

MR. PRESIDENT—As one of your speakers to-day, I feel myself embarrassed by two opposite and conflicting feelings: one is a painful and distressing sense of my incapacity for the duty which you have imposed upon me, and the other is an irrepressible desire to do o[r] say something effective for a cause which is dearer to me than my heart's blood. Sir, I need not say here that I belong to that class who, at the South, are bought, sold, leased, mortgaged, and in all respects treated as absolute property: I belong to the class who, here at the North, are declared, by the highest tribunal known to your government, to possess 'no *rights* that a *white* man is bound to respect.'

I say *your* government—it is not mine. Thank God, I have no willing share in a government that deliberately, before the world, and without a blush, declares one part of its people, and that for no crime or pretext of crime, disfranchised and outlawed. For such a government, I, as a man, can have no feeling but of *contempt, loathing, and unutterable abhorrence!* And, sir, I venture to affirm that there is no man in this audience, who has a spark of manhood in him, who has a tittle of genuine self-respect in his bosom, that will not justify me in these feelings.

What are the facts in the case? What is the attitude of your boasting, braggart republic toward the 600,000 free people of color who swell its population and add to its wealth? I have already alluded to the dictum of Judge Taney in the notorious Dred Scott decision. That dictum reveals the animus of the whole government; it is a fair example of the cowardly and malignant spirit that pervades the entire policy of the country. The end of that policy is, undoubtedly, to destroy the colored man, as a man,

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to prevent him from having any existence in the land except as a 'chattel personal to all intents, constructions and purposes whatsoever.' With this view, it says a colored man shall not sue and recover his lawful property; he shall not bear arms and train in the militia; he shall not be a commander of a vessel, not even of the meanest craft that creeps along the creeks and bays of your Southern coast; he shall not carry a mail-bag, or serve as a porter in a post-office; and he shall not even put his face in a United States court-room for any purpose, except by the sufferance of the white man. I had occasion, a few days since, to go to the United States court-room in the city of Philadelphia. My errand was a proper one; it was to go bail for one of the noble band of colored men who had so bravely risked their lives for the rescue of a brother man on his way to eternal bondage. As I was about entering the door, I was stopped, and ordered back. I demanded the reason. 'I have my orders,' was the reply. What orders? 'To keep out all colored people.' Now, sir, who was the man that offered me this indignity? It was Deputy-Marshall Jenkins, the notorious slave-catcher. And why did he do it? Because he had his orders from pious, praying, Christian Democrats, who hold and teach the damnable doctrine that the 'black man has no rights that the white man is bound to respect.' It is true that Marshal Yost, to whom I indignantly appealed, reversed this man's orders, and apologized to me, assuring me that I could go in and out at my pleasure. But, sir, the apology made the matter worse; for, mark you, it was not me personally that

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was objected to, *but the race* with which I stand identified. Great God! who can think of such outrages, such meanness, such dastardly, cowardly cruelty, without burning with indignation, and choking for want of words with which to denounce it? And in the case of the noble little band referred to, the men who generously, heroically risked their lives to rescue the man who was about being carried back to slavery; look at their conduct; you know the circumstances. We recently had a slave trial in Philadelphia—no new thing in the city of '*Brotherly Love*.' A victim of Virginia tyranny, a fugitive from Southern injustice, had made good his escape from the land of whips and chains to Pennsylvania, and had taken up his abode near the capital of the State. The place of his retreat was discovered; the bloodhounds of the law scented him out, and caught him; they put him in chains and brought him before Judge Cadwalader—a man whose pro-slavery antecedents made him a fitting instrument for the execution of the accursed Fugitive Slave law. The sequel can easily be imagined. Brewster, a leading Democrat—the man who, like your O'Connor of this city, has the unblushing hardihood to defend the enslavement of the black man upon principle—advocated his return. The man was sent into life-long bondage. While the trial was going on, slaveholders, Southern students and pro-slavery Market-street salesmen were freely admitted; but the colored people, the class most interested, were carefully excluded. Prohibited from entering, they thronged around the door of the courthouse. At last the prisoner was brought out, handcuffed and guarded by his captors; he was put into a carriage which started off in the direction of the

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South. Some ten or twelve brave black men made a [r]ush for the carriage, in hopes of effecting a rescue; [t]hey were overpowered, beaten, put under arrest and carried to prison, there to await their trial, before this same Judge Cadwallader, for violating the Fugitive Slave law! Mark you, they may go into the court-room as *prisoners*, but not as *spectators*! They may not have an opportunity of hearing the law expounded, but they may be punished if they make themselves chargeable with violating it!

Sir, people talk of the bloody code of Draco, but I venture to assert, without fear of intelligent contradiction, that, all things considered, that code was mild, that code was a law of love, compared with the hellish laws and precedents that disgrace the statute-books of this modern Democratic, Christian Republic! I said that a man of color might not be a commander of the humblest craft that sails in your American waters. There was a man in Philadelphia, the other day, who stated that he owned and sailed a schooner between that city and different ports in the State of Maryland—that his vessel had been seized in the town of Easton, (I believe it was,) or some other town on the Eastern Shore, on the allegation that, contrary to law, there was no white man on board. The vessel constituted his entire property and sole means of supporting his family. He was advised to sue for its recovery, which he did, and, after a long and expensive litigation, the case was decided in his favor. But by this time the vessel had rotted and gone to wreck, and the man found himself reduced to beggary. His business in Philadelphia was to raise \$50 with which to take himself and family out of this cursed land, to

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a country where liberty is not a mockery, and freedom a mere idle name!

Sir, look for a moment at the detestable meanness of this country! What was the cause of your war of the Revolution? The tyrannical doctrine of taxation without representation! Who was the first martyr in your revolutionary war? Crispus Attucks, a negro. It was a black man's blood that was the first to flow in behalf of American independence. In the war of 1812, what class of your inhabitants showed themselves more unselfishly loyal and patriotic than the free people of color? None, sir. In Philadelphia the colored people organized themselves into companies, and vied with their more favored fellow-citizens in the zeal of their efforts to guard and protect the city. In Louisiana their bravery and soldier-like behavior was such as to elicit the warmest encomiums from General Jackson, the commander-in-chief of the Southern army. Listen to the language of General Jackson on that memorable occasion:—

'HEADQUARTERS, SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT,  
Mobile, September 21, 1814. }

*To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana:*

Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild

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and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence. Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. With the sincerity of a soldier, and in the language of truth, I address you.

To every noble-hearted free man of color, volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty, in money and lands, now received by the white soldiers of the United States—namely, one hundred and twenty-four dollars in money and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

Due regard will be paid to the feelings of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with white men, in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons, or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen. To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrolments, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address.

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ANDREW JACKSON,  
*Major-General Commanding.*

This was the language of General Jackson at the opening of the campaign. Now hear him at its close:

‘Soldiers—When, on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your white fellow-citizens, I expected much from you; for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy; I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign; I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, wife, children and property—you have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things. Soldiers! the President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardor.

‘The enemy approaches, his vessels cover our lakes; our brave citizens are united; all contention has ceased among them; their only dispute is who shall win the prize of valor, or who the most glory, its noblest reward. By order,

‘THOS. BUTLER, Aid-de-Camp.’

Sir, much as this country is indebted to the colored people for their aid in times of war, they are under still greater obligations for their services in time of peace. They have tilled your soil; their labor, South and North, has been a mine of wealth to you. Believe

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‘Our free colored population form a distinct class from those elsewhere in the United States. Far from being antipathetic to the whites, they have followed in their footsteps, and progressed with them, with a commendable spirit of emulation, in the various branches of industry most adapted to their sphere. Some of our best mechanics and artisans are to be found among the free colored men. They form the great majority of carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c., whose sudden emigration from this community would certainly be attended with some degree of annoyance; while we count them, in no small numbers, excellent musicians, jewellers, goldsmiths, tradesmen and merchants. As a general rule, the free colored people of Louisiana, and especially of New Orleans, the “creole colored people,” as they style themselves, are a sober,

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industrious and moral class, far advanced in education and civilization. From that class came the battalion of colored men who fought for the country under General Jackson in 1814-15, and whose rem[n]ants, veterans whom age has withered, are taken by the hand, on the anniversary of the glorious eighth of January, by their white brethren, and who proudly march with them under the same flag.'

Sir, what class of your population are more peaceable and orderly than the free people of color? Who makes your mobs on your canal lines, and in the construction of your railroads? Who swell your mobs in your beer gardens, and in your Sunday excursions? Who make your Native and Anti-Native American mobs? Your Forrest and Macready mobs, which the military have to be called out to put down? I am sure, not the colored people! Not the native-born Americans who have tilled your soil in times of war, and whose reward has been disfranchisement and threatened annihilation, but your foreign-born European immigrants of yesterday—men 'who can't speak your language, and don't respect your laws. These are the people who are invested with all the franchises of the country, including that of trampling on the black man. These are the people who are, at the same time, the most turbulent and most insolent class of the whole American population. I am not what is called a Native American—I don't believe in measuring a man's rights either by the place of his birth or the color of his skin. I believe in the equal natural rights of all men; and hence it is that I protest against the anti-republican and unjust distinctions in favor of a stranger and foreigner against a native-born

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American, against whom no charge can be made except that of the complexion which the Almighty God has given him.

But, sir, narrow and proscriptive as, in my apprehension, is the spirit of what is called Native Americanism, there is another thing I regard as ten-fold more base and contemptible, and that is your American Democracy—your piebald and rotten Democracy, that talks loudly about equal rights, and at the same time tramples one-sixth of the population of the country in the dust, and declares that they have ‘no rights which a white man is bound to respect.’ And, sir, while I repudiate your Native Americanism and your bogus Democracy, allow me to add, at the same time, that I am not a Republican. I could not be a member of the Republican party if I were so disposed; I am disfranchised; I have no vote; I am put out of the pale of political society. The time was in Pennsylvania, under the old Constitution, when I could go to the polls as other men do, but your modern Democracy have taken away from me that right. Your Reform Convention, your Pierce Butlers—the man who, a year ago, put up nearly four hundred human beings on the block in Georgia, and sold them to the highest bidder—your Pierce Butlers disfranchised me, and I am without any political rights whatever. I am taxed to support a government which takes my money and tramples on me. But, sir, I would not be a member of the Republican party if it were in my power. How could I, a colored man, join a party that styles itself emphatically the ‘white man’s party’? How could I, an Abolitionist, belong

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to a party that is and must of necessity be a pro-slavery party? The Republicans may be, and doubtless are, opposed to the extension of slavery, but they are sworn to support, and they *will* support, slavery where it already exists. Sir, elect Wm. H. Seward, that noblest Roman of them all, to the Presidency to-morrow, and the slaveholders of the South will have in that fact a guarantee of safety in the possession of their human property such as the election of no other man can give them. Sir, Mr. Seward believes in an 'irrepressible conflict between enduring and antagonistic forces.' But what intelligent slaveholder of the South does not believe the same thing? Sir, don't let us be carried away by fine-sounding abstractions; let us have something practical; give us a weaker man; give us another James Buchanan, or Franklin Pierce, and we will have an irrepressible conflict that all men can see and understand—a conflict like that which took place between the anti-slavery missionaries and pro-slavery planters of Jamaica—a conflict which precipitated the act of emancipation by the British Government, which set free in a day 800,000 human beings!

No, sir, I am not a Republican. I can never join a party, the leaders of which conspire to expel us from the country. This is what your Bateses and Wades, Blairs, Doolittles and Greeleys are now doing. It is true they talk of doing it with our 'own consent.' But what of that? Let it once be settled in the public mind that we ought to leave the country, and it will not be long till measures are taken to compel us to leave. It is the old spirit of African Colonization revived under a new name; it is the old snake with a new skin—nothing more, nothing less. Sir, what

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‘Whereas our ancestors (not of choice) were the first successful cultivators of the wilds of America, we, their descendants, feel ourselves entitled to participate in the blessings of her luxuriant soil, which their blood and sweat enriched; and that any measure, or system of measures, having a tendency to banish us from her bosom would not only be cruel, but in direct violation of those principles which have been the boast of this republic.’

Now, sir, in connection with this, let me read an extract from the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Greeley was replying to an article in the *Detroit Free Press*. Hear what he says:—

‘Now, we cannot presume to give advice in the premises, because we make no pretensions to special interest in or liking for the African race. We love liberty, equality, justice, humanity—we will maintain the right of every man to himself and his own limbs and muscles; for in so doing we maintain and secure our own rights; but we do not like negroes, and heartily wish no individual of that race had ever been brought to America. We hope the day will come

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when the whole negro race in this country, being fully at liberty, will gradually, peacefully, freely draw off and form a community by themselves, somewhere to-Africa or the West Indies.'

Mr. Greeley may, as he says, love liberty, &c., but I say that any man who can thus gratuitously express his dislike for an oppressed race, and thus wantonly disregard their feelings, however much of a political reformer he may be, is lacking in the nobler sentiments of a man and the instincts of a true gentleman. Mr. Greeley and other Republican leaders in the party seem disposed to put this Colonization project into their creed, or make it a plank in their platform. Let them do so, and they will sink their party so deep in the abyss of perdition that the trump of the angel Gabriel would not bring it to a resurrection.

Sir, have these men, who talk thus flippantly about not 'liking the negro race,' no feeling, or do they suppose we have none? Are we not men? 'Have we not eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?' Sir, in contrast with the feelings manifested by Greeley and other Republican leaders towards the colored man, look at that noble martyr and saint, the immortal hero of Harper's Ferry! John Brown believed what he professed, and practised what he believed:

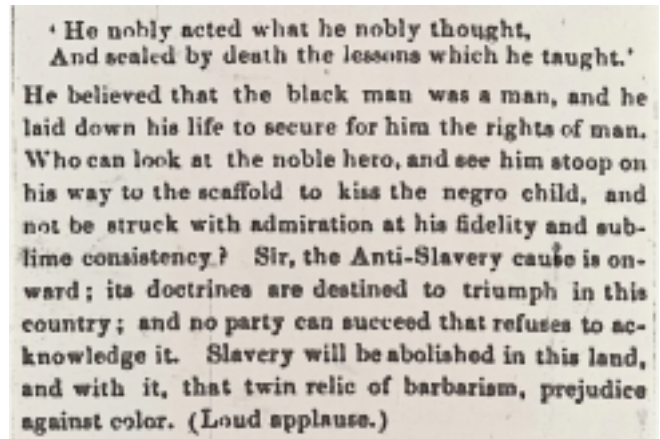
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‘He nobly acted what he nobly thought,  
And sealed by death the lessons which he taught.’

He believed that the black man was a man, and he laid down his life to secure for him the rights of man. Who can look at the noble hero, and see him stoop on his way to the scaffold to kiss the negro child, and not be struck with admiration at his fidelity and sublime consistency? Sir, the Anti-Slavery cause is onward; its doctrines are destined to triumph in this country; and no party can succeed that refuses to acknowledge it. Slavery will be abolished in this land, and with it, that twin relic of barbarism, prejudice against color. (Loud applause.)



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