

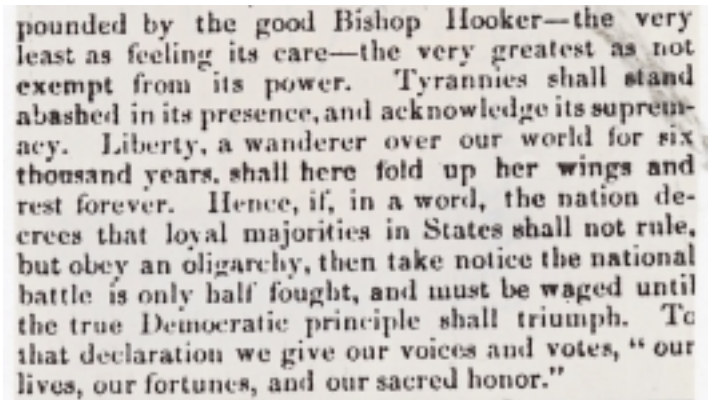
Our future is in our own keeping. I do not look for full justice to-day, or to-morrow, but the next day, as surely as that four years of war have passed, and 200,000 black Minervas, fully armed, have sprung from the brain of the white Jupiter of this land. My motto is, ask for justice—ask respectfully—of those who have withheld it; but ask earnestly, and sleep on your arms. Trust in the people, but trust far more in yourselves. This spirit, unitedly exhibited, will win the day. Even Gov. Perry (the loyal disloyal Provisional Governor of South Carolina) is but the chaff before the wind in a conflict of principles. Let him rave. Let him deprecate. Let him warn. The majority of the people of South Carolina are colored people—always loyal of course—and Provisional Governor Perry does not represent them. I look to the Americans who profess to believe in majority ruling, to see that such an incubus shall be removed. Such an “experiment” as Governor Perry should not be continued long enough to make Democratic institutions a mockery. That “experiment” will pass away, and the freedom not merely, but the enfranchisement of the colored people be secured. It must come. No man or men can resist the decrees of God. We read it on blood-red waves. We read it on battle-fields four years back. We read it on half a million lives given, cheerfully given, that liberty in this land might be more than a name. We read it in the history of the good man gone, Abraham Lincoln, who, in 1859, did not think it necessary to give the ballot to any colored man, but who, in 1865, was willing to give it to the colored soldier, and the intelligent colored citizen.

Our future is in our own keeping. I do not look for full justice to-day, nor to-morrow, but the next day, as surely as that four years of war have passed, and 200,000 black Minervas, fully armed, have sprung from the brain of the white Jupiter of this land. My motto is, ask for justice—ask respectfully—of those who have withheld it; but ask earnestly, and sleep on your arms. Trust in the people, but trust far more in yourselves. This spirit, unitedly exhibited, will win the day. Even Gov. Perry (the loyal disloyal Provisional Governor of South Carolina) is but the chaff before the wind in a conflict of principles. Let him rave. Let him deprecate. Let him warn. The majority of the people of South Carolina are colored people—always loyal of course—and Provisional Governor Perry does not represent them. I look to the Americans who profess to believe in majority ruling, to see that such an incubus shall be removed. Such an “experiment” as Governor Perry should not be continued long enough to make Democratic institutions a mockery. That “experiment” will pass away, and the freedom not merely, but the enfranchisement of the colored people be secured. It must come. No man or men can resist the decrees of God. We read it on blood-red waves. We read it on battle-fields four years back. We read it on half a million lives given, cheerfully given, that liberty in this land might be more than a name. We read it in the history of the good man gone, Abraham Lincoln, who, in 1859, did not think it necessary to give the ballot to any colored man, but who, in 1865, was willing to give it to the colored soldier, and the intelligent colored citizen.

I wear my Lincoln badge yet. I feel like wearing it until the nation shall return to Mr. Lincoln's latest and safest policy. I see, therefore, the States reorganized merely sufficiently so to include every native male 21 years of age of some kind, whether he be black as night or white as the icicle that's dwindled by the frost from the purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple. I see this Government made one by black and white hands, yielding up to black men thus, effort after effort, a portion of Government control. I see the schools thrown open for the black child as for the white. I see black and white priests ministering together at the altars of religion. I see black men elected to petty and then to higher offices in the State. I see preferment open to the black man, even to the Presidential chair. I see everywhere respect for brains and worth, moral and material. I see everywhere the recognition of the normal principle, "Man is man, and no man is more." I see, therefore, internal peace unbroken for ages. I see a pure government striving for the interest of the weaker members of it. I see power everywhere stooping to protect the poor. I see a nation clinging to justice, the admiration of the world. I see a civilization, not of head merely, but of heart—a civilization unlike any except one which this tyrant-ridden world has ever seen—a civilization manufactured out of world thoughts, world sympathies, world loves. It shall go forth on the wings of the morning, a bright angel visiting the homesteads of all, and leaving over every relationship of life a blessed influence borrowed, as it were, from that law ex-

I wear my Lincoln badge yet. I feel like wearing it until the nation shall return to Mr. Lincoln's latest and safest policy. I see, therefore, the States reorganized merely sufficiently so to include every native male 21 years of age of some kind, whether he be black as night or white as the icicle that's dwindled by the frost from the purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple. I see this Government made one by black and white hands, yielding up to black men thus, effort after effort, a portion of Government control. I see the schools thrown open for the black child as for the white. I see black and white priests ministering together at the altars of religion. I see black men elected to petty and then to higher offices in the State. I see preferment open to the black man, even to the Presidential chair. I see everywhere respect for brains and worth, moral and material. I see everywhere the recognition of the normal principle, "Man is man, and no man is more." I see, therefore, internal peace unbroken for ages. I see a pure government striving for the interest of the weaker members of it. I see power everywhere stooping to protect the poor. I see a nation clinging to justice, the admiration of the world. I see a civilization, not of head merely, but of heart—a civilization unlike any except one which this tyrant-ridden world has ever seen—a civilization manufactured out of world thoughts, world sympathies, world loves. It shall go forth on the wings of the morning, a bright angel visiting the homesteads of all, and leaving over every relationship of life a blessed influence borrowed, as it were, from that law ex-

pounded by the good Bishop Hooker—the very least as feeling its care—the very greatest as not exempt from its power. Tyrannies shall stand abashed in its presence, and acknowledge its supremacy. Liberty, a wanderer over our world for six thousand years, shall here fold up her wings and rest forever. Hence, if, in a word, the nation decrees that loyal majorities in States shall not rule, but obey an oligarchy, then take notice the national battle is only half fought, and must be waged until the true Democratic principle shall triumph. To that declaration we give our voices and votes, “our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.”



pounded by the good Bishop Hooker—the very least as feeling its care—the very greatest as not exempt from its power. Tyrannies shall stand abashed in its presence, and acknowledge its supremacy. Liberty, a wanderer over our world for six thousand years, shall here fold up her wings and rest forever. Hence, if, in a word, the nation decrees that loyal majorities in States shall not rule, but obey an oligarchy, then take notice the national battle is only half fought, and must be waged until the true Democratic principle shall triumph. To that declaration we give our voices and votes, “our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.”