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CELEBRATION

BY THE

COLORED PEOPLE'S

Educational Monument Association

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IN MEMORY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

ON THE

FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

IN THE

PRESIDENTIAL GROUNDS,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

—•••—
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

L. A. BELL, *Recording Secretary.*

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WASHINGTON, D. C. :

McGILL & WITHEROW, PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS.

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THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

The Fourth of July, 1865, was indeed a memorable day, being the first time that the colored people have attempted any celebration of a national character. The celebration was gotten up under the auspices of the Colored People's National Lincoln Monument Association, whose efforts have, in this respect, been crowned with the full measure of success. Thousands were present on the grounds throughout the entire day. The Washington City Sabbath School Union were present in great numbers, with many banners, flags, mottoes, and devices, forming one of the chief features of the celebration. Many distinguished persons were present; including senators, representatives, members of the judiciary, officers of the Government and officers of the army and navy. Promptly at twelve o'clock, Mr. J. F. Cook, who presided throughout the day, called the vast assemblage to order and introduced Elder D. W. Anderson, pastor of the Nineteenth street Baptist Church, who opened the exercises of the day, with the following impressive prayer:

O Lord, we have assembled here to day, to celebrate the Eighty-ninth Anniversary of our nation's Independence. We have sinned against Thee, O Lord, for the past eighty-five years, until thy wrath kindled hot against us, and confused the councils of this great people. At length the thunderbolts of war were hurled by one portion against the other of these once united States. And now, Lord, for the past four years, we have been butchering each other, until now that the backbone of the slave-mongers' rebellion is broken, we stand before Thee, O God, a nation redeemed by the commingled blood of the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-African races, poured out like water upon many battle-fields. Remember in kindness, O God, the widow and the

orphans of our martyred President ; and, O God, place thy finger upon the heart of his successor ; and give him light to see that there are constitutional rights for loyal men who are so by nature, as well as for those who are made so by the taking of an oath which they hate. Fold thy wings, O Lamb of God, around the great American Statesman, whose heart is now bereaved of his loved one, who has fallen another victim, whose tender soul could not bear the shock, caused by the ring of the assassin's knife, trying in fury to murder her dear husband. May the echo of her heavenly song fall with comforting accents upon his soul through all his useful life. O Lord, there are with us, before Thee to-day, wise and tried senators, generals of the army and officers of the Government. Bless them, O Lord, with the desire and hearts to perform all the duties devolving upon them well. May the wrongs committed on the weak and defenceless of all colors be speedily redressed. May thy blessings be abundantly poured upon all the schools, Sunday and weekly. Make them, O God, potent engines for this long oppressed people. Fold thy wings in peace around this vast assembly, this day. Lead our common country by thine own hand in the path of her duty ; and when she has accomplished her mission among the family of nations, receive all her prepared children into the Paradise of God. AMEN.

The Declaration of Independence was then read by JOHN F. COOK, in a loud and clear voice.

Mr. COOK then announced that the committee had received a number of letters, which he read. They are as follows :

LETTER OF GOV. ANDREW.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BOSTON, *July 1, 1865.*

MESSRS. WM. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK, *Committee of Colored Citizens, Washington, D. C. :*

GENTLEMEN : Your invitation of the 28th ult. has been gratefully received, and I should be happy to accept it, if it were possible for me to be in Washington on the occasion of the anniversary of our National Independence. I trust your meeting will be an honorable exhibition of the intelligence, good taste, and good judgment of those by whom it will be conducted, and will tend to increase the confidence of all Americans in the capacity of their colored fellow-countrymen to share in the duties and all the rights of citizenship. For myself, I am sure that equal right and impartial liberty will yet be accorded to all who own this for their country and home. I am sure that no rule or doctrine less fundamental will be tolerated by that grand, conservative sense, always prevalent at last. Let despots and slaves demand despotism or submit to it—there is logic in their doing so—but let freemen accept no place nor franchise as an order of privilege, nor permit it to another.

I am, respectfully, yours,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

LETTER OF REV. JOSHUA LEAVITT.

NEW YORK, *June 30, 1865.*Messrs. WILLIAM SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK, *Committee, &c.:*

GENTLEMEN: You are right in the belief that I feel a deep and long cherished interest in everything that may aid my brethren and fellow-countrymen of African lineage in developing their patriotism and promoting the spread of intelligence among themselves. Your invitation to be present at the great Lincoln Monument meeting on the 4th gives me great pleasure, as showing that I cannot be forgotten in my old age; but unfortunately it came after I had engaged to be present at a meeting among my native hills in Massachusetts; and the request for a notice in the *Independent* comes too late, as the paper for this week was already printed.

I wish you much success in your laudable undertaking. The Anglo-Africans of this country have now their destiny in their own hands. The struggle, if brave and persevering, is the very thing to develop their manhood, and their very hardships train them to be worthy of freedom. It is the way my Pilgrim Fathers were made what they were, and they bore cheerfully all their trials for the sake of preparing what we enjoy. A race of people that can live for their children and for posterity cannot but become great.

I remain, gentlemen, your true friend,

JOSHUA LEAVITT.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

ROCHESTER, *July 1, 1865.*

Messrs. WILLIAM SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK:

GENTLEMEN: Accept my best thanks for your note of 28th June, inviting me to be present at your proposed celebration of the 4th, in Washington. Had your note come a few days earlier, I might have been able to mingle my voice with those who shall participate in the commemoration of the birthday of freedom at the Capital. As the matter now stands, I can only send you the assurance that I shall be with you in spirit and purpose.

The one thought to be emphasized and deeply underscored on that occasion is this: The immediate, complete, and universal enfranchisement of the colored people of the whole country. This is demanded both by justice and national honor. Besides, it is the only policy which can give permanent peace and prosperity to the country. The great want of the country is to be rid of the negro question, and it can never be rid of that question until justice, right, and sound policy are complied with. I hope the able men who will speak on the occasion of your celebration will show that the prophecy of 1776 will not be fulfilled till all men in America shall stand equal before the laws.

Yours, very truly,

FRED'K DOUGLASS.

LETTER FROM GEN. FREMONT.

NEW YORK, *July 3, 1865.*Messrs. WM. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK, *Committee, &c., Washington City:*

GENTLEMEN: I have to thank you for an invitation to take part in your proceedings of to-morrow, and regret that I am unable to accept it.

It is of great public interest just now to know what your own opinion and purposes are, and what you yourselves think it expedient and practicable to do in promoting the welfare of your people. Apart from this, old acquaintance with a number of your best citizens in the District would have made it very agreeable to me to be present upon an occasion of so much interest to yourselves and your friends. You may feel assured that it will give general satisfaction to learn that you propose to make education your corner-stone on which to rest the social and political standing of your people. United and comprehensive effort will give you an equally comprehensive success, for which I use the occasion to offer you my best wishes.

Yours, truly,

J. C. FREMONT.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. H. CHANNING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.,

THE JUBILEE OF FREEDOM, *July 4, 1865.*

Rev. H. H. GARNETT, *President*: MESSRS. WM. J. WILSON, LOUIS A. BELL,
Secretaries of the National Lincoln Monument Association:

GENTLEMEN: You have done me the honor to elect me as one of the Directors of your Association. On this Sabbath day of our nation's freedom—the day consecrated to the principles of universal brotherhood—the day which is the pledge of equal rights and privileges in human society on earth for all who are welcomed to be co-heirs in glory together in our Father's home in Heaven—my first act shall be to accept the office which you have conferred, and to promise you my cordial, fraternal cooperation.

Trusting that the National Lincoln Monument Association may be one effectual means of enabling the colored people of the District of Columbia and the whole republic to prepare for and to fitly use what God and the Gospel of Christ, and the spirit and the essential principles of this nation assure their perfect right and duty to claim, namely: PEERAGE* IN ALL THE PRIVILEGES OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP, I remain, with cordial regard and respectful best wishes, your friend and brother,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

LETTER FROM HON. GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, *July 1, 1865, Saturday, P. M.*

Messrs. WM. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK:

GENTLEMEN: Not until now do I receive your esteemed letter of the 28th instant. I wish I could be with you on the important and interesting occasion which you invite me to attend, but I cannot be.

Suffrage for the black man! Our nation cannot be saved so long as it is withheld.

With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

LETTER FROM WM. C. BRYANT, ESQ.

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, *July 4, 1865.*

GENTLEMEN: Your obliging invitation of the 28th of June did not come to my hands until last evening, so that my answer could not reach you until some time after your celebration. I cannot, however, allow the

occasion to pass without congratulating the colored race on being able to celebrate the Fourth of July as freemen and citizens of this republic, and to express my confident hope that the day is near when they will be admitted to an equality of political privileges with the white race, throughout the whole extent of the United States.

I am, gentlemen, with great regard, your obedient servant,

W. C. BRYANT.

Messrs. W. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK.

LETTER FROM COLONEL FORNEY.

PHILADELPHIA, *July 3, 1865.*

GENTLEMEN: Your letter dated June 29, sent from Washington to this city, only reached me yesterday, the 2d of July. My presence here will prevent me from being in Washington to-morrow. I cannot, however, after thanking you for your kind invitation, refrain the expression of my gratification that the colored citizens of Washington intend to celebrate the coming Independence Day on the grounds of the Presidential Mansion, with the free consent of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. It is a fitting *finale* of the great struggle in which your race displayed such noble valor, and a fine illustration of the long-neglected pledges of the Declaration of Independence, that you should commemorate emancipation in the Capital of the nation, and that that Capital is no longer the rendezvous or the citadel of slavery. May your meeting at the next anniversary of the 4th of July, 1776, find you as free to vote in the city of Washington as you were ready to fight for it.

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

J. W. FORNEY.

Messrs. W. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK, Esqs., *Committee.*

LETTER FROM JUDGE KELLEY.

PHILADELPHIA, *June 30, 1865.*

Messrs. Wm. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK, *Committee*:

DEAR SIRs: Your favor of the 28th instant, on behalf of the colored citizens of the District of Columbia, came to hand to-day. I am rejoiced at learning that President Johnson, who is no less a lover of mankind than was his illustrious and lamented predecessor, has given you permission to again assemble, and celebrate our country's natal day, on the beautiful grounds appurtenant to the Executive Mansion. I shall never forget the emotions with which I looked upon you from the windows of that building, on last 4th of July, and contrasted your condition with what it had been when I first took my oath as a member of Congress, precisely three years before. Many of you were then slaves—*things* to be bought and sold and scourged by capricious and irresponsible masters or their agents—and all were subject to the infamous provisions of the "Black Code." Now, outside of Kentucky and Delaware, no slave cowers beneath freedom's flag; and you may rejoice that millions of your kinsmen, whose position was doubtful, but a short time ago, are in the enjoyment of assured freedom.

The determination of the colored citizens to erect and endow an institution of learning, as a testimonial of their regard for the memory of President Lincoln, is wise and commendable. Let your liberal contribu-

tions attest your gratitude. Your ability to acquire, manage, and dispose of property, and your wish to escape from that ignorance, which, though enforced, is made a pretext by those who have constrained you to it, for withholding from you some of the most cherished attributes of American citizenship. Let it be your self-imposed duty and your pride to erect and endow it, but let its utility be not limited to the descendants of any clime or country—let no proscriptive feature mar its organization—but let the descendants of the once proscribed boast that their ancestors, in erecting a monument to their benefactor, founded an institution to bless *mankind*.

I notice with pleasure the fact that President Johnson had advised a deputa- tion of you to prepare to ask Congress at the next session to invest those of you who reside permanently in the District, with the right of suffrage. Do not let your proposed assemblage disperse till you shall have made arrangements to carry this suggestion into effect. The Declaration which you will read tells you that in rights all men are equal—that govern- ments are instituted to protect those rights—and that the only founda- tion for a just government is the consent of the governed; and I am certain that the Congress, which will assemble on the first Monday of the coming December will neither deny nor violate these fundamental and “self-evident” truths. I cannot be in Washington as you desire, on Tuesday next; but I beg you to remember then and always that you are men, and as American citizens are entitled to the enjoyment of all the rights, and bound to the performance of all the duties of men.

Very truly, your friend,

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

LETTER FROM HON. JOHN G. PALFREY.

BOSTON POST OFFICE, *July 3, 1865.*

Messrs. WM. SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK, *Committee; &c., &c., &c., Wash- ington, D. C. :*

GENTLEMEN: I regret very much that, in consequence of my absence on a journey to Virginia, your highly gratifying invitation did not reach my hands in season to admit of even a timely acknowledgment of it.

I seize the earliest moment to say that, feeling an interest the most profound in the objects of your Association, I extremely regret not to be able to testify my sentiments by being present on the occasion to which you do me the flattering honor of inviting me. May the righteous and good Being who directs all events, and prospers all worthy and generous endeavors, give life and guidance and a successful issue to your counsels for the elevation of your long-suffering, much injured, and meritorious race, and put it into the hearts of our rulers and fellow-citizens of every class to welcome you speedily and cordially to a full possession of the rights of which so deplorably you have been deprived. The country and humanity owe a great debt to those whom you represent. The sooner we acknowledge and pay it, the sooner shall we secure our self-respect and peace of mind.

With every sentiment of friendly regard, and with hearty thanks for your kind notice, pray believe me, gentlemen,

Your earnest well-wisher and obedient servant,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

LETTER FROM HON. SALMON P. CHASE, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WAKEFIELD, R. I., *Aug. 16, 1865.*

GENTLEMEN: Your letter, of the 28th ult., reached me here, after some delay. I did not receive your invitation to the celebration on the 4th, or I should have thanked you for it earlier. I enclose a letter which expresses my sentiments.*

To-morrow morning, I shall be in Washington, if nothing unforeseen shall prevent.

Yours truly,
Messrs. WILLIAM SYPHAX and J. F. COOK, *Committee.*

S. P. CHASE.

LETTER FROM THE HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

BOSTON, MASS., *July 46th, 1865.*

Gentlemen: Owing to my absence from town, I did not receive your letter in season to answer it, for your celebration; but I am unwilling to leave it unanswered.

You are right in commemorating the memory of the late President, and I am glad that you are turning your attention to an institution of education. The idea, alone, is honorable; but I trust you will be able to reduce it to practice.

The time is at hand when your rights will be universally recognized, and nobody will venture to assert any difference in political privileges, founded on color. You must prepare yourselves for this condition

Meanwhile, I counsel patience, and confidence in the President, who has told you that he will be "Your Moses." The people of the North

* NEW ORLEANS, *June 6, 1865.*

GENTLEMEN: I should hardly feel at liberty to decline the invitation you have tendered me in behalf of the loyal colored Americans of New Orleans, to speak to them on the subject of their rights and duties as citizens, if I had not quite recently expressed my views at Charleston, in an address, reported with substantial accuracy, and already published in one of the most widely circulated journals of this city. But it seems superfluous to repeat them before another audience.

It is proper to say, however, that these views, having been formed years since, on much reflection, and confirmed, in a new and broader application, by the events of the civil war now happily ended, are not likely to undergo, hereafter, any material change.

That native freemen, of whatever complexion, are citizens of the United States; that all men held as slaves in the States which joined in rebellion against the United States have become freemen through executive and legislative acts during the war; and that these freemen are now citizens, and consequently entitled to the rights of citizens, are propositions which, in my judgment, cannot be successfully controverted. And it is both natural and right that colored Americans, entitled to the rights of citizens, should claim their exercise. They should persist in this claim respectfully, but firmly, taking care to bring no discredit upon it by their own action. Its justice is already acknowledged by great numbers of their white fellow citizens, and these numbers constantly increase.

The peculiar conditions, however, under which these rights arise, seem to impose on those who assert them peculiar duties, or rather special obligations to the discharge of common duties. They should strive for distinction by economy, by industry, by sobriety, by patient perseverance in well-doing, by constant improvement in religious instruction, and by the constant practice of Christian virtues. In this way they will surely overcome unjust hostility, and convince even the most prejudiced that the denial to them of any right which citizens may properly exercise, is equally unwise and wrong.

Our national experience has demonstrated that public order reposes most securely on the broad basis of universal suffrage. It has proved, also, that universal suffrage is the surest guarantee and most powerful stimulus of individual, social, and political progress. May it not prove, moreover, in that work of re-organization which now engages the thoughts of all patriotic men, that universal suffrage is the best reconciler of the most comprehensive lenity with the most perfect public security and the most speedy and certain revival of general prosperity?

Very respectfully, yours,

S. P. CHASE.

Messrs. J. B. ROUDANEZ, L. GOIS, and L. BANKS, *Committee.*

will be "Your Moses," also; for the people are determined that you shall be protected in that "*Equality before the Law*," which is one of the promises of the Declaration of Independence. The next Congress cannot fail in this transcendent duty.

Accept my best wishes, fellow-citizens, and believe me, faithfully yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

Messrs. WILLIAM SYPHAX and JOHN F. COOK.

ORATION BY WM. HOWARD DAY, M. A.

Mr. Wm. Howard Day, of New York, a young colored man, was the first speaker, and delivered an address, of which we give a curtailed report below, revised by the author.

Mr. Day delivered his address in an easy and unrestrained manner, which lent an additional interest to his subject. While there was apparent the dignity of a *man* addressing his fellow-men upon vital questions of interest, there was an entire absence of declamation for mere *effect*. We feel convinced that we shall hear more of this gentleman hereafter. He is a fine specimen of what a colored man can be made by culture and education. He commenced by expressing the natural diffidence he felt in attempting to address an audience composed, as he declared it to be, of gentlemen among the first in the list of honor and fame of America; and in this connection he paid a graceful tribute to some of the gentlemen present; the ladies also received *en passant* grateful and heartfelt acknowledgment of their devotion and earnestness in behalf of an oppressed and persecuted people, in defiance of the obloquy and scorn which had confronted but not confounded them.

He said they had met to-day, inspired by the noble sentiments they had heard enunciated in the glorious Declaration of Independence, viz: "That all men were created free and equal, and with inalienable rights common to all." They were also inspired with the glorious sentiments in that noble motto, that "Right is of no sect, truth is of no color, God is the Father of us all." This is what we are here for to-day—to recognize those principles; and (continued he) while we are here united, not to do homage to each other, but to the liberty which, in the providence of God, has been accorded to us after eighty-nine years of travel through the wilderness. We meet under new and ominous circumstances to-day. We come to the National Capital—our Capital—with new hopes, new prospects, new joys, in view of the future and past of the people; and yet with that joy fringed, tinged, permeated by a sorrow unlike any, nationally, we have ever known. A few weeks since all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln was

laid away to rest. And to-day, after the funeral cortege has passed, weeping thoughts march through our hearts—when the muffled drum has ceased to beat in a procession five hundred, aye, two thousand miles long, the chambers of your souls are still echoing the murmur—and though the coffin has been lowered into its place, “dust to dust,” there ever falls across our way the coffin’s shadow, and, standing in it, we come to-day to rear a monument to his blessed memory, and again to pledge our untiring resistance to the tyranny by which he fell, whether it be in the iron manacles of the slave, or in the unjust written manacles for the free.

I know not how better, in your name, I can lay my humble tribute upon his grave—I know not better how I can weave my wreath around his memory, than by dedicating to him what I wrote in England on the death of Prince Albert, the husband of England’s Queen. They were each a peer of the other—both princes here, and both, to-day, princes in the Home Eternal.

The *Times* said: “Quietly and without suffering he continued slowly to sink, so slowly that the wrists were pulseless long before the last hour had arrived, when, at a few minutes before eleven, he ceased to breathe—and all was over. An hour after, and the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul’s—a bell of evil omen—told all citizens how irreparable has been the loss of their beloved Queen—how great the loss to the country.”

Toll! toll the solemn bell! The air
 Is heavy with the sighs of death;
 The spirits of the dead are there
 And bear a brother spirit where
 Amid the heavenly glories rare,
 It may put on its glory-wreath.

Then toll the bell! in answer to
 The “Death-Bell” ringing in our ears,
 Until the spirit which we knew
 Shall enter through the ether blue
 And don its dress for service new,
 Invisible for earth in tears.

Aye, toll the bell! for back they come,
 With strength renewed and pinions bright,
 To sing within the earthly home
 The song they caught in heaven’s high dome,
 Strains from the old, unwritten tome
 Of melody by saints in light.

And let us listen to the song.

The tolling bell its notes will hush
 In the world's bustle; and the wrong
 Of night and day will clamor long
 For life, and falsity, its gong,
 Will sound, the discords, chief among—
 But o'er all still the sweet song rush.

Until the dead bell's sound
 Shall come again re-ringing,
 And Earth's lost song be found,
 And she again come singing.

Mr DAY then proceeded to give a succinct account of the introduction of slavery in America, quoting "facts and figures" with a fluency that showed he was perfectly master of the position. In this connection he said:

Two hundred and forty years ago two spectacles were to be seen in this land; one, the advent of a band of freemen, landing upon Plymouth Rock, in New England; the other, the coming of a company of slaves landed at Jamestown, Virginia. Both of these parties had crossed the ocean, the one willing, the other unwilling. One professedly escaping oppression and seeking liberty, the other seized and sold into what was to be to them eternal bondage; so that the shout of the freeman and the wail of the bondman were heard together here, forming a duet, the echoes of which still linger, and which, to-day even, we may hear from certain portions of our land, coming over the waters near us, asking, appealing, beseeching for sympathy. As the prow of the *Mayflower*, which bore the Pilgrim Fathers over, scraped upon the Rock of Plymouth, we heard from the deck of the vessel a shout of "Freedom to worship God," which comes to us to-day with the gathered strength of two hundred years, as the forerunner, the *John the Baptist* of "Freedom for Humanity." And therefore the fitness of that wail coming up from the old prison-house, freighted with miseries unutterable, and appealing to us by the humane ties linking us to each, and the golden tie binding us to the heart of God, that we listen to and aid, as we are able.

Nearly three hundred years then, slavery has been in existence upon American soil. A thing of convenience at first, it grew as convenience demanded. In the accidental whirling of this social world, servants became a necessity; these twenty slaves, thus brought, became permanent ones. Habit gave it character. It became honorable to import slaves for sale, so that from 1607, to 1776, the number, twenty, had become five hundred thousand.

It was then that there was sent forth upon the wings of the

wind the Declaration of Independence, read to-day; one of the greatest documents the world has ever seen—great, with reference to the occasion which brought it forth—great, with respect to humanity, in all coming time. Not that the doctrine of Liberty or Equality has not been before proclaimed. It had been announced—it had been believed. It had been proclaimed from amidst the unapproachable darkness of Sinai, where the Deity, with his finger dipped in flame, wrote himself Anti-Slavery—“I am the Lord thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” And the sixteenth verse of the following chapter makes Him, who said—“Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man,” also to say—“He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death;” thus making the right to life and the right to liberty paramount and inalienable. Passing to the New Testament Scripture, and spanning the Scripture like a rainbow, Jesus proclaimed it when he said, “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” St. Peter thundered it forth upon the ear of the haughty Jew—“Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons;” and Paul attested the love he had for liberty, by saying—“I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds.*” And thus that voice has been going around the world as on a wave of fire, licking up the despoticisms of the world; and yet, as in this land, stooping to whisper to the bleeding bond-man, Thou thyself art also a man—come upon the platform designed for thee by thy Creator.

The Declaration of Independence was not, therefore, a new enunciation. Yesterday, the *New York World* was discussing the Declaration, and attributed it, I understand, to Locke and Bacon, the English philosophers. I reply, Locke and Sydney and Bacon were defenders of the principle, but that principle lived and breathed and burned in the hearts of individuals and nations long before Locke and Sydney and Bacon were born. They were, therefore, only the voices of the men of their age, who thought. The principle was God-breathed, and was, therefore, merely God’s voice, wrought into fundamental law. The same principle thrilled through the heart of many nations before us, and was by some of them pronounced even more decidedly than by us.

Mr. DAY then glanced at the struggles for the principles of freedom in the Old World, and presented an interesting epitome of the Anglo-Saxon, Italian, and Swiss history, alluding, incidentally to Martin Luther and the Reformed Church party in England, and returned to the principles of the Pilgrim Fathers,

and their effects on the destiny of this country. He showed how, in a republican government, the elective franchise is a necessary outgrowth of this civil liberty.

This religious and civil liberty laid the foundations of this nation.

It was the right of each individual man to worship his God as his conscience might dictate.

It was the right of each native-born, individual man to be included in the nation's interest, except that right had been forfeited by crime.

Up to now our nation, following England's example, has been ploughing with an ox and an ass together. The shout of the free-man and the wail of the bondman have, I repeat, always been heard together, making "harsh discords." Hitherto a damning crime has run riot over the whole land. North and South alike were inoculated with its virus. It has lain like a gangrene upon the national life, until the nation, mortified, broke in twain. The hand of slavery ever moulded the Christianity of the nation, and wrote the national songs. What hand wrote the laws of the nation and marked this National District all over with scars? What hand went into the Capitol and half murdered Charles Sumner, nature's nobleman? What hand fought its way into the sick chamber and attempted the lingering life of our Secretary of State? What hand murdered the

"dearest friend, the kindest man,"

as President, we ever knew?

It did not grow strong all at once, but grew with the nation's growth, and then attempted the nation's life.

Why was this? To crush your manhood. To belie the doctrine which we meet to-day to celebrate, namely: that "Man is man, and no man is more."

My friend, the President of the Association, (the Rev. Mr. Garnet,) and I, have met in the Old World, in the presence of tyrannies; and, in our humble spheres, we there did what we could to lessen their power. Especially did we invite the oppressed there to follow the star of empire westward, to the lands which God keeps for the poor, and which stretch away and away "to the distant West," even to the threshold of the golden gates which close upon the footsteps of the god of day. But even then, though they came by thousands, thousands still remained, the surface of society constantly upheaved by the beatings of the hearts beneath it. Our hearts were saddened, for tyranny there was a power. But we returned to our own land, this home of freedom, to find a despotism, in one sense, worse than any other we had met. No other despotism that, by sturdy blows, was

ever made to slough its unctuous skin, was ever so vigorous, ever so extended, or even so vigorously mean and malignant. Its toadies, like a pestilence, skipped all over the land. Its ministers, like their prototype in the garden of Eden, crawled up into the sacred desk and left their slime all over the blessed Bible and its pages. Honorable exceptions were there of men who always spoke forth for truth and justice—for God and humanity. The result of such a union in meanness was felt, like the lice of Egypt, everywhere—in the sugar which sweetened our coffee—in the edibles indigenous South—in the cotton thread which seamed our clothing—in the inner and outer garments to protect from the cold—in the tobacco weed of the tobacco worm—everywhere they met us, these products of a system which coolly calculated how long it would take to work up the flesh, the sinews, the bones, the blood, the mind, the soul of man; that stripped off MANHOOD, and left them standing, the trembling, naked hulk of THINGHOOD. That was despotism; that was American despotism.

Four years ago this power drove you to seek protection of monarchy. This power forbade you a safe resting-place anywhere within the borders of this broad land. To-day you stand erect, and the system which oppressed you has, by the providence of God and the hand of war, been sent reeling to its grave. The wave of blood, which for two hundred years has been sweeping over you and your interests, has, in the providence of God, been set backward, and for four years past it has been sweeping through the hearts and homes of the nation. Out of half a million hearts and homes those bloody waves have swept the brightest jewels God ever gave to poor human beings, swept and buried them out of sight forever, until He shall come to take them up and make them His jewels. On these successive waves of blood, rising higher and higher, year by year, the colored man has been borne on and up to freedom, and must be borne onward still, to full enfranchisement.

We have heard (said Mr. DAY) a great deal recently of the gallant bravery displayed by the colored man; but, continued the speaker, the present time is not the first in which the prowess of the black man has been evinced. It was displayed in the Revolutionary war, in 1812 and 1815, on many memorable occasions, and he has ever been earnest and faithful to the country. My father, on the waters of Lake Champlain, mingled his blood in the mountain wave that has burst upon our coast on behalf of American liberty, and upon which our ship of state is being tossed to-day, but which, in the providence of God, I do not doubt its riding safely through. Even the slave-masters of the South were not backward in acknowledging the bravery of the "negro boys," in

the war of 1812. "You know," he remarked humorously, "slavery has no eyes wherewith to recognize manhood in a slave."

The orator referred to the efforts of American slaves to be free, showing, he said, that the idea of liberty was constantly nursed by them. That however we might regard the efforts to be free, the men had evinced that love of liberty which had made heroes in every age. Coming to the country at the same time with the Pilgrims of Liberty, it was fitting that the colored man should unite with the Pilgrims, in the war of the Revolution, the war of 1812-15, and the late war, in order to rescue this land from the dominion of bondage. It is fitting and proper that they should meet here and march forward to freedom, for, as yet, the Pilgrim Fathers' idea is not on its feet. The Declaration of Independence is not yet fairly carried out, nor will it be, until, in every corner of the land, the black man, as well as the white, is permitted to enjoy all the franchises pertaining to citizens of the United States of America.

When Nathaniel Turner arose, the whole South trembled. When the Camden insurrection took place, the slaveholders, though armed and prepared, were surprised by the plans, and afterwards awed by the bearing of the despised, overborne black men—slaves. [Mr. Day detailed the circumstances, related to him by a slaveholder.] And the slaveholders thought they had quenched all the ideas of liberty, because they mangled the bodies and took the lives of these struggling men. Nay, nay! Liberty, continued he, is not flesh and blood. As Bulwer says of Opinion, so of this. Anything else they may destroy. They may conquer wind, water, nature itself, but to the progress of this secret, subtle element their imagination can devise, their strength accomplish, no bar. Chains cannot bind it, for it is immaterial—nor dungeons enclose it, for it is universal. All the heroes of all the ages, bond and free, have labored to secure for us the right we rejoice in to-day. To the white and colored soldiers of this war, led on as they were by our noble President and other officers, in the presence of some of whom I rejoice to-day, are we indebted, in the providence of God, for our present position. For want of time, I pass by any more detailed mention of the noble men and their noble deeds. Together they nobly labored—together they threw themselves into the breach which rebellion had made across the land, and thus closed up that breach forever. And now, in their presence, living and dead, as over the prostrate form of our leader, Abraham Lincoln—by the edge of blood-red waves, still surging, we pledge our resistance to tyranny, (I repeat,) whether in the iron manacles of the slave, or in the unjust written manacles of the free.

How best can we evince our gratitude, and make good our pledge? By acquirements in knowledge. We remember the aphorism of a great writer, in the play of King Henry VI:

“Ignorance is the curse of God—
Knowledge the wing whereby we fly to Heaven.”

Knowledge, religious, intellectual, social. This Lincoln Monumental Institute is a fitting memorial. It will be an additional monument of the colored people's gratitude, of the colored man's industry, of the colored man's executive ability, of the colored man's brains, of the colored man's fitness for every duty and every privilege.

Let it rise as our wing of the new temple of freedom. At its altar let genius minister. There let benisons be pronounced from the heart of a rising race. There let the riches of learning be brought, ready to be laid on the knee and in the lap of every colored child in the land. Let solid floors echo the patterings of a thousand feet, all going up, up, up through the dawn to a brighter morning. Let the niches in your gallery here be filled with the white figures of Lincoln, and Stanton, and Wendell Phillips, and Garrison, and Gerrit Smith, and John Brown, and Chase, and Seward, and many, many others; but let them also glisten with those of “God's image cut in ebony.” I repeat, let the Institute rise on our wing of the new temple of freedom. The old temple was the temple of despotism. Its height insultingly rose to heaven; its huge windows, shrouded in blackness, made visible the ghosts of even Christian priests at the altar; while before that altar was waving the smoking blood of innocent human victims. Its tapestry were the sinews of a crushed humanity. Its inner walls were stuccoed with the bones of the millions. Its angels, glistening in the sunbeam, were bedewed with diamonds of the first water, the crystal tears of the worse than widow and the more than orphan; while, drop by drop, the blood had made the rill, the rill the river, the river the sea, until, drop by drop, its flood, instinct with life, rose up and demanded repentance and justice, or retribution. Retribution came in the hand of God.

It is related in the diary of one of the writers of old that when the slave trade was at its height, a certain vessel loaded with its human freight started under the frown of God and came over the billows of the ocean. Defying God and man alike, in the open daylight, the slave was brought up from the hold and chained to the foot of the mast. The eye of the Omnipotent saw it, and bye and bye the thunders muttered and the lightnings played over the devoted vessel. At length the lightning leaped upon the mast and shivered it, and, as it did this, also melted the fetter

which fastened the black slave to it; and he arising unhurt, for the first time walked the deck a free man.

Our ship of state, the Union, has for eighty years gone careering over the billows; our slave has been chained to our mast in the open daylight, and in the focal blaze of the eighteen centuries gone by, and we have hurried on in our crime regardless alike of the muttering of the thunder and the flashes of the lightning, until in one devoted hour the thunderbolt was sped from the hand of God. The mast was shivered; the ship was saved; but, thank God, the slave was free. The monument we rear, therefore, to Abraham Lincoln is a monument to liberty. Here will it stand on the edge of fathomless waters, a beacon forever. Rising up against the dark sky behind, its burning light will cheer many a home now desolate; and, reflected across the dark waste around us, will be crystalized by hearts there into solid joy. Thus we shall gather in the youth, and thus, copying this Institution's effective example, we may each do duty for a race. We may not be a life-boat to go out upon the billows to save, but, in the language of my Scotch friend, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, we may each be a bell-rock tower, standing erect amid the stormy waters, where, during the day, the bell was rung, where during the night the fire was kindled, so that men are not saved from the wreck, but saved from being wrecked at all, and

"Your name and praise,
Which, in these slavish days,
So many vainly dream are soon to perish,
As in the coming age
They shine on history's page,
The proud shall envy and the good shall cherish."

At the conclusion of the oration, which was received with frequent bursts of applause, the venerable John Pierpont, whose name is so dear to every intelligent household in America, rose and delivered, with great effect, the following spirited poem, abounding with rare gems of thought, and with racy humor.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

From the beginning the Eternal Cause
Hath wrought according to eternal laws—
Laws on Himself imposed; and His almighty
Gives and obeys his law— "Let there be light!"
His great antagonist, the Evil One,
Says, as *his* first command, "Put out the sun!"

As poor Othello, jealous of his wife,
 Loving, yet goaded on to take her life,
 Steals in, his hand upon his dagger's handle—
 But finds himself unable while the candle
 Its beautifying beams upon her throws,
 Showing such loveliness in such repose,
 Steps back, o'erpowered, as would most other men—
 And, shaking, says, "Put out the light," and then—
 "I cannot kill her when I *see* my mark ;
 But I can do it if the room is dark!"
 So is it with all servants of the devil :
 They shun the light because their deeds are evil.
 'Twas thus with Booth. The murderer came by night,
 Skulked up unseen, though all around was light,
 And, when the deed was done—the warm blood spilt—
 Plunged into darkness, friendly to his guilt.
 Thus hath it been since man first slew his brother :
 Darkness and wrong have courted one another.
 The courtship ends in wedlock; then begins
 The large and fertile family of sins.
 The lazy loafer, when nought else is left,
 Must "stay his stomach upon fraud or theft ;"
 The swindler will, of course, the fraud deny ;
 And every theft is pregnant with a lie ;
 Then lie kills lie whene'er they meet abroad
 And fraud expires, stabbed by a sharper fraud.
 The burglar cuts his brother burglar's throat,
 And picks his pocket of a spurious note,
 Which he palms off to pay a gambling bet,
 Or bilks his butcher of an honest debt.

To such expedients knaves resort, to shirk
 God's first commandment— "Thou, to live, must work."
 Thanks for God's word to Adam when He said,
 "Thou with a sweating face, shalt eat thy bread."
 Many there are who deem this word a curse,
 Thinking, than labor there is nothing worse,
 A blessed curse, if curse we can it call,
 That in this sentence, followed "Adam's fall."
 Yet man, short-sighted man, has madly striven
 To avert this blessing of benignant Heaven.
 Has sought the pleasures and the power of wealth,
 By crafty artifice, by fraud, or stealth,
 To get his bread by some ingenious plan,
 Or by the sweating face of some more honest man.

The stronger savage, aye, his task will shirk,
 And make the weaker woman do his work.
 The conquering soldier came, in time, to yield
 Part of his trophies of the battle-field;
 Money, not mercy, prompted him to save
 His captive's life, and *sell him as a SLAVE!*
 Hence feuds were fanned to flame, and wars were waged,
 Hosts rushed to conflict and the battle raged,
 Not that each chief his foeman's blood might spill;
 His aim to capture, rather than to kill.
 The victor spared the foe he might have slain,
 Tied him with thongs or bound him with a chain,
 And kept him toiling in his field or fold,
 Or to another gave him up for gold.
Thus Slavery came, by God and man abhorred,
 Its ugly parents—avarice and the sword.
 Its only office, that hard work he shun,
 Whereby all glory, all true wealth are won.
 To real greatness man is never *born*.
 Nor yet do idle hands fill Plenty's horn.
 The leaky craft, just on destruction's brink,
 Says to the seaman, "Work your pump or sink!"
 The frozen field, beneath whose surface lie
 Undug potatoes, says, "Root hog, or die!"
 And the first law by God imposed on man
 Which, we have seen, in Paradise began,
 Imposed to shield the race from want and vice,
 And which, obeyed, makes earth a paradise,
 Is clearly stated by the Apostle Paul,
 In terms that must be understood by all;
 And which, in one line we will here repeat:
 "*Who will not labor, neither let him eat.*"
 Slavery, reversing this divine command,
 Lifts to insulted heaven her lily hand,
 Waving her sword or brandishing her dirk,
 And swears that *she* will neither starve *nor* work;
 And hence has striven *this* ordinance to fix,
 For all the last four thousand of the six
 Of our bright planet's periods round the sun,
 Since man on earth his race began to run,
 Namely: "Regardless of the right or wrong,
 "The weak shall labor to support the strong.
 "Who labors not shall live on finest wheat,
 "Who labors not shall feast on fattest meat.

" Who fets and kills the ox, his bones may gnaw ;
 " Who sows and reaps the wheat, may eat the straw ;
 " The idlest hands shall stuff the busiest jaws ;
 " These are my fixed, my fundamental laws."

What is the good wherewith this code is fraught ?
 What are the blessings slavery hath brought ?
 Ay, where, in the wide field that she has trod,
 And o'er it plied her shackles and her rod,
 Hath not this fiend left traces of her hand,
 Diffused her blight, and pressed her burning brand ?
 Where hath she brought a single blessing ? Where
 A sweeter flower, or a more balmy air ?
 More richly robed the earth in golden corn, }
 Sung holier hymns to heaven at even or morn, }
 Or with more fruits filled Amalthea's horn ?

Ancient Dominion, where the bondman's tread,
 First on our shores was felt, lift up thy head !
 Thy loving arms were first around him thrown,
 In thine embrace he loosed thy virgin zone.
 Closest and longest to thy bosom prest,
 Thou'st held the laboring bondman to thy breast,
 Lift up thy head—once proud,—and show thy race
 What are the fruits of that long, close embrace !
 What did the bondman find thee when ye met ?
 What hath he left—he hath not left thee yet.

He found thee fairest of the sister train :
 Thy broad deep rivers rolling to the main ;
 From the wood-crowned Blue Ridges, that divide
 Ohio's waters from the ocean tide ;
 Thy valleys, fertile as the fields, that smile,
 In green and gold, along the ancient Nile.
 Thy hill sides, dark with naval oaks and pines,
 And teeming with their coal, and iron mines ;
 Thy waterfalls, echoing among those hills,
 And clamorous for employment on thy mills,
 That from the thundering car and groaning wain,
 Would take thy sacks, bursting with golden grain,
 And, with their arms unwearied, fill with bread
 Each lordly mansion and each humble shed,
 That its blue wreath of smoke would ever send
 Up to the genial skies, that o'er thee bend ;
 While, in thine inland sea, their sails unfurled,
 Might ride secure the navies of the world.

Such was thy beauty, such thy noble dower,
 Couched, as a queen, beneath thy leafy bower,
 In thy rich robes of flowers and foliage dressed,
 By balmy breezes lovingly caress'd,
 Thou fairest, richest, proudest of the States,
 When, to the slave, thou openedst first thy gates.

What hath been wrought upon thee by his hand?
 Thy wasted forests, thine exhausted land,
 Thy fields unfenced, thy cattle few and lean,
 Thine ancient mansions fall'n, thy new ones mean,
 Thy broad-leaved, poisonous plant that shades thy soil,
 And makes the laborer languish at his toil,
 The withering flowers that deck thy faded face,
 Lazy unthrift, and labor in disgrace,
 These show the world,—and they may read who run—
 The work that thy blind slaves, and lords more blind, have done.

Ancient Dominion, have I done thee wrong?
 Say'st thou my colors are laid on too strong?
 Then will I gladly lay my pencil down,
 And trust thou wilt not blast me with thy frown
 If I exhibit of thy blighted land,
 Thy portrait painted by a friendly hand.
 The great Missourian's picture thou shalt see;
 Thou knew'st him well, and well did he know thee.

Missouri's Senator, well known to Fame,
 Whom some "the Old Roman," some "Old Bullion" name,
 Thus paints thy land along Potomac's side,
 Near where Virginia's and the Nation's pride,
 Thrice honored lived, and long-lamented, died.

"Throughout this region, long by slavery cursed,
 Behold man's progress upon earth reversed.
 Backwards and downwards everything goes on:
 Houses delapidated, tenants gone.
 Where once were crowds there now is ample room;
 Fields, fertile once, are now grown up with broom.
 No crops, no fences now the plains adorn;
 Grass and pine saplings take the place of corn.
 As men grow scarce, wild beasts more frequent prowl,
 The fox grows bolder, oftener hoots the owl,
 And hungry wolves are heard more savagely to howl.
 The tenant's lot, who here puts in his seed,
 Is hopeless, is deplorable indeed;
 In vain does he solicit, day by day,
 Gravel and grit and still more heartless clay.

The corn and oats, that man and horse demand,
 He brings not from these fields of pine and sand.
 Not long ago, I passed this region o'er,
 My journey lay along Potomac's shore,
 As the broad-bosomed river gently sweeps,
 Near where the Father of his Country sleeps.
 Riding along the rough highway, and thinking,
 I know not what—as Horace says*— a clinking
 I heard among the stones, on the hillside.
 I checked my horse, and, looking up, espied
 Some negro laborers hoeing with their hoes,
 Digging small holes, in equidistant rows,
 And burying something in them. So I cried
 'What are you doing there?' A slave replied—
 'We're planting corn, sir, in these gravel beds.'
 'What plant ye with it?' Answer, 'Herring heads.'
 'Why plant ye herring heads with corn?' said I.
 'To make the corn come up,' was the reply.
 Again I asked, 'How many heads do you
 Plant, to each grain of corn?' He answered, 'Two.'
 'Well, how high grows it, thus manured, I beg?'
 'About so high,' measuring upon his leg!
 Mother of Presidents, once haughty land,
 Behold thy portrait by a master's hand!

One artist more depicts thy state forlorn;
 Native is he, and "to the manner born."
 His handiwork may fascinate thine eyes;
 High-born is he, and *nominally* Wise.
 Stumping the State its highest chair to gain,
 And, history tells us, stumping not in vain,
 This limner, true to nature, thus bewails
 His mother's fate: "Commerce her fickle sails
 Long since has spread and sailed from you away;
 Plowing no more the bosom of your bay;
 Your coal mines, richer than are mines of gold,
 Remain undug, till your own hearths are cold.
 Your iron foundries wait impatient for
 Trip-hammer, such as Vulcan wields, or Thor.
 Nor of your coarsest cotton, do you spin
 Enough to hide your negroes' naked skin.
 Of commerce, manufactures, arts, bereft,
 Nought, but the culture of your ground, is left.

* Nescio quid meditant.—Hor.

And *such* a culture! He that owns the fee
 Leases his land, and skins the poor lessee ;
 The poor lessee, by his unskilful toil,
 Takes his revenge, and skins, in turn, the soil.
 Instead of farms, where each his acres tills,
 Then cattle feeding upon clovered hills,
 We see the landlord's hireling overseer,
 His hunger whetted to its keenest edge,
 For a tough steak, chasing his stump-tailed steer,
 Through swamps undrained, and patches rank with sedge."'
 Such was Virginia, stripped of all disguises,
 As painted by the *wisest of her Wises*.

To that low point had slavery brought down
 Proud old Virginia ere she hanged John Brown ;
 And the same cause, that wrought Virginia's fall,
 Was, like the cholera, sweeping over all,
 That sat in darkness, on the plains that spread
 'Twi' Rio Grande's and Potomac's bed,
 Where Abel tilled the ground and Cain eat up the bread. }
 Brown saw Virginia as she, languid stood,
 In her slave shambles selling her own blood,
 And would have freed her laborer from his chains,
 And clothed with verdure her old naked plains ;
 But she would still on her destroyer doat,
 And hug the vampyre closer to her throat,
 Till, as her pulses faint and fainter throb,
 Finding that she must either die or rob,
 She bargains with her sisters, who combine,
 Such as fair Flora and warm Caroline,
 To lay their hands on all that they can get
 To eat at leisure and not pay the sweat.

The boldest backwoods hunter justly fears
 The hungry wolf, he holds but by the ears.
 Seeing his bold's so weak, the brute so strong,
 That, without help, he cannot hold him long,
 And fearing that, if he lets go, his grim
 And wide-mouthed game will soon make game of him,
 Calls on his fellow-huntsmen for their help,
 In keeping down and mastering the whelp ;
 And if his neighbors come not at his call,
 He grows profane, and swears he'll whip them all ;
 So our man-hunters, grappling with a foe,
 They scarce can hold, and dare not let him go,
 Call, in their terror, upon Northern smiths
 And woodmen, for new fetters and green withes,

To bind their shaggy Sampson in his mill,
 To help them hold, and keep him grinding still,
 Nor *him* alone, his children must they bind,
 Build them more mills wherein his boys may grind,
 Purchase new acres at their proper cost,
 Get new Virginias for them to exhaust,
 Throw up new dykes 'gainst Freedom's overflow
 And to her surges say "No farther go!"
 And now, forsooth, because those neighbors stand,
 Look calmly on, and lend no helping hand,
 To their demand for aid, make no reply,
 Or, coolly say "We've our own fish to fry;
 "Good friends, we're weary of this thankless task,
 "We've given you more than you've a right to ask;
 "'Till now, we've helped you in your time of need,
 "Conceded till we can no more concede,
 "Done for you all that should or *will* be done,
 "So, hold your wolf yourselves, or—let him run"—
 Our Nimrods—mighty hunters—grow profane,
 Break *Three* commandments, *take God's name in vain*,
Steal from their neighbors, till they've stolen their fill,
 And then, proceed to bully and to *kill*.

And that is War! But War, that burns and blights,
 God makes his minister, and clothes with rights:
 The right a bond-man's fetters to unclasp,
 To wrest the sceptre from a rebel's grasp,
 And say, "Lay down your cow-skin and your dirk,
 "And take your choice, sir, *starve*, or *go to work!*"

This said the man, raised up and sent, through grace,
 To be "a prince and savior" of a race;
 A race long doomed to servitude and scorn;
 But through this Prince's word, to freedom born.
 The man to whom the bloody hand of War
 Brought the commission, so long waited for,
 "Deliverance to the captives" to proclaim,
 Like him whose name "is above every name."
 For him a Nation's eyes with tears are dim:
 He slavery slew, then slavery murdered him.
 But, in a race redeemed, he made his mark
 On History's page. But that race, O how dark—
 When darkness covered all the cloud-wrapped land,
 And the Oppressor laid his heaviest hand,
 Upon its eye-balls, to "put out the light"
 Of hope and science from both soul and sight—

Must it now be, when from its "long despair,"
Brought out to feel the sun, and breathe the upper air!

Father of lights! for these, thy children, long
Held in the dark, by robbery and wrong,
Held, groping on in more than Egypt's night,
Hear we not now thy word "Let there be light?"
For them did'st Thou a great Deliverer raise,
For him we all now offer Thee our praise;
And, that his name may never be forgot,
Would his redeemed ones, near the holy spot,
Where his great word went forth, and where he fell,
Build up a monument, the world to tell,
The gratitude, that all, who now are free,
Should feel, and *do* feel both to him and Thee.
Not such a monument as Egypt's kings
Built for their bones; but such a one as brings
Out, from the hidings of oblivion's veil,
The hallowed name of Harvard or of Yale;
Within whose shadow, thirsty youths, who think,
With Solomon, that "light is sweet," may drink,
From the sweet fountain Thou hast made o'erflow
From all thy works, above, around, below
Fountain of *Knowledge*, that, like thine own grace,
Debars no color, and excludes no race,
Where every child may see that, every hour
He's gaining knowledge, he is gaining power;
The power to labor for the common weal;
To soothe some grief, some malady to heal;
And, by example, to make all men see,
That it is best for all, that all men should be free.

Our Lincoln Monument of One shall speak,
Like Moses faithful, and like Moses meek;
Who led thy people through a redder sea
Than Israel passed, to light and liberty.
Of him, who, humbly trusting in the Lord,
Moved by thy Holy Spirit, spake thy word;
And, as that word was plainly, *firmly*, spoken,
The bond-man's chains fell off, the tyrant's rod was broken.

The Honorable HENRY WILSON, United States Senator from Massachusetts, was then introduced to the audience as the author of the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and also of the bill to abolish the black laws in the District of Columbia. The eloquent words of this distinguished Senator seemed to send

an electric thrill through the vast crowd; and their joy, as he gave utterance to assurances the most cheering, seemed at times to know no bounds. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens of the United States: When I left my home in Massachusetts, I intended to spend this hallowed day among the graves of the brave men who fell at Gettysburg, in aiding to consecrate a monument to the heroes of the "grand old Army of the Potomac," who there fronted the legions of the rebellion, and there broke the power of treason forever in America. (Cheers.) Business—not yet completed—forced me to spend the day in the National Capital, and I came here to meet free men, and listen to the words of humanity, of justice, and of liberty. I have listened to an orator of your own race, and I say to you, that within the broad limits of the North American Republic, there will be few speeches uttered, to-day, superior to the one he addressed to you. I have listened, too, to the voice of one, that for more than thirty years in my own Massachusetts, I have been accustomed to listen to and admire. I can hardly hope, after you have listened to such utterances, to say anything that will add to the joy of the grand occasion; but as you have asked me to say a word, I will not shrink from saying it. (Applause.) Here, to-day, in the capital of my country, surrounded by this throng of my fellow citizens, black and white, I say—and if my voice could reach to the Rio Grande, I would utter it—that slavery is dead and *buried* forever. ("Thank God!" Applause) And I say further—and I want you to remember and carry it to your homes, to-night, and tell it to your neighbors, and let it go from neighbor to neighbor across the continent—that the freedmen of the United States shall be protected in all their rights. (Immense cheering.) Slavery has robbed your cradles; it shall rob them no more. (Applause.) Slavery has sold your children; it shall sell them no more. (Cheers) Slavery had its auction blocks; they are gone forever. Slavery had its bloodhounds; they shall bay on the track of your race no more. (Loud and continued cheering.)

Let the late slave-masters understand this. Let every rebel in the country, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, understand it, that their power, their authority over the black man of this continent, has passed away forever. (Cheers.) I want them to understand, in the language of the New York *Herald*, of yesterday, that "Slavery is destroyed, and with its death, the compromises of the Federal Constitution, the laws of Congress, the black laws of the late slave States, and of the free States, and all the political dogmas and ideas upon which this system of slavery de-

pended, must be numbered among the things of the past. The Dred Scott interpretation of the Constitution from the Supreme Court, under which the negro has no political rights which a white man is bound to respect, goes, with all this other rubbish, into the dumping-ground of slavery" (Immense applause.) And I serve a notice here, to-day, upon them, that I am preparing a bill that I intend to introduce on the first day of the next Congress, for the personal liberty of every freedman of the Republic. (Applause.) I want them to understand, further, that I belong to a body of men that are accustomed to sleep on the field of victory (cheers;) a class of men that accept the doctrines of the New Testament; that accept as the living faith of the North American Republic, the Declaration of Independence; a class of men that represent the principles of liberty, humanity, and justice; and a class of men that never were, and never can be defeated. (Applause.) If any doubt it, let them look back for the last thirty years, and they will doubt no longer.

When I came here, a young man, twenty-nine years ago last May, I didn't know anybody in Washington, and nobody had any reason to know me. I went across to the Island, saw the infamous Williams' slave pen; saw the poor people manacled and marched down to the river-side, and shipped off to the "far South." I went up to the Capitol—to the House of Representatives—and saw the slave-masters "laying on the table" the petitions of the Christian men and women of this country against this abominable traffic in human bodies. In the pride of their power they thought they could crush out the spirit of the people. I went back to Massachusetts, filled with pity for the hapless bondman, and with defiance to his oppressor. I found noble men and Christian women devoting all they had and all they hoped to be, to the cause of the oppressed, and I linked my name with theirs; and, for these thirty years, I have acted with anti-slavery men, who have put up parties and put down parties, and *can do it again*. (Immense cheering.)

I saw a grand old party, led by Clay and Webster, and other men of eminent talent and character, yield to the tempter, bow humbly at the feet of the slave power—and then I saw it die. (Applause.)

I saw an "American" organization spring up; they spoke for liberty and voted for liberty, but they were seduced by the slave oligarchy, and I stood by their grave soon after. (Applause.)

I saw the old "Democratic" party—a party that could commit more offences against humanity, while professing to be its champion, than any other party that has ever existed, ingloriously defeated—its leaders beaten. I have seen State after State—under its acknowledged influence—plunge into the vortex of revolution

and civil war; and, after four years of bloody struggle, have seen it overwhelmed and overthrown, from Canada to Mexico. (Applause.)

Casting aside the mere obligations of partisanship, standing on the eternal principle of right, anti-slavery men have broken the powerful political organizations and smitten down the leaders that have been recreant to liberty. They have sworn upon the altar of patriotism, to stand erect, in vindication of the rights of man in America; and so long as there is a right not secured or a wrong unredressed, they are ready to act with, to build up or pull down political organizations, and public men.

I have an undeviating faith in these men; they have been tried at all times and in every form, but they have marched steadily onward, achieving victory after victory, and they will not shrink from any contest that may come up in the great work of consummating freedom for all men in America. (Applause.) I say to you colored men, here to-day, that ninety-five of every hundred of the men who, in November last, voted for Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, are standing now shoulder to shoulder for the emancipation and the protection of your race, by just, humane, and equal laws. (Cheers.) They believe, with Andrew Johnson, that *"all men should have a fair start and an equal chance in the race of life, and that merit should be rewarded without regard to color."* In their memories will linger for ever the immortal words of the martyred Lincoln: "The ballot of the black man, in some trying time to come, may keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom."

You were kind enough, Mr. Chairman, to refer to the fact that I had introduced the bill, which passed, abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and also to the measure annulling the black laws, and making the colored man liable only for the same offences and triable and punishable for the same offences in the same measure as white men. That bill which, with some amendments, became the law, under which three thousand men, women, and children were emancipated, and the National Capital made for ever free, was drawn, at my request, by the ready and accurate pen of Col. Key, of Ohio, then with me on the staff of General McClellan. When that bill was pending, we were assured that if it became the law, if we struck the manacles from your hands, that the poor houses would be thronged, the prisons crowded, that riots and bloodshed and civil war would come. The bill passed—you thronged the churches of the living God to utter thanks and gratitude. Three years have passed away, and here you are, more intelligent, stronger, truer than ever to yourselves and your country. ("That's so—every one." Cheers.)

They told us your brothers in the South would obey their mas-

ters; that they would fight for their rebel leaders, and against us. Is there a man here, to-day, that has seen a rebel black man in this contest? Go from here to the Rio Grande, and you will find no one who has ever seen a rebel black man. They have been God-fearing and law abiding. In the whole history of this country there is nothing more sublime than the record of the black man in this struggle. They have endured indignity and death; they have stood by our brave soldiers and sailors in the thickest fights; they have guided them against the enemy; they have aided our suffering men in escaping from starving prisons, and given them food and shelter. To-day, there are tens of thousands of them who can look upon the shining arms in their hands and feel the proud satisfaction of having rendered efficient service to their country. They stood by their country in the hour of peril, and their country will stand by them in its hour of victory. ("Good, good," and great cheering.) Should there be any one in the country who doubts this, I charge him to "possess his soul with patience;" his doubts will be solved within the next twelve months.

Men, whose prophetic utterances have ever been falsified by facts, tell us that the loyal black men, who have been true to this country when their homes were in possession of armed legions, when slave-masters dominated and controlled vast regions, would, if they possessed the ballot, vote as their now defeated masters should dictate—not as God and their country should bid them. They who trusted in their God and remained ever loyal to their country and its defenders, when the power of the slave-masters was unbroken, are to be false to their country, to freedom, and themselves, when the power of their old masters is broken and their pride humbled! If there ever was an utterance that had not the remotest semblance of reason in it, it is that utterance.

We are told that the power to confer or withhold the right of suffrage rests with the States. I declare to you, to-day, that if the Government of the United States had said to the rebels after their surrender, after they had been humbled into nothingness, after treason had murdered President Lincoln: "We shall hold your rebellious States with the military power of the nation till you are ready to renew your practical relations, ('that's the doctrine;')—we do not intend that the cause of this rebellion, which has cost us three hundred and twenty-five thousand lives, and three thousand millions of dollars, shall, in any form, make another revolution; we have no revenges; we will spare your forfeited lives and property, but you must accept the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery; you must amend your constitutions, making it forever impossible to hold property in man; you must repeal your humiliating and degrading black codes, and give suffrage to the loyal men of the country without distinction

of color;"—every rebel State, South Carolina included, would have, within a hundred days, accepted these conditions. The rebel States would have accepted these conditions with alacrity, and every farseeing Union man, of the loyal States, would have approved the placing of the weapon of self-protection into the hands of the enfranchised freedmen. I am not here to find fault with the Government, however, though I fear that the golden moment to secure justice, and base our peace on the eternal principle of right, was not taken. I have faith in the motives and purposes of the administration, and shall keep my faith, unless it shall be broken by future deeds. I have faith in the motives and purposes of President Johnson, who told the colored men in the capital of his own Tennessee, that he would be their Moses. Andrew Johnson will, I am sure, be to you what Abraham Lincoln would have been, had he been spared to complete the great work of emancipation and enfranchisement.

Pardoned rebels and rebels yet unpardoned flippantly tell us that they hold in their hands, yet red with loyal blood, the rights of loyal colored men, of the heroes scarred and maimed beneath the dear old flag. I tell these repentant and unrepentant but conquered and subdued rebels, that while they hold the suffrage of the loyal black men in their hands, we, the loyal men of America, hold in our hands their lost privilege to hold office in the civil service, army or navy. The Congress of the United States has placed upon the statute-book a law forever prohibiting any one who has borne arms against the country, or given aid, comfort, and countenance to the rebellion, from holding any office of honor, profit, or emolument in the civil, military, or naval service of the United States. "Gentlemen of the rebel States, you loved office in the past; you deemed yourselves specially ordained to fill them; there is not one of you who can have one of those offices until this matter is settled. You hold the rights of the loyal black man in your hand; I hold your lost privilege to hold office under the Federal Government in mine. I am generally opposed to compromises, but I may be inclined to agree to this compromise with you. When you allow the black man to vote, we, the loyal men of the country, may consent to allow you, repentant and pardoned rebels, to hold office under the Constitution. (Applause.) Remember that Executive pardons don't give you the privilege of holding office or putting your empty hands into the Treasury. Congress and a loyal people hold you in their power; and they will exact justice before they grant privileges." (Cheers.)

You, sir, invited Mayor Wallach to be here to-day, but I don't see him. I have a sort of dim idea that if you held the right of suffrage, Mayor Wallach and perhaps the whole city government

would be here. (Cheers.) To insure the attendance of the Mayor of Washington next year, I would suggest that you early send your petitions to Congress asking for the ballot. ("We will.") I am a Yankee and have the right to guess, and I guess you will get it. (Great applause.)

At home and in Congress I have ever labored to secure to the colored men of my country equality of rights before the law. I would give to all men, white and black, equal, just, and humane laws—the same that I ask for myself and kindred. Having ever battled for your rights, I hope you will allow me to offer on this occasion a few words of advice and admonition. ("We will.") It is said by our enemies that the black man will not work without a lash upon his back. I don't believe it. (A voice: "I know it ain't so.") I want you to prove by deeds that your enemies have misjudged you. Deeds, not words, must silence your enemies, vindicate the confidence of your friends. Never be idle. Cultivate the brain and the hand. Engage in the varied industries demanding the trained head and the skillful hand. Be temperate, frugal, economical. Get homes. Though they be ever so humble, they will be dear to you, for the laws of your country will make them sacred. Educate your children, so that their future may be brighter than your past or present. Follow not the example of men who sat in the shade and punished poor whisky while you were driven to unpaid toil under a burning sun; but imitate the industry, thrift, and economy of the hardy sons of toil, who till the fields and fill the workshops where labor is honored and laboring men respected. God made you as he made the rest of us, to gain your bread by the sweat of your faces, not to force or steal it from other men. Slave masters must now learn this hard lesson. They went into civil war to get the right to carry slaves into the territories, and they come out of it without the right to hold slaves in the States. (Great applause.) Those slaveholders who expect to pass laws to oppress or punish you for your loyalty will find themselves mistaken. We don't intend to have any such laws, and if they pass them we will annul them in the Congress of the United States. I want them to understand that. (Cheers.)

Advance high your standard of rights duties, and responsibilities. Call none master but God. Walk with your forehead to the skies. Don't insult any man, nor allow any man to insult you. Don't strike any man, nor allow yourselves to be struck. Let it henceforth and forever be understood by friend and foe, anywhere and everywhere, that you are free—as free—to think, speak, and act as any men that breathe God's air or walk his green earth. (Cheers.) Let the late slave masters, from the Potomac to the Mexican line, fully understand that you are amenable to the same laws as themselves, that you are to be tried for their violation in

the same manner and punished in the same degree. (Cheers.) Let them know that henceforth you will utter your own thoughts, make your own bargains, enjoy the fruits of your own labor, go where you please throughout the bounds of the Republic, and none have the right to molest or make you afraid. (Applause.) If my voice to-day could penetrate the ear of the colored men of my country, I would say to them that the intelligence, character, and wealth of the nation imperatively demands their freedom, protection, and the recognition of their rights. I would say to them: "Prove yourselves by patience, endurance, industry, conduct, and character worthy of all that the millions of Christian men and women have done and are doing to make for you—that Declaration of Independence, read here to-day—the living faith of United America." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Following the speech of Senator WILSON, interesting remarks were made by Senator HAHN, of Louisiana, and by Gen. GREGORY, after which the assembly quietly dispersed.

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