

Rev. Mr. RAYMOND (who appeared to have about one-fourth, or even less, of dark blood in him) then came forward led by the hand, being partially blind, and on taking hold of Hamlet, he said, "praise God," and shook him warmly by the hand.

Rev. Mr. RAYMOND, then holding Hamlet's hand, said:—Will the audience observe that I am partially blind, yet I see James Hamlet, whose hand I hold; yesterday he was a chattel, to-day he is a man. (Cheers.) It is impossible to express the gratitude we feel to those friends who saved him by raising a subscription, and especially Mr. Woodgate, who went on to Baltimore and brought him back to his wife and children. As a Christian minister, as a fellow-traveller to the same eternity, I welcome him home. This is an epoch in the history of the colored population, and we enjoy a privilege to-day that I thought I never would see. We have come here, men, women and children, not to defend the rights of any particular party, but the party of Jesus Christ. (Cheers.) To the Mayor we return thanks for permitting us to stand on these steps to-day. We do it with all humility, though I never felt the spark of liberty kindling in my old bones as it has done to-day. Where are his children? Where the handcuffs that were applied to his delicate arms? They are left behind in Baltimore, to rust. I cannot but refer to that hell-concocted scheme, the fugitive slave bill. If the Hon. Mr. Seward were here, he would speak the sentiments of his mind, and say that the scheme was conceived in the bottomless pit, which Millard Fillmore signed in Washington. I prayed for that man, that his hand might be withered up, and the ink dried in the pen, before he committed so wicked an act. Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! and ye

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infernal regions hear it in all your subterranean caverns, that Millard Fillmore has signed that bill! Thank God there is a conscience in this and other cities of the Union, that will yet wipe that bill from the statute book. I am proud that I am an American. I am of French descent, hailing for Old Virginia. We are a peace-loving people, law-abiding, and we are not assembled here for the purpose of striking down our fellow men; but if we are compelled to defend our liberties, even with our lives, we shall do so. (Loud cheering.) Thanks to the *New York Sun*, which has defended the rights of the colored citizens. The *Journal of Commerce*, too, has thrown out remarks that will tell throughout the land. (Here a colored brother whispered to the speaker.) I am told that the *Journal of Commerce* is against the cause, but lent its influence towards the purchase of this man.

[A voice in the crowd—Give the devil and Caesar their due.]

Rev. Mr. RAYMOND—What has the *New York Tribune* done? Horace Greeley was a man we all honored: but to this moment his paper is silent on the outrage committed. Where is the *Tribune*? Where is Greeley? I would have expected that he would have stood side by side with Seward.

[A VOICE—He is there.]

Rev. Mr. RAYMOND. Yes he is there; but does he speak through his paper on the wrong done to the colored men? I vote three groans for the *Tribune*. Our thanks are due to the Mayor, and we ought to express them by cheers. (Loud cheers.) I beseech you, Hamlet, take not flight to Canada, nor hide in the woods,

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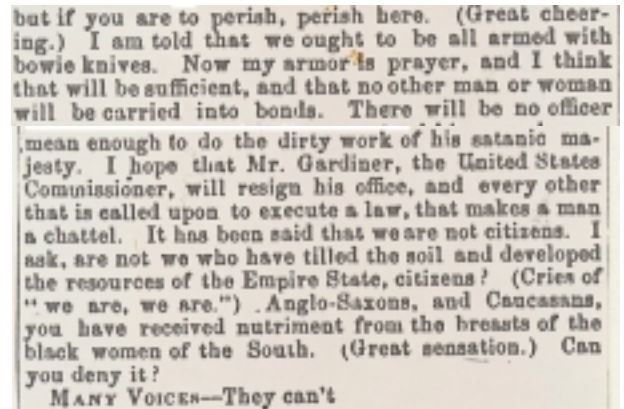
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but if you are to perish, perish here. (Great cheering.) I am told that we ought to be all armed with bowie knives. Now my armor is prayer, and I think that will be sufficient, and that no other man or woman will be carried into bonds. There will be no officer mean enough to do the dirty work of his satanic majesty. I hope that Mr. Gardiner, the United States Commissioner, will resign his office, and every other that is called upon to execute a law, that makes a man a chattel. It has not been said that we are not citizens. I ask, are not we who have tilled the soil and developed the resources of the Empire State, citizens? (Cries of 'we are, we are!') Anglo-Saxons, and Caucasans, you have received nutriment from the breasts of the black women of the South. (Great sensation.) Can you deny it?

[MANY VOICES—They can't]



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