

[AT a Mass Convention of the colored citizens of Ohio, held at Cleveland, Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1852, the orator of the occasion, WILLIAM H. DAY, Esq., in the course of his address, said:—]

“ ‘Of the services and sufferings of the colored soldiers of the Revolution,’ says one writer, ‘no attempt has, to our knowledge, been made to preserve a record.’ This is mainly true. Their history is not written. It lies upon the soil watered with their blood: who shall gather it? It rests with their bones in the charnel-house: who shall exhume it? Their bodies, wrapped in sacks, have dropped from the decks where trod a Decatur and a Barry, in a calm and silence broken only by the voice of the man of God—‘We commit this body to the deep;’ and the plunge and the ripples passing, the sea has closed over their memory forever. Ah! we have waited on shore and have seen the circle of that ripple. We know, at least, where they went down; and so much, to-day, we come to record.

“We have had in Ohio, until very recently, and if they are living, have here now, a few colored men who have thus connected us with the past. I have been told of one, recently, in the southern portion of the State.

“Another, of whom we all know, has resided, for many years, near Urbana, Champagne county. He was invited to, and expected at, this meeting. Father Stanup (as he is familiarly called) has lived to a good old age. He has been afflicted with recent sickness, and it may have prostrated him permanently. The frosts of a hundred winters will shrivel any oak; the blasts of a century will try *any* vitality. The aged soldier must soon die. O, that liberty, for which he fought, might be bequeathed to his descendants! The realization of that idea would smooth his dying pillow, and make the transit from this to another sphere a pleasant passage. I am credibly informed, that the age of Mr. Stanup is one hundred and nine; that he was with General Washington; and that his position, in this respect, has been recognized by officers of the Government.”

AT a Mass Convention of the colored citizens of Ohio, held at Cleveland, Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1852, the orator of the occasion, WILLIAM H. DAY, Esq., in the course of his address, said:—

“ ‘Of the services and sufferings of the colored soldiers of the Revolution,’ says one writer, ‘no attempt has, to our knowledge, been made to preserve a record.’ This is mainly true. Their history is not written. It lies upon the soil watered with their blood: who shall gather it? It rests with their bones in the charnel-house: who shall exhume it? Their bodies, wrapped in sacks, have dropped from the decks where trod a Decatur and a Barry, in a calm and silence broken only by the voice of the man of God—‘We commit this body to the deep;’ and the plunge and the ripples passing, the sea has closed over their memory forever. Ah! we have waited on shore and have seen the circle of that ripple. We know, at least, where they went down; and so much, to-day, we come to record.

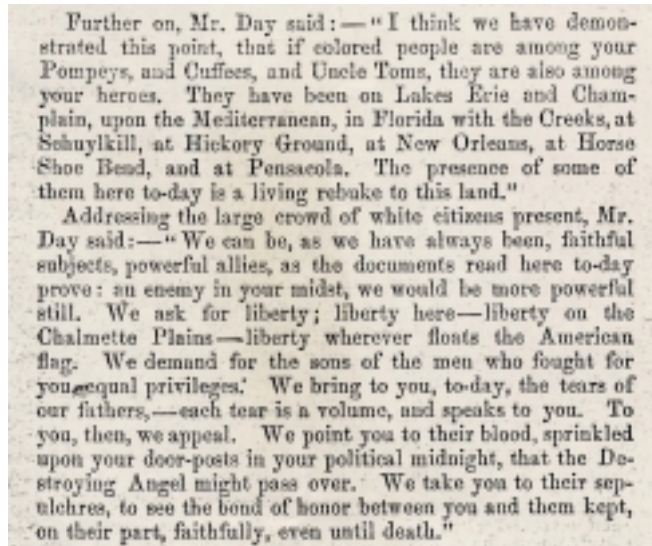
“We have had in Ohio, until very recently, and if they are living, have here now, a few colored men who have thus connected us with the past. I have been told of one, recently, in the southern portion of the State.

“Another, of whom we all know, has resided, for many years, near Urbana, Champagne county. He was invited to, and expected at, this meeting. Father Stanup (as he is familiarly called) has lived to a good old age. He has been afflicted with recent sickness, and it may have prostrated him permanently. The frosts of a hundred winters will shrivel

any oak; the blasts of a century will try *any* vitality. The aged soldier must soon die. O, that liberty, for which he fought, might be bequeathed to his descendants! The realization of that idea would smooth his dying pillow, and make the transit from this to another sphere a pleasant passage. I am credibly informed, that the age of Mr. Stanup is one hundred and nine; that he was with General Washington; and that his position, in this respect, has been recognized by officers of the Government.”

Further on, Mr. Day said:—"I think we have demonstrated this point, that if colored people are among your Pompeys, and Cuffees, and Uncle Toms, they are also among your heroes. They have been on Lakes Erie and Champlain, upon the Mediterranean, in Florida with the Creeks, at Schuylkill, at Hickory Ground, at New Orleans, at Horse Shoe Bend, and at Pensacola. The presence of some of them here to-day is a living rebuke to this land."

Addressing the large crowd of white citizens present, Mr. Day said:—"We can be, as we have always been, faithful subjects, powerful allies, as the documents read here to-day prove: an enemy in your midst, we would be more powerful still. We ask for liberty; liberty here—liberty on the Chalmette Plains—liberty wherever floats the American flag. We demand for the sons of the men who fought for you, equal privileges. We bring to you, to-day, the tears of our fathers,—each tear is a volume, and speaks to you. To you, then, we appeal. We point you to their blood, sprinkled upon your door-posts in your political midnight, that the Destroying Angel might pass over. We take you to their sepulchres, to see the bond of honor between you and them kept, on their part, faithfully, even until death."



Further on, Mr. Day said:—"I think we have demonstrated this point, that if colored people are among your Pompeys, and Cuffees, and Uncle Toms, they are also among your heroes. They have been on Lakes Erie and Champlain, upon the Mediterranean, in Florida with the Creeks, at Schuylkill, at Hickory Ground, at New Orleans, at Horse Shoe Bend, and at Pensacola. The presence of some of them here to-day is a living rebuke to this land."

Addressing the large crowd of white citizens present, Mr. Day said:—"We can be, as we have always been, faithful subjects, powerful allies, as the documents read here to-day prove: an enemy in your midst, we would be more powerful still. We ask for liberty; liberty here—liberty on the Chalmette Plains—liberty wherever floats the American flag. We demand for the sons of the men who fought for you, equal privileges. We bring to you, to-day, the tears of our fathers,—each tear is a volume, and speaks to you. To you, then, we appeal. We point you to their blood, sprinkled upon your door-posts in your political midnight, that the Destroying Angel might pass over. We take you to their sepulchres, to see the bond of honor between you and them kept, on their part, faithfully, even until death."