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Mr. GARNET then asked the assembly to rise to their feet, in solemn honor to Almighty God. Here the immense congregation rose.

Three cheers were given for Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States,

"God bless Abraham Lincoln!" (Amen! Amen!)

Three cheers were given for "Our Native Land."

Three cheers for the "Stars and Stripes."

Three cheers for the Abolitionists, who had for the last thirty years worked upon the mind of the nation. These cheers were given respectively with hearty good will.

Mr. GARNET then proceeded the circumstances under which the President had been brought to issue his Proclamation. He said that they had all lived in doubt and fear up to the very time that the Proclamation was issued. They had indulged but little faith that the President would, amid the clamorings of conservatives from the South, from the West, from Kentucky, from the Republican party, from the Democratic party—from every direction—redeem

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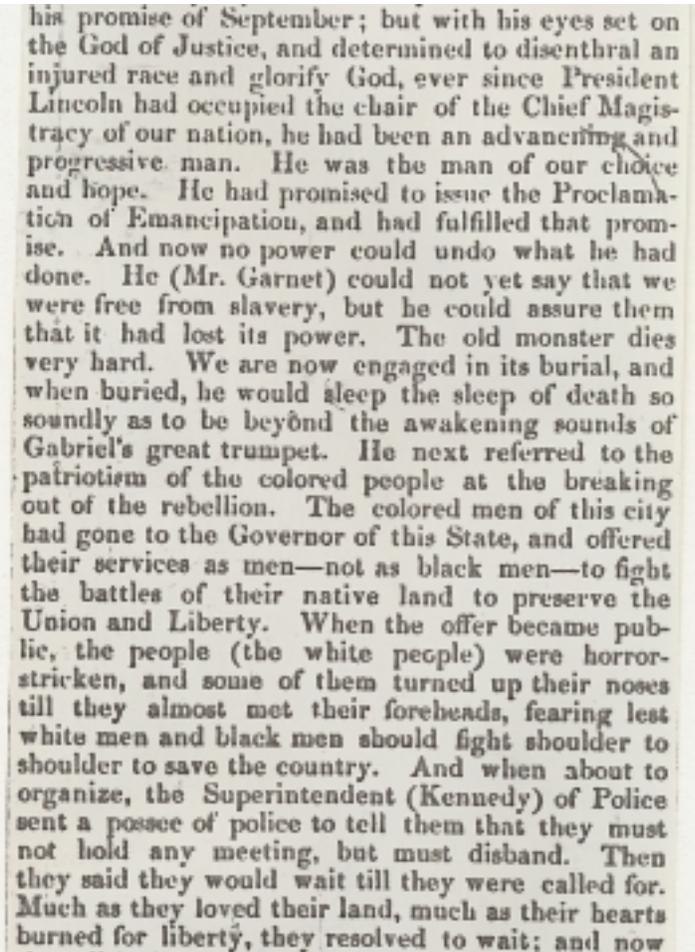
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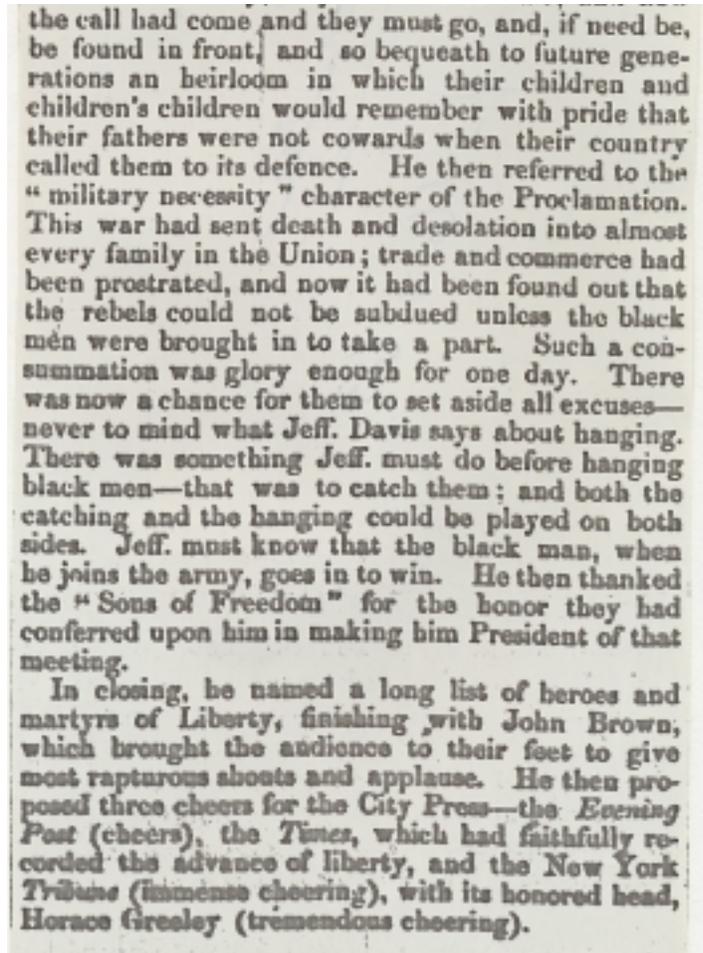
his promise of September; but with his eyes set on the God of Justice, and determined to disenthral an injured race and glorify God, ever since President Lincoln had occupied the chair of the Chief Magistracy of our nation, he had been an advancing and progressive man. He was the man of our choice and hope. He had promised to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation, and had fulfilled that promise. And now no power could undo what he had done. He (Mr. Garnet) could not yet say that we were free from slavery, but he could assure them that it had lost its power. The old monster dies very hard. We are now engaged in its burial, and when buried, he would sleep the sleep of death so soundly as to be beyond the awakening sounds of Gabriel's great trumpet. He next referred to the patriotism of the colored people at the breaking out of the rebellion. The colored men of this city had gone to the Governor of this State, and offered their services as men—not as black men—to fight the battles of their native land to preserve the Union and Liberty. When the offer became public, the people (the white people) were horror-stricken, and some of them turned up their noses till they almost met their foreheads, fearing lest white men and black men should fight shoulder to shoulder to save the country. And when about to organize, the Superintendent (Kennedy) of Police sent a posse of police to tell them that they must not hold any meeting, but must disband. Then they said they would wait till they were called for. Much as they loved their land, much as their hearts burned for liberty, they resolved to wait; and now



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the call had come and they must go, and, if need be, be found in front, and so bequeath to future generations an heirloom in which their children and children's children would remember with pride that their fathers were not cowards when their country called them to its defence. He then referred to the "military necessity" character of the Proclamation. This war had sent death and desolation into almost every family in the Union; trade and commerce had been prostrated, and now it had been found out that the rebels could not be subdued unless the black men were brought in to take a part. Such a consummation was glory enough for one day. There was now a chance for them to set aside all excuses—never to mind what Jeff. Davis says about hanging. There was something Jeff. must do before hanging black men—that was to catch them; and both the catching and the hanging could be played on both sides. Jeff. must know that the black man, when he joins the army, goes in to win. He then thanked the "Sons of Freedom" for the honor they had conferred upon him in making him President of that meeting.

In closing, he named a long list of heroes and martyrs of Liberty, finishing with John Brown, which brought the audience to their feet to give most rapturous shouts and applause. He then proposed three cheers for the City Press—the *Evening Post* (cheers), the *Times*, which had faithfully recorded the advance of liberty, and the *New York Tribune* (immense cheering), with its honored head, Horace Greeley (tremendous cheering).



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