! and shall I surrender that consecrated home of my affections to the Anglo-Saxon invaders? What do they want with it? They have Texas already. They have possessed themselves of the Territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande. What else do they want? To what shall I point my children as memorials of that independence which I bequeathed to them when those battle-fields shall have passed from my possession?"

Sir, had one come and demanded Bunker Hill of the people of Massachusetts, had England's lion ever showed himself there, is there a man over thirteen and under ninety who would not have been ready to meet him? Is there a river on this continent that would not have run and with blood? Is there a field but would have been piled high with the unburied bones of slaughtered Americans before these consecrated battle-fields of liberty should have been wrested from us? But this same American goes into a sister Republic, and says to poor weak Mexico, "Give up your territory; you are unworthy to possess it; I have got one half already; all I ask of you is to give up the other! England might as well, in the circumstances I have described, have come and demanded of us, "Give up the Atlantic slope; give up this trifling territory from the Alleghany mountains to the sea; it is only from Maine to St. Mary's—only about one-third of your Republic, and the least interesting portion of it." What would be the response? They would say, "We must give this up to John Bull.—Why? He wants room." The Senator

from Michigan says he must have this.—Why, my worthy Christian brother, on what principle of justice? "I want room!"

Sir, look at this pretence of want of room, with twenty millions of people you have about one thousand millions of acres of land, inviting settlements by every conceivable argument, bringing them down to a quarter of a dollar an acre, and allowing every man to squat where he pleases. But the Senator from Michigan says we will be two hundred millions in a few years, and we want room. "If I were a Mexican I would tell you, 'Have you not room in your own country to bury your dead men? If you come into mine we will greet you with bloody hands; and welcome you to hospitable graves.'"

Why, says the chairman of this Committee of Foreign Relations it is the most reasonable thing in the world! We ought to have the Bay of San Francisco. Why? Because it is the best harbor on the Pacific! It has been my fortune, Mr. President, to have practised a good deal in criminal courts in the course of my life, but I never yet heard a thief, arraigned for stealing a horse, plead that it was the best horse that he could find in the country! We want California.—What for? Why, says the Senator from Michigan, we will have it; and the Senator from South Carolina, with a very mistaken view, I think, of policy, says you cannot keep our people from going there.

I do not desire to prevent them. Let them go and seek their happiness in whatever country or clime it pleases them.—All I ask of them is, not to require this Government to protect them with that banner consecrated to war waged for principles—eternal and enduring truth. Sir, it is not meet that our old flag should throw its protecting folds over expeditions for lucre or for land. But you still say you want room for your people. This has been the plea of every robber-chief from Nimrod to the present hour. I dare say, when Tamerlane descended from his throne built of seventy thousand human skulls, and marched his ferocious battalions to further slaughter, I dare say he said, "I want room." Bajazet was another gentleman of kindred tastes and wants with us Anglo-Saxons—he "wanted room." Alexander, too, the mighty "Macedonian madman," when he wandered with his Greeks to the plains of India, and fought a bloody battle on the very ground where recently England and the Sikhs engaged in the strife for "room," was no doubt in quest of some California. Many a Monterey had he to storm to get "room." Sir, he made quite as much of that sort of history as you ever will.—Mr. President, do you remember the last chapter in that history? It is soon read. Oh, I wish we could but understand its moral. Ammon's son, (so was Alexander named,) after all his victories, died drunk in Babylon! The vast empire he conquered to "get room," became the prey of the generals he had trained; it was dispersed, torn to pieces, and so ended. Sir, there is a very significant appendix to it: it is this: The descendants of the Greek, of Alexander's Greeks, are now governed by a descendant of Attila.—Mr. President, while we are fighting for room, let us ponder deeply this appendix. It was somewhat amazed the other day to hear the Senator from Michigan declare that Europe had somewhat forgotten us till these battles had waked them up. I suppose the Senator feels grateful to the President, for "waking up" Europe.—Does the President, who is, I hope, read in civic as well as military lore, remember the saying of one who had pondered upon history long, long, too, upon man, his nature and true destiny? Montesquieu did not think highly of this way of "waking up." "Happy," says he, "is that nation whose annals are tiresome."

The Senator from Michigan has a different view of this. He thinks that a nation is not distinguished until it is distinguished in war. He fears that the slumbering faculties of Europe have not been able to ascertain that there are twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons here, making railroads and canals, and speeding all the arts of peace to the utmost accomplishment of the most refined civilization! They do not know it! And what is the wonderful expedient which this Democratic method of making history would adopt in order to make us known?—Storming cities, desolating peaceful happy homes, shooting men—aye, sir, such is war—and shooting women, too.

Sir, I have read, in some account of your battle of Monterey, of a lovely Mexican girl, who, with the benevolence of an angel in her bosom, and the robust courage of a hero in her heart, was busily engaged during the bloody conflict, amid the crash of falling houses, the

groans of the dying, and the wild shriek of battle, in carrying water to slake the burning thirst of the wounded of either host. While bending over a wounded American soldier, a cannon ball struck her and blew her to atoms. Sir, I do not charge my brave generous hearted countrymen who fought that fight with this. No, no; we who send them—we who know that scenes like this, which might send tears of sorrow "down Pluto's iron cheek," are the inevitable, inevitable attendants on war—are accountable for this; and this—is this is the way we are to be made known to Europe. This, this is to be the undying renown of free Republican America: "She has stormed a city—killed many of its inhabitants of both sexes—she has room!" So it will read. Sir, if this were our only history, then may God of his mercy grant that its volume may speedily come to a close!

Why, sir, that we of the United States, a people of yesterday, compared with older nations of the world, should be waging war for territory, for "room"? Look at your country, extending from the Alleghany mountains to the Pacific ocean, capable itself of sustaining in comfort a larger population than will be in the whole Union for one hundred years to come. Over this vast expanse of territory your population is now so sparse that I believe we provided in the last session a regiment of mounted men to guard the mail from the frontier of Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia; and yet you persist in the ridiculous assertion, "I want room." One would imagine, from the frequent reiteration of the complaint, that you had a bursting, teeming population, whose energy was paralyzed, whose enterprise was crushed, for want of space. Why should we be so weak or wicked as to offer this idle apology for ravaging a neighboring Republic? It will impose on no one at home or abroad.

We do not know, Mr. President, that it is a law, never to be repealed, that falsehood shall be short-lived? Was it not ordained of old that truth only shall abide forever? Whatever we may say to-day, or whatever we may write in our books, the stern tribunal of history will review it all, detect falsehood, and bring us to judgment before that posterity which shall bless or curse us, as we may act now, wisely or otherwise. We may hide in the grave (which awaits us all) in vain; we may hope, like the foolish bird that hides its head in the sand in the vain belief that its body is not seen, yet even there this preposterous excuse of want of "room" shall be laid bare, and the quick-frozen future will decide that it was a hypocritical pretence, under which we sought to conceal the avarice which prompted us to covet and to seize by force that which was not ours.

Mr. President, this uneasy desire to augment our territory has deprived the moral sense and blighted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. What has been the fate of all nations who have acted upon the idea that they must advance? Our young orators cherish this notion with a fervid, but fatally mistaken zeal.—They call it by the mysterious name of "destiny." "Our destiny," they say, is onward, and hence they argue, with ready sophistry, the propriety of seizing upon any territory and any people that may lay in the way of our "destined" advance. Recently these Progressives have grown classical; some assiduous student of antiquities has helped them to a patron saint. They have wandered back into the desolated Pantheon, and there, amongst the Polytheistic relics of that "pale mother of dead empires," they have found a god whom these Romans, centuries gone by, baptized "Terminus."

Sir, I have heard much and read somewhat of this gentleman Terminus. Alexander, of whom I have spoken, was a devotee of this divinity. We have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god that he must always advance, and never recede. So both republican and imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny. And for a while it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome he was carried from his home on the Tiber to the farthest East, on one hand, and to the far West, amongst the then barbarous tribes of western Europe, on the other. But at length the time came when retributive justice had become a "destiny." The despised Gaul calls out to the contemned Goth, and Attila, with his Huns, answers back the battle-shout to both. The "blue-eyed nations of the North," in succession, or united, pour forth their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome and Rome's always advancing god Terminus. And now the battle-axe of the barbarian strikes down the conquering eagle of Rome.—Terminus at last recedes, slowly at first,

but finally he is driven to Rome, and from Rome to Byzantium. Whoever would know the further fate of this Roman deity, so recently taken under the patronage of American Democracy, may find ample gratification of his curiosity in the luminous pages of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Such will find that Rome thought, as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations, and no doubt she sometimes said as you say, "I will conquer a peace." And where now is she, the Mistress of the World? The spider weaves his web in her palaces, the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once omnipotent Rome. Sad, very sad, are the lessons which time has written for us.—"Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains as eternal that cardinal rule, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor any thing which is his.'" Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment. I see that in the latter half of the nineteenth century three powerful nations, Russia, Austria and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "it is our destiny." They wanted "room." Doubtless each of these thought with his share of Poland, his power was too strong ever to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! no—far, very far from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of Democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the Northern Caesar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled on Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California? But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plain that surrounds their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity or death. But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia?—Is he secure in his share of the spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation spread abroad over the land, and finally the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor. Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine, cannot fail in this to see the providence of God. When Moscow burned it seemed as if the world was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upwards, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars and fired the whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the Nations was writing in characters of flame on the front of his throne that doom that falls upon the strong nation who tramples in scorn upon the weak. And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small. Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But, as soon as this idea took possession of his soul, he too, became powerless. His Terminus must recede too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and doubtless meditated the subjugation of Russia. He who holds the winds in his fist gathered the snows of the north and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men. They fled, they froze, they perished! And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, he too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "thou shalt not covet any thing which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, and there on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror! All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now come, and he, the man of

destiny; he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless—still; even as the beggar so he died. On the wings of a tempest that roged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found 'room' at last. And France, too, she has found "room." Her "eagle" now no longer screams along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borythenes. They have returned home, to their old eyrie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and Pyrenees. So shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras; they may wave with insolent triumph in the halls of the Montezumas; the armed men of Mexico may quail before them; but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

Mr. President, if the history of our race has established any truth, it is but a confirmation of what is written, "the way of the transgressor is hard." Inordinate ambition, wanting in power, and spurning the humble maxims of justice, has, ever has, and ever shall end in ruin. Strength cannot always trample upon weakness—the humble shall be exalted—the bowed down shall be lifted up. It is my faith in the law of strict justice and the practice of its precepts that nations alone can be saved. All the annals of the human race, sacred and profane, are written over with this great truth in characters of living light. It is my fear, my fixed belief, that in this invasion, this war with Mexico, we have forgotten this vital truth. Why is it that we have been drawn into this whirlpool of war? How clear and strong was the light that shone upon the path of duty a year ago! The last disturbing question with England was settled—our power extended its peaceful sway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from the Alleghany we looked out upon Europe, and from the tops of the Stony Mountains we could descry the shores of Asia, a rich commerce with all the nations of Europe pouring wealth and abundance into our lap on the Atlantic side, while an unoccupied commerce of three hundred millions of Asiatics waited on the Pacific for our enterprise to come and possess it. One hundred millions of dollars will be wasted in this limitless war. Had this money of the people been expended in making a railroad from your Northern Lakes to the Pacific; as one of your citizens has begged of you in vain, you would have made a highway for the world between Asia and Europe. Your capital then would be within thirty or forty days' travel of any and every point on the map of the civilized world. Through this great artery of trade you would have carried to the heart of your own country the teas of China and the spices of India to the markets of England and France. Why, why, Mr. President, did we abandon the enterprises of peace, and betake ourselves to the barbarous achievements of war? Why did we "forsake this fair and fertile field to batten on the moor?"

But, Mr. President, if further acquisition of territory is to be the result either of conquest or treaty, then I scarcely know which should be preferred—eternal war with Mexico, or the hazards of internal commotion at home, which last I fear may come if another province is to be added to our territory. There is one topic connected with this subject which I tremble when I approach, and yet I cannot forbear to notice it. It meets you in every step you take, it threatens you which way soever you go in the prosecution of this war.

I allude to the question of slavery.—Opposition to its further extension, it must be obvious to every one, is a deeply rooted determination with men of all parties in what we call the non-slaveholding States. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, three of the most powerful, have already sent their legislative restrictions here—so it will be, I doubt not, in all the rest. It is vain now to speculate about the reasons for this. Gentlemen of the South may call it prejudice, passion, hypocrisy, fanaticism. I shall not dispute with them now on that point. The great fact that it is so, and not otherwise, is what it concerns us to know. You nor I cannot alter or change this opinion if we would. These people only say, we will not, cannot consent that you shall carry slavery where it does not already exist. They do not seek to disturb you in that institution, as it exists in your States. Enjoy it if you will, and as you will. This is their language, their determination. How is it in the South?—

