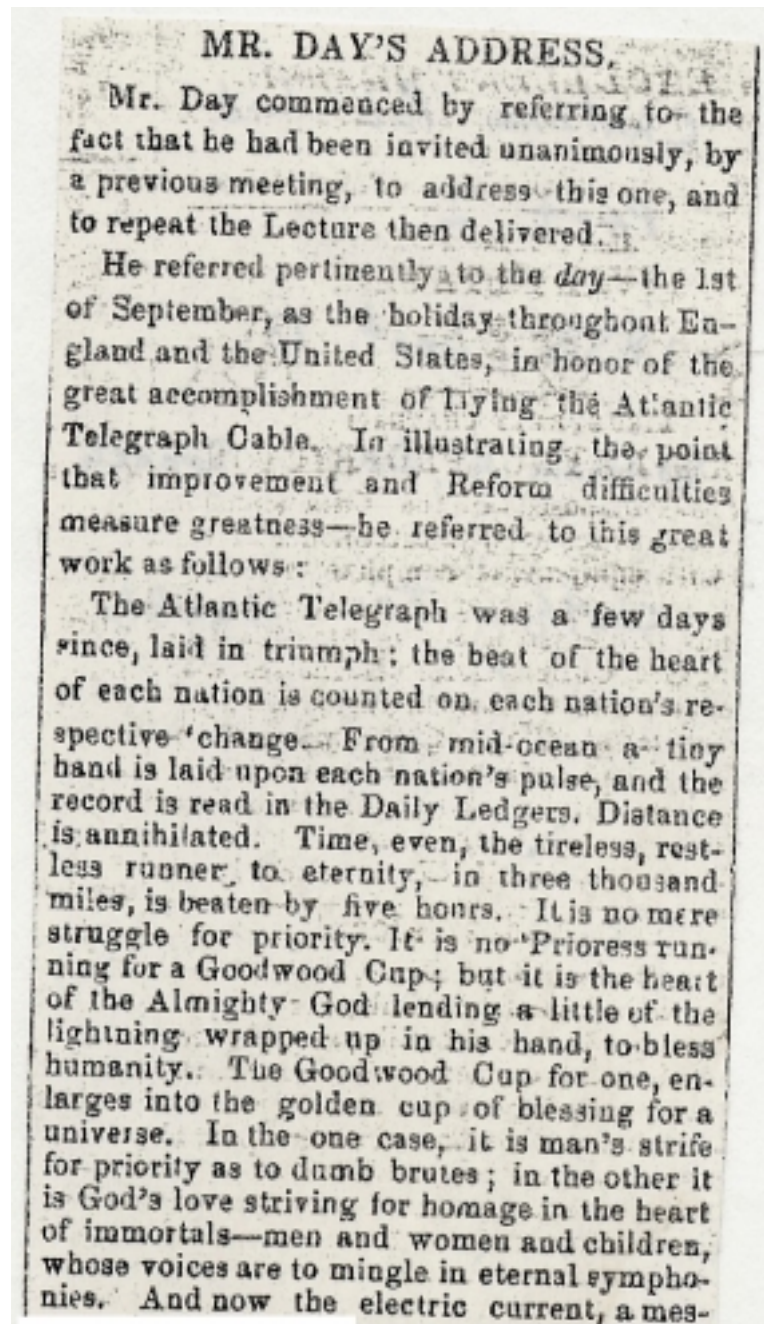


MR. DAY'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Day commenced by referring to the fact that he had been invited unanimously, by a previous meeting, to address this one, and to repeat the Lecture then delivered.

He referred pertinently to the *day*—the 1st of September, as the holiday throughout England and the United States, in honor of the great accomplishment of laying the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. In illustrating the point that improvement and Reform difficulties measure greatness—he referred to this great work as follows:

The Atlantic Telegraph was a few days since, laid in triumph; the beat of the heart of each nation is counted on each nation's respective change. From mid-ocean a tiny hand is laid upon each nation's pulse, and the record is read in the Daily Ledgers. Distance is annihilated. Time, even, the tireless, restless runner to eternity, in three thousand miles, is beaten by five hours. It is no mere struggle for priority. It is no Prioress running for a Goodwin Cup; but it is the heart of the Almighty God lending a little of the lightning wrapped up in his hand, to bless humanity. The Goodwin Cup for one, enlarges into the golden cup of blessing for a universe. In the one case, it is man's strife for priority as to dumb brutes; in the other it is God's love striving for homage in the heart of immortals—men and women and children, whose voices are to mingle in eternal symphonies. And now the electric current, a mes-

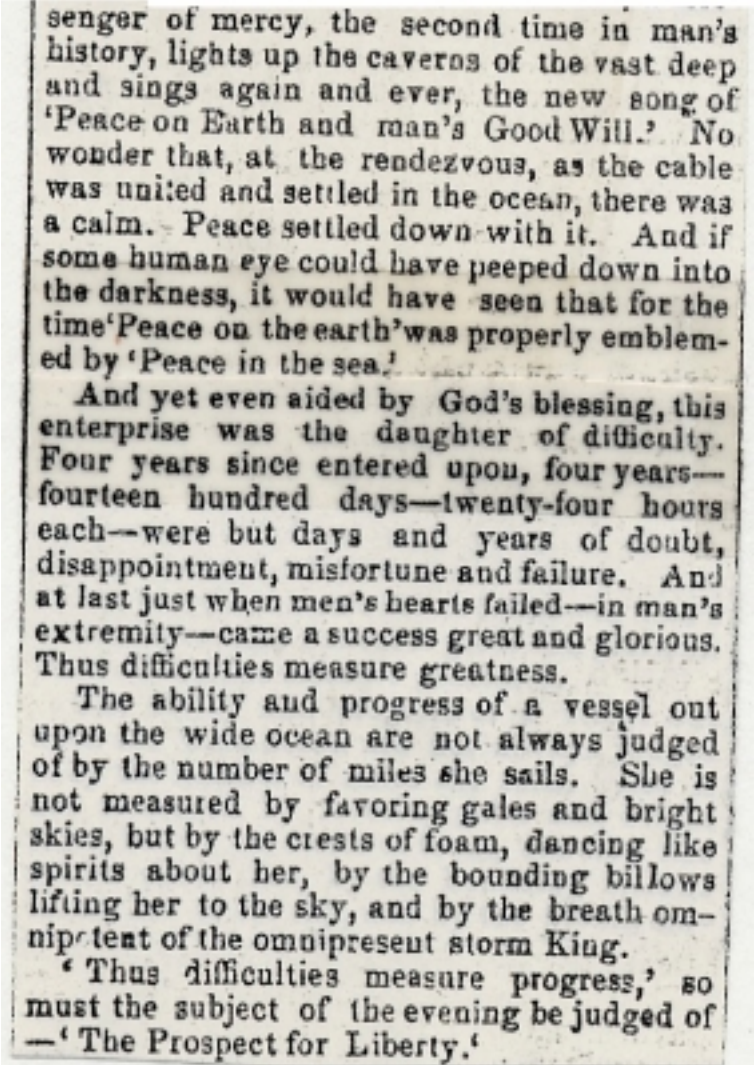


senger of mercy, the second time in man's history, lights up the caverns of the vast deep and sings again and ever, the new song of 'Peace on Earth and man's Good Will.' No wonder that, at the rendezvous, as the cable was united and settled in the ocean, there was a calm. Peace settled down with it. And if some human eye could have peeped down into the darkness, it would have seen that for the time 'Peace on the earth' was properly emblemized by 'Peace in the sea.'

And yet even aided by God's blessing, this enterprise was the daughter of difficulty. Four years since entered upon, four years—fourteen hundred days—twenty-four hours each—were but days and years of doubt, disappointment, misfortune and failure. And at last just when men's hearts failed—in man's extremity—came a success great and glorious. Thus difficulties measure greatness.

The ability and progress of a vessel out upon the wide ocean are not always judged of by the number of miles she sails. She is not measured by favoring gales and bright skies, but by the crests of foam, dancing like spirits about her, by the bounding billows lifting her to the sky, and by the breath omnipotent on the omnipresent storm King.

'Thus difficulties measure progress,' so must the subject of the evening be judged of—'The Prospect for Liberty.'



senger of mercy, the second time in man's history, lights up the caverns of the vast deep and sings again and ever, the new song of 'Peace on Earth and man's Good Will.' No wonder that, at the rendezvous, as the cable was united and settled in the ocean, there was a calm. Peace settled down with it. And if some human eye could have peeped down into the darkness, it would have seen that for the time 'Peace on the earth' was properly emblemized by 'Peace in the sea.'

And yet even aided by God's blessing, this enterprise was the daughter of difficulty. Four years since entered upon, four years—fourteen hundred days—twenty-four hours each—were but days and years of doubt, disappointment, misfortune and failure. And at last just when men's hearts failed—in man's extremity—came a success great and glorious. Thus difficulties measure greatness.

The ability and progress of a vessel out upon the wide ocean are not always judged of by the number of miles she sails. She is not measured by favoring gales and bright skies, but by the crests of foam, dancing like spirits about her, by the bounding billows lifting her to the sky, and by the breath omnipotent of the omnipresent storm King.

'Thus difficulties measure progress,' so must the subject of the evening be judged of—'The Prospect for Liberty.'

Mr. Day went on to say: 'To hundred and forty years ago, two spectacles met the eye in the neighboring Republic, one the advent of a band of freemen—the other of a company of slaves. One professedly escaping oppression, and entering upon liberty—the other seized and sold into eternal bondage. Both had crossed the ocean: one willing, the other unwilling; and landing almost simultaneously, the shout of the freeman and the wail of the bondman were heard together, forming a duet which, if you will listen, you will still hear to-night coming across the blue water near us, and asking, appealing, beseeching for sympathy. As the prow of the *Mayflower* scraped upon the Rock of Plymouth there was heard a voice for 'Freedom to worship God,' which, with the gathered strength of two hundred years, comes to us to-night, as the John the Baptist of 'Freedom for Humanity.' And therefore the fitness of that wail that comes up still from the Prison House, freighted with miseries unutterable, and appealing to us, by the humane ties linking us to each, and the golden tie binding each to the heart of God, that we listen to aid, and aid as we are able.'

The speaker then entered upon slavery as as an existence—as a fixture upon American soil—as to the manner in which it became part and parcel of the new communities—and consequently of the difficulty, even then, of dislodging it—of the honorable character of slavery and the slave trade acquired on ac-

Mr. Day went on to say : ' Two hundred and forty years ago, two spectacles met the eye in the neighboring Republic, one the advent of a band of freemen—the other of a company of slaves. One professedly escaping oppression, and entering upon liberty—the other seized and sold into eternal bondage. Both had crossed the ocean : one willing, the other unwilling ; and landing almost simultaneously, the shout of the freeman and the wail of the bondman were heard together, forming a duet which, if you will listen, you will still hear to-night coming across the blue water near us, and asking, appealing, beseeching for sympathy. As the prow of the *Mayflower* scraped upon the Rock of Plymouth there was heard a voice for ' Freedom to worship God,' which, with the gathered strength of two hundred years, comes to us to-night, as the John the Baptist of ' Freedom for Humanity,' And therefore the fitness of that wail that comes up still from the Prison House, freighted with miseries unutterable, and appealing to us, by the humane ties linking us to each, and the golden tie binding each to the heart of God, that we listen to aid, and aid as we are able.'

The speaker then entered upon slavery as as an existence—as a fixture upon American soil—as to the manner in which it became part and parcel of the new communities—and consequently of the difficulty, even then, of dislodging it—of the honorable character of slavery and the slave trade acquired on ac-

count of habit—of the increase of slaves from 1612 to 1776, from twenty to five hundred thousand. Mr. Day cited the action of philanthropists, some of them even upon slave soil, to remove the growing evil—of the voice of the People set forth in the evident truth that ‘all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that governments are instituted for the protection of these rights—intimating that not only is it the business of governments to secure rights to *all men* within its pale, but that the government which does not so secure them, is not just.’ Said Mr. Day—‘I do not desire improperly to refer to that struggle, but I remark that a seven years’ war was waged, professedly in the defence of these assertions. The blood red letters of Liberty were written all over the face of the Country, and the rights professedly thus guarded, were the rights not of a class, but the rights of human nature.

Mr. Day then gave a vivid description of the sentiment of the Republic partywise and otherwise, from 1787, 1808, 1816, 1835, 1850, 1854 to now—showing the strides of Bondage and the yielding of Liberty, commencing with the denial of the axiom of the equality of man. After citing the new position taken, Mr. Day remarked as a consequence, law is but a name; justice is merely a myth; and

count of habit— of the increase of slaves from 1612 to 1776, from twenty to five hundred thousand. Mr. Day cited the action of philanthropists, some of them even upon slave soil, to remove the growing evil—of the voice of the People set forth in the evident truth that ‘all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that governments are instituted for the protection of these rights—intimating that not only is it the business of governments to secure rights to *all men* within its pale, but that the government which does not so secure them, is not just.’ Said Mr. Day—‘I do not desire improperly to refer to that struggle, but I remark that a seven years’ war was waged, professedly in the defence of these assertions. The blood red letters of Liberty were written all over the face of the Country, and the rights professedly thus guarded, were the rights not of a class, but the rights of human nature.

Mr. Day then gave a vivid description of the sentiment of the Republic partywise and otherwise, from 1787, 1808, 1816, 1835, 1850, 1854 to now — showing the strides of Bondage, and the yielding of Liberty, commencing with the denial of the axiom of the equality of man. After citing the new position taken, Mr. Day remarked as a consequence, law is but a name; justice is merely a myth; and

the books, even, heretofore singing of, and saying for Liberty, are blurred all over by the black brand of the red-hot iron of bondage. Thus it lays its palsying hand even upon the Free. The national tune in every time and trade, business and profession is slavery. Even the pulpit is not exempt from its power. Aye, to-night, the lips of thirty thousand professing ministers of Christ dare not speak the letters which tell the wretched slave of Liberty. And therefore the curse rolls on its leaden waves, bearing upon its bosom the Rights, the Hopes, the dearest interests of millions of Immortals.

Go to Plymouth Rock and the influence of Slavery is eating it down grain by grain.

Go to Bunker Hill, where the granite shaft lifts its head to Heaven professedly for Liberty, and Senator Toombs threatens to call the roll of his slaves at its base.

Go up the heights of the Hudson, where the palisades rise in native grandeur as the ramparts of Liberty, and the sentinel is found stark and cold—murdered at the out-post.

Go where the blood red feet of the soldiery for professed Freedom pressed the snows of Jersey, and you find the slave still toiling.

Go anywhere, and everywhere over that land, and haggard fiends, in the shape of enactments breathe upon you only to blast every hope of Liberty.

Can there be a prospect for Liberty there? We shall see. But now, every rood of earth

the books, even, heretofore singing of, and saying for Liberty, are blurred all over by the black brand of the red-hot iron of bondage. Thus it lays its palsying hand even upon the Free. The national tune in every time and trade, business and profession is slavery. Even the pulpit is not exempt from its power. Aye, to-night, the lips of thirty thousand professing ministers of Christ dare not speak the letters which tell the wretched slave of Liberty. And therefore the curse rolls on its leaden waves, bearing upon its bosom the Rights, the Hopes, the dearest interests of millions of Immortals.

Go to Plymouth Rock and the influence of Slavery is eating it down grain by grain.

Go to Bunker Hill, where the granite shaft lifts its head to Heaven professedly for Liberty, and Senator Toombs threatens to call the roll of his slaves at its base.

Go up the heights of the Hudson, where the palisades rise in native grandeur as the ramparts of Liberty, and the sentinel is found stark and cold—murdered at the out-post.

Go where the blood red feet of the soldiery for professed Freedom pressed the snows of Jersey, and you find the slave still toiling.

Go anywhere, and everywhere over that land, and haggard fiends, in the shape of enactments breathe upon you only to blast every hope of Liberty.

Can there be a prospect for Liberty there? We shall see. But now, every rood of earth

there seems to be the grave of some wrested right—and in portions of the land, the very air is choked with the sighs of the millions dropping down in despair.

Mr. Day then quoted a portion of the Blood hound's song, which was sung by the Select Choir.

The speaker, in resuming to confirm some of the positions taken, referred to a statement published only a day or two since of brutality lately shown to a colored man near Shawneetown, Illinois, where, though claiming to be free, he was taken into the slave land, and escaping again, was found dead upon the river shore, and left there with not a soul to inquire how he came to his death.

And now, continued Mr. Day, bad as this is—dark as is the night, I seem to hear a voice singing through the gloom—in answer to the question, 'What of the night?—The morning cometh.' Hope a blessed angel as she is, sitting upon the brow of the darkness, stoops down and whispers to our hearts, Be of good cheer, there is, there is prospect for Liberty.

The points urged by the Speaker, and by him illustrated at length both in prose and poetry were,

1. The desperate efforts of Slavery for self-preservation.
2. Because of the quality of its measures.
3. The probable success of the Counter-Cotton movement.

Mr. Day here referred to a work before

there seems to be the grave of some wrested right—and in portions of the land, the very air is choked with the sighs of the millions dropping down in despair.

Mr. Day then quoted a portion of the Blood hound's song, which was sung by the Select Choir.

The speaker, in resuming to confirm some of the positions taken, referred to a statement published only a day or two since of brutality lately shown to a colored man near Shawneetown, Illinois, where, though claiming to be free, he was taken into the slave land, and escaping again, was found dead upon the river shore, and left there with not a soul to inquire how he came to his death.

And now, continued Mr. Day, bad as this is—dark as is the night, I seem to hear a voice singing through the gloom—in answer to the question, 'What of the night?—The morning cometh.' Hope, a blessed angel as she is, sitting upon the brow of the darkness, stoops down and whispers to our hearts, Be of good cheer, there is, there is prospect for Liberty.

The points urged by the Speaker, and by him illustrated at length both in prose and poetry were,

1. The desperate efforts of Slavery for self-preservation.
2. Because of the quality of its measures.
3. The probable success of the Counter-Cotton movement.

Mr. Day here referred to a work before

him entitled, 'Cotton is King,' a book written boastingly for Bondage. The Speaker said, 'we propose to dethrone the King;' and then presented facts bearing upon the feasibility of this work.

4. The comparative thriftiness of the slave system.

5. Its consequent cost and decay.

6. The spirit of Liberty reigning, like Hope eternal in the human breast.

7. That we can appeal to men's thought.

8. That though all else were dark and drear—there is hope in the fact that 'God reigns.'

Mr. Day after speaking an hour and a half concluded with an earnest appeal to those present in behalf of the cause of Liberty.

We give his closing words, as near as we can report them:—

Our duty, is to belt this world with a robe of light and love—to thus hasten the hour when the Nations shall sing Jubilee. The earth all crusted o'er with crime would resume its pristine beauty—the nations clanking the fetter would rise to the dignity of their manhood—the murmur of want and woe would melt into the hymns of thanksgiving—and all over this God-blest land would be heard even in the breezes, that song of Liberty, only now partially complete, of which our Niagara with its eternal thunders, by night and by day would be the deep diapason.

him entitled, 'Cotton is King,' a book written boastingly for Bondage. The Speaker said, 'we propose to dethrone this King;' and then presented facts bearing upon the feasibility of this work.

4. The comparative thriftlessness of the slave system.

5. Its consequent cost and decay.

6. The spirit of Liberty reigning, like Hope eternal in the human breast.

7. That we can appeal to men's thought.

8. That though all else were dark and drear—there is hope in the fact that 'God reigns.'

Mr. Day after speaking an hour and a half concluded with an earnest appeal to those present in behalf of the cause of Liberty.

We give his closing words, as near as we can report them:—

Our duty, is to belt this world with a robe of light and love—to thus hasten the hour when the Nations shall sing Jubilee. The earth all crusted o'er with crime would resume its pristine beauty—the nations clanking the fetter would rise to the dignity of their manhood—the murmur of want and woe would melt into the hymn of thanksgiving—and all over this God-blest land would be heard even in the breezes, that song of Liberty, only now partially complete, of which our Niagara with its eternal thunders, by night and by day would be the deep diapason.