

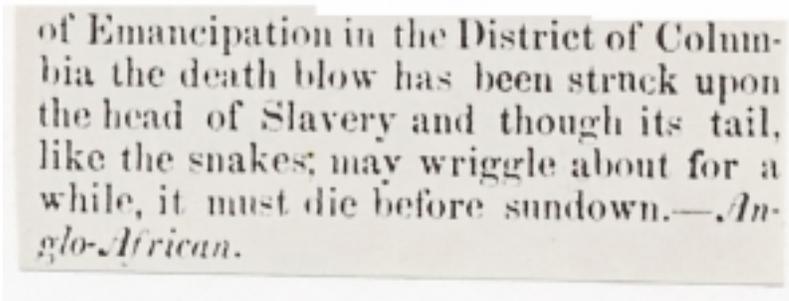
Rev. H. H. Garnet, the next speaker introduced was received with such hearty demonstrations of welcome, that some minutes elapsed before he could commence to speak. Mr. Garnet said that he stood before the largest colored audience ever assembled in the great metropolis of the Empire State. A stranger looking on would be led to ask, What means this great gathering of joyful souls? He would tell them that they had come together to commemorate the abolition of slavery in the National Capital, for the Capital of our country is now free. [Applause and continued cheering.] On the 16<sup>th</sup> of April, about 2 o'clock, the President dipped his pen in ink, moved it upon a parchment, and the shackles fell from the limbs of every bondman within the limits of that beautiful spot bearing the sacred name of Washington. At this hour, slavery fell prostrate; opened her lank jaws, snapped her snaggy teeth, and with a spasmodic kick gave up the ghost. He believed President Lincoln's mind was made up to sign the bill long before it was passed. He believed President Lincoln to be one of the first statesmen and rulers in the nation, whose tardiness he belikened to a hostler with a vicious horse, who first cautiously slicks down the animal and then takes him with a master's hand by the mane. By the act

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Garnet, Henry H[ighland]  
*Pacific Appeal*

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